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## THE CRY OF ARMENIA

### DR. TALMAGE RELATES HORRORS OF THE MASSACRE.

**The Turk Places No Value on the Life of a Christian—Heroic Work of Missionaries—Duty of the Nations to Stop Persecution.**

#### Our Weekly Sermon.

It was appropriate that in the presence at his Washington church of the chief men of this nation and other nations Dr. Talmage should tell the story of Armenian massacre. What will be the extent or good of such a discourse none can tell. The text was II Kings xix., 37, "They escaped into the land of Armenia."

In Bible geography this is the first time that Armenia appears, called then by the same name as now. Armenia is chiefly a tableland, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and on one of its peaks Noah's ark landed, with its human family and fauna that were to fill the earth. That region was the birthplace of the rivers which fertilized the garden of Eden when Adam and Eve lived there; their only roof the crystal skies and their carpet the emerald of rich grass. Its inhabitants, the ethnologists tell us, are a superior type of the Caucasian race. Their religion is founded on the Bible. Their Saviour is our Christ. Their crime is that they will not become followers of Mohammed, that Jupiter of sensuality. To drive them from the face of the earth is the ambition of all Mohammedans. To accomplish this murder is no crime, and wholesale massacre is a matter of enthusiastic approbation and governmental reward.

The prayer sanctioned by highest Mohammedan authority and recited every day throughout Turkey and Egypt, while styling all those not Mohammedans as infidels, is as follows: "O Lord of all creatures! O Allah, destroy the infidels and polytheists, their enemies, the enemies of the religion! O Allah, make their children orphans and defile their bodies! Cause their feet to slip, give them and their families, their households and their women, their children and their relatives by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions and the race, their wealth and their lands as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!"

#### Turks at the Old Business.

The life of an Armenian in the presence of those who make that prayer is of no more value than the life of a summer insect. The sultan of Turkey sits on a throne impersonating that brigandage and assassination. At this time all civilized nations are in horror at the attempts of that Mohammedan government to destroy all the Christians of Armenia. I hear somebody talking as though some new thing were happening, and that the Turkish government had taken a new role of tragedy on the stage of nations. No, no! She is at the same old business. Overlooking her dissolution of other centuries, we come down to our century to find that in 1822 the Turkish government slew 50,000 anti-Moslems, and in 1850 she slew 10,000, and in 1860 she slew 11,000, and in 1870 she slew 10,000. Anything short of the slaughter of thousands of human beings does not put enough red wine into her cup of abomination to make it worth quaffing. Nor is this the only time she has promised reform. In the presence of the warships at the mouth of the Dardanelles she has promised the civilized nations of the earth that she would stop her butcheries, and the international and hemispheric force has been enacted of believing what she says, when all the past ought to persuade us that she is only pausing in her atrocities to put nations off the track and then resume the work of death.

In 1820 Turkey, in treaty with Russia, promised to alleviate the condition of Christians, but the promise was broken. In 1830 the then sultan promised protection of life and property without reference to religion, and the promise was broken. In 1844, at the demand of an English minister plenipotentiary, the sultan declared, after the public execution of an Armenian at Constantinople, that no such death penalty should again be inflicted, and the promise was broken. In 1850, at the demand of foreign nations, the Turkish government promised protection to Protestants, but to this day the Protestants at Stamboul are not allowed to build a church, although they have the funds ready, and the Greek Protestants, who have a church, are not permitted to worship in it. In 1856, after the Crimean war, Turkey promised that no one should be hindered in the exercise of the religion he professed, and that promise has been broken. In 1878, at the memorable treaty of Berlin, Turkey promised religious liberty to all her subjects in every part of the Ottoman empire, and the promise was broken. Not once in all the centuries has the Turkish government kept her promise of mercy. So far from any improvement the condition of the Armenians has become worse and worse year by year, and all the promises the Turkish government now makes are only a gaining of time by which she is making preparation for the complete extermination of Christianity from her borders.

#### Bleed Out Mohammedanism.

Why, after all the national and continental and hemispheric lying on the part of the Turkish government, do not the warships of Europe ride up as close as is possible to the palaces of Constantinople and blow that accursed government to atoms? In the name of the eternal God let the salmance of the ages be wiped off the face of the earth! Down to the perdition from which it smoked up sink Mohammedanism! Between these outbreaks of massacre the Armenians suffer in silence wrongs that are seldom if ever reported. They are taxed heavily for the mere privilege of living, and the tax is called "the humiliation tax." They are compelled to give three days' entertainment to any Mohammedan tramp who may be passing that way. They must pay blackmail to the amir, but he reports the value of their property to his highness. Their evidence in court is of no worth, and if 50 Armenians saw a wrong com-

mitted and one Mohammedan was present the testimony of the one Mohammedan would be taken and the testimony of the 50 Armenians rejected. In other words, the solemn oath of a thousand Armenians would not be strong enough to overthrow the perjury of one Mohammedan. A professor was condemned to death for translating the English "Book of Common Prayer" into Turkish. Seventeen Armenians were sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for rescuing a Christian bride from the bandits. This is the way the Turkish government amuses itself in time of peace. These are the delights of Turkish civilization.

But when the days of massacre come then deeds are done which may not be unvelled in any refined assemblage, and if one speaks of the horrors he must do so in well poised and cautious vocabulary. Hundreds of villages destroyed! Young men put in piles of brushwood, which are then saturated with kerosene and set on fire! Mothers, in the most solemn hour that ever comes in a woman's life, hurried out and bayoneted! Eyes gouged out and dead and dying hurled into the same pit! The slaughter of Louknoor and Cawnpur, India, in 1857, eclipsed in ghastliness! The worst scenes of the French revolution in Paris made more tolerable in contrast! In many regions of Armenia the only undertakers to-day are the jackals and hyenas. Many of the chiefs of the massacres were sent straight from Constantinople to do their work, and having returned were decorated by the sultan.

#### Turkish Murderers Decorated.

To four of the worst murderers the sultan sent silk banners in delicate appreciation of their services. Five hundred thousand Armenians put to death or dying of starvation! This moment, while I speak, all up and down Armenia sit many people, freezing in the ashes of their destroyed homes, bereft of most of their households and awaiting the club of assassination to put them out of their misery. No wonder that the physicians of that region declared that among all the men and women that were down with wounds and sickness and under their care not one wanted to get well. Remember that nearly all the reports that have come to us of the Turkish outrages have been manipulated and modified and softened by the Turks themselves. The story is not half told, or a hundredth part told, or a thousandth part told.

None but God and our suffering brothers and sisters in that faroff land know the whole story, and it will not be known until, in the coronations of heaven, Christ shall lift to a special throne of glory these heroes and heroines, saying, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!" My Lord and my God, thou didst on the cross suffer for them, but thou surely, O Christ, wilt not forget how much they have suffered for thee! I dare not deal in impression, but I never so much enjoyed the impetuous songs of David as since I have heard how those Turks are treating the Armenians. The fact is, Turkey has got to be divided up among other nations. Of course the European nations must take the chief part, but Turkey ought to be compelled to pay America for the American mission buildings and American school houses she has destroyed and to support the wives and children of the Americans ruined by this wholesale butchery. When the English lion and the Russian bear put their paws on that Turkey, the American eagle ought to put in its bill.

#### Missionary Heroes.

Who are these American and English and Scotch missionaries who are being hounded among the mountains of Armenia by the Mohammedans? The noblest men and women that side of heaven, some of them men who took the highest honors at Yale and Princeton and Harvard and Oxford and Edinburgh; some of those women, gentlest and most Christ-like, who, to save people they never saw, turned their backs on luxurious homes to spend their days in self-expatriation, saying good-by to father and mother and afterward good-by to their own children, as circumstances compel them to send the little ones to England, Scotland or America. I have seen these foreign missionaries in their homes all around the world, and I stamp with indignation upon the literary blackguardism of foreign correspondents who have depreciated these heroes and heroines who are willing to live and die for Christ's sake. They will have the highest thrones in heaven, while their defamers will not get near enough to the shining gates to see the faintest glint of any one of the twelve pearls which make up the twelve gates.

#### Duty of the Hour.

But what is the duty of the hour? Sympathy, deep, wide, tremendous, immediate! A religious paper, The Christian Herald of New York, has led the way with munificent contributions collected from subscribers. But the Turkish government is opposed to any relief of the Armenian sufferers, as I personally know. In August, before I had any idea of becoming a fellow citizen with you Washingtonians, \$50,000 for Armenian relief was offered to me if I would personally take that relief to Armenia. My passage was to be engaged on the City of Paris, but a telegram was sent to Constantinople, asking if the Turkish government would grant me protection on such an errand of mercy. A cablegram said the Turkish government wished to know to what points in Armenia I desired to go with that relief. In our reply four cities were named, one of them the scene of what had been the chief massacre. A cablegram came from Constantinople saying that I had better send the money to the Turkish government's mixed commission, and they would distribute it. So a cohort of spiders proposed a relief for unfortunate fies! Well, a man who would start up through the mountains of Armenia with \$50,000 and no governmental protection would be guilty of monumental foolhardiness.

The Turkish government has in every possible way hindered Armenia relief. Now where is that angel of mercy, Clara Barton, who appeared on the battlefields of Fredericksburg, Antietam, Gettysburg and Cedar Mountain, and under the flag of French and German guns at Vicksburg?

Paris and in Johnston floods, and Charleston earthquake, and Michigan fires, and Russian famines? It was comparatively of little importance that the German emperor decorated her with the Iron Cross, for God hath decorated her in the sight of all nations with a glory that neither time nor eternity can dim. Born in a Massachusetts village, she came in her girlhood to this city to serve our government in the patent office, but afterward went forth from the doors of that patent office with a divine patent, signed and sealed by God himself, to heal all the wounds she could touch and make the horrors of the flood and fire and plague and hospital fly her presence. God bless Clara Barton! Just as I expected, she lifts the banner of the Red Cross.

#### The Red Cross of Mercy.

Turkey and all nations are pledged to respect and defend that Red Cross, although that color of cross does not, in the opinion of many, stand for Christianity. In my opinion it does stand for Christianity, for was not the cross under which most of us worship red with the blood of the Son of God, red with the best blood that was ever shed, red with the blood poured out for the ransom of the world? Then lead on, O Red Cross! And let Clara Barton carry it! The Turkish government is bound to protect her, and the chariots of God are 20,000, and their charioteers are angels of deliverance, and they would all ride down at once to roll over and trample under the hoofs of their white horses any of her assailants. May the \$500,000 she seeks be laid at her feet! Then may the ships that carry her across Atlantic and Mediterranean seas be guided safely by him who trod into sapphire pavement bestormed Galilee! Upon soil incarnadined with martyrdom let the Red Cross be planted, until every demolished village shall be rebuilt, and every pang of hunger be fed, and every wound of cruelty be healed, and Armenia stand with as much liberty to serve God in its own way as in this the best land of all the earth we, the descendants of the Puritans and Hollanders and Huguenots, are free to worship the Christ who came to set all nations free.

#### Doctrine of Helpfulness.

It has been said that if we go over there to interfere on another continent that will imply the right for other nations to interfere with affairs on this continent, and so the Monroe doctrine be jeopardized. No, no! President Cleveland expressed the sentiment of every intelligent and patriotic American when he thundered from the White House a warning to all nations that there is not one acre or one inch more of ground on this continent for any trans-Atlantic government to occupy. And by that doctrine we stand now and shall forever stand.

But there is a doctrine as much higher than the Monroe doctrine as the heavens are higher than the earth, and that is the doctrine of humanitarianism and sympathy and Christian helpfulness which one cold December midnight, with loud and multitudinous chant, awakened the shepherds. Whenever there is a wound it is our duty, whether an individual or as nations, to balsam it. Whenever there is a knife of assassination lifted it is our duty to ward off the blade. Whenever men are persecuted for their religion it is our duty to break that arm of power, whether it be thrust forth from a Protestant church or a Catholic cathedral or a Jewish synagogue or a mosque of Islam. We all recognize the right on a small scale. If, going down the road, we find a ruffian maltreating a child, or a human brute insulting a woman, we take a hand in the contest if we are not cowards, and though we be slight in personal presence, because of our indignation we come to weigh about twenty tons, and the harder we punish the villain the louder our conscience applauds us. In such case we do not keep our hands in our pockets, arguing that if we interfere with the brute, the brute might think he would have a right to interfere with us and so jeopardize the Monroe doctrine.

#### The Ark of Sympathy.

The fact is that that persecution of the Armenians by the Turks must be stopped, or God Almighty will curse all Christendom for its damnable indifference and apathy. But the trumpet of resurrection is about to sound for Armenia. Did I say in opening that on one of the peaks of Armenia, this very Armenia of which we speak, in Noah's time the ark landed, according to the myth, as some think, but according to God's "say so," as I know, and that it was after a long storm of forty days and forty nights, called the deluge, and that afterward a dove went forth from that ark and returned with an olive leaf in her beak? Even so now there is another ark being launched, but this one goes sailing, not over a deluge of water, but a deluge of blood—the ark of Armenian sympathy—and that ark, leading on from its window shall fly the dove of kindness and peace, to find the olive leaf of returning prosperity, while all the mountains of Moslem prejudice, oppression and cruelty shall stand fifteen cubits under. Meanwhile we would like to gather all the dying groans of all the 500,000 victims of Mohammedan oppression and shove them into one prayer that would move the earth and the heavens, hundreds of millions of Christians' voices, American and European, crying out: "O God Most High! Spare thy children. With mandate from the throne hurl back upon their haunches the horses of the Kurdish cavalry. Stop the rivers of blood. With the earthquake of thy wrath shake the foundations of the palaces of the sultan. Move all the nations of Europe to command cessation of cruelty. If need be, let the warships of civilized nations boom their indignation. Let the crescent go down before the cross, and the Mighty One who hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords,' go forth, conquering and to conquer. Thine, O Lord, is the kingdom! Hallelujah! Amen!"

The old guns of 16 and 20 inch caliber at Fort Hamilton, New York, are giving place to weapons of smaller bore. But the new cannon will carry a shell ten miles, or four times the range of the old ones, and can also be fired with much greater precision.

## WEE FOLKS' FROCKS.

### LATEST STYLES WORN BY LITTLE GIRLS.

**Not Until the Daughter is Fourteen or Fifteen Should She Begin to Dress After the Manner of Her Elders—Wraps in Small Sizes.**

#### Many Catching Models.

New York correspondence.

**S**MALL folks should be dressed to look young as long as possible. Some mothers go so far as to dress their daughters of 14 and 15 in nursery style, especially if there are a lot of older sisters to marry off. Of course, the girls don't like this, but they don't know how pretty they look with their straight gowns and hair about their faces. Certainly not till a girl is 14 and 15 should her dresses fit along grown-up lines, and it is really wrong to put her into corsets until she is 16. These early teens find girls at a time when it is a difficult problem to dress them prettily, but with the tots it is easier. Miss Demerity, aged 8, 4 or 5, is the sweetest thing in the world to look at in the little wool gowns she wears now in the house. To be sure, when she sits, as she was posed for this picture, on a chair in which her little toes can hardly tip the ground,

wears well and is very stylish, though style does not bother Miss Maid much yet, but when she is about 14 or 15, it won't suffice that the cloak is warm and comfortable and pleases mamma—it must be swaggy, too, and please Miss Maid.

If it is desired that the daughter of 12 or 14 should dress somewhat after the manner of her elders, the third picture's costume is an excellent one to copy. It will make what the young lady will allude to with intense satisfaction as her street dress. Its big puff sleeves to the elbow are of woolen plaid, the long tight cuff being of plain green cloth matching the green in the plaid. The rest of the dress is green cloth, and the skirts of it are set out jauntily from the belt at the waist. The green cloth opens in front all the way from throat to hem, showing a panel of the plaid, a green strap marking the waist. The plaid cloth may be slashed at the shoulders and show the plaid there, too, and there are green velvet rosettes at either side of the high plaid collar. The wide green felt hat is gay with plaid ribbon and a high lift of black feathers. At the sight of her daughter thus attired, mamma sighs and realizes that Miss Maid is getting to be a young lady very, very rapidly. Miss Maid of 6 years will dress in simple gowns of soft stuffs for the party at which she is to be so delighted and so delightful. A dainty one comes

#### WRAPS IN WEE SIZES.

says: "My doll's not very well," and sighs, it's hard to look at anything but the dear face and the tiny puff of soft hair, but the gown is worth looking at, too. It is the softest blue cashmere, or may be of challis. The skirt is full on the wide belt that makes the dress quaintly short-waisted, and the wee bodice is tucked up and down, the tucks being feather-stitched. The baby-neck—and it is a pretty fashion, though the hygienists are down upon it—is bared by a little square cut-out. From below the puffs at the shoulders long sleeves come, but the sleeves can be slipped out to show the dimpled arms.

The mother who bares her little daughter's arms and neck in doors can find some excuse for it, no matter how much physicians condemn it, from the fact that children's coats and wraps provide so thoroughly for their comfort outdoors. Wee cloaks are found in a variety of styles that are as comfortable as can be. One serviceable model appears at the right in the next picture. It was of soft, rough cloth, coming down to the tops of its little wearer's boots, was loose so that an under jacket might be worn, was double-breasted, and had a shoulder cape hood. There were nice fannel-lined pockets, too, a little fur tippet was

in the next picture, and it can be easily made by the home dressmaker of cotton or of silk crepon, as is preferred. The little skirt is edged with rows of ribbon, and goes into a ribbon belt. A yoke of dainty muslin fills in the neck, and over the shoulders a ruffle of dainty lace is gathered. The arms are bare from the elbow, and on the wee feet are bronze slippers with ribbon bows. The hair is worn off the forehead and falls over the shoulders in sweet little girl fashion, and let's try to think that the little woman so dressed will stay this way and not hurry to grow up. But, ah me! She won't! Accessories of dress for little girls are very few, though for the party she may have a fan, and she may also have an old-fashioned handkerchief ring to which her pretty handkerchief fastens. She may have a party hood and cloak, and she may wear a little chain about her neck and perhaps one finger ring, but jewelry in profusion is in the most atrocious taste for children, and no vulgarity can surpass the putting of earrings through a little girl's ears.

#### FOLLOWING STYLES FOR WOMEN.

Downport, Wash., has enforced the Sunday closing law in a very exemplary manner. A number of citizens of that town called on all the saloonkeepers and business men and asked that they close their places on Sunday as a matter of courtesy, to oblige the citizens whom the committee represented. There was a prompt and general compliance with the request.

grown-up folks' coats. It is loosely fitted, though the lines are graceful, and warmth will be insured by an under jacket of chamols. A trimming of braid and frogs down the front for fastening keeps the jacket from seeming too severely grown up, although the upper velvet-faced collar is as gentlemanly as can be. If little Miss Ten-year-old is a silver-spoon dandy, as this pictured one was, she may have her coat lined with plaid silk, wear a plaid skirt to match and her wide felt hat may have a big bow of plaid to trim it. Only the coat lining is even a little extravagant about that, after all. Plaid is not only pretty and suitable, but it

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"As It Was in the Fifties," by "Kim Bilar," a story of a young Englishman's unsuccessful quest for fortune in British Columbia, has been published.

A little book, entitled "Ancestry," has been compiled by Eugene Zieher. It sets forth the objects and the requirements for membership of the hereditary societies and the military and naval orders of the United States, and contains a transcript of the acts of Congress relating to the insignia of the war-hereditary societies.

A new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" has just been issued, with new illustrations by Charles Robinson. The verses are well known; many have read them, not because they are good poetry, but because Stevenson wrote them. The illustrations do not add to the book; they are in Walter Crane's manner, but badly drawn.

How completely the Black Cat, Boston's new 5-cent magazine, has captivated the story-reading world is shown by the fact that in three months it has already reached a sale of 150,000 copies. And the favor it has found with the press is equally well indicated by the editorial comments of leading papers throughout the country. The New York Mail and Express, for instance, refers to it as "the literary pet," while the Louisville Commercial says: "We predict that this delightfully original and interesting magazine will have the largest sale ever reached by any publication. Its cleverly told stories of mystery, exciting detective tales, and thrilling stories of adventure render the Black Cat a delightful new departure in story-telling."

Until the present day, the only occasion on which the Monroe doctrine was actively asserted by the United States was when Napoleon the Third and the Austrian Maximilian attempted to found an empire in Mexico. It was destined to fail, even without the intervention of the United States, and its memory is kept green by the pathetic fate of the Empress Carlotta, who is now dying in the close confinement meted only to the hopelessly mad. The story of her affliction is told anew in the memoirs of the Baron de Malortie, a gentleman of her court, which has just been published in Paris. Much of it is the narration of his own experience, and what he did not see or hear was dictated to him by Mme. del Barrio, a lady-in-waiting to Carlotta, who has remained with her imperial mistress to the last. It is a book of unusual interest, and presents some startling facts about Napoleon's treatment of Carlotta.

#### Courteous Hints.

Perhaps there is no greater strain upon "neighborly feeling" than living next door to a poultryyard whose inmates are allowed to "run"—making exercise ground of the adjacent flower and vegetable gardens. A San Diego young lady who was subjected to this annoyance politely asked her neighbor to keep his pets at home. She asked it several times, and still no attention was paid to her grievance. Finally she hit upon an ingenious method of protecting herself.

She prepared grains of corn by tying to them, with strong carpet thread, small cards bearing the words, "Please keep your chickens at home!" and distributed the grain about her flower beds.

The chickens came to feast as usual, and greedily swallowed the corn, not perceiving the thread until the card was against their jaws. Then they could neither swallow the card nor rid themselves of the swallowed corn.

Twenty or thirty of the marauders ran home, bearing the polite request to their culpable owner, who, struck with the method of the hint, promptly cut the threads and cooped up the birds.

This was forcible, but a delicate hint upon a like occasion was conveyed from one aggrieved relative to another where stronger measures would have been out of place.

The suffering victim of hens was taken ill, and the perhaps unconscious offender slew his choicest birds and sent them to the invalid. The invalid feasted thereon, and sent back a message of thanks to the effect that the fowl was delicious, and tasted of her violets!

The First Lawyer Lord Mayor.

It may be of interest to lawyers to know that although the ancient ceremony of the reception of the Lord Mayor of London has taken place regularly for the last 800 years, this last is the first known case in which a practicing member of the bar has been elected as Lord Mayor. Chief Justice Russell made an address to the new Mayor, in which he called attention to the fact that there is no longer any real ground for complaint of the law's delays in England.

An Error.

"I want to pay this bill," he said to the hotel clerk. "But I think you have made a slight error here in my favor. I've been reading over the bill, and I cannot find that you have charged me anything for filling the 750 thought in what rule."