

(Editorial Reprinted from THE LITERARY DIGEST, October 21st.)

"Draw Out Thy Soul to the Hungry, and Satisfy the Afflicted"

A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington

October 9, 1922

Gentlemen:

Not since the great war has the whole civilized world been so shocked and startled as during the past four weeks. The terrible and appalling tragedy which has been enacted in the Near East, leaving in its wake hundreds of thousands of shelterless, famished men, women and children, makes a call to the heart of the American people which cannot be ignored. From East, North, South and West have come to me evidences of the deep-seated desire of our people that something be done to give them an opportunity to crystallize their wide-spread sympathy into a life-saving service.

I am rejoiced to know that the great machinery of your organizations has already been started into action to the end that this great body of suffering souls may be rescued promptly from the threatened starvation and death which they face this winter.

As the people of America have given, and given generously in every great crisis that has occurred in China, Russia, India, and all parts of the world, so they must give, and give a great sum now—millions of dollars—if the lives of these victims are to be saved. No appeal of real need from whatever part of the world has ever been made in vain to America.

Very truly yours,

WARREN G. HARDING.

Judge John Barton Payne,
Chairman, American Red Cross,
Dr. James L. Barton,
Chairman, Near East Relief.

A LETTER FROM THE NEAR EAST RELIEF:

New York, September 26, 1922

Mr. R. J. Cuddihy,
The Literary Digest,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Cuddihy:

In the face of the unprecedented tragedy of Smyrna, we turn to you and the Literary Digest for help.

It is not for the thousands of dead that we plead; they are past our aid. It is for the living, crushed with despair of spirit and anguish of body, that we turn to you and through you to the benevolent heart of humanity.

More than a half million absolutely foodless, shelterless, helpless and hopeless refugees are landed upon the islands, or huddled along the shores of the Aegean sea in abject despair. Terror-stricken groups are awaiting death in Smyrna and other parts in Asia. Innocent, unprotected girls and women and children by tens of thousands are being carried into captivity.

Pestilence stalks among their crucifixion seek relief in self-destruction, while others find release in insanity.

While baffled by the perplexing political situation, we can be true to our divine instinct of sympathy. Our sympathy, however, will become poison unless we transmute it into action.

The starving ask for bread—shall we respond with a heart of stone? Sincerely yours,

JAMES L. BARTON,
Chairman.

A LETTER FROM THE AMERICAN RED CROSS:

Washington, D. C., October 9, 1922.

My Dear Mr. Cuddihy:

I have received from the President an earnest appeal to use the resources of the American Red Cross in meeting the distress and suffering resulting from the recent disaster in the Near East. I need not assure you that the Red Cross, as always, will put its large and influential membership back of this appeal. We, however, feel keenly the need of that type of co-operation which the Literary Digest is peculiarly able to give, and in behalf of the American Red Cross I request you to do everything that you can through your pages in placing the burden of this appeal before the American public.

Cordially yours,

JOHN BARTON PAYNE,
Chairman.Mr. R. J. Cuddihy,
The Literary Digest,
354 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

In immediate response the following editorial was published in *The Literary Digest*, October 21st:

DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES by fire and sword—beaten, trampled, robbed—more than half a million men, women and little children are being swept along to starvation, madness and self-destruction in the Near East.

Herded in the streets, like cattle for the slaughter; huddled on the brink of the sea, and casting themselves, crazed by hunger and fear, into the dark waters; dragged from the burning hell of Smyrna, only to be thrust by their rescuers into the slower hell of Mitylene, and Saloniki, and other havens of "refuge," which now are crowded centers of starvation and breeding-grounds of pestilence—these who are suffering such martyrdom have only one hope of salvation from their nightmare of crucifixion. That hope is YOU—Americans!

Thousands perished when Smyrna was bathed in torrents of blood. Now the city is a vast sepulchre of ashes. You can do nothing for the dead. But the lives of half a million others are yours today for the purchase. They are

stretching their hands to you now out of the horrible pit. Lift them up to life!

The appeal in their behalf which comes to you from the President of the United States is to be heeded, because you are one of the great-hearted Americans to whom his letter is written. The appeal from the Near East Relief and the American Red Cross through their chairmen is to be heeded, because your ears are open to such a call for help in this terrible emergency. But stronger than the call of President, or of Relief Committees, stronger than any urgent words *The Literary Digest* can say to you, knowing so well your unfailing tenderness and quick generosity when the hunger, and sorrow, and gaunt suffering of mothers and babes cry out to you to comfort, and to save them alive—stronger than all written or spoken appeal is the hot, eager demand of your own sympathetic heart that can not regard such bitter pain and need without straining to the utmost for their instant relief.

The picture is so full of terror and anguish words can not portray it. Mark O. Prentiss, for the Near East Relief, cables: "I have seen terrible sights until my senses are numb, but the sight of 200,000 people, mostly women and children, being penned up and burning, and those escaping being driven to a barren, devastated country for starvation, is past all comprehension." That was in Smyrna. Hundreds of thousands more, both Christians and Jews, fleeing from persecution and the sword, are crowding the other ports of Asia and the near-by islands of the sea awaiting rescue—or death. In Saloniki a hundred thousand are herded in deplorable confusion. The city has been in ruins since the great fire of 1918 and affords little more shelter than Smyrna. In the island of Mitylene another hundred thousand penniless fugitives have sought refuge only to find there a new danger of pestilence and a more convenient harbor of starvation.

Panic has seized upon the frightened wanderers. Many have even cast themselves into the flames of their own homes. Food is gone, even water to drink is at a premium. Families are broken up, while parents in frenzy of despair seek their lost children. Hundreds of mothers have given premature birth to infants in the midst of terror and death. Half-fed babies, covered with scurvy, try in vain to draw nourishment from their mothers' empty breasts.

Quick compassion is needed; delay means death for scores of thousands who might be saved. Something heroic in giving is needed. You are not there in the midst of the terror and the frantic cries for help. If you were, you would leap into the sea, if need be, or brave the flames, the sword, the plague, to snatch back from death some helpless woman or little child. You would not see them perish in agony before your eyes if you could save them, even at the risk of your life. Here, in this smiling land of comfort, where your home is safe, and your loved ones dwell in peace, that same terror and anguish of helpless women and children come to you across the sea and call to all that is heroic and generous in your heart.

"Whoso hath this world's good and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him"—ah, but the Master did not mean you. Your heart is warm with compassion and your hand will be open wide with help. Perhaps you will feel a moment of shuddering pity for those shriveled souls, if there be any such in this

land of plenty, who revel in abundance and refuse to share it, to whom the Master said, "Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall weep." And then you will seize gladly upon that other divine word of the Christ and send it across the sea with your speedy gifts to comfort and save, and your gifts will make good the message: "Blessed are ye that hunger now; for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now; for ye shall laugh!"

The Literary Digest well knows your good works; it well knows that you are tireless and always ready to save and to comfort. You will now respond instantly to this call. What *The Digest* has done while waiting to tell you the facts has been done in utter faith in you and in your overwhelming response. The great ship *Clontarf* has discharged its load of food, and the starving fugitives have already eaten the bread baked from the flour in that cargo. It is you who did this, because when, on September 25th, a committee of the Near East Relief, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. called upon *The Literary Digest* to help in this awful emergency, and no funds were then available, we discounted our faith in you and borrowed the \$176,000 and bought the entire food cargo of the *Clontarf*. We told the committee to keep on buying other shiploads of food until the pitiful need was satisfied. "He gives twice who gives quickly," and we are confidently depending upon you to make this act your own by a great outpouring of gifts to pay for this first cargo of food and to follow it with others. We appeal to all the churches in America that have been the depositories of the sacred ideals of our nation; we appeal to the thinking and working classes of our broad land, to all the institutions and organizations that have for their object the safeguarding of human rights and human lives. As God has blessed you, as he has given you happy homes and laughing children, as he has been merciful to you, have mercy upon these, his people.

The Literary Digest, standing shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart with you in this urgent task, will start the fund with its own contribution of \$10,000 to help feed these starving fugitives. And now we urge all who read these words to send a perfect storm of checks to provide food, and shelter, and medical care for the half million sufferers in this awful inferno of the Near East.

They can never repay you—those homeless ones, those tortured women and pitiful children. You will never see them face to face, nor look into their eyes shining with gratitude—never? Yes, perhaps you will. But now, the blessed Christ bids you give, and he will repay, for it was he who said, "Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the highest."

President Harding has appointed as a special committee, with Will H. Hays as chairman, the following representatives of eight national organizations who will co-operate in this great work of relief: Dr. John R. Mott, of the Y. M. C. A.; Mrs. John French of the Y. W. C. A.; James A. Flaherty, of the Knights of Columbus; Felix Warburg, of the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee; Dr. Robert E. Speer, of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; Dr. James L. Barton, of the Near East Relief; Herbert Hoover, of the American Relief Administration; Judge John Barton Payne, of the American Red Cross; and R. J. Cuddihy, of *The Literary Digest*.

Make All Checks, Money Orders, etc., Payable to "Near East Emergency Fund" and Mail Them to Either of the Following Treasurers:

NEAR EAST RELIEF, Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer
151 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, Eliot Wadsworth, Treasurer
Washington, D. C.

This Announcement Does Not Cost the Near East Relief, the Red Cross or the Contributors to This Fund One Cent—Publishers of *The Literary Digest*