

REPORT OF LESLIE A. DAVIS, AMERICAN CONSUL, FORMERLY AT HARPUT, TURKEY, ON THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT HARPUT SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE PRESENT WAR. THIS REPORT IS PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF MR. WILBUR J. CARR, DIRECTOR OF THE CONSULAR SERVICE.*

The work of the American Consulate at Harput since the beginning of the present war has been confined almost exclusively to the protection of persons and property, welfare correspondence, and relief work. There was never any commercial work of importance in this consular district, even in normal times, and almost none at all during the past three years. The activities of the Consulate during this period were in the saving of human life rather than in the promotion of American trade.

The Harput Consulate is one of the most remote and inaccessible in the entire world. It is located in the interior of Asiatic Turkey, several hundred miles distant from any seaport or railroad. When I went there it took me thirteen days to make the journey by wagon from Samsoun on the Black Sea, which was the most convenient port and the one generally used, and when I left it took me eighteen days on horseback to reach the railroad at Eregli, from which point there was a further journey of three days by rail to reach Constantinople. A third route to Harput was via Aleppo, which required about ten days after leaving the railroad. A branch of the Baghdad Railway was completed sometime in 1916 from a point on the main railway (I think, Nisibin) to a point near Mardin, a city nearly two hundred miles south-east of Harput and about a week's journey from there by wagon. This was built for military purposes and when I left Harput in May of this year the Turkish authorities refused to allow me to travel that way, probably because they did not want me to see any military operations being conducted in that region or any construction work for such purposes.

During the past three years communication by mail between Harput and Constantinople took about three weeks each way, which was more than twice the time that it took a letter to go from Constantinople to New York before the war. Telegrams were from two days to two weeks in coming from Constantinople to Harput, usually being about five or six days en route. It was most unusual to receive an answer to a telegram the same week, even when both were sent as urgent messages at three times the regular rate.

By whatever route one goes to Harput it is necessary to carry all the provisions required for the journey, as there are no hotels in the interior of Turkey and few places where one can purchase food of any kind. Since the beginning of the war even bread is almost unobtainable. Furthermore, much of the journey is over the desert where there is no water. This is especially the case on the road to Aleppo, over which most of the Armenians were sent when they were deported from Harput. The traveler

* Source: NA/RG59/867.4016/392

is obliged to carry water in earthen jugs, filling them from occasional springs by the roadside and sometimes from muddy streams, it being necessary to boil most of the water before drinking it. The only places where one can stop over night when traveling in Turkey are at the native khans, which are in reality little more than stables for the horses built around a square open court-yard which is always extremely filthy. There are usually one or two rooms where the native traveler spreads his blanket on the dirt floor and where one can put up a folding bed, but as these rooms are dirty and swarming with vermin, I usually preferred to put my bed on the roof and to sleep in the open air, even in cold weather.

The Harput consular district was very large and somewhat indefinite in extent, comprising practically all of Turkish Armenia, a region approximately equal in area to the New England States. There were no foreign consular officials at Harput and the only ones in the entire district were a British vice-consul at Diarbekir, who left Turkey as soon as war was declared, and a German consul at Erzerum. Thus there were no colleagues with them to consult in time of difficulty. The two nearest American consulates were at Aleppo, in Syria, and at Trebizond, on the Black Sea, each of which was about ten days distant.

Harput, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, is situated on the top of a small mountain four thousand feet above sea level and overlooks an immense fertile plain a thousand feet below. It is the largest city in the Vilayet, or Province, of Mamouret-ul-Aziz, of which the seat of government is in another town known as Mezreh, or Mamouret-ul-Aziz, about three miles distant on the plain below. This town is only about half the size of Harput, but prior to the war was growing rapidly. Besides being the residence of the Vali (the Governor General of the Vilayet), it had recently been made the headquarters of the 11th Army Corps of the Turkish army and was commercially the more important of the two towns. The location of the American Consulate, although officially given as Harput, was actually in the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz. Harput and the surrounding country form a division of the Vilayet which is governed by a Kaymakam, who is responsible to the Vali. Other and larger divisions of the Vilayet are the Sanjaks of Malatia and the Dersim, which are governed by Mutessarifs, the Dersim being a wild, mountainous region inhabited almost entirely by Kurds. The entire Vilayet contained a population at the beginning of the war of about 500,000 persons, of whom about 150,000 were Armenians and the remainder Turks and Kurds. The city of Harput was largely Mohammedan, but in Mamouret-ul-Aziz and the country around it nearly half the inhabitants were Armenians. There were more than a hundred villages on the Harput plain, having from fifty to five hundred houses each, inhabited wholly or principally by Armenians, all of whom were engaged in agriculture. Nearly all of these villages are now in ruins and their inhabitants gone.

Agriculture was the only important industry in this part of Turkey. Most of the inhabitants lived on what they raised, but, owing to the lack of means of transportation, few products were raised for export. The land in many places, and

especially around Harput, was very fertile. Grain grew abundantly, although the cultivation of the soil was carried on in a very primitive manner, the methods used being in many ways the same as they had been for centuries. With the exception of a few very small silk factories, there was no manufacturing in the district and there were no other industries of importance. Business and trade were backward and limited and there was little commercial work for a consul to do.

One of the oldest and most important mission stations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was at Harput, this having been chosen about sixty years ago as a center from which to carry on mission work in that region. Since 1876 the American Board has maintained a college there, which was at first called "Armenia College", but the name of which was afterwards changed to "Euphrates College". Five other mission stations of the American Board, namely, those at Sivas, Bitlis, Van, Mardin and Diarbekir, were in the Harput consular district, the nearest one being three days and the farthest one two weeks distant. The only way of traveling about the district was on horseback.

I arrived at Harput on May 31, 1914, and assumed charge of the Consulate on June 1, 1914. At that time the country was peaceful and the people were hopeful of progress. They were looking forward to railway communication with the outside world, as the construction of a railroad, financed by a French loan, had already begun at Samsoun and it was believed that it would reach Harput within a year or two. This would enable the natives to export their grain to other parts of the Empire and to import goods at moderate cost. Money would be put into circulation and business would flourish.

Soon after my arrival I attended the graduation exercises at Euphrates College where most of the teachers and students were Armenians. The Vali and other Turkish officials were present. There seemed to be nothing but good feeling between Mohammedan and Christian and the Turks and Armenians appeared to be on friendly terms. Who could have then foreseen, amid these peaceful surroundings, that the following year there was to be enacted in this region what is probably the most terrible tragedy that has ever befallen any people in the history of the world. I little thought when I went to Harput that such a tragedy would be enacted there and that I should be the only foreign official to witness it, powerless to prevent it and able to save only a few from the fate that befell so many.

A few weeks later I started for America on leave of absence, but on my arrival at Alexandria, Egypt, received a telegram from the Department of State ordering me to return to Harput on account of the outbreak of the war. In a situation like that, when everyone should be ready to do one's duty, it was not a time to consider personal feelings, although this was a bitter disappointment to me, as my wife was in America at the time, intending to return to Harput with me, and my father was ill. The latter died soon afterwards without my having the opportunity to see him and it was three years later when my wife and I were able to rejoin each other. During the next two

years and nine months I remained at Harput confronted by all kinds of difficulties and problems.

On my arrival at Harput on September 4th I found that all three cavasses of the Consulate had been drafted for military service and that the Turkish Government had furnished in their place a gendarme, who was stationed at the door to protect the Consulate. One Turkish gendarme standing guard in the street was, of course, a poor substitute for three cavasses, some of whom spoke English and all of whom had been in the service of the Consulate for a number of years. Such an arrangement was not to be accepted without making some effort to change it and during the next two years I worked hard to save my cavasses from military service and from deportation, both because of their faithful services and because it would have been impossible to find any other men to take their places.

The first thing I did, however, after my return to Harput was to make an official call on the new Vali, Sabit Bey, who had been appointed during my absence in place of the Vali who was there when I first arrived in Harput. I found him somewhat arrogant and greatly elated over the recent abrogation of the Capitulations. He was unable to suppress his feelings and begun at once to chuckle about it, asking me what I expected to do, as there would be no further work for consuls. I replied that if there were no work it would be much easier for me.

The Vali did not return my call and I finally mentioned it in a despatch to the Embassy. Soon afterwards he made a very long and apparently friendly call, which I subsequently learned was prompted by instructions which he had received from the Sublime Porte after our Ambassador had called its attention to his negligence in the matter.

I should say at this time that the Vali was an exceedingly ignorant and uncultured man. He was gross in his manners and often rude because of his ignorance. His whole life had been spent among the Kurds of the Dersim. In fact it was said that he was partly Kurd himself. I believe the only public position he had held before his appointment as Vali of Mamouret-ul-Aziz was that of Mutessarif of the Dersim where he was born. He had never received any education, spoke nothing but Turkish, and had not traveled outside of that Vilayet until after he came to Harput. His first visit to Constantinople was in the spring of 1917. I recall very well the childish glee with which he told me about his first ride in an automobile on a visit he made to Erzerum in the winter of 1914-15 and the pride with which he used a telephone when he first had one installed in his house. Yet, notwithstanding his lack of education and knowledge of the world, he was a man of considerable natural shrewdness and Oriental cunning.

It was said that he was weak and easily influenced by those around him, often failing to keep his promises or to carry out measures already decided upon, after he had been seen by others who persuaded him to do precisely the opposite of what he had promised and intended to do. Thus, those who saw him last generally gained their cause. He, of course, had the usual Oriental trait of promising whatever was

asked, often without the slightest intention of actually granting the request. Many a time I have had to thank him most profusely for some promise when I was practically certain that he would never fulfill it, although I could not indicate my doubt in any way.

He was also apparently a man of tender emotions and in many ways seemed kind and charitable in spite of the fact that he was one of the principal agents of the Turkish Government in committing its awful crimes against humanity. I do not pretend to understand the Turkish character. It is difficult to reconcile the apparent kindness of heart of many Turks with the cruelties which they perpetuate in the name of their religion or by orders of their government. I have seen the tears roll down the cheeks of the Vali at the imaginary sufferings of a young man who was playing the part of a wounded soldier in an amateur theatrical performance given for the benefit of the Turkish Red Crescent Society. Yet, a hundred thousand people were made homeless and the most of them perished from violence or hardship as the result of orders which must have been issued by him. It is quite possible, however, that it was not his personal wish to have people suffer and that he was an involuntary agent in the matter. It is certain that he was obliged to execute in some way the orders which he received from Constantinople, if he wished to retain his position, and I have often thought that it might have been much worse if any other Turk had been in office in that Vilayet during the same period. I know that Sabit Bey allowed thousands of Armenians to flee to Russia and to save themselves in that way, whereas as soon as he left his successor stopped such flights absolutely. I know also that several of the most severe measures against the Armenians were taken when he was away and his place was filled temporarily by orders. He may have gone away to escape the responsibility of executing orders that had been received and to place it on others. In any case, I feel that he was more humane than a great many others would have been in his position. He seemed ready and willing oftentimes to grant my requests to spare individuals, but when I appealed to him on the ground of humanity in behalf of the Armenian people as a whole he always explained that he was obliged to execute orders, which was doubtless true. No man could have stopped the Turkish Government at that time from taking the measures it did against the Armenians.

During the two and a half years that the Vali and I were thrown together we became quite intimate. He was not an interesting companion, yet he seemed to wish to be sociable and often came to the Consulate to dine with me. I sometimes went to his house for dinner, but, as he did not have the same facilities for entertaining guests that I had and was awkward and embarrassed on such occasions, I went there less frequently than he came to me. Afterwards when I organized a bridge club and taught him how to play he became much interested in the game and we met more frequently. He never played a fair game, however, and used to talk in Turkish with his partner. Consequently, he won most of the time, which, of course, pleased him.

After having called on the Vali my next step was to call on the military officials in regard to my cavasses. The commander of the 11th Army Corps was Ghalib Pasha,

a comparatively intelligent and cultured man, who spoke French quite well and with whom I had become acquainted upon my first arrival in Harput three months before. He was very courteous about the matter and promised to do what he could. A few weeks later, however, he left for the front at Erzerum without having made any arrangements for the cavasses and I do not know that he would have done anything had he remained there; although he showed his good-will and apparent friendliness, not only by calling before he went away, but also by sending a soldier to inform me of his departure the morning he left, and seemed much pleased when I came to bid him bon voyage. He was succeeded by Hakki Pasha, an elderly man who had been retired from active service. After having made a formal call on him to pay my respects, I called again a few days later to see him about the military service of the cavasses.

One of them, Naman Esadogloo, had served in the Turkish army for about sixteen years before being in the employ of the Consulate. Had it not been for his previous long military service, he would have been exempt at this time by reason of his age, but because of this training he was obliged to serve in some way even though above the age of exemption. Naman was assigned to duty as a “chavoosh” or local military policeman, which was far better than service in the army, and there was nothing more to be done about him. As he remained in town, he was able to come to the Consulate for a short time each day and, as he was a Turk, I found it advisable to retain him as a cavass, even though his actual services did not amount to much. There were certain emergencies, however, when he was quite useful and I kept him until I left Harput this year.

Another one of the cavasses, Ahmed Tahirogloo, was an experienced well-digger and I arranged with Hakki Pasha for him to be placed in the construction corps of the army at Mamouret-ul-Aziz, thus keeping him too in town. He was able to be at the consulate every night, all day on Fridays, and also on other days when it was too stormy to work or when, for any reason, there was no work. He continued in this way for about eight months, at the end of which time he was taken sick with recurrent fever, and while he was recovering I made arrangements with Muhiddin Bey, Chief of the Recruitment Office, with whom I had become acquainted in the meantime, to leave Ahmed at the Consulate indefinitely. This was not an easy matter and there was some difficulty about it later, but he was allowed to stay as long as I was there and was a very useful employee, being a Mohammedan and yet interested and ready to be of service in everything done at the Consulate. When I left he accompanied me to Constantinople by permission of the military authorities, who promised also to allow him to stay in Harput, after his return, as a member of the construction corps in which he had served at first.

My greatest concern was for the first cavass, Garabed Bedrosian, who had been with the Consulate about ten years and was an exceedingly capable and faithful employee. His case was far more difficult than either of the others and, as he is an Armenian, it was still harder when the Armenian troubles began. He had accompanied me as far as Beirut on my attempted trip to America and was there when

mobilization was declared in Turkey. As we saw that we could not reach Harput before the expiration of the time allowed to register or to offer to pay the military exemption tax accorded at that time to Christians in Turkey, I telegraphed from Aleppo to have his name presented to the military authorities as ready to pay the tax, but when we arrived at Harput we found that the authorities had not been seen about it and the time for both had then passed. The result was that we suffered annoyance for a year and a half over the question of his military service and he was arrested several times and put in prison as a deserter. I was obliged to appeal to one military official after another in his behalf. Hakki Pasha arranged the matter by appointing him "sabit gendarme", that is, a gendarme who is assigned as a local guard somewhere, and then appointed him guard at the Consulate. This was all right at the time, but later, when all gendarmes of this kind were taken for the regular army and Hakki Pasha had left, there were further difficulties. Finally, after nearly a year and a half, he was allowed to pay his military exemption tax of \$193.60, which was almost a year's salary. I want to say that the military authorities were very courteous to me about this man and seemed quite ready to try to assist him in spite of the fact that he is an Armenian. Just prior to my departure from Harput, the present military Commander made a special order allowing him to perform certain nominal duties for the army instead of active military service.

The dragoman of the Consulate, who had been there about twelve years, was ill and was exempted from military service on that ground. His illness was such that he was obliged to leave the Consulate. For a few weeks Vice-consul Young remained with me, but he was sent to Damascus in November and I then had to look for some one who could act as clerk and interpreter. I finally secured the services of an Armenian teacher in the Turkish high school. He came to the Consulate afternoons and evenings and on Fridays and we managed to get along that way for the next six months. Cavass Garabed helped very much in interpreting during that time, as he has at all other times.

The law abrogating the Capitulations in Turkey went into effect on October 1, 1914, and the Turks were greatly elated at this step which had been taken by their Government. It was thought that there might be serious trouble for the Americans on that day and we prepared for it, but nothing of importance happened at Harput then or at any other time as a result of this.

In addition to the American mission stations, there were also a number of French Catholic mission stations in the Harput consular district. There was a large school and orphanage conducted by the Capucin monks in the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz, a school conducted by Fransiscan sisters at Harput, and stations in Malatia, Diarbekir, Mardin and other cities in the district. Formerly, there had been a French vice-consulate in Harput, which looked after the French interest there, but for a long time it had been represented only by an Armenian dragoman, who, at the outbreak of the war, quickly turned over to me the seals and records in his possession. The French sisters left Harput shortly before Turkey entered the war. There was no

difficulty about their departure. After the entry of Turkey in the war the French monks left the country, but they were subjected to many annoyances before they went. One day I was hastily summoned to Harput by two of the Capucin monks who had been staying in the buildings which the sisters had left. I found the police in possession and the monks in great terror. They asked me to go down to Mamouret-ul-Aziz with them, as they were afraid to go alone. We went down on horseback and I left them with their confreres. During the next week or two I had considerable to do for the French monks, keeping their money and documents in my safe, interceding with the authorities on their behalf, and assisting them in preparing for their departure. Their buildings at Mamouret-ul-Aziz were taken by the military authorities and occupied by soldiers, while they were allowed to have only a few small rooms during the remainder of their stay. On one occasion a young Turkish officer insulted Pere Raphael, the head of the mission, and I called to see Hakki Pasha about the matter. The latter's own son had been in the French school and Hakki Pasha had much respect for Pere Raphael. He summoned the officer at once and in my presence reprimanded him severely, ordering him to apologize to the Pere, which he did. There was no further trouble of that kind. Soon afterwards all the French monks left and I believe they are now in Italy. Their buildings in Mamouret-ul-Aziz are being used as a Turkish hospital.

From the time when Turkey entered the war on October 29, 1914, restrictions were placed upon sending sealed correspondence from the Consulate. This was one of my chief difficulties as long as I remained in Harput, becoming worse and worse and seriously interfering with the work of the office. The moment Turkey declared war orders were issued prohibiting the sending of sealed communications by any one. The consulates were no exception, but arrangements were soon made so that sealed letters could be sent to the Embassy at Constantinople and other letters could be sent sealed after having been censored at Harput. For a few months everything went all right, but after that many of the despatches and reports which I sent to the Embassy were either lost or intercepted in the mails. Many despatches to the Department in answer to its Instructions and even some of the quarterly accounts and returns of the Consulate were lost in this way. Copies of many long despatches were made and sent, not only once, but in some cases twice, and were lost every time. Finally, in February, 1916, the privilege of sending sealed communications to the Embassy was taken away and everything had to be sent open to be censored at Constantinople. Many of the despatches sent unsealed failed, of course, to reach their destination and others, which would certainly not have passed the censor at Constantinople, were prepared and held in the hope that the restrictions on sending sealed correspondence would eventually be removed. All of these were burned, in accordance with instructions received from the Embassy, when diplomatic relations were broken between Turkey and the United States.

During the winter of 1914-15 I occupied myself in part with writing reports and the usual annual report on the commerce and industries of the district, giving such

matters as careful a study as I could under the conditions existing at the time, hoping that they would be useful in the future. Unfortunately, however, after what has occurred in that district, there is little prospect that this work will ever be of any value. Another duty was correspondence with the different mission stations in the district. There were then at the different stations more than seventy Americans, including the families of the missionaries, all of whom had to be registered and their registration certificates sent to Washington. I also tried to keep them informed about Instructions of general interest to American citizens, which were received from the Department and the Embassy, and to learn from them about the situation in their respective places, as long as communication with them was possible.

Typhus was very bad that winter, especially among the soldiers. As many as seventy-five or eighty of them died on some days. Their dead bodies were carted in wagons to an enclosure not far from the Consulate, from which place they were taken out and buried. For a long time I sent the Department the regular sanitary reports, giving what information I could about typhus and other diseases at Harput, but, of course, no official statistics were obtainable. When it was no longer possible to send sealed communications I was obliged to discontinue sending these reports.

The relations with the local officials that fall and winter were good, notwithstanding the abrogation of the Capitulations, and I took every opportunity of cultivating their friendship, inviting them to my house and calling on them as frequently as it seemed advisable to do so. In December the American Hospital at Mamouret-ul-Aziz gave the Turkish Government the use of a hundred beds, the expense of which was borne by the American Red Cross Society. I had the pleasure of informing the Vali of this gift and a short time afterwards was shown especial honor by him at an entertainment given for the benefit of the Turkish Red Crescent Society, which corresponds to our Red Cross.

A few weeks later we were somewhat surprised one day when the American schools in Harput were closed by order of the Turkish authorities. When I sought an explanation of this they said it was to prevent the spread of typhus among the people. As there had been comparatively little typhus, however, in the city of Harput and as the authorities demanded some of the American buildings for military purposes, the closing of the schools was probably only a pretext to get the buildings. Some of them were given the authorities by the missionaries and after persistent and urgent requests on my part I succeeded in obtaining an order allowing the schools to re-open. We thought there would be no further difficulty, but after a few weeks they were again closed and the rest of the buildings were demanded by the authorities. I telegraphed the Embassy about the matter, of course, and asked the Vali to wait until an answer was received. In my interview with him he was more arrogant than he had ever been at any time and informed me that, although he was glad to see me personally about any matter, he did not receive me officially, as consuls had no official standing in Turkey since the abrogation of the Capitulations. Upon the authorities refusing to wait for an answer from Constantinople I put the American seals upon the doors of

the buildings which had been demanded, but they were forcibly removed by the police later in the day and the buildings occupied by soldiers. I have never been informed whether that was the right measure for me to have taken under the circumstances or not. There can be no question about the incorrectness of the Vali's attitude in regard to the status of consuls, but I learned a lesson in diplomacy at that time which stood me in good stead in dealing with Turkish officials during the remainder of my stay in Harput, for I do not think that I ever again asked anything of any official as a matter of right. Thereafter I based every request that I ever made on personal grounds and ignored entirely the question of official rights. The slight coolness that resulted from this clash between the Vali and myself did not amount to much. It soon passed away and during the two years that followed there were no further incidents of the kind, but the Vali and I became very good personal friends and remained such in spite of all that happened.

The closing of the American schools in March, 1915, was a prelude to the terrible tragedy that was to be enacted in Harput and other parts of Turkey during the remainder of that year. Soon afterwards, professor Tenekejian, one of the oldest and most respected professors of Euphrates College, was arrested and imprisoned. I saw the Vali about him, but never learned why he was arrested. It was passed over as a mistake or a matter of no importance and the professor was released for a short time, only to be rearrested later, severely tortured and finally killed. Other arrests were made in April and May. There was no way of knowing at that time what the intention or object of the Turkish Government might be in making such arrests. It would hardly have been competent for a foreign consul to have questioned them when all the persons arrested were Turkish subjects who were said to be guilty of some offense against their government. I interfered at first only where American institutions were affected.

About this time it was rumored that bombs and guns had been found in the possession of certain persons who were thought to be members of Armenian revolutionary societies conspiring against the Turkish Government. Looking at the matter in the light of subsequent events and comparing it with what happened in all other parts of Turkey at the same time I think it is probable that in many cases the bombs, which were found in the backyards of the persons accused, were actually buried there by the police so as to manufacture evidence against the Armenians. This was followed by systematic searches for arms and weapons in Harput and Mamouret-ul-Aziz and in all the towns and villages of that region. Before a town or village was searched it was surrounded by gendarmes in order to prevent anyone from leaving. Then other gendarmes visited each house, commanding the occupants to surrender their arms and often searching the premises thoroughly when they were not produced. I have seen many houses where the gendarmes had dug up the floors and torn away the walls in their efforts to find weapons which they thought were concealed there. The search was carried on with such severity that many persons who were ordered to give up their weapons, when they actually had none, went out and

bought them or even paid the police large sums of money for some old gun or revolver which they could then surrender.

On one occasion, Dr. Atkinson, one of the American missionaries, found several revolvers and a large number of cartridges among the effects of an Armenian boy who had been in his employ in the Hospital but had recently been arrested and was then in prison. The Doctor feared that the police might visit the Hospital and find them and, as he was ill at the time and unable to take them away himself, sent for me. I went up there on horseback the following day and filled both my saddle-bags full of ammunition, trying to do it in such a way as not to attract attention. I then rode slowly away with my peculiar load. Mr. Ernest Riggs, the President of Euphrates College, accompanied me. We went by a back road to a lonely place in the mountains previously decided upon where we buried the cartridges under rocks, scattering them about so there would not be too large a quantity in any one place. Then, having finished our task, which was rather an unusual one for a consul and a college president, we returned home like two schoolboys who had been doing some mischief. The incident seems amusing to look back upon, but had we been observed and the affair become known to the Turkish authorities the consequences might have been serious for all the Americans at Harput. Yet, I thought it much better to take a chance in this way than to risk having the authorities find this ammunition on the premises of the Americans, should they search there.

About this time Dr. Smith, an American missionary at Diarbekir, a city three days journey from Harput, telegraphed Mr. Henry Riggs of the American Mission at Harput, asking him to come to Diarbekir immediately. Mr. Riggs went there and when he came back brought with him Mrs. Smith and her baby. He described Diarbekir as being at that time in the worst state of terror he had ever seen: Not an Armenian man dared appear on the streets; soldiers were stationed on the roofs of the houses ready to shoot at sight any Armenian who ventured to show his face even in his own door yard; most of the men had already been arrested and put in prison, many of them having been sent away to what we now know to have been certain death. Dr. Smith had been accused of harboring Armenians and concealing their weapons in his house and had gotten into trouble with the local authorities. He was the only American missionary there and felt that he needed the advice of some one who had had more experience than he, for which reason he sent for Mr. Riggs. When they came away Mrs. Smith attempted to bring with her a cipher code to use in communicating with Dr. Smith, but as she was leaving Diarbekir the police searched her effects and took it from her. This was, of course, a very imprudent thing at that time and came near resulting seriously for all concerned. A few days after her arrival in Harput I was informed early one morning that the police had surrounded the houses of the missionaries and were searching them. I immediately went over to see the Vali, getting him out of bed and asking him for permission to go there. He gave me a card to the police instructing them to permit me to enter and be present at any search that might be made. This was done with true Oriental politeness, for it

appeared later that they had already completed their search and left when he gave me the card. The police had taken a few things of little value or importance, such as old newspapers and magazines, children's books, holiday cards, personal letters, an address book, and a small revolver which belonged to Mrs. Smith. Her effects were searched with especial care. Everything was carried off to the office of the Kaimakam of Harput. I went with one of the missionaries to try to explain to him their innocence and unimportance and to ask him to return them. He called in an interpreter who attempted to translate some of them but did not succeed very well. The Kaimakam said there was no objection to Mrs. Smith having a revolver of that kind but he would keep it for the present. Of course, he never returned it. He said the letters and papers would have to be sent to the Vali to be examined and would be returned later. The Vali afterwards told me they had been sent to Diarbekir at the request of the Vali there whose suspicion had been aroused by a paper which had been found on Mrs. Smith when she was leaving Diarbekir. As the missionaries desired especially to get back the address book and their personal letters, I spoke to the Vali several times about the matter at their request and each time he promised to write to Diarbekir for them, but none of them were ever returned. Fortunately, there was nothing that could do any harm.

Two or three days later I received word one evening that Dr. Smith was being deported and wished his wife and child to return immediately to Diarbekir. I went to Harput that night on horseback with my Cavass Ahmed and delivered the message to her. The whole city was surrounded by soldiers. Much of the road was over a lonely mountain and at every few paces a soldier stepped out with a loaded gun demanding to know who we were and where we were going at night. Not a person was supposed to be allowed to enter or leave the city, but when the Cavass said it was the American Consul they let me pass. The next day arrangements were made for Mrs. Smith to go and I sent Ahmed to Diarbekir with her with strict instructions that he was not to leave her under any circumstances until she actually rejoined her husband. They arrived safely and Dr. and Mrs. Smith were sent out of the country immediately afterwards. I was subsequently informed by persons who came from Diarbekir that the Government had originally intended to kill Dr. Smith and I have no doubt that this was contemplated. I consider that he was extremely fortunate to get out of the country alive, especially in view of the fate of Mr. Knapp two months later. When Ahmed returned to Harput he was sick and it proved to be recurrent fever, which kept him in the hospital for a number of weeks and left him feeble for a great many months.

A few weeks before Dr. Smith's departure I received an Instruction from the Department informing me that the Consulate had been transferred from Harput to Diarbekir and instructing me to remove there as soon as practicable. The conditions had become so bad by that time that it would have been impossible to carry out these instructions. There were no wagons or animals available to transport the Government furniture and other property, the roads were infested with brigands, and none of the

employees of the Consulate could have gone there, as they were all performing military service in Mamouret-ul-Aziz and would have been deserters if they had gone elsewhere. Furthermore, the American interests at Harput were much greater than at Diarbekir. The Department saw at once the inadvisability of removing the Consulate at that time and finally reestablished it permanently at Harput. I think the subsequent work of the Consulate for the American missionaries at Harput and for the welfare of Armenians in that Vilayet justified having the Consulate there.

During the month of June the reign of terror that had existed in May became even worse. Many of the men who had been arrested and released were now rearrested, together with hundreds of others. In the course of the next few weeks nearly every man of importance was arrested and thrown into prison, temporarily at least. Almost all of them were brutally tortured. Professor Lulejian, one of the professors in Euphrates College, whom I afterwards hid for some weeks in the attic of the Consulate, related to me how he had been beaten with a stick by the Kaimakam of Harput himself. He also described to me the sufferings of others whom he had seen tortured. Most of them were beaten in some way. Some were bastinadoed, some were beaten on their bare backs, some had their finger nails torn out, others, among whom was Professor Tenekejian, had the hair of the head, mustache and beard pulled out, and were starved and suspended by the arms for many hours, all were subjected to intense suffering of some kind. Those who were released only had their doom postponed for a short time.

On the night of June 23, 1915, several hundred of the most prominent Armenians were sent away in ox carts from the local prison to an unknown destination. Among them were the bishop of the Armenian Gregorian Church, most of the professors and instructors in Euphrates College, and many of the leading merchants and professional men in Harput and Mamouret-ul-Aziz. My cavass who had been to Diarbekir with Mrs. Smith met some of these carts on his way back, but was not allowed to come near enough to see who were in them. Not one of these men escaped and for a long time nothing definite was known about their fate. I wrote the Embassy in cipher about the matter immediately, as the arrests had reached such proportions that they could not be looked upon with indifference and as American institutions were being seriously affected by them. As no response was ever received from the Embassy to this communication I am not sure that my despatch reached it. It was afterwards learned that nearly all these men were massacred somewhere near Arghana Maden, about half way between Harput and Diarbekir.

On Saturday afternoon, June 26th, we were all startled by the announcement that the Turkish Government had ordered the deportation of every Armenian, man, woman and child (there were not many men left), in Mamouret-ul-Aziz, Harput and the adjacent villages. This announcement was made by the town crier, Mahmoud Chavoosh, who went around the streets, accompanied by a small boy beating a drum, and called out the terrible proclamation in a stentorian voice. The orders were that all those living in one part of Mamouret-ul-Aziz were to leave on Thursday, July 1st,

the rest of the Armenians in Mamouret-ul-Aziz were to leave on Saturday, July 3rd, those in Harput were to go on Monday, July 5th, and those in the neighboring villages of Huseinik, Kessrik, and Yegheki a few days later.

The alleged destination of the Armenians was Ourfa, which was about a week's journey from Harput by wagon. I never believed, however, that this meant the city of Ourfa or that they would be allowed to remain in that city, even if they reached there, as I wrote in my report of June 30, 1915, to the Embassy (copy of which I sent the Department in an accompanying despatch of the same date). I suggested in that report that if any survived the journey they might be sent to some part of the Mesopotamian plain beyond Ourfa and this is what actually happened. Knowing by experience the difficulties and hardships of the journey, which was by no means easy for a small party traveling by wagon with every convenience and able to carry plenty of food, I predicted that few of these people would ever reach Ourfa, which was all too true a prediction. Much of the way was over the desert where little food or water could be obtained. It was summer and there is no protection from the sun on the hot Mesopotamian plain. For these women and children to make the journey on foot, as most of them would have to do, would require a month, and, as they could not carry food enough with them for more than a few days and would often have to go for several days without finding water, it was certain that most of them would perish on the way.

Realizing so well the fate of most of those who were to be thus sent away, I felt that I must interfere on the ground of humanity, even though my efforts in behalf of these people might be of little avail and whether I had any right to do so officially or not. I had the right, of course, to try to protect those who were American citizens and I did succeed in saving many of them, but the situation was so extraordinary and terrible that I wished to help as many as possible, whether they were entitled to my protection or not. It was too late to send a telegram to the Embassy that day. I tried to see the Vali but was unable to find him. I presume he was not anxious to see me, but the next morning I succeeded in securing an audience with him.

I spoke first about the American citizens and especially those who were known to me. Among these were the wife and two children of Mr. Dikran Medzigian, of New York City, and the wife and daughter of Mr. Paul Nazlin, of Hartford, Connecticut, both of whom inquired many times through the Department of State about their families. There were a few others who had come to the Consulate at different times and about whom I knew. Although it was impossible to do anything on the ground of their American citizenship, owing to the attitude of the Turkish officials in refusing to recognize as American citizens not only men of Ottoman origin who have been naturalized in America but also their wives and children, even when the children were born in America and the husbands themselves remain here while their wives return to Turkey with the children for a visit, yet the Vali promised me as a personal favor to postpone the deportation of the persons whose names I gave him and had "vesicas" issued for them. These were permits for them to remain there for a time.

Although this was only a temporary measure, he said it was all he could do then. I delivered these vesicas to the persons to whom they had been issued and the police were informed about them, with the result that when the others were driven out of their houses and sent on the road to almost certain death they were allowed to remain.

As soon as I left the Vali I sent an urgent telegram to the American Embassy at Constantinople informing it of the order for the deportation of the entire Christian population of that region and suggested that large sums of money would be necessary for the relief of those who survived, wherever they might be. The telegram was received by the Embassy and relief funds have been raised from that day until now for the survivors of this terrible tragedy.

Two days later several of the foreign residents of Mamouret-ul-Aziz and Harput went with me to see the Vali again about the situation. Those who accompanied me were the Reverent Johannes Ehmann, head of the German mission in Mamouret-ul-Aziz, Mr. Charles Picciotto, an Austrian subject in the employ of the Imperial Ottoman Bank as assistant director of the branch at Mamouret-ul-Aziz, and three of the American missionaries. As I have already pointed out, there were no other foreign officials at Harput and we were all the men, save one, of the foreign colony in the Vilayet. Mr. Ehmann had lived there twenty years, was director of an orphanage and school in which there were about five hundred Armenian boys, and had been very active in urging the Armenians to surrender their arms when the Turkish authorities demanded them. We said it was impossible for the people to leave their homes at such short notice to undertake such a difficult journey and all of us urged the Vali to allow them a longer time in which to prepare for it. We hoped that by gaining delay contrary or milder orders might come from Constantinople in the meantime, if the Embassy received my telegrams and was able to do anything about the matter. I have since been told that the news contained in my first communications about the situation at Harput at this time was so appalling that it was not fully believed until confirmed later. The Vali said he realized the difficulties but the orders were imperative and all he could do was to allow the women and children who were not accompanied by any men to wait until the last parties were sent, but the first party must leave July 1st. I asked if any of the missionaries could go with the people to help them in case of sickness and to assist in caring for the children, as several of the Americans had thought of doing this and wished me to obtain permission for them to go, if possible. The Vali refused absolutely, but assured me that every one would be taken good care of and that a sufficient number of competent Turkish doctors would accompany them. We understood later the reason for his refusal and the mockery of his words in promising to have them "taken good care of".

The scenes of that week were heartrending. The people were preparing to leave their homes and to abandon their houses, their lands, their property of all kinds. They were trying to dispose of their furniture and household effects, their provisions and even much of their clothing, as they would be able to carry but little with them. They were selling their possessions for whatever they could get. The streets were full of

Turkish women, as well as men, who were seeking bargains on this occasion, buying organs, sewing machines, furniture, rugs, and other articles of value for almost nothing. I know one woman who sold a two thousand dollar organ to a Turkish neighbor for about five dollars. Sewing machines which had cost twenty-five dollars were sold for fifty cents. Valuable rugs were sold for less than a dollar. Many articles were given away, as their owners were unable to sell them and were obliged to leave them behind. The scene reminded me of vultures swooping down on their prey. It was a veritable Turkish holiday and all the Turks went out in their gala attire to feast and to make merry over the misfortunes of others.

Business men were obliged to arrange all of their business in a few days time and to go away leaving their shops, their merchandise, their accumulations of a lifetime, and to abandon all, not knowing what their fate might be. Some took their money with them but many did not risk carrying it for fear of being robbed on the way; some tried to send their money through the post office to their alleged destination where they expected to call for it; others left it in the bank; while others deposited it with the American or German missionaries and in a few cases I accepted their deposits myself. It is hardly necessary to say that those who carried their money with them were robbed, almost without exception, soon after they left. The money put in the post office was seized by the Turkish Government. The Government also seized all the money which the Armenians had in the banks and all the goods which they had left in their shops and houses and delivered everything to the Emvale Metrouke Commission (Committee for Abandoned Goods). This Committee had been appointed for the ostensible purpose of taking charge of the property of the deported Armenians, guarding it in their absence and, after paying out of it any debts of the owners that might be duly established, forwarding the balance of the money to them in their new names. Most of the people whose money was in its hands were killed, as was undoubtedly intended by the Government, and none who survived ever received any money from the Committee.

I tried very hard in one case to obtain money from it for a poor woman and her children. Her husband, Garabed Ourfalian, a naturalized American citizen who was living in Tcharsanjak Perry, had been killed in the summer of 1915 with the other men in that place. His widow, Hanum Ourfalian, succeeded in escaping to Mamouret-ul-Aziz with her two small children. I supported them for more than a year out of the relief funds in my hands and when I came away from Harput left money enough for them to last them another year. One day she brought me her husband's bank book showing a deposit of about 150 Turkish pounds in the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Mamouret-ul-Aziz. Upon inquiring about it at the bank I found that all the money had been paid to the Committee for Abandoned Goods. I applied to the President of the Committee and even saw the Vali personally about the matter twice. I was informed that investigations were being made to ascertain if there were any outstanding debts which were a charge against this sum and that, if there were none, the Committee would allow Mrs. Ourfalian five or ten pounds. As the

Tcharsanjak region was then in the war zone and entirely depopulated, I am quite certain that no investigations were ever made. I never knew what the Committee intended to do with the rest of the money or why it offered to pay even this small amount. As a matter of fact, it never paid anything, and, after trying for six months to get it, I finally gave it up as hopeless. The way in which this Committee wound up its affairs and made its final accounting is a good illustration of Turkish methods. After it had gotten possession of hundreds of thousands of dollars, it conveniently lost its books and explained that, as all the money received had been used up for expenses and there were no funds on hand, there was no necessity anyway of rendering any account!

After it was announced that the Armenians were to be deported they flocked to the Consulate in large numbers, many of them claiming American citizenship who had never been seen there before and about whom nothing was known. In addition to those whose names I had given the Vali at first, very few who came were actually entitled to protection as American citizens. There were only a few who had any passports or certificates of naturalization and most of these were very old, as the bearers had in most cases been in Turkey for several years. Furthermore, they had usually concealed their American citizenship for business or other reasons while there and had also represented themselves as Turkish subjects in order to re-enter the country. Thus, most of them had technically forfeited their rights as American citizens. I gave all, however, the benefit of the doubt and gave each one who had documents of any kind a card to the dragoman of the Vilayet, stating that I had seen the documents of the bearer and they were genuine. I had previously seen him and he had promised to hand to the Vali the names of the persons whom I had sent to him in order that they might be given vesicas and be exempted from deportation. I also saw the Vali personally about these people and was able to save a few of them, but most of the men were deported in spite of my efforts. Two or three of the village women to whom vesicas had been issued were gathered up by the gendarmes in the confusion and disorder but succeeded in getting away and coming to the Consulate, where I then kept them, as it seemed to be impossible to protect any one elsewhere.

There were many women in the villages who had husbands in America, some of whom were naturalized American citizens; but very few of these women had ever been to America themselves, hardly any of them had documents of any kind or even knew whether their husbands were American citizens or not, and none of them had ever thought of coming to the Consulate to make themselves known. Many of them lived in remote villages and in most cases the Consulate had no knowledge of them until after the deportation of the Armenians when some of them came for relief and when inquiries about others were received from America. It had been the custom among the Armenians of this region for the young men, who during recent years had emigrated to America in large numbers, to marry before they left. Their parents often obliged them to marry and to leave the wife with them so that when their sons arrived in America they would not forget the old folks at home and would send money back

there. This, however, was usually sent to the head of the family and rarely to the wife herself, who, according to the Armenian custom, had very few rights and was little more than a servant in the home. If a man sent money to his wife instead of his parents it made serious domestic trouble, as actually happened in one instance when I telegraphed for money for the wife. Many of the men who went away had been married for some time and had children whom they left there, while others went away a few weeks after their marriage and remained there for years. I know one woman whose husband has been in America twenty-seven years and during this time they have never seen each other. Their only child was born after the husband left and was killed in the summer of 1915. This man has recently written that he would like to have his wife come to America, if it is possible. It would have been simpler to arrange had he thought of it a few years earlier. This peculiar custom of the Armenians explains their lack of sentiment in so many cases and the indifference of some of those in America who have never taken the trouble to inquire about their families; yet I have met many here who seem to have keen sensibilities and fine sentiments.

It was pathetic to see the people bringing their money, their jewels, their valuable documents, and articles of all kinds to the Consulate and to the missionaries, asking us to keep them. I accepted insurance policies and other documents and a few deposits of money, requiring each person who deposited money with me to leave the name and address of some relative in America to whom it could be paid in case nothing was heard from any members of the family there. As I feared that many of these people would not survive to send for their money and as I had no way of using much at that time, since I did not anticipate carrying on relief work at the Consulate, I soon sent to the missionaries all who wished to leave money, as they could probably use it in their work and pay its equivalent to the relatives in America; but, as they had no good place to take care of it, they brought most of it down to keep in my safe. For a while I had about \$200,000 in gold there, though much of the time my cavasses were all away and I wondered what would happen if a raid should be made on the Consulate while I was there alone. The missionaries finally sent most of their gold to Constantinople, but from that time until my departure the Consulate was considered the safest place in which people could leave their money and their valuables. In addition to what was left there at the time of the deportation, things were continually brought to me for safe keeping. Those whom I had saved from being deported and many others whom I knew kept everything of value in my safe, using it as a safe deposit vault. Many persons who received remittances from America left their money with me, as they had no place to keep it, being, for the most part, even homeless, and took it a little at a time. This saved many a poor woman from losing what little she had or received, but caused me no little work, as nearly every day I opened the safe several times to take out or put in something for these unfortunate people.

It was known, of course, to the Turkish officials that some things were left there, although it was done as quietly as possible, and in the fall of 1915 I received a communication from the Vali demanding that I turn over to the Turkish

Government all money and property of Armenians that had been left in my care. I paid no attention to this demand and never did deliver anything to the authorities. Many an evening I have entertained the Vali in the same room where the safe stood and often wondered whether he knew how much Armenian property was inside of it. Fortunately, I was able to return everything to the owners before I left Harput last May, with the exception of a few small articles which I turned over to the Danish missionaries, some insurance policies which I gave to Mr. Ehmann, and some small deposits which I have since paid to relatives in America.

Although the difficulties of the journey were known to some extent, no one fully realized at that time what “deportation” really meant. The Government had said that the men in prison would be released and allowed to go with their families. It had also promised to provide donkeys and ox-carts for all who wished them, although, as a matter of fact, there were not enough animals in the Vilayet for five per cent of the people who were to be deported, and had given every assurance that they would be conducted safely to their destinations. Some were simple enough to believe this and to think that they would be allowed to settle down in some other place where they would begin life over again. They went away smiling and full of hope. The most of the Armenians, however, were in real fear and they had good reason to be. Rumors had come of what had happened to the men who had been sent away from prison, although nothing definite was then known about their fate. The most definite report received had been brought by some women who had come from Itchme a week or two before that time saying that all the men of that village had been taken up in the mountains by gendarmes and killed. The women saw the gendarmes washing the blood off their hands and weapons after their return to the village and, upon asking what had become of the men, were told by the gendarmes that they had been killed. The report of these women proved to be absolutely true. Furthermore, it was known that the roads were dangerous, even though the government had promised to provide a sufficient escort for all who left. They were filled with Kurds and “chetehs” who were turned loose to rob and pillage. The Kurds were notorious for that and were always ready when the occasion offered. A “cheteh” is a convict who had been released from prison and furnished a gun. These were the people whom the Armenians were to meet on the way and, as the Government knew it and had undoubtedly arranged it, its real intentions in deporting the Armenians can readily be understood.

As the Armenians were the business men of the country and as most of the artisans and skilled workers also were Armenians, it was certain that the country would suffer when they were gone. Most of the business of the region was in their hands. Ninety-five per cent of the deposits in the banks belonged to them. Nearly all the merchants, bankers, doctors, dentists, lawyers, teachers, carpenters, brick-layers, tile-makers, tinsmiths, bakers, tailors, shoe-makers, and the other artisans so essential to the life of the people were Armenians. Backward as the region was, what little progress had been made was due to them. By one stroke the country was to be set

back a century. In the Harput region most of the agriculture also was carried on by Armenians and much of the work was done by the women. As the order of deportation included women and children, the entire agriculture population in hundreds of the villages would be gone. It was literally a case of killing the goose that laid the golden egg, for there would be no one left to till the soil and the authorities might have foreseen the famine which actually did visit the land the following year. When the order was being carried out the Turks themselves began to realize that they would not be able to live without some of the artisans and a few of them were spared because they were needed.

The morning of July 1st came and somewhat to my surprise the thousands of Armenians who were ordered to leave on that day went without the slightest resistance. It is true that most of the principal men were already gone and the people who remained were spiritless and in despair, but I expected that some would resist and that blood would be shed before the order could be carried into effect. I never heard of a single person who resisted or refused to obey the order, although some had declared they would not leave their homes but would let the gendarmes kill them there. Nearly all prepared for the journey as best they could and started off without a protest. There were perhaps 3,000 who left Mamouret-ul-Aziz on that hot July day. A few had ox-carts, a few had mules or donkeys, some carried their scanty effects on cows, but the most of the people had to leave on foot carrying their baggage on their backs and their children in their arms on the terrible journey over the burning sands of the desert. The return soon afterwards of the donkeys and mules which the Government had provided indicated all too well the fate of those who had left.

The day after the first party left Mamouret-ul-Aziz a company of deported Armenians arrived from Erzerum. There were several hundred of them, many of whom belonged to the wealthiest and best families of that city, but they were then in almost wretched condition. They stopped at an abandoned schoolhouse just outside of the town where I saw them about an hour after their arrival. I had not supposed that I should be allowed to approach them but was able to talk with some of them at a spring on the opposite side of the road which they were permitted to visit. They told me something of their experiences on the journey. They had left Erzerum more than a month before with horses, mules, money and personal effects. On the way all the men of the party had been butchered by Kurds before their eyes, while the women had been robbed of everything they carried and of most of their clothes. They said that some of them had been left absolutely naked, but that the gendarmes who accompanied them and who pretended to have been unable to stop the Kurds had helped them to obtain clothes from some of the native women in the villages through which they passed. Consequently, many of them were dressed in peasants' clothes. They were sick and worn out with their journey, after the untold hardships which they had suffered, and wished to be permitted to remain in Mamouret-ul-Aziz. Among these people were some relatives of Mr. Shemavonian of our Embassy at Constantinople. I saw the Chief of Police on their behalf and, although he at first

refused permission for them to remain, saying that as they had come from another Vilayet he had no jurisdiction over them, they were allowed to stay there and are still there; together with many of the others members of that party, some of whom I helped out of the relief funds as long as I was in Harput and others of whom I helped to escape from there and to return to Erzerum after it had been taken by the Russians. At first all of these people were kept in the schoolhouse, almost as though they were in prison. They were closely guarded by gendarmes who allowed no one to enter the building and treated them with great severity. Later, however, they were allowed to find empty houses in the town and to live where they pleased.

On Saturday, July 3rd, the second party was sent from Mamouret-ul-Aziz. It was larger than the one which had left on Thursday. That party had gone via Diarbekir on the direct road to Ourfa. This time, although their destination was supposed to be the same as that of the others, the exiles were sent via Malatia, which was considerably out of the way. The reason for sending parties by different roads was undoubtedly to prevent the ones who left last from learning the fate of those which had preceded them.

In the afternoon of that day my Armenian Cavass Garabed was arrested again and taken down to the gendarme office, ostensibly because of his failure to perform military service. I went with him and argued with the officers there, but without avail. He was kept over night and was then taken to a building known as the Red Konak (Red Palace), from which several thousand Armenian soldiers had recently been sent away. They had first been stripped of their arms and, after being kept there for some days under close guard, during which time it was said that they suffered greatly from hunger and thirst and that their friends and relatives were not allowed to see them, they were sent away at night. The authorities said that they had gone to Ourfa to work on the roads, as Armenian soldiers were no longer desired for active service in the army. The Vali assured their relatives that within two weeks they would receive letters from them. It is needless to say that no letters were ever received and it was a long time before anything was definitely known about their fate, but it finally appeared that all of them were shot by the gendarmes who accompanied them. No distinction was made at this time between those who had paid their military exemption-tax and those who had not.

When I awoke on the morning of July 4th, 1915, there was not a single cavass at the Consulate, although it was customary to hold an official reception on that day. Ahmed had not yet recovered from the recurrent fever which he had contracted on the trip to Diarbekir with Mrs. Smith and was still in the hospital, Naman was unable to be at the Consulate owing to his military duties, and Garabed was in prison. The young man who had been acting as interpreter and clerk, although an Armenian, had been exempted from the first deportation and had been offered the opportunity of going away with some Turkish officials who were about to leave for Constantinople. He had resigned and was at home preparing to leave with them. I had spent a most lonely night as sole guard of the wealth of the Armenians which had been left with

me and was wondering how I should be able to conduct the work of the Consulate without any employees or how I should even be able to live there without them. Stranded, as it were, in this remote and uncivilized corner of the world, in the midst of the terrible scenes then taking place, and not knowing what the morrow might bring forth, I felt utterly hopeless and discouraged.

I went down to the gendarme office and learned that Garabed had been taken to the Red Konak. I then hurried over to see one of the local military officials, Mehmed Ali Bey, and asked him as a personal favor to me to be kind enough to give an order allowing the cavass Garabed to return to the Consulate. He promised to do so and I went home. Mehmed Ali Bey kept his promise and within an hour Garabed walked in a free man again. I wish to say that my Turkish cavass Naman was of considerable assistance in this matter.

We did not hold a reception that day. There had been no opportunity, of course, to prepare for callers and I doubt if any one thought of coming. The Turkish officials were too busy in carrying out their plans to get rid of the Armenians, the few Armenian men who were left naturally feared to come out when they were almost certain to be arrested if they appeared on the street, and the American missionaries were occupied in trying to help those connected with their schools and mission. The town was in a state of chaos and it seemed as though the world were coming to an end. It was an extraordinary Fourth of July.

On Monday and the following days of that week the Armenians were sent away from Harput and the neighboring villages. Every few days a party left, some going in one direction some in another. The authorities tried to send all away as quickly as possible and they succeeded quite well in following the program which they had announced.

One evening the latter part of that week Dr. Atkinson came down to the Consulate and asked me if I would like to talk with an Armenian who had just escaped from a massacre. I went up to his house and was taken upstairs into a dark room where the man was hiding. He was the pharmacist in a drug store which the doctor had in Harput. He had had a miraculous escape from death and had arrived at the Hospital exhausted and worn out after his frightful experience. Then, in the attic of the Doctor's house, we sat and listened to his story, while outside the gendarmes were patrolling the streets in search of fugitive Armenians.

He had been arrested at Harput on Monday, July 5th, without being informed of the reason and brought down to the prison in Mamouret-ul-Aziz. About eight hundred men were arrested that day in Harput, Mamouret-ul-Aziz, and the surrounding villages and put in prison without any charge being made against them. They were all searched and their money, valuables, and even much of their clothing, taken from them. Some of these were men who had been in prison before and had been released by the Vali who said they would be allowed to go with their families. About three o'clock Tuesday morning the Police Mudir (Chief of Police) came to the prison and all of these men were brought out into the court-yard and lined up in front

of him. After being searched again they were tied together in groups of fourteen each by direction of the Police Mudir and marched out of the town before daybreak so that they would not be seen by the inhabitants. They were heavily guarded by gendarmes who conducted them to a Kurdish village which they reached in the afternoon. On arriving there they were put in the mosque and other buildings for the night without food or water. Some of the Kurds offered to bring them water if they would pay for it, but as their money had all been taken from them, this was a mockery. They remained there that night and the following morning were taken to a valley a few hours distance, where they were all made to sit down. Then, at noon on that day, Wednesday, July 7th, the gendarmes began shooting them. After they had fired two or three rounds and killed most of the men the order was given not to waste any more cartridges but to bayonet the rest. Those who had not been shot were then dispatched with knives and bayonets.

The young man who was telling us about this massacre said he was at the extreme end of the line and when that order was given he called out in terror for them to shoot him, as he could not endure the thought of being killed by the bayonet. In his terror he succeeded in breaking the rope and, seeing that he was free, started to run away. They shot at him several times but did not hit him. Owing to the confusion and the nature of the land, he was soon able to reach a little ravine where he dropped out of sight and then succeeded in crawling away to a safe distance, after which he ran as fast as he could across the fields. He kept on running all that day and all night, faint from hunger and thirst and the exhaustion of the previous march, but frantic with fright. When he reached Mamouret-ul-Aziz he did not recognize it, although he had lived there all his life. He had intended to go directly to the American Hospital but arrived at the other end of the town by mistake and thought it was some other place. He then went back across the fields and finally came by a different path to the Hospital, where he succeeded in entering unnoticed about daybreak. When Dr. Atkinson found him there he took him over to his house. The young man was afterwards taken away disguised as a woman and is now safe in Russia.

Of the eight or nine hundred men who had been taken away at this time, some fifteen or twenty succeeded in escaping and several of them have confirmed the story as it was first told to me. Among those who were killed was the treasurer of Euphrates College and many other estimable and prominent Armenians who had never even been accused of any disloyalty to the government or of any crime. I received inquiries about many of these persons in the numerous welfare Instructions which the Department sent me, and in my telegrams and reports in answer thereto frequently referred to the page of my report of July 11, 1915, to the Embassy at Constantinople (copy of which I sent the Department in an accompanying despatch of the same date), in which I reported this massacre four days after it had occurred.

After our appeals to the Vali and after the majority of the families had gone we hoped that the worst was over and that the women and children who were left might be allowed to remain. We began to consider plans to aid them, as they could have no

means of support, and thought of opening an orphanage to care for some of the children. The missionaries were interested in those whose parents had been connected with their mission and I was anxious to find some way to take care of those who were American born and whose parents might have been American citizens. There were children who had been born in America and brought to Turkey by their parents. The latter, in some cases, were now dead or gone while some of the children were left behind to die of starvation. There were also hundreds of children arriving all the time from other places, whose parents had died or been killed on the way. One of the missionaries and I looked around to try to find some building in the neighborhood of the Consulate which we could use for an orphanage if we were allowed to open one. I went to see the Vali on Saturday, July 10th, about opening an orphanage and met with a flat refusal. He said the government was establishing orphanages for the children and we could not undertake anything of the kind, although we might help the people in other ways if we wished to do so. An hour after I left the Vali the announcement was made that all the Armenians remaining there, including the women and children, must leave on the following Tuesday, July 13th.

It is true that the Turkish Government did establish some orphanages for the Armenian children and left them there for a short time. Then the children disappeared and it was reported that they had all been taken to a lake about twenty miles from Harput and drowned. I do not know about that, although I have seen the bones of many children on the shores of that lake, but it seems certain that they were killed in some way.

As I have already mentioned (page 18), when I found that none were safe, not even when they were given vesicas, I began to use the Consulate as a place of refuge and kept many Armenians in it during the next two years. The first person who sought refuge there was a woman from the village of Morenik, whose husband, an American citizen, had died of typhus the preceding winter. This was Mrs. Varter George, to whom the Department later issued a passport and concerning whom there was other correspondence through the Department. She rushed into the Consulate one day that week with her four small children, three of whom had been born in America, where she had lived for a number of years, and asked if I could keep her there. I had already obtained a vesica for her, but she said the gendarmes, who were deporting the Armenians of Morenik that day, paid no attention to it and drove her out with the others. She slipped a little money to one of the gendarmes, however, and he let her leave the lines. She then ran across the fields to Mamouret-ul-Aziz, a distance of about two miles, and succeeded in coming around by a back way and reaching the Consulate, terror-stricken and worn out. I told her she might remain there and later obtained permission from the Vali for her to remain permanently in Mamouret-ul-Aziz. She staid at the Consulate about three months, after which I rented a house in the neighborhood where she had been living since then. As she had lost all her money, I advanced her funds until I was able to get word to her father in America and obtain money for her, which came about six months later. This was the

beginning. From that time on I had men, women and children in the Consulate for protection and helped as many as possible in that way, trying all the time not to attract the attention of the police.

A day or two later another woman, Mrs. Varter Harrouinian, of the village of Kessrik, came to the Consulate with her two small children to seek refuge, as the people were then being deported from that village. Her husband, Mr. Bedros Harrouinian, is a naturalized American citizen living in Boston. She too had lived in America and both of her children were born here. I obtained a vesica for her, kept her and the children in the Consulate for about three months and advanced money to her also while she was waiting for a remittance from her husband. After that she lived in the neighborhood under my protection as long as I remained in Harput.

The same afternoon an old woman came with her grandson. The boy, Zaven Musekian, was born in America and had gone to Turkey to visit his grandmother. I went down to the Konak (Government Office), myself, as I had no one whom I could send to the Turkish officials on such errands, and succeeded in getting vesicas for both of them. They staid at the Consulate that summer, as they would not have been safe outside. Then the grandmother went back to her home where she was allowed to remain and was there at the time of my departure from Harput. Zaven lived in the Consulate until the latter part of February this year when I sent him to Russia, where he is now. I shall explain later the circumstances of his departure. While at the Consulate he acted as teacher in the school which we organized for some of the children whom I took in there.

Another woman whom I kept in the Consulate for some time was Mrs. Yester Mugerditchian, wife of the Reverend Thomas K. Mugerditchian, who was for many years dragoman of the British Vice-Consulate at Diarbekir. He had succeeded in escaping to Egypt the preceding year with the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Monck-Mason, and left his wife and six children at Harput in my care. I received frequent communications from him instructing me to take the same care of his family that I would of my own and intimating that he would hold me responsible if anything ever happened to them. "Pompish" Yester, as she was called ("Pompish" being a title given to learned women who could read) had been living at Harput, as some of her children were attending Euphrates College. When the Armenians were being deported from Harput she went to the Kaimakam and paid him fifty Turkish pounds (\$220.00) for protection. After getting the money he told her that, as the deportations from the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz had ended, the best thing for her to do was to go down there to live. It was said that the Kaimakam took about 10,000 pounds (\$44,000) in bribes from Armenians at this time, but there were very few whom he really helped. Pompish Yester moved down to Mamouret-ul-Aziz with her family, only to find that the Armenians who had been left there were to be deported a few days later. She stayed for a while at the American Hospital, which was not at Harput with the other mission buildings but in Mamouret-ul-Aziz. Dr. Atkinson helped many Armenians by keeping them there as long as he could, but, when it was announced that all in the

town who had been left thus far must go and the police came and searched the Hospital for any who might be in hiding there, he was unable to keep many of them any longer. Pompish Yester and her children succeeded in getting away and came down to increase my rapidly growing family at the Consulate.

A few days later Miss Karen Petersen, a Danish missionary, brought a woman and her two children to the Consulate and asked me to keep them just one night, saying she would try to find some place for them the following day. They remained not only that night, but for nearly two years. The woman, Mrs. Haiganoosh Kazanjian, had lived in America for a number of years and one of her children was born here. Her husband, Mr. Mardiros Kazanjian, is in America and has made several inquiries about his family through the Department. Mrs. Kazanjian helped as long as I was in Harput to take care of several small children whom I had picked up and kept at the Consulate.

One of my neighbors was my cook's sister-in-law. Her husband was among the eight hundred men who were killed in the mountains on July 7th. She had lived in America and had five children, four of whom were born in America. Consequently, I felt that I should try to protect them and allowed this family to stay at the Consulate that summer.

Among those whom I kept at that time was Professor Lulejian, one of the professors of Euphrates College, whom I have already mentioned on page 14. He had been in the American Hospital recuperating from the beating which the Kaimakam had given him and from the other injuries which he had received while in prison, but when it was found to be no longer safe in the Hospital I was requested to keep him in the Consulate, it being suggested that I might use him in some ways as clerk and interpreter, since I had none at that time. Professor Lulejian had been educated in America at Cornell and Yale Universities and was a very capable man. I brought him down myself one night, as no Armenian dared to go out alone, and kept him a few weeks. He then had an opportunity to leave with some Kurds and escaped to the Dersim. Later, after Erzerum was taken by the Russians, he went there and opened an orphanage for the unfortunate children of his race. He died there of typhus last winter shortly after his wife and children had succeeded in joining him.

One noon that summer I looked down into the garden from my balcony and saw a young woman who was a total stranger to me talking earnestly with the others. It appeared that she had been deported with one of the first parties that were sent away and had paid a large amount of money to some Kurds to bring her back to Mamouret-ul-Aziz. She had arrived early that morning and had nowhere to go. Formerly, she had lived with her brother, who was her only relative there, but he had been sent away from prison and had undoubtedly been killed. Knowing one of the servants at the Consulate she came there, hoping that she might be allowed to remain. She did remain for more than a year, and, after making many efforts to learn if any of her relatives were alive, has recently heard from some of them who are now in Constantinople.

In the first party which arrived from Erzerum, about which I spoke on page 22 and 23, was a Mrs. Adelina Mazmanian, daughter of the Protestant pastor of that city. Her husband was killed by Kurds on the way. She lived for a while in an empty house in Mamouret-ul-Aziz with her two little children, her mother-in-law and her sister-in-law. Then, when they were in danger of being sent away, they all sought refuge in the Consulate and remained there about two months. After the danger appeared to be over they found another house and finally succeeded in getting back to Erzerum with money which I furnished them.

One of the persons whom I took in the Consulate was an old man who lived in the village of Bizmeshen, which was about two hours distant. He had lived in America for many years and felt interested in him. Learning that the people of his village were to be deported and that many of the men had already been arrested and put in prison, I resolved to go out to look for him and to try to bring him back with me. I went alone on horseback, as there was no one whom I could take with me or whom I could send after him. The ride I took that day is one I shall never forget. The road in ordinary times was much traveled, but on this occasion from the time I left Mamouret-ul-Aziz until I reached Bizmeshen I saw only a few gendarmes with guns over their shoulders, who had apparently been rounding up Armenians in the villages and were returning after having finished their task, and the body of a dead man alongside of the road. Not a traveler was to be seen and not a living person except the gendarmes. On arriving at Bizmeshen, I found the man still there but greatly frightened. He had escaped arrest the day before by hiding all day in a dark hole in his house. The village was already almost empty and a gendarme was stationed there to see that no one tried to get away. I made his acquaintance and by means of a friendly word and a little money it was quickly arranged for the old man to leave with me. The gendarme, who has since been one of my best friends and has helped me in more than one delicate matter, came out of the village with us, so that we should not be molested by any other gendarmes who might be around. The old man and I hurried along as quickly as we could. I rode on horseback and he walked alongside, trying to keep out of sight as much as possible. We did see one gendarme watching us from a distance, but he was not near enough to see my companion and we passed him safely. We came by a circular route and arrived at the Consulate towards night. The old man was Krikor Maghakian, whom I afterwards appointed cavass. He is still sleeping in the Consulate nights and trying to guard it while it is closed.

These were some of the people who stayed at the Consulate that summer. There were others at that time whom I might mention and still others who came there later. I tried first of all, of course, to help those who appeared to have some rights as American citizens, although there were very few who had any documents or other proof of citizenship and in most cases it was many months before their citizenship could be established. There were others, however, as has been seen, who came in one way or another and whom it was hard to refuse. Very many of the persons whom I took into the Consulate have relatives in America and I have recently had the

satisfaction of seeing most of them and telling them that their families have been saved.

It was a problem to feed all of these people, as I then had no servants who could go out on the streets and there were times when I was obliged to go to the market myself and get them bread, which had to be done very quietly in order not to attract attention. For a long time I never dared let my Armenian cavasses go to market or elsewhere without going with them, thus reversing the rule and guarding them instead of being guarded by them. After a while I engaged the services of a young Turkish boy, to whom I had intended to give a position as cavass if he proved trustworthy, but I found him so inquisitive and prying at a time when Armenians were coming to me secretly at all hours of the day and night and the house and garden were full of them, that I had to dispense with his services as quickly as possible.

Fortunately, there was plenty of room at the Consulate. The building, which is one of the best in the interior of Asia Minor, is of three stories and very large. The garden is also large. It has about forty big trees in it and is surrounded by a very high wall which prevents the Turks in the neighborhood from seeing who are there. As there is no rain in Harput in summer, most of the people slept out in the garden under the mulberry trees. There was a row of about forty persons sleeping there all summer. It should be explained that few Armenians use beds or bed linen, even under normal conditions, being accustomed to sleep on nothing more than a light mattress spread on the floor or ground with a blanket thrown over them. Consequently, it was not very difficult to provide beds for my guests. During the daytime the women and children stayed in sheltered corners of the garden as quiet as possible, even the children being forbidden to make any noise, while the men remained in the attic, hiding in terror until nightfall and then coming down into the garden for a breath of air.

While these people were hiding in the Consulate the Turks were holding prayer meetings every night in the square in front of it and we could all hear them piously calling upon Allah to bless them in their efforts to kill the hated Christians. Night after night this same chant went up to heaven and day after day these Turks carried on their bloody work.

During all this time I kept sending telegrams to the Embassy about the situation, trying to inform it of what was happening. Telegram after telegram and despatch after despatch went out from the Consulate in the endeavor to convey to the Embassy and the Department news of the terrible tragedy which was taking place around us and which we were so powerless to prevent,—in the hope that some effective protest could be made against it or some action taken to stop it and that the civilized world might learn of the needs of the survivors. I never knew which ones would pass the censor and many did not. Many of my most important reports were intercepted and read by the Turkish authorities, causing me considerable trouble, as I shall explain later; but some of my communications reached the Embassy and met with a prompt response from the Ambassador.

Most of the concessions which were obtained were made with true Oriental cunning, however, and were of little avail. The Government finally announced, after nearly all the Armenians had been deported, that certain classes of them would be exempted from deportation. It is by no means impossible that orders to this effect were sent the local authorities with instructions to hold them until most of those who would benefit by them were gone. The Catholics were the first exception, it being announced that they would not be deported, although practically all the Catholics had already been deported when the announcement was made. Then a similar exception was made for Protestants after most of them were gone. On receiving notice of this order, I obtained a list of the Protestants who had been sent away from that vicinity and, as some of them had left only a few days before and their whereabouts were then known, I went to see the Vali about them and asked to have them brought back; but my efforts in their behalf were unsuccessful and none of them ever did come back with the permission of the Government. As a matter of fact, in subsequent deportations the gendarmes paid little attention to the different classes of people, rounding them up and sending them away indiscriminately. About the middle of July a telegram was received from the Embassy saying that American citizens were to be recognized as such and should not be deported.

The latter part of July, after most of the Armenians had been deported from Mamouret-ul-Aziz and Harput, a party of about forty persons left with a special safe-conduct given by the Vali. They were people whom he knew and in whom he pretended to be interested. They had planned to start several times before, but the Vali warned them not to do so, saying the roads were not safe and he wished them to go in safety. Among them was the Armenian Catholic Archbishop, Monseigneur Israelian, and his associates. There was also a young French woman, Mademoiselle Marguerite Gamat. She had refused to leave with the French fathers the preceding November, saying she had no near relatives and preferred to cast her lot with the Armenians among whom she had been working for a number of years. When she decided to leave at this time I warned her of the danger but, as she felt there was nothing left for her to do there, she decided to go with the others.

The party left for Aleppo in wagons, escorted by gendarmes and with every guarantee of protection. On arriving in Kezim Khan, they found the khan full of gendarmes, who told them the road in that direction was not safe and they must go another way. This was probably prearranged. They went back a short distance and were then made to get out of their wagons by the gendarmes and Kurds who had been waiting for them. Their hands were tied and they were taken a few feet back from the road. The archbishop and his companions attempted to sing hymns but the books were kicked out of their hands by the gendarmes with curses. All of the party, except three women and two or three children, were then murdered. Madmoiselle Gamat was among those who were killed.

The three women who were spared were saved for the harems of the murderers. The prettiest one was taken by their chief, a Kurd by the name of Hadji Kaya, who

killed her husband with his own hands after she had thrown herself on him in her efforts to save him. This woman had lived in England many years and had only recently returned to Turkey with her husband. When they left at this time they carried with them several hundred pounds in gold which they had baked in their bread. This, of course, was taken from them. Hadji Kaya took her and her little girl and kept her in his harem about a year and a half. She had a child by him and almost lost her mind. She was finally allowed to visit Miss Petersen, the Danish missionary whom I have mentioned on page 28, and while there tried to escape to Russia, shortly before I left Harput last spring. It was reported that she was caught and brought back, but I do not know definitely what has happened to her. Haji Kaya became one of the most notable and influential men of the town. He finally lost his prestige, however, and was imprisoned by the Vali for some time. One of the other two women was the sister of Mrs. Takoohi Dikran Medzigian (see page 15). She and one of her children were taken by a Turk to the village of Kevhvenk and kept there for a few days. This became known and the Vali on being appealed to in her behalf had her brought back to Mamouret-ul-Aziz. She came then to my office and described the massacre to me in detail, as related above.

Among those who were deported was the local agent of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. He left the keys of his store with me. One day in July the Police Mudir sent for them. He was a new man who had probably been appointed for the purpose of executing the orders for the deportation of the Armenians, as his predecessor, who was a comparatively mild man, left soon after these orders were announced and he arrived just in time to carry them out. The new Police Mudir, Rechid Bey, was a native of Kessrik, one of the large villages near the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz, but for a number of years had been in Baghdad, where he held some official position. His father lived in Kessrik and his brother was Police Mudir at Aleppo. Rechid Bey knew the country and was well calculated to carry out the work assigned to him.

I took the keys down myself and saw him for the first time. He was a young man with smooth face, boyish in appearance and very fat. Boyish as he appeared to be, he played one of the bloodiest roles of all in the tragedy enacted that summer. His task was to kill his Armenian neighbors whom he had known from childhood, and he did his work with the hands of a master. The energy, the skill, the perseverance, which he displayed in his fanaticism would have been highly commendable in an enterprise of a different nature. Unlike most of the other Turks, I do not believe he ever took any bribes from the Armenians and I doubt if he made as much as a pound from them in any other way as a result of their deportation. His sole aim seemed to be to do his allotted work well. I saw him often during the next year and a half and always found him very courteous. In most cases he granted my requests when I went to him for anything. I have visited him a number of times in his beautiful garden in his home in Kessrik and have been horseback riding with him at his invitation. He seemed to

want to be friendly, although I knew that he was aware of much that I was doing for the Armenians and disliked it.

My first interview with him was somewhat awkward, as we knew no common language and neither of us had an interpreter. We finally found some one, however, who acted as interpreter and he then informed me that the authorities needed three of the Singer machines at once. Having heard that I had the keys of the Company's store, he had sent for them in order to get these machines. I made no objection to his taking the three machines, provided they were properly requisitioned, but soon afterwards had the entire stock of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, consisting of about one hundred and fifty machines and various parts and accessories, besides furniture, moved up to the Consulate and kept there until the Company was able to send a representative to take it over a few months later. The stock, which would probably have all disappeared had I not taken possession of it, was then delivered to him.

On one of the principal Turkish holidays that summer I thought it an auspicious occasion to appeal to the authorities in behalf of the few remaining Armenians. I called on the Vali to extend to him my felicitations on the holiday and then suggested that it would be an admirable act on that day to bring to an end the deportations of the Armenians and to allow the few who were left, most of whom were only helpless women and children, to remain there. He acquiesced in my suggestion in true Turkish fashion, saying he felt very sorry himself for these poor people and would be glad to do anything he could to help them. He finally suggested that I embody my request in a formal letter to him and said the Police Mudir would see me about it that evening.

The Police Mudir came to the Consulate about ten o'clock that night, saying he had come at that hour to avoid being seen by others. He spoke at once about the letter the Vali had asked me to write. He wished me to say in it, among other things, that all the Armenians who were guilty of plotting against the Government had been deported or otherwise punished and that none of those who remained were implicated in any plots or guilty of any offense against the Government. I saw then the Vali's motive in asking me to write a letter and the craftiness with which he and the Police Mudir had schemed to turn my naive request to their advantage. Had I made the statement that all the Armenians who were guilty of plotting against the Government had been punished, it would undoubtedly have been distorted by the Turkish officials so as to make it appear that I had said that all the Armenians who had been deported or otherwise punished were guilty of some offense against the Government. I have no doubt that the Turkish Government would have had it published in this form throughout the civilized world as a full justification by the American Consul at Harput, who was the only foreign official in Turkish Armenia, of the treatment accorded to the Armenians. Sitting in my office that night, while over forty Armenians were sleeping in the garden or were concealed in different parts of the building and the few thousand others who remained in that region were living

in fear and trembling and hiding in various holes and corners, not knowing when they would be hunted out and sent away to exile or death, the Police Mudir and I discussed the matter until nearly two o'clock in the morning. At first he wanted me to speak in the letter about the bombs and weapons which the police said they had found in the possession of Armenians and to mention certain incidents where Armenians were said to have resisted or harmed Turkish officers, after which I could state that none of those who remained were implicated in any of these matter. I said I had no objection to putting my request in writing, but did not feel that I could make any statements concerning matters about which I did not have personal knowledge. He waived everything else at this time but insisted upon my saying that the guilty Armenians had been deported and that those who remained were innocent. He pressed his demand by offering to stop the deportations at once if I would make such a statement, although he said he had just received new orders instructing him to take more severe measures than ever against the Armenians and had already made arrangements to begin the deportations anew on the morrow. He said it would save many lives if I would make the desired statement. He showed himself to be a poor diplomat, however, by laying too much stress upon its importance and by his persistency in asking for it. It was quite apparent that he had been instructed to obtain it and that it was wanted for a purpose, which, of course, made me feel all the more how imprudent it would be to make any statement that might be used by the Turks. Notwithstanding his promises (which I did not believe), I had to take the responsibility of refusing to give him the statement he sought and I am sure the result is no worse than it would have been if I had done as he asked.

A few weeks later the Police Mudir asked me to write a report to the Department of State to inform it about certain offenses which the Armenians had committed, some of which he had already suggested that I mention in the letter to the Vali. I told him I was quite willing to send such a report. He said he would have a statement of these facts prepared and send it to me. He finally sent it, after having delayed a little in order to include some recent happenings so as to make it as complete as possible. His attempt to throw on the Armenians the blame for their sufferings would have been ludicrous, had the matter been less serious; for, although a hundred thousand Armenians in that Vilayet had been driven out of their homes by the Turks and a large part of them murdered, he could find only four or five instances where any Turk had been killed or even injured by Armenians and less than a dozen instances of any resistance by Armenians. There was the case of one young man (Setrak Zooloonian) who had been surprised by gendarmes near the village of Haboosi while he was trying to run away and had shot one of them with a revolver which one of the lady missionaries had given him. The young man was killed immediately by other gendarmes. He had been employed in the American Hospital, but I do not think the authorities ever learned where he had gotten the revolver. There were three or four other cases where Turkish gendarmes had been wounded by Armenians, but I think not more than one or two Turks were ever killed by them. There were a few isolated

cases of resistance on the part of Armenians. One was in the neighboring village of Morenik where a handful of men hid themselves in the cellars of the houses and defied the gendarmes, with the result that the village was burned and they were literally smoked out of their holes. The most important instance of all was the burning of the prison, which occurred on the morning of August 5th. The Armenians who were confined there, knowing that they were almost certain to be killed anyway, set fire to it in the attempt to escape. Some of them were burned to death in the prison and all the rest were shot in the courtyard by the guards. Not one succeeded in escaping.

I sent to both the Embassy and the Department a translation of the statement which the Police Mudir gave me and explained in my despatches that he had requested me to forward it. I think these despatches were received.

Early in August we received news of the death of the Reverend George P. Knapp at Diarbekir. Mr. Knapp was an American missionary who was born in Turkey and had recently been stationed at Bitlis. The authorities there made certain charges against him in connection with the Armenian troubles and sent him away one night the latter part of July, about midnight, with a heavy escort of gendarmes. He reached Diarbekir and died in that city two or three days after his arrival. The cause of his death was given as typhus. I spent much time investigating the matter and personally interviewed those who knew anything about the circumstances. Among them were the officer who brought him from Bitlis to Diarbekir, a young Armenian boy by the name of Kegham Karabedian, who accompanied him on the journey, and Dr. Ali Kemal Bey, the Turkish physician who attended him. There was also a young Armenian woman, Miriam Bagdasarian, who was a graduate of Euphrates College, had been for a while a nurse in the American Hospital at Mamouret-ul-Aziz and was afterwards with Dr. Smith in Diarbekir. She had recently married Dr. Ali Kemal Bey and came to Harput with him a few weeks after Mr. Knapp's death. The results of my interviews with these different persons have been given fully in my report of Mr. Knapp's death, which I sent the Department. All said Mr. Knapp was sick and the doctor said he died of typhus; but, as I pointed out in my report, the latter's explanation was full of inconsistencies. It seems very doubtful that typhus was the cause of his death, but there is probably no way in which the truth can ever be established unless Dr. Ali Kemal Bey is willing at some time after the war to tell the truth, in case there is anything to confess in the matter, or his wife is able to furnish some information about it later. Otherwise, it will probably never be known whether Mr. Knapp died of typhus or was poisoned.

I succeeded after a while in getting possession of the effects that Mr. Knapp had brought to Diarbekir with him and kept them until I received word from Mrs. Knapp, who was in America, to deliver them to the American missionaries at Harput. I delivered everything to them, excepting a typewriter which she had asked me to hold until I heard from her again. I received no further instructions from her and

when the orders came for me to leave Harput sent that up to them also, as they were then planning to remain there. It was stored with their effects when they came away.

There were parties of exiles arriving from time to time throughout the summer of 1915, some of them numbering several thousand. The first one, who arrived in July, camped in a large open field on the outskirts of the town, where they were exposed to the burning sun. All of them were in rags and many of them were almost naked. They were emaciated, sick, diseased, filthy, covered with dirt and vermin, resembling animals far more than human beings. They had been driven along for many weeks like herds of cattle, with little to eat, and most of them had nothing except the rags on their backs. When the scant rations which the Government furnished were brought for distribution the guards were obliged to beat them back with clubs, so ravenous were they. There were few men among them, most of the men having been killed by the Kurds before their arrival at Harput. Many of the women and children also had been killed and very many others had died on the way from sickness and exhaustion. Of those who had started, only a small portion were still alive and they were rapidly dying.

As one walked through the camp mothers held out their children, begging the visitor to take them and care for them or trying to sell them for a few piasters (a piaster is equivalent to about four cents). Many Turkish officers and other Turks visited the camps to select the prettiest girls and had their doctors present to examine them. I afterwards had occasion to try to help a little girl about twelve or thirteen years of age by the name of Siranoush Hoghghoghian, who had come with a party from Erzingan. Her uncle in New York, Mr. Hrahad Hoghghoghian, sent a communication to me through the Department and the Embassy, asking me to protect her and saying that he would send funds for her. After considerable search my cavasses found her living with a Turkish officer. She came to the Consulate and told me to inform her uncle that she was all right and needed no money. She was well developed for her age and was a comparatively good looking girl but was beginning to show the marks of the life she was living. Young as she was, we noticed that she appeared to be pregnant and a month or two later she did give birth to a child. I reported about her to her uncle in New York, but I think my report failed to reach him and perhaps it was just as well. This is only one of thousands of similar instances that occurred in a situation where no missionary or foreign official could do much to help these unfortunate people.

The parties that came remained for a few days and were then pushed on without any apparent destination. Each time they left there were many who staid behind because they were too sick or too feeble to continue with the others. The most horrible scene I have ever witnessed, one not surpassed by any in Dante's "Inferno", was the group of those who remained at the first large camp after the majority of the exiles had gone. The first time I saw this group was in the dusk of the evening. There were several hundred of the dead and dying scattered about the camp, the most of whom were under a clump of trees at one end of it. One or two gendarmes were on guard, but they made no objection to my walking among them. Right in the road,

stretched flat on his back, lay the body of a middle-aged man who had apparently just died or been killed. A number of dead bodies of women and children lay here and there, while all around were the sick and the dying. Old men sat there mumbling incoherently. Women with matted hair and sunken eyes sat staring like maniacs. One, whose face has haunted my memory ever since, was so emaciated and the skin was drawn so tightly over her features that her head appeared to be only a lifeless skull. Others were in the spasms of death. Children with bloated bellies were on the ground wallowing in filth. Some were in convulsions. All in the camp were beyond help. Within a few feet of them was a long trench and each day those who were dead, or thought to be dead, were gathered up by the gendarmes and dumped into it. The exiles themselves were compelled to dig this trench as long as any of them were able to work. Hundreds of Armenians were buried in this field in the summer of 1915. Today there is hardly a trace of the camp left, but whenever I have ridden past it I have always thought of the hellish scenes that took place there during the “deportation” of the Armenians.

Some of the parties that arrived later in the summer were kept for a while just outside of the village of Hoolakeuy, which was about an hour and a half distance from the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz. I rode out there two or three times and talked with the people. Many of them were from Erzerum, but, unlike the others who had come, they had not been robbed or attacked on the way and there were quite a number of men among them. They said the gendarmes had taken good care of them and, although some had died and others were sick and worn out from the journey, they thought they might escape the fate the others had met. But they were now in the “Slaughter-house Vilayet” of Turkey and a few weeks later I saw their dead bodies piled one on top of another about twenty miles away where those who were sent on were all massacred a day or two after they left Hoolakeuy. Those who were too feeble to leave with the others died in the camp and their bones may be seen sticking out from the shallow graves close by.

The parties of exiles that arrived the latter part of the summer were taken to a large Armenian cemetery almost within the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz. Here they were closely guarded, but I had no difficulty in entering it. It was a singularly appropriate place in which to detain these wretched people and I often wondered why the authorities had not thought of it before. The cemetery was surrounded by a high wall and there was running water through it, so that those who were in there need not actually die of thirst. Wagon loads of poor bread were brought each day and thrown to them. On one side there was a large trench in which to bury the people as they died. The scenes here were practically the same as those which I have already described in speaking of the parties that arrived earlier in the summer. Each party was kept here a few days and then sent on, some always left behind to die. For a while after their departure one could see at any time a dozen dead bodies lying around, with the open grave waiting for them, and for those who had not yet died, until finally it received them all.

Although I visited all of these encampments a number of times, I did not go far from the town during the summer and for many months carried a revolver in my pocket whenever I went outside of the Consulate. The police frequently warned me never to go out alone and at first I had no cavasses who could accompany me. Gendarmes, chetehs and Kurds were everywhere. I often met them on my walks in the town. The Kurds nearly always carried hatchets, which were their usual weapons. On several occasions there were large camps of Kurds and chetehs in the vicinity and once we thought they were going to be turned loose to massacre the Armenians who were left there, but this did not happen.

After things became a little quieter Krikor Maghakian, whom I told about on page 29 and 30, expressed a desire to ride out to his native village of Bizmeshen some day to see what it looked like. Dr. Atkinson and I went with him, as, of course, he could not go alone and as we too wished to see the village. We followed the same road over which Krikor and I had come two months before. About a mile out of the town we noticed a man digging near a spring under a clump of trees just off the road. We rode over to him and saw that it was a gendarme digging two shallow graves in the sand. Alongside of him was the body of a dead woman. A few feet away was another corpse. Near the spring was a dying woman with a child. Krikor had brought some bread with him, thinking he might meet some one who would need it. He handed it to this woman but she was almost beyond the need of bread and cried out that she wanted to die. I have frequently ridden past this spot since and seen the skulls of these women lying on the sand.

When we reached Bizmeshen we found it in ruins. It was a purely Armenian village of about three hundred houses, from nearly every one of which some one had gone to America. Only two families remained, they having been spared because they worked on the farm of one of the gendarmes who had charge of deporting the inhabitants of that village. The houses, which were built like all the others in that region, of mud mixed with straw, were all falling down. The doors and windows were out and the walls of many of them had tumbled into the streets. A few hungry looking cats were prowling around. We saw no other living creature in this once prosperous village until we reached Krikor's own house, which was one of the largest and best there. It was occupied by gendarmes stationed there by the Government. We went in and chatted with them for a while, after which we started back home.

On the way we decided to visit the neighboring village of Hoolakeuy, which was about a mile off the main road. This too had been inhabited wholly by Armenians and was about the size of Bizmeshen. We rode through the empty streets filled with rubbish which had been thrown out of the houses. The village was in ruins and all except about half a dozen of the inhabitants were gone. They had been "deported", but few have ever been heard from since they left. I came back to Hoolakeuy the following week and saw there some of the exiles who had been deported from other places, as already mentioned. A week or two after that Dr. Atkinson and I went there again to look for three old blind men. Their families had all been sent away but the

Doctor had heard that they were left behind in the ruins. Formerly, they had been the rich men of the place; now, they were beggars. We took them on donkeys to Mamouret-ul-Aziz and since then the American missionaries have taken care of them.

In the weeks that followed I visited many other villages, in some of which all of the inhabitants had been Armenian while in others the Armenians had formed only a part of the population. All of the purely Armenian villages were in ruins and deserted, like Bizmeshen and Hoolakeuy. In the others the Armenian homes were empty. Everywhere it was a scene of desolation and destruction. The houses were crumbling to pieces and even the Christian churches, which had been erected at great expense and with much sacrifice, had been pulled down. In the neighboring village of Yegheki a large bell which had only recently been purchased in America through the Consulate at Harput and put in place was lying in the debris of the church. The Mohammedans in their fanaticism seemed determined not only to exterminate the Christian population but to remove all traces of their religion and even to destroy the products of civilization. It was a sad sight to see all this ruin and destruction as I rode through these deserted villages during the following year and a half and saw the empty homes, from so many of which husbands and sons had gone to America where they were now ignorant of the fate of their families.

Among the villages which I visited were Huseinik, Morenik, Harput Serai, Upper Mezreh, Kessrik, Yegheki, Sursury, Sursury Monastery, Tadem, Hooyloo, Shentelle, Garmeri, Keghvenk, Kayloo, Vartatil, Perchendj, Yertmenik, Morey, Komk, Hoghe, Haboosi, Hintzor, Hinakrak, Tchorkeuy, Visian, Korpe, Hagop Mezreh, Dzaroug, Harsek and Pertag. It would be tedious to describe each one in detail, for the scenes in all of them were similar. I visited most of them many times and received inquiries about thousands of their inhabitants through the Department and the Embassy. It was known, of course, that I was in the habit of riding about the country and one day that fall the Police Mudir called to his office a young man who often went with me. He accused him of visiting Armenian villages with the Consul and advised him not to go in the future, warning him that it was not a good thing to do. The young man told me at once about this warning, but I paid little attention to it.

Some of the most interesting rides that I took were to Lake Geoljik, which was about five hours distant from the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz. I wanted to investigate the fate of the people who had been sent away, as it was said that many of them were killed only a short distance from the town, and I had made several trips without finding any trace of them. Finally a Turk told me in strict confidence that he had seen thousands of dead bodies around Lake Geoljik and offered to take me to the places where they were.

We started about four o'clock in the morning one day the latter part of September. We took the Diarbekir road and tried to get away without being noticed. There were dead bodies even on the outskirts of the town and we saw them all along the road. They had been covered with a few shovelfuls of dirt, instead of being buried, as the gendarmes found it easier to do this than to dig holes for them. The result was

that in almost every case one could see the arms or legs or even the heads sticking out of the ground. Most of them had been partially eaten by dogs.

At Mollakeuy we left the road and crossed the plain in the direction of the lake. There were several hundred dead bodies scattered over the plain. Nearly all of them were those of women and children. It was obvious that they must have been killed, as so many could not have died from disease or exhaustion. They lay quite near a Kurdish village, which was known as Kurdemlik, and I afterwards learned that the Kurds of this village had killed most of these people. A woman from Hooyloo described the massacre to me. She had been brought there with the other inhabitants of her village and saw most of them killed. The Kurds gave her a blow and left her for dead. She lay among the dead bodies for some hours and escaped in the night. Afterwards I gave her some money with which to flee to Russia, where she is now safe. Another person who told me something about this place was a young woman from Trebizond. Her mother and brother had been killed by the Kurds, while she had been taken by one of them, named Mehmed Agha, and kept in Kurdemlik for a number of months. She finally succeeded in getting away and came to Mamouret-ul-Aziz.

Some of the bodies that we saw had been burned. I thought at first this had been done as a sanitary measure, although Kurds seldom think of such things, but was told that they had burned these bodies in order to find any gold which the people may have swallowed. I subsequently saw many others that had been burned for the same object and learned that the deported Armenians frequently swallowed their gold in their attempt to save it when they were attacked.

After leaving the village of the Kurds we climbed a very steep mountain and then descended into a valley on Lake Geoljik, in which my predecessors and the American missionaries were accustomed to camp out every summer. It is unnecessary to say that there was no opportunity for camping out during the three years that I was at Harput. Two dead bodies lay on the shore just where they pitched their tents.

We then turned to the north and rode along the lake for about two hours. The banks of the lake for most of this distance are high and steep, while at frequent intervals there are deep valleys, almost like pockets. In most of these valleys there were dead bodies and from the tops of the cliffs which extended between them we saw hundreds of bodies and many bones in the water below. It was rumored that many of the people who were brought here had been pushed over the cliffs by the gendarmes and killed in that way. That rumor was fully confirmed by what we saw. In some of the valleys there were only a few bodies, but in others there were more than a thousand. One of the first corpses that we saw was that of an old man with a white beard, whose skull had been crushed in by a large stone which still remained in it. A little farther along we saw the ashes of six or eight persons, only a few fragments of bones and clothing remaining unburned. One red fez was conspicuous. There were also some skull bones, as they are the strongest and are always the last to be destroyed. These ashes were about twenty feet from a tree under which there was a large red spot. This upon closer examination proved to be blood, which appeared to have been there

for two or three weeks. The tree had a number of bullet holes in it, indicating that the men whose ashes we saw had probably been stood up against it and shot.

Soon after that we came to a valley in which there were several hundred dead bodies. We were aware of their presence before we came in sight of them. As we approached the valley the first thing we saw from the top of the cliffs was a row of twenty or thirty heads sticking out of the sand at the edge of the water. Only the heads of these bodies could be seen. The view of them was a most gruesome sight. They appeared to have been buried and I learned that such was the case; but the gendarmes with characteristic Turkish negligence had buried the bodies in the sand at the edge of the lake because it was easier to dig and the sand had washed off and been blown away, leaving the heads exposed. There were many corpses piled up on the rocks at the foot of the cliffs, some of them in the water and some just out of it. Turning up into the valley we saw many others on both sides lying one alongside of another. In the middle of the valley was a clump of small trees and bushes covered with vines, forming a natural arbor. My Turkish companion took me to it and told me to look in. There were about fifteen or twenty bodies under the trees, some of them sitting upright as they had died. My companion said that these were people who had been sick or wounded and had been left there to perish, that when he had passed there a week before some of them were still alive, and that he had given them some bread at that time.

In most of the other valleys that we crossed there were heads sticking out of the sand on the shore of the lake and bodies lying unburied here and there. An occasional body was bloated and swollen, but most of them had begun to shrivel up. In almost every valley there were some bodies and in several of them a great many, -in one, at least a thousand; in another I estimated that there were more than fifteen hundred, but the stench from them was so great that, although I tried to go up in the end of the valley, I was unable to do so at that time. I explored it more carefully a month later. This valley, like many of the others, was triangular in shape and shut in on two sides by high precipitous banks which the people when attacked were not able to climb. Two or three gendarmes stationed on each side could prevent a multitude from escaping in that way. Many bodies lay wedged among the rocks at the extreme end of the valley, showing that some had tried in vain to scale them in their attempt to escape and had been killed there. On the third side was the water. A row of fifteen or twenty gendarmes across the valley could keep the people from fleeing into the water of escaping by the narrow path which led along the lake on either side of the valley. Thus the victims were literally penned in and butchered in cold blood. The bodies were piled one on top of another and had apparently been there between two and three weeks. This was confirmed by an old Kurd whom we saw at work near a Kurdish village which overlooked the valley. We stopped and asked him what had happened there. He told us that the gendarmes had brought a party of about two thousand Armenians there some twenty days before and had made the Kurds from the neighboring villages come and kill them. This corresponded with the departure

of a large party of exiles whom I had seen passing through the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz three weeks earlier. He acted very indignant about the matter, as he said the smell of their dead bodies was very disagreeable to him and to the other inhabitants of the village. The fact was that many of the Kurds in that vicinity died of sickness due to the unsanitary conditions around them that summer and fall. It is a wonder that all of them did not die.

I was subsequently informed more in detail about the system employed in disposing of these parties of Armenians. They were allowed to camp for a day or two in the valleys or in some convenient place. While they were there the gendarmes summoned the Kurds, as this old man told us, and ordered them to kill the Armenians, telling the Kurds they could make money in this way but would have trouble if they refused. An agreement was then made by which the Kurds were to pay the gendarmes a certain fixed sum—a few hundred pounds, or more, depending on circumstances—and were to have for themselves whatever they found on the bodies of the Armenians in excess of that sum. As I heard this explanation a number of times, I think such a system was employed quite generally in that region and perhaps in other parts of Turkey as well.

A remarkable thing about the bodies that we saw was that nearly all of them were naked. I have been informed that the people were forced to take off their clothes before they were killed, as the Mohammedans consider the clothes taken from a dead body to be defiled. There were gaping bayonet wounds on most of the bodies, usually in the abdomen or chest, sometimes in the throat. Few persons had been shot, as bullets were too precious. It was cheaper to kill with bayonets and knives. Another remarkable thing was that nearly all of the women lay flat on their backs and showed signs of barbarous mutilation by the bayonets of the gendarmes, these wounds having been inflicted in many cases probably after the women were dead. We also noticed that all the bodies in these valleys were apparently those of people who had been on the road at least one or two months, showing that they were not from Harput but were from distant places.

Leaving the lake we crossed the mountains in another place and took a narrow path which brought us to the village of Keghvenk. There were dead bodies all along the way. Some were directly in the path so that the horses were obliged to step over them. This was the path by which the post came regularly to Harput, but, of course, it was seldom traveled by any except Turks. At one place on the mountains my Turkish companion pointed to a valley alongside of the path and said a great many Armenians had been killed in that valley within two or three hundred feet of the spot where we were then standing. We could smell the dead bodies, but, as it was getting late and we had already seen so many, we did not feel like going even that distance out of our way to see any more. I visited the place, however, a year and a half later and saw the bones of hundreds of people in that valley. In the fields between the mountain and the village of Keghvenk we saw where thousands of people had been killed. Most of them had been buried in shallow graves but we saw many of their

bones. This was only about ten miles from the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz but is said to have been one of the worst slaughter grounds in all that region. I was told that many of the men from Mamouret-ul-Aziz and Harput and from the neighboring villages, who had been arrested and put in prison before the regular deportation began, were taken out and killed right there. There were traces of large camps around Keghvenk where parties of exiles had stopped during the summer. Many of them also were probably killed in those fields. We arrived home about nine o'clock in the evening and I felt that I understood better than ever what the "deportation" of the Armenians really meant. I felt also that I had not been wrong in speaking of Mamouret-ul-Aziz in some of my reports as the "Slaughter-House Vilayet" of Turkey.

A few weeks later Dr. Atkinson of the American Hospital expressed a desire to make this trip with me. We decided to make a complete tour of the lake this time in order to see what there might be on the other side of it as well as where I had already been. We started about three o'clock in the morning one day the latter part of October, going through the deserted Armenian village of Hooyloo and then over a pass which brought us out of the south end of the lake. We passed some skeletons and bones of people who had apparently been killed or died early in the summer. On the east side of the lake, however, we found the bodies of many persons who had only recently been killed. We concluded that they must have been the inhabitants of the Armenian village of Geoljik who had probably attempted to run away from the gendarmes. This village is situated about midway along Lake Geoljik and is the only one of any size upon the lake. It lies almost directly opposite the camping ground of my predecessors and of the missionaries, which I had visited on my previous trip. On arriving at this village we found that not a single inhabitant remained. It was absolutely deserted, except for a few hungry cats which were prowling around among the ruins of the houses.

Nearly opposite Geoljik is a small island. I have been told that this was once a part of the mainland, but as the waters of the lake have risen during the past fifty years it is now several hundred feet distant from the shore and consists of only a few large stones, which were the foundations of an old Armenian monastery. The whole island is perhaps a hundred feet long and twenty or thirty feet wide. Earlier that fall a few Armenians had taken refuge there. I was in the office of the Vali one day and saw a band of bloodthirsty looking Kurds leaving the Konak. The Vali informed me that they were going to capture some Armenians who were hiding on this island. The refugees resisted for some time, as they were armed and were able to conceal themselves behind the rocks, so that the gendarmes could not approach them or shoot them from the shore. For a long time the people of the village succeeded in bringing them food at night by boat. They finally escaped from the island but most of them were captured in the mountains.

After leaving the village of Geoljik we followed the shore of the lake for about an hour, but were unable to continue longer in that way as the water came right up to

the bank in a number of places. We rode through the water several times for considerable distances until finally it became so deep that we were obliged to turn back and seek another route. We found a trail leading up the mountain and followed that until it apparently ended. We spent the rest of the afternoon on the mountain, tramping over the hills, dragging our horses up and down the sides of the valleys, which in many places were almost precipices, looking everywhere for a road path.

In one of the most out of the way places along the lake we saw from a hill a group of several hundred dead bodies lying piled on top of each other. They lay on the beach and were all within a space not more than two or three hundred feet in length and hardly a quarter that distance in width. It was at the outlet of a small valley, both sides of which were very steep and extended into the lake. There was no path leading there. We descended to look at them more closely, wondering how a group of people could be brought to such a place. There were few boats on the lake and these were very small. Upon approaching the bodies we saw that almost all were those of women and children and that they had been killed quite recently. We noticed bayonet wounds on many of them. It was a mystery how they could have been killed so closely together. There must have been a large number of gendarmes or Kurds to surround them in order to slaughter them in that way. One woman on the edge of the pile lay flat on her breast with the head of her little baby protruding from under her body. All of the bodies were naked and many of them showed signs of the brutal mutilation which the gendarmes inflicted upon so many of the women and girls whom they killed.

We turned away and clambered up the bank to resume our search for the path. It was getting late and at that season of the year we feared the results might be serious, both for ourselves and for our horses, if we were obliged to spend the night on the mountain. We wandered around for some time after that, the way becoming more and more difficult. Finding no path near the lake, we climbed to the very summit of the ridge of mountains which ran along this side of it and at last came out on the path for which we had been looking. It was already nearly dark and was growing cold. We mounted our horses and hurried along, as it was still a long distance to the khan where we planned to spend the night. On the way we passed a number of Kurdish villages and many dead bodies, some of which were almost in the villages. As we rode past these dead bodies in the dusk of the evening and met Kurds along the way, while their massive, ferocious dogs rushed out from the villages and almost leaped upon our horses, we kept our hands on our revolvers and quickened our pace.

It was long after dark when we reached the Diarbekir road and finally arrived at Kezim Khan, which was situated at the extreme northern end of the lake. We were almost exhausted after our arduous ride since three o'clock that morning. We spread out our supper on the roof of the khan and ate it there. Then, wrapping ourselves in the blanket which each of us carried and which was our only bedding, we lay down on the roof to sleep. The night was bitter cold but, poorly prepared as we were for it,

we preferred to sleep in this way rather than to risk being bitten by the typhus-carrying lice which were almost sure to be found in the rooms below.

The next morning we arose stiff and lame and continued our journey around the lake. We followed the main road for a short distance, passing a number of dead bodies. Then we left the road and took a path which ran alongside of the lake. This was the route over which the post was brought on horseback to Mamouret-ul-Aziz. There were bodies and skeletons and bones everywhere. Many of the bones were bleached and dry, showing that they had been there since early summer.

After about two hours we arrived at a large valley not very far from the point where I had left the lake on my previous trip to return home. Here there were more dead bodies than I had seen in any other place on either trip. We estimated that there were not less than two thousand in that one valley. Many of them were right on the edge of the lake and their heads showed above the sand, as I have described them in other places. One that we noticed was that of a woman and right alongside of her head was the body of a tiny infant that could not have been more than a few days old. The valley was large and bodies were strewn all over it. Most of them had been buried, but the sand that covered them had since blown away leaving them partially exposed to view. There were also the remains of camp fires and of the personal effects of the exiles, such as they had,—a few broken jugs, a few earthen bowls, some wooden spoons, and quite a number of passports. The latter upon examination showed that the people were from Erzerum and other places. There was no clothing, except an occasional sock, and nothing of any value. Everything of value had, of course, been taken by the gendarmes and Kurds. The bodies were all naked, the people probably having been made to remove their clothing before they were killed. I visited this valley again in March, 1917, and found that there were hundreds of bodies in the upper part of it that I had not seen before. They had apparently been buried and had washed out. The whole valley, which covered several acres, was one large burying ground. I understand that this was one of the first places where the Armenians were brought and killed. I judged from the appearance of their bodies and bone that they had been brought there part at a time, the people in each group being killed and buried before the arrival of the next ones. This valley is the most accessible one on the lake, but there were so many parties of exiles that summer that it could not be used for all of them. Different parties were, therefore, taken to different valleys in order to prevent the victims from knowing the fate of those who had preceded them. Great numbers were also slaughtered around a hill, known as Shabgahan Hill, which lay a few miles back of this valley near a Kurdish village. I have been told of what happened there by Turks and by people who have escaped from those who were killed and I have passed through the village a number of times but was unable, of course, to visit every valley in that region.

We continued our journey around the lake to the camping ground which I have mentioned before, passing again the valley already described. I was able to explore them more carefully this time. Some of the bodies had been burned in the meantime,

probably in the search for gold. We estimated that in the course of our ride around the lake, and actually within the space of twenty-four hours, we had seen the remains of not less than ten thousand Armenians who had been killed around Lake Geoljik. This, of course, is approximate, as some of them were only the bones of those who had perished several months before, from which the flesh had entirely disappeared, while in other cases the corpses were so fresh that they were all swollen up and the odor from them showed that they had been killed only a few days before. I am sure, however, that there were more, rather than less, than that number; and it is probable that the remains which we saw were only a small portion of the total number in that vicinity. In fact, on my subsequent rides in the direction of Lake Geoljik I nearly always discovered skeletons and bones in great numbers in the new places that I visited, even as recently as a few weeks before I left Harput.

Few localities could be better suited to the fiendish purposes of the Turks in their plan to exterminate the Armenian population than this peaceful lake in the interior of Asiatic Turkey, with its precipitous banks and pocket-like valleys, surrounded by villages of savage Kurds and far removed from the sight of civilized man. This, perhaps, was the reason why so many exiles from distant vilayets were brought in safety as far as Mamouret-ul-Aziz and then massacred in the "Slaughter-house Vilayet" of Turkey. That which took place around beautiful Lake Geoljik in the summer of 1915 is almost inconceivable. Thousands and thousands of Armenians, mostly innocent and helpless women and children, were butchered on its shores and barbarously mutilated. It is hard for one living in a civilized country to believe that such things are possible; yet, as Lord Bryce has said, "Things which we find scarcely credible excite little surprise in Turkey."

These two rides that I took to Lake Geoljik in the fall of 1915 confirmed many of the rumors we had heard about the fate of the Armenians who had been taken in that direction and showed us that our worst fears for all who were deported were not groundless. We arrived home safely and as far as I know the officials never heard of either of these rides.

One day about the middle of October the missionaries received a card from Dr. Thom, an American medical missionary who had been stationed at Mardin for many years, saying that he and some others were on their way to Harput. As the card has been written from Diarbekir several days before and they might arrive at any time, I immediately sent a cavass down the Diarbekir road to watch for them. The cavass returned within less than half an hour saying that they had just come and were being taken to the gendarme office. I hurried down there and found Dr. Daniel M. B. Thom, Reverend Alpheus N. Andrus and Miss Agnes Fenenga, all of whom were American missionaries from Mardin. I had corresponded with them, but it was the first time I had met any of them. Dr. Thom and Mr. Andrus had both been at Mardin for more than forty years, devoting their lives to work among the people of that region. Dr. Thom had given much of his services to the care of the Turkish soldiers. His wife had died only a few weeks before, while Mr. Andrus was obliged to leave an

invalid wife who was wholly dependent upon him and who died a few months later. These two venerable missionaries and Miss Fenenga had been ordered to leave Mardin within twenty-four hours. As far as I could learn no charge was made against them except that they had kept a little money for some of the Armenians.

I went up to their wagon, but the gendarme officer who was in charge ordered me back in a very rude manner. I told him that they were American citizens and as Consul I wished to talk with them. He said it made no difference who I was, that they were under arrest and I could not talk with them until he knew where they were to be kept for the night. He added that he did not know whether they would be sent to a khan or put in prison. I then went to see the Vali to try to find out why these Americans had been brought there in that way and what was going to be done with them. He said he knew nothing about the matter but any orders which their guards had would be brought directly to him and if I would wait a few minutes until he received them he might then be able to tell me. He telephoned to have the orders sent to him without delay. I asked him if the Mardin missionaries might stay at the Consulate instead of being sent to a khan, assuring him that I would be responsible for them. He readily assented to that. Then, when he received the orders saying that they were being sent to Sivas, I asked him if they could not be permitted to remain in Harput. The Vali said that, as the orders had been made by the Mutessarif of Mardin, an official in another Vilayet could not interfere with them. I asked if they might remain there for a day or two while I telegraphed the Embassy about the matter and he replied that there was no objection to that. I then spoke about the rudeness of the gendarme officer. He had him severely reprimanded, as I learned afterwards from the officer himself, who admitted that he had made a mistake in being rude to me and hoped I would not hold it up against him. When I left the Vali I found that the missionaries had already been taken to a khan for the night. They came up to the Consulate, however, for dinner, guarded by a policeman, and the next day moved up there. The policeman stayed in the Consulate that night, but the following afternoon he came to me quietly and asked if I had any objection to his going home for the night if he would come back early in the morning. I promised to take good care of his prisoners and told him he could go home and sleep calmly. He went home each night after that but during the day guarded them closely.

The morning after these missionaries arrived I sent an urgent telegram about them to the Embassy. Then Mr. Andrus and I went down to see the Police Mudir and explained the situation to him, telling him that the Vali had said they might remain there a day or two while I was awaiting an answer to my telegram. He said that would be all right, although he was supposed to send them on to Sivas at once. Owing to the frequent delays and the uncertainty about telegrams, I followed my first one with two others that week but received no answer to any of them. The Police Mudir, at my request, postponed their departure from day to day for several days. He finally sent word that, although he regretted the necessity for it, they would have to leave the following morning. I asked for one day longer, which he granted. I received

no answer to any of my telegrams and the following noon they left for Sivas. A few weeks later Dr. Thom died of typhus at Sivas. As he was over seventy years of age and not in vigorous health, I have no doubt that his death was indirectly due to his enforced departure from Mardin. I think my report in which I gave full details about the deportation of these Americans and my report of Dr. Thom's death were both received by the Department.

The Mardin missionaries informed me that they saw many dead bodies alongside of the road all the way from Mardin to Harput. The day they arrived they counted more than two hundred. They also wrote from Sivas that they had seen many "blackbirds" (dead bodies) on the journey there.

I had much correspondence that fall with both the Department and the Embassy concerning the welfare of the Misses Shane and McLaren, who were alone at Bitlis. It seems that Miss Shane's relatives had written to both the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and to the Department of State and had insisted very strongly that they have her brought away from there. After corresponding with the Embassy about the matter and with Miss Shane herself, I finally sent Cavass Ahmed to Bitlis on November 1, 1915, to bring her and Miss McLaren to Harput, if they wished to come. Miss Shane was reluctant to leave but the Ambassador telegraphed her directly ordering her to do so. They arrived safely at Harput on December 12th, where they remained until last May. Then Ahmed and I brought them, with the other missionaries, to Constantinople.

The work of the American mission schools was so broken up by the deportation of the Armenians, who constituted the greater part of both faculty and student body, that some of the missionaries decided to leave. The Embassy advised them to go to Beirut, from which port it was hoped that they might be able to sail for America, and on November 15th ten of them, six adults and four children, left for that port.

On Christmas day, 1915, Dr. Atkinson died of typhus which he had contracted while attending Turkish soldiers in the American Hospital. He was the third American medical missionary in Asia Minor who died of typhus that December. There were eight deaths in 1915 among the missionaries in the Harput consular district.

The deportations continued all summer and throughout the fall of 1915. Several times the town order announced that all Armenians could come out of their hiding places, as there would be no further deportations, and many of them were foolish enough to believe this, with the result -not only once, but several times—that when a goodly number of them were on the streets they were arrested, put in jail, and subsequently deported. The authorities pretended after a while that they were only seeking deserters. It is true that many Armenians had escaped deportation by hiding somewhere. Many others who were actually deported succeeded in getting away and paid the Kurds to bring them back. All of these people were called *furars* (deserters), a word that was used as a term of reproach, and they were looked upon as criminals. The crime of which they were guilty was that they had run away from being killed

when they had committed no offense of any kind, a thing which would seem to be almost justifiable. Yet, for many months, women and children, as well as men, were hunted out by the police as deserters and mercilessly arrested.

The last wholesale arrests were made on November 4th and 5th. For a number of weeks prior to that time not many persons had been arrested and it was thought that the deportations were finally over. On Thursday afternoon, November 4th, as I was sitting in my office, some one rushed in saying the Armenians were being arrested again. The Vali had left for Erzerum a few days before and we had feared there might be trouble of some kind in his absence. His place was taken for the time by the Commander of the 11th Army Corps, Suliman Faik Pasha. He was a distinguished looking man, past middle age, exceedingly affable and polite, very sociable, yet a most fanatical Mohammedan. My relations with him were always pleasant, but, notwithstanding his genial manner, he was said by many to have been at heart extremely cruel and wicked. I had just been at the Konak to see him about something and when I returned the streets were quiet. It was a pleasant day and it seemed as though all the Armenians that were left were in the market place or in the streets. They were taken unawares and many were arrested by the police that day. Most of the people whom I had been keeping in the Consulate had moved to houses in the neighborhood, as we thought there would not be any more danger for them.

I learned that many of those who were arrested were being taken to a police station at one end of the town. I went there at once with Cavass Garabed. The police station would not hold the people and we found them standing near a wall on one side of an open field. Among them were the wife, children and mother of Garabed, who lived in that neighborhood; also Pompish Yester and some of her children. We could do nothing there, so we hurried down to the Vali's office, but Suliman Faik Pasha had left. Then we went to the office of the Police Mudir but he was out superintending the arrests. I went around where my protégés were living and found the police had not visited their houses. Some of them, however, had been arrested on the street and I warned the rest of them not to go out. Then I went back to the Consulate, where I found a policeman stationed at the door to prevent any one from taking refuge there. I prepared a list of all the Americans and others who had been exempted from deportation at my request, excepting the ones whom I knew to be safe. I took this down to the Police Mudir's office and found him there, but he told me to come back two hours later. When I returned there were more than five hundred people standing in the dark in fear and trembling in the courtyard of his office, wondering what their fate would be. I gave the Chief of Police my list and he had a policeman call out each name. There were about a dozen of my protégés in the crowd. These were brought into his office and I was told that they could go home with me. We all went up to the Consulate but on reaching there the policeman who was in front of the door refused to let any of them go in, saying he had orders to let no one enter the Consulate. I argued with him, telling him the Police Mudir had given me permission to take these people in with me, but he was unyielding and said

that his orders were imperative. Finally, Garabed went back to see the Chief of Police while I remained with the people. After a few minutes Garabed returned with a gendarme who informed the policeman that the Police Mudir said to let them enter. They counted them to see that there were no additions to their number. That night the Consulate was again filled with people, some of whom did not leave a second time until I came away last May. After getting these persons in the Consulate, Garabed and I went out again. There were some others whom we were trying to look after and we spent the rest of the evening going around to see that they too were safe.

This was the last important incident during the reign of terror which had lasted for more than six months; and, in view of what was known about the fate of the others who had been deported from Mamouret-ul-Aziz and other places, it was one of the most terrible. The people who were standing that night in front of the Police Mudir's office had every reason to believe that they were going to their death. They were dazed and terror stricken. There was a deathlike silence everywhere. In the town all was quiet and the streets were deserted by everyone except a few policemen who were on guard. As I walked through them in the darkness I wondered if the deportations would ever end. It looked as though the authorities were going to do as they had announced at first—continue the deportations until they finally sent away every Armenian there.

The following day the police arrested the Armenians in Harput. Mr. Riggs came down and we went over together to see Suliman Faik Pasha about the teachers and girls who still remained in their school. They had not opened the boys' department at all that year and there were only about one hundred and fifty pupils in the girls' department. About half of these boarded in the school and we had succeeded in having them exempted from previous deportations. Suliman Faik Pasha assured us that at this time the authorities were only seeking furars and that those who had been allowed to stay by permission of the Government would not be molested. He spoke very strongly about the furars. Later in the day he informed me he had heard that the missionaries at Harput were sheltering fugitives and asked me to write to them and warn them not to do so. I, of course, transmitted his request to them. They assured him that it had been their settled policy all along not to allow fugitives on their premises and that they had no such persons with them.

The search for furars was not limited to Mamouret-ul-Aziz and Harput but was extended to the villages. In a few of them there were still a considerable number of Armenians. In Hoghe, for instance, which was about two hours distant from Mamouret-ul-Aziz, out of about a thousand Armenians who lived in that village three or four hundred women and children had been left. The police suddenly descended upon this village on Friday and seized most of them. They were taken from their work just as they were and marched to Mamouret-ul-Aziz, without opportunity to make any preparations whatever. I saw them as they entered the town. They were being driven along by the gendarmes, like so many cattle. Some of them were already too feeble to walk and were being carried by others on their shoulders. It was the same

scene which we had witnessed so many times and which we had hoped would not be repeated. I watched them from the Ottoman Bank as they were taken in front of the office of the police Mudir for his inspection. They were then taken to the Armenian cemetery which I have already described. From there these and the others who had been arrested, probably more than a thousand in all, were sent away. We heard various rumors as to what became of them. It was said that some of them were burned to death not far from the town. I heard that a few reached Diarbekir, but that did not seem to be very certain. Undoubtedly, most who were not deliberately killed perished on the way, for it cannot be supposed that these women and children, at that season of the year, without food and with no clothing except the little they had on their backs, could withstand the hardships of a long journey. There was no doubt, however, about the fate of three well known young men who had recently accepted Mohammedanism. They were arrested with the others and were brutally killed by gendarmes just outside of the town.

The fate of most of the Armenians who had been deported from the Vilayet of Mamouret-ul-Aziz during the preceding four months was definitely known by this time. It can readily be imagined from what has been set forth in the preceding pages. I have been told much of what happened to them; but, as it did not come within my own observation and as I am trying to confine myself as far as possible to those matters of which I had personal knowledge or which were connected in some way with the work of the Consulate, it is unnecessary for me to give here in detail that which had been told to me by others. Furthermore, there are survivors, some of whom are now in America, who have related their experiences, which are now known to all the world. We know how the largest party of all, the one that left Mamouret-ul-Aziz on Saturday, July 3rd, was taken to Malatia where, as they were entering the city, the men were separated from the women and all of them brutally massacred by the gendarmes; we know how the gendarmes informed some other men that the Vali had sent for them to return to Mamouret-ul-Aziz and when they had taken them a short distance killed every one of them; we know that all the men who left with their families were killed somewhere on the way; we know how their wives and daughters were outraged by the gendarmes who accompanied them and by the Kurds and Arabs whom they met; we know how these women and children were driven over the desert in midsummer and robbed and pillaged of whatever they had; we know how in many cases their clothing was stripped from them; we know how, in spite of all their hardships, some of these people survived to reach Ourfa, Nezib, Aleppo, Rakka, Der-el-Zor, and other places on the hot Mesopotamian plain; we know how most of them were not allowed to remain long in these cities and towns but were pushed on from one place to another; we have heard how thousands from all parts of the Empire were brought together at Der-el-Zor, where they remained in the most wretched poverty for nearly a year, after which all who had not perished in the meantime were massacred just outside of the city. Many volumes could be written about the sufferings of the deported Armenians, based on authentic accounts by survivors. I

have heard much about their experiences from the lips of those who subsequently found a way to return to Mamouret-ul-Aziz, but I pass this over.

In the fall communications began to be received from these exiles who had arrived at different places. Some had left money with the missionaries, some with Armenians who had been exempted from deportation, some with Turks, and one or two with me. They now sent for their deposits and during the next year we received many telegrams and letters asking for them. Most of these requests came through the American Consul at Aleppo to me, although the missionaries also received communications in Turkish from people who were in various places. These telegrams came every day or two for a while, some of them asking for the deposits of as many as ten or fifteen different persons. We were all glad, of course, to hear from those who had survived and made every effort to respond as quickly as possible. It kept one of my cavasses busy much of the time, as some of the deposits had been left in distant villages, while many others had been left with the American missionaries at Harput and even the trip there and back took several hours. In a few cases I went out to some of the villages myself on horseback to get them. We succeeded in getting nearly all for which requests came. The Turks, however, to whom a few persons had confided their money and property, usually refused to send them anything. I devoted much time for the next few months to looking up these deposits and transmitting them to Aleppo. This was work which the Department and the Embassy knew about only indirectly, if at all. It was somewhat different from the ordinary duties of a consul, like most of the other work at Harput, but was for some time one of the most important things I had to do. There was some correspondence on behalf of these people and some money sent to them as long as I was at Harput, although most of this work naturally ended after a few months. At first the Turkish authorities permitted this correspondence to pass without difficulty but finally interrupted it. After that I had to write everything in French and have it carefully censored before it could be sent. The missionaries continued for some time to receive letters and postal cards in Turkish from different places, especially from Der-el-Zor. After a while these stopped completely, which confirmed the rumors we heard about the massacres that had taken place there.

During the winter of 1915-16 detachments of Armenian soldiers, some of whom had been with the army at Erzerum for the past year and others of whom had been at Mush and Bitlis transporting grain for the army, were brought back to Mamouret-ul-Aziz. Many of them did not even know that the Armenian population had been deported from there and returned to find their families gone. They were not given their liberty but were kept in prison for a day or two and were then taken away. Some of them resisted and a few escaped, but most of them were killed. I have seen their dead bodies alongside of the road just outside of the town. One that I saw the day after Christmas was within three hundred feet of the barracks. When I returned from my ride two hours later the body had been removed. It was a mystery to us why these soldiers had been brought back so far, only to be killed in their own Vilayet.

All that winter sick and wounded Turkish soldiers came from the front to Mamouret-ul-Aziz. Notwithstanding what we know about the way the Turks treated the Armenians, it seemed incredible that their own soldiers fared little better. They were sent away from Erzerum and other distant places in midwinter, without food and with little clothing. They were told to go to the hospitals in Mamouret-ul-Aziz, which were the nearest ones to them. As no means of transportation was provided, they were obliged to make the journey of several weeks on foot, begging or stealing something to eat in the villages through which they passed and occasionally stealing a donkey on which to ride. I often met them as they were approaching the town. All but the hardiest ones, of course, had died on the way, as it was hardly possible for those who were very sick or who were suffering from severe wounds to come that far. Those who did arrive were often so exhausted that nothing could be done for them. One who reached the American Hospital was unable to climb the steps at the entrance and died there. Others died within a few hours after their arrival. Dr. Atkinson did all he could for them as long as he lived and after his death Mrs. Atkinson continued to devote herself to their care until her departure from Mamouret-ul-Aziz. It is safe to say that the care they received in the American Hospital was far superior to that which they had in any of the Turkish hospitals.

After the deportations of the summer and fall of 1915 we thought at first that few Armenians had been left. There were those who were living in the Consulate and in the neighboring houses under my protection; there were the girls in Euphrates College whom we had succeeded in saving; there were the nurses and attendants in the American Hospital who had been spared for the time being; there were the children and teachers in the German and Danish orphanage, all of whom were permitted to remain; there were a few artisans whom the authorities kept because they realized the need of them. Aside from these we did not know of many others. It seemed in view of the conditions that there would soon be no further work for either the missionaries of the Consulate and I so wrote the Embassy and the Department. All the business of that region had been carried on by Armenians; all the work of the missionaries had been among Armenians. Now, the business men were gone and with them the opportunities for trade; the Christian population were gone and the field for religious and educational work almost closed. Nearly all of the professors, half of the other teachers and three-quarters of the students in the American mission schools had been sent away, while seven-eighths of the American school buildings had been taken by the military authorities. Suliman Faik Pasha kindly returned all of the buildings to me one day, saying the authorities did not need them any longer, but a week or two later he was transferred elsewhere and soon afterwards they were taken again. We never succeeded in getting them back after that. The religious and educational work of the missionaries had practically come to an end, with little chance of resuming it in the future, as a comparatively small number of Armenians remained in all that region. There were fully 150,000 Armenians in the Vilayet prior to 1915; at the end of that year, although there were more than we had supposed,

there remained only 8,000 or 10,000, as nearly as I can estimate it now, with the addition of 1,000 or 2,000 deportees who had come there from other vilayets.

It was a mistake, however, to think there was no more work to be done, for these survivors were almost without exception destitute and helpless; and during the next two years we all devoted ourselves to relief work in some form for them. People began coming to me in August and September and asked me to inform their relatives in America that they were there and needed money. I then learned that there were many more Armenians left than we knew about. They had hidden in all kinds of places,—some in the mountains, some in the ruins of the villages, some in holes in the ground; many had been kept by friendly Turks in their houses; some had been deported and had returned. All were destitute and in urgent need of help. One after another they came and asked me to send word to America. When I did so for a few these quickly told others, who also came to me. Sometimes as many as twenty or thirty came in one day. From that time until I left Harput a great part of my time and energy was spent in trying to get word to Armenians here about their families in Turkey and in urging them to send funds at once. That fall and winter I wrote hundreds of letters for people, sending most of them through the Department. In most cases I suggested that remittances could probably be sent through the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, as the Board was then accepting money for transmission to Turkey and the Department had not at that time undertaken to transmit money to people there. In a despatch which I sent on September 30, 1915, there were 230 letters enclosed. In other despatches I sent 10, 20, 50, at a time. Some of them went all right, but others were intercepted and lost. Finally, after February, 1916, as mentioned on page 9 of this report, I was no longer allowed to send sealed communications of any kind, even to the Embassy. It was said that this was only a temporary measure, but the restrictions were never removed. It was impossible, of course, to send many letters for Armenians after that. I did send a few in the open mail and the first two or three actually reached America, but the next time I tried it they were returned from Constantinople by the censor with a memorandum to the effect that such letters could not be sent. My clerk also wrote postal cards in Turkish for some people, as we thought the censor might let them pass, but apparently few, if any, of them reached America. I tried various other ways of sending word to Armenians in this country about their relatives in Turkey. In some cases I sent telegrams to the Embassy asking it to write them, as now and then telegrams passed when letters did not. I continued for some time to write letters for these people in the hope that the restrictions on sending sealed correspondence would soon be removed and that I might then be able to send them in sealed envelopes to the Embassy to be forwarded to America. As they were not removed, I finally tried sending mere lists of names and addresses of persons in America to whom I wished word sent that their relatives in Turkey needed money. One list of about sixty names and addresses I sent four different times before it finally arrived. I do not feel at liberty to explain how I finally succeeded in having it passed and sent under seal.

Fortunately, several hundred of the letters which I sent under seal in the summer and fall of 1915 and some of my other communications reached America and brought the news to anxious husbands and fathers and sons that their families, or some members of them, were left and needed money. It had taken much time and patience to see so many people and to write letters for them, but this proved to be one of the most useful things I did for the Armenians during all the time I was at Harput, as it resulted in bringing them many remittances, some of which were substantial sums. There were a number for the people whom I had taken in the Consulate for protection, as they were naturally among the first for whom I wrote letters. I was able to pay these and many others in gold. Most of them kept it in my safe, taking it a little at a time as they needed it. The gold which they received at this time was a great help to them afterwards, as paper currency was introduced in Turkey that fall and rapidly depreciated until it was worth less than one-fourth as much as gold when I left Harput in May, 1917.

As the news of the deportation and massacres of the Armenians reached America those here who had relatives in Turkey began inquiring about them through the Department of State. I received during the next year and a half 277 Instructions from the Department and many others from the Embassy, in which inquiry was made concerning the whereabouts and welfare of Armenians. Were it not for the letters which I had sent, there would undoubtedly have been many more inquiries. In the Department's Instructions alone there were more than twelve hundred different persons mentioned, the majority of whom belonged in Harput and Mamouret-ul-Aziz and the surrounding villages, although some of them were residents of places which were from two to ten days distant. As these instructions came I sent the cavasses out to try to find the people mentioned or to find others who might know about them. Cavass Garabed was unusually the one who went in search of these people and he did excellent work. In most cases he had them come to the Consulate so that I might talk with them myself. When that was not possible, he obtained the information desired and brought it to me. The longer we worked at this and the more persons we saw, the easier it became to find out about others concerning whom inquiries were received. Furthermore, as time went on, more and more Armenians came from the different villages and towns in the Vilayet to live in Mamouret-ul-Aziz and Harput, as they were no longer able to live elsewhere. After a while we knew somebody from almost every town and village who could tell us about the other inhabitants, as inquiries were received about them. In many cases, of course, the persons mentioned were gone; but, as a rule, there were some members of the family or some relatives left who wished to send word to America.

It was not so easy to obtain the information when the inquiries were about people in other vilayets or in certain remote parts of the Vilayet of Mamouret-ul-Aziz. For those who were in the Sivas Vilayet I wrote to the American missionaries at Sivas as long as that was possible, but they were seldom able to give me any information and after a while it became impossible to communicate with them. For those who were

in Malatia and Arabkir, each of which was two days journey from Mamouret-ul-Aziz but in the same Vilayet, I used to send letters to persons there by Turkish katurjis (a katurji is a driver of pack animals, this being the customary way of transporting merchandise in Turkey). The katurjis were sometimes of service in carrying communications, but they were very irregular and it frequently took a month to get an answer even from Malatia or Arabkir. This was an uncertain way also, as they were occasionally searched by the police and letters taken from them. I usually succeeded after a while, however, in learning about the Armenians in these two towns concerning whom inquiries came.

There were many Armenians hiding in the Dersim mountains north of Harput. I received inquiries about some of them and carried on a considerable correspondence with them by means of Kurds who went back and forth with the letters. They often carried them in their shoes, with the result that many that I received were almost worn to pieces. One package of letters came to me in rather a peculiar way. The Kurd who brought them from the Dersim was caught by the police and searched. The letters he had with him were taken and he was put into prison. The Police Mudir sent the letters to me with his complements, after they had been examined and marked. There were about a dozen in all, some addressed to me, some to the missionaries, some to others, and one in my care to a man who was hiding in the Consulate. Fortunately, they were all harmless, most of them being appeals for money and others being acknowledgments of money that I had sent to the Dersim for relief. The Police Mudir sent word to me by the bearer of the letters that if I wished to send any more money there for the relief of Armenians I could do it through the police.

When there was no other way of obtaining information about persons at a distance concerning whom inquiries came I usually wrote them in Turkish and sent the letters open through the post office but seldom received any answers to them. In a few cases they were returned to me with a notation on the envelope that the addressee was not there, but it was the exception when I heard anything at all. Sometimes I telegraphed them in Turkish and in one case received a very satisfactory answer. The person sought was a native American woman who had married an Armenian Ottoman subject and was living in the city of Diarbekir. The answer was that she and her husband and their two children were all well. The way I finally adopted to find out if people in Sivas and Diarbekir concerning whom I received inquiries were still there or not was to send them a small sum of money through the bank, which had branches in both of those cities. If they were there the money would be paid to them and their receipts would come back, while if they could not be found the money would be returned to me. I was then able to answer the inquiries by saying that the persons were there or could not be found, as the case might be.

After getting all the information obtainable about the persons mentioned in the Department's and Embassy's Instructions, I wrote careful despatches in answer to them, some of these despatches being ten or twelve pages in length. I took this opportunity of trying to send word to America about all surviving members or

relatives of the families, whether mentioned in the instructions or not, and before I left Harput had written the record of a very large number of Armenian families in that region. From the very first, many of these despatches were intercepted and lost and, as already stated, after February, 1916, I was no longer able to send them. I continued to write them, however, in the hope that I might be able to send them later. I also had my clerk make copies of all the despatches to the Department and the Embassy which had been mailed and had not been received. A short time before diplomatic relations were broken between Turkey and the United States the Embassy made some arrangements with the Turkish officials by which a sealed envelope could be sent once a month through the military authorities and instructed the consulates to send accumulated mail in that way. I sent a great number of despatches as directed, but they never reached the Embassy. Then, when diplomatic relations were broken, I burned the rest of them in accordance with instructions received from the Embassy. I can hardly express the feelings of discouragement and sadness which I experienced in burning the work of a year and a half. I had investigated each case with great care; I had written each despatch with much painstaking; I had worked on the despatches day after day and night after night, spending nearly all my evenings in writing them, -in the hope that I might eventually be able to send them, thus giving the anxious inquirers in America the information they wanted and bringing to the destitute survivors there the help they so greatly needed. But it was not advisable to try to carry them with me when I left and it would not have been well to leave them there to fall into the hands of the Turks. Furthermore, these despatches would be of comparatively little use after a time, as most of them were written with the idea of trying to bring immediate relief.

Fortunately, however, I had found another way to answer these welfare inquiries so as to give at once the essential information about the persons mentioned in them. When it was no longer possible to send despatches in sealed envelopes it was useless, of course, to try to send them through the open mail, as even letters about Armenians would not pass and it was certain that despatches which gave the details about their fate would never reach the Embassy or the Department. After that I used to answer each Instruction briefly by telegraph to the Embassy at Constantinople, asking it to forward to the Department those which were in answer to the latter's Instruction. As the Instructions of both the Department and the Embassy were numbered, I referred to them by number and date and then—avoiding names as far as possible or, if they were necessary, substituting the English equivalent for Armenian names when that could be done—stated in a few words the essential facts about the persons mentioned in them. For example: “Departments Instruction 101 February 15th Inquirers wife dead Daughter in Der Zor needs money:” “Departments Instruction 142 June 7th First person mentioned here with daughter and youngest son needs money Others not here:” “Departments Instruction 145 June 12th First party widow and all of children except oldest son are in Malatia and probably need money;” “Departments Instruction 150 June 21st None in Harput except two children of inquirers sister

Elizabeth (Elizabeth being the English equivalent of Yeghisapet in Armenian) They need money.” “Departments Instruction 165 August 11th Gabriels daughter Havass only one here She needs money:” “Departments Instruction 220 November 13th Eighth and fifteenth persons only ones here:” “Embassys Instruction 92 December 2nd None of family here Inquirers daughter said to be Aleppo.”

These telegrams, of course, involved a great deal of work, as it was necessary to send copies by mail to the Embassy and to the Consulate-General at Constantinople and to keep two copies for my quarterly accounts, reducing the cost of each telegram to United States currency and tabulating them at the end of the quarter; besides preparing the telegrams themselves and entering them in the Register as correspondence sent. All of this was extra work, as it was still necessary to write a despatch in answer to each Instruction. For a year I was able to send telegrams of this kind and the majority of them reached the Embassy. I often sent ten or fifteen at a time, as packages of Instructions were received. It was somewhat surprising that I was able for so long to send telegrams in this form and that so many of them went through, when letters about Armenians and, as a rule, telegrams in which Armenian names appeared were stopped by the censor.

The authorities became more strict, however, after the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany in February, 1917. They then informed me that I could send no letters or telegrams unless they showed clearly on the face of them whom they concerned and that I could send no communications of any kind about Ottoman subjects. This was not only a hardship to the Armenians but extremely embarrassing to me, as the Instructions from the Department and the Embassy continued to arrive and I could no longer reply to them. The authorities permitted them to come under seal, but made it impossible for me to answer them in any way or even to explain that I was unable to do so. This was especially awkward in cases where inquiries were made a second and even third time about persons mentioned in previous instructions, my answers to which had been lost or had not been received.

These restrictions effectively stopped the appeals for money that I had been sending for the Armenians there to their relatives in America. Hundreds of remittances had come from the latter during the preceding years in response to my letters and telegrams, the first ones having been sent to the missionaries through the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the subsequent ones to me through the Department and the Embassy. As the Embassy received the remittances from the Department it informed me by letters and instructed me to draw for them. I drew only when it was possible to make the payments but telegraphed the Embassy about each case, whether the payments were made or not, giving what information I could in that way. If the payee was there and needed more money, as was usually the case, I asked the Embassy in the telegram to so inform the sender. It was often possible to ask at the same time for remittances for relatives of either the sender or the payee, without, as a rule, being obliged to use names. Quite a number of the remittances were for persons for whom I had asked funds but had

subsequently escaped to Russia. In those cases I explained that the payee was no longer there and suggested that Willoughby Smith might be able to make the payment. The censor would probably not know that I referred to the American Consul at Tiflis, whereas the Embassy would understand that the person for whom the money was intended was in Russia. It could then forward the money to Tiflis and inform the sender of the payee's whereabouts. Thus, the telegrams which I sent in connection with these remittances had for a long time been another channel through which to transmit information about the people of that region and to ask for further funds for them. For example: "Embassy Payment Order thirty September 21st First second fourth fifth and seventh payments made All payees well and request further remittances Second payees younger sister here with children wishes her husband also to send her money Third payee gone whereabouts unknown Sixth payee no longer here Perhaps Willoughby Smith can make payment." The payment of these remittances and the correspondence growing out of them was in many respects the most important and satisfactory part of the work of the Consulate. It was a great disappointment to all when it was interfered with and finally stopped by the severance of relations between Turkey and the United States.

I took receipts in triplicate for all payments made and, although I had not been able to send them myself through the mail, arranged with the Imperial Ottoman Bank before I left Harput to send them to the Embassy with some of the drafts which I drew on it. I gave the bank the original and duplicate copies of the receipts, which had been accumulating in the office for almost a year, and it sent them value declared with commercial paper to the Ottoman Bank at Constantinople. They arrived safely and were delivered to the Embassy, where they now are. Triplicate copies of all these receipts were left in the Consulate safe at Harput.

As under the most favorable conditions it took many months for money to come in response to the letters and telegrams which I sent for the surviving Armenians at Harput, it was a grave question how they were going to live in the meantime. Most of them were homeless and entirely destitute, with no friends to help them and no way of earning anything. They soon began to ask me to advance them money while they were waiting for remittances to come. We had expected that many remittances would be received from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in December or January in response to the letters that I had sent in the fall (see page 57), but the list of them was either intercepted or lost between Constantinople and Harput and we did not succeed in getting a copy of it until the latter part of July, 1916. In the meantime they had to have money to keep them alive and for a while I advanced money myself to many of these people; but, as time went on and the remittances were delayed in coming and as the demands on me kept increasing, I was unable, of course, to continue that very long. I wrote the Embassy about the matter, explaining the situation, and the Ambassador very promptly responded by sending me funds to use for this purpose, saying he did not want to have any deserving Armenians suffer while waiting for money to come from America for them.

I began in this way to carry on systematic relief work for the people there, in addition to my other duties, and devoted a part of my time to that during the remainder of my stay at Harput. The American missionaries also took it up about this time and did splendid work among the poor of that region, giving out bread and clothing regularly to several thousand persons who were dependent upon them for even these bare necessities of life and who would have soon perished without this help. Those, however, for whom I had written letters and to whom I had advanced money continued to look to me for assistance, while most of the people concerning whom I received inquiries and for whom I then tried to send word for money begged me to assist them also while they were waiting for funds to come. In all there were about a thousand people who depended upon what I gave them and there were others whom I helped more or less, in addition to those whom the missionaries were helping, but the needs were so great, the money so limited, and the workers so few that even then it was not possible to help every one who was in want.

Soon after undertaking this relief work I found it necessary to set aside one day in the week which I could devote entirely to it, as I was being interrupted every few minutes by people who came to me for assistance and as I could also attend to it better by seeing all at one time. I let people know that I would see them on Tuesdays for this purpose but not on the other days of the week and during the next year and a half I devoted my Tuesdays to this work. There were usually two or three hundred persons who came to the Consulate on those days and there were sometimes as many as five hundred. They began to come as early as six o'clock in the morning and most of the time I commenced seeing them about seven o'clock. I saw each one personally and helped on an average one hundred families each week. At first I tried to carry on this work secretly, letting all of the people into the courtyard of the Consulate as soon as they knocked at the gate, so that the police would not see them standing outside; but, as time went on and the authorities did not interfere in any way with these people when they came to see me, I finally instructed the cavasses to let in only a few at a time while the others waited in the streets until I could see them, as this was less confusing. The fact that I was giving out relief soon became known to every one and frequently the Turkish policemen themselves brought Armenians there for me to help.

I saw these people one at a time in the downstairs office of the Consulate and, with the assistance of the clerk and the cavasses, investigated each case carefully. I knew something about most of the persons, as I had written letters for them or had had correspondence about them, but new ones kept coming about whom I had to inquire. As time went on I became better and better acquainted with the people who came to me for help and knew more or less about how each one was situated. Most of them, of course, were women and children, as there were very few men left. I kept a card index of all of them showing the name, residence, number in the family, date of each payment and amount paid, as well as any other information that seemed worth while to note on the card. I then paid them an amount of money calculated to

last about four weeks, the sum depending upon the number in the family and also upon whether they had any other resources at all or not, and told them when they could come again. The sum paid each was necessarily very small, only enough to enable the person receiving it to buy bread in order to keep from actual starvation, as the funds were limited and there were many who needed help. When those whom I was assisting in this way received remittances I deducted whatever had been advanced to them, putting that back in the general fund and noting it on their cards, after which I paid them the balance. Although I began this work with the idea of helping people only temporarily, thinking that when funds came they would be able to get along all right, the amounts received were often so small that they were soon used up and it was necessary to begin helping the same persons again, whereas many of them never received any further remittances.

The relief work that the missionaries and I were doing became known throughout the Vilayet, with the result that the surviving Armenians in all the villages left and came to Harput and Mamouret-ul-Aziz to live in order to get help. Many came from the Paloo region also, as the headquarters of the Turkish army of the Caucasus was established there early in 1916 and the entire civil population, Turkish as well as Armenian, were sent away. This increase in the number of destitute Armenians who were dependent upon charity added greatly to our problems. The missionaries helped as many as they could but, as new people were constantly arriving all that year, they were unable to help all. Many of them came to me, although I had neither funds nor time for these people, one could not turn them away without making some effort to keep them from dying of hunger. They had come a long distance in the hope of finding bread, they were starving and in rags, they had nowhere to go and camped out in the streets to await death if they could not get food. The missionaries were having bread and clothing distributed in Mamouret-ul-Aziz, in addition to what they were giving out in Harput, and were helping many of these people in that way, but there were many others for whom they were not able to provide bread once. The work in Mamouret-ul-Aziz was done by an Armenian Protestant pastor, Badveli (Reverend) Durtad Tamzarian, and his wife. I finally arranged to send to Badveli Durtad all the new people who came to the Consulate for help and gave him a sum of money each week to use for them.

The relief work that we carried on for these Armenians was not without its difficulties. Practically all of them, it is true, were very poor, but we could not help them indiscriminately; as some of them were able to find a little work and others had some way of living, whereas it was not even possible for us to help all of those who were without any means of support whatever. It was necessary also to take care that some did not receive more than their share. There were those who tried to get help from the missionaries at Harput and from Badveli Durtad in Mamouret-ul-Aziz and from me, all at the same time, but we very quickly found them out. There were cases where two or three came from the same family, each asking help for all. There were a few persons who did not need any assistance. Some, for instance, who had deposits

with the missionaries came to me for money; some Armenian women who were married to Turks, or were living with them as their mistresses, came with the other people on Tuesdays to seek aid and it was necessary to be constantly on our guard against such women. Occasionally, the Turks even escorted them there and waited in the street while they came inside to ask for help. The cavasses were sure to notice cases of this kind and usually succeeded in finding out about the others. Mistakes occurred sometimes, of course, in giving aid to so many, but I am safe in saying that they were rare and that very few persons ever received any aid from either the missionaries or myself unless they were actually in need and merited help.

The Armenian women who lived with Turks were a source of danger to the other Armenians and often made considerable trouble. Many of them were virtually spies. When a woman of that kind came to the Consulate or to the missionaries for help she would often report to her Turkish friends what she had observed and they in turn would tell the authorities about it. One woman who had lived in America and had with her three children, all of whom were born in America, was the mistress of a Turkish policeman, the Vali's personal attendant, and had a child by him. She often came to the Consulate and I am very sure that she reported many things to this policeman. The authorities did not interfere with me, however, in either my relief work or other activities, but I know they were often aware of what I was doing. Another Armenian woman who was living with a Turk did make serious trouble for the wife of Badveli Durtad. She had been receiving bread from the Badveli's wife and when the latter refused to continue giving it to her after learning that she was being kept by a Turk the woman threatened vengeance on her. She succeeded in having the Badveli's wife, who was about to give birth to a child, thrown into prison and kept there several weeks. Fortunately, she was released before the child was born.

There were other difficulties also in carrying on this relief work. Most of the people were very ignorant and many of them could not even give their own names correctly. This, however, was partially due to the peculiar custom of the Armenians of that region, who usually adopted as their surname the Christian name of their father, to which they added the Armenian suffix *ian*, meaning son, or daughter, of. This custom was carried even farther by some of the village women who adopted in the same way their husband's Christian name, instead of his surname, while others ignored their husband's name entirely and continued after marriage to use their maiden name as before. Thus, Shushan, the daughter of Krikor Garabedian and wife of Kevork (son of Artin Bedrosian), might call herself by any one of five different names. The probability was that she would say her name was Shushan Krikorian (Shushan, the daughter of Krikor), although, disregarding her marriage, she might use her correct maiden name of Shushan Garabedian. Should the marriage have made any impression upon her, she might say her name was Shushan Kevorkian (Shushan, the wife of Kevork); or, as her husband very probably was known as Kevork Artinian (Kevork, the son of Artin), she might say it was Shushan Artinian; while, if her husband was in America he might very likely have adopted the American custom and

have begun calling himself Kevork Bedrosian and his wife Shushan Bedrosian. He might even convert the Armenian names into their American equivalents, Kevork being the same as George, Bedros the same as Peter, and Shushan the same as Lily. Thus, when he wrote the Department of State to ask the American Consul at Harput to find out if his wife and children were well he might call his wife Lily Peters and his children by other American names, signing his own name George Peters, none of which names would be known to any one in that region. As he would also sometimes neglect to indicate the village in which they lived, which might be many miles from Harput, it was often difficult, and occasionally impossible, to find the persons sought. This looseness in regard to names not only caused some difficulty in finding persons concerning whom inquiries were received but was a source of endless confusion in carrying on relief work. The above mentioned individuals, for instance, might give her name as either Shushan Krikorian or Shushan Garabedian or Shushan Kevorkian or Shushan Artinian or Shushan Bedrosian or, possibly, even Lily Peters. Furthermore, it frequently happened that these women would at one time give one name and at another time give another name, doing it in perfectly good faith, as few of them had any clear ideas as to what were their correct names. It is unnecessary to speak of the troubles one had in trying to keep a card index under these circumstances.

A more serious matter, however, in carrying on this relief work was the danger of contracting disease. Most of the people were dirty and covered with vermin. The disease that was most prevalent there and most to be dreaded was typhus, which is thought to be conveyed by body lice. We took precautions against this by sprinkling naphthalene around the office and wearing naphthalene bands around the neck, arms and legs, in order to prevent the lice from crawling on to the body. That this precaution was not superfluous may be seen from the fact that many who came in contact with these people did contract typhus and some of them died of it. Two of the American missionaries at Harput and four or five others in the Harput consular district died of this disease within two years, while six of the other missionaries had it and recovered. In fact, only two of the adult American missionaries at Harput escaped. Badveli Durtad, mentioned on page 65, died of typhus which he contracted while helping the poor. One of my cavasses and two others in the Consulate also had typhus but recovered. I was exposed to it constantly and do not know how I escaped.

One of my duties at Harput, of course, was to make monthly relief payments to subjects of belligerent nations. There were not many in that part of Turkey, but there were some British, French and Russian subjects to whom payments had to be made each month, for which monthly accounts had to be rendered.

The Kurds constitute an important part of the population of that part of Turkey and are an element to be considered in whatever takes place there. The Turkish Government has never been able to control them. This is especially true in the Dersim, where they enjoy a sort of semi-independence. Many of the Armenians were massacred by Kurds at the instigation of the Turkish Government; but, on the other

hand, many Kurds kept Armenians in their villages and protected them in various ways. The Dersim Kurds were most active in helping them. I became well acquainted with many of these Kurds and found them very friendly. Some of them often came to see me, among whom were three venerable aghas with long flowing beards. They lived in the village of Azounik, which became the headquarters of the Armenians in escaping to Russia. I invited them to dinner once in order to become better acquainted with them and they were apparently delighted at the invitation. The Vali heard of it, however, and sent them away the night before on some alleged mission, although his real reason, as I learned afterwards, was that he did not want me to become too intimate with those more or less hostile Kurds. I saw them occasionally after that and they said they would like to see me more often but did not think it prudent to come to the Consulate under existing conditions. The Kurds, as well as the Armenians, were making great reckoning at that time upon the coming of the Russians and apparently wished to co-operate with them. They assured me more than once that no matter what happened in the Vilayet the American Consulate would be the safest place there. We all thought in February, 1916, that the Russians might arrive at Harput in a few weeks, as they were then within two days' march of the city, and many of the Turks sent their families away. That spring there was also a serious revolt of the Dersim Kurds against the Turkish Government and for a while it looked as though they might come to Harput and drive out the Turks, but the latter sent a large force of soldiers to the Dersim and finally subdued them. The authorities arrested a few thousand Kurdish women and children and deported them as they had the Armenians but soon found that they could not handle the Kurds in that way and stopped it.

In the summer of 1916 all the Armenians who had been hiding in the Dersim succeeded in escaping to Russia and others began fleeing from Harput and Mamouret-ul-Aziz to the Dersim in the hope of getting away. At first this was very uncertain but by fall it was found to be a fairly easy thing and many Armenians ran away. The Kurds came from the mountains and took them to the Dersim in large parties, charging some of them substantial amounts and taking others for comparatively small sums. Some of these parties were caught by the police and the people put in prison a while; some of the people were killed when they were caught; but the most of them succeeded in getting away safely. In spite of the risks, the opportunity for these Armenians to save themselves in this way was so good that it seemed advisable for as many to try to go as could possibly get away. It was dangerous, of course, for the missionaries or for me to help them escape. I do not know what the others may have done, but I did help a great many with money and in some cases took them away myself and delivered them to the Kurds. It would have been very bad if I had been caught, but nothing of that kind happened and some were thus enabled to get away who could not otherwise have done so. It was a delicate matter to aid them and it had to be done very cautiously. Many of the people who had been staying at the Consulate, many others who had been getting relief there, and many of those

whose relatives were inquiring from America about them finally succeeded in getting away to Russia. Most of them sent back letters by the Kurds urging others to come.

I have spoken of some of the Armenians who sought refuge in the Consulate when the deportations began. Others came from time to time after that. It was, of course, a comparatively small number of people whom I could help in that way, but for nearly two years there were from twenty to thirty Armenians in the Consulate most of the time and sometimes more than that number. When it seemed safe I placed the families in houses in the neighborhood as fast as possible, where they could still be under my protection. That could not be done for all, however, and it would not have been prudent for the men to live outside of the premises. My object at first was to protect these people until arrangements could be made for their safe departure from Turkey and when that proved to be impossible I helped them escape to Russia as fast as I could.

One of the men whom I kept in the Consulate, one Setrak Tanielian (Samuel Daniels), an alleged American citizen, had been hidden during the summer by a friendly Turk in his native village of Kessrik and had then been in the hospital under the care of Dr. Atkinson, who brought him to me in October, 1915, asking me to keep him. I kept him just one year, after which he succeeded in escaping to Russia and finally reached America. I saw him in Boston a few weeks ago.

Another man, Arakel M. Artinian, had been a barber in America for many years and was an American citizen. He had been living in a distant village and arrived at Harput one day entirely destitute. I kept him nearly a year and supported him until funds were received from his brother in America. He too finally escaped to Russia.

My clerk, Haroutune Pekmezian, whom I mentioned on page 8 and 23, did not succeed in leaving as he had planned and after a while came back to the Consulate where I kept him in hiding until finally obtained permission from the Vali for him to remain permanently. He remained with me after that until I left Harput, although he had opportunities to escape to Russia when the others were fleeing there through the Dersim. I have had several communications from him since my arrival in America and am glad to say that he is apparently safe. The present local military commander informed me before I left that he would protect him.

A Mrs. Ethel Marston Agazarian, a native American woman who had married a naturalized Armenian and had come to Turkey with him a few years before the war, came to Harput with her two children in the fall of 1915. She had been living in a distant village and her husband had been killed. I kept her in the Consulate for a while and afterwards kept her in one of the houses which I rented in the neighborhood. On July 25th, 1916, I succeeded in sending her and Varter Nazlin (see page 15), with their children, to Constantinople. These were the only two families that I was able to send there, although I tried many times to obtain permission for others to go. I had Mrs. Agazarian drop her married name and travel under the name of Marston, which helped very much at that time. There was considerable correspondence with the Department about her, as about most of the

other persons whom I have mentioned in this report. I have to say that all the expenses for her support while she was at Harput and all the expenses of her journey to Constantinople were met from relief funds, as I never received any money from her relatives for her. She finally succeeded in reaching America, but Varter Nazlin and her daughter are still in Constantinople, as they were not permitted to leave the country.

Among the men at the Consulate was a Mr. Elia Kassabian, an American citizen who had lived in America for about twenty-seven years and had come to Turkey just before the war broke out to visit his relatives at Harput. He came to the Consulate one day in September dressed as a woman, his face covered by a Turkish veil. He told me his experiences and afterwards wrote them out for me in full. While the deportations were taking place he was hidden by Kurds in the neighboring village of Kayloo and later in the mountains; he had been taken by them from place to place, in fear of his life every moment; some days he had spent almost buried in mud, so as to avoid being seen, his food having been brought to him at night; he had spent night after night on the open mountains; he had seen thousands of dead bodies on Shabgahan Hill, to which I referred on page 47; he was worn out physically and mentally. When he came to my office he said he had nowhere else to go and asked to remain there. I allowed him to stay, of course, and kept him for a year and a half.

Another man whom I kept in the Consulate for a long time was a Mr. Roupen Janjigian, whose nephew in Boston had inquired a number of times through the Department of State and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions about him and the other members of the family. He came there in February, 1916, and remained just one year, during which time he went outside of the premises only once. This was the following October when many people were leaving for the Dersim. He tried to go one night, but the police had heard that the Kurds had come to take a party of people away and lay in wait for them a few miles outside of the town. They caught some, among whom was Mr. Janjigian. He gave the policeman who caught him all the gold he had in his pockets and his gold watch, after which the policeman took him to a house in the outskirts of the town and told him he could stay there in safety that night. The next morning Mr. Janjigian sent me a note letting me know where he was. I went over after him and brought him back to the Consulate, which he did not leave again until the end of February. He afterwards pointed out the policeman to me from the window and said he considered himself very fortunate to have been caught by a gentleman like him rather than by some of the others. Zaven Musekian, whom I mentioned on page 27, was also among those who tried to leave that night, but he succeeded in running away when the police caught the others and came back to the Consulate.

In February, 1917, Sabit Bey was transferred elsewhere and a new Vali was to come to Mamouret-ul-Aziz. Sabit Bey had not tried very hard to prevent the Armenians from escaping to the Dersim. He came from the Dersim himself, as already explained (page 4), and apparently thought it good policy not to interfere too

much with the Kurds who were making money by taking Armenians to Russia, although I do not know whether he received any part of the money or not. The Vali's efforts to stop them from taking Armenians away were not more systematic and effective. When it was certain that Sabit Bey was to leave I felt that all who could get away ought to do so as quickly as possible, especially in view of the fact that we had broken diplomatic relations with Germany and that, consequently, an American official might not be able to protect people much longer in Turkey. Many of the Armenians whom I had been keeping in the Consulate during the preceding year and a half had succeeded in getting to the Dersim and thence to Russia but there remained these three men whom I have mentioned above—Elia Kassabian, Roupén Janjigian and Zaven—and I knew they would be in greater danger if I had to leave. They had failed in their efforts to get away and something had to be done quickly, if at all. I decided, therefore, to take these three men away myself.

I took them on the morning of February 25th to a Kurdish village about four hours distant from Mamouret-ul-Aziz. We left long before daylight to avoid being seen. It was one of the most bitter mornings of all winter, with the thermometer down to about zero and the wind blowing a gale. I think no one saw us leaving. Two of my cavasses went with me and we took two horses and a donkey. Thus, we were six persons in all, with three animals which we had to walk to keep from freezing. We all walked the entire distance and arrived at our destination soon after daylight. I had been there the week before and had arranged with one of the Kurds of that village to take these men away. We remained just outside of it and ate our breakfasts by the roadside while one of the cavasses went to find the Kurd. The cavass soon came hurrying back, bringing with him the Kurd, who said the three men had better get into the village as quickly as possible, as it was probable that we had been seen while passing by a Turkish village about an hour's distance from there in which the inhabitants were said to be very fanatical and where it was thought there were gendarmes. The three men left at once with the Kurd and as they were entering the village we saw a gendarme appear over the hill behind us. He was walking very rapidly and passed us without saying a word, going straight on to the village. Our Kurd succeeded, however, in smuggling the men into some other house and when the gendarme arrived entertained him in his own house. Word had apparently been sent to other gendarmes, for during the day six of them came there, as I learned afterwards; but, thanks to the friendliness of the Kurds, no one betrayed the men who were hiding there. The gendarmes finally left and that night the Kurd's son took the men across the Euphrates river on logs. I returned home with the cavasses and the following day sent one of them back to inquire if they had gotten away all right. He reported what had happened and a few days later I received letters from the men themselves saying they had arrived safely at Azounik. After that they went to Russia. The Government apparently learned about the matter, as the Kurd and his entire family were deported a few weeks later. I do not know whether the authorities ever

learned about my connection with it or not, but I am inclined to think they did, although nothing was ever said to me.

Among those who lived in the Consulate for a while was a young woman by the name of Aghavni Der Hagopian. She has a brother and sister in Newburyport, Massachusetts, who sent a number of communications through the Department inquiring about her and the other members of the family and asking me to do anything I could for them. There were two other sisters, one of whom, Maritza Yagjian, was living in a distant village, although one of her small children was with Aghavni, while the younger sister, Prapion, was married to a Turk by the name of Nouri Bey and was living in the neighboring village of Huseinik. She had married him at the time of the deportation and had saved herself and Aghavni in that way. It did not look as though it would be possible to do anything for Prapion. A few months after Aghavni had come to the Consulate her older sister, Maritza, came there with her other child. Her husband had been killed and a Kurd, who wished to marry her, had brought her to Mamouret-ul-Aziz for a few days. She was anxious, of course, to get away from the Kurd and took this opportunity to try to do so. She remained there a few days visiting her sister while the Kurd attended to his business in the town and then, when he wanted her to leave with him, she asked me to let her stay there, which I consented to do. The Kurd threatened all kinds of violence, but finally left and never troubled us again. After a few months the two sisters took a house adjoining the Consulate and moved into it. Prapion came to visit them and while there attempted to run away to the Dersim. She had a baby a few months old. She left one night in the winter with a party of about thirty others and walked all night over the rough mountain roads and across fields strewn with volcanic rocks, carrying her baby in her arms, until they reached the Euphrates river the following morning. A Kurd was to meet them there and take them across, but he did not come. They waited all that day and that night. Then the Turks learned that they were there and sent gendarmes after them. They were all caught, exhausted and weak from hunger, and brought back to Mamouret-ul-Aziz, where most of them were put in prison. When Prapion said she was the wife of Nouri Bey they did not put her in prison but sent for him. He was very angry, of course, when he learned that she had tried to run away from him and came to see me about the matter, asking me what I advised him to do. I advised him to let his wife go if she did not want to live with him. He talked with my cavasses also and they gave him similar advice. He changed his mind several times as to what he would do. After making up his mind to divorce her, he decided to take her back and came after her. He slept that night in the house where she and her sisters were living and was expecting to take her home the next morning. When he awoke, however, she was gone. During the night my cavasses had taken her elsewhere. Nouri Bey then decided to divorce her and sent for the hojah (priest). A divorce was duly given and Prapion was free. She remained with her sisters a month or two longer and then succeeded in getting away to Russia. I gave her a note to the American Consul at Tiflis asking him to assist her in any way he could.

There were a number of children whom I found at one time or another and kept in the Consulate, in addition to those who had come there with their mothers. The first one was a little boy about nine years old by the name of Nerses Der Garabedian, who was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and had been brought to Turkey by his parents just before the war. They were gone, together with his brothers and sisters, and he was begging in the market place. He was in rags, blue with cold, reduced almost to a skeleton, and had nearly forgotten how to speak English. I bought some clothes for him, had him given a bath, and kept him until I left Harput. I then put him in the German orphanage and left funds to provide for him.

Two or three months later I added to my family two little girls—Coharig (Pearl) and Nevart (Rose)—about nine and six years of age respectively. They had come from Erzerum and their father had been killed on the way. Their mother had become separated from them and they supposed that she too was dead. I kept them about a year and Mrs. Haiganoosh Kazanjian, whom I mentioned on page 28, took care of them. After a while, greatly to the surprise of everyone, their mother appeared at the Consulate. She was so changed that her own children did not recognize her. It appeared that when the party had been attacked and her husband killed she had been taken away by a Kurd and had been living in a Kurdish village ever since. This was the first time she had come to Mamouret-ul-Aziz. On arriving there she learned from other Erzerum people that her children were still living and were at the American Consulate. As she was destitute, I kept the children for a while longer, but before I left I gave her some money to provide for them and she took them with her.

Another child whom I kept for a time was a little girl about thirteen years of age by the name of Noenzar Hasgelian. She had had a most thrilling experience. In October, 1916, her married sister, Mrs. Elmas Der Boghosian, came to see me, saying that she and the surviving members of her family had come from Egin and were going to try to run away to the Dersim. She left some money and personal effects with me to keep for her. A few weeks later I heard that a party which had recently gone to the Dersim had all been massacred in cold blood by the Kurds, with the exception of one little girl who had come to Harput. I thought from the description given that it might be this family and so I sent for her. She came down to the Consulate and amid sobs related her story. She told me how the Kurds of Arslan Bey had led them safely to a village the other side of the Euphrates, but had then taken the whole party a short distance out of the village and had deliberately shot them all; how they had robbed them; how she had fallen with the others and was left for dead; how she had remained among the dead bodies of her mother, sisters and friends until night; how she had found her way back to the river and had joined a party of Kurds, with whom she came to Harput. On arriving there she had stopped at one of the first houses she saw and inquired the way to Mamouret-ul-Aziz. The people living in it took her in and kept her, although they knew nothing about her. She did not tell them of her experiences and it was some time before they learned about them. After hearing her story I told Noenzar if she wanted anything at any time to come to me. She seemed content

where she was, but came to me a few weeks later and said she wanted to enter the American school. That could not be arranged, however, and she then asked if she could come to the Consulate to live. I let her come there. A short time afterwards one of the servants of Arslan Bey came to see me. He said he had just learned that Noenzar was there, that Arslan Bey regretted very much what the Kurds of his village had done, that he had been over there and punished them for it and had made them turn over to him what they had taken. The servant said he wanted to give them to Noenzar. She and one of the cavasses went with him and brought back the clothing and other effects the Kurds had taken from her mother and sisters. I should say here that this was an entirely different tribe of Kurds from the others in the Dersim that I have mentioned. Several messages were received from one of Noenzar's brothers who waited many weeks the other side of the river for the family to come and who did not learn of their fate for a long time. When he did learn of it he sent special Kurds after Noenzar, but the conditions were such when they came that I did not think it was safe for her to go with them and when I left in May I placed her in the Danish orphanage under the care of Miss Petersen.

There were so many children under my care who were living in the Consulate and in the neighborhood that it seemed best to organize some kind of a school for them, as they had nowhere else to go to school. Some of the older ones wished to learn English and they also attended it. Mr. Pekmezian, who had formerly been a teacher of English in a Turkish school, had supervision and gave an hour each morning to that work. A number of the people who were hiding in the Consulate knew English quite well and they gave lessons to the others. A little instruction was given in Armenian. The school was carried on for about a year on the third floor of the Consulate and was attended by some twenty or twenty-five persons. I presume that not many Consulates have conducted a school, but the situation at Harput was extraordinary in many respects.

On Christmas Day, 1915, I gave dinner for about sixty of the people who were staying in the Consulate or had stayed there. About half of them were children. Mr. Picciotto, of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, whom I mentioned on page 16, asked to join with me in making the occasion a pleasant one and bought presents for all of the children. It was the first Christmas celebration some of them had ever seen. I gave another Christmas dinner in 1916 for those who were still in the Consulate at that time.

As I have already intimated, I took every opportunity to cultivate friendly relations with the Turkish officials. One whom I found especially friendly was Colonel Mehmed Vehbi Bey, the Commander of the 11th Army Corps of the Turkish Army who succeeded Suliman Faik Pasha (see page 51). He came there in November or December, 1915, and was still there the last time I heard from Harput. Soon after the formal exchange of visits he sent word one day that he would like to come to spend the evening with me. He proved to be very agreeable and, as he spoke French, we were able to converse quite easily. After he had made one or two visits in

this way, I suggested that it would be interesting to play bridge. He seemed pleased with the idea and expressed a desire to learn the game. We made up a bridge table with one or two others and played whenever he came to the Consulate, which was once every two or three weeks that winter. One night when the Commander and the Vali were having dinner with me the latter expressed a desire to play bridge with us. He learned very quickly and we then arranged to meet regularly every Wednesday evening at our respective houses. Later, other officials became interested and played with us, thus affording the opportunity to become better acquainted with them.

In February, 1917, His Excellency Ahmed Izzat Pasha, Commander of the Turkish Army of the Caucasus and formerly Turkish Minister of War, made Harput his military headquarters. I had met him a number of times before when he had been passing through there and had entertained him at the Consulate. He was an excellent bridge player and was very fond of the game. He and some of the members of his staff came to our Wednesday evening bridge parties. Unfortunately, however, the political relations between America and Turkey became strained about the time he came to Harput, although he never indicated in any way that it made any difference in our personal relations. An awkward situation occurred the day the news was received that America and Germany were at war. I had arranged to give a dinner that evening and Izzat Pasha had accepted my invitation to attend with some of the members of his staff. This news came to Izzat Pasha first. I was told at noon of his receiving it and that for a while he had been undecided whether to send word that he would be unable to come or not but had finally decided to come as planned. Everything went smoothly that evening in spite of the disturbing news. I was not supposed to have heard it and no allusion was made to it, of course, by any one present. The news became public the following day.

Izzat Pasha was in every way a gentleman and seemed to be sympathetic and kind-hearted. I never talked with him myself about the Armenians, but he assured them that he would not permit any harm to come to them as long as he was there. He took measures for military reasons to stop them from fleeing to Russia, but all the communications I have had from Harput since my departure indicate that the Armenians who remain have not been molested.

While I was at Harput, His Excellency Enver Pasha, Turkish Minister of War, came there twice. On the first occasion, in May, 1916, he remained over night and the Vali gave him a banquet, at which I was a guest. Enver Pasha is a fine looking man, of great personal courage and of charming manners, but one can see behind his handsome features and pleasant smile the cruelty and ambition which are responsible for much of the recent suffering in the Turkish Empire.

I went with the others to meet him upon his arrival and as soon as he was settled sent word by a cavass that I should like to call upon him, to which he replied that he would be glad to see me. I went at once and was very pleasantly received by him. He asked my opinion about the soldiers who had recently come from Gallipoli to Harput on foot and he appeared pleased when I told him they were the best looking soldiers

I had seen around there. This was perfectly true, but was not much of a complement, as the soldiers at Harput were, as a rule, the most wretched, miserable looking creatures I had ever seen carry a gun. Most of them were half naked and half starved. The best soldiers in Turkey are those around Constantinople and, naturally, the ones who come from there were better looking than those who had been at Harput.

That evening at dinner I sat opposite Enver Pasha and alongside of the German military attache. The latter in the course of our conversation asked me how I amused myself in that out of the way corner of the earth. I started to say that I rode horseback and played bridge, but before I had time to fully answer him Enver Pasha spoke up like a flash and, looking at me through his piercing eyes, said: "Oui, Monsieur le Consul, que faites-vous maintenant pour vous amuser? Vous avez fini vos rapports, n'est-ce pas? Vous n'crivez plus de lettres, n'est-ce pas?" I understood, of course, to what he referred, as many of my reports about the Armenian atrocities had been intercepted and he undoubtedly knew something about their contents, which were hardly complimentary to the Turkish Government. Although this incident was slightly embarrassing, nothing further was said about the matter and the rest of the evening passed pleasantly. In fact, when Enver Pasha came back to Harput later he was as cordial as ever and seemed glad to see me when I called upon him. I was greatly impressed that evening to see how the high officials, who could be so arrogant when they were exercising their own power, cringed before him and did not even have the courage to enter the salon where he went after dinner, but remained in the anteroom like so many servants. It amused me very much to see the Vali and other high officials, of whom everybody was afraid, sitting in terror themselves outside of the door.

The Turks all knew that I was helping the Armenians in many ways. There were times when I also tried to help the Turks, as the lot of many of them was by no means an easy one. Thousands of Mohammedan muhajirs (exiles) passed through Mamouret-ul-Aziz after the advance of the Russians in the winter of 1915-16. They came from the Turkish provinces which the Russians occupied, fleeing before them and wandering from place to place. Many of them settled for a time in the villages from which the Armenians had been driven out, some stayed in vacant buildings in the town of Mamouret-ul-Aziz, and others camped out on the sides of the mountains. In some of the villages the Government allowed them to remain for many months, but, as a rule, they stayed only a few days and then passed on. They usually destroyed the houses they occupied, tearing off the doors and window frames for their camp fires, over which they boiled their kettles, and leaving the village in even greater ruin than before. The Government has completed the destruction of most of them by tearing out the timbers of the houses for fire-wood, as no other fuel has been obtainable in that region during the past two years; and the houses, which consisted principally of mud and straw, then crumbled to pieces.

These muhadjirs, who were homeless, were most wretched appearing people and, although the Government sometimes gave them scant rations, they suffered from both hunger and exposure. I passed a party of several hundred of them one day in

November, 1916, when I was out for a ride. They were camped out on the side of a mountain and were obliged to sleep on the ground, although the weather was cold and rainy. One of the men stepped up to me and took my horse by the bridle. My cavass was some distance behind and I had to wait for him to find out what the man wanted. He then explained that they wanted to go to a warmer part of Turkey but were not allowed to move on without receiving permission from the local authorities and they had already been there two weeks waiting for such permission. He said that many of the women and children were sick and they would all die if they had to stay there much longer. He begged me to see the authorities about the matter. I replied that I should be glad to do so, although I should have to see them unofficially, as it was not a matter in which I had any right to interfere. The following day I sent my interpreter to see the official who was in charge of such matters and the latter very courteously said he had been out of town and had just returned. I think he did attend to it as he promised, for a few days later I saw that they had gone. I did not suppose any of the authorities would take exception to what I did for these Mohammedan muhadjirs, but the next time I saw the Vali he mentioned the incident and remarked that it was not good for me to be riding around the country seeing things.

When the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany in February, 1917, and it was possible that a break might come between Turkey and the United States at any time, it seemed best to make what preparations I could for such a contingency. I have already explained the arrangements I made for a number of the persons who were living in the Consulate or elsewhere under my protection. Many other people in the town, having no safe place to keep things, had left with me money or personal effects, which I now wished to return to them as quickly as possible without creating a panic. I did not like to send for them at that time, but whenever any of them came to the Consulate for anything I took the opportunity to give them their property and managed in that way to return everything to the owners before relations were actually broken.

Finally, the break came. My first intimation of it was on Saturday, April 21st, when my cavass was informed at the post office that there were some registered letters from the Embassy for me but that under a new rule all mail for the Consulate must first be delivered to the military authorities. I suspected at once that relations were broken between Turkey and the United States and began making preparations immediately for anything that might happen. That evening a military officer whom I knew came to me and told me confidentially that word had been received by Izzat Pasha of the rupture of diplomatic relations between Turkey and the United States. He said he had come to tell me about it, as it might be of some advantage to me to know it at once, since I would probably be sent away within twenty-four hours after I received official notice of the break, which would very likely be given me the following day. I thanked him for his kindness and he left. That seemed definite enough, especially in view of what had happened to my letters in the morning, to justify me in burning the cipher codes and the more important correspondence of the

office, which the Embassy had instructed me to do at once in case I had reason to believe at any time that a break had occurred; and I did so that night. I also took everything out of the safe, as I thought the authorities might seize that the first thing.

I arose early the next morning and continued preparations to leave, but as no official notice had been received and as it was Sunday, on which day it was customary to hoist the flag, I had it put up as usual. Later, I sent for the American missionaries and for the other persons who still had valuables with me, telling them all they had better take their property as it looked as though I might receive notice of a break at any time and it might then be too late to take anything away. In fact, I feared every moment that we would find a policeman stationed at the door to prevent people taking things from there. My clerk busied himself that day in burning such archives of the office as I thought it unwise to leave in the Consulate, there being no other consuls at Harput with whom I could leave anything. We worked fast, not knowing when we might be stopped, but nothing happened until the latter part of the afternoon, by which time we had finished the most urgent part of our work and I had sent away everything that belonged to other people. About four o'clock I received a call from the acting chief of police—the Police Mudir, Rechid Bey, having been transferred elsewhere after he had finished disposing of the Armenian population of that region. I supposed he had come to inform me of the break of relations and, perhaps, to order me to leave; but, after the exchange of courtesies, he said simply that the Vali had asked him to come to request me to take down the flag, owing to the rupture of diplomatic relations between Turkey and the United States. He was very polite about the matter. I had the flag taken down at once, after which he left, and I heard nothing further from the authorities for two days. A few moments after his departure I received a telegram from the Embassy informing me of the severance of relations and telling me to await further instructions.

The following day people who passed the Consulate looked askance at it and few had the courage to come there, because for the moment I was in deep disgrace according to their ideas. On Tuesday the acting chief of police came again and said the Vali sent his salams and wished to know if there was anything he could do for me. The Vali, Midhat Bey, had come there only a few weeks before as the successor of Sabit Bey, who had left. I never had the opportunity to become well acquainted with Midhat Bey. He sent word, however, that the rupture of diplomatic relations did not change our personal friendship in any way and that if I wished anything I was to feel free to call upon him the same as before. I thanked the police official for this courtesy and sent my salams to the Vali. During the three weeks that I remained in Harput after the breaking of relations I continued to enjoy the most courteous treatment from all of the officials there. I never received any notice from them about leaving. Each week I was given a special invitation to attend the Wednesday evening bridge party as usual. Vehbi Bey, the Commander of the 11th Army Corps, with whom I had been intimate for nearly a year and a half, was especially kind at this time. Izzat Pasha was as friendly as ever and called to bid me farewell before he left on a tour of

inspection. His call was misunderstood by the populace, however, for a great crowd gathered in front of the Consulate, expecting, as I learned afterwards, to see the Consul brought out in chains and sent away.

The instructions from the Embassy, which were sent by telegraph through the Swedish Legation and reached me on Wednesday, April 25th, were that I should come to Constantinople as soon as possible and bring with me all the Americans who wished to leave and who were permitted to do so. This involved considerable delay. There were the missionaries and there were also quite a number of Armenians who were American citizens. One of the missionaries, Mrs. Henry H. Riggs, was seriously ill with typhus at that time and could not leave. Her husband would stay with her, of course, and the other missionaries were undecided whether they would go or not if these two remained. A few days later Mrs. Riggs died and then all the others decided to leave with me. The officials at Harput told the missionaries that they should be very glad to have them remain and that it was not at the instance of the authorities that they were leaving. At the same time, the work of the missionaries would undoubtedly been so restricted if they had remained there that they would have been unable to accomplish anything either of an educational nature or in the way of relief work.

The Armenians presented an exceedingly different problem. I had been protecting them for two years and trying in every way possible to get them out of the country. I informed the Vali that I had been instructed to take the Americans with me. He said there was no objection at all to my doing so and told me to prepare a list of them. I included in that list, of course, all the Armenians whose American citizenship had been established and presented it to the authorities. It did not seem possible, considering their treatment of the Armenians, that they would permit any of them to leave now and I felt all the time that they would not allow them to go; but they said I could take with me all bona-fide American citizens and, taking the authorities at their word, I began to make arrangements for these Armenians, as well as for the missionaries, to leave with me. We were in all more than sixty persons and wagons were almost unobtainable. I finally planned to take them on ox-carts, although it would have been a very slow and tedious journey; but if I could have gotten these people safely out of that region I should have been willing to put up with any inconveniences. After the authorities had had for a number of days the list of American citizens which I had given them at their request they called for proofs of their citizenship; and, although in some cases I presented passports or other documents, the result was that all persons of Armenian origin—those holding valid passports, those born in America, and all others—were refused permission to leave and visas were issued to only the nine American missionaries at Harput and myself. The authorities allowed Cavass Ahmed to go with me all the way to Constantinople.

There were, besides myself and Ahmed, five women, one man and three children. These were all who remained, save four (three women at Mardin and one woman at Sivas), of the seventy-two members of the American mission stations in the Harput

consular district who were there when I arrived in 1914. It took us a number of days to find wagons. Vehbi Bey assisted us and offered me his own carriage as far as Malatia (a city of about 30,000 inhabitants which we reached on the third day); but, as I had my own horse which I rode on the entire journey, I did not accept his offer. He said that as long as I was in Turkey I was an official guest and the authorities of Mamouret-ul-Aziz wished to do whatever they could for my convenience. I have spoken in my report of October 19, 1917, to the Department, of their attitude in respect to the general situation. The military authorities, upon my request returned the horses of the missionaries, which they had taken in pursuance of general orders to seize all means of transportation belonging to Americans in Turkey, saying that as the missionaries must have animals in order to go to Constantinople they might as well have their own horses and use them.

The day I left Harput, May 16, 1917, a number of the officials came to bid me bon voyage. I had a very interesting conversation with Vehbi Bey at that time. We had been good friends ever since his arrival there and he assured me that the change in the political relations between the two countries did not affect our personal friendship. I said I wanted to remain friends with him and, although we had looked at some things from a different point of view during the time we had been together at Harput, I held him in high esteem and valued his friendship. He replied that he felt exactly as I did about it and said that each of us had tried to do our duty under most unusual circumstances, which resulted sometimes in conflict between us. He undoubtedly referred to my activities in sending Armenians to the Dersim which he had been most active in thwarting.

When we left there were fully five hundred people at the Consulate to bid the missionaries and myself good-bye. Difficult as my work at Harput had been, I was reluctant to leave and to abandon to their fate the people whom I had been protecting and should not have left had it been possible to remain. As the Department knows, I twice declined its generous offer of a leave of absence, because I felt it was my duty to stay there, as it would be difficult for any one else to come there and take my place at that critical time. I had hoped to remain until some change occurred in the situation whereby the people of that region would no longer be in danger.

The journey from Harput to Constantinople was by no means an easy one. It took eighteen days to reach the railroad and three days by train after that to reach Constantinople. I rode on horseback the entire distance to the railroad (between 400 and 500 miles), as did three of the missionaries also, while the others rode in wagons. We had to carry with us provisions for the whole journey, as it was not possible to find even bread on the way, and most of the time I slept on the roofs of the khans. We were treated everywhere, however, with the greatest courtesy and I found that orders had been telegraphed ahead to extend to us every facility. A surprise awaited us at Malatia. On arriving there we found two policemen awaiting us on the outskirts of the city. They guided us to a school building which had been furnished for the occasion and the mayor was there to welcome us. Supper was served by the Mutessarif

of the district, who had received word from Harput of our coming and had made these arrangements in our honor. Some of the minor officials acted as waiters. The authorities had fitted up this building for us the same as they had for Izzat Pasha, who had passes through Malatia the preceding week.

Notwithstanding the courtesy shown us, we were closely guarded all the way from Harput to Constantinople by the gendarmes whom the Vali of Mamouret-ul-Aziz had furnished, ostensibly for our protection but partially, without doubt, to prevent us from observing things too carefully on the way. These gendarmes, of whom there were at all times from one to four, were almost without exception polite and obliging. Upon arriving at Eregli I found there two of the missionaries from Talas (Caeserea), one of whom, Reverend Henry K. Wingate, was an American citizen. The other one, Mr. Erwin, was a British subject. They were on their way to Constantinople, but had been detained by the police for two days and were not allowed to leave the police station. I showed the chief of police the papers which the Vali of Mamouret-ul-Aziz had given me and told him I should like to take Mr. Wingate and Mr. Erwin with me. He released them at once and they traveled the rest of the way with me. When we reached Constantinople we were all taken to the police station. The police asked us a few questions and made a note of the places where we were to stay, after which we were entirely free and unmolested during the six weeks that we were detained there.

Since my arrival in America I have been busy, as the Department knows, corresponding with the Armenians in this country and giving them such information as I could about their relatives in Turkey. I have also visited a number of cities, as authorized by Department's Instruction of September 20, 1917, to meet Armenians who have made inquiry during the past two years concerning their relatives and friends. I have seen several thousand Armenians in all, including more than two-thirds of those in whose behalf the Department sent me welfare Instructions at Harput. Of the 277 Instructions which I received between August, 1915, and May, 1917, in which inquiry was made concerning the whereabouts and welfare of more than twelve hundred Armenians, I have now seen personally 189 of the inquirers and in most cases been able to tell them something concerning the persons in Turkey about whom they had asked and often concerning other relatives also whom they had not mentioned, as I have informed the Department more fully in my despatch of November 30, 1917. I have now had the opportunity to give directly to the persons interested much of the information about their relatives and friends that I had obtained at Harput and had embodied with great labor and painstaking in detailed reports, most of which were lost in the mails and failed to arrive here, even when copies were sent a number of times, and the rest of which, including the copies of all reports of this nature on file in the Consulate, were burned before I left Harput, in accordance with instructions received from the Embassy. Fortunately, I have been able to give a great deal of this information from memory after the time and effort

which I spent in writing these reports. My trip among the Armenians resulted in much additional correspondence, which has continued until the present time.

It appears from the foregoing report that during the past three years the greatest part of my work has been for Armenians. This report, however, is not intended to be a brief for their cause, whatever the merits of that may be. I was so pleased that I happened to be a witness of the terrible treatment they received at the hands of the Turkish Government and naturally did what I could to relieve their suffering. I kept on friendly terms with the officials and found some of them very agreeable, but I trust the Turkish Government will never again have the opportunity to persecute the Armenians or any other of its subject races. I was able to help comparatively few, of course, in the wholesale destruction of life that took place while I was there and, although I helped all whom I could, there were cases where it was not possible to do anything; yet it is somewhat remarkable that none of the Armenians whom I have met here have spoken a word of complaint, no matter what the news for them might have been.

I have said little in this report about the splendid work the American missionaries have done at Harput and in that region, not that I wish to depreciate it in any way but because it would not be possible within the limits of a report of this kind to describe their activities and the help they gave the suffering people around there. That would require a separate report, whereas this report is intended to cover only the work of the American Consulate at Harput during the last three years. It will be noted that much of the work was quite unusual owing to the extraordinary situation.

In conclusion, I desire to express my appreciation of the opportunity the Department has given me to submit this report of my work at Harput. It was discouraging and unsatisfactory in many ways, for, as I have shown, much that I tried to do could not be done and much that I did was unknown to the Department. The three years that I spent there were strenuous ones, during which I was rarely away from the Consulate more than a few hours at a time. There was no opportunity to spend the hot summer months camping out on Lake Geoljik, as my predecessors had been in the habit of doing. The close confinement for that length of time, especially under the conditions that existed there, was, of course, not good for one's health and much of the work was trying on the nerves. These months that I have had in America are, therefore, greatly appreciated.

Respectfully submitted,
American Consul, formerly at Harput, Turkey,

Port Jefferson, New York.
February 9, 1918.