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MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

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Important contributions to geographic science are constantly being made through expeditions financed by funds set aside from the Society's income. For example, immediately after the terrific eruption of the world's largest crater, Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, a National Geographic Society expedition was sent to make observations of this remarkable phenomenon. So important was the completion of this work considered that four expeditions have followed and the extraordinary scientific data resultant given to the world. In this vicinity an eighth wonder of the world was discovered and explored—"The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a vast area of steaming, spouting fissures, evidently formed by nature as a huge safety-valve for erupting Katmai. By proclamation of the President of the United States, this area has been created a National Monument. The Society organized and supported a large party, which made a three-year study of Alaskan glacial fields, the most remarkable in existence. At an expense of over \$50,000 it has sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Inca race. The discoveries of these expeditions form a large share of the world's knowledge of a civilization which was waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru. Trained geologists were sent to Mt. Pelee, La Soufriere, and Messina following the eruptions and earthquakes. The Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the historic expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole April 6, 1909. Not long ago the Society granted \$20,000 to the Federal Government when the congressional appropriation for the purchase was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees of California were thereby saved for the American people and incorporated into a National Park.

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tions, trade will no doubt increase considerably, especially our export sales of such necessities as cloth, oil, glassware, tools, and perhaps firearms.

Moslem political power centered in Mecca, under a British protectorate, signifies the end of Islam's old policy of bigotry and exclusiveness. It may even banish forever the specter of a holy war in the Middle East, notwithstanding the Prophet's warning that "Paradise lies under the shadow of the Sword."

ARABIA'S LIFE A SEE-SAW

It is not easy to believe that the mighty Moslem faith will lose adherents because of the world war. But perchance the break-up of the Ottoman Empire and the passing of its hermit spirit will bring trade and the quickening influence of the Western World to these long somnolent regions.

"When Othman falls, Islam falls" is an old saying in the Levant. Certainly the founding of the new Arab State, under British control, marks the beginning of closer and more confidential re-

lations between Christian and Moslem nations; and it means a tremendous gain to civilization in Britain's increased prestige over Moslem peoples in India, Asiatic Russia, Persia, Egypt, and elsewhere.

Possibly the Moslems of the Russian, French, and British territories can even be gradually assimilated politically, to emerge eventually from this melting pot as citizens and loyal subjects first and good Moslems afterward.

The Koranic faith withstood a terrific blow in the loss of the Sultan's power and standing, and it is a most significant fact that, whether he resides at Cairo or Mecca, the new head of the faith will be under Christian British influence, and Arabia will be open to the trade and travel of all nations.

In the long ago Arabia conquered Egypt, Syria, and Persia, and the Om-miad dynasty spread the conquest from India to Spain. Till the twelfth century, Arab rule in the Orient was supreme, and art, literature, and science flourished.

Freed of the Turkish yoke, Arabia may rise again.

THE LAND OF THE STALKING DEATH *

A Journey Through Starving Armenia on an American Relief Train

BY MELVILLE CHATER

ASK the average American what he knows about the Transcaucasus, and he will probably draw from his boyhood memories the fact that it produced those blonde-haired beauties who used to be headline curiosities in dime museums. And if you particularize in Transcaucasian topography by asking "What do you know about Georgia?" it is ten to one that he will answer promptly, "Sherman marched through it."

And so, it was not without curiosity that I, as an average American, caught from a British transport's deck my first

glimpse of those mountain-ringed shores which the maps of one's childhood depicted as a pea-green isthmus lying between the Black and Caspian Seas.

Everyone was on deck for the night—British Tommies and their officers, the little Mongol-faced Ghurkas, the tall and dignified Sikhs, the gray-clad nursing sisters—and even the Punjabi cooks in our fore hatchway ceased work on the flour-and-water cakes, which they had been baking incessantly for four days, and shaded their eyes toward the wide, squat port of Batum, with its foreground of British warcraft and its sky-line where the pear-shaped church domes of Russian civilization spired upward.

*For a map of the territory described by Mr. Chater in this article, see page 374.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TIFLIS, THE GAY CAPITAL OF THE NEW GEORGIAN REPUBLIC, FROM THE SLOPES OF MOUNT PLOSKAYA, UPON WHICH THE INHABITANTS PASS THE HOT NIGHTS OF SUMMER

This city of Transcaucasia presents many aspects of a modern metropolis of the West. Along its main business thoroughfare, the Golovinsky Prospekt, are restaurants, cafés, jewelry and art shops, a magnificent opera house, and an impressive viceregent's palace.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TROOP TRAINS: ONE FILLED WITH GEORGIANS, THE OTHER WITH RUSSIANS, ON THE RAILWAY TO TELAV, 35 MILES FROM TIFLIS

"At the Bolshevik revolution the Russian army of Caucasia flung down its arms and went home" (see text, page 397). As these trains passed, bitter denunciations were exchanged and swords were bared, but there was no bloodshed. Tcherkesoff, a gentle Georgian anarchist, took this occasion to deliver a philippic against the retreating Russians, and, strangely enough, the latter listened to his condemnation with much interest and agreed among themselves, "The little old gentleman is right; we ought to go on fighting."



Photograph by Melville Chater

ARMENIAN REFUGEES CARDING WOOL IN TIFLIS

It is not necessary to carry work to the refugees. They flock to the place where some honest task can win them food. The demoralization of Russian industry and transportation has made homespun the only available cloth in the Caucasus, and American charity serves the well-to-do while it saves the starving.

Out went the Black Sea's raw wind, like an extinguished candle, and over us crept a soft, warm land-breath, heavy with springtide, from the base of snow-capped mountains. And hardly were we trudging off over Batum's waterside ways—cobbed in high relief like Spotless Town, in the Country of Advertismenia—when the dingy scene burst into brilliant patches of blue and yellow, where February's violets were hawked for sale and mimosa trees drooped, heavy with bloom and scent—a sight to stun seaweary eyes, and to make one believe again in long-lost miracles.

I visited the British base-commander and mentioned Tiflis and a first-class carriage.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the B. C. "Wish I could wave a wand and produce such a thing! Try the American flour-train that's moving out tonight. And here's an order for three days' rations. One never knows, you know."

And so I climbed aboard a stumpy little

living-car, hitched midway on a long freight train, to be welcomed by a genial-faced American doctor, who was *en route* to gather data for one of the various relief commissions at home.

The B. C.'s warning that "one never knows" was well founded. As we lounged lethargically over the distance that required but sixteen hours from Batum to Tiflis in peace time, days passed uncounted, and the engineer held us up while he dropped off at various towns to spend the night with friends; and dogs snoozed and cats kittenened under our car between the rails during lengthy waits on sidings.

Though we had American flour aboard, a British guard, Russian-built cars, an Armenian cook, and a Georgian engineer, we were not sufficiently polyglot to read the station signs, all of which had been changed from Russian lettering to that of Georgia's own peculiar alphabet. Yet the red flags which presently sprouted all along the line apprised us that we were



Photograph by Melville Chater

GOLOVINSKY PROSPEKT, TIFLIS, SHOWING THE GARRISON CATHEDRAL

This famous street is the Fifth Avenue of the Georgian capital. The building on the right is the First High School, and beyond the Cathedral, with its massive dome, is the building which was formerly the palace of the Viceroy of the Caucasus. After the revolution this building became the capitol of the Transcaucasian Republic.

traveling on the anniversary of the Russian revolution, and hence of Georgia's second birthday as a republic.

"EVERYBODY'S PLAYING DOLLS'-HOUSE"

As to what had been happening of late in the Transcaucasus, we were both quite ignorant until a friendly British boarding officer dropped in for the distance of a few stations and chatted with us over bully beef and tea.

"Everybody's playing dolls'-house in the Transcaucasus," he said. "There are five post-revolutionary republics up to the present, the three main ones being Georgia to the west, Erivan of the Armenians, which is centrally situated, and Azerbaijan, the Tatar State, on the east. This arrangement gives Georgia the Black Sea littoral, Azerbaijan the Caspian littoral, and the Armenians no sea-coast at all.

"The republic-forming business was made possible, of course, by Russia's smash-up. Though the three States have

formed what they call the Transcaucasian Commission, it hasn't been very successful on account of jealousies, boundary disputes, and that sort of thing. The Georgians backed the wrong horse; that is to say, they expressed their willingness to continue statehood under German protection, when the Boche troops entered at Batum. The Tatars, being Moslem, not only welcomed Turkey's 40,000 soldiers when they marched up from Asia Minor into Azerbaijan, but actually supplied troops to their army.

"At the Bolshevik revolution the Russian army of the Transcaucasus had flung down its arms and gone home, so there wasn't any one left to stop the Boche and Turk from having their way.

"The Erivan Republic—the Armenians, you know—refused to join hands with the Central Powers and held out pluckily with a small force until the Turks had driven them to within six miles of their capital. Just about that time Bulgaria sued for peace, and within the next few



THE HANDSOME THOROUGHFARE IN TIFLIS WHICH BEARS THE NAME OF RUSSIA'S
GREAT POET, PUSHKIN

Just beyond the caravansary to the left is a large bust of the famous author of "The Prisoner in the Caucasus" and of many other works which are greatly loved by the Georgians and Armenians as well as the Russian residents in the Caucasus.



Photographs by Melville Chater

THE CARAVANSARY OF TIFLIS, HUB OF THE CAUCASUS

This fine building no longer serves the purpose of a resting place for the slow-paced caravan. In front of the huge building most of the electric trolleys of Tiflis now stop. The ornate equipage in the foreground is a Georgian hearse.

weeks the British entered the Transcaucasus at Baku, the Germans cleared out, and Turkey threw up the sponge.

MORE THAN A HUNDRED DIFFERENT
PEOPLES IN THIS REGION

"Since then we've been doing a kind of police job here, while the Peace Table—heaven help it!—decides. What with a hundred and twenty different peoples, or tribes, in the Transcaucasus, it's even worse than the Balkans.

"Meanwhile the country's flooded with a billion and a half of paper rubles, issued jointly by the States. The Georgians kept most of it. They're great spenders, and just go on turning out more paper money as it's needed. Their Treasury Department is officially known as the Bureau of Public Printing, and when recently they ran out of printing ink, they applied to us for a loan of two thousand British pounds, so as to go off somewhere and buy more. Cool, eh?

"All three States are doing a lively customs business, there being a baggage inspection at each of the frontiers, which keeps a civilian passenger pretty busy turning out his traps every hundred miles or so.

"Through railroad traffic is almost impossible because of squabbles over the rolling stock. When freight cars arrive from Erivan, the Georgians paint out the Armenian lettering and stencil on their own. And, of course, the Armenians are busy at the same game with Georgian freight cars at their end of the line. Yes, I'd say that the life-blood of the Transcaucasian republics consists of printing ink and paint.

HOW TWELVE BRITISH SOLDIERS BROUGHT
PEACE

"Then there was their little postscript war last December. The Georgians and Armenians fell at loggerheads over some boundary dispute, and the latter were getting the best of it. Well, one day an officer of ours, with a dozen or so Tommies, comes along to where the two armies lay on either side of the railroad, about to go at it again. The officer chap jumps in between the opposing forces and makes a bit of a speech from the railroad ties.

"'Commanders of the Georgian and Armenian Armies in being,' he says, 'since you can't carry on without killing some of His Majesty's forces, I propose an armistice.'

"So the British army of twelve sat down to its tea, in between the firing lines, while terms were concluded. And now we are occupying the disputed region, in trust, as it were, and the two republics have called off the dogs of war. Peace reigns in Georgia."

Hardly had our friend uttered these words when the brakes began grinding, the train came to a stop, and a fusillade of musketry rang out in the near-by town.

"Comparative peace—I beg your pardon," added the boarding officer with a smile. "Firearms are as necessary to a Georgian's happiness as dolls are to little girls. They must be always shooting, if it's only among themselves. Today's their Red Anniversary, you know, and I suppose that what we hear is the result of a vodka party."

Five minutes later there climbed aboard a rather scared looking Georgian official. He sought out the British colonel commanding our train and appealed to him for assistance against the crowd of Georgian convivialists who were shooting up the countryside.

"LEND US A BRITAIN THOMAS!"

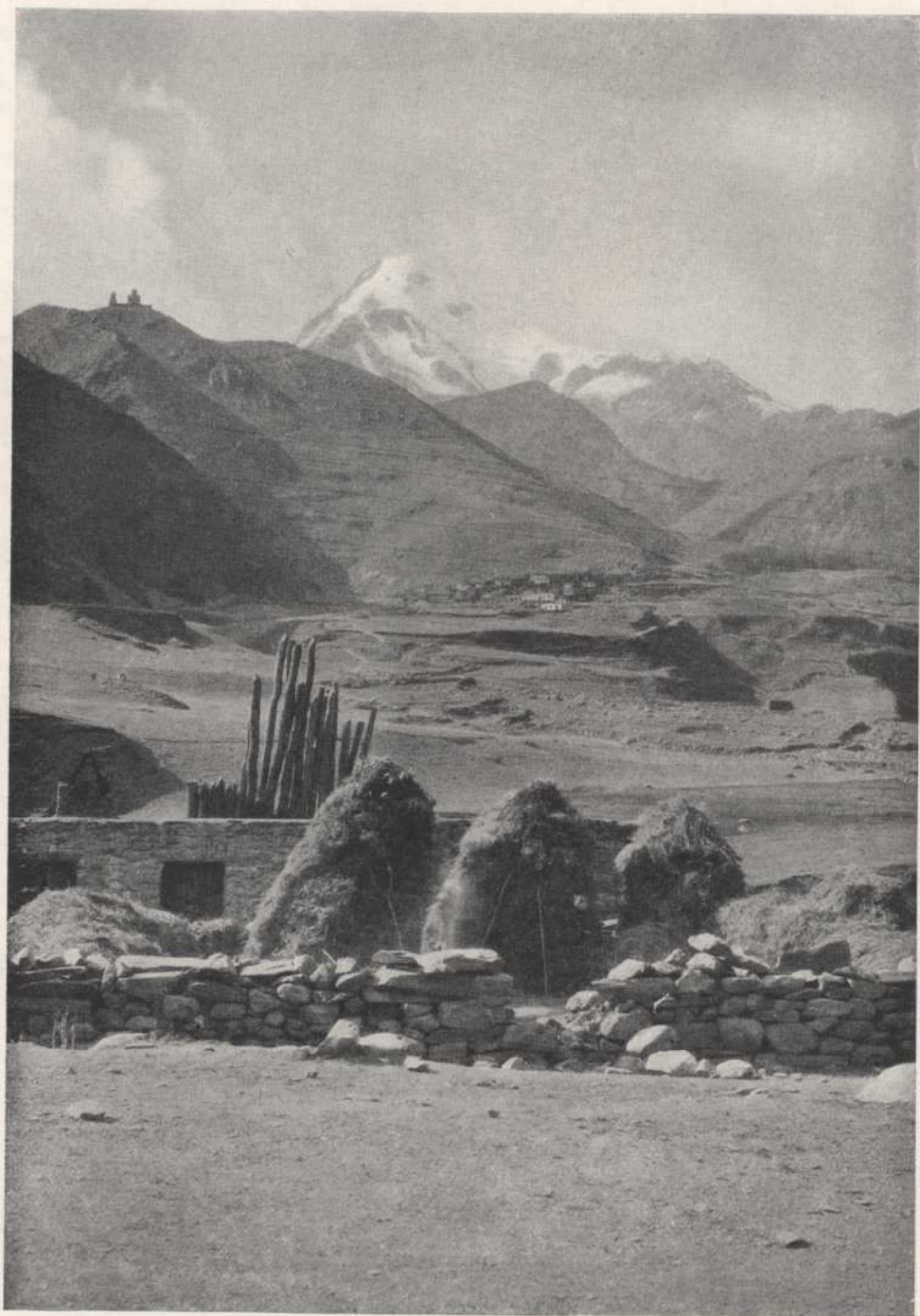
"Is it war, or mere joy?" coldly inquired the colonel, who knew the Georgian temperament."

"It is—revolutionary enthusiasm," responded the official, speaking in broken English. "If you have a Thomas—a Great Britain Thomas or so to lend us"—

"'Fraid not," said the colonel. "I have just four men with me."

"It is enough!" exclaimed the official joyfully. "The Great Britain Thomas is much respected by my countrymen."

"So sorry!" And the colonel brought the interview to a close. To us he remarked after the official's withdrawal, "They obstruct us, shoot our sentries in the back, actually rob 'em of their uniforms when they catch them alone; and yet at the first signs of disturbance they call upon the Great Britain Thomas to restore order."



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT KASBEK, ONE OF THE HIGHEST SUMMITS OF
THE CAUCASUS

The village in the middle distance is Gergeti. On the hill to the left may be seen the ruins of the church of Tzminda-Sameba, which is the favorite lookout for a marvelous sunrise view.

The Pontic Mountains' snow peaks dwindled away behind us; we crossed the fertile plains where lay Kutais, the ancient Colchis, reminiscent of Greek colonization and of the fabled Argonauts; we passed sandy and sterile tracts, where rock-hewn caverns in the overhanging heights represented the long-emptied cells of medieval monasticism; and at last one evening we slid down into an encircling cup of hills wherein glimmered the outstretched lights of Tiflis.

TIFLIS A CITY OF SURPRISES

Though one has penetrated fairly far into the East at Tiflis, if one expects vistas of caravans, camels, and Rebekahs-at-the-well, he will suffer disillusionment in his first impressions. The Golovinsky Prospekt, which runs through the heart of the Georgian capital, is as handsome a bit of modern metropolitanism as can be found anywhere. With its restaurants and cafés, its jewelers, art shops and opera, its vice-regal palace—now ousted of the Romanoff dynasty's last grand ducal viceregent, and flying the Georgian republic's black and cerise flag—the Prospekt, especially when seen in the lounging hour, is undeniably *chic*.

Here stroll Russians, Georgians, Armenians, and the representatives of a score of mountain tribes who have business in the new capital. There is a splendor of uniforms and of side-arms, the Caucasian national costume dominating the picture. A very long, swagger overgarment of brown or gray, padded square at the shoulders, with wasp-like waist, and descending as a smartly flared skirt—this, together with high, heel-less boots, a square astrakhan cap, a clanking sword, two magnificently chased daggers, a brace of pistols, and sixteen fountain-pens strung across his chest represents what I would term the picturesque scenery worn by your typical Georgian in war, in peace, and in the bosom of his countrymen.

What I have called fountain-pens turned out to be more weapons—hollow tubes, anciently designed to contain powder and shot.

One looks at these magnificently accoutered swaggerers, with their stiff mustaches and close-shaven skulls, and thinks

of comic opera and of the dear old Kingdom of Zenda; also one trembles for the League of Nations, fearing that the Georgian will never consent to a reduction of his armament.

WHERE EVERY ONE WEARS A UNIFORM

Mere militarism has no mortgage on uniforms at Tiflis. Everybody wears one, including school children and their teachers, according to Russian custom; and hundreds upon hundreds of civilians are thus attired because, clothes being scarce and expensive, they prefer buying some officer's cast-off outfit.

I had almost overlooked the presence of the British uniform along the Prospekt; and perhaps that is because the British, being in occupation, comport themselves so quietly. Compared to the arsenal-carrying Georgian, the British officer, with his little swagger stick, is an exemplification of that "invisible force" principle which makes one believe in the League of Nations.

The Tommy, too, is seen everywhere, having adapted himself to the ways and speech of the Georgian, after his own peculiar method.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION IN GEORGIA

The Doctor and I were puzzled by one Tommy who stood on the street corner with a Georgian soldier, carrying on what seemed to be fluent conversation. We afterward questioned him about it.

"You don't speak Georgian?" asked the Doctor.

"No, sir," answered Tommy.

"And that Georgian doesn't understand English?"

"No, sir."

We stared at each other.

"How on earth, then, do you manage it?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, you see it's this way, sir," replied Thomas with the utmost solemnity. "One of these 'ere foreign chaps 'll come up and say to me, 'Nitchyvilla, nitchyvilla?' And I'll say to 'im, 'Don't mind if I *do* 'ave one.' And then maybe 'ee 'll say to me 'Bittsky-ittsky, boo!' And then I biffs 'im one on the jaw."

"But why?" I asked. "Why knock him down?"

"Because, sir," answered Thomas with



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

MOUNT ARARAT IS THE HOARY SUMMIT LOOKING DOWN UPON THIS STRATEGIC RAILWAY

This picture was taken when the Russians were retreating from the Caucasus front, thus giving over the Armenians, who had formed their conquering vanguard, to the cruelty of the Turks.

simplicity, "for all I know, sir, 'ee may be making insulting remarks about me."

HOW THE GEORGIAN ENTERTAINS

I have mentioned the "lounging hour." In fact, there are some sixteen of these to the Georgian's day, and perhaps it would be simpler to speak of *the* working hour. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, down go the steel lattices which guard the shop windows—windows which present to your amazed glance a fifth-year war stock of champagne, liqueurs, and articles de luxe of every kind; then Tiflis resumes its national pastime of *joie de vivre* until 6 o'clock of the following morning; for that is the hour when the Georgians' all-night parties break up—break up, I mean, with a crash of china and with shots exchanged across the table.

The Georgian is renowned for his hospitality. His customary greeting is,

"While in Tiflis you will consider my home yours"—an offer which was tendered us so regularly that we suffered, I may almost say, from an embarrassment of homes.

The Georgian dinner-party, a mighty matter of courses and wines, begins at 2.30 in the afternoon and lasts until 5. Then there will be a dance in the evening, refreshments commencing at 9 o'clock and continuing between dance-numbers until the company reels homeward in the dawn.

Occasionally the floor is cleared for a dagger-dance, a picturesque and barbaric business performed to a rhythmic accompaniment of hand-clapping by some tall, beskirted native, who prances murderously about with from five to seven daggers held between his teeth.

The Georgian public function is a superb affair of uniforms, healths drunk, huzzahs, celebrities carried shoulder-



Photograph by Melville Chater

A FAMILY OF YEZIDI REFUGEES STEALING A RIDE ON AN AMERICAN RELIEF TRAIN

Rumor and hunger conspire to keep the refugees of the Transcaucasus in motion. Many of the people have nothing to leave behind, and the report that food can be had at some remote place starts a melancholy migration for bread. Neither the Moslems nor the Christians have harmed the Yezidis, but famine is no respecter of persons or religions.

high about the room, and a chorus of liveried trumpeters who sound fanfares at the close of every toast. Once again one realizes that, though the Georgians have gone red republican, Zenda's dear old comic-opera kingdom still lies deep in their hearts.

THE GEORGIAN IS ENJOYING A BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

In short, the Georgian has absorbed all that was worst in the luxurious Russian civilization, under which he lived from the conquest of the Transcaucasus in 1801 to the downfall of Tsardom. Of earlier influences, the Persian is betrayed in his national costumes and in his arts, which have been completely obliterated by the Turks. He and his language alike are unclassifiable. They originated too far back of that respectably remote past when Tiflis was already a caravan center, linking East and West.

Whencever he came, the Georgian is

of an ancient race, and embodies all of an ancient race's charm, together with its tendency toward degeneration. The Georgian nobility is a byword, resting upon a feudalism which endured so long as to become an anachronism and a decay.

What with an incredibly fertile soil of pasture land and vineyards, exhaustless manganese mines, and an enriching tithe system, the Georgian noble sank into a sloth from which his present-day descendants have never risen, and which left them an easy prey to Russian upper-class luxury. Just now, drunk with the heady wine of sudden liberty, they are enjoying what looks to the outsider very much like a Belshazzar's feast.

SUCCORING 20,000 ARMENIANS IN TIFLIS

Mix solely with the Georgians and you would never realize that, huddled in Tiflis' back streets, there are some 20,000 Armenian refugees who are being cared for by the American Committee. These



Photograph by Melville Chater

"PLEASE, MISTER, LET US RIDE!"

This brother and sister, orphans, were begging for a train-ride to some other town, where there might be bread.

have been receiving about seven ounces of bread a day per head and are given the opportunity of gaining a living wage in the Committee's weaving factory. There one sees them at loom, compress, and vat, working the Georgian wool into an excellent fabric, which is put on sale at moderate prices.

One also sees the Committee's splendid work among the Armenian orphans, of whom there are some 4,000 at Tiflis. These, housed in donated residences and

unused school buildings, attend class daily, cultivate vegetable gardens, and even carry on in playtime their people's tradition of industry. It is a droll and pathetic sight to watch little boys and girls, each with a ball of wool and a set of needles, moving in and out amid scenes of leap-frog and dolls'-house, knitting their own socks.

Having remained long enough at Tiflis to watch the unloading and distribution of several cars of flour, the American

physician and I entrained again and were soon passing through magnificent mountain scenery fairly Alpine in character—snow peaks far overhead, and herds agaze in the green lowlands, where the yellow *loriki* shrub blazed along the banks of muddy torrents.

Halting at a mountain village, where tall herdsmen in fleece-lined jackets and disheveled, mop-like headgear turned aside from their shaggy flocks to stare at our American khaki, we discovered that we were in the disputed zone between Georgia and Armenia.

Notwithstanding a posted proclamation which forbade the carrying of firearms, our Georgian engine-driver virtually put a pistol to our heads by refusing to go further until three hundred rubles were paid him. Now, engine-drivers are hardly as common as snowballs in the Bambak Defile, and some American officials in a carriage ahead of ours weakly produced the required sum.

CURBING THE CUPIDITY OF A GEORGIAN BLACKMAILER

I strolled out on the platform and shook hands with a pink-cheeked British youngster, who, assisted by a handful of Sikh troops, was "keeping the line clear," as he expressed it, in those distant and dubious regions.

"How do you do?" said the youngster politely. "Engine running all right, I hope?"

"It ought to," I replied. "We've just greased the driver with three hundred rubles."

"Ye gods!" ejaculated the youngster, and was off like a cracked whip. Before you knew it, he had confronted the wretched blackmailer with accusers, had reimbursed our party from the man's pockets, and was giving certain orders to a couple of his Sikhs. The Americans, apprehending future trouble, were willing to waive the money. Not so the youthful Britisher.

"Sorry!" he said, with polite firmness. "But I can't, you know. No difficulties ahead, I assure you. Armed guard, a couple of bayonets at the fellow's back—really very simple, you know."

And that is how it was done. As we rolled off, answering the salute of that

rosy-cheeked youngster—the only European in those troublesome mountain-ringed regions—a certain admiration which possessed us was given voice by some one who remarked thoughtfully, "And of such is the British Empire!"

THE TRAGIC-FACED CHORUS

From time to time an extra box-car was hitched on behind us and filled with the refugees, who wandered aimlessly about the station platforms. They were mere remnants of families—a woman who had lost her children, a husband who had lost his wife, a little boy who had nobody in the world and who wept to be taken along with us—anywhere, away from starvation—for all were emaciated, and showed frightened eyes that seemed to stare flinchingly at Famine's stalking specter.

"Where, sir? They're going nowhere in particular, sir," answered the British soldier whom I questioned. "They just travel up and down the line, day after day, looking for a town where maybe there'll be bread. Ah, *maybe!* They sleep and die on station platforms or else in the trains; and so it goes, week after week. But I'm thinking, sir, that they never find that town where there's bread."

Meanwhile the snowy peaks overhead, aglow in the sunset, lent their serene background and the mountain torrents their music to set off that ragged, tragic-faced chorus which wandered up and down their set scene—the gray, institutional-looking exterior of a Russian railway station.

Next morning we were across the border in Karakillissé, a mountain town which contained with its environs some ten thousand Armenian refugees. Here famine conditions had obtained for six months and, as elsewhere, the Turkish troops had left the place as bare as a picked bone. There was no flour, no seed, not an agricultural tool—nothing but Destitution, whose bony hand had laid blight everywhere.

The straggling streets showed boarded-up shops and masses of burlap-clothed wretches, who pressed about us with tears and prayers and outstretched hands. The local bake-shop contained a heap of flour, about the size of a child's sand pile, while near by stood a man with scales and



STARVING WOMEN IN THE TOWN OF IGDİR

"They will be dead in two days," the American Committee manager told the author. In cold Armenia there is no such ghastly exposure of protruding ribs and shrunken bodies as famine produces in India. Old women like these die of exposure and malnutrition before starvation marks their bodies enough to awaken sympathetic aid.



Photographs by Melville Chater

BEGGING FOR BREAD AS THE AMERICAN RELIEF TRAIN ARRIVES AT AN ARMENIAN STATION

Among the Armenian refugees are women who have a proud past and who are driven to beggary by indescribable conditions.

stone weights, offering withered apples for sale. The American Committee had distributed 85 tons of rice and flour in three weeks—a mere sop to starvation's maw.

The daily deaths totalled thirty, of which one-third were children. Herb-eating had bloated many of the faces that surged about us—faces so distorted as to express their hope of us with a ghastly semblance of ludicrousness.

"Bread, bread, bread!"

That low, moaning monotone, rising and falling like the sound of waves which search the arid shore, only to fall weakly back on themselves, pursued us through the streets and far out into the fields. And we left starvation's host gazing tragically after us, as men regard some passing vessel which skirts the barren island where they are marooned with death.

A CITY OF HARROWING SILENCE

That night we passed the mountains' summit through the blinding smoke of wind-swept snow drifts, and by next morning we had regained springtime's balm and verdure in the valley at Alexandropol.

Before the flour-unloading began—in deed, before we were up—there were children about our car, attracted by the American flag which it flew. They were searching the ground with the spell-bound preoccupation of some one who has lost something infinitely small and precious. I say children, but I really mean wizened and ancient dwarfs, with wrinkled foreheads and those downward cheek creases which deepen when one smiles. Not that they were smiling, however; they had forgotten the way of that, long ago.

Occasionally I saw them stoop, reclaim something, and masticate. Presently the doctor came in, looking decidedly bad-tempered. I asked, "What are those children eating?"

"Candle grease," he answered gruffly.

"Where's that extra loaf of bread?"

Alexandropol is a blasted town (the handiwork of the Turk upon retreating), with streets like the Slough of Despond; low, flat houses; long lines of sackclothed people sitting, lying, dozing, and dying, all in the spring sunlight; not a laborer at

work, not a wheel turning save those of the wretched droshky which we commandeered.

Utter silence brooded over Alexandropol—a silence profound and sinister, as if the whole town were muffled out of respect for continuous burial. We found no violence, no disorder. The people showed the gentle somnolence of lotus-eaters, as they sat there in the long sun-bathed streets, feeding on hope.

HUMANITY MASSED LIKE BEES IN SWARMING TIME

Refugees whose numbers had grown in six weeks from 26,000 to 50,000, and in ten days from 50,000 to 58,000, filled the Russian barracks, where they were massed like bees in swarming time. As we walked through those dark, cell-like rooms of shattered windows and smoked ceilings, not a bed or chair was to be seen, but only groups of wretched humanity, huddled together on their common bed of dank flagstones.

Through the dimness we could see a multitude of hands stretched despairingly forth, and again that low drone of "Bread, bread, bread!" shook us as we passed. Those who were strong enough stumbled up and followed us out into the sunlight—an unforgettable throng of waxen faces and of wasted bodies that streamed with rags. To them we must have seemed as the bright god Baldur seemed to the damned spirits among whom he passed in dun Hela's realm.

"They are dying at a rate of from two hundred to two hundred fifty a day," said the manager of the American Committee, who had accompanied us thither. "Sometimes in merely passing between my house and my office I have counted fifteen bodies lying in the street. Our present stocks do not permit us to distribute more than from three and one-half to seven ounces of flour and less than two ounces of rice a day per person. As you will find everywhere throughout this country, the Turks swept Alexandropol bare when retiring.

A DAUGHTER IN EXCHANGE FOR A SACK OF FLOUR

"Over there runs the Arpa-Tchai, and beyond it lies the territory of the Tatars,



Photograph by Melville Chater

A SINGLE DAY'S RESCUE AT ERIVAN

Every bit of relief-work goes to aid some other bit. The task that provides a starving woman with honest bread provides a covering for these children.

who sided with the Turks and against the Armenians, and who were therefore left in comparative plenty. They even have seed grain, as you can tell by those distant patches of cultivation. The other night I met a young Armenian girl, accompanied by her parents, trudging to the river's edge. Presently the latter came back with a sack of Tatar flour instead of a daughter. The thing is not uncommon and is done by mutual consent. The girl is glad to eat her Tatar lord's food; the parents are glad to have saved her and themselves from starvation." . . .

ERIVAN, ARMENIA'S CAPITAL

Another day, and we had reached Erivan, the capital of Armenia's provisional republic and an inconceivable contrast to the Georgian government seat at Tiflis. At Erivan one finds no spacious prospekt nor viceregal palace, no smart shops, Russian opera, nor gay night life. To behold misery in Tiflis, one must search it out. In Erivan one cannot escape it.

This poor, straggling, dingy city of the plains, whose government offices suggest some hastily extemporized election head-

quarters and whose parliament chamber is rigged up with benches and cheese-cloth in the auditorium of the second-class theater, boasts of but one beauty, and that—to speak in paradox—is forty miles away; for, in whatever quarter of Erivan you may be, lift your glance and great Ararat of eternal snows is seen brooding distantly over the mean streets with his aspect of majestic calm. He is the Armenian's Olympus, or rather say, the Sinai of a race which has known bondage and wilderness-wandering, and for centuries a people's imagination has turned toward him.

The little Erivan republic which centers about Ararat contains within its present limits less than 1,500 square miles—only one-half of which area is capable of high productivity—two hundred miles of railroad, and about two million people. It has been the center of refuge for Turkish Armenians ever since the massacre of 1915, and between 200,000 and 300,000 of them are camped within its borders.

As for the city itself, its former population of 40,000 has been doubled by this influx. There starvation and typhus have



Photograph by Melville Chater

ARMENIAN ORPHANS AT ALEXANDROPOL: THEY RECEIVE ONE-HALF POUND OF BREAD AND A LUMP OF SUGAR PER DAY

Alexandropol was once a famous frontier post. It is the junction point for the railway line to Persia and the Kars branch, over which the Armenians fled from Erzerum.

claimed their toll of 9,000, the death rate fluctuating between fifty and eighty a day.

There are eighty food stations scattered throughout the Erivan republic, distributing those tiny doles that represent Armenia's portion of the five thousand tons of American Committee flour which had entered the Transcaucasus up to March 1.

When one learns that this famine-and-plague-swept country has but forty-two physicians, only a scant hundred of women whom we would classify as nurses' assistants, and practically no medical supplies, one is not surprised to hear of outlying villages which have lost half of their population in ten days.

CHILDREN IN THE WEAVING SHOPS

Though the doctor and I were here to observe the worst phases of the situation, each of us waited for the other to suggest a trip to the Igdır region, where we were told starvation was most acute. Meanwhile we spent some few days in

frequenting the American Committee's workshops, where men and women weave cloth from Georgian wool or build the looms for this purpose, and where mere children of fourteen are seen at their apprenticeships of clothes-cutting, shoe-making, brazieri, and rug-weaving.

They were but refugees, these serious-eyed workers, whose families had been massacred, whose homes had been burned, and who had emerged from such horrors as have come to no other nation in the war; yet here they were, already at the tasks which would rehabilitate the Armenian nation of tomorrow.

The pig-tailed little girls who bent in pairs over the rug-weaving, their people's ancient art, replying shyly to questions which proved them to be survivors of the great massacres of 1915, were indeed a type of Armenia's fortitude which is even now building her up from the blood-soaked dust.

Toward that end of town where the refugees sleep ten on a floor, in mere cel-



Photograph by Melville Chater

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW LIE PEACE AND PLENTY

Orphan refugees, who are hoping to reach some town where there is bread. These were the children who ate the candle-grease drippings alongside the Relief Committee car, in a land which is naturally fertile (see text, page 407).

lars, through the darkness of which old women are seen, Norn-like, spinning the weavers' thread, there are two market-places, the Bazaar of the Living and the Bazaar of the Dead. Under the high arches of the former may be seen those happy souls who, with a few precious paper rubles in hand (for one no longer thinks in mere kopecks in the Transcaucasus), may buy, per Russian pound of 14½ ounces, black bread for 28 cents, potatoes or unpolished rice for 50 cents, raisins or edible seed for 75 cents, or who

may have his shoes soled and heeled for \$6.25. But, in fact, the wearing of shoes would be dangerous, since one might well be murdered and robbed for that which brings nigh to one hundred dollars. And, anyway, the refugees do very well by wrapping their feet in bits of rotten carpet.

SELLING THE BELONGINGS OF THEIR DEAD

Behind this market stands the second bazaar, merely a sun-scorched acre of dirt, recognizably Eastern by reason of



Photograph by Melville Chater

REFUGEE BURIAL GROUND OUTSIDE ETCHMIADZIN

The name of this town means "The only begotten Son is descended," and the Armenian legend has it that here Christ appeared to Gregory the Illuminator in the year 303. Today the whole Erivan plain has become one vast burial ground, whose sanctity is not respected by the hunger-crazed people.

the mud-walled, turf-roofed huts which fringe its verge, and by the laden camels which stalk past, with their haughty and fatuous glance. Here it is that the dying come to sell the goods of their dead.

Penetrate the tattered throng that revolves unceasingly in its quest of purchasers and you recognize the husband selling his wife's head-dress, the wife selling her husband's coat, the son his

sister's earring. Here a man displays the cheap lamp that once lit those of his household who are now gone down into darkness. There a woman carries the quilt upon which her baby died. Yonder a tottering graybeard holds in his one hand a woman's woven belt and in the other a man's watch.

Thus, laden with mementoes of broken homes and of dear dead ones, these ema-



Photograph by Melville Chater

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD"

At Igdir, Armenian children eating their dole of boiled rice supplied by the American Committee. When others are forced to cannibalism, even this simple fare comes as a God-send.

ciated creatures pass by, silent as funeral mutes, profoundly unsolicitous; for though starvation may bring a man to dispose of his wife's burial clothes, he will not cry them for sale.

GAUNT TRAGEDY IN A CELLAR

Half a loaf of black bread will purchase yonder scarf, together with the owner's story, yet he will display no emotion as he parts with this last loved souve-

nir. One must eat, it seems, even that one may have tears to weep.

Up goes a sudden childish wail, which leads us to one of those dank cellars, the scene of an hourly common tragedy. Here on the stones, with two babies at her one side and a screaming ten-year old at her other, lies a stark, staring-eyed woman, dead amid these remnants of the household which she strove to preserve. Perhaps she will be found and buried—



Photograph by Melville Chater

ARMENIAN CHILDREN WEAVING RUGS IN THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE SHOPS AT
ERIVAN

One aim of relief-work is to find some way of saving the self-respect of those who have lost all else, and honest labor does more to engender self-respect than does lavish, but misguided, charity.

in time. In time, too, the girl will pick up one child, lead the other, and go forth into the streets to beg. Their best possible future is that they may be found and passed through starvation's clearing-house to some orphanage.

In that dreadful, sun-baked quadrangle, which is surrounded by sleeping barracks containing not one chair, table, or bed, are herded some five hundred children, boys and girls, of from six to twelve years of age. It is doubly a clearing-house, since each morning an ox-cart carries off half a dozen of them for burial.

Here they sit on the earth, bowed like old men and women, or crawl off to die alone. I counted six dead, lying unnoticed in corners, like so many rats. Another two or three lay with arms and legs wide-stretched, still gasping faintly. Yet none of the central throng showed the least concern, and there was even a group of them squatting over some game

with pebbles, a dead child or two lying on the edge of their circle.

Most of them are too weak to eat their little daily doles of bread, yet still their cry for it goes up, and one often sees a dead child lying with both hands sheltering a crust at his breast.

Somehow a memory of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and of that exquisite scene, "The Land of the Unborn," came into my mind; and then I no longer saw that hideous ox-cart, whose driver went about, shaking recumbent children to learn if they were dead or not; for I knew that Father Time was somewhere near, with his great golden boat, to ferry these tired little kiddies away for a long sleep in an enchanted land—that of the unborn—where they would awaken to play and romp, while biding their turn to be ferried back earthward to their new mothers' arms.

The doctor and I hardly exchanged a phrase over those unforgettable sights at



Photograph by Melville Chater

SEEKING WHAT WARMTH THE SUN CAN GIVE

Alexandropol, whose people are dying at a rate of 200 to 250 a day, is almost a mile above sea-level. Refugees are forced to sleep in the open, and their weakened bodies eventually give up the fight for life. Note the snow on the hillsides, indicative of the bitter nights, for the variation between the warmth of noonday and the marrow-chilling cold of the darkness is unusually great at such a high altitude.

Erivan. From a free discussion of topics our relations had somehow changed to a rigid silence; and whenever we did speak, it only augmented a certain undercurrent of mutual irritation.

TO IGDIR THROUGH 40 MILES OF
DESOLATION

A war-battered motor of American body, Russian tires, and second-hand parts from every country in the world jounced us to Igdir, across forty miles of flat country, throughout which mud-hut villages clustered and old trenches scored the plain, while Ararat loomed ever ahead, more dazzlingly white and sky-filling, as morning turned to noontide. Cutting his right shoulder, a faint line betrayed the cleft through which the great hordes of refugees had filed in their flight from Turkish Armenia during the massacres of 1915.

Three times in as many years have masses of these 300,000 people crossed

and recrossed the mountains, advancing and retreating, as Russia threw the Turkish armies back or withdrew before them. In 1916 the refugees were even repatriated long enough to sow the soil, but not to reap the crops, which were abandoned to the enemy. Finally, at Bolshevism's outbreak, the disorganized Russian troops went home, leaving the Transcaucasus undefended. Of its main peoples, the Georgians welcomed the Germans, while the Tatars were coreligionists with the Turks; wherefore the latter's despoliations were directed solely against the Armenians.

The country through which we were passing revealed neither sowed acres nor cattle, nor sheep at graze; for seed, agricultural implements, and all else had been swept away by the enemy.

Once the Arax River was passed, however, one could recognize the Tatar villages by the presence of field animals and husbandry. Still farther on, the popula-



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THREE ARMENIAN ORPHANS WORKING UNDER THE DIRECTION OF AN AMERICAN
RELIEF COMMITTEE

This view shows the Armenian method of sawing lumber. The production of fifty boards is a good day's work for two men.

tion became preponderantly Armenian once more. And now, across the wide plains which must lie tragically idle through these, the fleet, precious hours of sowing, everywhere we beheld women astoop, in the attitude of those who fill Millet's canvas, "The Gleaners." Had another Millet been there to study those emaciated figures and downcast, painfully searching faces, he could have touched

the world's heart with a second masterpiece, called "The Root Diggers."

"WE ARE DYING, ALL DYING"

Suddenly an Armenian came dashing across the fields, to bar our passage—his face wild, his voice shrill with anguish. But he was not seeking protection from pursuing Tatars, as I had thought. He had seen American uniforms in our car—



Photograph by Melville Chater

A BULLOCK TRAIN LADEN WITH AMERICAN FLOUR GOING TO THE RESCUE

The slow progress of these plodding cattle makes little difference, for with swifter methods the relief stores would be exhausted before more aid could come.

the first promise of hope which had passed through that desolate section in many weeks—and he was telling us of the many refugees who lived over there, among that cluster of war-demolished mud huts, starving in this wilderness.

"We are dying, all dying!" he reiterated in a kind of delirium. And, though we told him we had not bread, it became necessary to remove him from the road, where he had thrown himself face downward under the car's wheels to prevent our departure.

Another, and a happier figure, was that of an old woman who hobbled up with a bright smile on her face to show us that day's bonanza—a miserable apronful of the roots which would keep her three motherless grandchildren alive for twenty-four hours more. Indeed, watch those painfully scrutinizing diggers, and the way they flock from spot to spot whenever some luxurious patch is detected, and you would think that they were searching for yellow metal, not

mere roots, in the first feverish hours of a gold rush.

"DYING OR DEAD?"

As we neared Igdir our interpreter, a cheery, affable young Armenian, who had long since grown accustomed to the horrors of this famine-blighted land, turned to us from the front seat and inquired with just a trace of the showman's manner:

"What you like to see, gentlemen?"

"Conditions," snapped the doctor.

"You like best conditions of dyings or deads? Dyings is easy to see everywhere in the streets. But I know where many deads are, too—in what houses—if you like."

"Drive on!" I said hastily. "We'll decide later."

The town of Igdir, with its local and near-by populations of 30,000 Armenians, 20,000 Tatars, and 15,000 Yezidis, revealed some squalid streets with but a few people seated disconsolately here and there, as we drove in. Throughout those

tortuous, sun - beaten byways no children played and no animals roamed. The air was heavy with dreadful silence, such as hangs over plague - smitten communities.

We found the children, such as they were, inhabiting an orphanage wherein one sickened at putridity's horrible odor, and were informed that there were neither medicines nor disinfectants wherewith to allay the condition of the many little sick-beds.

Sick? Say, rather, the bed - ridden — a word which more justly describes those tiny, withered up, crone-like creatures, upon whose faces the skin seemed stretched to a drumhead's tightness; whose peering eyes shot terror and anguish, as if Death's presence were already perceptible to them, and who lay there at Famine's climax of physical exhaustion. In those young, yet grotesquely aged faces, we seemed to see a long lifetime of tragedy packed into eight or ten childish years.

"They'll all die," was the brusque observation of the doctor, who had taken one glimpse and gone out. "We can't do them any good. Silly business, anyway, to come out here in a broken-down car."

"We will see now conditions of the deads?" inquired our interpreter, sweetly. "Twenty-five deads was took out of one house here in one day. It is a big house, or khan. There would be plenty more deads in it by now."

The local manager of the American



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

HIS PARENTS HAVE BEEN SLAIN: HE STARVES

Armenia has thousands of such pitiable half-animals who are subsisting on roots and any bits of refuse they can find in the streets or fields.

Committee, having heard of our arrival, turned up to greet us. With him we walked through the local bazaar—rows of mean shops that mocked starvation with their handfuls of nuts and withered fruit.

The mud huts which we visited presented an invariable picture—a barren, cave-like interior, lacking one stick of furniture or household utensil, and with a few bleached bones scattered here and there. The occupants, stretched on the clay floor, would half lift themselves to regard us with dazed and questioning

eyes. Those gaunt faces, those attenuated bodies clad in a shagginess of filthy rags, seemed centuries removed from civilization. You felt that you had stumbled into prehistoric man's den during some great famine year.

THE HUMAN LEVELED TO BRUTE BEAST

Suddenly a shriek went up and a woman rushed out of her hut, with agonized face and with hands lifted to heaven. Hers was such abandonment as proclaims that death has struck the first-born; yet it was a tale of mere robbery. What the captured thief delivered back to her proved to be a paltry handful of roots. And upon entering the woman's house we found, in fact, her only daughter lying dead, not yet cold, while the mother crouched dry-eyed before a tiny fire, intently watching the pot wherein bubbled those precious roots, her next stomachful.

It was to have seen the soul dead and the human leveled to the brute beast.

Near by, in the open, fifty wizened children sat about a long board, eating the American Committee's daily dole of boiled rice. This was accomplished at a gulp; then the children scattered, searching the ground as I had seen others do beside our car at Alexandropol. Soon one was chewing a straw, another the paring of a horse's hoof, a third a captured beetle.

One seven-year-old girl crouched by herself, cracking something between two stones and licking her fingers. The doctor bent over, examining the object. He asked with peculiar sharpness, "Where did she get that—that bone?"

The child looked up with a scared, guilty glance; then her answer came through the interpreter, who said in a low voice, "Yonder in the graveyard."

I am not sure that we preserved our composure.

STARVATION OUTFRONS TYPHUS

We passed on, the doctor asking of our guide:

"Is there much typhus?"

"Not so much now," was the rejoinder, "for the reason that starvation is killing them more quickly than typhus could."

"What is the death-rate in the villages hereabout?"

"I will give you a few instances. There are some thirty villages in this district, and a recent census showed 2,277 deaths for a period of fifty days. Etchmiadzin contains 7,000 refugees, of whom 1,000 are dying each month. At Evgilar a population of 1,900 was reduced to 1,519 in ten days. During those same ten days Alletly's 965 people were diminished to 612, and Atgamar's 2,093 people to 1,530.

"In reality, the death-rate is much higher than these figures indicate. We cannot search every house once a day. The best we can do is to send ox-carts through the street each morning, so that the people can bring out their dead; but often they are too weak to rise from their beds for that purpose, and so the living and dead remain lying side by side. Perhaps a week or two will pass before"—

"I understand," said the doctor, briefly. "I also understand that American flour is not yet arriving in sufficient quantities to feed what must amount to half a million starving people. Tell me, then, what they eat beside mere roots?"

"Cats and dogs, for example. These have been sold at thirty to fifty rubles apiece. The other day a famished horse dropped dead in the streets, and in half an hour it was picked clean. And then—yes, I have seen it myself, between dead brother and living sister. She lay there beside him and told me what she was going to do. I urged her against it, but there was no bread to give her that day. And later, when they called to remove her brother's body, his right arm was gone."

GRAVES DUG WITH HUMAN BONES

We had taken a short cut toward where our car waited, and by chance we were skirting the cemetery. Our guide pointed thither and said:

"It is not a pleasant sight. You must understand that the Turks left this country so bare that there are not even spades. Graves must be dug with any available thing, even with human bones. If the dead has a relative—some one who is still strong enough to carry a weight—big stones are placed on the grave; but if not"—He shrugged significantly.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

OVERLOOKING "THE LAND OF THE STALKING DEATH" FROM ONE OF THE ANCIENT
CAVES IN CASTLE ROCK, VAN

This sturdy Armenian youth acted as guide for a correspondent through knee-deep snow, and, although he was greatly in need of money, refused payment because the traveler was an American and because the Armenian's mother more than twenty years before had been cared for by American missionaries.

I asked, hardly knowing how to frame my question, "Exactly what—exactly *whom* do you mean?"

"I mean," he answered, "the pariah dogs by day, and under cover of night—well, come and see for yourselves."

I will never forget that terrible acre of earth—the low, boulder-heaped mounds, and those others, the unprotected graves, now revealed as empty, scooped-out holes, whose brinks were strewn about with remnants of torn-off garments, among which lay vague, blackened semblances of humanity. As we turned away, the apparition of a great yellow pariah dog, pawing among the graves, drew from us a volley of stones. Then, as he slunk guiltily off, a skeleton-like man sprang up from behind the wall (under cover of which he had been stalking his prey), and, braining the beast with a club, disappeared, carrying its carcass with him.

THEY WAIL, "GOD HAS FORSAKEN US"

Having seen enough, we started to leave Igdir with all the dignified speed possible, being halted by unlooked-for obstacles, such as impede one in an evil dream. Our farewells and thanks to the American Committee's manager seemed an endless proceeding, and upon reaching our car we found it blocked by a host of humanity, who, having learned that Americans were in the town, had hurried in from every village to plead their cause.

The Armenian leader spoke for his perishing people, the Tatar leader for his people, and the Yezidi for his. And, even as they spoke, old grayheads and tender children alike came groveling along the ground toward us on their faces and kissed our feet. One old woman—she sat disconsolately by the roadside holding a pet animal's pelt, which was recognizable by its cat's paws—wailed out with an ineffable broken gesture some words that the crowd re-echoed.

"They say," explained the manager, "that they have lost all hope; that God has forsaken them."

I shall never forget what followed.

There arose a cry, coming from thousands of starved lips—a cry which was not a cheer, not a welcome nor Godspeed, but the last prayer of a dying people. It was addressed through us to that far-off land of generous hearts; and under the twilight, with Ararat gleaming overhead, it rang endlessly out through the death-smitten town: "*America! America! America!*"

"For God's sake start the car out of this hell-hole," stormed the doctor at me.

We rolled through the crowd and away. Four times our car broke down; once in the darkness we ran over a man's corpse amid-road, and all the way home the doctor and I were quarreling violently on every conceivable subject.

One sight alone cheered us. It was a long line of ox-carts, heaped high with bags of American flour, moving slowly across the thirty miles of country which lie between the railroad and Igdir. Upon breasting it we halted our car, jumped up, and shouted at the ox-drivers like mad men.

I don't quite know what we shouted, except that it meant "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" And all that night long, on our train bound Tiflisward, I heard the doctor walking up and down his end of the car, even as I was walking up and down my end of it.

THE HOPE FOR A SMITTEN PEOPLE

When we met at breakfast next morning, a little shamefaced and with decidedly effusive goodfellowship, I rediscovered him to be the same genial, courteous soul whom I had known before we had experienced a famine country's horrors. There were apologies for recent rudeness. He mentioned indigestion, I mentioned liver, and neither of us mentioned nerves.

Behind us, spectrally pale, against the heaven's blue, faded the last of Ararat. Silently we shared our last glimpse of it—shared, too, our hope for a smitten people who despaired lest God had forsaken their Sinai and them. Suddenly the doctor uttered my very thought:

"God bless America!" he said; "for America, with God's help, will do it!"



DEVIL DEVOTEES OF THE CAUCASUS

These women belong to a sect of Devil-worshippers. They represent the Author of evil as a peacock and avoid mentioning his name. Calling themselves Dasni, they are found in Armenia, Kurdistan and the Caucasus.



THERE IS NO AGE OF PLAY FOR THE BOY SCOUTS OF ARMENIA

Sired by suffering, these lads are the stalwart hope of a people who are experiencing a rebirth of national life. They endured indescribable privations when their land was the battle-ground of the contending Turkish and Russian armies, but with the advent of peace they can lay aside their pathetic symbols of warfare and join the universal brotherhood of boyhood in alternate study and recreation.

WHERE SLAV AND MONGOL MEET



RAGS MAY BE ROYAL RAIMENT WHEN WORN IN ARMENIA

Peasant and noble-born have suffered alike at the hands of the Turks for hundreds of years. Armenia was the first nation on earth to espouse the cause of Christianity, and today, after centuries of persecution, civilization promises her people surcease of sorrow.



EVEN POVERTY MAKES A PICTURE IN THE NEAR EAST

This is the bread line at Van, the Armenian city which tradition says was founded by Semiramis, the famous Assyrian princess about whose name legend has woven a wealth of romance and spectacular achievement. During the bitter days of the World War, nine-tenths of a pound of bread a day was allotted to every Armenian who had the money with which to purchase it.



THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY IN ARMENIA

The stricken city of Van huddles at the base of historic Castle Rock on whose faces are chiseled the records of the kings of long ago. The Turks confiscated all the cattle of the inhabitants, but this Armenian is starting life anew with a herd which he has driven from Persia. The snow which softens the scarred and jagged outline of shattered homes only adds to the accumulated sufferings of the populace.