

It is hardly a year since the civilized world was shocked by the report of one of the most horrible outrages on record. The powers of the earth, after seeing some thirty to forty thousand Armenian Christians massacred in cold blood, have at last decided to stop trifling with the "sick man of the East" and are sending their fleets to Constantinople to compel him to keep his promises. The powers have disgraced themselves by not acting before this time. For while they were holding conferences and talking about this most important matter, the blood-thirsty Turk has been busying himself uprooting a Christian nation subject to him.

It vain has the Sultan proclaimed his ignorance of the outrageous doings of his soldiery. Reliable reports from the affected regions have called the attention of the civilized world to the oppression and misrule of that Turkish monster, the Sultan, who is the only responsible ruler in the Ottoman empire, and who governs according to his own free will. He has in vain attempted to lay the blame at the door of the Armenians, who, although they hold in their minds a deep-rooted longing for liberty, have not permitted themselves even to think of engaging in revolt against the authority of the sultan, however great their desire to be freed from the irksome rule of their oppressor.

Reports from inhabitants of the regions, who have spent many years near the scene of the outrage, the tales of eye-witnesses, and even the confessions of more tender hearted soldiers, lay the whole story clearly before us. It seems that some Turkish soldiers, or rather semi-official robbers, after plundering Armenian villages of cattle, were pursued by the Armenians in the hope of regaining their stolen property, and in a fight that ensued several of the robbers were slain. This was, as they thought, enough provocation to excuse them for carrying out what they had so long desired, namely, the extermination of the Armenian Christians.

When a report of the affair had been submitted to him, the Sultan at once ordered his infantry and cavalry to suppress the rebellion. But his soldiers not finding any revolt, devastated the country, so that in the future none should be attempted. As some of the soldiers themselves report, one hundred victims were allotted to each of them to dispose of. No compassion was shown to age or sex, even when the victims fell suppliant at their feet. From thirty to forty thousand Christians met a fate such as the darkest ages of history have not witnessed. For then, defenceless woman and children had the chance of life in slavery, while in this case men, women, and children met the same death—the sword or the bayonet. Tender babes at the breasts of their suppliant mothers were transfixed by the weapon of the merciless Turk. Some of the Christians were permitted to choose between Islam and the sword, but in all cases, so far as known, they died true to their faith. In one place, one hundred or more victims were crowded into a church and cruelly murdered, and blood issued in streams from the door, while in other places, they were crowded into their houses and burned alive.

But why should I prolong this sickening tale? It is enough that an outrage, horrible in its details, like the one, some of the particulars of which have just been narrated, could have been committed in a country and by the soldiers of a ruler who had been taken into the so-called "concert of Europe" and had agreed to divest himself and his people of the barbaric ideas of their ancestors, and that the other powers of the concert have failed to do their duty, namely to compel the Turk to live up to his agreements. It would seem that the other six partners would be ashamed of their blood-thirsty companion, and in the name of humanity, not only declare him out of the concert, but also uproot that rotten empire whose rulers have devastated the fairest regions of the globe and hold an oppressed population under their sway by the power of the sword. The fact that this is not the first massacre of the kind instituted by the "unspeakable Turk" throws even more disgrace upon the European powers.

Look over the items of Turkey's account and you will be astonished to learn that during the last seventy-five years, no less than ninety-three thousand non-Mohammedan subjects have fallen victims to the crescent. Glancing into the past, we behold with dismay that even during the last thirty-six years, from thirty to forty thousand Christians were slaughtered in cold blood by the "Sick Man." I refer to the massacres of 1860, 1876 and 1894. In each and every case, these outbreaks occurred where Turkish officers were in command, and these acted according to orders from superiors. Here, we have the reports of the most horrible massacres in the annals of history, officially ordered and approved, which

occurred during a very short period of time and hundreds of miles apart. Do they not all clearly demonstrate and confirm the principle that Turkey is the same always and everywhere?

The official prayer of the Mohammedans, repeated daily by thousands of the followers of Islam, throws a strong flood of light upon this subject. As translated from the Arabic, it runs thus:

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan, the accursed; in the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful! O, Lord of all creatures! Oh, Allah! Destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion! O, Allah! Make their children orphans and defile their abodes, and cause their feet to slip; and give them and their families, and their households and their women, and their children, and their relatives by marriage, and their brothers, and their friends, and their possessions, and their race, and their wealth, and their lands, as booty to the Moslems: Oh, Lord of all creatures!"

Albert W. Mueller talked on "Wisdom and Learning." Here is the text of his address:

Wisdom is the quality of being wise, the right use or exercise of our knowledge, the choice of worthy ends and a best means to accomplish them. It is also the exercise of sound judgment either in avoiding evil or attaining good. It is further the just use of learning, and not learning itself.

A learned man may not possess one iota of wisdom, and a wise man may be destitute of learning. A famous poet says, "It is much better to have wisdom without learning than learning without wisdom."

In the first instance we can make wise use of what little we know; in the second instance our knowledge is practically useless. For this reason it is better to possess the faculty of judging what is most just, proper and useful than to treasure up any amount of knowledge we can never use to advantage.

Wisdom and learning may be born with man; and even were this statement false, it is evident that they may be cultivated. Therefore if wisdom is not born with man there is no reason why he should spend life without it any more than there is that he should go through life without any knowledge of arithmetic or any other subject of practical use because he was not born with it.

We gain learning from books, but experience gained from actual life is wisdom. Carlyle says, "It is not by books alone, nor by books chiefly that man becomes in all parts a man." This distinction between wisdom, and the superiority of the former over the latter should not be overlooked.

If but one can be enjoyed, it is far better to choose wisdom. Together they are stronger and better than either alone, for they are made to supplement each other, and each is best when it lives in the life of the other. A wise learned man is the best gift to the world.

Wisdom embraces forethought, foresight and forecast, while learning may embrace none of these. This fact alone sets forth the prominent place wisdom holds in the achievements of life. Men who have shown the profoundest ability in their writings have often proved feeble and inefficient in active life, incapable of acting upon their own conclusions. They are acute and sagacious enough as observers, but the moment they descend from their solitary elevation and mingle with the crowd their wisdom evaporates in words.

It is our task therefore in this world to obtain both wisdom and learning, putting the greater before the less, but sacrificing neither entirely to the other. We study to learn, and learn to be wise. But wisdom is so to apply our learning, whether it be derived from books and study or from our every day experience, that it may profit us in the common walks of life, and leave us at its close abler, nobler, more nearly perfect men.

Anna E. Schmidt treated of "Buds and Blossoms." She said:

One beautiful forenoon in summer, with book in hand, I strayed into the garden to study. Having found a pleasant seat under an old tree, my task was soon finished. While walking about the garden to pluck some flowers I noticed a plant of unknown species in the tulip-bed, and hastened to examine it more closely. It was very beautiful and a large, red bud was slowly unfolding its last petals. I bent to pluck it, but to my utter astonishment the flower exclaimed: "O spare my life, I have yet a great mission to perform. O, grant me this one favor and you shall be amply rewarded." After I had given the assurance that no harm would be done, it continued: "Return after dark, and you shall not be sorry for having granted me this one request." Out of mere curiosity, not at all thinking that there was any truth in what the flower had said, I returned.

What was my surprise, then, when I saw the flower illumined by a clear,

beautiful light. Approaching nearer, to a beautiful fairy dressed in a green garment ornamented with the costliest gems was bending over the flower. On her head, was a crown of diamonds, in her hand was a golden wand. She saw me and at once exclaimed: "O thou protector of the innocent, I Perdomedra, Goddess of the Air, grant to you in return for your great kindness to this flower, the privilege of accompanying me on my journey. You are the first mortal to whom this is offered. Bear that in mind. Wisely consider your decision." Of course I decided to go. For who would not do so, especially if he were the first one to whom so great an offer had been made.

Producing a pair of beautiful, gauzy wings, she fastened them to my back, and taking me by the hand, we commenced our journey. High into the air we flew over broad seas, and lofty mountains. The cities passed out of our sight and looked like specks, in the distance. The journey was a long one, but at last we arrived at a cave, the home of Perdomedra. Here lived Hypantheon and her three sisters who controlled the four great regions, north, east, south and west, respectively. When they saw me, they exclaimed: "What, a being from the earth dares to intrude into our home?" "Listen!" cried Perdomedra, "Until you have heard me. Behold in this being from the earth the protector and savior of our sister." When they heard this they said: "Welcome thou kind one, thou protector of the innocent, welcome to our home!" On my awaking the next morning, I found that I was on my journey to Paradise, a newly discovered land. After a long time, we arrived; and I found that it had indeed been rightly named. For did not the rivers flow with milk and honey; were not the mountains of gold and silver; did not the trees bear the choicest fruits and the soil bring forth the richest crops?

We passed several beautiful cities whose buildings were ornamented with gold silver and jewels. The streets were paved with marble, the people were mostly dressed in silks, satins and fine linens, and even fared sumptuously every day. Their dress was in some ways different from that in our own country. The women wore loose, flowing garments mostly light shades, while the men wore suits of the gayest colors. At last, we came to a very, wide river, whose banks were inhabited by tiny, fairylike beings.

On the opposite bank stood one of these, more beautiful than the rest, who was ever beckoning us across. Inquiring of Perdomedra the meaning of this she answered, "Beware that you do not yield to that cunning creature. If you do you will be allowed to visit the mysterious city beyond, and spend a few, very happy hours, but after that your whole life will be most miserable." While pondering over this I suddenly found myself enticed across the receptive stream. To my great surprise we were actually moving without the slightest personal effort. I asked my guide the reason and she informed me that this was the famous moving sidewalk which was run by electricity. "The moving sidewalk?" exclaimed I. "What new discovery?" "Can it be possible that you have never heard of this? Why these are used all over the land." We entered the city in the same manner. At the entrance was a large, beautiful stone building. "Oh, how grand, magnificent, superb! Who built it, what is its use?" Gazing at it with wondering eyes I caught the following sign above the door: "Prizefighting. Boxing and Athletics taught here." Prizefighting taught here! Can it be possible that so fine a building is used for such a worthless profession? "Yes, indeed, but do not call it worthless. Why it is a great accomplishment in this city, it is our national game!" But who is this tall stout gentleman coming out of the front door? Has Hercules returned to teach the people his art? Is the day of miracles not yet passed? Who can it be? "Don't you know him? Don't you know the president of this institute, Prof. P. R. Johnson?" "Can it be possible that Peter Johnson, my old classmate, is president of a prize fighting institute?" Is this being who now wears a bright red gown and a yellow turban, the once very calm and sedate Peter Johnson of our New Ulm High School? "Yes." "But what is that heavy volume under his arm? Is that the wisdom of the ages left by Hercules?" "It is indeed a treatise, but of law, Blackstone." "How marvelous, how people do change! Who would have dreamed of such a fate for Peter?" From this place we gradually glided onward, still on the same moving sidewalk. We stepped before a very beautiful temple built after the Doric style of architecture of the beautiful Parian marble. It was adorned with gold, silver and precious stones. Perdomedra informed me that this temple was dedicated to Rev. Joseph Smith, the chief deity of the place. "What?

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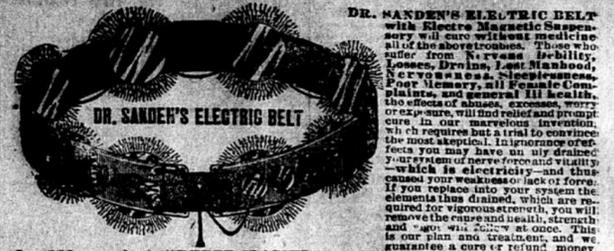
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