

PITIFUL SCENES IN SCOURGE-STRICKEN

Twelve men, with grave faces, were met to decide an issue of life or death. No burly criminal stood there to receive punishment for his crimes...

A cruel jest? No! A cruel fact, multiplied thousands upon thousands of times! If only one such pleading child were condemned to die because we are "tired of giving" it would be enough to blanch the cheeks of every man and woman who reads this page.

In Armenia a Christian race is being blotted out—while the world looks on. In Armenia peace did not come when the rest of the world stopped fighting. Last year 140 villages were destroyed; thousands of mothers and grown daughters were violated and slain; fathers were herded into buildings and burned; multitudes of orphaned children were driven into the wilderness to wander and die, unless perchance, they might be gathered like lost lambs, into folds of safety by the Near East Relief.

And in the moment of this crisis, when the question of life or death for unnumbered thousands of children must be answered, the tender charity of American mothers and fathers has begun to fail. Their answer to the multitude of little orphans whose only sin is hunger, and nakedness, and immeasurable grief, has been—in December and January and February and March—not more money, and more clothing, and more food, but less. And so the cruel order has gone forth from the offices of the Near East Relief to reduce all expenditures twenty-five per cent.

not yet answered, not one can be satisfied. And now the cries of terror and dismay are reaching America: Cablegram, via Paris: "Thousands of deportees filling Near East threshold, receiving crust of bread, hoping for summer peace. Shall we push them off our doorstep? Order of twenty-five per cent reduction necessitates closing March first all general relief."

Erivan—that one time prosperous city of Armenia, not far from Mount Ararat, famous, in days of peace, for the peach orchards and vegetable gardens that surrounded it on every side. Walk through its streets today, and here is what you will see: "Children walking through the muddy gutters hunting for bits of orange peels, apple cores, or anything that once resembled food; little boys and girls sleeping in stables, with straw and manure spread over their bodies to keep them from freezing to death; or, in the early morning, deserted children lying in the doorways of the buildings, wrapped in old burlap bags, some silent, perhaps already dead, others sobbing unconsciously in their sleep. They have been placed there during the night by their mothers who, unable to feed them any longer, have resorted to desertion as a final chance to save their children's lives. There is always a chance that they will be rescued by the Americans, and it is with this one hope that the mothers leave their little children, praying to God that they will be saved by the "kind and generous Americans."

Has that story of unutterable suffering, of passionate love and gratitude for what has been given, that trusting, prayerful appeal for rescue of children whose lives now depend on us—has it all grown wearisome to us? Are we tired of being "kind and generous?" Is there no longer any sacrificial tenderness for little children in our hearts? Is it time to be rid of the burden, to stop our giving, and so, through the Board of Trustees of the Near East Relief, who must act as we dictate, to pronounce the sentence of death on these thousands of boys and girls who have believed, to the last moment, that we would save them? Mothers and fathers of America, it is not true! You will not allow it! Your hearts have not turned to stone!

CYPRESS SASH DOORS BLINDS L. WETHERHORN & SON CHARLESTON S. C. MOULDINGS AND MILLWORK

What are a few paltry miles of distance! They can not separate you from that famine-stricken land, where dead and dying children litter the city streets. They cannot shut out from your vision those hunger-pinched faces and outstretched hands! You can shut your windows, as they did, in very desperation, in the city of Erivan; but the wails and moans of little children, waiting in rain and snow, by day and night, to be "picked up" and clothed and fed, cannot be shut out of your heart.

From far-away stations, by the magic of science, our homes are being filled with song, and story and music for the dance. But there are messages more wonderful than any controlled by the wizards of wireless. They are coming now from far away, and the story they bring is burdened with tears. The music is not for dancing, for those who make it can scarce stand upon their feet. The song, swelled to a chorus of woe by thousands of little voices that ought to be musical with laughter, is always the same: "Hunger! Bread!" And with the pleading cry of the children, there comes a voice sweet and solemn, saying: "These are MY little ones; ye are My S' pherds; Feed My Lambs."

To catch these messages, every American heart that has thrilled at the laughter of a little child or throbbed at its cry of pain, is the receiving instrument, and the messages are broadcasted to us from the very throne of Heaven. No mistake can be more tragic at this moment than for you to say, as you read, "The call is not to me; I cannot—I need not respond this time; others will give, and the children will not have to die."

There are no others—if you turn away. The appeal has gone throughout the length and breadth of this great land, and these "others" have heard it and some have given gladly; but too many have said, "I need not respond this time." During the past four months not enough has been given to continue the care even of those children already gathered into the hospitals and orphanages, while thousands more are waiting to be "picked up" from the streets and countryside.

There are no others—if you refuse. Armenia is surrounded by bankrupt nations, or nations struggling to keep themselves from bankruptcy. Europe is full of suffering and need. Armenia's only hope is America. A Christian race will die if America fails at this crisis. There are no others to love and care for Armenia's little children—no others but you. The vast majority are orphans. Father is dead; mother, too, is dead; sister—if not dead, is praying God for death; brother is dead; aunt and uncle, grandfather and grandmother—all dead, the home destroyed, and the lonely little girl or boy has no one—but you. You are father and mother and sister and brother—the only one in whose heart the sad little waif can now find refuge.

How splendidly you have given, perhaps, sometime in the past, and have brought health and laughter to some of Armenia's sufferers! But for every one saved then, at least, one other was left without food, or shelter, or friends. And the child to whom you gave one meal a day last year cannot live now if that meal is stopped. A year ago the delivery of supplies for the Alexandropol orphanage was interrupted between November and May by transportation difficulties. Before April the children had to be placed on half rations, and by the first of May, on the very morning the supply train arrived, the last meager ration was distributed. During those sad weeks, when there was so little food at Alexandropol, more than two thousand children died.

If you withhold your gift now, the boys and girls you fed last year may be the very ones "sentenced to die." Revoke the cruel sentence! Stop the order to reduce all relief work twenty-five per cent! Thank God it is in your power at this Easter time to give life in place of death, health in place of sickness, laughter in place of tears. You can speak the word of Resurrection, which will call back some little child from the dark valley of shadow and flood its new life with sunshine. Two things will fill your Easter Day with sweetest joy: the knowledge that Armenia's children did not wait for you, and trust in you, and appeal to you in vain; and the voice of the Risen Christ, the Lover of little children, speaking to your soul, and saying, "Ye have done it unto Me. Ye have done it unto Me." So deeply are we, publishers of The Manning Times, stirred by the tragedy impending among the innocent children of Armenia, that we would feel a heavy share of responsibility for the needless death of countless children, in that land, if we did not do what we could to save them. Send your contributions (and make it

for as large amount as possible) to William M. Gibbs, Jr., No. 211 Liberty Bank, Columbia, S. C.

EXPERT GRADING ASSURED BY TOBACCO ASSOCIATION Recent announcement of the appointment of J. H. Dixon of Mullins, S. C., as Supervising Grader of the Leaf Department of the Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association in South Carolina assures the organized growers of this state the services of one of the outstanding tobacco men of the South in the grading of their tobacco this fall.

With a long record of successful service in handling the leaf Mr. Dixon has had ten years in the warehouse business at Mullins, formerly working with the Export Leaf Tobacco Co., and later with Reynolds, Mr. Dixon has bought tobacco for one or more seasons at Louisburg, N. C., Roxboro, N. C., South Boston, and Danville, Va. The successful grading of more than fifty million pounds of tobacco by the Kentucky Burley Growers' Association which has unquestionably been an important factor in bringing them higher prices than the unorganized growers of Kentucky have received upon the open market this year seems certain to be repeated with graders of such ability as Mr. Dixon and the experienced tobacco men who will handle a majority of this year's crop for the Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association in the Carolinas and Virginia.

CITATION NOTICE The State of South Carolina, County of Clarendon. By J. M. Windham, Probate Judge: Whereas Home Bank & Trust Company made suit to me to grant them Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of Theodora Sheriff. These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the Kindred and Creditors of the said Theodora Sheriff deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Manning on the 22nd day of May next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand this 9th day of May, Anno Domini, 1922. J. M. Windham, Judge of Probate.

Virginia Tobacco Growers Association 112 East Cary Street Richmond, Va. Account of Sale ANDREW TIMBERLAKE Bell's Cross Roads Table with grades (BC, LCB, LEC) and charges (Redrying and Packing, Storage and Insurance, etc.)



To Mother Growing old gracefully, sweeter each day, Richer in friendships of all whom you meet, Honor and reverence and worship I lay— Best of my love to my dear Mother's feet. Growing old gracefully, sweeter in heart, Living for others has made you divine— Filling the world with the love you impart, Beautiful, beautiful Mother of mine. In the sacred name of "Mother" we render this tribute. NOTE:—Mother's Day is May 14th. First National Bank W. C. DAVIS, President. A. C. BRADHAM, Vice-President. J. T. STUKES, Cashier.

"HE WHO LOOKS BEFORE HE LEAPS BUILDS OF CYPRESS AND BUILDS FOR KEEPS." This is the time to sharpen your pencil for some close figuring on any building jobs ahead of you, new buildings or repairs to old ones. The very first question that will confront you will be—"What lumber shall I use?" There's only one answer to that—"TIDE WATER" CYPRESS "THE WOOD ETHERNAL" —"OF COURSE." For farm houses, barns, outhouses, fences, walks, gallery supports, columns, rails, floors and steps, and all "exposed-to-weather" uses, no other lumber gives such ever-lasting satisfaction as Cypress, the "prized wood of the Southland." Here is something else to remember, too. For many uses the lower grades will answer just as well and save you some real money. Your lumber dealer will know what your work calls for and will advise you to "Buy the Grade That Fits the Job." Write us for list of FREE PLANS for farm buildings—but in the meantime insist on "CYPRESS and no substitutes" from your local lumber dealer—no matter for what purpose you buy. Address SOUTHERN CYPRESS Manufacturers' Association 177 Graham Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla. Insist on "Tide Water" Cypress—you can identify it by this mark: [Logo]