

# ARMENIA LAND of MARTYRS



THE SOIL of Armenia, land of many miseries and massacres, is drinking the blood of her Christian martyrs again. To the memory of the most of us it seems as if the Christian nations have always been protesting against Armenian butcheries by the Turks.

It is a singular land, that in which the Turks are putting so many men, women and children to the sword. It is a land so old, reaching so far back into the morning mists of history that the earliest legends of the human race point to it as the birthplace of mankind. There rise the headwaters of the River Euphrates, which flows on through the Garden of Eden. Mount Ararat lifts its sublime head above the plain of those massacres with the same placid oblivion to human cries and pangs that it showed when Noah's Ark rested there.

The village founded by Noah and his family when they emerged from the Ark is yet there, the oldest inhabited town in the world.

The Armenian is the oldest branch of Aryan stock on this earth. They trace their descent back to Japhet, grandson of Noah. That may or may not be true, but certain it is that from that land in the shadow of Ararat, somewhere in the region now generally designated as Armenia, the human race first began that process of migration and development that has led to the peopling of every corner of the earth.

Sacred Treasure of Armenia.

In the southern Caucasus, near the meeting point of Persia, Russia and Turkey, is situated the most treas-

ured and sacred possession of the Armenian nation, the monastery and cathedral of Echmiadzin, the Holy See of the Armenian Christians, the heart of the Armenian nation, and the source of that strength which has held together and guided the Armenians through centuries of persecution, warfare and massacre, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society. Echmiadzin is the seat of the catholicos, or primate, of the Gregorian Armenian church.

Mount Ararat lies just to the south of the venerable Armenian see. Here runs the Russo-Turkish frontier, while a few miles to the southeast lies Persia. The monastery lies about 3,000 feet above the sea, 40 miles north of Ararat, and 12 miles west of Erivan, the capital of the Russian government in which it is situated. The Armenian Rome is surrounded by massive, gray mud walls, which inclose the monastery, the cathedral and an academy. The buildings are arranged around a great quadrangle, in the center of which stands the cathedral of St. Gregory the Illuminator, a church of more ancient beginnings than even far-famed Santa Sophia of Constantinople. It has been the bulwark of Christianity against the barbarians of Asia since 302, and, though its fight has

been unusually severe, long and heroic, little is known of Echmiadzin among the peoples of the West. The library of Echmiadzin is a treasure store of Armenian documents and literature, and on its shelves are kept some remarkable manuscripts of the gospels, dating from the ninth and tenth centuries. The monks maintain a type foundry and a printing press, and they have accomplished great things for the education of their people and for the development of Armenian literature. The academy connected with Echmiadzin is one of the first educational institutions in the Armenian world, and many of its pupils do excellent graduate work in German and Russian universities. It was founded under Catholicos George IV in 1873, and regularly trains between 200 and 300 boys.

Ani is a remarkable ruined Armenian city in the heart of the Caucasus battlefields. Its thick, crumbling walls and the ragged foundations of its ancient buildings, mayhap, have served, since the outbreak of the great war, as defenses for the Russian or Turkish soldiers. Ani is the Armenian Pompeii. The ruins lie in a rolling, parched, upland country, almost deserted. They are near the Alexandropol-Erivan railway, a little more than thirty miles south of Alexandropol, and some thirty-five miles from the Russo-Ottoman boundary. There is a steep hill to the south and east of the storied capital of the old Armenian kingdom, and through a tortuous gorge beside the dead city flows the Arpa Chai, a weird, bright-green river. Ani was once a famous, splendid

any European ruler. And of course while in England he learned that to marry one's sister is abhorrent, and he will none of it. He must abdicate if he would marry the girl he loves, but the king is sensible, likes his people and will not desert them; so he has chosen to live single. He is now thirty-five years old.

Siam has compulsory military service, compulsory religious service and compulsory education. While the active standing army is no greater than 50,000, all male Siamese are required to enlist for two years' field service and then spend two months of each year in the reserves or "continentals," after which they pass into reserves, ready to be called to the colors in case of war. This is the plan just indorsed by President Wilson to a certain extent, except for the compulsory feature.

Every youth at twenty-one years must enter the priesthood whether it be for life, a few years or three months. The usual term of "enlistment" in the priesthood is three months. The religion is Buddhism. Before entering the priesthood the young man must clear himself of all debt, otherwise he is forbidden to enter the temple. Any creditor who releases a man about to become a priest will "make merit" in future life.

Illiteracy Unknown. Although Siam may be regarded as one of the semi-civilized nations, illiteracy there is unknown; every inhabitant can read and write," says Huffman. "In childhood they must go to the temples and the priests teach them."

While the Siamese are most friendly and hospitable, they are below the Chinese in thrift and intelligence, Huffman says. He says the Chinese are one of the most intelligent races on earth.

Regarding women, Huffman says that they are unusually free in Siam, but that polygamy prevails. The husbands keep his wives in the back

yard, where he has a house for them. The richer the man is, the more wives.

When a man "goes broke" he lives with and off of his friends until he gets on his feet again.

"And yet," says Huffman, "the Siamese do not mix like we do. They do not call on each other or dine with each other, and foreigners do not call on them. Their chief outdoor sports are kicking the rattan ball and kite flying. A circle of men or boys will form and keep the ball going without touching it with hands. Expert performers will keep the ball in the air half an hour, knocking it with head, elbows, knees and feet, but never touching it with hands. In kite flying rival parties will send up a male and a female kite, so called, the male being the larger. A line is drawn on the ground. The male tries to grab the lady kite and elope with her across to his side of the line. The female flyer also tries to abduct the male to her side. Whichever is able to carry the other wins."

Marriage Customs. Huffman says the young Siamese swain never calls on his sweetheart at her home; that would be impossible. He sees her outside and they begin a flirtation. Then they meet often, and may even elope and wed. But usually the marriages are arranged beforehand. The bridegroom gives the parents what is called "milk money" for the bride. This is to pay them for the bride. When they marry they live together in the parents' home for a year, then go to their own home, and perhaps the parents will return the "milk money" to let the young couple buy furniture and get a good start.

Huffman employs more than one hundred on the Daily Mail, all but four being Orientals. He issues both an English and a Siamese edition. The typesetters are paid from \$10 to \$40 per month—good wages in Siam.

"The same motion picture plays are exhibited over there," said Huffman "and they are attended by crowds of the natives, who enjoy the pictures with keen delight.

"It is very difficult to tell the men from the women, for all wear a sort of trousers or skirt that gives you no chance for distinguishing. The Siamese takes a roll of silk about three and a half yards long, wraps it around the body, rolls up the loose end tightly and then, bringing it between the legs, fastens it securely to the waist in the back.

Elephant Lore. For a while Huffman had charge of timber work in a teakwood forest where elephants are employed. He has had much experience with the big beasts.

"Some of them are harder to ride than a bucking bronco," he said. "Some elephants will shake their heads when the rider straddles their neck. The rider will be thrown from side to side so violently that he will be sore for a week afterward, sore enough, maybe, to keep in bed. Then there are a few elephants that shrink their skin to make it uncomfortable for the rider. This is worse than ever, for it makes the rider quiver violently from head to foot and dazes him. The female is more docile than the male. We used them to carry logs to the river and then work them down stream. Sometimes when we would have a jam we would send in a strong elephant to break up the logs."

When three or four years old the elephant becomes rather mischievous. At that age it may stand five feet high and is very heavy. Often they will run down a man, give him an affectionate slap with the trunk on his back, then run away squealing in delight. But the gentle little slap usually makes a man take the count.

Once in a while, Huffman says, an elephant will kill and eat a man. He says he knew of such a case.

Monster Gray Eagle. Elizabethtown, Ky.—Mr. J. E. Walters killed a gray eagle on his farm, four miles east of town, Sunday evening. The eagle had just previously killed a goose belonging to Mr. Walters, who took part in the affray with a shotgun. The bird measured seven feet from tip to tip of its wings.

Green started out hunting, but he couldn't wait until he got beyond the confines of the borough to try out his new shotgun. Near the town hall he espied a quail, raised his gun and fired. The quail went through the "pattern," but some of the shot sent the town tabby to its final hunting grounds.

Method in His Behavior. "A lazy man," remarked Uncle Eben, "is allus god-natured. He's got to be to keep 'um bein' put to work."

## RULER OF SIAM HAS RESOLVED NEVER TO WED

### Educated in Europe His Mind Revolts at Requirement to Marry Sister.

### ILLITERACY UNKNOWN THERE

#### Country Has Compulsory Education, Military Service and Religious Service—Women Unusually Free in Siam, But Polygamy Prevails.

Fort Worth, Tex.—The king of Siam is a sad, sad king. Not on account of the war, for the conflict has not had the slightest effect there; not on account of his finances, for he receives \$3,000,000 annually. But because he is doomed to live an unmarried life while his father before him had 300 wives.

The Siamese monarch has refused to marry of his own free will, for the inexorable law of that country says that a king must marry either a sister or a half sister; he may not have for a first wife a person lower in rank. But the king recently has announced that he prefers to remain single than to marry his sister, although she has a romance on with a celebrated and beautiful Oriental dancer of Bangkok.

Advice to this effect has been brought here by Frank Huffman, formerly of Fort Worth, but for the last sixteen years a resident of Bangkok, where he is publisher of the Daily Mail.

For many years the Siamese wondered why their ruler never married, but the foreigners knew. Now that he has told them the natives are amazed. "Not marry a sister? What a funny king!" they are saying.

Idea Revolts Him. But the king, whose name is Mana Majiravudh, spent ten years in England and graduated from Oxford, and is as polished, refined and western as



King of Siam.

## FOR ANOTHER WINTER CAMPAIGN



During the cold weather the new sleeping bags of sheepskin will be a great boon to the soldiers of the allied troops. The lower photograph shows one of the men comfortably incased. The upper photograph shows how the bags are examined and folded before shipment. Urgent calls for more and more of such bags are made in England.

## AERO SHOT FROM SHIP DECK

### New Navy Device for Releasing 'Planes From Moving Vessels Proves Successful.

Washington.—When a navy aeroplane was shot into the air at Pensacola from the deck of the cruiser North Carolina while the ship was in motion a new feat in aviation was accomplished and a device on which navy airmen have been at work for three years proved a success.

The device consists of a track extending along the ship's after deck, on which is a car. An aeroplane lands on the device from the air and is secured to the car. On launching the car is driven down the track until it has attained high speed. Then it is brought to a sudden stop, and the aeroplane, released from its moorings, soars into the air, shot over the cruiser's stern at a speed of 50 miles an hour.

## RECORD FOR LITTLE MOTHER

### Father Leaves Half of His Estate to Daughter Who Guarded His Children.

Passaic, N. J.—Miss Rosie Seltmann, eldest daughter of Julius F. Seltmann, who died recently, will receive one-half of his estate, according to the will which was probated the other day. The remaining half is divided equally among Miss Seltmann's six brothers and sisters, Walter, Frederick J., Otto, Arthur, Helen and Olga Seltmann.

"Rosie has been practically a mother to her younger sisters and brothers, especially since the death of her mother fifteen years ago," said Mr. Seltmann in his will. "I therefore consider her entitled to special consideration in the division of my estate."

The value of the estate is not given, but it is understood to be large.

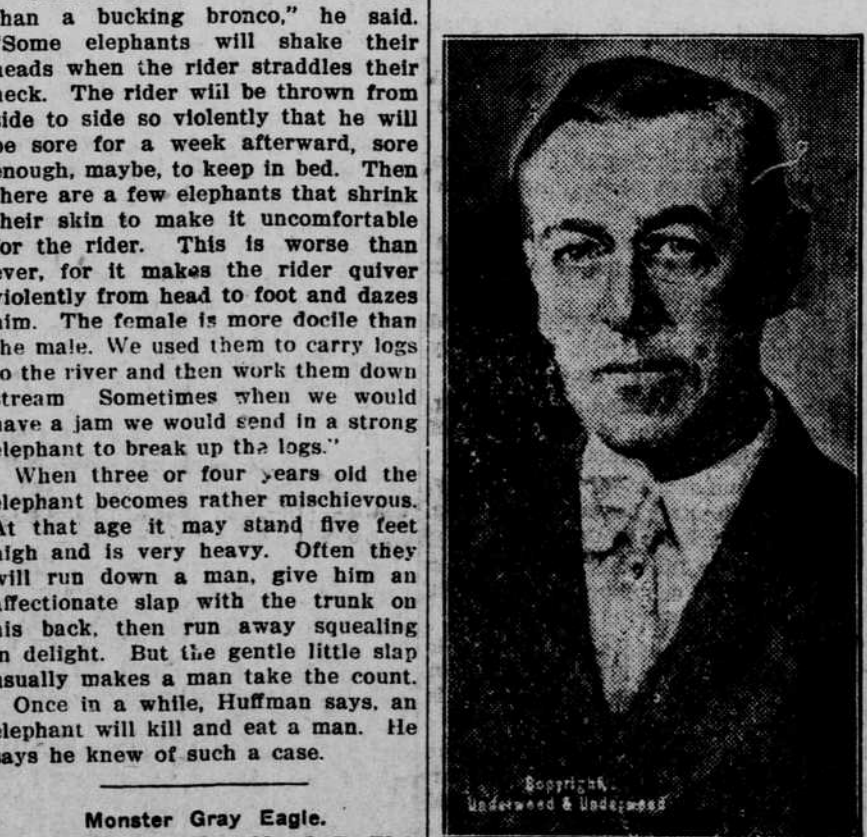
## RABBIT LEADS WAY TO SWAG

### Dragged From Hole by Mexican, He Uncovers Large Collection of Silverware.

Pratt, Kan.—A Mexican, hunting six miles east of here, ran a rabbit into a hole. He pulled the bunny out, but the rabbit held to a sleeve of the man's jacket.

Further examination by the Mexican showed that a large swag of heavy silverware had been hidden in the hole, wrapped up in the jacket. The police are trying to decide whether the silver was hidden treasure or the proceeds of a robbery. They suspect the latter.

## WILSON PORTRAIT IN OIL



The latest life-size portrait in oil of President Wilson, by Marion Swinton, formerly of the royal institute of painters, London, was specially hung at the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Manhattan club in New York.

No Pink Hose or Low Necks. South Bend, Ind.—Pink pumps, pink stockings, low neck dresses and other loud creations in dress shall not be worn hereafter by the girl pupils of South Bend high school, as a result of a ruling of the faculty.

Action was taken after dozens of the young women had introduced the pink costumes into the classrooms. The style caused general comment among the boys of the school. It was announced that the school authorities wished to have all pupils dress as plainly as possible.

## THE SANDMAN'S STORY

By Mrs. F.A. WALKER

### SNOWBALL'S REVENGE.

Puff and Kit became very popular with all the kittens and cats in the neighborhood after they gave the lecture and very much talked of, and poor Snowball was not looked upon as quite their equal.

One day after he had been in the city with his master he heard a commotion in the barn, and he thought Puff and Kit must be giving another lecture, so he went very quietly to the barn door and looked in. All the cats and kittens were sitting around the barn, drinking tea, and one old Mrs. Tabby was saying to Puff: "It is a pity your brother Snowball does not care for the artistic things in life as you and Kit do; it must be very trying to have him go to town with his master instead of enjoying this brilliant gathering you have here this afternoon at your tea."

"Yes," replied Puff. "Kit and I often speak of it, but Snowball does not care for social life at all. He is of rather a roving disposition, and he does not care for style, either."

"He seems to be very proud of his tie and collar," said another Mrs. Tabby.

"Oh, yes," replied Kit, "so he is, but he does not wear them with any style."

"He has not the grace or dignity which you or Puff possess," said another old Tabby.

Snowball listened with flashing eyes. "The wretches," he said; "after all I have done for Kit and Puff to think they would talk about me like this. I will show them whether I have style or not. I saw a dog on the street today wearing a red sweater. I'll get one the next time I go to town, and on Sunday I will wear it. I will make the old Tabbies and Puff and Kit sit up and take notice of me."

The next Sunday morning when all the kittens and Tabby cats were sitting on their front steps in the warm sunshine Snowball donned his red sweater. He stretched his neck to its full length so that his tie and collar might show to advantage. He slicked his coat and pricked up his ears, and then walked very slowly by the barn door, where Kit and Puff were dozing in the sun, but he did not look at them.

Puff was in the middle of a yawn, and he stopped with wide-opened mouth. Never had he seen anyone look so stylish as Snowball in his red sweater. He tapped Kit on the head and awoke him, and they walked out



Walked Very Slowly.

of the barn and looked after Snowball's retreating figure.

"Where did he get it?" asked Kit. "I do not know," said Puff, "but he will have all the neighborhood talking about him, and we will be forgotten again."

They crept along to the gate and watched Snowball walk down the road. Out came the kittens and Tabbies and looked admiringly at Snowball, who bowed and purred to each one he met.

"Snowball's the most stylish cat around here," said one kitten.

"And his white fur with the red sweater makes him the handsomest cat I ever saw," said another. "I must watch for him when he comes back," said one old Tabby, "and invite him to dinner, for he will be the rage after this." "Yes," said another, "he is far more handsome than Kit or Puff. They never could carry off that style of red sweater."

Poor Puff and Kit watched Snowball as he was greeted on all sides, and finally surrounded by an admiring crowd. They walked down the road, but no one noticed them, for all eyes were on Snowball and his red sweater. Kit and Puff went home and waited for Snowball to return, but it was very late before they saw him, for everybody was anxious to have him sit on their steps or in their yard, that they might be able to say that he had called upon them wearing the wonderful red sweater.

When Snowball reached home that evening Puff said: "You better keep away from the cow. If she sees that red coat of yours she will toss you so high you will never come to earth again; she does not like red."

"I am not at all afraid," said Snowball, "the cow always admired me, but if either of you should put this on and she saw you, I won't answer for the consequences, for your figures would not show it off as mine does, and it would anger her to see you wear it." And Snowball walked away, leaving Kit and Puff wondering how they could regain their standing with their acquaintances.

A Live One. Visitor—Willie, which would you rather be, George Washington or your Sunday school teacher?

Little Willie—My Sunday school teacher.

Visitor—Why?

Little Willie—'Cause he ain't dead, yet.

## PIGS WILL REPAY ATTENTION

### Little Georgia Girl Gives Striking Demonstration of What Careful Feeding Will Accomplish.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A Georgia girl has recently given a striking demonstration of what a little care will accomplish in the raising of pigs. A sow in her neighborhood had eight pigs and could only nourish seven of them at one time. The eighth pig was therefore given to the little girl, who raised it by hand. She joined her country pig club as a Ham and Bacon member, and kept a close record, as the club regulations provide, of the feed given her pig, and of its weight. The pig was not a purebred. At nine months old the pig was killed. It weighed 225 pounds net when dressed as meat, and also yielded a 50-pound can of lard. The cost of producing this meat was less



Georgia Girl and Her Pig.

than five bushels of corn, as the pig was also fed on kitchen waste.

At the same time the seven other pigs which had been left with the mother were killed. They averaged only 87 pounds net when dressed as meat. This is only one of the many instances in which the members of the pig clubs throughout the country are demonstrating to their neighbors how liberally the pig repays those who provide it with a reasonable amount of care and feed.

## MANY ERRORS IN SPELLING

### Orthographic Oddities Brought to Light by Dr. Leonard P. Ayres—Few Excellent Spellers.

Seven out of every 100 third-grade public school children in the United States cannot spell the word "has," according to a report just compiled by Dr. Leonard P. Ayres of the Russell Sage foundation on the special problems inherent in the teaching of spelling. Doctor Ayres' study also brought out many other orthographic oddities.

Doctor Ayres selected the 1,000 words that constitute 90 per cent of the language ordinarily used. This selection was made from various English authors, from four Sunday newspapers, and from the business and family correspondence of more than 2,000 adults.

Co-operating with the school superintendents in 84 cities of the United States, Doctor Ayres had the 1,000 commonest words tested by an aggregate of 1,400,000 spellings, secured from 70,000 public school children.

Nine words of most frequent use, viz., "the," "in," "so," "now," "man," "ten," "bed," "top," revealed that second-grade pupils, on an average, spelled correctly 94 per cent of these words. At the other extreme of the scale of words "judgment," "recommend," and "allege" were found to be spelled correctly by just 50 per cent of eighth-grade pupils.

Doctor Ayres finds: "There are very few exceedingly poor spellers, many medium ones, and very few excellent ones. Few words do most of our work when we write. Fifty words constitute, with their repetitions, one-half of the words written. The child who masters the 1,000 words on the scale given will make no spelling errors in nine-tenths of his writing."—New York Times.

## A Boy's Idea.

Some historian has discovered that we owe the existence of the safety-pin to the walls of an English baby. A little boy named Harold, the son of a blacksmith, had often to play nurse to his baby brother. He saw that when the baby cried it was usually because he was pricked by a pin. For a long time the boy nurse tried to bend the common pin so that it would be less likely to puncture the baby's flesh and as his father, the blacksmith, noticed the boy's work the idea of the safety-pin grew in his own mind until it resulted in a contrivance that is in use the world over.

## Worst Habit of Boys.

One of the very worst habits in boyhood is the cigarette habit. This has long been recognized by all the judges of the courts who deal with young criminals, and especially by judges of police courts, before whom pass thousands of men every year who are addicted to intemperate habits. These judges know that in nearly every case the drunken sots who appear before them, a disgrace to their parents, themselves and the state, began as boys smoking cigarettes. One bad habit led to another. The nicotine and poison in the cigarette created an appetite for alcoholic drink.

## The Reason.

"Well, Tommy, I suppose you love your teacher?"

"No, sir."

"You ought not to talk that way. Why don't you love her?"

"We are quite incompatible, sir," replied the precocious youth.

## Work of Girls' Clubs.

Girls' canning and garden clubs in Iowa sold nearly \$1,000 worth of fresh vegetables last year, besides "putting up" 3,360 quarts of fruit and vegetables.



RUINS OF ANI

ured and sacred possession of the Armenian nation, the monastery and cathedral of Echmiadzin, the Holy See of the Armenian Christians, the heart of the Armenian nation, and the source of that strength which has held together and guided the Armenians through centuries of persecution, warfare and massacre, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society. Echmiadzin is the seat of the catholicos, or primate, of the Gregorian Armenian church.

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## PRACTICAL AID FOR CUPID

### English Novelist Proposes a Quarterly Assembly of Young People Who Desire to Get Married.

Surely something better could be done than the leaving of everything to chance in matrimony, according to an English novelist. Could there not be a national quarterly assembly held under suitable auspices of all persons desiring to get married, and not quite suited, at which the mere presence of the parties would be an intimation of their desire for marriage, without in the least committing them in any way?

As almost every one desires to get married, provided the proper person can be found, the mere admission of desire by presence at any assembly need not trouble any bashful maiden.

Besides, these functions would probably become so popular in a short time that they would serve their purpose equally well although the original object of the institution might not always be present to the minds of the assemblers.

In any event, what clearly is required is that somehow the affinities should meet, and it would seem to require organization on a large scale to obtain the greatest national benefit.

## The Missing Stopper.

A South side man who is overly particular about having his house in order, said to his wife one evening recently:

"On a shelf in the kitchen I noticed a bottle with no cork in it."

"On a shelf in the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"That's queer, because I can't think what it can be."

"It's a bottle with some red stuff in it."

"That's cough syrup."

"It shouldn't be uncorked."

"I had the stopper in it."

"What kind of a stopper?"

"The wife, who isn't so particular about little things, and who doesn't care who knows it, admitted with no misgivings:

"I put a peanut in the top. I guess one of the children must have eaten it."—Youngstown Telegram.

## HE KILLS THE TOWN CAT

### Man Inaugurates Hunting Season by Stirring Fire Department into Activity.

Hillsborough, Cal.—Killing the town cat and rousing the fire department of this exclusive colony into activity was the manner in which Elliott Green, son of Milton J. Green, former United States referee in bankruptcy, ushered in "his" hunting season. Another result was the arrest of the young man.