

## WHY NEAR EAST NEEDS HELP.

Kurd cutthroats work at night. Swooping down on a lone farm house they slay the men and children and carry the women and girls away into slavery. They kill their victims with swords and knives.

The Kairalla farm house nestled in a little valley. It was quiet and peaceful. The members of the family were asleep.

Wild yells, mixed with blows against the stout door awakened them. They knew the Kurds had come. There were no arms in the house with which to resist.

The door gave way and the gang of brigands rushed in. Seizing the elder Kairalla a huge outlaw slashed his throat and hurled the body to the floor. The older son met death the next moment. Then the daughter and her mother were grabbed by grinning Kurds and dragged outside.

In a dark corner, behind a pile of old sacks and clothes, Didjirian, a 7-year-old boy, had crawled and hidden. Through a crack he saw his father and his brother slain. Then he heard the brigands leaving. He was afraid to stir.

The smell of pungent smoke and the heat from flames finally drove him out. The house was burning. Flames filled the room. He struggled to get out, staggering across blazing boards until he fell half strangled outside the door. A burning plank fell on him and seared a streak across his body. He crawled a little farther and lay down.

That night marked the beginning of nightmare for Didjirian. Too young to work, he had to find food or starve. He gathered up a little wheat about the farm and ate that until it was exhausted. Then he began wandering. Many times he was beaten by men who found him sneaking about their yards. He was driven to the villages and then to the cities, living in the gutters like a rat, existing on crusts and clothed in scraps of rags.

The horror ended when he was found, half starving, in a gutter in Erivan, by a Near East Relief worker. He was taken to an orphanage and fed and clothed. He is there today, living on a meagre ration it is true, but enough to keep him from

trenches. From all over those stricken Bible lands comes the cry for bread.

American farmers are raising a five-million-bushel mercy pool of grain to succor these victims of outrage and war. The grain is now being collected by the Near East Relief, whose workers are in every community. Collection of the grain is a race with death. If it is not gotten soon, thousands of helpless people will perish. Every bushel of grain received will help this mercy organization win the race with death. It is fighting under a terrible handicap and it is counting on the help of American farmers to win.

The gun has been fired—the race is on. Will you let Death win?

## EARLIEST CO-OPERATORS.

The first co-operative store of which there is any authentic record was initiated in a small village in Scotland, Fenwick, in 1769. It was the creation of a few poor weavers who saw in this associative effort nothing more than a means whereby they could expand the purchasing power of their scanty wages by a few pennies. A copy of an entry in the minute book of the secretary follows:

"9th November, 1769.

"This present Day it is agreed upon by the members of our Society to take what money we have in our Box and buy what victual may be thought Nessassar to sell for the benefit of our Society. And the managers of our society may borrow what money They think Proper for that End and purpose. And when the interest is paid of what money you borrow and the men receive their wages for buying and selling these Victwals we Deal in the Society will both reap the benefit and sustain the loss of them, and If any member of our society Pay not what Quantity of Victwals he receives at the end of four weeks If the managers require it of him, Neither him nor his shall have any more right to our society's Victwals If he be found buying Victwals from any other and leaving the trade in debt of the same according to the option of the society.

Alexander Walles,  
John Wilson.