

PROMOTE TRADE IN NEAR EAST

Aims of the American Chamber of Commerce for the Levant Are Set Forth.

TO OPEN UP IMMENSE FIELD

Constantinople Destined to Become the "Chicago of Europe," Says New President of Organization—Opportunity for American Capital.

New York.—Constantinople is destined to become the "Chicago of Europe," according to an interview authorized by Mr. Lucien Irving Thomas, a director of the Standard Oil company of New York, which company has extensive interests throughout Asia and the Balkan states.

Mr. Thomas lately returned from a visit to Europe. "I learned, while in London, that I had been elected president of the American chamber of commerce for the Levant," said Mr. Thomas. "I refer to the newly-organized American section of the chamber, now maintaining headquarters in New York. It will co-operate with the long-established chamber of the same name which has its seat in Constantinople.

"The organization of this chamber is a timely movement to promote reciprocal trade relations between America and that great area—extending from Egypt to Russia, and from Persia to Italy—of which Constantinople is the center.

Gateway to Vast Empires.

"Very few people appreciate that Europe and Asia meet at the feet of Constantinople," continued Mr. Thomas. "The chain of waters, the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, made available for free commerce, open the gateway to vast empires of populous and fertile territories beyond. When we realize that Russia, a country considerably more than twice as large as the United States, has few seaports that are not ice-bound for the greater part of the year, except those situated on the Black sea, we may imagine what enormous traffic will flow through Constantinople when Russia, with a hundred million of her people nearby, gets into her commercial stride."

"Then consider Roumania, now with twice her former area—a country of great natural resources, with a present population of 15,000,000. Bulgaria too, noted for a sturdy and industrious population, has her commercial outlet on the Black sea. And even on the farther side of the Black sea is a group of states which eventually must occupy an important place in over-seas trade.

"Jugo-Slavia, now vast in area by comparison with Old Serbia, with substantial natural resources and a population of over 14,000,000 has, of course, one trade outlet via the Adriatic, and another via the Danube to the Black sea. Without any doubt the Danube is soon to play a much more important part in the trade of the Balkan states than it has ever done in the past.

Has Natural Wealth.

"Both Jugo-Slavia and Greater Greece will hold a more important position than now in the Levantine trade of the future. Egypt is growing into a land of commercial significance. While certain territories have been detached from Turkey since the war, there remains much fertile and valuable land. Turkey is rich in minerals of all kinds.

"The war and its aftermath upset exchange throughout the Near East, and this has made commercial transactions difficult for the present. But the natural wealth is there; and a population for the most part industrious. Trade must surely grow.

"A high official of an international bank, one who is recognized as having unusually broad and accurate knowledge of Ottoman financial matters, stated to me at Constantinople that in Turkey fully 65,000,000 in gold is hoarded by the people in 'stocking-leg banks,' and not deposited at all with the public bankers. In this connection it should be remembered that the oriental mind is accustomed to think, financially, in terms of 'hard money,' and that prior to the European war only gold and silver were in circulation, to any extent, in Turkey. There is evidence that great private wealth exists there today, in gold, silver and jewels, not to mention other valuables, and this wealth will come into the current market as trade returns to normal.

"The Levant offers a splendid opportunity for the investment of American capital, in a wide range of enterprises. One of the great openings of the present is for the construction of dwellings, warehouses, harbor improvements, and so forth. Constantinople alone has lost 25,000 to 30,000 houses by fire since the war began, and affords a magnificent opportunity for housebuilding activity. I know for a fact that the Turkish authorities would welcome anyone coming there for the purpose and that they would even be glad to offer concessions. The prevailing spirit is progressive. Modern industrial equipment, too, is now sought where formerly it was shunned. I recall that a long time ago, prior to the coming into power of the Young Turk party, a business cablegram was intercepted by the Turkish authorities because it contained an offer to import some electric dynamos capable of 1,500 revolu-

tions per minute. The wily adviser of Abdul Hamid is said to have thrown up his hands at the suggestion and remarked with some heat that Turkey had enough revolutions on her hands at the moment without encouraging these new-fangled trouble-makers."

Opportunities Are Great.

"Constantinople now has an inadequate system to provide substantial harbor craft for use in the waters around Constantinople. People living on the other side of the Bosphorus lack sufficient facilities for commuting to Constantinople.

"The development of roadways on the European side of the Bosphorus is another matter for business enterprise. If the Bosphorus is not the most beautiful body of water in the world, I should like to know where it is to be found. A proper driveway along the shores of the Bosphorus would rather tax the memory of a world-traveler to recall anything more charming.

"Opportunities for housebuilding and other forms of construction are open in the other cities of the Levant as well as in Constantinople. There is widespread need for railroad construction and rehabilitation; while at the seaports modern docks and wharves and up-to-date freight handling equipment must be provided.

"The Levant should become a growing market for American machinery and manufactures of all kinds. Imports from the Levant must be stimulated, too, in order to improve the exchange and credit situation so that the Near East can buy more from America. Tobacco, licorice, vanilla, attar of roses, raisins, currants, dates, figs, goatskins, hides, furs, olive oil, long-staple cotton, rugs, carpets, and oriental jets d'art are among the imports coming into the United States from the Levant. It will be the aim of the American chamber of commerce for the Levant to help establish trade connections between responsible merchants on either side of the ocean, and to furnish all possible information and assistance to those engaging in trade in this field."

Those in Movement.

Officers of the American chamber of commerce for the Levant include, in addition to Mr. Thomas, president, the following: Chairman of the board, Mr. J. M. Dixon of the Tobacco Products corporation; vice president, Captain J. F. Lucey of the Lucey Manufacturing company; treasurer, Donald Frothingham of the American Express company; secretary and managing director, Dr. E. E. Pratt.

Temporary offices have been established at 200 West Fifty-sixth street, New York city, but it is expected that after May 15 the chamber will be located in the down-town district of New York.

Firms represented on the directorate of the chamber, or as life members, include:

American International corporation, E. I. duPont de Nemours Co., U. S. Rubber Co., Guaranty Trust company of New York, General Motors company, Amory, Browne & Company, Great Lakes Trust company, Commercial Union of America, Lockwood, Greene & Company, Hammond Typewriter company, A. B. Farquhar company, Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro., Robert College, James A. Farrell, U. S. Steel corporation, Phelps-Dodge company, Brown Shoe company, International Western Electric company, H. J. Heinz company. The membership covers a growing list of merchants, shipowners, bankers, manufacturers and other business men of the United States.

GAINED AND LOST FORTUNES

English Dandies Played for High Stakes in the Latter Part of Eighteenth Century.

Almack's was one of the famous old gambling clubs of London. It was at its height in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the play there was enormous. It was not uncommon for the losses in a single night to amount to upwards of \$100,000.

The young men, dandies all, who intended to play set about the matter with a great deal of ceremony. They wore straw hats with wide brims, flower and ribbon trimmed; the brims intended to keep the light from their eyes, and that the spectators might not see their emotions they often wore masks. They also often took off their ruffles and silk or satin coats and wore in their place a rough great-coat or else wound leather bands about their arms to protect the delicate lace and hues of their coats from the soil of the table.

At each player's side was a small table that held their tea, wine, cards and rolls of rouleaus or chips. Most of the players wore long curls, eye-glasses mounted on long sticks, were perfumed, powdered and painted like court ladies, and some of them even affected a mincing ladylike walk. But those who made the error of thinking them ladylike in their fighting ability made a mistake that often cost a life, for the gay young sparks would draw swords at the drop of a hat and meet death with a laugh.

Confusing Incident.

"How was your after-dinner speech received, dear?"

"Not so well. While I was talking one of the guests actually snored."

"You should not have stopped for a little thing like that."

"I had to stop. The other guests woke him up and wanted to know where he got it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Helpful Hints.

Jones—I want to do something big and clean before I die.

Bones—Wash an elephant.

The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

POST GETS ARTISTIC RANGE

Chicago Organization Acquires Use of Famous World's Fair Field Museum Building.

The American Legion will soon have the use of a building known to millions in America as the embodiment of beauty in art and architecture, the old Fine Arts building of the 1893 World's Fair. The crack of army rifles will be heard in the famous structure, for it has been turned over to the Hyde Park post, No. 34, of the Legion in Chicago, as an indoor rifle range.

The large edifice, known as the old Field museum after the World's fair, was evacuated with the completion of the new Field museum. Various organizations of Chicago immediately besieged the park commissioners for permission to use the building, but the Legion post's request alone was granted.

Legionnaires now have a rifle range de luxe, one that will tend to erase the veteran's memories of sweltering days, shivering days and cold, moist days spent in trying to locate the bullseye on the army's outdoor firing points. The building is so large that a 200-yard range was established without difficulty, along with the shorter distances.

GETS MONEY FOR W. A. A. L.

Hungry Rooster Proves Gold Mine for Woman's Organization in Kansas.

How many grains of corn will a terribly hungry rooster eat after he has missed his meals for five hours? The Plymouth Rock in the photograph tucked away 283 grains in record time and made \$328 for the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion in Cimarron, Kan.

The bird was placed in a show window on the main street in the Kansas town. For five hours he scratched and crowed for provender, which was not forthcoming. Then 1,000 grains of tempting yellow corn were spread before him. Guesses as to how many grains of corn it would take to assuage his hunger were sold at ten cents each. In three hours Mr. Rooster had gulped 283 kernels of Kansas corn and retired for the night. Then he was sold



Mrs. Leah L. Klein, Cimarron, Kan., and the Lucrative Rooster.

twice, given back to the women, and was finally auctioned off. In all, he netted \$328, a fraction more than \$1.15 for every grain of corn he ate.

Mrs. Leah L. Klein, national executive committee woman from the Kansas department of the Auxiliary, handled the contest. One of the most active workers for the Auxiliary in her state, Mrs. Klein was educated in Wellesley college and in the New England Conservatory of Music. Her husband, who was a captain in the medical corps, was gassed in the Argonne-Meuse offensive.

THE AMERICAN LEGION GIRL

Miss Margaret Sousa, Daughter of Famous Bandmaster, Acquires New Title.

Miss Margaret Sousa, daughter of John Philip Sousa, famous band director, has acquired a new title. She is known as the "American Legion Girl" because of her starring in a Legion motion picture, "Lest We Forget," a film depicting the struggles of disabled veterans to obtain justice and unemployment



conditions among those who escaped injury in the World war.

Reporting to Davy Jones.

Sam, on board the transport, had just been issued his first pair of hobnails.

"One thing, suah," he ruminated. "If Ah falls overboard, ah certainly will go down at 'tenahun.'"—American Legion Weekly.

AN ALL-AROUND LEGION MAN

Michigan's Newly Appointed Head of National Service Division Is Equipped With Information.

A sailor, a traffic cop, a first sergeant, an assistant provost marshal and a patient in army hospitals for almost two years, Albert E. Haan of Michigan, newly appointed head of the American Legion's national service division, is well equipped to minister to the needs of ex-service men.

Mr. Haan gained the rank of

captain on the battlefield and was severely wounded in action at Juvigny, France, while serving with the Thirty-second division. In Walter Reed hospital, Washington, for more than a year, he found out what the government intended to do for the wounded by studying plans and legislation concerning the subject. Discharged from the hospital last fall, he was made a special representative of the bureau of war risk insurance.

In army and navy camps he was instrumental, through the American Legion, in causing the reinstatement or conversion of \$5,000,000 in war risk insurance. In Michigan last November, as field representative of the war risk bureau, he directed a cleanup of hospital, insurance and compensation claims that placed the state ahead of all others in welfare accomplishments.

During the campaign he investigated the condition of ex-service men in the state prison at Jackson and the insane asylum in Kalamazoo. He worked with the Legion's welfare department to cause the parole of 150 men last year to the Legion. He obtained \$300,000 in funds raised during the war and used it in settling claims, relief of the disabled and their dependents and in untangling insurance difficulties and remedying hospital conditions.

Mr. Haan is twenty-eight years old. Coming out of high school, he entered the United States navy as an apprentice seaman. He served four years on the U. S. S. Idaho and was discharged as a quartermaster, second class. He then became a motor and traffic policeman in Grand Rapids, Mich. In 1916, he went to the Mexican border as a first sergeant in the Michigan Infantry. Before he entered the lines in France, he was assistant provost marshal at St. Nazaire, as a first lieutenant. Before the battle in which he was wounded, he had served in three offensives.

BOOKS FOR DISABLED HEROES

Congress Appropriates \$100,000 for Reading Material for Soldiers Confined to Hospitals.

Disabled heroes of the World war are not to be without good books to read while they are fighting to regain health in the hospitals of this country. Congress has appropriated in the civil sundry bill the sum of \$100,000 for the purchase of books, with the result that each of the 23,000 disabled veterans will soon have three or four new books to read.

The American Library association, which still has charge of the libraries in the larger hospitals, has been embarrassed by a shortage of funds, and up to this time posts of the American Legion have taken over the duty of supplying books to the disabled in hundreds of the smaller hospitals. The appropriation by congress does not mean that either the services of the American Library association or the American Legion in this respect are to be dispensed with, but that they are to be greatly augmented and reinforced.

CREED OF THE DISABLED MAN

Afflicted Fellows of Washington, D. C., Post, Look on Brighter Side of Things.

Disabled veterans of the World war, nearly all of them overseas veterans and members of the Walter Reed post of the American Legion in Washington, D. C., have adopted what they term, "The Creed of the Disabled Man," which, called to the attention of President Harding upon a recent visit to the hospital, was by the President pronounced fine. The "creed" reads as follows:

Once more to be useful—to see pity in the eyes of my friends replaced with commendation—to work, produce, provide and to feel that I have a place in the world, seeking no favors and given none—a man among men in spite of this physical handicap.

Cost of Living in Paris.

The cost of living in Paris is not exorbitant for an American, who is paid in American dollars, according to a letter from a member of the Paris Post of the American Legion.

"Beware the big restaurants and duck into the side streets unfrequented by tourists," the veteran warns. "I had a fine meal today for 8.50 francs, or about fifty cents."

"The menu included: Friture de la Loire, 1.50 francs; omelette champignons, 2.25 francs; Chateaubriand (which is fried spuds and watercress), 2.50 francs; celeri braise, 75 centimes; macaroni, 75 centimes and fromage, 75 centimes."

"And after the meal, cafe cognac for 95 centimes."

Felicia's "Quick Lunch Room"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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During their honeymoon the Newtons read poetry together. "There would be so little time to do that when they were settled down and James had to hurry so much. And so, during this blissful period, James Newton frequently reminded his charming wife that to him food was a mere incident of life. Had not old Omar said:

"Here, with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—
And Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow."

Felicia Newton listened and loved her lord all the more for his indifference to the material pleasures of eating and drinking. But of course there came an end to the honeymoon, and there was the exquisite pleasure of the return home to the new house in the suburbs, the little round of social events, the novelty of getting a husband off to catch the 8:15 train to town every morning, and wrestling with the vagaries of an incompetent cook.

Within one short week after their return home James Newton had ceased to quote Omar Khayyam, and Felicia suspected tearfully that he was yearning for the flesh pots of his bachelor days. To tell the truth, James was plainly dissatisfied. Compared to the ruinous food that Biddy served even the memory of downtown white-tiled lunchrooms became endearing. There followed days when he quoted from the menus of his quick lunch palace amid the skyscrapers, and Felicia for the first time learned that corned beef hash and griddle cakes, well cooked, were esteemed by her husband even above the peace and refinement of his own home, where the table was spread with fine damask, wedding silver and a centerpiece of cut flowers.

"Dear heart," sighed Felicia, who looked ravishing in a silk negligee with a cobwebby lace cap on her sunny head, "isn't this heaps and heaps better than a lunchroom which looks like the inside of a refrigerator and all kinds of smelly things cooking around?"

James peered into his cup of weak coffee, stared at the petrified hot "biscuits," sniffed at the greasy platter of blackened bacon and pushed back his chair.

"I'm hungry, Felicia," he said in a strained tone. "Honest-to-goodness hungry for food! Can't you fire the cook and get another one, darling?"

"I will send her away today, Jimmy," said Felicia meekly; "but I am afraid I cannot get another one. I tried the other day and Miss Minchin said all she had was a girl who had worked in a lunchroom—James Newton," as his face brightened, "would you rather eat in that horrible white p-p-l-a-c-e than in our lovely dining room?"

"I've got to eat somewhere, somehow, dear! I cannot eat Biddy's burned stuff. I cannot survive long on the lovely table appointments or browse on the bunch of flowers, can I? Of course not—good-by, honey; I'll have to race for that train after all."

So Jim raced for the train as he did every morning, and Felicia stood on the front porch and waved her hand until he was out of sight. Then she turned back into the house and sank down on the couch in the living room. "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! all the time," she groaned. "James wants his food prepared here so he can eat and run in the morning and eat and sit down and read at night—and I'm going to give it to him."

First, she cried, which cleared the atmosphere considerably. Then she went into the kitchen, paid Biddy in lieu of a month's notice and let that damsel go. Then she telephoned to Miss Minchin to send along the girl who had worked in a lunchroom. The rest of the day she spent shopping in town and working feverishly in the pretty, white-enamelled kitchen with the new girl, whose efficiency was somewhat dazed by her young mistress' astounding proposition.

Meanwhile, James has reached the luncheon of his choice and enters to eat griddle cakes and coffee and bacon and eggs. From the bottom of his heart he loathes the whole tribe of griddle cake bakers. During his bachelorhood he had snatched hasty breakfasts and luncheons from these white tables and he had hoped that he was done with them forever. Now he braced himself for the ordeal, entered and enjoyed a hearty meal.

Beside Biddy's wreckage of food this was nectar and ambrosia. At noon he bolted down another meal with less enthusiasm, and he began to look forward to the evening with its daintily-appointed dinner table and questionable viands. The roast would be overdone and the pie underdone, but there was Felicia and home and quiet.

Evening came and home once more, he paused in the front hall and sniffed the air. What was that stifling, familiar smell?

Griddle cakes! With darkened brow he entered the dining room, it was dark and there was no sign of dinner. He opened the kitchen door and stopped there, dumb with amazement. Some weird transformation had taken place. A large

screen hid the cooking range, but in the middle of the floor was a large white enameled table and in one corner was a small square one, with a chair before it. On the small table was a glass stand heaped with folded paper napkins, a big sugar bowl of a familiar variety, pepper and salt shakers and a typewritten menu card.

Felicia was garbed in white, with a large white apron, and there was a glimpse of a grinning maid similarly attired. Here in his own adored home was the atmosphere of the hated lunchrooms, and there was a crude sign on the wall, "Watch your hat and overcoat."

Felicia came and pecked his cheek. "Isn't it great? So easy to prepare things, so easy to serve and so easy for you to eat, dear. Hurry, now, and sit down. Oaky Ransome has telephoned for you to meet him at the station at 7:10 and go into town to some new show, and you can make it if you hurry!"

"Hurry!" How James hated the word.

He smiled feebly and looked at the card Felicia gave him. She had been faithful to detail and had not omitted one of the standard dishes familiar to the peripatetic luncher-out. "Griddle cakes," ordered James sportingly.

James did not eat much, though the new girl was a very good cook; he was very thoughtful as he finished the last leathery bit of pie and, leaving a tip on the table, he went out of the room. But there was a discouraged droop to his shoulders and there was no sign of hurry in his gait. Felicia watched him anxiously as he went into the library and, calling Oakley Ransome up, he told him he could not go into town. He sat down to read the evening paper, when Felicia came in, attired in one of her charming frocks. She kissed him and called him "dear old Omar," and he did not smile until the new maid demurely, announced dinner and Felicia laughingly dragged him into the dining room. The meal was delicious and James cared not that Felicia lectured him all the way through on the evils of hurried eating.

"I've got to hurry now," he said; "she probably won't last long."

"She's going to stay forever," promised Felicia wistfully, and then her husband stopped eating and smiled tenderly at her. "I can't help loving you better when I'm not hungry," he confessed as he kissed her contentedly.

NEW YORK AS REST HAVEN

Almost the Last Thing With Which the Visitor Would Credit the Nolay Metropolis.

An attractive young woman, wearing a wedding ring and an intensely worn-out look, sat by a window in the train coming down the Hudson from Tarrytown. She was surrounded by bags of various colors and shapes and evidently was going somewhere to stay for a while.

As the train passed through Yonkers she gave a contented sigh and turned to the middle-aged man beside her. He had made several vain attempts to start a conversation, but now she seemed more responsive.

"It's fine to get near the big city," she said. "I needed this trip so much."

"I take it you have lived in New York before," replied the man. "I commute, myself, but I can readily understand how lonesome people must become when they move away from the city after being so accustomed to the noise and crowds."

"Oh, I'm afraid you are mistaken, sir," she interrupted. "I've never lived in New York before. My home is in Haverstraw, but I got so tired of the drudgery of housework that I had to come to New York to rest my nerves."—New York Sun.

"Le Sport"

The news that the French government has appointed a minister for sports, to encourage games and physical training, is interesting for several reasons. In the first place, this move must mean expenditure, and France is already sunk a good deal further into the financial quagmire than we are ourselves. Either, then, France can face bankruptcy with a smile or she has decided that "health" is an essential service, and that the road to health is paved with good athletics. Secondly, it shows how public opinion in France has maintained its steady trend toward an ideal of muscular Latinity. The emergence of Carpentier as an international figure had an immense effect on the general thought of France and fired idealism of "les sports" as well as of "les arts."—Manchester Guardian.

How They Love One Another!

Here's a story for the ladies: Mrs. Smith meets Mrs. Jones, who is wearing a new batiste waist. Mrs. Smith does not observe the waist.

"You know," says Mrs. Smith, after the conversation inevitably runs to clothes, "I simply cannot stand batiste for waists. It looks so much like underwear."

Next day Mrs. Smith meets Mrs. Jones again. This time she observes the waist.

"Such a beautiful waist," she smiles. "I think batiste is so nice for waists. So simple, you know."

Easy!

The Footman—"Wake up! You're dreamin'. How could you clean up a fortune of \$10,000?"

The Maid—"By scrubbin' Mrs. Mulroxx's diamond necklace."—Boston Globe.