Turk and Teuton

Ambassador Morgenthau's Story of Great War Plots

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU.

(Continued from Previous Issue.)

"I'll tell you what I am going to do about it," I replied, "and you know that I will be able to carry out my threats. Either you stop stirring up anti-American feeling in Turkey or I shall start a campaign of anti-German sentiment here.

"You know, baron," I added, "that you Germans are skating on very thin ice in this country. You know that the Turks don't love you any too well. In fact, you know that Americans are more popular here than you are. Supposing that I go out, tell the Turks how you are simply using them for your own benefit—that you do not really regard them as your allies, but merely as pawns in the game which you are playing. Now, in stirring up anti-American feeling here you are touching my softest spot. You are exposing our educational and religious institutions to the attacks of the Turks. No one knows what they may do if they are persuaded that their relatives are being shot down by American bullets. You stop this at once, or in three weeks I will fill the whole of Turkey with animosity toward the Germans. It will be a battle between us and I am ready for it."

Wangenheim's attitude changed at once. He turned around, put his arm on my shoulder and assumed a most conciliatory, almost affectionate manner.

"Come, let us be friends," he said. "I see that you are right about this. I see that such attacks might injure your friends, the missionaries. I promise you that they will be stopped."

From that day the Turkish press never made the slightest unfriendly allusion to the United States. The promptness with which the attacks stopped showed me that the Germans had evidently extended to Turkey one of the most cherished expedients of the Fatherland—absolute government control of the press. But when I think of the infamous plots which Wangenheim was instigating at that moment, his objection to the use of a few American shells by English battleships—if English battleships used any such shells, which I seriously doubt—seems almost grotesque. In the early days Wangenheim had explained to me one of Germany's main purposes in forcing Turkey into the conflict. He made this explanation quietly and nonchalantly, as though it had been quite the most ordinary matter in the world. Sitting in his office, puffing away at his big black German cigar, he unfolded Germany's scheme to arouse the whole fanatical Moslem world against the Christians. Germany had planned a real "holy war" as one means of destroying English and French influence in the world. "Turkey herself is not the really important matter," said Wangenheim. "Her army is a small one, and we do not expect it to do very much. For the most part it will act on the defensive. But the big thing is the Moslem world. If we can stir the Mohammedans up against the English and Russians, we can force them to make peace."

What Wangenheim evidently meant by the "big thing" became apparent on Nov. 13, when the sultan issued his declaration of war; this declaration was really an appeal for a jihad, or a "holy war" against the infidel. Soon afterward the Sheik-ul-Islam published his proclamation, summoning the whole Moslem world to arise and massacre their Christian oppressors. "Oh, Moslems!" concluded this document. "Ye who are smitten with happiness and are on the verge of sacrificing your life and your goods for the cause of right, and of braving perils, gather now around the imperial throne, obey the commands of the almighty, who in the Koran, promises us bliss in this and in the next world; embrace ye the foot of the Caliph's throne and know ye that the state is at war with Russia, England, France and their allies, and that these are the enemies of Islam. The chief of the believers, the caliph, invites you all as Moslems to join in the holy war!"

The religious leaders read this proclamation to their assembled congregations in the mosques; all the newspapers printed it conspicuously; it was spread broadcast in all the countries which had large Mohammedan populations—India, China, Persia, Egypt, Algiers, Tripoli, Morocco and the like; in all these places it was read to the assembled multitudes, and the populace was exhorted to obey the mandate. The Ikdam, the Turkish newspaper which had passed into German ownership, was constantly inciting the masses. "The deeds of our enemies," wrote this Turco-German editor, "have brought down the wrath of God. A gleam of hope has appeared. All Mohammedans, young and old, men, women and children must fulfil their duty so that the gleam may not fade away, but give light to us forever. How many great things can be accomplished by the arms of vigorous men, by the aid of others, of women and children! The time for action has come. We shall all have to fight with all our strength, with all our soul, with teeth and nails, with all the sinews of our bodies and of our spirits. If we do it, the deliverance of the subjected Mohammedan kingdoms is assured. Then, if God so wills, we shall march unashamed by the side of our friends who send their greetings to the Crescent. Allah is our aid and the Prophet is our support."

(To Be Continued.)

WOMEN R. R. WORKERS WILL HOLD TO JOBS

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—Woman railroad employes—about 100,000 in number—who were added to the payrolls on account of the war, mainly as clerks and stenographers, probably will be retained permanent, it was said today at headquarters of the railroad administration. Specific action in this regard will be left to individual railroads, but administration officials who have made a survey of the employment situation believe the demand for labor during the readjustment period will be so great that it will be not only desirable, but necessary, to retain the women employes.

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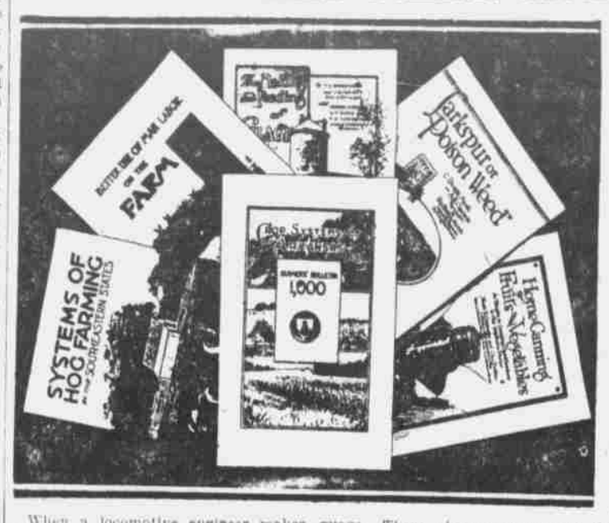
THOUSANDTH FARMERS' BULLETIN ISSUED



When a locomotive engineer makes his thousandth run he remembers the day. When an actor plays his thousandth night he rings the date on the calendar. The thousandth in anything is noteworthy. So it was that in the United States department of agriculture there was more than ordinary interest when Farmers' Bulletin No. 1000 recently was made ready for public distribution.

There was no effort to make No. 1000 a bulletin of signal moment, one that would be read from cover to cover and from coast to coast. In fact, "Crop Systems for Arkansas," which is the name of No. 1000, will have a rather limited distribution, because the information it contains is of value in only a part of the United States. But all the same, No. 1000 is noteworthy, not only because it is No. 1000, but because it is a sample of the products of a new policy under which department of agriculture publications are being gotten out, and that aims to make them not only informing and dependable, but attractive and interesting, and, therefore, effective.

No. 1000 has an illustrated cover page, similar in character to those that invite perusal to all farmers' bulletins now being issued. It has illustrations inside that seek not only to break the lines of type, but to demonstrate something better than the type can tell about it. This is not to say that previous bulletins have not been effective and have not contained informing illustrations. But it is believed that on the average farmers' bulletins now are "hitting" better than ever before because every effort is being made to "put across" in popular and telling form the agricultural information developed by the scientists of the department.

Bulletins have been shortened materially. Historical notes have been largely eliminated. Latin phrases have been dropped except in rare instances when they are inserted in parentheses to help identify some insect or disease easily confused. Short sentences are replacing intricate and verbose language. These changes carry out the impression given by the attractive covers, which were adopted for the mere purpose of advertising the wares of the department to be found inside. This is proceeding on the assumption that people in general are not so keen about reading government publications—no matter how authoritative—that they will sit up nights doing it when something much more attractive is near at hand.

Recently the department has issued several farmers' bulletins which are strictly innovations—picture books. They are not so complete in pictures of farm operations that they give a motion picture effect when thumbed rapidly, but they do show many short cuts in laborious farm operations. They are suggestive, with enough explanation to enable the ingenious farmer to adjust his work to the labor situation of war time.

The farmers' bulletins are issued to help farmers and their families in their daily tasks, but some of them are said to be quite as valuable to the city family. As instances, take the bulletins dealing with canning methods, the common household rodents and insects, and ways of economically using various foods. Requests for them by the score are received from town women who have seen them in neighbors' homes.

These are not all the publications of the department. During the war a number of circulars and pamphlets having a direct bearing on winning the struggle are being issued. Then there are the professional bulletins, dealing in less popular form with researches into the science of agriculture. In addition there are several serial publications and the annual reports and other congressional publications, including the department yearbook and reports of soil surveys. The policy of reducing in size and making more readable has been extended through all these classes.

Lists of available bulletins, from which selections can be made, will be sent to interested persons on request to the department.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE JELLY.

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Well, I hope everyone is as happy as I," said Uncle Wiggily Longears the day after Thanksgiving.

"Are you happy?" asked Mr. Turkey Gobbler, who was staying with the bunny on a visit.

"Very," was the answer. "I had such a fine dinner yesterday that I'm not hungry today. I guess everybody in the whole world is happy—don't you think so, Mr. Gobbler?"

The turkey was just going to say he hoped so when along came flying Dickie Chip Chip, the sparrow boy, who acted as a messenger in Woodland, where dwelt the animal folk. Dickie had a letter under his wing, and he dropped it at the feet of Uncle Wiggily, who was walking in the front yard of the hollow stump bungalow with the turkey.

"My goodness me, sakes alive and some squash hash!" said Uncle Wiggily, surprised like. "A letter for me!"

He read it and told the turkey from whom it was.

"Grandfather Goosey Gander, my friend, is quite ill," said the bunny uncle. "I must go to see him."

"Yes, and you must take him a nice basket of good things to eat," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper. "I'll put up some good things for him."

So she did, slipping in some roast potatoes, some carrot soup and many other things, including a jar of grape jelly. "Tell Grandpa Goosey I made that jelly myself," said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy.

"I will," promised Uncle Wiggily. "But I picked the grapes, and very sweet and sticky they were, too."

"The jelly is sticky also," said Nurse Jane. "There is some on the outside of the glass! I'll wipe it off, so it won't stick fast to the basket."

"Oh, never mind," said Uncle Wiggily, careless like. "I haven't time for that. No matter if the jelly is sticky, I can get it out of the basket for Grandpa Goosey. Don't stop for that, he may be very hungry."

So away he hurried with the basket of good things for his goose gentleman friend to eat, while Nurse Jane and the turkey gobbler stayed in the hollow stump bungalow, waiting until Mr. Longears should return.

On and on, over the fields and through the woods went Uncle Wiggily, carrying the sticky grape jelly and the basket of other good things to Grandpa Goosey. Mr. Longears was thinking how nice it was to be kind to one's friends, when, all of a sudden, out from behind a hazelnut bush jumped a bad old fox.

"Ah, ha! Oh, ho!" gargled the fox, as though he felt very hungry. "Ah, ha! A rabbit stew wouldn't go bad today! And I wonder if you have anything else in that basket I might eat?" he said, as he made a grab for Uncle Wiggily, catching him by one ear.

"Oh, please let me go!" begged the bunny. "I am taking some things to Grandfather Goosey Gander and——"

"First let me see what you are taking him," broke in the fox. "I may want some myself."

So, very rudely and impolitely, holding Uncle Wiggily by one paw, the fox opened the basket with the other paw. The first thing he saw, on top where Nurse Jane had put it, was the glass of grape jelly.

"Ha! Just what I've been wishing for!" exclaimed the fox, and, letting go of Uncle Wiggily, the fox took up the jar of jelly in both paws.

Now there was a lot of jelly outside the glass, where it had run over, and Nurse Jane had not had time to wipe it off. And the jelly was very sticky. All of a sudden both front paws of the fox stuck fast to the outside of the sticky jelly jar, and he couldn't get them loose. And he couldn't grab hold of Uncle Wiggily in his hind paws, as he needed them to walk on.

"Oh, dear! How shall I get my paws loose from the sticky jelly?" asked the fox, trying to pull them loose, but not being able.

"You had better go soak them in warm water," said Uncle Wiggily.

"I will. You wait for me here," said the fox, as he ran to get some warm water. But did Uncle Wiggily wait? Indeed he did not. On he ran to Grandpa Goosey's, glad enough that it was only a jar of jelly the fox had taken. And the fox was very mad when he came back and found the bunny gone. But Nurse Jane sent another jar of jelly, that wasn't sticky outside, to Grandpa Goosey, who was soon well again.

So this teaches us that, though a needle has an eye, it can not see, and if Jack Frost doesn't stretch the rainbow too far when he is shooting icicle arrows at the polar bear I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily in the cellar.

HOROSCOPE

FRIDAY, NOV. 29, 1918.

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Astrologers read this as rather an uncertain day. While Uranus is in benefic aspect, the sun and Venus are adverse.

During this sway vision and courage for speculation are supposed to be strong. It is a rule that gives foresight and enables wise planning.

It is most encouraging to teachers, whether they be persons employed by the government to bring about habits of thrift in food and fuel or whether they be religious leaders.

The planet forecasts a great spiritual revival that will have a far-reaching effect. This may be along liberal lines of thought.

Love affairs have a threatening rule today. They will be very disappointing where older men are concerned.

The government of the stars bodes ill for the success of new plays or new books. The signs seem to indicate at best ephemeral vogue.

Extreme changes in fashions for men as well as women are foreshadowed by the stars.

The stars that are read as governing the place of habitation indicate in all large cities problems in housing that may lead to distress first and reforms later.

Builders, lumber dealers and manufacturers of furniture will profit greatly in the coming year.

New occupations will develop with the beginning of the new year and most of these will be pursued by women. These are interpreted to be vocations that affect the domestic habits and comfort of families.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of travel and change that will be satisfactory. Annoyances in the family circle may occur.

Children born on this day will probably be thoughtful, serious and strongly individual. These subjects of Sagittarius usually succeed best under the guidance of others.

A Thanksgiving Proclamation

I am the product of a virile race.

I am embryonic of the future.

I am truly typically American, for on these shoes I was born.

I am the epitome of a nation's spirit.

I sway men's souls as love sways men's hearts.

I lure men from their cares and snare them with the gossamer web of forgetfulness.

I am the roseate reflection of bounteous harvests, happily garnered.

I drive the shadows from a thousand hearts.

I have been revered by generations gone—memories of my visits linger like benedictions with heads now bared with age and snow-crested with care.

I hold all men vassal to my mood.

I keep open house—with the latchstring out.

I am a genial host, bringing all the children flocking home.

I preside with gentle grace and benevolent mien at those family reunions which so signally mark my natal day.

I marshal a host of minions to do my bidding; from soup to turkey—from sugar-oozing yellow yams to toothsome golden russet mince pie—from course to course, amid the ripple of family chatter, the laughter of children, the beating of drum sticks—I am King.

I demand the best of viands to grace my board.

I am the feudal lord of all things good.

I am the spirit of Thanksgiving.

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