

AMERICANS ARE ASKED TO HELP REFUGEES STARVING IN TURKEY

W. W. Rockhill and Mrs. Rockhill at Constantinople Are Deeply Interested in Extending Relief to Persons Made Destitute as Result of War Upon Ottomans by Allies.



Mrs. W. W. Rockhill



Lady of the Palace Turkey



Mrs. Carrie Chapman



Mrs. Herbert Parsons



Lady Duff Gordon



Mrs. Curtis Guild

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—(Special.)—W. W. Rockhill, the American Ambassador at Constantinople, is chiefly concerned at the present time with the condition of the refugees from the army and their families, who are starving. He has made an appeal to the charity of the people of the United States. Mrs. Rockhill, who is interested with her husband in the relief work, was Edith H. Perkins, of Litchfield, Conn. She has been married to the Ambassador since 1908.

The woman suffrage party held a jubilation at Carnegie Hall, New York, on the night of Tuesday, November 10. It was a great welcome home for Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, from her trip around the world.

Mrs. Catt has visited many and strange lands on her globe, circling the globe. She has started the suffrage ball rolling in some places, and in others has met with the general cause of liberty for women.

Mrs. Curtis Guild, of Boston, has sailed for Europe to join her husband, the Ambassador to Russia. Mr. Guild has been spoken of as possible Senator from Massachusetts, and indicated to his friends that he is willing to accept. His position as Ambassador will not last much after March 4. Mrs. Guild may, therefore, look forward to a possible six years in Washington.

A typical lady of the palace of the Sultan is shown. When the deposed Sultan was sent into exile his wives went with him. If the present Sultan should die, his wives would be the entrance of the triumphant Bulgars. It is thought he will send his wives away to a safe place in Asia.

Mrs. Herbert Parsons is the daughter of Henry Parsons, the banker. An Elsie Clews, she was well known and popular in New York society. This portrait of her was painted recently by Marks, the Hungarian painter, whose portraits are a society ad at present.

Lady Duff Gordon, one of the survivors of the Titanic disaster, sailed for London last week. She divides her time between London and New York.

looked at or he might have discovered that he has sustained life in himself during his political power by sucking out the life blood of American freedom. Taft might have heard from the same juvenile source that he was the only man fit in any way to fill the Presidential chair in the next four years, "because he reads everything the papers say," or Taft might have been informed that he ought never to have considered running for President because he was too fat to run for anything. Debs and Chafin might already have felt the pitying tolerance directed toward "also-rans."

The political views of young America are as rigidly intolerant as the religious views of the stern old Puritans. This intolerance exceeds even the relentless, ruthless, blood-thirsty opinions rival colleges entertain of each other at the last mass meeting before the big game—and that's saying a good deal.

When a fellow, after careful study and the judicious reflections of all of 10 years' experience on this plant, has decided that the man of the hour and the one best calculated to handle the trusts and the tariff and all the bad men who are trying to squeeze out "trillions of billions" from the poor man's pocket, it naturally irritates him to hear another fellow talking big and smart as if Roosevelt could do the same thing and not only handle all those questions, but lick them, too. Sometimes a fellow is so stubborn he won't see things your way. Sometimes a black eye helps him to see the light of reason more clearly. At any rate, a good many political differences in the past few weeks were settled in this way of beautiful simplicity.

Even the babies took an active interest in the topics of the hour. Out on the streets election day a little 4-year-old boy, who was so chubby that his rompers were leading a life of terrific strain, spent a happy, blissful morning in collecting all the single tax papers with which the streets were carpeted until his plump little hands could hold no more. These papers he paraded proudly presented to chance pedestrians with the air of a theatrical manager presenting passes for "The Count of Luxembourg." The pedestrians received them with the proper air of condescension and then, as he gratefully dropped the slips when safely out of sight.

"What are they for?" asked one old gentleman, as he received his slips from the gurgling little politician.

Single Tax Explained.

The child looked serious. His blue eyes grew bigger as he tried to explain. "Well, it's summing—it's summing 'bout gumming," he elucidated, and looked happy again. Which, after all, is about as clear an explanation of single tax as a good many others offered.

When these masculine beings, who have reached the years of discretion and slaying, had retreated to their separate booths at election to mark

up nice clean printed sheets of paper with little scratches, the younger political set noticed that the little boys and girls were as keen and as sharp as a razor—and showed about the same tendency to cut up.

In one wild-eyed room the political ball was set rolling by the teacher placing the names of the candidates on the blackboard. These she wrote out on the information furnished by the children. Wilson, Roosevelt, Taft—these names came surging forth in one breathless instant. "Who else?" she asked, clicking in her hand. "Debs," piped up one little fellow whose father is a Socialist orator. "Who else?" she asked, as she wrote the name.

Blank silence. Blank silence after a question is always unnatural for the average American schoolchild. He is always willing to take a sporting chance on hitting the right answer.

Bryana Gets Mention.

"It's Bryana," hazarded one little girl. "Doesn't he always run?" "Naw, not this time," interrupted a black-haired, black-eyed little fellow: "It's Ben Selling."

When the teacher finally wrote Chafin's name, they gazed at the spelling of it with interest—and just as promptly forgot it. A good many others seem to have done the same thing.

When the actual voting was under way, a hushed silence fell over the room. Little boys manfully grasped pencil or pen and scrawled in big round letters the names that have glorified the newspaper headlines for the past months. Little girls carefully folded their votes and dropped them into the hat that did duty as ballot box, and experienced no thrill at all that at last they were voting on an equality with man. Equality in all things prevails in the schoolroom, so why shouldn't it now? Little childish minds felt a proud companionship with father and wondered if he were getting along all right, too.

A judge and election clerks were appointed. These performed their duties with so much exalted dignity and solemnity that generous supply was generated for the next election. As the returns were shown on the board, the excitement among the voters grew intense. The contest between Wilson and Roosevelt was so close that little squeaks of delight greeted each fresh vote. Those favoring Taft sat glum and disappointed.

Debs is Remembered.

Debs received only one vote and that was from the son of the Socialist orator. But the little fellow still faithfully maintained that "Debs could skin them all."

The final count showed the following: Wilson, 19 votes; Roosevelt, 16 votes; Taft, 1 vote; Debs, 1 vote; Chafin, 0 vote.

And each little child that victoriously clapped its hands at the plurality of Wilson no doubt felt that he (or she) had helped elect him to the first office in the land.

In the ninth grade room of one of the schools where citizenship is studied, Wilson also received a plurality of votes. But these children were too wise to be satisfied with a plurality vote, and they jeered at the candidate must receive a majority of votes before he can become President. Their citizenship books taught that it was up to the House of Representatives to choose the President.

Every school does not possess a House of Representatives as a part of its curriculum. Neither did this one. But young America was not deterred over the lack of a trifle like that. Inside of ten minutes this room had elected a House of Representatives and inside of another ten minutes this solemn body of 13-year-olds announced and pronounced Woodrow Wilson as the future President of the United States.

So, really, Woodrow hasn't anything further to worry about, has he?

CLARK COUNTY MAN IMPORTS QUEENS AT \$20 EACH.

Cloudy Weather Only Aids Austrian-Hungary Worker—Honey Crop Failure This Year.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Nov. 30.—(Special.)—Bury, industrious, the characteristics of the Austria-Hungary bees which have been imported to Clark County by J. A. Christians, a bee raiser on Latch Mountain, near Yacolt.

The Carolinian bee will get out at 5 o'clock on a cloudy day and begin to rustle for honey, and will take it anywhere it can find it. The honey crop of the Carolinian bee is yet on the job, carrying honey," said Mr. Christians. "I have seen a lot of them work on the O. W. R. & N. railroad, running out of Portland.

ETHEL DISCUSSES EQUAL SUFFRAGE

BY MAY KELLY



Providing Prophylactic Pencils For Voters

"Yes, I believe that would be—Jimmy! What did you mean? What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing! Have you registered yet?" "Oh, yes, and I never heard of such impertinent questions as they asked."

"What were they? Wanted to know what shoe you wear, and the color of your husband's eyes?"

"Oh, Jimmy, you have the most adorable eyes! That sort of gray-green effect is simply stunning! I could look into them forever! I could look into your husband's eyes?"

"Don't get excited now, you'll fumble the ball. Where's my paper?" "Listen, Jimmy. There are so many men coming out for office, and asking Governor Wilson for places you've simply got to ask him for something."

"Everybody's doing it, eh? Well, I'm a Republican, you know, so we quit the game right now, you Democrats get the ball."

"What difference does it make now that women vote? I thought everything was equal now, and—"

"That's right! You women who used to be our superiors are now our equals, but that doesn't make a Democrat or 10 Democrats the equal of a Republican!"

"Don't be silly. Now that I'm in politics, I want you to be something big and important too! I'd be terribly proud if I was the wife of a—Governor, or a—Senator, or a—"

"You, a Democrat, chasing titles!" "No, but—"

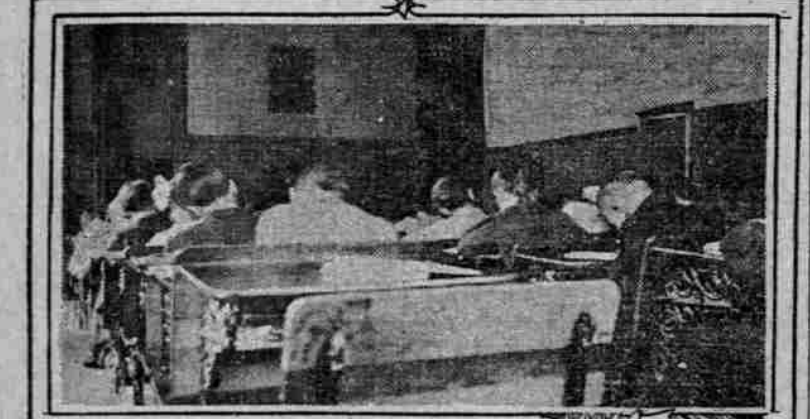
"No, but—"

"No, but—"

"No, but—"

FUTURE GENERATION IS INTERESTED IN POLITICS

Many a Shaded Optic Remains to Tell of Pre-Election Discussion Which Could Be Settled Only in Manner Most Approved by Schoolboys.



Deciding The Fate of the Nation

BY LOUISE BOULAN.

MATURE masculines of 21 or over were not the only ones who decided the fate of the Nation at the recent election. Young America was just as fully interested in the political situation as any of its elders, and manifested its interest by holding down street corners and choice spots in school grounds while it aired its individual opinions of candidates who were running for the job which every boy feels he may some day decide to fill himself.

A group of school boys were discussing the Presidential possibilities before election. Of course, there was wide diversity of opinion and they only talked—but when they got through Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft might just as well have been tarred and feathered, taken a whipping-post treatment, and served 30 days on the rock pile, so battered and bruised were their reputations when these juveniles got through playing football with them. It was well for any of these poor creatures who had the nerve to run, that he was not within earshot. He might have been brought to realize his unfitness for office and resigned—which would have left the Nation in the sad predicament of having to pick other candidates.

"Pa's" Wisdom Questioned.

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GERMANY TALKS OF CANAL

Big Ditch May Extend From River Rhine to North Sea.

BERLIN, Nov. 30.—(Special.)—The German Government is considering closely the question of building a canal linking the Rhine to the North Sea. Several schemes have been before them, the most practical being that of Herr Josef Rosemeyer, a leading engineer of Cologne.

The projected canal would begin at Wiesdorf, near Cologne on the right bank of the Rhine, would run parallel to the river as far as Duisburg, and thence in a straight line to Sittum, near Emden on the North Sea. The whole length would be 174 miles, the average depth 23 feet, the average breadth 148 feet. The cost of construction is estimated at \$200,000,000.

"No. Women are supposed to elevate politics, and we intend to begin right at the polling place and be very polite and bow to all the men sitting around smoking, and go up and shake hands with the initiative and then go over and sit down on the referendum and—"

"Woops! and be sure you try on the recall, and say: 'Oh, isn't this becoming? Don't I look simply stunning in it?' Great Scott! I'm going to take a walk around the block! My head's not equal to this political hash you're dropping out."

"No, please tell me what we sit on, then when we write."

"Well, listen a minute! You go into a little booth with your ballot, and there's a leaden pencil hanging up there—"

"But we don't all surely have to use the same pencil!"

"Gad, you don't suppose the city's going to buy 200,000 pencils for individual use at every election?"

"How perfectly abominable! Think of putting the same pencil in your mouth that everybody else has been using!"

"But the pencil's there to mark the ballot with, not to poison your mouth!"

"But where do you put it then, while you're—your thinking, you know?"

"Humph, thinking!"

"I'm going to report that at our next club meeting, and we'll have a committee formed for providing prophylactic pencils for voters."

"And one for dusting off the judges and clerks of a election, too?"

"Really, but it perfectly lovely that women can vote now? We're going to have the most gorgeous times this Fall."

Error Thoughts Bring Disease.

Nautilus.

Error thoughts multiply and magnify when nurtured by attention. Disease is error, just as much as a wrong result in a mathematical calculation.

In the Divine Principle, which is the reality of our life, there is no such thing as disease, any more than there is darkness where the sun is. As darkness is simply an absence of light, so disease is a misinterpretation, a misunderstanding, a negation of truth. When we allow error thoughts to control our attention, we give them the semblance of reality. The only way we can get rid of the results of these error thoughts, of sin, disease, poverty and the long train of negations which follow in their wake, is to give the mind over to the truth of being, which is that man is a manifestation of the Divine Principle, which is Health, Energy, Life, Love, and that these negations are due only to man's own error in the thought he holds of himself. Deny the error. Affirm the truth—of your being. Look to the Principle of Life and refuse to give place in your consciousness to the negative thoughts of disease which can have no foundation in reality.