

Aid for Armenia

An Appeal for Immediate Help



THE situation of the Armenian Christians is pitiable almost beyond expression. Leaving the political and international phases of the Eastern question out of view altogether, the entire world of humane people is urgently called upon for sympathy and assistance. This aid must be prompt to be of avail. Letters from the ravaged districts show that famine is following massacre. One letter just received from Van says: "All business and work of all kinds have been stopped for two months—which means starvation to hundreds. And, worst of all, there is no light ahead!" The misery in Harpoot, Bitlis, Erzeroum, and scores of the villages is intense, and increases as winter approaches. In this terrible need the Red Cross Society, the Armenian Relief Fund, the Evangelical Alliance, and the American Board are combining their efforts to direct the contributions of Americans into the most useful channels. So far the response has been in no way adequate to the pressing demand. As our readers know, the actual work of relief is to be undertaken by the National Red Cross Society. Miss Clara Barton, at a great meeting held last Saturday night in the First Congregational Church of Washington, announced her intention to wait no longer for the accumulation of funds, but to sail within two weeks for the scene of work. She will be accompanied, it is understood, by the financial secretary of the National Red Cross Society, Mr. George E. Pullman, by Dr. Hubbell, the general field agent, probably by Mr. Stephen E. Barton, the Second Vice-President, by Miss Bettina Hofker, Sister Superintendent of the New York Red Cross Hospital, and by several other assistants of trained ability and executive force. The collection of funds is in charge of the National Armenian Relief Fund, of which Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, is President. Branches of the Committee have been formed in many large cities, and the work of organization is being pushed rapidly forward. Information may be had from the headquarters at 45 William Street, New York. The Relief Fund Committee has already sent large sums of money and much clothing to Armenia, and reports of the distribution show that the facilities for the work are greater than many suppose. The Committee say: "If for any reason the National Red Cross should be prevented from accomplishing the work of relief through its own agency by the opposition of the Turkish Government, responsible existing agencies will be utilized, or new ones organized, so that all contributors may be assured that their gifts will as speedily as possible reach the sufferers for whom they were intended." Next week The Outlook will print an illustrated article on Miss Barton's personality and her connection with the Red Cross Society, and will present fully the claims of the cause upon the sympathy of the American people. Meanwhile we shall be glad to send forward any subscriptions which our readers may mail to The Outlook. The need is for instant financial aid. All sums sent by check payable to The Outlook Company will be forwarded with all possible dispatch. To begin the movement, The Outlook itself now subscribes the sum of \$250.

The Turkish Legation gave out on Monday afternoon at Washington the following official communication: "The Imperial Government will not permit any distribution among its subjects, in its own territory, by any foreign society or individuals, however respectable the same may be (as for instance the Red Cross Society) of money collected abroad. Such interference no independent Government has ever allowed, especially when the collections are made on the strength of speeches delivered in public meetings by irreconcilable enemies of the Turkish race and religion, and on the basis of false accusation that Turkey repudiates. Besides, the Sublime Porte is mindful of the true interests of its subjects, and, distinguishing between the real state of things and the calumnies and wild exaggerations of interested or fanatical parties, will, as it has done heretofore, under its own legitimate control, alleviate the wants of all Turkish subjects, living in certain provinces, irrespective of creed or race." The reason for this extraordinary declaration is patent; if the Red Cross Society goes, with its agents, into the desolated region, the news about the desolation will assuredly come back to stir still further the already profoundly stirred hearts of Christians. But it is not true that the Porte either can or will adequately alleviate the suffering of the Armenians. A letter from Aintab, printed below, gives one illustration of the employment of American means to alleviate Armenian distress. This was both right and necessary. If in one case, why not in many? Nor is it true that such a distribution of benevolence is an interference such as no independent government can ever allow. No such case has ever before arisen, but benevolence by one nation to the citizens of another, suffering from whatever cause, is happily no longer uncommon. China did not resent such benevolence when her subjects were dying of famine. We are glad to see that the Red Cross Society is not discouraged, but proposes to go on with its work, and we trust that the pressure from Christian Powers for the admission of its ministering messengers will prove to be too strong to be resisted even by the Sultan.

The Aintab Atrocities

The following personal letter has been received from a medical missionary at Aintab, Turkey, on the border of the devastated districts. The writer, Dr. Caroline F. Hamilton, was a graduate of Smith College in the class of 1885, and was a worker at the College Settlement in this city before her departure for Turkey. Her calm statement of the scenes about her forms an effective appeal for aid in the general relief work of which we speak above.

Aintab, December 4-10, 1895.

For weeks before the outbreak here, there had been much alarm felt in the city. Troops were passing through constantly on their way to the north, and in the markets and streets insults were offered to Christians, goods were taken without payment, etc., till the people kept indoors as much as possible, and the schools were closed for a few days, but afterward were opened. Had we known of events outside we should have felt far more uneasy. Our first news came from Oorfa and Marash, both sacked, and then our turn came. The morning of November 16, on going to the hospital, the cook told me that there was trouble in the city, and the horror-stricken faces of the servants confirmed the word. One glance from the windows—for the hospital stands on a hill which overlooks nearly the whole city—was sufficient to show that there was cause for alarm. A great mob was surging through the streets, to a quarter so near that we could look down on the houses being plundered and torn to pieces—could watch the mob as it filled the streets and courtyards, and could hear the yells of the Kurds and the shrieks of terror from the poor defenseless people—while all the time the constant firing of the Kurds (for they are permitted to carry arms), with, underneath all, a hoarse roar like that of wild beasts, made up a frightful combination of sounds. The poor servants who had come a few hours before from their homes in that very section were entirely demoralized, and could do nothing but cry and wring their hands, for all had left little children.

Our gates were instantly closed and barred; no one admitted except a good Moslem neighbor whom we shall always regard as our guardian angel. He begged us to take refuge in his house, but there were patients too ill to be moved, and we, of course, could not leave. The servants could not work, so terrified were they; and we two women, the only Americans on the premises, settled down to dressing patients and waiting on them, giving comfort as we could to the frightened, sorrowful people about us. It was not till night that we learned how our neighbor had held a mob at bay till the soldiers arrived, thus saving us from being sacked, if not from worse things. All day long our chief work was to comfort patients and servants, and try to keep them away from the windows. No one could go home, and we found what accommodations were possible for them all. However, nobody could sleep, the least sound startling us all.

Sunday morning (November 17) a sight met our eyes that was far from reassuring. From all directions villagers were seen flocking in toward the city, and soon they had massed down near the old castle. At every spare moment I looked to see what was forthcoming—hearing again and again a great noise as this new mob were repulsed in their attempts to gain an entrance into the city. As we were at dinner, they made a move toward our end of the city, and after a half-hour they had passed the guards—who were forbidden to fire—and were rushing toward the houses close at hand. Never can I forget that sight. They were not men, but beasts, wild to get at their prey. The feeling of utter helplessness and the knowledge of what we were handed over to were awful. We called together all the people who were in our house and quietly told them to go with us to the hospital, thinking it would be easier to die together. To understand how we were shut off from other people, I might here explain that every house, or group of houses, is walled in, with one large door opening out into the street. Thus our house and the hospital are in one inclosure, the girls' seminary in another, while the boys' college and professors' house are some ten minutes distant from here.

We could not see what was taking place, and only wondered that we remained

safe. After a couple of hours the good old Moslem neighbor came in with the first detachment of wounded. It was a sight to sicken the bravest heart, for most of the wounds were made with axes and large knives, and little children, women, and old men as well as the young and strong had been attacked as they fled.

Dr. S— could not get over from the college, and our native physician was shut up in his house, so we two women went to work with our touring missionary, Mr. Sanders, and the nurses and even our house servants for assistants. It was a question where to begin, with a shattered leg, hands and arms nearly hewn off, heads fairly laid open, and a terrible abdominal wound all lying before us, besides over a dozen with minor injuries. By dark we had them all in beds, or in a room over our stables, cold and dreary, but comparatively safe.

It was another hard night. Our nurses, etc., had no news of the fate of their families, and could not go to inquire. We knew not whether the dreaded villagers were preparing for other attacks. All night long the northern sky was brilliant, and we knew some dreadful fate must have befallen our neighboring city, where we had dear friends. Not a sound could be heard from without, and the very silence seemed to forbode evil. If we had not had our work in those two days and nights, it would have been well-nigh intolerable.

No outbreak has occurred since November 17, save for an uprising a week from that date, which was promptly put down by the soldiers. Strong guards are all about us, and four soldiers are in the hospital—quiet men, who are very friendly.

The neighbor mentioned above has been as good as a father to us all. He and his brother, whose life was saved by a former American physician, were up night after night, afraid of some sudden raid. They secured provisions for the hospital and for us, even sitting in the bakery while the bread was being baked, for fear it would be carried away. They went for news for our people, protected the poor refugees as they went to recover what was left in their houses, and if any disturbance alarmed them when in other parts of the city, home they hurried to see that all was right here. Both the 16th and 17th they saved our premises and the Seminary.

November 19 those wounded three days before were brought in in squads by the soldiers, who had received orders to hunt them up in the stables and holes whither they had crawled. In two days over seventy were registered.

I never saw such a sight in my life. Covered with blood which had dried on head, hands, and clothing—weak from lack of food, from the loss of blood, and the pitiless cold—frightened so that several were wildly insane, one could not endure the sight except to go to work and try to make them more comfortable. Beds were soon full; others were glad to lie on mattresses on the floor; those half well camped down on any old cushions we could give them—some finding a lodging in our operating-room even—while some poor creatures lay on the floor in the clinic-room. The hospital has been feeding fifty-five people without one penny of income, while giving shelter, fuel, and occasional food to thirty more, who were driven from their homes. We are besieged every day by those who would gladly find shelter here, but we are so crowded now that we can scarcely turn. One poor woman saw her husband killed before her eyes by the villagers, and her house plundered of everything except two beds and two blankets. With four little children, no home, and no food, she is utterly heartbroken. Another woman, whose husband was so badly injured that his arm had to be amputated, said that this was the first winter since their marriage that they had been able to put in their wheat, charcoal, etc. She used to "pat the box" where these were stored, so glad was she at their prosperity. Now all is gone, and the wage-earner crippled for life. She, her old mother, and her sister have but one pair of old slippers between them.

These are only instances.

The churches and school buildings are filled with women and children, cold and hungry, the husbands and fathers in prison or dead. Efforts are being made to provide food and clothing, but industry is paralyzed, and only a few have means to help, and there are multitudes to be cared for. Scarcely a Christian shop but has been plundered, and there is no capital to begin with if confidence is restored. Houses are not only sacked, but even doors and window-sashes are carried away. With winter before us, it almost seems better had the utter annihilation of some other regions been the lot of these poor people, and not the hopeless poverty into which they are plunged—and yet that is a cruel thing to say. Except for the few wealthy ones, and the few who have assured salaries in our schools and families, all are plunged into destitution.



The Unity of Education

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One of the most serious and far-reaching blunders of our organized educational systems is the tacit assumption that the several grades or stages of education are sharply marked off from each other by unseen but effective barriers. While there is neither psychological nor ethical warrant for this assumption and the evils that it has engendered, its existence and influence may be explained on historical grounds. Had an entire educational system, from kindergarten to university, sprung into existence at once, the mistake of cutting that system up into widely separated parts would probably never have been made. But it was not in that way that our existing educational organization came about; its various parts have developed gradually, and even now they are not properly and rationally articulated. First came what we call the secondary school, then the university (which was really what we now know as a college), then the elementary school, and, last of all, the university proper (which is not a college) and the kindergarten. The two extremes have been the last to come into existence. Each one of these kinds of institu-

tion, with the exception of the kindergarten, has been in the habit of "graduating" pupils—which is the fine way of saying that it has sent them out, "educated" or "finished," into the work of life. When it came to pass that the "graduate" or product of one of these schools desired to enter upon a higher course of study and instruction, he was—and usually still is—compelled to climb over a series of formal and artificial barriers to do so. So far has this process of differentiation gone that the various grades of institution are now very far apart in interest, sympathy, and knowledge, and the process of education, which ought to be a steady and gradual progression, is subdivided into three or four sorts and periods of training, the differences between which are first artificially created and then vigorously emphasized. I need only cite the ill-concealed contempt for scholarship and for college-trained men that many leaders in elementary school work constantly exhibit. On the other hand, ninety-five college teachers out of every hundred are profoundly ignorant of the problems and processes of the elementary school, and often of those of the secondary school as well. Happily, strong influences of an opposite tendency are at work, of which the most important is the National Educational Association, in whose ranks and among whose officers college presidents, school superintendents, and kindergarten teachers are to be found working side by side for the advancement of a cause that they believe to be a common one. In many Western States other and potent forces are operating in the same direction; but in the East the existing situation, while improving, is by no means so favorable.

Attempts have been made, especially in Germany, but also by some excessively formal writers on education in the United States, to construct what they call a pedagogical psychology, the essence of which consists in fixing a time for the first appearance of mental powers or so-called "faculties," and in outlining the proper methods of instruction for the development of each. If this procedure is sound, then a really kind-hearted schoolmaster would substitute the game of Twenty Questions for language lessons, chess for mathematics, and billiards for drawing and manual training; because amusement would be increased and training not diminished thereby. On such a theory as that, too, the secondary school could cut itself off from the elementary school, and the college could cut itself off from the secondary school, by urging that it existed to train a "faculty" or "faculties" not yet existent, or developed at the age of attendance upon the institution of less advanced grade. But, happily, the assumption that the powers of the mind are pulled out from their hiding-places in orderly succession, like the parts of a telescope, is utterly without scientific warrant. The mental powers that are before the kindergarten for training are just those that are before the university teacher; they are weak, undeveloped, uncertain, but still the same. Allowance being made for immaturity of function, the methods of the kindergarten and the methods of the university are the same. The antagonism set up so often between disciplinary methods, deemed appropriate for the school and college, and research methods, to be confined to the university, is a pure fiction. Research means finding things out; and all education is just that. It was Goethe who said that the object of education is to transform problems into postulates; and the method of discovery on the part of the pupil—called in its higher stages research—is the only possible method by which good teaching can effect the desired transformation.

The college fetich is no longer Greek, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams claimed, but formalism. To break through its shell and lead teachers in higher institutions to the heart of the educational process is difficult and tedious. The dogma of formal discipline, and the demoralizing notion that character is strengthened by trampling under foot genuine human interests in order that a meaningless and distasteful gymnastic may be gone through with, are keeping hundreds of intelligent young men and young women out of the high schools and colleges to-day; and the same forces, where unchecked and unchallenged, are crushing the life out of elementary school work. Interest reaches deep down into the springs of will-action, and is