

JOSEPHUS DANIELS SOUNDS XMAS CALL

EDITOR - STATESMAN APPEALS FOR NEAR EAST ORPHANS

FIVE DOLLARS SAVES A LIFE

Children Fed And Clothed Whole Month On This Amount—North Carolina Generous

With the Christmas spirit pervading the Old North State the North Carolina Division Near East Relief, has just sent to all prominent citizens of this county an appeal to remember the orphans of Armenia, made homeless and destitute through that martyr nation's refusal to renounce Christ and all that he stood for and become Mohammedans.

Josephus Daniels of Raleigh, former Secretary of the Navy, has signed the 1921 Xmas appeal letter, which has the endorsement of nearly every high government and state official. Woodrow Wilson and President Harding have given their unqualified endorsement to this great humanitarian work.

The North Carolina general assembly passed in both branches an endorsement of the Near East Relief work and workers. Governor Cameron Morrison has given the work an impetus and Col. George H. Bellamy, United States Marshal for the Eastern District of North Carolina, is state chairman.

Mr. Daniels' letter calling attention to the fact that every five dollars (\$5.00) given saves the life of a child for a month, follows:

Raleigh, Dec. 10, 1921.

Dear Sir:

We are all making ready for Christmas—the season of the year when as at no other, the Child is the center of the world's thought and the world's love. Of course, our first thought is of those in our own home—how to surprise them into a gladness that will bring joy to all about them.

And then, we will not forget those children who are near us, whose lives may not be as crowded with comforts. We cannot have the best relish for our Christmas dinner unless we claim the promise, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Who is your neighbor? That question was put to us by the Christ. For years some good people have been neighborly to the children of Armenia, people of that country separated only a short

distance from Bethlehem. With the coming of war, the condition of these Christian people, surrounded by persecutors, has been intolerable. The United States Government employed warships to carry them relief before and after we entered the war. The present year has brought little to them and winter finds them in want.

Reliable Americans just returned from Armenia, tell of pitiable conditions. As the statements of their sore need now have become known, good men and women in every state are planning to send them Christmas gifts. North Carolina has already given help. Let us all increase our help to them so that we may gladden their hearts this Christmas. I am writing you, knowing your tender pity for those under privation and persecution.

You can feed one of these orphans for five dollars (\$5.00) a month. Please send to Robert A. Brown, 901 Citizens National Bank Building, Raleigh, N. C., such contributions as your heart prompts. Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

It is hoped that the coming year will be the last one required to care for the 550,000 refugees who are being fed at the Near East Relief soup kitchens in Armenia and Syria every day. The Turks were just driven out of Armenia last August but during their occupation they have looted and destroyed homes and made fields unproductive.

Heads of homes were in most cases murdered, mothers of families outraged and then carried off to Turkish homes, and children turned out in the streets to perish. One hundred and ten thousand of them have been taken into the 229 orphanages now being maintained by the Near East Relief in the Bible lands from money donated by generous hearted Americans. There are as many more children outside the gates dying while they clamor for admission which is denied them because the institutions are already taxed almost beyond their capacity.

William Jennings Bryan and Senator Park Trammell, of Florida; Governor Robert A. Cooper, Senator Nat Dixon and Congressman A. F. Lever, of South Carolina; Congressman William D. Upshaw, of Georgia; Governor Westmoreland Davis; Governor-elect E. Lee Trinkle, and Senators Claude A. Swanson and Carter Glass, of Virginia, are among the big-hearted men of the South Atlantic States who are working heart and soul for the Near East Relief.

An electrician survives a shock of 5,000 volts, thanks to the pulmotor, one of which ought to be in every meat market.

His First Christmas

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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IT WAS very quiet in the house. Outside the snowflakes were chasing each other with vigor and a sense of the merriment of the season.

Voices could be heard shouting across streets, wishing others "A Merry Christmas." Now and again the wind blew loudly, but not shrilly nor harshly nor with a wailing sound. The wind, too, seemed to be quivering with happiness. All of nature had joined together to be as beautiful, as radiant, in honor of the day as possible.

The hills were covered with snow. The branches of the trees were laden with it. Icicles hung from eaves and from corners of houses, and windows were frosted with exquisite designs. The shrubs, too, were covered with snow. It looked more like Fairyland than anything else.

In the house they were waiting, waiting, waiting.

How tense and long seemed the wait. How nervous, how frightful, and yet how marvelous—if all went well.

But just suppose everything didn't go well? Suppose anything happened?



Ray Clarke paced up and down the floor and wondered how he could have been so happy—so free from nervousness for so long a time.

He hated the great beauty of the outside world. When he heard people wishing each other "Merry Christmas" he almost hated their smiles and their cheerful voices.

How deeply he loved Lillian. She was worth all the Christmas presents in the world! Of course. There were no two ways about that.

And the doctor had said with such a genial, merry twinkle in his eyes: "Well, I fancy the young son and heir will be a Christmas present from the missus to you!"

He had laughed at the time, and Lillian had blushed and smiled and laughed, too. The doctor was such a friendly old soul—he had been the doctor when Lillian had been born. And he was fine, too.

But perhaps he counted too much on Lillian's strength. Ray had been sent out of the room and he had been alone here now for so long.

At first he had been so full of high spirits. But the delay had been so strange. They hadn't told him there would be any such delay. They had simply sent him out of the room and had said that everything was all right, and that they'd come and tell him soon to be back to see his child.

He would go upstairs. He couldn't stand this another moment. And it was so quiet. He had fancied it would not be quiet. Then he had heard a strange shrill voice.

How curiously it sounded. Was that Lillian. She must be very ill to have a voice sound so curiously. He never heard it like that.

They couldn't keep him from her. She would want him, too. Of course she would!

He hurriedly ran up the stairs. The doctor was at the top of the stairs.

"Wait a moment; not so fast; not so fast," the doctor smiled. "I was coming to tell you."

"Couldn't you have let me come to her? Did you have to wait until it



was all over to come and tell me?" Ray said in a husky voice.

"She wanted it to be that way," the doctor said. Still he was smiling.

How could he smile at such a time? How hard and inhuman doctors became.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said. "She wanted me, I know. I heard her cry. That was it. You kept me from her. You wouldn't let me go to her and she—she—wanted me."

"My dear Ray, just a minute," the doctor said, but Ray had rushed past him and was in his wife's room. Tears were in his eyes.

Oh, he'd never forgive himself that he had consented to do what the doctor had told him to when suddenly he noticed that Lillian was looking at him, her eyes wide open, smiling happily.

"Did you hear him shout out a 'Merry Christmas' to you, Ray?" she asked.

"It was the baby who cried?" "Not a cry, my love. 'Merry Christmas' was what he said!"

"Lillian, my own, my own," he murmured and bent down over her. And now the tears came freely. He didn't care at all about them. Nothing mattered. For the tears—they were the tears of joy!

What Shall I Give My Wife

?

The same old question that worries us men folks every Christmas and usually results in our buying some expensive little foible that is pretty but not useful.

Why not make this a real Christmas for the wife? Give her something that will lighten the burdens of her daily work—something that will make the home more comfortable and attractive for her.

Why not A COZY BREAKFAST NOOK? It will save time and many steps for her, and she's wanted one all the time.

Or how about the BUILT-IN BUFFET and those BOOK-CASES that she has wanted for so many, many years?

Think this over. We believe you'll agree that this is an idea that will enable you to give the wife a Christmas that she'll not forget.

We thank you for your patronage during the past year and wish you a Merry Christmas.

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