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# ORIENTAL WORLD

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# THE ORIENTAL WORLD

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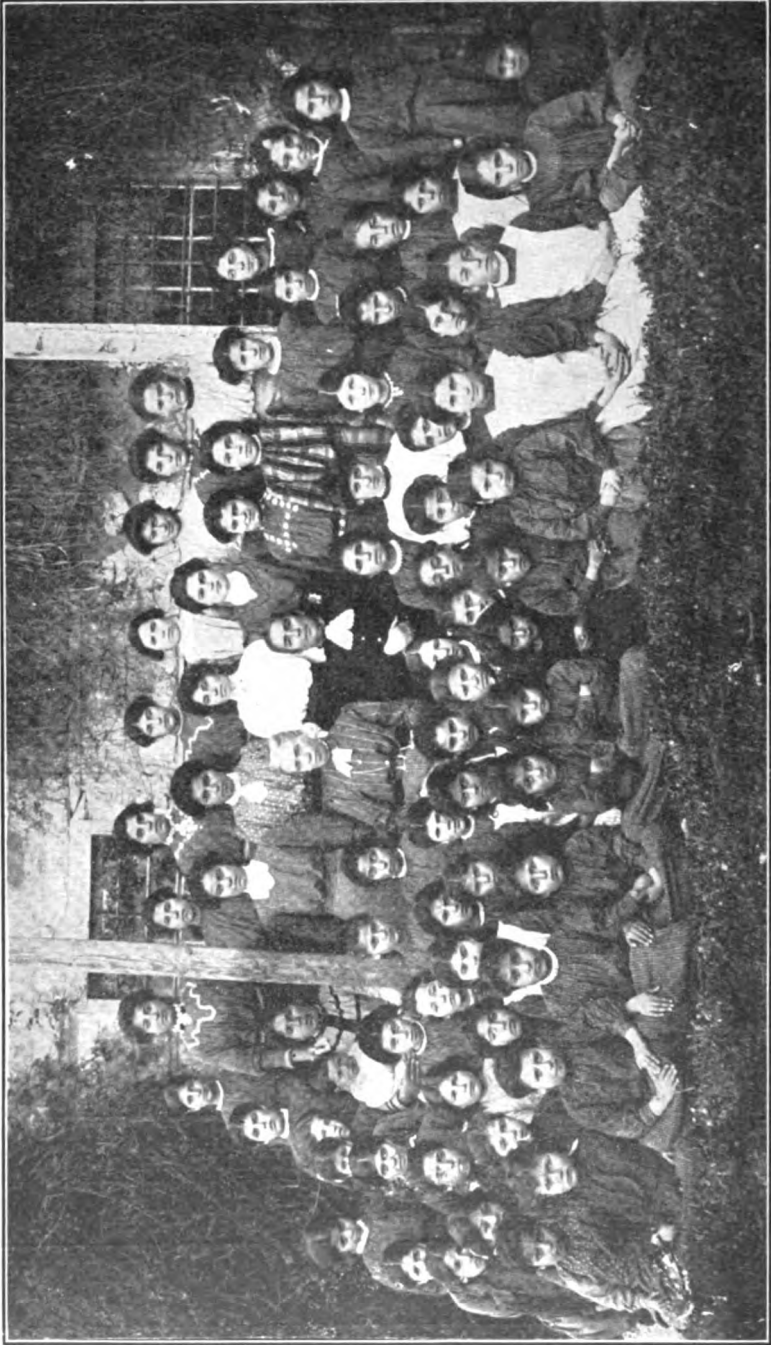
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MISS SALMOND AND MRS. AVVESIAN WITH A GROUP OF ORPHAN GIRLS, MARASH, TURKEY. (*Vide* page 77.)



BOOT-MAKERS, MARASH, TURKEY.



ORPHAN BOYS SPINNING, DYEING AND WEAVING, MARASH, TURKEY.



ST. SAHAG.



ST. MESROB.

# THE ORIENTAL WORLD

Vol. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 3

## THE GREAT ARMENIAN JUBILEE.

BY ARCHBISHOP MOUCHEK SEROPIAN.

(Written specially for THE ORIENTAL WORLD.)

**D**URING the last four months the Armenians in all parts of the world have been celebrating the fifteen hundredth anniversary of the invention of the Armenian alphabet by Sahag and Mesrob, who adorn the brow of the Armenian Nation, the Armenian Church, and the Armenian Literature like twin pearls, like the sacred *Urim* and *Thummim*.

At a most critical period, when the existence of the Armenian Kingdom and the fatherland was seriously menaced, the appearance of these two geniuses is a credit to the Armenian nation. Mesrob, who had grown up in the royal court as a great diplomat, and Sahag, the most brilliant Catholicos of the Armenian Church, complemented one another in confronting the danger which threatened the nation with extinction. Like a new Isaiah, they brought the shadow of degrees of the sun dial many degrees backward to prolong the life of dying Armenia.

One of the most essential factors in a nation's existence is its government. The Armenian Kingdom was near its fall, and Armenia was divided into two spheres,—the Eastern part under the Sassanides, and the Western part under the Byzantine, rule. National manners, character, and soul had not yet developed; not only because Armenia was isolated and lacked facilities of communication, but also on account of dissensions amongst her nobles, which pre-

vented the realization of a great national ideal.

The national character of Armenia in the fifth century resembled that of Germany in the eighteenth century, concerning which Chuquet writes: "A national character was scarcely taking shape in Germanic lands, that did not even possess a general name, and only the language reminded the natives of their belonging to the same race." The chaotic condition of Germanic lands was not improved by the efforts of Dalberg; and it was only a century later that Bismarck, following Herder's formula of patriotism, was enabled to consolidate the great German Empire.

In Armenia, then, the language remained the sole sign of nationality. But the language was also in danger, as the ritual language in the Eastern part of Armenia was Syriac, and in the Western part, Greek. These foreign languages would sooner or later have superseded the Armenian tongue, and thus have consequently endangered the very existence of the Armenian nation.

Mesrob, who was a devout Christian as well as a great patriot, foresaw this direful possibility, and he resigned his post as Secretary to the King to become a monk, in order that he might devote his time to the compilation of an alphabet, for he felt that the only way to save his nation was to preserve the Armenian language in a nationalized Armenian Church. By nationalizing the Armenian Church, Mesrob hoped to create

an Armenian national spirit, because he had realized, long before Lacordaire, that a nation the souls of whose people were not united could not survive.

After long endeavor and great hardships, Mesrob at last invented the Armenian alphabet, and at the touch of his magic wand there flourished in Armenia schools and churches; and finally a literature that was composed chiefly of translations. The Armenian alphabet proved the main factor in the reawakening of the Armenian national soul, which revealed itself during the War of 450-451, when the Armenians, for the sake of their Christian religion, fought heroically against the Persian Fire-worshippers. And since then that soul has lived and reacted in the Armenian nation, to whose strength a new ray, a new spark, is being added continually by every Armenian writer, historian, novelist,

thinker, poet, and priest. It is in view of this fact that Professor Markard writes:

"If we take into consideration the circumstances under which Mesrob and Sahag with their mental activities strengthened the religious and national consciousness of the Armenians, and if we compare with their work the gift which Pippin, who had at his command every political and ecclesiastical power, bestowed upon the German people, verily it can be seen that both Pippin and his ally Winfrid dwarf into insignificance beside these giants of mind, Mesrob and Sahag. A nation that has produced such geniuses, and canonized them as saints, will never become extinct, so long as it follows their example, no matter what barbarous nations or great powers persecute them."

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## CHRISTIANITY AND THE ARMENIAN ALPHABET.

BY HOVHANNES L. GARABEDIAN, M.A., B.D.

(Written specially for THE ORIENTAL WORLD.)

**I**F a traveler had passed through Armenia towards the close of the third century, he would have witnessed a very strange sight. The massive shrines of Jupiter, which for ages had withstood the attacks of the elements, were now being pulled down by multitudes of men and women, and razed to their very foundations. Scores of manuscripts and graven images which bore the magic touch of past fortunes were now being consigned to the flames. What did all this mean? It meant that the old things were passing away. But more than that, it revealed the power of the new message with which the valley of the Euphrates and the heights of Ararat now resounded. God had once again spoken in the Garden of Eden! The dawn of the fourth

century thus begot the first wholly Christian nation of the world.

The new era was one of high enlightenment. The teachings of Christianity appealed to what was best in men, and above all, gave a vision of the Infinite which the mysticism of the Orient could well appreciate. Consequently, a general stirring of heart and mind was inevitable. Yet one thing was a check to it,—the lack of an Armenian alphabet made the study of the new doctrine possible only through the Hebrew and the Greek. The learned section of the clergy was, indeed, laboring hard in giving verbal instruction, but their efforts, however great, fell short of reaching all quarters. How was this difficulty to be overcome?

History tells us that after painful in-





H. L. GARABEDIAN.

quiries Mesrob, a bishop, found among old archives a list of the Armenian consonants. To these he added the vowels, modeling them after the Greek, and thus he completed the alphabet.

The outlook for national progress had never been so bright. Now, not only the accumulated literary treasures of Alexandria, Athens, and Byzantium could be rendered into the mother tongue, but the translation of the Bible, so long dreamt of, could at last be accomplished. In 425 A. D. Mesrob was already working at it, assisted by Sahag, the talented Catholicos of the times, and also by some other able scholars. Their task, however, was not easier than that of preparing the alphabet. A divine message

needed a divine tongue as interpreter. There again religious fervor solved their problem. Out of the numerous dialects the Fathers of the Armenian Church succeeded in framing a language which could equal the Greek and the Latin. The immediate result was a translation of the Bible which has been pronounced by great European scholars the "Queen of Translations."

This version forms the basis of the Armenian Literature. From this time on the pagan hero songs are silenced, and the literature assumes a religious character. Besides valuable translations from the Greek Ecclesiastical Literature, the sublime hymns of the Armenian Church, which up to our own day are a source of the loftiest Christian inspiration, were composed at this early period. The fifth century was to yield an even richer harvest. The rapid evolution which the social and intellectual life of the nation had undergone was a strong stimulus to creative imagination. Moreover, the scope of spontaneous expression was unlimited, and there sprang up in the country a group of literary men the depth of whose insight and emotion was marvellous. Their activity was epoch-making, and their age has justly been called the Golden Age of Armenian Literature.

Throughout the later ages, when national independence was wrested away, and the hand of the conqueror fell heavily upon the Armenians, the Armenian Literature and the Armenian Church faithfully preserved the old national traditions and higher aspirations.

---

**T**HE secret of Eternity is far from thee and me; the word of the enigma is unknown to thee and me; behind the veil is speech of thee and me; but if the veil be rent, what haps to thee and me?—*Omar Khayyam*.

## JEHOOD--KOOSHAN.

A NOVEL FOUNDED ON THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN PERSIA.

By the author of "Haidar Shah."

(Translated specially for THE ORIENTAL WORLD.)

### I.

**I**T was toward the end of the reign of Mehmed Khajar Shah, the King of Kings, the Shah of Shahs, the Shadow of God on Earth, the Temple of the World, the Crucible of Wisdom, Genius, Beauty and Goodness. The King of Kings had commanded the royal caravan to leave for the Heights of Hamavents, where His Majesty desired to shelter himself under the crimson tents from the torrid heat of the Summer, and enjoy the pleasures of the harem.

The ladies of the harem, in sooth, had already started on their journey, in *howdahs* and *palanquins*, under the guardianship of the Chief Eunuch. The Chief Astrologer had prophesied an auspicious journey. His majesty, Mehmed Khajar Shah, had upon this occasion manifested extraordinary moderation, as he had selected only two hundred ladies of the harem to accompany him; while the rest would remain in Teheran to pray day and night for the long life of the Shadow of Allah!

In the Alo-Dovla Khiaband, or Royal Avenue, of Teheran, through which the retinue of the King of Kings would pass, there reigned the greatest confusion. The Khiaband was exceedingly wide, with a broad stream of water flowing through the middle, upon both sides of which trees were planted. Ferashes, armed with whips; and Shatirs, red-clothed and with varicolored feather caps, armed with silver clubs, ran through the street clearing it of ordinary wayfarers. The lashes sometimes cut into the flesh of careless stragglers, as Ferashes and Shatirs cried:

"Peter-Sukhdas!" (Your fathers perish in Hell!) "Be away with you if you do not want to be turned into corpses!"

Only women, shrouded in heavy veils to protect them from the sinful glance of strangers, passed through the thorough-

fare unmolested. No one dared touch them, as the Koran forbids it.

"Ibrahim, look!" whispered a Shatir to his comrade, pointing out a Mollah who rode on a white donkey. "Ah, the hypocrite! the swindler!"

The holy man, entirely sunk in spiritual contemplation, had closed his ears and eyes lest—to perdition with Satan!—he should chance to overhear frivolous conversations or witness abominable sights. He was clothed in pure white, the sign of innocence and virtue. The Mollah was the famous Imam-Jouma, renowned throughout Teheran for his erudition in the Sacred Laws, and for his strict observance of the precepts of the Koran. The crowd approached piously to kiss the hem of the holy man's garment, while a troop of notaries, disciples and servants followed in his wake.

Imam-Jouma was about fifty years of age, emaciated and pale. The faithful and his disciples ascribed the decrepitude of the holy man to his praying day and night. His face was stern, and there flashed occasionally a sensuous gleam in his eyes, which anon reassumed their wonted coldness and immobility. The holy man repeatedly uttered, "*Aleik-um-Salam!*" (Salutation to you!) in response to the "*Salam-Aleikum!*" of the people.

"Did you notice him?" continued the Shatir, speaking to Ibrahim, when Imam-Jouma had passed. "Let Allah grant me to become Shah for just one day, that I may show the whole world what sort of a man he is! Allah! Allah! why do you permit such ungodly creatures to deceive the Mussulmans and trample upon the Shariat?"

"Very well! Selim," answered Ibrahim, "and supposing that Allah—His kindness is boundless—should grant your prayer and you become Shah for one day—what then?"

"What then!" exclaimed Selim, his

eyes burning with anger. "I should have Imam-Jouma bastinadoed until he confessed how the poor have been robbed and swindled by him."

"You are blaspheming," remonstrated Ibrahim. "Come, come, curb your tongue! Too much exaggeration!"

"Let Allah's anger strike me, let Azrail take my soul, let me become part and parcel of Hell, if I am exaggerating! You do not yet know how that hypocrite has wronged our family and ruined me!"

"Well, relate it to me," said Ibrahim, "and perhaps we can do something, for I have friends in the harem."

They seated themselves upon the stone steps of a doorway, and Selim, sighing deeply, began his story:

"You know well that my father, Hadji Taghir, was a rich merchant. He was a pious man, who performed his *namaz* (prayer) regularly, and knew the precepts of the Shariat by heart. Five times a year he held *tazias*, or feasts, in memory of the dead; he fed the poor and the needy, gave tithes to the Seyids and Mollahs. Allah, approving his piety, doubled his fortune, and when I reached the age of seventeen, he asked for me the hand of Fatima, the niece of the accursed Imam-Jouma. My mother opposed his choice, because Fatima was very ugly and wicked. She desired me to marry Leyla, the beautiful daughter of our neighbor, Kerim. But who could oppose my father's will? He deemed it a great honor to be united with the house of Imam-Jouma.

"Our marriage ceremony was in time performed, and Fatima became my wife. I did not like her, and for fear of Imam-Jouma could not marry another woman. Therefore, as an excuse to get away, I expressed a desire to make a pilgrimage to Kialbala, to the grave of Ali. My father and Imam-Jouma approved of my intention, and I started. At last I felt free. After making my pilgrimage to the grave of Ali, I resolved to visit Mecca and receive the title of *Hadji*, after which I knew it would be an easy matter for me to marry my beautiful Leyla. At the end of a pilgrimage of two years in Kialbala and Mecca, I returned to Teheran as Hadji Selim; but, oh! I wish I had fallen dead upon the grave of the

Prophet. During my absence my father had died, after devising that if, by the will of Allah, I happened to die during my pilgrimage, his estate should be divided among the poor and the hungry, and he had appointed Imam-Jouma, the Satan, the hypocrite, as executor of his will."

Here Selim became silent. Bitter memories seemed to overwhelm his mind and his soul, and he sank into deep meditation.

"Allah Talaa is great and merciful!" said Ibrahim. "Continue your tale."

"Yes, let me become a sacrifice to His might! Hardly four months had elapsed from the time of my father's death when Imam-Jouma informing my mother that I had died in Mecca, took possession of all our property. He gave a hundred *toumans* to my mother as her share of my father's estate, and advised her that, according to the testament of my father, after Fatima had taken her dowery, the remainder, about one million *toumans*, should be divided among the poor and the hungry."

"Allah be praised!" said Ibrahim. "And did Imam-Jouma divide it among the poor and the hungry?"

"Of course," answered Selim, derisively. "He distributed it among the poor and the hungry; for Imam-Jouma always follows the Shariat, ostensibly. Every morning after his *namaz* the scoundrel caused his many servants and pages to impersonate the poor, and then he distributed the gold among them. This mock ceremony over, the servants and the pages would return it to their lord and master. At noon he would repair to the chicken coop, where, by his command, the fowls had been kept unfed for three days, and distribute gold to the hungry fowls."

"Oh, deceitful! Oh, Satan!" laughed Ibrahim, "how cunning the scoundrel is! But who told you these things?"

"My mother learned it all from Leyla, who had become Imam-Jouma's *sege* wife."\*

\* According to the Shariat there are two forms of marriage: a permanent marriage, when the wife is known as an *Aqde*, and a temporary marriage, for any length of time from an hour to ninety-nine years, in which case the wives are called *Sege*.

"But when you returned did you not go to Imam-Jouma and demand the return of your father's estate?"

"Yes, I did," said Selim. "I even complained to the Shah, but who would defend me against Imam-Jouma? He offered a beautiful girl as a *peshkesh* (present) to the Shah, and all proceedings were dismissed. I might have been sent to jail myself. I lost all that I possessed in litigations, and my mother died of grief. Ah! my father, what did you do to us in your innocence!"

Selim's face again clouded in deep thought, and Ibrahim sought to console him.

"What is written," said he, "cannot be effaced; glory to the Prophet! Trust in God! A dry bed through which a stream has flowed will see the flow of the stream again. But what is this confusion? Allah! Allah!"

Taking up their clubs they ran toward the end of the Khiaband, where pandemonium reigned.

## II.

CRIES of "Salavat! Salavat! O Ali! death to the Jews!" were heard all around. Children with stones in their hands, yelling "Jew! Jew!" were followed by Seyids, notaries, Mollahs and Dervishes, who rent the air with their cries of "Ya Hakk! Ya Hakk" (O God! O God!) In the rapidly increasing crowd some one inquired, "What is the cause of this commotion?"

"Jehood-Kooshan" (Jew massacre), answered a Seyid, and then from a thousand throats there burst like the howl of wolves, "Jehood-Kooshan! Jehood-Kooshan!"

"Salavat! Salavat!" thundered forth once more.

Suddenly silence reigned. The crowd halted in the middle of the Khiaband. A Seyid's green turbaned head appeared from behind a door. All eyes were strained in his direction.

"Mussulmans," cried the Seyid, "behold this Jewess! She is a *Murtad* (renegade). She accepted the religion of Islam, but now she renounces it. What shall be her punishment?"

\* *Salavat*. "Accept the Faith," is addressed by the Mohammedans to unbelievers.

"Death!" yelled the crowd. "Let us stone her!"

"But wait," continued the Seyid; "the Shariat does not pronounce the death sentence for women. She must be imprisoned for life and beaten every day during *namaz*; then perhaps she will repent. Perhaps the accursed Jews have led her astray. Let us take her to the Chief Mollah and hear his decree."

"To the Chief Mollah! to the Chief Mollah!" roared the crowd. "The abominable Jews have dared to insult the religion of Islam and the Shariat. It is time for a Jehood-Kooshan!"

Again the fanatic crowd advanced, howling, "Salavat! Salavat!" when suddenly, as if encountering an obstacle, they surged back and fled in such confusion that even a dog would have lost his master.

"You bastards! You imps! Let your fathers perish in Hell! What is this furore? Do you not know that the Shah is to pass through the Khiaband? On, Ferashes! on, Shatirs! scourge the necks of these beasts," thundered a stentorian voice.

The lashes hissed, the clubs swung in the air, and right and left people were felled with blinded eyes and crushed skulls. The order had been given by the Police Commissioner of Teheran, whose duty it was to keep the Khiaband clear of pedestrians. The Shah might appear at any time; then woe to the Police Commissioner if the progress of the Shadow of Allah was impeded by any obstacle! The Police Commissioner already felt the blows of the bastinado to which he would have been subjected had the Shah arrived at that inopportune moment. For that reason he headed his horse here and there, directing the Ferashes and Shatirs to clear the thoroughfare. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a piteous scene.

On the ground knelt an old man, with arms outstretched towards Heaven. His felt cap had fallen to the ground, revealing an entirely shaven head. His beard, which reached to his girdle, was matted, and his cheeks were blood-stained. A square of red cloth on the right side of his breast indicated that he was a Jew. He paid no attention to the cruel blows

which were being showered upon his head, face and shoulders, but he looked beseechingly at the crowd, and moaned:

"For the sake of your Prophet, save my daughter!"

And he pointed to a woman who crouched upon the ground. She was entirely enveloped by a heavy veil, and was surrounded by Seyids and Mollahs. From the heaving of her bosom it was apparent that she was sobbing. Beside the old man, with his face on the ground, lay a youth, whom the crowd beat and insulted every time he endeavored to raise his head. He also wore the symbolic red patch on his breast.

"Why have you held these people? Why does this woman weep?" demanded the Police Commissioner. "Let your fathers perish in Hell! Is the Shah dead? Is there no Court? On, Ferashes! disperse the crowd!"

"It is by the order of Imam-Jouma," interposed an old Seyid. "This woman," pointing to the crouching figure on the ground, "was married to a Seyid, but the abominable Jews abducted her and led her astray, persuading her to become a Jew."

"Is this true, old man?" asked the Police Commissioner. "Stand up, and let me hear what you have to say."

The old man arose and, bowing down his head obsequiously, replied:

"Your Excellency, I swear by your beard, I swear by the holy beard of the Shah, that it is not so. This girl, Yestere, is my only daughter, and she is the fiancée of this youth, your servant," and he pointed with his finger to the youth who lay prostrate on the ground. "The wedding would have been celebrated soon, had not our neighbor Seyid abducted and hidden my daughter five days ago, while she was walking in the street with her maid servant. Last night, finding an opportunity, my daughter escaped, and while we were preparing to go and make a complaint against the Seyid, the followers of Imam-Jouma attacked us and dragged us from our house, accusing us of having abducted a Moslem woman. They dragged and brought us to this place. Are we not the creatures

of God? Are we not the subjects of the Shah?"

"He is lying, the abominable Jew!" cried a young Seyid who stood by the prostrate woman. "She is my legal wife; she is a Moslem. Mollah Kazim will confirm my statement."

The Mollah, an old man with sunken eyes, holding a rosary in his hand and leaning upon his staff, came forth and spoke:

"I have performed their marriage ceremony, and I am astonished that this godless Jew is sorry instead of rejoicing. Praise God, O Jew, that your daughter will now deserve Paradise instead of Hell!"

"Your Excellency," pleaded the old Jew, "I swear by the name of God, Who is one, that this Mollah is falsifying; they have frightened and threatened my daughter into marriage; let the Prophet Moses turn his face from me if there is a scintilla of falsehood in my statement. Investigate this matter, and if I have not told the truth, have me cut into pieces." And turning to where his daughter knelt, the old man added: "Yestere, my daughter, relate the facts to His Excellency."

The Police Commissioner was quite at a loss what to do. To deliver the girl to her father: that was impossible. It would infuriate Imam-Jouma against the Jews. To deliver the girl to the Seyids: that also was impossible, because the Jews might appeal to the Shah through the English Consul, and thus complicate the matter.

Suddenly the sound of a trumpet was heard. "The Shah is coming! The Shah is coming!" was heard on all sides. The Police Commissioner was terrified, but immediately resolved what to do.

"Take the Jews to the house of Imam-Jouma, immediately," he commanded. "As soon as His Majesty, the Prayer Temple of the World, passes, I shall repair to the house of Imam-Jouma myself and investigate the matter in his presence."

Then turning to Selim, who stood by his side, the Police Commissioner whispered a few words, and then said aloud:

"Hadji Selim, watch over these Jews

and do not allow anybody to torture them!" and turning to the Ferashes and Shatirs he continued: "Drive away everybody, drive away the accursed crowd!"

Again the whips of the Ferashes and Shatirs hissed in the air, and again the crowd was showered with blows. Shatir Selim ordered the Jews to follow him.

The trumpet sounded once more. It was a signal that the Light-bestowing Shah, coming out of his palace, had put his holy foot in the stirrup. The Police Commissioner cast a last glance upon the crowd. His heart throbbed with fear, while he muttered:

"Merciful God, let this moment pass without evil!"

He knew very well that the persecuted, who were deprived of justice, had often before seized upon such occasions to bring their grievances before the Shah. Woe to the Police Commissioner if the Shah was in a bad humor! Then he would face either the alternative of being bastinadoed or of spending hundreds, nay thousands, of *toumans* in *peshkesh*. The Police Commissioner hoped for the best. He had taken all precautions; yet he had dreamt bad dreams, and had not had time to have them interpreted. He thought to himself, "Well, it is destiny; whatever is written shall be fulfilled."

The trumpet sounded for the third time, and from the Pearl Door proceeded the royal retinue.

(*To be continued.*)

## HAST THOU SEEN MY COUNTRY?

BY OHANNES OHANNESSIAN.

(*Translated specially for THE ORIENTAL WORLD.*)

**H**AST thou, I wonder, looked upon those hills  
 Where blossoms richly a perennial spring,  
 Where vineyards buried deep in verdure lie,  
 Where grapes like jewels ripen as they cling?

Hast thou seen fields and meads where bloom the pink,  
 The full-blown, radiant lily—and above,  
 A gracious sun that shines with golden beams,  
 And a blue sky that always breathes of love?

Hast thou beheld the raging river pass  
 In snow-white foam between the ancient rocks,  
 And listened with emotion to the roar  
 That rises from its billows' angry shocks?

Hast thou beheld the village in the vale,  
 Set round with glorious gardens like a park,—  
 A tranquil stream, and golden ears of grain?  
 There hast thou heard the music of the lark?

Its treasure hast thou seen—the angel-faced  
 And richly-molded daughter of the South,  
 With her deep eyes? Like roses are her lips,  
 Fadeless the smile upon her blooming mouth.

And from her tender cheeks aglow with love—  
 That maiden in the village of my home—  
 Oh, tell me, hast thou ever snatched a kiss,  
 A kiss more sweet than honey in the comb?

*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

## THE MARASH ORPHANAGES.

BY ANNIE C. MARSHALL.

(Written specially for THE ORIENTAL WORLD.)

ANY mothers sigh over the burden of caring for two or three little ones, but Miss Salmond's large heart rejoices in the work of mothering three hundred Armenian boys and girls in Marash. They are children who were left orphans by the terrible massacres that decimated the persecuted Armenian people in 1896 and again in 1909. The Turkish oppressors left these innocent babes to wander about homeless and destitute, thus hoping to destroy the Armenian race at its source, but the cry of the children went echoing throughout the world, and here and there, in distant lands, women rose up and left their homes to respond to the piteous appeal of Christ's little ones.

It is a study to watch Miss Salmond's face as she speaks of her adopted sons and daughters. If she has something to tell of their goodness, their happiness or success in life, her face radiates with smiles, but if she speaks in guarded words of some difficulty, some naughtiness among the children, her eyes suffuse with tears. With exceeding tenderness of heart, Miss Salmond also possesses an active organizing brain. When she went from Scotland to Marash in 1898, the homeless orphans were gathered into a rented house. During the intervening years she has so effectually interested people of many lands,—America, Great Britain, Switzerland and Holland,—in the needs of the children, that besides the annual support sent for three hundred growing boys and girls, the following valuable property has been secured for the use of the children:

First, the Ebenezer House Orphanage, with large productive, walled garden. In the same compound is the weaving house, with thirty hand-looms, spinning wheels, etc., also the bakery oven, and a room for the sale of the *bez* and *alaja* manufactured. This property is in a healthy part of the outskirts of Marash, and has the best, purest and most abundant water supply. Second, the farm and buildings, with sixty to sixty-five acres of land under cultivation now that water has been obtained, so that clover of the best kind can be grown. There are twelve cows, two horses, some sheep, goats, etc. Third, Beulah House, where Miss Salmond lives with sixty Armenian orphan girls, and for which a thousand Turkish pounds were paid. Two hundred pounds of this sum were subscribed by the Women's Board of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Fourth, the Eben-



ANNIE C. MARSHALL.

ezer Orphanage Society owns a small vineyard, situated at about an hour's distance above the town. During the summer heat orphan girls go up to this vineyard in relays of about twenty. A cistern has been dug to catch the rain water, for there is no well and no river, and no rain falls between June and October. Fifth, the Zeitoun Orphanage House, where thirty orphan boys live, supported by one American gentleman. An Armenian in charge of these boys gave the first few pounds for the land—just a bit of ground covered with stones so big that one stone forms the wall of a very primitive kitchen. With infinite and untiring labor this man built a house there, and in the garden many fruit trees are growing. There is not one penny of debt on any of these properties.

In the orphanages at Marash, though one frequently hears the happy voices of children at play, yet during working hours all is seriousness and industry. The training of the children is directed towards developing them into good and industrious men and women, who will take their place as useful members of the Armenian community. While due importance is placed on industry and ability, the aim of a noble Christian character is held up as the highest ideal. The boys showing marked intellectual ability are educated to become teachers, and to enter the ministry and other professions. Those less mentally endowed are taught trades by skilled Armenian masters. Tailoring, joinery, bootmaking, weaving, dyeing, baking and farming are among the industries taught in the busy Ebenezer workshops. The orphan girls, besides learning all manner of housework, are taught lacemaking and embroidery, and the natural artistic ability of the Armenian race is displayed in the beautiful embroideries and filn-like lace made by the young workers.

The Ebenezer bread is in great demand in Marash, and on the road to Kurkgoez, a favorite picnic resort, a little bakeshop has been opened, where the Armenian and Turkish passers-by purchase their picnic provisions. Curiously enough the Turkish military officers stationed at Marash are among the best

customers of the Ebenezer Orphanage industries, ordering numerous goods and always paying promptly for them.

A considerable business is done in exporting hand-woven *alaja* and *bez* embroideries and lace to Great Britain and other countries. Unfortunately, the tariff duties, combined with the expense of carriage, hinder the export of goods to the United States. The ambition is held before the boys and girls that only the best workmanship must issue from the orphanage workshops. As the quality of the materials made by the apprentice weavers is not considered sufficiently perfect, former Ebenezer boys, who are now master-workmen, weave the cloth and Turkish towelling for export.

While the tradesmen trained in the Ebenezer workshops are giving satisfaction in the work they turn out, there is also much encouragement in the careers of other Ebenezer boys. Three young men are being educated for the ministry in Marash Theological Seminary, and there are others finishing their higher education at Aintab College, Tarsus College, and elsewhere. A few students, after finishing the college courses at home, are now working their way through prominent universities in the United States, earning their own support. Many former Ebenezer boys, who have settled in Marash and other places in Asiatic Turkey, are taking leading places in their own communities, and in church and civic life. Former orphan girls are leading useful lives, as teachers and church workers, and as helpmeets to Armenian teachers, pastors and others in many parts of the country, as well as abroad. Their influence is remarkable in various villages in which they have settled, and where they have become leaders in the enlightenment of the less privileged country women.

Turkey in Asia, in spite of drawbacks, is rapidly developing, and those residing in the country see great opportunities in the future for the younger generation in engineering, railway building, printing, agriculture, and other skilled trades. Many of the orphan boys show marked ability in mechanical work, and have a limitless ambition to learn. Miss Sal-



mond is very anxious that the industrial department should be still further developed, and the only obstacle to progress is lack of funds.

Will any lover of his people help in this great work of training the rising generation of Armenians, by becoming responsible for the higher education of

one or more of these alert young minds? Perhaps these very boys, left destitute and dying by the Turkish oppressors, may be destined to play an important rôle in the future welfare of the Armenian race.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

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## NIRVANA.

BY CHRISTINE DER MAHDESIAN.

[E. N.—This poem is reprinted from the Listener's Column of the *Boston Evening Transcript* September 24, 1913, in which it was commended for its "perfect form, its simplicity, modesty and purity."]

WHAT though I may not name the stars  
 That wander on their course?  
 Nor in them trace life's destiny,  
 Nor yet divine its source?

The lily's bloom, the rose's blush,  
 'Tis these that I adore;  
 The azure mirror of the heavens—  
 My soul asks not for more.

The fairest flowers that crown the sod  
 How humbly pass away!  
 Nor shall I scorn to share that calm,  
 Oblivious decay.

But let me hie at eventide  
 Unto the common bower,  
 To pillow in the conquering dust  
 Some other passing flower.

Nor yet shall that be death, for there  
 The god that men call Change  
 Shall weave from out that sombre night  
 Visions both deep and strange.

Visions in which the soul shall seek  
 Its immortality—  
 A pæan to the God of Life,  
 And to Eternity.

And many a fleeting ghost shall turn  
 A moment from its goal,  
 And pause among the tombs to trace  
 That strange dream of a soul.

## THE RUSSIANS IN ARMENIA.

BY NOEL BUXTON, M. P.

**O**N a fine evening in September I took a drive from Erivan, the Russian town near Ararat, to see the Armenian villages in the Araxes Valley. The plain, that would be arid waste without irrigation, has here come to look like the rich land one sees in Belgium from the Berlin express, small farms intersected with cypress like Lombardy poplars; but here, in place of wheat and cabbages, they are growing vines, rice and cotton. The presence of orchards—mulberry or peach—is denoted by high mud walls along the road. As we moved further, the walls became continuous, and ripe apricots and quinces leaned over them. Watercourses lined our route on each side, feeding the roots of a double row of poplars. At intervals the wall was pierced by the windows of the farmer's house, flat-roofed, and at this season quaintly surmounted by stacks of corn. Old-fashioned mud dwellings were yielding here and there to new fronts of stone, finely dressed. Big doorways at the side gave a glimpse of yards and verandahs, well-heads, great earthen jars; and further on the orchard, with the raised wooden sleeping-platforms used in the hot Araxes Valley. In time the holdings became so thick as to give the effect of a continuous village, an unending community of picturesque market gardeners—every man happy under his vine and fig tree.

As we travelled southward, and the sun sank westward, Ararat, flanked with sunset color, dominated the world below. Ararat is higher than Mont Blanc, and standing alone it towers uniquely. Yet there is something specially restful about its broad shoulders of perpetual snow. With the soaring quality of Fuji it combines a sense of holding, up there, a place of repose:

The high still dell  
Where the Muses dwell,  
Fairest of all things fair,

Winnowers were using the last daylight on the green; a man was washing a horse after the burning day, standing shoulder deep in the stream; buffaloes walked sedately home from their bath, shining like black velvet. The day's work was ending, and we now kept passing family groups sitting at the doorway. Here a boy was playing with a tame hawk; there a father, in most un-English fashion, held in his arms the baby.

The houses now became continuous, and shops appeared, wine presses, forges, agricultural machines, Russian gendarmes gossiping outside the inn, wagon builders and copper pot makers. The slanting sun displayed a kaleidoscope of industry, not primitive and not capitalist—human economy at its most picturesque stage of development.

We halted to see the village priest, whose son was a student at St. Petersburg University. As we sat in his balcony, the hum of village voices and movements arose above the gathering stillness of nature, and we remarked on the prosperity of the priest's flock.

The priest agreed; but there was one blot upon it. It was the constant arrival of refugees from Turkey, their property abandoned, driven out by violence and often by brutal violation, even of the very young. Russia was to them a Godsend, though beggary was the price of escape from worse evil.

To the right of Ararat stretched the line of hills which forms the present Russo-Turkish frontier. Upon this horizon the sun set. It was a memorable combination—the eternal snow one associates with the North, framed with the glowing brilliance of the Southern sun. Byron was within the mark when he wrote of that sun:

Not as in Northern climes obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light.

There is something more than that.  
Those who have watched the white

flames of a smelting furnace, and still more those who have climbed to its rim on a dark night, can picture something of the effulgence that streamed up from behind that blackening line of mountains—an effulgence quite correctly described as “molten.” Hidden now from our view, the sun still bathed the hills from which those refugees had fled—that noble upland given over to misery and waste.

Why has the tide of civilization paused at that particular line of hills? The frontiers of Turkey on the European side of Turkey were easily held against the small Balkan States whose territory adjoined them, till those States became powerful by combination. But here the defense is obviously powerless. The fortifications of Erzerum itself have twice (in 1828 and 1877) been in the hands of Turkey's great neighbor. Yet for thirty-five years the Russian armies have been as if paralyzed. Forces even greater than they have said: “Hands off that frontier, defenseless though it is.”

We are face to face with the Cyprus Convention and the Berlin Treaty, which specify that this Turkish frontier is guaranteed by the Powers, and by England in particular. Those documents, till you visit the spot, seem abstract and intangible embodiments of justice. Here they are concrete enough; to the peasant escaping penniless through the hills; to the Armenian priest in Russia trying to find bread for that peasant's child; to the Russian prefect, dealing with brigands who can always escape into a lawless country. These diplomatic instruments, usually cited as vague landmarks in past history, are here playing a tragically definite part.

For eight months the embassies at Pera have been debating schemes for ending this absurdity. The Chancelleries recognize that the Balkan settlement offers a chance to put pressure on the Sublime Porte. They know that to leave the Armenians to despair is to court the certainty of risings, “excesses,” and interventions, which would endanger European peace.

It is to be hoped that control by the Concert will be achieved. But ultimate success will remain in doubt for many

years, whatever compact between the Porte and the Powers may be made. And the obstacles thrown in the way of progress (whether by the Turks or by one of the Powers) will be greater if each knows that no penalty will follow. They will be less if there is a prospect of alternative action by a single Power in the event of failure by the Concert. We are thus driven to consider what that alternative should be.

If, in course of time, concerted control proves to be unworkable, the duty of Europe is equally clear. It is to intrust reform to that Power which is most ready to establish it.

It is now evident that the question to be faced, and which alone admits of doubt, is the ancient question, “Ought Europe to grant a mandate to Russia to superintend reform in Armenia?”

The fact that this course of events has been hitherto precluded by the action of the Concert needs, at this point, therefore, some further examination. The arguments against it have in the past been held good. Do they apply now?

The arguments used in opposition to Russia affect the interests of Great Britain, of other Powers, and of the peoples of Armenia itself.

(1) Great Britain. (a) The interests of Great Britain have been the chief factor, and among them the strategic menace of Russian advance has been most influential. It was associated with four geographical points lying upon the route to India—the Dardanelles, the Cilician coast, the Persian Gulf, and the Indian frontier.

In regard to the first two of these we observe a change of expert opinion. It suffices here to quote Sir Valentine Chirol. When describing the change in British pro-Turkish policy (vide *The Balkan Question*) he speaks of the British occupation of Egypt as having made the question of Constantinople no longer so serious.

As to the Persian Gulf, an epigrammatic writer says: “Diarbekir controls the Gulf.” But, granting the assumption, why Diarbekir? A frontier south of that town, bringing Russia to the Mesopotamian plains, would no doubt

give her a strategic *point d'appui*. But the boundary of true Armenia is that of the table-land, and its border would be in the lofty hills north of Diarbekir, where a frontier tenable also from the south would be found. Russia would ask in vain for German consent to a frontier which would imperil the Bagdad Railway.

There remains the question of Seistan and Quetta. The same writer says: "Persia would be lost." The argument was a good one, but time has removed it. The strategic Persian problem has receded far from the Turco-Persian frontier. North Persia is lost already. The vision of Russia knocking at the Persian door near Urmi from the Turkish side is reversed; Russian troops are in Tabriz, and centered upon the Turkish frontier at Khoi.

(b) The Persian argument was advanced in respect of trade. Englishmen developed the trade route from Trebizond to Tabriz to avoid the Russian custom house. If Russia held Erzerum and included Armenia in her protective system, certainly our trade would suffer. But occupation is not necessarily protection. Russia already occupies Azerbaijan, but the Russian tariff has not followed, and British trade has grown with the security she has provided on the roads. The same might follow for the trade in Turkey. In any case, the Persian trade will not now be saved by keeping Russia out of Turkey.

But let the trade argument be considered further. Grant that British goods imported by this route may reach £1,000,000 a year. Suppose this to produce a net profit of £200,000. Will it seriously be urged that a country doing a foreign trade of over one thousand million pounds cannot afford to risk a partial loss of such an item, but must on account of it prevent the liberation of provinces containing three million people? The commercial interest concerned is not even that of England as a whole (which may gain by the development of Turkey), but that of a section of traders depending on the peculiar circumstances of a limited (though comparatively free-trade) market. Their attitude is perfectly natural; but for our

Government to support it savors of pinchbeck shortsightedness. With the desire to preserve the open door, if it can be combined with development and progress, all Englishmen must sympathize; but the open door is not promoted by our present policy. The way towards it would surely lie neither in past anti-Russian nor present pro-Russian policy, but in co-operation with Powers which have the same object—for instance, Germany—for the maintenance of open markets in Persia, as in China.

(c) Our motive in the past has been, also, a general opinion that "the giant of the North" would prove too big and too greedy. I recollect venturing the question of friendship with Russia in 1897 to Sir Richard Temple, then well known as a great authority on India. His indignant reply was typical of the then prevalent feeling. Russia is now growing faster than ever; but the Foreign Office is helping to promote a flow of capital from England which is making Russia's growth still faster. In regard to greed, Turkish dominions have been seized by England, France, Austria and Italy since any of her territory fell to Russia.

(2) It has been held that other Powers in addition to ourselves required to oppose Russia. English writers have invoked the fears of Germany and, while admitting the desire of France to possess Syria, have dwelt on the dangers to all the Powers of a scramble for Turkish lands. They have coined the solemn formula, "Europe requires the territorial integrity of Turkey." It is to be noted, by the way, that this formula was equally applied to Turkey in Europe, but was readily thrown over at the call of the Balkan States.

The arrival of Germany on the Turkish scene has, of course, constituted a great factor in modern politics. Its bearing on the Armenian question is favorable to our case. It means that a Russian Armenia would not, as we have seen, threaten the Gulf, because Russia would have to reckon with Germany, and to content herself with something less than the whole of the six Armenian vilayets, halting at a frontier in the hills,

and renouncing part of the vilayets of Diarbekir, Bitlis and Van. It means, again, that the Armenians of Cilicia (the old Kingdom of "Little Armenia") are coming under a régime of order through the progress of German exploitation. The practical question is that of the line at which the spheres of Germany and Russia would be divided. It is no doubt with a view of strengthening her case for this negotiation that the German consulate has become active at Van, and that a new German consulate has been opened at Erzerum.

Germany is, let it be granted, a supporter at present of the *status quo*. She is yearly improving her claims and position, and she gains by delay. But Russia has the power to force the pace. Germany's drag upon her lies in the threat of direct action on European frontiers. England used a somewhat similar lever when she attacked Russia in the Crimea. But Russia has continuous access to the place in dispute. Neither we nor Germany have this. Consequently we cannot stop her progress in Persia, nor can Germany do so in Turkey, except indirectly. Her lines of communication are unbroken. She is on the spot and confronts us with the *fait accompli*. She has the whip hand and may seize a moment when Germany is hampered. In practice, if Russia were no longer debarred from action, diplomatic convenience would lead to a Russo-German agreement upon spheres of influence, as it led to the Russo-British agreement in Persia. With the allotment of spheres the pressure on Turkey towards reform would become effective. Public order would become the interest both of the controlling government and the controlled, as it did in Northwest Persia.

(3) The vague argument against change is used also—"It would be the end of Turkey." But this is untrue. A barbaric state is less vulnerable and sensitive than a civilized power. Turkey was not destroyed when Russia took and kept Kars. She was not "ended" even by the loss of all Turkey in Europe. She is, on the contrary, strengthened by the transference of non-Turkish and disordered provinces. Nor would "con-

solidation" (Mr. Disraeli's phrase) by the loss of the Armenian vilayets contribute a strategic change either to her or to the Powers. Albania and Macedonia are known to have cost her much more than they paid into her treasury. They brought recruits, but they involved extra standing armies. Armenia corresponds to Albania.

(4) At this point anti-Russians fall back on the wishes of the populations concerned. It would, they say, be unfair to the Mahomedans. These certainly deserve every consideration. In part their objection would be the same as against the alternative; viz.: government by the Concert, for this also would destroy their ascendancy. But of Russia they have actual experience, through their co-religionists in the Caucasus. That museum of small races is largely peopled by Moslems—Tartars, Persians, Lesghians, Circassians, and many other races. Russia is, of course, a great Mahomedan State, in which Mahomedans, from Petersburg to the Araxes, live, not (as in British Moslem territories) as a subject people, but as equals of the Russians in political status. Nowhere have they such high social and economic position.

The question affects chiefly, in this case, the Kurds. A common subject of talk in Turkey is the latest Kurd movement towards unity, and particularly the Russian policy which is assumed to be behind it. A German Consul was specially anxious for our opinion on the matter. One must distinguish between the assumed activity of the Muscovite in Turkey and his action in Persia, where alone it is ascertainable. In the latter it would appear similar to some British methods of dealing with frontier tribes. The problem is always that of inducing fighting men to be satisfied with a peaceable life, while flattering their vanity and their warlike tastes. The chief is therefore entertained by some high official; he is invited to undertake the tasks of a military police; and he is given a subsidy so long as he behaves himself. If imitation be flattery, the Czar's Government has flattered us by applying this system to the notorious Ismail Agha, better known as Simko;

to Abdul Rezak of Jezireh, of the Bedr Khan clan, and other great chiefs who lately visited the Viceroy of the Caucasus at Tiflis. Simko spoke to us of the Vice-Governor of the Caucasus as "my friend." The present aim of Russia's policy towards the Kurds is to keep them quiet in Persia. It is also, perhaps, to prevent the Kurdish chiefs in Turkish territory from making terms with the Turks, or, on the other hand, with the Christians, and so to keep up the excuse for possible intervention. Austria's efforts among the Albanians before 1912 were similar. One need not be blind to the unpleasant necessities of Powers so situated in order to conclude that such methods are justified. It is more to the point to consider how the Kurds in Turkey would be affected as a whole by an occupation. Their villages only just across the Russian frontier are noticeably richer and less ragged. Under settled rule, ceasing to live by theft, they become agriculturally prosperous.

(5) The Russian solution has hitherto been ignored by Armenophil Committees, owing to the doubt whether Armenians desire it, and to the suspicion of Russia felt by Liberals who study her methods in Russia proper, and (very naturally) by Jews. Both in Russia and Turkey I made it a prime object to learn the opinion of various classes and parties on this point. On all hands I found that a great change of view has taken place, partly, no doubt, from despair of the Concert. It is recognized that the appeal of Armenians to England, futile as it proved, was specially disastrous in a form which alienated Russia. It made Russia hostile to reform in 1895 when, after the massacres, a scheme was proposed by England. But also Russian administration has completely altered. A return to the old Russia is felt to be unthinkable. "Russification" has been tried as a policy for the Caucasus and Armenia, and discarded with exceptional completeness. Contrasted with the liberal policy of the present Governor, Varentzoff-Dashkoff, the brutal policy of his predecessor Galitzin is discredited. Under Galitzin upper-class Armenians, formerly led by equal treatment into such "loyalty" that they forgot their lan-

guage and almost their race, learnt, by the sole fact of Galitzin's hostility, that they had a cause to defend. The new viceroy's reports point triumphantly to the renewal of that loyalty which Russia seeks.

Armenian fears run as follows:

(a) National autonomy for Turkish Armenia would under Russia be impossible.

*Answer.*—It is not possible in any case in Turkish Armenia. The Powers would not grant it, and the population is too divided to permit success.

(b) Russian prestige and culture weaken the national feeling of the Armenian bourgeoisie. Snobbery and place-hunting demoralize the well-to-do, while Russian art, drama and literature attract the educated. Armenian millionaires grow rich through oil fields or mines, forget their language, and despise their Church and peasantry. They pose as Russians so successfully that English governesses have sometimes taken service with them in England in the belief that they were Russian, though fully acquainted already with Armenian families in the Caucasus.

*Answer.*—This is serious; but it may be doubted whether the influence of plutocrats of this kind would be of much gain to the Armenians or to any other nation. It is also a fact that some of the Russophil Armenians (who do not even speak Armenian but only Russian), *e. g.*, army officers, are noted for attachment and generosity to the national Church.

(c) Russian rule is not only anti-national but unequal. Official posts are mostly given to Russians.

*Answer.*—This is unfair, but it contradicts the last argument, for the effect is to create national sentiment. An Armenian in public office, for instance, was brought up, he told me, to think himself Russian; but when relatives of his were excluded from promotion under the Galitzin régime, he became a keen Armenian.

What is the exact value of nationalism? This is a subject too great to be fully examined here. But may it not be granted that its prime use is that of a stimulant to energy—a means to an end?

Variety of types also is of first-rate importance to the world. The small nations produce much more of it for their size than if they were uniform aggregates like the one hundred million Russians. But for these purposes national feeling can exist without political autonomy, and is present among Armenians under Russian rule. Political subjection is tolerable unless misrule is so bad that energies are diverted from culture to bitter agitation. That is the test which condemns the treatment of Poland.

This is written with no inclination to slur over the evils of Russian rule, but with recent and personal observation of them. To correct any undue leaning in that direction, born of the desire to see a solution for Armenia, I followed my visit to Armenia by a stay in Poland. The vindictive repression of Russian Liberals and the persecution of Jews are features of most Russian towns. In Warsaw they are supplemented by the deliberate and brutal repression of national feelings and local rights. Genuine provincial councils are non-existent. The council of a city of 750,000 inhabitants (excluding the enormous garrison) is a make-believe in the hands of a Russian salaried "mayor." Polish business men, concerned in modern enterprises, may not stay the night at great manufacturing centres like Lodz without a passport. Government officials, even of common labor grade, like the doorkeepers at the old Polish palaces, are Russian. Polish railways are taken over by the State and at once their railwaymen are replaced by Russians. In recent times suspected persons have disappeared to Siberia without trial. The repression is carried out by all possible means, not only economic and political, but also psychological. Filling the great square of Warsaw, the chief meeting place of the Polish nation, a huge and splendid and incongruous Russian cathedral has been planted. As I write, its magnificent bells, eclipsing all the din of a great modern city, are reminding every

Pole of his subjection to an alien and less advanced State. It is certainly with no blindness to the inefficient cruelty of the Russian bureaucrats that I record, in spite of it, my confirmed opinion that a Russian occupation of Armenia would be unquestionably to the good. Polish conditions produce evils which would not be found there. Even if they were possible, they would be preferable to the present state of Turkish Armenia. You can find, no doubt, among the Armenian *intelligenzia* men who hold that, though Russia would preserve the lives of the people, she would injure the soul of the nation. But these are few. Even if their opinion were general we must be careful to remember two things: first, that the wishes of the humbler class in Armenia—peasants and workmen—are not always reflected by those classes which are vocal in Europe; second, that our standard differs somewhat from theirs. To them the interest of a nation or a church may justify the loss of individuals. Our concern is also with personal security for the fundamental rights of property and life and domestic honor.

Ask yourself, here in Warsaw, Do the dangers of Russian rule make you hesitate to risk them in Armenia? Cast a glance at Turkish Armenia, and then at the culture, wealth and order which, after all, make life for the Armenian in Russia not so different from that of most people in Western Europe, and you see that the comparison is absurd.

For the citizens of the Great Powers a feasible policy, should control by the Concert fail, is therefore available. Even "Turcophils" admit that intervention and European control are required. That is a conviction all the more weighty because it is combined with a bias in favor of the Turks. To bring about that intervention through the constitutional action of Europe, if not by one method then by the other, is one of the first tasks of diplomacy.

—[*The Nineteenth Century*.

## THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

(From the Greek of Grégorios Xénopoulos.)

(Translated specially for THE ORIENTAL WORLD.)

**I**N attempting to represent literally the songs of the birds, one can hardly express them except in articulations such as:

"Tsiou! tsiou! tsiou! tsiou!"

Or else:

"Tsviti! tsviti! tsvititi!"

Or yet,—I declare, I have heard that also somewhere:

"Pzzzzz—tsa, tsa, tsa, tsa, tsa!"

Well! no neither the letters of the alphabet, nor even an entire orchestra of flutes, fifes, flageolets and violins could possibly represent the harmonious concert, echoes of which escaped from the house of Anastasis, the father of Zaphiroula.

It was close to *Ayor Paulos* (Saint Paul's), in the shoemakers' quarter, a very old dwelling, narrow and high, like a belfry, with its three stories, each having two windows. Its resemblance to a belfry was still further accentuated by the fact that the white-washed walls of the facade bore suspended under each window a row of big cages, medium sized cages, and little cages, which, all together, appeared from a distance to encircle the house with the triple girdle of a finely latticed balcony.

In these big cages, medium sized cages, and little cages, there were birds of a thousand kinds: goldfinches, canaries, blackbirds, siskins, orioles, which sang without respite, from God's dawn until sunset.

"Tsiou! Tsviti! tsa, tsa!"

But no, we have said that it could not be expressed in letters!

And it was not only upon the facade of the house that cages without number were alined; they hung also upon the back of the house, which faced *Ayia Anna* (Saint Ann) Street; there were more in the rooms, hanging upon the walls and from the ceilings; in the corri-

dors, in the yard, even in the kitchen; in a word, in every part of the house, and in truth it might have been said that there remained not even room enough for a cricket's cage. So the house of Anastasis, in the shoemakers' quarter, was not only a house, a residence; it was also a store, a shop. Anastasis, the leading bird fancier of the city, raised birds and sold them. This excellent Christian occupied himself with them from the holy dawn until sunset. He was a man of fifty years, something of a grumbler, who had remained a widower, with an only daughter, Zaphiroula, and an old servant, Madalena.

Anastasis was a veritable bird maniac; it was for that reason he had not remarried in the ten years following the death of dame Anastasaina. Such was the artist who spurned a wife in order to consecrate himself to his art. Zaphiroula, a plump, pretty brunette of eighteen years, entertained for the birds the love and the curiosity which was common to all young girls at her age. As for old Madalena, thin and crabbed, she held them in dislike, in horror, as do many capricious old women.

Anastasis would say, "My birds!" Zaphiroula, "The birds!" and Madalena, "These wretches!"

"Hold thy tongue, sorceress!" Anastasis would retort.

And Anastasis would have driven her out of his house were it not for her faithfulness, notwithstanding her re-terminations, and were it not for the fact that she was as helpful as Zaphiroula herself. To speak the truth, of late it was the old Madalena who was his best auxiliary. Each morning she put out the cages, and each evening she took them in again; and it was she who had the eggs cooked and mashed the food destined to nourish the winged creatures. Zaphiroula had begun to lan-



guish. She passed her time sitting at the window, lost in a sweet reverie, lulled by the interminable concert of the birds.

Her work, of somewhat coarse white embroidery, lay untouched in her hands or upon her apron. When her father called her, she arose reluctantly, with a little sigh. But when it was Madalena who desired her help, she gave no response. Or perhaps she would say, "I am coming!" But she never did.

In the evening, when the concert of the birds ceased, Zaphiroula listened to other music. Menegos, a handsome youth with black curly hair (from across the street at the house of the barber, Chrysopathi, his friend, a player of the guitar), drove her mad with his songs.

I wish that I could this time transcribe with letters the words, or with notes the music. But the sweetness of his voice to her, the deep emotion of his songs, how would it be possible to depict them? The youth sent forth in sweet ditties the ardor of his heart, like the song of the birds, but more rhythmical, while contemplating the idol of his desire, the sweet face of the black-eyed Zaphiroula, who sat by the window opposite. And this music gladdened the heart of Zaphiroula much more than did the concert of the birds. As though new vistas and smiling skies of happiness opened before Zaphiroula's eyes, she loved Menegos, the sweet singer. That was the reason of her being lost in interminable reveries; that was why she forgot her embroidery between her fingers; and that was also why she never responded when called.

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Zaphiroula knew well why Menegos sang. Every young girl at her age, I tell you, would have known well. Yes, but the daughter of the bird dealer had the opportunity to learn better. One day, unexpectedly, while she was putting hempseed in a little cup, she heard a goldfinch trill, and immediately asked Anastasis:

"Father, why do the birds sing?"

"To make the inquisitive wonder," answered the bird dealer.

"I beg you, tell me!" repeated Zaphiroula.

Anastasis made no answer. However,

he became pensive, and after a long pause, when Zaphiroula, occupying herself with cleaning and rehanging the cages, had almost forgotten her question, he said, as though speaking to himself:

"Why do the birds sing? Did I but know! And why do the fish not sing also? Go ask the Lord God who has created them!"

"You see well," said Zaphiroula, who, too, had meanwhile been reflecting, "that only the males sing; the females, never. Why? I should like very much to know."

"Because the females are cursed," rejoined Anastasis, to tease his daughter.

"I do not believe that," said Zaphiroula with a smile. "There must be some other reason for it. Yes. When I see Polydoros, the priest, I shall question him. He must know; it is impossible that he should not know."

"Since you are bent upon it, ask him," responded Anastasis. "For the present, listen! Has Madalena had the eggs cooked for the canaries' paste? It is ten o'clock; may the Devil take her!"

There the conversation ended. But before Zaphiroula could question the monk Polydoros, Anastasis hastened the very same evening to a neighboring pharmacy where he occasionally consulted a physician.

"Just think of it," Anastasis explained, "at the dawn, when we were changing the cages, I do not know what entered into my daughter's head—but you know young girls! She asked me about it."

"Hum! hum!" ejaculated the physician, smiling. Then he vouchsafed the explanation to Anastasis that the male birds sing in order to woo their future companions, and that they resemble those singers who serenade beneath the windows of their sweethearts.

"That is why," he continued, "the males are provided with a more beautiful and brilliant plumage than the females. With the effulgence of their multicolored wings, with the sweetness of their songs, the male birds compete with one another in wooing their mates."

Delighted with this explanation, which his wisdom until then had never divined, although he had been a bird fancier for many long years, the naive Anastasis returned to his house, as joyous as though

he brought with him treasures. And as such conversations were not meant for the hearing of his daughter, he relieved himself by confiding it to the old Madalena; but on the following morning Madalena related everything to the young girl. Thus Zaphiroula learned why only the males sing; and thus she understood the meaning of their songs. Only parts of the physician's conversation, we presume, reached the ears of Zaphiroula. But with her imagination, and with all that she already knew of the world, of nature, and of herself, she completed them. From that day on, every time she heard the concert of the birds burst forth from the thousand cages, she understood that the little winged lovers strove, by their songs and by their beauty, to win their silent and modest future mates.

And, eventually, so impressed was she by this thought that the house assumed the air of something very poetic, as though it were a little paradise, which the joys of Love filled with a sweet and infinite music.

Having also realized, from the first, that Menegos strove to win her love by his songs, in the barber shop of Chryso-pathi, the guitarist, Zaphiroula reflected: "He is my siskin—I am his canary."

But why did she not say, instead: "My lark, my blackbird, my canary?" Precisely because at this time the best singer of Anastasis was a young siskin. His dark yellow plumage, his fine, flowing head, striped with dazzling green, how beautiful! and his voice, wonder of wonders! His was not the throat of a bird; it was a complete repertoire of flute, clarinet, and metallic whistles. Anastasis was proud of him, his siskin. The bird fancier had been offered a large sum for him, but he had refused to sell him. Ah! not for all the universe! He kept him for his house and for the breed. Anastasis had chosen for him a beautiful fiancée, a proud little canary, with puffed feathers, of so pale a yellow as to appear almost white. And again, why this one and no other? Well, in these delicate affairs, Anastasis was the sole arbiter. His art was to single out the couples and to direct the selection according to his own interests. And like an absolute and autocratic master, lord of

their souls and of their bodies, he always mated the male with the female he had chosen. Satisfied or not, whether the mate pleased her or not, she had to accept the winged singer. However she enjoyed the perfect right of objecting to him,—pecking at him with her bill when he was first put into her cage.

Thus Anastasis, after having admired for some time the ardent song of the siskin, as he himself whistled with the bird according to the custom which he had adopted in the raising of the young birds, determined to put the siskin in the cage of the canary. Zaphiroula, who was present, filled with joyous thoughts, aided him eagerly.

"It will be the same with me," she thought. "Some day, by the power of his songs, Menegos will win the right of admission to my house."

That could be said, verily, for Zaphiroula, being the only daughter of her elderly father, would bring her husband to live at her house. And since Menegos was not only a good singer, but also a good artisan, a wood carver—he worked with Beleti, who made the finest furniture in the country, and Menegos was his right arm—Zaphiroula hoped that her father would not object to him. And besides, an aunt of Menegos had told a cousin of Zaphiroula that Menegos loved Zaphiroula with an honorable intention, and that he would ask her in marriage.

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From the moment that the siskin entered the cage of the canary, he remained silent. All day long he sat mute, in a peevish mood. The following day it was the same, and the day after also. The old man mused with a knowing smile:

"Of what use now are the songs?"

This wise reasoning, however, did not console him. He regretted missing the music of the siskin. One morning, as he cleaned the cage of the mates in the presence of Zaphiroula, he put his hand through the little door, drove the canary into a corner and tapped her head in none too caressing a fashion.

"Naughty creature," he said petulantly, "you have made my siskin silent; I dislike you, you know!"

Anastasis knew, indeed, that birds, as

soon as mated, cease their singing. At heart he was not astonished at all at the muteness of his siskin, although it vexed him. As for Zaphiroula, her inexperience hindered her from finding an explanation.

"The canary is not agreeable to him," said she jokingly to the old Madalena. "The wretch is angry and does not speak."

"His racket broke my head," responded the capricious Madalena. "Are you not weary of it, yourself? It is one gimlet less in my ears."

"No matter," mused Zaphiroula, "I shall be lovable to my future husband, and his songs will never cease."

"Never? That is a great word, little Zaphiroula!"

In the evening Menegos sang his most beautiful ditties in the shop of his friend, Chrysopathi. The following day, a Sunday in April, he entered the house of Anastasis as his future son-in-law. That evening there was neither song nor guitar. It was an evening of betrothal, and the lovers conversed sweetly by the window. With a sigh Menegos bade Zaphiroula good-night. On the afternoon of the following day, he renewed his visit. In the evening there was nothing. Because of his great joy, the youth now returned home and retired at dusk, like the birds. For all that, he may have desired to appear a wise and upright man before his father-in-law.

But in truth, what more necessity was there for his singing? He had achieved his purpose. His future was assured, and the house was open to him. He could go whenever he wished and embrace Zaphiroula, in the presence of Madalena, and say to her, "My sweet love!" Were not, then, songs superfluous?

In her joy, in her perhaps too great happiness, Zaphiroula did not deplore this silence. If she lacked songs, she now had kisses.

Thus the days passed in contentment and amidst joyous preparations. Meanwhile the last Sunday of April approached, when the marriage was to take place.

One day our lovers quarreled. The excess of love brings both jealousy and misunderstanding. Menegos suspected that Zaphiroula paid undue attention to a foppish dandy who frequently passed through the shoemakers' quarter. He spoke of it, and she denied it; he continued to remonstrate, and they came to tears.

To speak truly, Zaphiroula alone wept. Menegos was very angry, and for the first time, he went away without embracing her, but grumbling a cold "Good-night." That night, in her bitter reflections, Zaphiroula for the first time remembered the siskin, and how he had ceased to sing as soon as he had been placed in the cage of the canary; and she compared him to Menegos, who had ceased to sing immediately upon his introduction into the house as a future son-in-law.

"What a strange thing it is," she contemplated in her trouble. "See! see! from the first day, from the first instant! It is like sorcery! Is it then the same with men as with birds? Menegos sang only until he had persuaded me to accept him. And now, instead of songs, I shall hereafter have quarrels and insults. And it is I who am to blame. Woe to me, woe!"

The truth is that neither the siskin nor Menegos renewed their singing.

Zaphiroula and Menegos received the nuptial benediction and lived together happily enough. Sometimes there were quarrels and insults; sometimes there were sweet words.

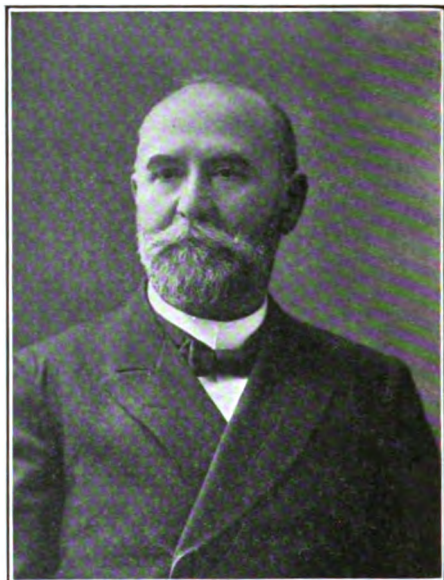
But his beautiful songs, the music which intoxicated her in the days of courtship, Zaphiroula heard no more.

## IN MEMORIAM.

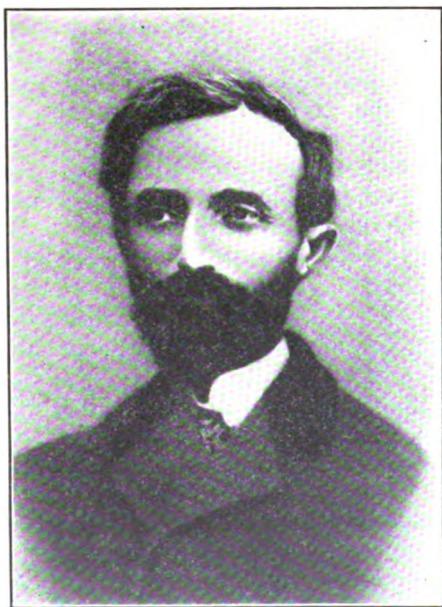
THE Armenians have mourned, in recent months, the unexpected deaths of Simon Zavarian, teacher and revolutionist; Alexander Kalantar, editor and agriculturist; and H. F. B. Lynch, author of the monumental work, "Armenia; Travels and Studies."

SIMON ZAVARIAN was born in the Caucasus about fifty years ago. At an early age, with a Promethean idealism, he devoted himself to the alleviation of all human sufferings, and to the righting of all injustice. His scientific studies, which earned for him an enviable reputation, however, tempered his zeal considerably, and he enlisted in the ranks of the Armenian revolutionists to work only for the emancipation of unfortunate Armenia.

Conjointly with Christopher Mikaelian, who met a tragic death while testing explosives preparatory to an attempt



ALEXANDER KALANTAR.



SIMON ZAVARIAN.

on the life of Abd-ul-Hamid, Simon Zavarian was the founder of the Tashnagist Party; but all the Armenians loved and honored him irrespective of party affiliations.

Zavarian was the embodiment of infinite labor, and with a symbolical coincidence he died suddenly in Constantinople while entering an institution known as the "House of Labor," which he and his comrades had erected for the relief of their unfortunate compatriots.

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ALEXANDER KALANTAR, Editor-in-Chief for the last twenty years of *Mschak*, the oldest Armenian daily paper, published in Tiflis, Russia, was born in 1855. He had been identified with the intellectual progress of his nation as a publicist and moralist. He was the author of several novels and poetical works, but his fame rests chiefly upon the scholarly books which he has writ-



H. F. B. LYNCH.

ten treating of agrarian questions. As an expert of first rank in agricultural matters, Mr. Kalantar enjoyed the respect of all nationalities inhabiting the Caucasus.

Kalantar's death was as dramatic as

Zavarian's. He expired suddenly when he was about to deliver a eulogy during a memorial service at the grave of Raffi, Armenia's greatest novelist.

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MR. H. F. B. LYNCH was born in 1862. He studied first at Eton and then at Trinity College, Cambridge, spending part of this latter period at the University of Heidelberg, Germany. At Cambridge he was awarded high honors in classical scholarship upon taking his degree. In 1889 Mr. Lynch started on his first journey to the East. He rode from the Mediterranean to the head of the Mesopotamian plain, descended the Tigris on a raft, and made his way home through Persia by a new route across the mountains. Along this route he afterwards built a railroad 270 miles in length and extending from the Persian Gulf to Ispahan and Teheran. Mr. Lynch, on his father's side, came from a family of Irish landowners. His mother was a member of a prominent Armenian family of Calcutta, India. His family has long been connected with the city of London, of which Mr. Lynch's great-uncle was Lord Mayor.

## THE OUTLOOK IN THE NEARER ORIENT.

SINCE the conclusion of the Balkan War, and the disastrous collapse of the Balkan Confederation, all the quondam belligerent States, with the exception of Turkey, are apparently devoting themselves to internal development. The Turks, however, are earnestly engaged in threatening those who regard reforms as indispensable for the welfare of the Ottoman subjects. The threats have been directed against the Armenian Patriarch, the editors of the Armenian daily paper, *Azatomart*, and Boghos Pasha Nubar, the president of the Armenian delegation now in Europe to press the execution of Armenian reforms which the Great Powers have stipulated.

### ARMENIA.

THE Armenian reforms, and the Turkish procrastinating attitude towards them, furnish a leading topic of diplomatic and newspaper discussions.

The *New York Times*, devoting an editorial to "The Fate of the Armenians," writes:

There is no darker stain on the record of the "Christian" Powers of Europe than their cold selfishness, cowardice, and treachery toward the 2,000,000 Armenians under Turkish rule, and especially toward those trying to live in Armenia proper. Thirty-five years ago, when Great Britain, under the guidance of Lord Beaconsfield, backing Bismarck, tore up the Treaty of San Stefano and turned back the armies of Russia from the gates of Constantinople, a clause (Article 61) was in-

served in the Treaty of Berlin by which Turkey promised to institute reforms "in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and the Kurds." The Powers engaged to "watch over" the measures to this effect.

Nothing was done by Turkey for seventeen years. Then, in 1895, three of the Powers—Great Britain, Russia, and France—ventured to call the attention of Turkey to the continued outrages in Armenia and proposed a system of amelioration, mild enough and inadequate, but better than nothing. The Sublime Porte half complied, half resisted. Within two years 100,000 Armenians were massacred and great numbers driven from the country. Still nothing was done. A dozen years passed. The Young Turks' rebellion ensued, and in 1907 its leaders promised safety and justice to the Armenians and gave them instead the massacre of Adana and renewed persecution. Within the year the power of the Turks in Europe has been for the time destroyed, and, though the savage war between the Balkan allies has enabled the Turks to regain Adrianople and a large part of Thrace, it is extremely unlikely that they will be allowed to retain them. Sir Edward Grey only a few days since, declared in plain terms that the future of the Turks lay in their Asiatic possessions and that Europe would respect Turkish integrity there, but only on condition that they ruled decently.

If this be really the common purpose of the Powers, the question of protecting the Armenians will be the first and most pressing that must be taken up. And the protection of the Armenians can be assured only by a rational and effective plan of self-government in the regions where they are in a majority, presided over by a European Governor, or Vali, chosen on the nomination of the Powers. On these conditions the Armenians can be counted on to remain loyal to the Turkish Government and to contribute their full share to the strength and prosperity of Turkey. From the direct and complete rule of the Turks in their immediate affairs they must be relieved, for the Turks are fundamentally incapable of efficient and decently just rule.



THE *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston, Mass., which since the Adana massacres has been evincing deep interest in the Armenian affairs, both in this country and abroad, declares that the Powers should stop Armenia's wrongs:

In many respects the lot of the Armenian is no more unenviable when the Balkan States are at war than when peace is said to reign in the peninsula. Although war is no longer being actively waged, dastardly deeds are being committed against the Armenians with a frequency which makes it imperative to

draw the attention of the public to them. At the commencement of the recent war a ruler of one of the Balkan States declared to his troops, by way of urging them on to victory, that it would be a war of the Cross against the Crescent. The spirit thus imbued in these men was well illustrated by the numerous atrocities committed as the war progressed. With the cessation of hostilities, however, the fanaticism of the Muhammadan has evidently not been quenched. The Armenians are the representatives of the oldest Christian nation, and they continue to suffer at the hands of their Muhammadan neighbors in a manner which should no longer be tolerated by the great Powers, who are in a position to take steps which would immediately prevent the recurrence of such barbarities. Carefully verified reports have been received recently from the most reliable sources giving details of horrors too bad to describe in print, which include theft, pillage, torture and worse, committed by Muhammadans on the Christians in Armenia, whom they consider their legitimate prey.

That such deeds are committed is bad enough, but that respectable newspapers should refuse to draw public attention to so serious a condition of affairs is still worse. Reasons for this reluctance to do justice where justice is sorely needed may be attributed to political considerations, or the excuse may perhaps be put forward that in revealing in too lurid a light the actual facts of the case, diplomatic relations between one country and another may be disturbed. The hiding of misdeeds or the cloaking of atrocities such as are being perpetrated in Armenia does not pay, and the truth of the saying that "honesty is the best policy" will, we think, be proved by that country which insists most firmly on exposing, and where possible insisting on the rectification of, the wrongs committed on a defenseless people. A definite step in the direction of improving the lot of the Armenian may be taken in insisting upon the inauguration of those reforms about which so much has already been heard but so little done.



UNDER the caption of "Armenian Reforms," the London *Times* offers the Turkish Government the advice quoted here:

We very earnestly hope that the Ottoman Government do not entertain the intentions attributed to them by rumor in Constantinople. It is said that they mean to forestall the proposals of the Powers for Armenian reforms, by themselves appointing a Moslem Governor-General of the chief Armenian provinces, who is to be "assisted" by native and foreign advisers. It is well known that the condition of the Armenians has lately been under the active consideration of the Powers. Meetings of the Ambassadors have been held

in Constantinople, and it is understood that a reform scheme has been prepared to which all the Powers have signified their assent. It is hardly to be supposed, in these circumstances, that the matter could be the subject of an agreement between Turkey and any single Power, as has been reported from Paris. It concerns the whole of Europe, and will properly be dealt with in an international arrangement with the Porte. This, it will be remembered, was clearly stated by the Secretary of State in the debate last May upon the Foreign Office Vote. Statesmen of all nations, including, as we believe, the most experienced and intelligent, both of the old, and of the young, Turkish school, understand that, unless it is dealt with promptly and effectively, the Armenian question may develop on the lines of the Macedonian question, and with consequences yet more disastrous to the Ottoman Empire. A generation ago the Armenians were the most faithful of any amongst the Christian subjects of the Sultan. To the Turks they were the "Millet-i-sadika"—the loyal people, as distinguished from Greeks, Bulgarians, and other Giaours who were reasonably suspected of a desire to rebel. They enjoyed and they still enjoy valuable privileges in certain respects which they appreciate very highly, and which they do not believe that they would retain unimpaired under any other rule. They elect by universal suffrage the ecclesiastical and the lay councils, which assist the Gregorian Patriarch, and all other officials of the "millet." They decide the validity of their own marriages, they manage their own churches, schools, and hospitals, they speak their own language unimpeded and, despite the taxpayer and the Kurd, many of them accumulate very considerable wealth by moneylending and by trade. They have no country outside Turkey and, so long as the Turks gave them reasonable security for their lives and property, they were not disaffected.

The disorders which must come, if practical reforms are not introduced, would inevitably raise questions which the Powers do not wish to see raised, and which cannot be raised without the gravest danger to the integrity of Asiatic Turkey. Questions of the kind might easily lead to difficulties between Turkey and some of her neighbors, or even to that intervention in her domestic affairs by some single Power, which it should be a prime object of her policy to avert. A section, at least, of the Committee of Union and Progress are fully alive to this truth and to its significance. We trust that they will not allow themselves to be overborne by the Chauvinists, who may be tempted by their recent diplomatic successes to try and impose upon the Powers and upon the Armenians by another batch of paper reforms, while refusing to allow Europeans to enforce them. Resort to any devices of that kind would have many very bad results. It would deprive Turkey of the sympathy and the financial assistance of Europe, which are ab-

solutely necessary for the preservation of her Asiatic Empire. It would disappoint and exasperate the Armenians, and it would undoubtedly lead many of them to look beyond the frontier for the relief refused them at home. The great hold which Turkey had upon them in bygone days was that, whatever wrongs and injustices they suffered under her rule, they felt that, under it, their religion and their nationality, which, as with almost all Orientals, is inseparably mixed up with their religion, were safe from interference. Of late years, some at least of the Armenians in Turkey—influenced by the welcome change in the attitude of Russia towards her own Armenians, and particularly by the admirable administration of Count Vorontsov-Dashkov, Viceroy of the Caucasus—have shown a disposition to doubt whether their countrymen beyond the frontier may not be better off than themselves. But the great majority, we believe, are still reluctant to "lose their souls" by seeking the protection of a bureaucratic State which meddles with the clergy. They prefer to remain the "loyal millet" if only their loyalty is not strained to the breaking point. The strain can be abolished, so far as the mass of the race is concerned, by the introduction of honest reforms, and the guarantee of honest reforms will be the employment of Europeans with ample executive authority. The remedy may conflict with Young Turk doctrines, but the Young Turks should bethink them what a too rigid adhesion to these doctrines has brought them in Macedonia and in Albania. The Armenians may yet become a valuable element in a regenerated Turkish State, or they may become an infectious example of sedition and of intrigue with the foreigner in the Asiatic provinces. Which they become, is in the hands of the Turkish Government and of the party which manipulates it.



ANOTHER writer in the London *Morning Post*, predicts nothing but danger for the integrity of Turkey in the postponement of Armenian reforms:

There would be nothing surprising in the arrival at any moment of news of desperate Armenian outbreaks in various parts of the Ottoman Empire, and perhaps even outside the Ottoman Empire. . . . All competent authorities agree that the only solution of the Armenian question that can be reconciled with the existence of the Ottoman Empire in Asia Minor is the creation of an administration for Armenia, not only under European control, but under the direct authority of European administrators. . . . The European Powers that really wish to preserve the Turkish Empire must save the Turks from themselves by insisting that whenever a European Governor or Inspector-General is appointed in Armenia or in any other Turkish province he shall have enough

independent authority to make sure that his orders will be carried out. . . . A revolution in Armenia would mean Russian intervention, not only in favor of the Armenians, but also in favor of the Kurds, among whom a pro-Russian party already exists. But Russian intervention would at once be followed by German intervention in other parts of Asia Minor, and probably by a general scramble among the Great Powers to obtain full control of those districts of Asia Minor in which they are specially interested. This would be the end of an independent Turkish Empire. The danger can only be postponed, and perhaps averted, if the Great Powers come to the help of Turkey, and by compelling the Turkish Government to place the work of administration in the hands of capable Europeans give Turkey, in spite of herself, a chance of regeneration.



### THE BALKANS.

WILL another result of the memorable Turko-Balkan War be the union of Montenegro with Servia? This possibility is discussed by H. Charles Woods in a scholarly article contributed to the *London Graphic*:

Formerly every subject of King Nicholas seemed to be proud to be the inhabitant of a country which had always done well in war. At the present moment disappointment and discontent seem to be worn on every countenance. A sort of uneasy feeling appears to pervade everything. As in the past, men walk up and down the principal street of the capital, or drink coffee and smoke cigarettes outside the numerous restaurants which open upon it, but they are not discussing the glorious history of their country, or the prospects of a successful war. They are rather weighing in their minds the gains and losses during a campaign which everyone knows has been far from successful. . . .

In the words used to me by a well-informed diplomat, "Whether the position of King Nicholas and his dynasty and the problems arising out of the union of Servia and Montenegro will become acute in six weeks, in six months, or in six years it is impossible to say, but that these are questions of practical politics there is no possible doubt." Under any circumstances, two small countries, populated by the same nationality, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, and now possessed of a contiguous frontier could hardly long remain independent of one another. Much more impossible is this when their union would mean the realization of the great national ideal of the stronger and more successful of the two; namely, the automatic provision of a free Servian outlet upon the Adriatic.

DR. E. J. DILLON, reviewing in the *Contemporary Review* the *post bellum* situation in the Balkans, says:

"All's well that ends well," most of the Balkan States may now exclaim, as the curtain falls on the last act of the drama, for all but one of them have fared admirably—all but one. And yet Bulgaria is also a gainer by the Balkan war. Her territory has been greatly augmented, and her military annals illustrated by deeds of heroism worthy of the days of yore. And if the present time alone were under consideration she would have some solace. But it is the outlook on the future that affords ground for discontent, perhaps despair. The dream of a great Empire which every Bulgarian entertained, and which warranted Ferdinand in assuming the high-sounding title of Tsar, is dispelled. Humanly speaking, it is become impossible of realization. The road eastward and southward is blocked. Bulgaria is isolated. Her rivals encompass her round, and are determined to hinder every attempt on her part to prepare again for the competition for which she was recently disqualified. Add to this her pressing need of money and the difficulty she experiences in borrowing it. Her plight is truly pitious.



A NEW light is shed on the Bulgarian disasters by the Balkan correspondent of the *London Times*. Discussing the causes which led to the Second War, the correspondent informs us:

The climax came when the Bulgarian military chiefs determined to precipitate hostilities. The Russophil Cabinet of Doctor Daneff was still engaged in *pourparlers* with St. Petersburg and diplomatic fencing with the ex-Allies. But the generals knew little of these matters; what they had to consider was the temper of their troops. It was already harvest time, and the peasant soldiers who formed the bulk of the army demanded to be led against the enemy or to be allowed to return home. They had covered themselves with glory at Lule Burgas and Bulair, they had endured the long winter in the trenches at Tchataldja with admirable fortitude, and they were now willing and eager to try a bout with the Servians and Greeks, but they refused to remain inactive any longer. A few days before the outbreak of hostilities a distinguished military officer declared to the writer that unless the question of peace or war should be decided within a week General Savoff would find himself with no army to lead. The result would be the abandonment of Macedonia without a blow. The Commander-in-Chief no longer hesitated, and on June 29th, without any intimation to King Ferdinand or Doctor Daneff, he ordered an advance along the whole line. In response to remonstrances from St. Petersburg, Doctor



Danefff sent orders to the general staff for the cessation of hostilities and the withdrawal of the troops to their original positions, but in view of the prejudicial effect of these steps on the campaign, which had now been initiated for better or worse, General Savoff refused to take them without a written order from the Prime Minister. This was delivered, the order was carried out, and King Ferdinand then sent for the general and deprived him of his command. A few days later, in obedience to an injunction from St. Petersburg, General Racho Petroff, who had invaded Servian territory, was recalled as he was on the point of cutting the communication between Belgrade and the Servian army in Macedonia.



THE future relations of Balkan countries are of primary importance, according to the London *Times*, which counsels editorially:

The fate of Bulgaria ought to be a warning to them all. Why was it that this country, so long at the head of the Balkan peoples, and risen to so great an eminence in the common struggle for liberation, fell so suddenly and so completely from her high estate? It was because she failed to recognize that the general claims of the Balkans took precedence of her individual interests. It was because she insisted upon her own extreme demands, in arrogant disregard of the demands of her allies. Her victorious rivals now seem disposed to treat her as she treated them. They feel that she cannot easily acquiesce in the "crystallization" of the present situation, and they believe that she is plotting with a Great Power to check the process. . . . She failed in the hour of her triumph to develop a "Balkan consciousness," and no Balkan State which does not develop it can expect to play a really great part in the peninsula, or in the larger politics of Europe. States which persist in animosities and intrigues against each other are opening the door to designs possibly harbored by their great neighbors in league with occult international forces against the common Balkan liberties, instead of consolidating those liberties by giving proof to mankind that the expulsion of the Turks has marked a real advance in the march of civilization.



THE London *Morning Post*, devoting an editorial to Balkan affairs, comments in the following terms on the relations of Austria-Hungary and Servia:

Yet the Serbs are very human and have fine qualities. They are especially amenable to appeals to their good feelings, and if they had seen that the Austro-Hungarian Government was their well-wisher—they would have seen it fast enough if it had been the case—would have become her firm friends. To have

the friendship of her great neighbor would mean for Servia security and prosperity. Every Servian knows that. But it seems to be the aim of Austro-Hungarian policy to ride roughshod over Servia. In this way hatred is sown, needlessly, as it seems to English observers, and, therefore, foolishly. For passions of this sort once aroused cannot be suddenly allayed at the moment when it would be convenient. Meantime, the position of the Servian statesmen is difficult. They must not count upon support from the Western Powers against Austria-Hungary, and to encourage them to do so would be to mislead them. Their true policy is to make the best terms they can with Austria-Hungary, and, in spite of the embarrassment thus caused them, to carry on patiently the work of developing their country. The alliance with Roumania and with Greece cannot be too strenuously maintained. The Magyar policy of the suppression of every nationality except the Magyar cannot be carried on indefinitely. There must arise one of these days in the Dual Monarchy a statesman with a larger grasp and wider outlook, who will recognize that the goodwill of a free Servia is better worth having than the resentment of a small but needlessly estranged or humiliated nation.



#### TURKEY.

M. FRANCIS DE PRESSENSE, the illustrious French publicist, reviewing in *Pour les Peuples d'Orient*, now *Pro-Armenia*, the mistakes of the Young Turks, says:

The Young Turks, whose advent five years ago was greeted with so much sympathy by all the liberal elements in Europe, but who by their faults very speedily alienated these sympathies, had experienced a salutary humiliation through the failure of the program for the execution of which they overthrew Kiamil Pasha and assassinated Nazim Pasha. . . . Excluded from Europe, save for a narrow strip of territory in the immediate neighborhood of Constantinople, they were forced to turn their attention to Turkey-in-Asia, and they understood that the arduous and complex problem of the reorganization of this huge empire demanded patience, moderation, and a loyal reliance upon the effective goodwill of Europe. But to-day there is reason to fear that they are once more allowing themselves to be attracted by the mirage of revenge in Europe, and that they are likely to sacrifice in pursuit of this dangerous fantasy realities which, though more modest, are incomparably more secure and more vital.

Moreover their excessive self-confidence, their mistrust of foreigners, their narrow nationalistic spirit, and their hatred of subject races, seem once more to have gained the upper hand. On the reoccupation by the

Turks of the territory which had been ceded to Bulgaria, one of the most sadly significant incidents has been the massacre of Armenians at Rodosto, a massacre without cause or pretext, for nothing at all, for the pleasure of slaughter. . . . It is only too clear that such a state of mind will not facilitate the adoption of measures necessary for providing the inhabitants of the Armenian vilayets elementary safeguards of honor, life and property, and which are no less necessary to insure the integrity and the independence of Turkey-in-Asia.



THE *Moslem World* publishes a succinct review by Dr. Charles Trowbridge Riggs on "Constitutional Government in Turkey." We reprint below the first part of that article:

In looking back over the five historic years since the reinstating of Constitutional Government in the Ottoman Empire, the question rises in the minds of many: Has the new régime been a success, or a failure? Has it made good? Has the *coup d'état* of July 23, 1908, proved worth the struggle of the following April? The answer will only be reached after a review of the history of many disorders, involving the overthrow of ten Cabinets in five years; of uprisings of Arabs, Druses, Albanians and Kourds; of two foreign wars; of many political murders, and of several cholera epidemics.

Glance at the state of the people under the Hamidian régime. There is no denying the fact that the hand of the "Red Sultan" was a strong one, and that when used in behalf of the proverbial "peace and tranquility in the provinces," it could keep order where it chose. People did not then speak lightly of the Government; and any revolt against its power was pretty sure to bring dire vengeance. Everything that occurred in the farthest province was heard instantaneously at the capital, and vengeance on evildoers (against the Government) was swift and sure.

We cannot claim that as powerful an authority has been wielded by any cabinet, or group, or individual under the constitutional régime. Things have been more at a loose end than they used to be. There has not been the same respect for authority nor has the

government carried out its purposes as it should have done. Moreover the early promise of "liberty, equality, justice and brotherhood," has been sadly wanting in fulfilment: large numbers of innocent people have languished in prison as heretofore; the press has been under severe martial restrictions, and many papers have fallen under the censorial axe. The policy of the Committee of Union and Progress has been Turkification rather than Ottomanization. Arabs have not been treated as equal with Turks; Albanians have received worse usage than Arabs; and the Greeks and Bulgarians were finally rescued from Unionist misrule by Greece and Bulgaria; while the Armenians still suffer under unequal treatment as between them and their Kourdish neighbors. In the late Parliament, the million and a half Armenians had only ten Deputies; the four or five million Greeks had but twenty-six; the four million or more Arabs only about thirty, while the Turks with their eleven million population had one hundred and seventy-five. And this was called equality. There has never yet been an Armenian Vali over a single province, and only one or two Greeks. Moslems have every advantage over non-Moslems, both in the courts and as regards taxation. As for justice, one has but to recall the murders of Sami Bey, Zeki Bey, General Nazim Pasha, Lieutenant Niazi Bey, and Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, and to remember that no one was punished for any one of these crimes except the last, and that only because Shevket Pasha was a Unionist. The Government hanged twelve men for this one murder, one of them being an Imperial son-in-law. When an Armenian village in the eastern provinces is attacked and the sheep carried off, if the owner of the sheep tries to rescue them from their Kourdish captors, the Government investigators arrest the Armenians and let the Kourds go free. This is Committee justice. As for brotherhood, the "brothers," who in Salonica and Monastir plotted for the overthrow of tyranny, have during the past twelve months been cutting each others' throats in and near those same cities which are the bones of contention to-day for the dogs of war. Since the dethronement of Hamid, the Ottoman Empire has lost Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria, all then vassal provinces; and also Tripoli, Benghazi, Crete, Albania, Macedonia, most if not all of the Ægean Archipelago, and a large part of Thrace.



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