

Turkey Proceeded to Attend to the Armenians

By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Now why the need of money for the Armenians? You know their story? Abdul Hamid was the Sultan of Turkey. He was the sweet-scented individual who in 1896 deliberately directed the killing of 100,000 Armenians. Who are the Armenians? They are one of the oldest Christian peoples in the world. They lived in a province that lies north of Mesopotamia, east of Asia Minor, west of Persia and south of the Black Sea. It is a province of mountains and valleys—not only rich but fertile. 1,800,000 Armenians lived in that country, cultivating the valleys and made them "blossom as the rose". The Turks hated them because they were Christians; hated them because they were industrious, and enjoyed the prosperity that comes from industry.

Later when Turkey entered the great European war as the ally of Germany, she invited German officers into her army. Her army was shortly officered by German officers, who directed that army to go into Armenia and deport 1,800,000 Armenians, which they did. 600,000 escaped. The other 1,200,000 were driven by that army to the desert of Mesopotamia and Syria, and in the drive the army deliberately killed men, women and children, by rifle ball, by bayonet, by knife, by driving them over precipices, by driving them into deep running rivers—600,000 men, women and children! Half of them were deported to Asia and half to Mesopotamia. Out of those deported nearly 400,000 died of starvation.

Then Germany turned the Caucasus over to Turkey; Turkey proceeded to attend to the Armenians—in that kindly, fatherly way! That is the story!

A friend of mine who was on the border of Persia told me that he had gone to a German officer and said "For God's sake, can't you stop the butchery of these men, women and children?" and the German officer clicked his heels together and said "Stand back, the time for mercy has passed".

This is the story of that unfortunate people. The Syrians, Greeks and Jews in Western Asia have suffered the same kind of barbaric treatment. The Armenian and Syrian Relief has been organized for some years to care for these unfortunate, sorely distressed people. It has received and most efficiently expended more than \$12,000,000. Each cent that you give will go for actual relief. Feeble, helpless, starving millions cry for food. I urge you to give generously of your bounty.

THE ORANGE CYPRIA

A Story of Lincoln by Olive Harper

CANNONS were booming down the valley and at intervals there was the sharp rattle of musketry. Bodies of soldiers, some in blue and some in gray, were seen in places along the valleys and broken ground. But they were all far from the little rain-washed crevice on the side of the mountain where an old negro stood scanning the distant scene as well as his half-blind eyes would permit. After looking he would return to the farthest end of the crevice.

"Is de fitin' all over yet, so's we kin go 'long, Lonzo?"

"I reckon hit 'll never git done," said the old man, nodding his head to the frightened woman, who crouched down into the smallest possible space.

It was no wonder she was afraid, for the war had swept away the last member of her old master's family. And nothing remained of the fine plantation and home but blackened chimneys, for the tide of war had swept back and forth over it until all was gone.

Lonzo went to the edge of the little rift in the mountainside and looked down the valley, but his bleared eyes were filled with tears he dared not shed, and his broad chest heaved with the sobs he held in check. Finally he cleared his throat with a mighty effort and said:

"I reckon we might git ober the ridge fo' dahk, but we got ter creep mighty close to de gully tell we reach de timber. Mebbe we fin' a fahmeb w'at'll give us a bite an' let us sleep in heeb ba'n. Come."

With many groans the woman rose to her feet, tottering with weakness, for since the sweeping away of her master's family, the destruction of the plantation, and the death of their children these two had suffered terribly from privation. For the last three days they had lived entirely upon wild fruit. But they struggled onward toward Washington, where in their simple hearts they believed the good, the tender, the human Lincoln would make them welcome.

They had their Sunday garments in little bundles, and in her bosom carefully wrapped from injury or contamination was an orange cypria. Its rich colors and beautiful form had so charmed her that her young mistress, whom she had loved and nursed with the unselfish devotion of a dog, gave it her. She held it in her hands the night she died and when Lureeny had asked if it were very precious the dying girl said:

"Yes, Lureeny, it is precious, very precious. Cousin Godfrey brought it to me, and he has gone where I shall



"Is de Fitin' All Over Yet?"

soon follow. Never part with it so long as you live, and when you die give it to the best person you know."

Then she kissed the cypria. In that moment her eyes closed, and her last sigh drifted into the beautiful shell. Now, Lureeny was going to give this precious thing to her hero, the compassionate Lincoln. Who but he was worthy of this gift over which had swept the pure breath of the maiden who died of a broken heart? Sometimes Lureeny put the shell to her ear and the soft breath of her young mistress seemed to be sighing inside.

Days the poor old couple journeyed on, weary and disappointed that the way was so interminable. At last they reached a height from which they could see in the distance the goal of their efforts, the city of Washington. They both lifted their hands in joy and thankfulness. It was more beautiful than they had dreamed.

"Oh, Lonzo, it is like the new Jerusalem. But I see too plum tuckered out to go on tonight. We'll eat a snack, an' den set hyar till daylight, and den

put on our store close an' go on. What ye reckon Mass' Linkum 'll say?"

"I dunno, but I reckon he'll be mighty kin', s'pecially w'en he larn all 'bout us. You lean back agin the tree an' I'll cubber you up wid our bes cloze."

The feeble eyes of the old man were clear enough to see that Lureeny was very weak and weary. She replied:

"You hasn't got a bit o' sense. But, I dus feel kinder chillin'! Pears like sumpin in hyar is plum wore out, dese like a ole clock mos' run down. And, if we tu'n 'em inside out—"

Lureeny felt strangely weak and cold. A chill such as she had never felt before benumbed her by degrees. So strange did she feel that she called her husband.

"Lonzo, I is awful col'. I reckon I's gwine ter die right now, in sight of de promise lan'. Lonzo, ef dat is so, I want you to take dis yere o'inge clipper to Mass' Linkum, an' tell him to keep it till de longes' day he live, and den give it to de bes' pusson he know, an' tell him 'bout de chilluns, an' dat I axed him to befrin' you. You've been a good man to me, Lonzo—"

Here the husky voice broke off and Alonzo was alone.

Who could depict the grief and anguish of the poor old man as he sat that long night through beside the dead form of his wife? In the morning some other refugees came along and helped him to bury her wrapped carefully in her "store clothes."

Then Alonzo started on his mission. Days of misery, anxiety, hunger, cold



Before Him Stood the Tall Form.

and rebuffs passed, but always the white head and wrinkled face haunted the grounds. He was not allowed to see the president.

At last, one day, worn out by his sufferings, he sank at the foot of a tree just as the joyous voice of a child was heard. The boy was none other than Tad, the Benjamin of his father's heart. Tad saw the poor old man vainly trying to rise and went to him frankly and fearlessly. Young as he was he saw that the old man was in a sad state and asked if he wanted anything.

"Yes, young massa, I wants to see Mass' Linkum. I done got sumpin berry precious fo' he all, but dey won't let me see him."

"Well, you come with me," said the lad, with spirit.

Alonzo could scarcely totter to a place where the boy seated him on a bench saying:

"Wait here a minute. I'll bring him."

Tears streamed down the old man's face. He was weak from hunger and exposure, and the death of his wife was a great blow. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out the shell, and thinking that the cloth around it was too soiled he threw it away, and then—before him stood the tall form, with the rugged features of his face aglow with deep compassion that was part of his nature. The great man, great in all things, sat down by Alonzo saying pleasantly:

"Well, uncle, what is it?"

"Oh, Massa Linkum, praise de Lord dat I done lib to see dis day. Here is a gif' fo' you from Lureeny—my wife. She died afo' she could gib hit herself. She say hit am berry precious, and she done hab to gib hit to de bes' pusson libblin'—and she was a chillin' fo' death when she gin hit to me fo' you."

Saying this Alonzo held out his toll-deformed hand with the beautiful shell gleaming in a ray of sunshine that filtered through the tree on his dark palm.

"I think you for the gift, and she who is gone, but I do not feel that I deserve it."

"Oh, yes, you do, daddy. Yes, you do!" said Tad eagerly.

Then the homely face of Lincoln quivered and his eyes suddenly burned. Only Lincoln's great heart could understand the pathos of this gift and appreciate it. It was all the giver had. He roughed two or three times before he could speak.

"Tell me about yourself and where you came from."

Alonzo was a man of few words, but his tale was even the stronger for that, as he told of their sufferings on their way toward the realization of their hopes. As he finished, the old man faltered and sank to the ground. Kind hands raised him, fed him, and took him to a hospital where he ended his days in a comfort he had never known. His last words were: "Lord

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