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Two Monroe Pastors Steal a March on the Congregations

Dr. Weaver and Dr. Burrell Exchange Pulpits Without the Knowledge of Their Folks

HANDED SOME GOOD STUFF TO HEARERS

Dr. Weaver Told the Baptists He Wanted His Folks to Hear Some Good Preaching and Had Sent Their Pastor Around to Deliver the Goods While Dr. Burrell Would Have the Methodists Believe That Dr. Weaver Wanted to Look After Some Stray Members — Some Baptists Also Astray.

Stealing a march on their congregations Dr. C. C. Weaver, pastor of Central Methodist church, and Dr. W. R. Burrell, pastor of the First Baptist church, exchanged pulpits Sunday night, neither congregation knowing anything about the arrangements until the respective preachers, appeared in the other fellow's pulpit and began the services. Of course everybody was guessing what had happened to his pastor that he could not preach Sunday night, but the suspension was soon broken when, before announcing their texts, each preacher explained that an exchange of pulpits had been agreed upon between the two pastors in a secret meeting where the pact had been worked out, sealed and probated "unbeknownst" to the victims of each denomination.

At the Baptist church Dr. Weaver told Dr. Burrell's congregation that he had decided he wanted the Methodists of Monroe to hear some good preaching and had sent their pastor around to deliver the goods. But Dr. Burrell announced at the Methodist church that Dr. Weaver had some stray members that he wanted to look after. He also stated that a number of the Baptist folks hadn't been seen at their church for some time, and that "some of them are in this congregation tonight."

For some time it has been known that Dr. Weaver and Dr. Burrell are very close friends. They are men of broad vision and large experience and they are big enough to rise above petty jealousies and little thinking and to join hearts and hands for the best interests of the town and community in which they live, and it is to these men whom Monroe and Union county people love that we largely owe the splendid fellowship and kindly feeling existing between the different denominations of the city.

Dr. Weaver's Line of Thought

At the Baptist church Dr. Weaver handed Dr. Burrell's congregation a discourse along the line of lethargy or shirking on the part of church members.

He declared it had always been the case that too many people are willing to stand back and let others do the work and then claim or at least accept the benefits derived therefrom. "The burden of his sermon was not so much what people do that they should leave undone as it was what they fail to accomplish—not so much the sin of commission as that of omission. He made it clear that it appears to be the business of many to criticize and find fault with the leaders. They are willing for progressive movements to be carried out, but they don't like the leaders and they therefore won't have anything to do with the movement. They lie down on the job, let the other fellow do the work and then reap the benefits. Not having heard Dr. Weaver's sermon, the writer is not in position to give the language he used, but it is easy to imagine that he likened the slugard to the old man who climbed upon the joint in the house when the bear entered and let his wife, with her butcher knife, fight the bear and win the battle and then came down and said, "Just look what we did."

Those who heard Dr. Weaver state that he handed Dr. Burrell's congregation some of the same kind of medicine he has been dosing out to his own crowd, and that they took it all right but didn't lick the spoon.

Dr. Burrell Talks About the East

At the Methodist church Dr. Burrell drew a very dark picture of conditions in the East and declared that since the Japanese defeated the Russians several years ago the colored races of the world have maintained an air of defiance and that some time the white races will be compelled to fight for their predominance. Dr. Burrell has traveled extensively in the East and is in position to know conditions as most people cannot know them. He told how the Mohammedans are waging an aggressive campaign and preaching a religion of deprecation and waste that appeals to the natural inclinations of the savage or non-Christian races, and declared that it is spreading like wild fire. The Christian religion, he declared, is the only thing that will or can stop this awful onrush of destruction. He pointed to the present ravages of the Turks upon the Christians as a symptom of these conditions. But, after the dark picture had been hung before the congregation, he turned the other side and made a most impressive appeal to church members to awake from their sleep and counteract this poisonous propaganda with the wholesome influence of the Christian religion.

which is of necessity always militant. He referred to the beauty and happiness of the City of God as pictured by John and declared that to his mind this city must exist in the hearts and minds of the people if it is to exist at all. He believes that some time the teachings of Christ will so grip the people that they will no longer let profit in their business be the uppermost thought, but instead service will become the watchword.

Much Interest Created

The clever trick pulled off Sunday night by two pastors that the city is indeed fortunate in having among us has created quite a bit of interest and favorable comment among members of both churches, and the sermons of both were greatly enjoyed, which means that these gentlemen are very popular not only with their own congregations, but with the entire membership of the two churches and wish those of other denominations. And now both congregations are wondering what their pastors will have to say next Sunday in regard to the exchange of pulpits.

What Shall He do?

Ex-Governor Hooper of Tennessee is said to be in favor of indirect criticism. Speaking the other day of the transportation act, he said: "Indirect criticism is more effective. I know a man who pulled up his clerk in the following manner: "George, if Atkinson calls today tell him I'm out. And don't be worrying or he'll know you're lying!"

neighbors, perhaps, but it has not drawn us any closer to them. In many cases it is indirectly responsible for neighborhood estrangements. The advantage of "listening in" is offset by many unfortunate evils.

Emerson was probably right; there is no advantage that does not require payment. And we wonder whether our blessed automobiles and our indispensable telephone are eventually going to cost us all of our good old-fashioned neighbors. We do not bow as we pass by any more for fear of ditching the family. And we do not stop to chat, because we are seized with the hurry-up bug, and also because the starter uses up current extravagantly. And so we flash by and ask each other "Who was that?" when we meet on the road the people who used to be our good neighbors.

A proffier bought a magnificent steam yacht and went for a cruise in the Mediterranean. Off the Spanish coast the yacht hit a rock and sank, and the proffier was nearly drowned. "Yes," he said, recounting his experience to a friend, "I had a narrow escape. I thought I was done for."

"Tradition has it," said the proffier's companion, "that when a man is struggling helplessly in the water he remembers every evil deed he ever committed. Did that happen to you?"

"Well, not altogether," said the proffier. "You see, I was only struggling about eleven hours."

Average life of a ten dollar bill is ten months. Then they must all be made in October.

MARSHVILLE SCHOOL HAS FINE OPENING

Starts Off with Enrollment of Three Hundred and Forty-Six—Good Corps of Teachers

Marshville, Sept. 28.—School opened Monday morning with an enrollment of 346, of which 130 are high school students, and an able corps of teachers. Prof. Biggers, principal, is assisted in the high school work by Miss Hines of Seneca, S. C., Miss Clegg of Charlotte, and Miss Fisher of Andrews, N. C. Miss Mullis of Penfield, Ga., has the seventh grade; Miss Faircloth the sixth, Mrs. Edwards the fifth, Miss Plyler the fourth, Miss Gibbs of Beaufort, the third, Miss Little of Denver, the second, Miss Ketchen of Winnsboro, S. C., first grade. The music department has Miss Floyd of Fairmont, piano; Mrs. F. W. Ashcraft, public school music.

Several boarders are coming in to attend school and there will be others and with the new annex, an auditorium and many rooms, when completed with steam heat, this school will be well equipped.

Two things are sorely needed in Marshville, some way of fighting dust and fire, for now, we are at the mercy of both—or rather, are helpless in the midst of both. One is a menace to health and the other a menace to our property. Let's see if something cannot be done to relieve this situation.

Mrs. James Marsh, Mrs. W. J. Scroggs, and Mrs. Irene Marsh spent last Wednesday in Charlotte.

Miss Edna Burns of Charlotte spent Sunday with her parents.

Miss Lucy Leonard of Hartsville, S. C., who spent some days with her parents here, left last Tuesday.

Mr. Shelton Harrell of Charlotte spent Sunday here.

Mr. Myron Green of Hartsville, S. C., spent the week-end here with his parents.

Mr. Jas. Hamilton and wife, also his son, Jas. Jr., visited Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Marsh Sunday.

Mr. J. M. Burns and daughter, Miss Gladys, spent Sunday at Oakboro.

Mr. W. M. Gordon says Mr. W. B. Love, teacher of the Men's Bible class of Central Methodist church, was given some kind of title at a Sunday school meeting in Matthews last week. Mr. Gordon doesn't remember just what the title is, but he believes it is "general counsel for the Bible classes of the Charlotte district."

Preslar Wants Journal Readers to Know He Doesn't Cuss

Concord, Sept. 15.—Now you have played it, sure enough. Quoting my letter of the 8th in last Tuesday's issue of The Journal you make me say "cuss hell." Now I don't know what that means nor what it takes to constitute it. I didn't say it, anyway, and if you could read every other part of my letter correctly, as you evidently did, then I think you could have guessed at this part of it. What I said, in part, was this: "Last Tuesday's issue of The Journal has not made its appearance yet and if we should not get it this, in our opinion, would very nearly constitute an honest-to-goodness 'cuss hell.'"

"I am afraid you have created a wrong impression and if you will give this space in the next issue of the Journal I will appreciate it. I want the good people who read the Journal to know that I don't chew tobacco, drink liquor nor cuss."

Thanking you I am, Yours very truly,—S. W. Preslar.

The Journal has always known that it is extremely dangerous to use Latin phrases, because if they get by line-type operator and proof reader and finally make their way to the public the average reader doesn't know what you are talking about. But Friend Preslar hasn't anything like as great grievance as he imagines he has, and he also came much nearer "cussing" than he likely thinks he did. Doesn't the Latin phrase "cussus belli" mean a case of war, or cause for war, whichever phrase Prof. Preslar likes better, and didn't Sherman say war is hell? We regret very much that Prof. Preslar has come so near doing that which he declares to the public he does not do.

More than 1,200 bales of cotton are being delivered daily to the North Carolina Cotton Growers' Co-operative Association, according to General Manager U. B. Blalock, who expects the daily average to pass the two thousand mark before the end of this week.

In line with the policy adopted by the board of directors to make an advance of approximately fifty per cent of the market value of the cotton at the time of delivery, the association management has arranged to make a further advance on long staple cotton to bring the total advance up to that mark. The additional distribution will be made in about ten days after delivery and will be based on government figures for the Charlotte district. Cotton of an inch and one sixteenth or over is known as long staple.

The advance of fifty dollars per bale was decided upon by the board of directors as being approximately fifty per cent of the market value of a standard bale of cotton. The definite figure was selected to facilitate

Much Cotton Being Sold and Delivered-Cotton Association

Neighbors

(From Indiana Farmers' Guide.)

Our understanding of the term, neighbors, undergoes changes from generation to generation and from locality to locality. The plainsman of the west includes among his neighbors everyone within a radius of something like a hundred miles, while in the congested agricultural areas of the east, the neighborhood comprises something considerably less than a section of ground, unless it be a region of large farms, when the township will hold at least half a dozen such areas. And when we get into the greater congestion of the city, the neighbors have practically disappeared. The term is nearly obsolete.

Neighbors are general in their significance. They mean more than the people who live near by. They mean the people with whom we commune frequently and easily in terms of common fellowship but without any bonds of religious, fraternal or other logical relations. The neighbor is the fellow from whom we can borrow readily and to whom we lend trustingly. He is next to the family in his relationship to us.

But strange to say, the farther we travel and the faster we go, the more limited seems to be our neighborly circle. Grandfather had no automobile and he had more neighbors and knew them better than we. The telephone has brought us more neighbors,

perhaps, but it has not drawn us any closer to them. In many cases it is indirectly responsible for neighborhood estrangements. The advantage of "listening in" is offset by many unfortunate evils.

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166 PEOPLE BURNED TO DEATH IN ONE YEAR

Governor Issues Proclamation Calling Upon People to Observe Fire Prevention Day

Raleigh, Sept. 18.—Governor Morrison today issued a proclamation calling upon the people of the state to observe Monday, October 9th, as "Fire Prevention Day," to be observed in such a way "as to visualize and prevent the irreparable loss we annually sustain through individual neglect."

"We cannot make poverty a crime while we regard extravagance as a virtue, neither can we shut our eyes to carelessness and waste and thereby postpone the day of financial exhaustion," the proclamation begins.

"Living in a land of plenty we are apt to console ourselves with the delusive thought that what we lose we can replace. How about what we destroy? That which is lost may be recovered, that which is destroyed by fire is beyond restoration. Fire means destruction, not loss. How improperly, therefore, do we continue to refer to our annual toll of burned as 'property fire loss.' It is destruction; deplorable because preventable; criminal because murderous."

"North Carolina waged a more intensive campaign in the cause of fire prevention during the past year than any like period of its history, yet 166 persons lost their lives in burning buildings, while property destruction reached the unprecedented sum of \$7,500,000. Are we becoming more thoughtful, more careful, more wasteful, or must we admit that we are becoming a state of incendiaries? Let each community determine the cause and meet the problem with the determination to apprehend the criminal, reform the careless and eliminate the enormous and unnecessary fire waste."

Governor Morrison asks the people, in observing October 9th as fire prevention day to eliminate rubbish, waste and other combustible materials. He asks the local authorities to give publicity to fire prevention ordinances, to inspect thoroughly all business and residential premises with the view of eliminating conditions which may cause fire. He urges public and private institutions to make a thorough inspection of their heating and chimneys and to effect such changes as will safeguard the lives of occupants, and that institutions, factories and public, parochial and private schools instruct their children as to the dangers of fire and accident.

Receiving agents have been appointed for more than two hundred points and contracts have been closed with sixty-nine warehouses with prospects of securing at least a dozen more. This will provide the association with more than three hundred points for receiving cotton.

General Manager Blalock returned to the office Monday from a trip into the Piedmont section and reported that cotton was being delivered in large quantities to the association Saturday. He is very much gratified over the prospects.

North Carolina banks have arranged to lend the association two million dollars for its revolving fund. The association has a credit of ten million dollars with the War Finance Corporation, which will be available when needed.

The association is still keeping its doors open for members, according to Homer H. B. Mask, manager of the field service department but it will soon be necessary to close them as it will be impracticable to receive a cotton grower as a member after he has sold a part of his cotton on the open market. The Association has more than 400,000 bales of cotton signed up, which is more than fifty per cent of the North Carolina cotton crop.

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Bands of Turks Heartlessly Killing Helpless Christians

THE RAILROAD STRIKE IS AT LAST SETTLED

News from Washington and Spencer under date of September 18th indicates that the railroad strike of shop craftsmen is fairly well settled over the country at large. From Spencer the following comes:

Messages from Washington both representatives of the strikers and the Southern railway that the strike had been settled with the signing of the Chicago agreement late this afternoon, brought a thrill of joy to the 1,700 strikers and their families at Spencer. It is understood the men will return to work as early as possible.

They suppose, however, to take at least one day to celebrate, and attend to detail business. Camp fires are burning around the picket lines tonight.

From Washington this news is given out:

Officials of the Southern railway and representatives of the union shop crafts system late today signed the Warfield-Willard-Jewell agreement.

The strike among the workers of the Mobile & Ohio railroad, which is controlled by the Southern, also was settled on the same basis. The workers of the two roads and those employed on all other lines controlled by the Southern, who went on strike, are to return immediately to work with seniority rights unimpaired.

Orders were telegraphed by the shop leaders tonight to the divisional chairmen of the various labor unions throughout the south to instruct their men to return to work at once. Similar orders were sent out by the Southern's officials to their superintendents to put all of the former workmen back at their old jobs as they applied.

If You Want to Find Out How Old You Are—

"Forget the calendar," says Douglas Fairbanks. "If you want to find out how old you really are, try yourself out. Look at the next flight of steps you have to go up. See how long the treads are, maybe six inches, seven, never over eight. Steps are planned for the old people, planned for you at eighty years. Youth has to jump them two or three at a time, or run up. You can tell how near eighty you are by the way you feel toward those steps. If you want to walk up, you're eighty. But if you feel their slowness, if they make you impatient to get to the top, if you want to run up or jump up, don't let those eighty-year-old steps impose their age on you, get up the way you want. Let everyone refuse to walk them except the eighty-year-olds. They are their steps.

Gates—we don't have so many of them now—were made for old people; fences for the young. How do you look at a fence? If you want to get over it, you're young yet, no matter what the calendar says. Go over the rails, leave the gate for the fellow it was built for.

"Trees talk. To an old man they mean rest and shade, but every single tree in the woods shouts to a young fellow, 'You son of a gun, you can't get up me!'

"If they say that to you, you're young. Climb!

"These stunts I am suggesting to you are—undignified." You lawyers and business men can't exactly see leaping up steps and jumping fences and climbing trees. Well, Theodore Roosevelt managed to be President of the United States and to plant himself firmly in history, and to do all of these things because he knew long p they we erwo r th more inZ they were worth more than this thing we call 'dignity.' That the accelerator of age. Why, you can sit down every birthday, beginning at twenty, and add to your 'dignity' reserve by figuring out how much you ought to add with each extra year, and you'll be a flatfooted old man at thirty. How ought you to act at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty. Exactly as you feel you want to act. Life was meant to be a sport. Don't take yourself seriously or you'll spoil the game."

Didn't Think That Much of It.

An Englishman, newly arrived in this country, was taken home to dinner one night by a friend. There was corn on the table and the host, knowing that most Englishmen are not very familiar with this vegetable, asked if he liked it.

"Oh, yes," replied the visitor, apparently not wishing to appear discourteous, "I like it."

But when the platter of Golden Bantam was passed he did not take any.

"Why," said the host, "I thought you said you liked corn."

"I do like it," explained the Englishman, "but I don't like it well enough to eat it."

Defined.

Professor (in an engineering class)—"What's a dry dock?"

Student—"A physician who won't give out prescriptions."—Dry Goods Economist.

Average life of a ten dollar bill is ten months. Then they must all be made in October.

When Fire Was Worst American Destroyer Swamped by Victims Begging to be Saved

GREAT CROWDS HELD OFF AT POINT OF BAYONETS

American Flag Like a Beacon of Hope—Hundreds Claimed to Have Been in United States, But Could Give No Satisfactory Proof—Big Hearted Blue Jackets Overcome With Emotions and Gave up Own Bed Rolls, Clothing and Rations—Smyrna Vast Sepulchre of Ashes

Union county boys who went to France and witnessed the vast destruction in the late world war can better than anybody else picture in their minds the awful devastation now going on in Smyrna, where the Americans are looked upon as angels of mercy, and mothers of those boys can sympathize with the victims of this terrible catastrophe as no others can. Here is the horrible story as told by dispatches from that far away land:

Smyrna, Sept. 17.—Smyrna no longer exists. The fire, which has been raging for three days with unabated fury, has swept the city and is extending to the suburbs. Only blackened masonry and a small vestige of the Turkish quarter remain.

All the patients crowded in hospitals, numbering not less than a thousand, have been burned to death. All relief supplies sent from Constantinople by the American relief organizations were destroyed by the fire. Major Claffin Davis, of the American Red Cross, and H. C. Jaquith, of the near east relief, are bending all their efforts to evacuate the Christians as the only means of saving them, but are handicapped by lack of vessels.

Band of Turks are heartlessly killing the helpless Christians and the whole city is in the throes of terror. Rescue work among the ruins is proceeding slowly, the Kemalists leaving the fire victims to their fate.

The catastrophe is so vast that only the collective efforts of the allied nations can cope with it. When the fire was at its worst the American destroyers Lawrence and Litchfield were almost swamped by thousands of maddened survivors who plunged into the water in the darkness of night and swam out to the vessels, imploring vitiously to be saved. The American blue jackets rescued hundreds from drowning.

The American sailors ashore were obliged to hold off great crowds at the point of bayonets in order to keep them from the frail destroyers. The flag was hoisted on the quay and the blue jackets went among the panic stricken people, picking out those with American citizenship papers. The American flag was like a beacon of hope, hundreds that could speak only a few words of English claimed to have been in the United States but could show no satisfactory proof. Others said they had relatives in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other American cities. The Americans, however, were forced to turn a deaf ear to these appeals. The big hearted blue jackets were overcome with emotions at the distressing scenes and did their best to comfort the terrorized women and children, even giving up their own bed rolls, clothing and rations.

Commander Merrill, of New York, aide to Rear Admiral Bristol, is hailed as a hero, men, women and children falling their knees and kissing his garments as he passed through the refugee concentration areas.

A Sepulchre of Ashes

Smyrna, Sept. 18.—Smyrna, which the Turks have called the eye of Asia, is the vast sepulchre of ashes. Only the shattered walls of 25,000 homes and the charred bodies of countless victims remain to tell the story of death and destruction unexampled in modern history.

The ruins are still smouldering like a volcano which has spent its fury. No effort has been made by the Turks to remove the dead and dying. The streets are full of the bodies of those who sought to escape, for the most part women and children.

Every building in the Armenian quarter has been burnt, with the dead lying about. The bay, which covers an area of 50 acres, still carries on its surface the poor remnants of those who were massacred or sought to escape the ruthlessness of the fire. One water front holds thousands of survivors who fear death at the hands of soldiery; there are no boats to take them off.

One ship captain declined to take any of the wretched sufferers, but in contrast to his indifference Captain Walters, of the American steamer Winona, rescued 1,800 and took them to Biraos. American sailors of the destroyer Litchfield snatched 450 orphaned boys from the pier and carried them safely to Constantinople. The Jack Tars slept on the iron decks or under torpedo tubes while the youngsters occupied their bunks. In all the acts of gallantry by the Americans at Smyrna there was none more inspiring than this.

Allied Preparations

The latest advices from Constantinople.

(Continued on page eight.)