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Extracts from Miss Gage's Address

Miss Gage's lecture, on Wednesday the 9th, was preceded by a short program which was as follows:

Address, Ella Brewer; Roll call, with response from Bible; Prayer, led by Lavina DeVault; Piano Solo, Gertrude Brewer; Vocal Solo, Bessie Chiloquin; Song by School.

Miss Gage's talk of her work in Turkey, she said, "My work as special Secretary for the Y. W. C. A. is rather new to me, and I thought, as I am to give you a few words on Y. W. C. A. work, I would talk about other lands than America. The work that I have been doing within the last year or two was in Turkey, in Asia. Perhaps as you look at the map of Turkey, in Asia you can see the Black Sea. Perhaps you will notice the little town of B—, it was in this town I worked."

In describing her journey to that place, she said, "If you want to go to London, it will take you about five days and five nights. I think that is what it took me, and it took me six days more to go to Belgrade."

Then you would travel three more days by rail to the Black Sea, and then two days more on the Black Sea. I use to think if I should go on a steamer on the Black Sea, I should feel very miserable, but I assure you, there are just as good steamers there, as on the Atlantic or Pacific."

Of travelling in Turkey, she said "There are few railroad trains in Turkey and what there are, and only along the coast, and do not extend to the interior."

"I will tell you why there never have been any railroads in Turkey."

"There are two reasons: First, because the government is so rotten and so weak, and so dishonorable in its ways; Second, because the Sultan of Turkey thinks that if he should build a good road there, the Czar of Russia would take his soldiers over the railroad and conquer the land. So, all the produce is carried on horseback. She told of her ride across Turkey in a wagon and of the arrangement of the wagon and how it bumped along over the uneven roads. "They have a few spring wagons," she said, "but it has not been long since they could travel, even in a wagon. When the work was first started there the men and women rode on horseback, or on donkeyback, and the little children sat in a box on the horse. In my journey I said it took three days because they travel only a part of the day. I had a guide, I said to him, 'What do you

people in your village do?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'our village has been an honest village always. We have always earned our own living: One-third of our people are farmers; One-third of them are tobacco-smugglers; and one-third of them are highway robbers. You see, he said it is a very honest village. And which party did you belong to before you began to carry people across the country in this wagon?' I asked. He said, 'My father was a highway-robber, my grandfather was a highway-robber and I was a highway-robber.' We traveled before sunrise in the morning and after sunset at night," she said. "We traveled by grass. How to travel by grass is to give your horse all the grass he can eat in the morning and as long as that lasts; then we have to stop until he fills up with more grass. So it takes a little longer to go there than in this country."

She read a few verses from First Peter, First Chapter, and said that her work was in the country mentioned there, part of it in Cappadocia and part in Bithynia. "One day I took my Bible, it was after I had been out there nearly two years, and read to them this passage from the Bible."

"I do not suppose many of you will remember to-day, but perhaps your teachers will, the time when eighty thousand of the Americans were killed at the order of the Sultan of Turkey. I was there shortly after" she said here, "after the massacre of the Christians and the robbing them of all they had by the Turkish soldiers, a letter came to us from some people who were left there. It said, 'Will you bring us some money? Has any money come from America? We have not a window left in our house; we have not a bed on which to lie; we have not rags to bind up our wounds, or with which to dry our tears.' After she arrived there she tells of the suffering of the people. One woman said, 'Say Miss Gage, my husband was killed,' and another said, 'All my boys are gone, my brother and my father and all my relatives, and I am left all alone.' And another said, 'Praise God that they did not find my husband.' Then a woman answered 'Did God love you better than he did me, that he spared your husband?' I had to tell them that God never did it, that it was the wicked and wickedness in the hearts of the people."

"So I tried to think of something that would comfort them and read them those verses (1st Peter) and I said,