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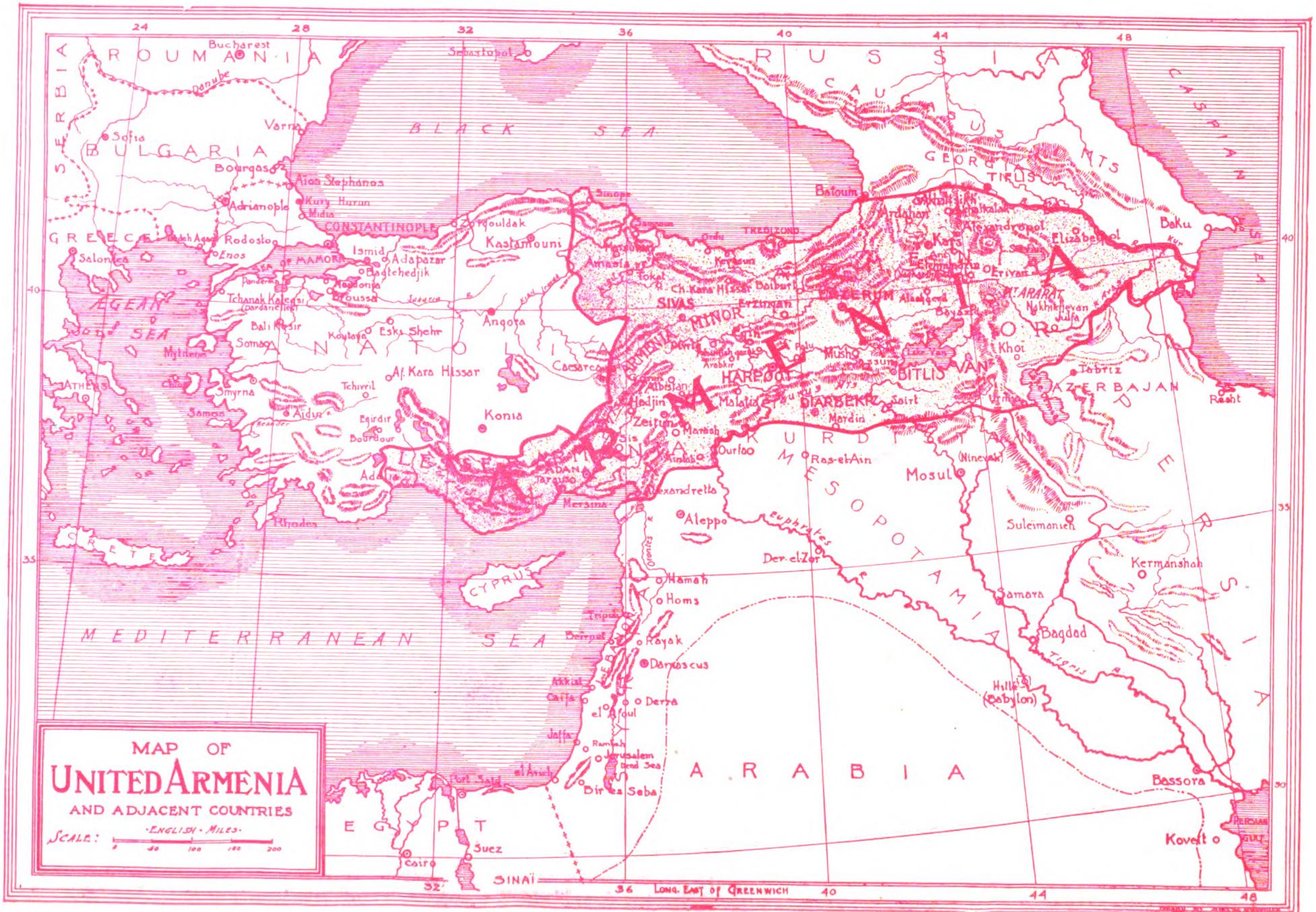
JUNE, 1918

THE NEW ARMENIA



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THE NEW ARMENIA

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"Who can foretell our future? Spare me the attempt.
We are like a harvest reaped by bad husbandmen
Amidst encircling gloom and cloud."

JOHN CATHOLICOS
Armenian Historian of the Tenth Century.

"To serve Armenia is to serve civilization."

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

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The Hope of Armenia

By the Hon. THOMAS N. STEPHENS



ABOUT forty years ago Freeman, the historian, in his work on the "History and Conquests of the Saracens" said that his statements of twenty years before that still stood, word for word. That nothing could be gained from so-called Turkish reform was made clear by past history and present events; matters had simply become worse. The people of South-eastern Europe strived to throw off "the yoke of ages, the yoke of the foulest tyranny on earth." Independent neighbors strove to get rid of that tyranny, and all right-thinking men were with them, for every decrease in the area of bondage means that another portion of the earth's surface will be set free, another portion of mankind restored to rights of humanity.

All experience, past and present, proves that reform is hopeless. The evil cannot be changed; it must be got rid of. These are the simple dictates of common-sense, the unanswerable inferences drawn from all experience past and present. A Christian government, however bad, is capable of reform. The government of the Turk is incapable of reform, because in truth it is no government at all, but simply organized brigandage. It is not government, not even misgovernment. It is the domination of a gang of robbers. The so-called "government" of the Turk is simply an act of burglary prolonged for centuries. To the people of the enslaved lands the Turk is not a ruler; he is not a countryman; he is as much an alien enemy as when he first crossed the Bosphorus. That "rule" has reached a degree of corruption and oppression in detail unheard of even among earlier Ottomans, and certainly not among the nobler Saracens. The rod of Bajazet the Thunderbolt, of Mahomet the Conqueror, and of Solomon the Lawgiver has dropped daily from

the feeble hands of the wretched beings who successively profaned their titles, beings so abject that they barely excite a listless curiosity as to whether they are sane or insane, drunk or sober, dead or alive. Such a state of things as this cannot be reformed; it must be swept away.

Freeman said this more than forty years ago, after twenty years' previous study and experience, and, notwithstanding the advent of the Young Turks, every word of it is still true, even as it was when, as I remember, Gladstone was taken seriously to task—by politicians, of course, that fount of all the knowledge and all the wisdom of all the ages, that gang of party wirepullers that in recent years came perilously near to wrecking the Empire—for saying, "Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only manner possible, namely, by carrying away themselves. Their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yazbashis, their Kaimakams and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned."

As the devil can quote Scripture when it suits his purpose, so I quote a German, Treitschke, who said, "A near future will, it is to be hoped, blot out the scandal that such heathendom should ever have established itself on European soil. What has this Turkish Empire done in three entire centuries? It has done nothing but destroy." These two men voiced the feeling of the whole of Europe, and yet, as will be shown, Germans, for their own base ends, have assisted in a continuance of that destruction.

I may here say that the population of the Ottoman Empire is about 20,000,000, and of these only about 8,000,000 are Turks. Truly the tail wags the dog. Of the remainder there are 7,000,000 Arabs, 2,000,000 Ar-

We Need the Armenians

By the Rev. Dr. FREDERICK G. COAN

IF there is a nation in the wide world that deserves our sympathy and has a right to appeal to us, it is the brave Armenian nation, betrayed by the Turks and the Germans alike. After the Armenian massacres of 1895-1896, Emperor William made his pilgrimage to Constantinople, fraternized with the Red Sultan, and securing from him the concession to the Bagdad railway, promised that the Armenian Question would never again embarrass Turkey.

When Turkey entered the war, two hundred thousand Armenians, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, were mobilized. Without a protest they took up arms in behalf of a country to which they owed nothing and against which they had everything. They took up arms under a flag that had never befriended them, that had never sheltered them, and of which they could never be proud. This mobilization was only an excuse for their extermination. Germany and her ally having drafted these men and having seen no signs of disaffection or disloyalty, shot them down like so many dogs.

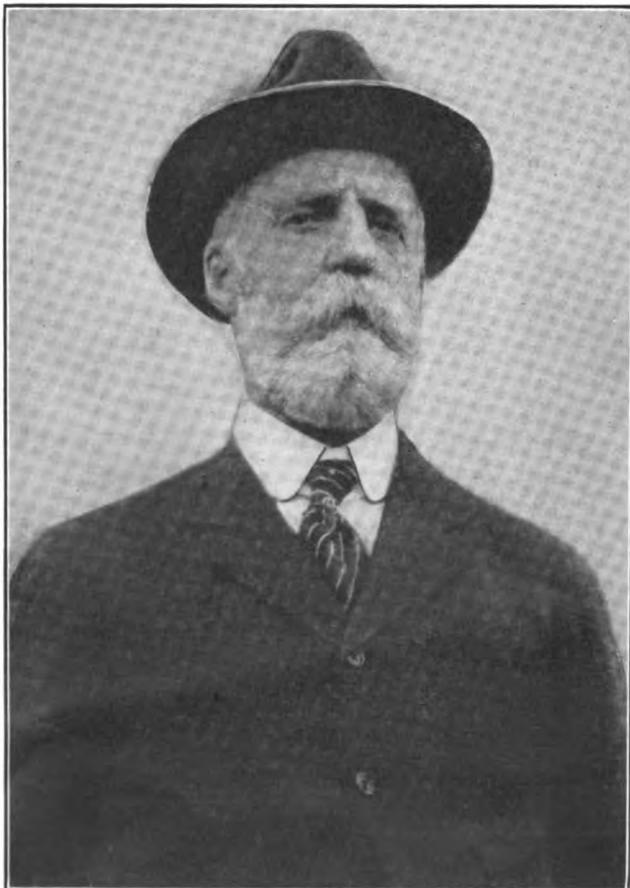
Then, through deportation, they determined to complete what had already been begun by the sword. The Turkish soldiers, in many cases officered by Germans, drove the Armenians across the plains, perpetrating

upon them brutalities that were enough to break anyone's heart. I found one day a great mass of human bones, thirty feet high, and I said to my Turkish guide: "How do you account for this?" He replied: "We got tired of driving them, we got tired of hearing their moans and cries, and took them up to that precipice one day and flung them down to get rid of the job."

There was a trench full of human bones, and I was told of the brave fight that 2,000 Armenians, standing for their homes and for the honor of their wives and daughters, had waged with their flintlock rifles against the Turkish troops. They held off a Turkish regiment for two weeks, until their ammunition was exhausted. Then the Turkish officer, taking an oath on the Koran, the most binding of all oaths to Moslems, promised the Armenian fighters that if they surrendered, he would, in deference to their courage, allow them to go unharmed. These 2,000 men had no sooner surrendered than they were given picks and spades and told to dig a trench. When they had dug it they were shoved in with the bayonet.

At one bridge my Turkish guide said: "We had captured 1,600 maidens, all of them beautiful. We were taking them to be sold in the cities or to be given as gifts to our officers. When those girls reached the middle of the bridge crossing this wild stream, one maiden threw up her arm as a signal and the entire 1,600 dashed themselves into the roaring torrent." They didn't know the soul of the Armenian!

We came to a church, and seeing a great many human bones around I questioned the Turkish guide. He told me the following story, which I shall never forget: "After we had killed off 30,000 in this district we came to this church and to our surprise found it filled with men, women and children who had sought refuge there, thinking that they might not be discovered. As soon as they saw us coming they barricaded the door. We sat around, making up our minds to starve them to death. We waited forty-eight hours for a sign of surrender, and not a sound came from the church. You might have thought that it was a tomb. Then an officer went to the door and called to the priest to come and confer with him, and he said, 'I am here to offer you life and liberty. If you will come out one by one and following your priest repeat the Mohammedan creed, you shall go unscathed.' There was not a word of parley inside; the church door opened and the aged priest, with hoary locks and bared head, stood before that army without a plea, without a word. They understood the meaning, and with one flash of the sword he lay dead. Then several hundred men and women, mothers with their little babes in their arms, fathers and mothers with little boys and girls clinging to them, walked out of that



REV. DR. FREDERICK G. COAN

church without a plea, without a tear, without a cry for mercy.

"Effendim," concluded the Turk, "there is one thing I have never been able to understand. When they came out they did not see us, they did not look into our faces, they seemed absolutely oblivious to our presence, but every one looked up and their gaze seemed riveted on something in the skies. We looked but could see nothing. Their faces seemed transfigured, and as we killed them, not even the children cried. Not one of them asked for mercy, but all of them died with a smile on their face and a strange light in their eyes. Effendim, what was that? We could see nothing."

I remembered the story of Stephen the martyr. I verily believe that God gave to those martyrs a view of Christ in heaven, and that is why they died without a cry or without any sign of fear. They have rightly been called the martyred and the crucified nation, and we can truly say that their sufferings have been sacrificial, they have died simply because they were Christians, they have died simply because they were not willing to deny the faith for which they have suffered for centuries. Hundreds of thousands are martyrs for Christ's sake, and those who are left will be martyrs if we Americans do not come to their help.

I remember an old pastor of ours. He and his wife were too old to escape. They were seated in an upper room of their house, trying to comfort themselves by prayer and by reading God's promises, when the Turks came and said: "Put down that book, repeat the creed and you shall go alive." The old man replied, "I have been preaching that gospel for fifty years. I lose nothing by dying; if you want to kill me, go ahead." Two shots rang out and he and his wife fell over lifeless.

I think of a young doctor caught by the Turks and offered a high position in the army with a good salary. "We need you," they said, "but there is one condition,— you must come to us as a Mohammedan." The doctor replied, "I have been serving Christ all my life, and I can not serve your Prophet." They took that young man out and tied him to a tree in his own yard and saturated him with oil. Then they brought his wife and his children and stood them around, hoping that by their sobs and tears they might break his resolution. His soul went up, and his last words were, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

One day as I passed through desolate villages and towns I asked the Turkish guide where all the Armenians were. I shall never forget the withering scorn with which he turned on me. "You know where they are," he said. "What did you Americans, what did you Frenchmen, what did you Italians and Englishmen do to save the nation that we were massacring? Did you lift a finger?" Then that man, a Turk, but a man who had a sense of justice, said: "Effendim, there is an Allah, and he is a righteous and a just God; he is going to require the blood of this nation at our hands and he is going to punish us even though you did nothing." After a pause, he continued: "You call

yourselves Christians, but did you do anything to save them? If you had massacred 10,000 Turks as we massacred these hundreds of thousands, you would have had the whole Moslem world up against you." And he was perfectly right.

I am not thinking of those who have been killed, for they have won their crown and they are through with their sufferings. We can only envy them. But I am thinking of the tens of thousands of women and maidens, with the same instincts, the same sense of modesty, the same aspirations that American women have, who are buried to-day in Turkish harems. I often wonder if we ought to declare war upon Turkey. I do say that if at the close of this war there is not Christianity enough among the Allied nations to go into every village and hamlet and find those women and maidens and give them back their freedom, then let the Allied nations go down with the other nations and perish from the face of the earth.

We need the Armenians; the world needs the Armenians. All that has been said about their progressiveness, their intelligence, their ambition, their love of freedom, is true. We ought to remember the faith of the Armenians; we ought to remember that with all they have suffered they are still dauntless, brave, and full of courage; and we ought to strive that they shall live.

New York, N. Y.

Spring

(From the Armenian of Mugurditch Beshiktashlian)



OW cool and sweet, O breeze of morn,
 Thou stirrest in the air,
 Caressing soft the dewy flowers,
 The young girl's clustering hair!
 But not my country's breeze thou art.
 Blow past! thou canst not touch my heart.

How sweetly and how soulfully
 Thou singest from the grove,
 O bird, while men admire thy voice
 In tender hours of love!
 But not my country's bird thou art.
 Sing elsewhere! Deaf to thee my heart.

With what a gentle murmur,
 O brook, thy current flows,
 Reflecting in its mirror clear
 The maiden and the rose!
 But not my native stream thou art.
 Flow past! thou canst not charm my heart.

Though over ruins linger
 Armenia's bird and breeze,
 And though Armenia's turbid stream
 Creeps 'mid the cypress-trees,
 They voice thy sighs, and from my heart,
 My country, they shall not depart!

Trans. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL