

MORGENTHAU PLEADS FOR HELPING HAND IN THE NEAR EAST

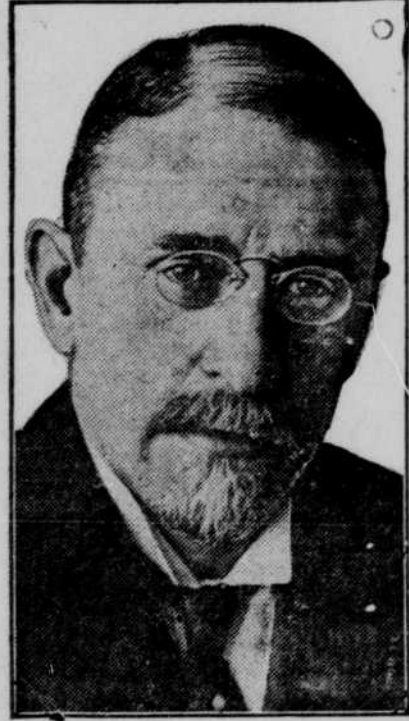
Former Ambassador to Turkey Says America Should Not Let Armenian Allies Starve.

By HENRY MORGENTHAU, Former Ambassador to Turkey and Leader in Near East Relief.

If they were good enough to fight and die for us when we needed their help so sorely, they are good enough now to share some meager little crumbs from our plenty when they have nothing, when hundreds of thousands of them are homeless, unclad, foodless and threatened with extermination by their enemies and our own.

Not far from a million Christians have been murdered by their Turkish oppressors. Hungry, terror stricken hundreds of thousands of refugees now look to the United States for succor.

Have Trust in America. We cannot refuse. Next to their faith in God is their trust in the disinterested good will and generosity of



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood. HENRY MORGENTHAU.

the American people. They look to us as the human agency to extricate them from the frightful situation in which they have been left as a consequence of the war.

If we should fail to aid them, starvation and the winter's cold would go far to completing the work done by the unspcakable Turk.

I have not seen with my own eyes the misery in which the Armenians now exist. I have been spared that. But the reports which have been brought in by agents of the Near East Relief and by representatives of the Peace Conference paint a picture of wretchedness inconceivable to those who have not a first hand impression of the savagery of the Mussulman.

Exiled From Homes. Since the beginning of the war the Turkish Armenians have been largely refugees from their homes. A simple agricultural people, they have been exiles from their farms, deprived of all opportunity to support themselves. Year by year their sufferings have increased. Now, a year after fighting has ceased, they are still living the life of nomads, able to continue to keep alive only by virtue of American philanthropy.

These homeless people—"filthy infidels" to the Turk—were good enough to exert their poor might in our behalf while the war was still in the balance. Massacres of a half century had not so broken their spirit that they dared not fight for right and for democracy when justice was the issue. We accepted their aid then. Surely we shall not pass them by without compassion now.

The day has passed when any self respecting man dares permit absorption in his own personal affairs to exclude consideration of his neighbor's well being. No honorable man can knowingly allow his neighbor to hunger or to go unclothed. The Christian peoples of the Near East are our neighbors. The money needed to relieve them can be spared without causing any man, woman or child in the United States to suffer.

Must Not Rest on Past. In other years of our own free will we sent missionaries to Turkey. Our schools and colleges and hospitals have played a wonderful role in humanizing that dark spot in the world. Our ideas, our educational resources, our material equipment, have been leaven in the Near East. Because we have done well in times past we have this great opportunity for the present.

The Armenians have been treated as perhaps no people in history have been treated because they are the spiritual brothers of western races.

Will America help them? There can be but one answer. Their necessity is dire, but our power is great. We are wealthy. We are a member of the family of nations. Our brothers call us. Food, clothes, money, are immediately wanted. If ever unmerited suffering called for succor the plight of the Armenians should be heeded now. A few months more and it may be relief will be too late for those myriads whom only we can save. We shall not fail them.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SALT, PEPPER, SUGAR.

"The Sugar Bowl doesn't appreciate us," said the Salt Cellar.

"Who do you mean when you say 'us'?" asked the Sugar Bowl.

"I mean Pepper Shaker and myself," said the Salt Cellar.

"And why do you not think I appreciate you?" asked the Sugar Bowl.

"I'm sure I don't know why you don't," said the Salt Cellar. "Anything would think you ought to. Anyone, with any sense, appreciates us."

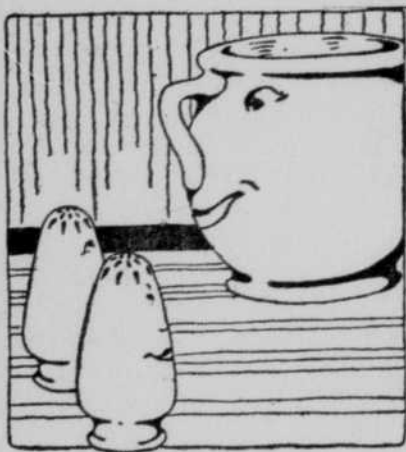
"Of course," said the Sugar Bowl. "I expect you to be a little rude at times. I expect you would be a scrap sharp and all of that. But I do not mind. I am sweet enough to forgive you."

"But you haven't told me whether you appreciate me or not?" said the Salt Cellar, "and I do want to make the Sugar Bowl say that it does appreciate the Salt Cellar and the Pepper Shaker. It would show that the Sugar Bowl had something else besides sweetness."

"What else could I have or would I want to have besides sweetness?" asked the Sugar Bowl. "Isn't it enough that I am always sweet?"

"No," said the Salt Cellar. "It is not. There are lots of sweet creatures who never say anything mean and who never do any harm, but at the same time they don't do anything especially kind and they don't do anything especially helpful."

"They're sweet enough but they haven't much character. Now you will show character if you not only smile sweetly upon me but if you will



"I Will Admit It"

admit that the Salt Cellar and the Pepper Shaker have good work to do in the world."

"Ah, yes," said the Sugar Bowl, "I will admit it, and I think I should appreciate other creatures and things more than I do. I am glad we've had this talk."

"It is true—I have felt that I was so sweet I didn't have to do anything. Just because I never did anything which was sour and mean I thought I was good enough. But I wasn't. I understand that now."

"Creatures and things aren't to be admired who won't take the trouble to go out of their way to do nice things. And as the Sugar Bowl can't go walking around looking for nice things to do at least it can admire the Salt Cellar and the Pepper Shaker for the work they do in seasoning and making things have a good taste."

"Ah, Sugar Bowl," said the Salt Cellar, "I am glad to hear you talk this way. For some time I have been afraid that you didn't have enough character. I was very much afraid that you were becoming too sugary and too weak!"

"The Pepper Shaker would tell you too how much he thinks of you but if he comes about too much he is apt to make people sneeze. He doesn't like to do that. He can't help it if too much of him is used, but he hates to be used like that. He likes to add to the taste of things, but not to be made out a cruel creature."

"Yes, he had a terrible blow once. He was treated so badly! It wasn't fair to him at all."

"Some very mean boys and girls thought it would be fun to put sneezing powder in the flowers which they would give to their friends to smell. Then as their friends began to sneeze they would laugh."

"Well, a great deal of my Pepper friend was used then. He made those people sneeze and he didn't want to in the least. Oh, he did feel so badly about it. It wasn't funny he said, it was mean, straight and out mean! The people who sneezed were miserable. Their noses hurt, their throats hurt and they couldn't sleep for several nights."

"One little girl who had sneezed so hard and so much lost her voice for several days for the sneezing powder got down in her throat, and her throat has never been quite so strong since."

"So I think we should all be used in our places and not too much of any of us, for if too much sugar is used things will be sickish and if too much pepper or salt is used the poor pepper and salt creatures are taken a mean advantage of!"

The Greatest Change. "When water becomes ice," asked the teacher, "what is the great change that takes place?"

"The greatest change, ma'am," said the little boy, "is the change in price."—Our Dumb Animals.

CUPID'S CAR

By RALPH HAMILTON

(Copyright, 1928, Western Newspaper Union)

"A wilful, ungrateful girl!" exclaimed Miss Maria Ward, "but I will bend her, even if I break her!"

Thus to an old spinster friend, soulless and crabbed as herself, and the latter voiced entire approval of the system and designs of her double in primness, prejudice, and, as it was now turning out, perfidy.

The subject of discussion was Miss Ward's niece, Drusilla North. Since she was twelve years of age her aunt had been her guardian, in charge of a small estate left by her father. A girl of less gentle mold would long since have resented and abandoned the strict discipline and kill-joy methods of the soured old maid. There was an innate sprightliness and optimism inherent with Drusilla, however, that sustained her mightily.

She submitted to exclusion from the coveted companionship of other young people, she sat patiently in sewing circles, dreary lecture rooms and uncongenial meetings of a club of which Miss Ward was secretary, and which comprised all the long-haired male theorists of the district and most of the female faddists.

Meantime, Drusilla dreamed. She loved poetry, sentiment and all that was true, good and beautiful. She anticipated her twenty-first birthday, when the ban would be lifted and she could enter into real life and joyousness. Then one day she met Irving Thearle on her way to a town two miles distant, whither she was sent weekly to carry messages and dainties to an incapacitated old lady friend of her aunt.

He came into her life so charmingly, so naturally, that it seemed to Drusilla as if it was all predestined. He was stopping only incidentally at Millville in the property interests of a relative, was young, handsome, chivalrous. The winding country road was lined with flowers, and beyond were bird-haunted stretches of timber and rose-spangled reaches of velvety sward, where they roamed at will, and that one day in the week when they met became a sweetly beautiful idyl to both. No word of love was spoken, but its expression came forcibly to both when Miss Ward made the discovery of this stolen companionship and like a destructive hurricane crossed the paradisaical path of love and beauty.

Meantime Miss Ward had introduced into the household as a tri-weekly visitor a Professor Jeremiah Black, whose cult was antiquity and whose efforts to court Drusilla were persistent, but repelled. He was a long, lank youth, whom, Drusilla discerned, Miss Ward was intent on marrying her to, possibly interested as to Drusilla's little fortune.

There was a picnic one bright July day which all Millville usually attended, and Drusilla consented to accompany her aunt and the professor, because she believed Irving would be there, and was prepared to get some word to him. Arrived at the festal scene Miss Ward selected an isolated spot, and, lynx-eyed, kept Drusilla from conversing with any one except herself and the professor. Drusilla, however, was so uncongenial and dull that the latter wandered off by himself in a somewhat disgruntled mood. Her heart was beating high, however, for she had seen Irving arrive in an automobile and later lurking in the woodland near by. Then she caught sight of him gazing directly at her from a near covert.

"I wish you would treat the professor with more attention and respect," spoke her aunt. "When there is dancing I wish you to retain him as your partner."

"I am not prepared to join in the dancing," returned Drusilla with artful mildness, and removing her hat she disclosed several wisps of her hair done up in papers.

"You might try to oblige me for once!" observed Miss Ward tartly, and Drusilla proceeded to remove the curl papers. Her aunt was busy prying, with a hand-glass assisting. Drusilla twisted several tiny wisps of paper free. She turned a quick glance in the direction of her lurking lover. She wadded a larger piece of curl paper, wadded it and flung it into a bush nearby.

Irving saw and understood. When Drusilla and her aunt started for the dancing pavilion he gained the bush, untwisted the discarded curl paper and read: "Meet me at the spring in an hour."

It was that length of time later that Drusilla, breathless and excited, joined him there.

"I just managed to get away from my aunt," she fluttered. "Oh, Irving! they are trying to marry me to that horrid professor and I am going to run away from home."

"Grand!" commented Irving cheerfully. "I'm going to, likewise. Drusilla, dear, let us go together. My auto is handy; I know a convenient clergyman not five miles away. Shall we hurry to him and then begin a joyous, truant honeymoon?"

"Do you care for me so much, then?" faltered Drusilla, and his earnest, loyal gaze gave an assuring reply.

"I trust my future all to you," she murmured, and his strong arm encircled her as they hastened to the waiting automobile that was to them a veritable Cupid's car.

The KITCHEN CABINET

SEASONABLE FOODS.

To each man is given a day, and his work for the day. And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way. And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds; For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods. —Edwin Markham.

For those who enjoy kidneys the following dish will prove worth a trial:

Beefsteak and Kidney Pie.—For an ordinary pie use one pound of round steak and four or five lamb's kidneys. Cut the steak into pieces an inch and a half long and wide. Cut the kidneys through the center. Put the kidneys into cold, slightly salted water and allow this to come slowly to the boiling point. As soon as the boiling point is reached, draw-off the water, add cold, salted water and boil again. Then drain, rinse well and add the kidneys to the steak.

In the meantime, roll the pieces of steak in seasoned flour, and brown nicely in a frying pan. Cover with water; add a pinch of marjoram, summer savory, and a few grains of nutmeg. Simmer until the meat is tender. Add any further seasoning needed. Thicken the gravy with flour and butter. Pour the meat into a pie dish with gravy enough to cover and then add the pastry top. Serve either hot or cold.

Pastry for Meat Pies.—Cream together one and one-half tablespoons each of lard and butter. Put this into one cupful of flour which has been mixed with one-half teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Add enough cold milk to make the particles stick together. Roll and cover to the edge of the dish. Leave an opening for the steam to escape. Serve from the dish after baking a golden brown.

Lemon Honey.—Cream one cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of sugar and mix until well blended. Beat in two-thirds of a cupful of honey and heat in a double boiler, beating until well blended. Beat four egg yolks until thick, add the rind of a lemon, turn into the mixture and cook until thick. Add the juice of two lemons and stir until the mixture is like thick cream. This will keep if put into covered jelly glasses. Is very nice for cake or sandwich filling.

STIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Williams entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Robbins and Mr. and Mrs. Grant at a whist party at their beautiful home, 305 West Twenty-fourth street, Thursday night, February 20. Mrs. Robbins and Mr. Nelson won the prize.

Mr. Rasburn Curtis, who has been with the S. S. Kresge Co. for the past eight months, has returned to his old position as head janitor at the C. & N. W. depot. He will take charge March 1.

Mr. Ed Askew, 212 North Sixth street, spent Sunday in St. Paul visiting Mr. Jerry Lee who is very ill with heart trouble.

Mr. Walter J. Williams has taken charge of the shoe shining stand and porter work in the new barber shop in the Martin hotel. He is ably assisted by Mr. U. S. Grant.

Mrs. Thomas Sturges and daughter, Mrs. Roberts, are preparing to move to Cleveland, Ohio.

The little daughter of Mrs. Lillian Hubbard underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Joseph's hospital last Wednesday.

Mr. Vernon Rountree has sold his interest in the taxicab business to his partner, Mrs. Howard Hill.

Mrs. E. J. Curtis, 5103 Cook street, has fully recovered from her recent severe illness.

Rev. Mr. Street of Topeka, Kas., filled the pulpit at Malone A. M. E. church Sunday morning, February 22. His sermon was very good.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Parker of Riverside were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. P. M. Lewis Sunday, February 22.

Mr. Jesse Boyd reports the fact that a niece, a graduate of the Nebraska schools, is now teaching in Wisconsin in a white school district, in which her brother and sister are the only colored pupils. This is her second year, conditions are harmonious and she is giving satisfaction.

All news left at the Poro Parlors receive prompt attention.

Mrs. Susie Perry, formerly of Omaha, Neb., a graduate of Poro college, St. Lewis, Mo., has opened a man-curing and hairdressing parlor at 506 West Seventh street. Mrs. Perry is a lady of high social standing and a member of the Baptist church. The first thing that Mrs. Perry did after locating in the city was to give The Monitor correspondent a subscription for one year. We wish for her success in her business venture and commend her work to all race women of this city.

Diamond Theatre

The House of Courtesy. 24th and Parker Sts.

THURSDAY—
ANITA STEWART in "A KINGDOM OF DREAMS"

FRIDAY—
JAMES J. CORBETT in "MIDNIGHT MAN" No. 14
And a Good Short Feature Program.

SATURDAY—
WINIFRED ALLEN in "A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE"
RUTH ROLAND in "THE ADVENTURES OF RUTH"

SUNDAY—
E. K. LINCOLN in "DESEK GOLD"
And a Comedy

TAKE EGYPTIAN REGULATOR TEA

FOR Constipation and Stomach Disorders

Price 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.

THE EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., 129 W. 31st St., New York

(Free sample mailed upon request.)

OMAR WONDER FLOUR

ALHAMBRA

The House of Courtesy. 24th and Parker Sts.

THURSDAY and FRIDAY—
PEARL WHITE in "THE BLACK SECRET"
MABEL NORMAN in "DODGING A MILLION"
Arbuckle Comedy

SATURDAY—
MADELINE TRAVERS in "WHAT WOULD YOU DO"
Comedy Fox News

SUNDAY—
WM. S. HART in "WOLVES OF THE RAID"
Fox News Pathe News
Sunshine Comedy

MONDAY and TUESDAY—
TOM MIX in "THE FUED"
Big Mutt and Jeff Comedy

E. A. NIELSEN

UPHOLSTERING
Cabinet Making, Furniture Repairing, Mattress Renovating
Douglas 864. 1917 Cuming St.

C. S. JOHNSON

18th and Izard Tel. Douglas 1701
ALL KINDS OF COAL and COKE at POPULAR PRICES.
Best for the Money

MISS BESSIE GILES

Public Stenographer and Notary Public.
Office Phone Doug. 7812.
220 South 13th St.

The Beautiful Columbia Hall for Rent at Reduced Rates

The place for dances, parties, recitals and general assemblies
The very best order maintained.

SODA FOUNTAIN IN CONNECTION
TOBACCO, CIGARS AND CANDIES
Box Office Open From 10 A. M. to 8 P. M.
DANCING SCHOOL EVERY FRIDAY EVENING

2420 Lake Street

For Information Call Webster 765 or Webster 2442.
W. G. MACON, Manager.

H. DOLGOFF

FURNITURE AND HARDWARE
STOVES, RUGS, LINOLEUM

Better Goods for Less Money. Credit if You Wish.

OPEN EVENINGS

1839-47 N. 24th St. Phones—Webster 1607; Webster 4825

ALHAMBRA GROCERY & MEAT CO.

PRAMER BROS., Mgrs.
One Door South of Alhambra Theater

Everything to Eat

Cleanliness and Courtesy Our Motto
TRY US
Call Webster 5021

Telephone Douglas 2672 Dr. L. E. Britt Upstairs Douglas 7812

Pope Drug Co.

Candies, Tobacco, Drugs, Rubber Goods and Sundries.
PRESCRIPTIONS OUR SPECIALTY.

13th and Farnam Streets. Omaha, Nebraska

Dent's Condition Pills

A marvelous tonic for dogs that are all out of whack, down, unthrifty, with harsh staring coat, watery eyes and high colored urine. There is nothing to equal them for dispelling and debilitated conditions. You will notice the difference after a few doses.

At drugists or by mail, 10¢ per box.

A practical treatise on dogs and their training (66 pages fully illus.), mailed for 10¢.

THE DENT MEDICINE CO., NEWBURGH, N. Y.

I Grow Hair by the LaKeene Process

MRS. CLARA WHITE
1424 No. 26th Street
Strict Attention to Mail Orders. Agents Wanted. Write at Once.

GOOD GROCERIES ALWAYS

C. P. WESIN GROCERY CO.

Also Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.
Telephone Douglas 1008
2005 Cuming St.