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The Armenian Question.

DETROIT, Mich., April 23rd.—The ladies of the Detroit W.C.T.U. are not ardent admirers of the Queen of England as developed at their meeting yesterday afternoon. A motion was introduced to have a programme prepared for May 24th, in honor of the Queen's birthday. The speaker had hardly seated herself when Mrs. Annie Andrews, corresponding secretary of the union, took the floor, and condemned Queen Victoria in terms that were loudly applauded by the ladies present. 'I was reared under the flag of England,' said Mrs. Andrews, 'but when I witnessed the way in which they allowed the Armenians to be murdered, and also the Christians in Crete, I ceased to have any respect for the Queen of England. If we are to prepare a programme in honor of any one, let it be for one who has given his or her life in the support of Christian principles and not for a woman who has usurped the crown of England for a period of sixty years and never accomplished anything worthy of Christian commemoration.'

MRS. ANDREWS' remarks only echo the expressed sentiments of those indignant people who have superficially glanced at one of the most vexed questions of the day. But a little thought, and what is more to the point, a little knowledge of the political state of affairs in England would bring home to those who cry out so loudly against the apparent indifference of the Queen to the awful butchery of the Armenians, the deplorable fact that she was powerless to act otherwise than she did. All mild measures and remonstrances with the Sultan failed. No one expected anything else, considering the nature of the man, who was not only cognizant of, but caused the horrible atrocities; and to send armed forces out in defence of the Armenians, as so many clamored should be done, meant a declaration of war with Turkey.

And what would follow? Russia would rise in arms with the Turks, and one by one all the European powers would be plunged in war. What for? An awful sacrifice of millions of lives given in defending those whose terrible fate was brought upon them, as is generally conceded, by a few of their own crafty, self-seeking people for political reasons.

No one dreams of defending the atrocious Turk, or his inhuman forces, who have sunk so low in the estimation of the whole civilized world, but to those who have studied the subject the fact is obvious that the Armenians were not blameless. At their own door lies much of the misery that has befallen them. And surely we, thousands of miles from the scene, with nothing but the veriest outward shell of facts on which to build our judgment, can hardly take upon ourselves to condemn England's action in a matter that went to the depths of every human heart.

Naturally, the first thought that came was one of burning indignation that a great and powerful nation should calmly and inactively watch the awful persecution of any unprotected people. A little study of the actual condition of affairs, a little insight into the cause for her inaction, brought the knowledge that the one possible interference on the part of England would only create another state of things ten fold more calamitous than the first.

As a constitutional monarch, the Queen must defer to the voice of her constitutional advisers. Had it not been so, and she had followed the noble instincts of her great heart, and answered the appeal of the Armenians with the only help that would have been of any avail—the sword—what disastrous results would have engulfed all Europe!

Those who judge and condemn the greatest nation and the noblest sovereign in the world lose sight of all this. They hear only the unanswered

cry of suffering Armenia, and they are blind to the fact that those who seem so well able to send the pitifully needed aid are practically helpless.

Surely we may feel perfect confidence in a Queen beloved and revered by every nation in the world—one who has ruled her subjects more wisely and well than any monarch who ever wore a crown; who for sixty years has led a beautifully noble life; who has left undone nothing which politically or morally could uplift her people. Surely we may know that if she and her trusted statesmen, who sacrifice none of their political convictions for the sake of office, could devise means by which they could stand by an oppressed people, they would not leave it to us, or any other nation, to say scornfully of them that they held in their power the means of defending helpless and innocent women and children, and yet heartlessly left them to their awful fate.

So long as the world lasts, and so long as the pages of history are written and read, so long will the reign of Queen Victoria stand alone, as the greatest and noblest. And yet there are those under the Union Jack who say she has done nothing in the past sixty years 'worthy of Christian commemoration!'

M. M. G.

THE SULTAN'S HABITS

Habitually the Sultan drinks only water, brought to the palace in casks under special precautions. His food is extremely plain, consisting chiefly of vegetables. Few monarchs, if any, work harder than Hamid. He takes but few hours of sleep and sometimes passes the entire night, pen in hand, signing every document himself, from the appointment of a governor to the lowest officer at the palace. Like most Orientals, he is an early riser. After the prayers and ablutions enjoined by his religion, he drinks a cup of coffee, and then begins smoking cigarettes, which he continues on and off all day.

A Plea for the New Woman.

A CLEVER writer once made one of his characters—a woman—say: 'What is it to us that the great world passes our doors? We cannot join the stream. . . I don't see much difference between our life and that of the carp in the pond there.'

This is rather strong language and embraces only one class of women. Still, there is a note in it which vibrates in the heart of every woman, a craving after something greater, with more room to expand.

Naturally impulsive, and yet incapable of rising to the higher level without assistance, she is infinitely weary of the hum-drum existence about her, pretending to despise the petty conventionalities of her small social circle, yet bound hand and foot by them.

Since women have been given so little power to mould their own lives to shape their own careers, it is not strange they should be possessed with a desire to mould the destinies of others.

Has not the voice of conservatism been crying for centuries, 'Woman is not the creator, she is the inspirer! Woman is not born to do great things, but to stimulate, to suggest them! Woman, in directing, in influencing, in moulding the lives of others, has a noble sphere.'

Granted, if she would only realize it; but it is not only the unsuccessful or morbid woman who wishes for a different position in life. The usual kind of bliss meted out to a wife by the world is a complete surrender, or negation of self. Is this fair or just? Should not both parties hold fast their own individuality; and marriage be a union of forces, not fusion of individual? Life, and the work of it should be shared fully and freely.

There may be those who fancy the new ideas will rob love of its poetry, who think that womanly helplessness makes a wife doubly dear; who fear for the future if the old regime gives place to the new. Let these wait until woman has tried her wings of freedom, and settled down again. She does not want to be a man, or usurp his place. She only wants to prove her equality on an intellectual basis. Having done so, the true comradeship which should exist between man and woman will become a pleasure and delight to both, and it will come as naturally to her as the turning of the flowers to the sun, that she should resume her second place, putting her husband to the front as the stronger, and the natural leader. Granted; but not taken for granted.

A. P.

QUITE an original idea, and one which would open a new line of business, either in connection with, or in opposition to the patent offices, was suggested recently by a lady whose very limited income prevented her from patenting, or perfecting, a fairly good invention.

Her idea was this—to organize a stock company for the purpose of purchasing 'patentable ideas,'—inventions in the rough—which put into shape, might bring the company good solid returns, frequently hundreds, possibly thousands, where there had been an outlay of perhaps twenty or thirty dollars (less or more, according to the value placed on the idea submitted) for the purchase of the outline of the invention.

For instance, a man sees the need for a thing which is not in the market. He manages to invent an article which covers the need, and draws to his own satisfaction a fairly good model, but there it ends. He has no funds with which to patent it, or perhaps it is perfect in everything but some little minor point, which only requires a knowledge of chemistry, or mechanism to complete. His drawings are torn up or put away, and what might have been of wonderful benefit to the working world, and of great commercial value to himself, is lost. If, on the other hand, he could walk into an office and explain his idea to men engaged for the very purpose of supplying the practical knowledge for the need of which he was unable to complete his model, how many good inventions would find their way into the market—inventions which, in rough outline, would stay forever unperfected in the bottom of some drawer, or tucked away in the brain of a man who didn't know what to do with them. A good practical man could tell in a very few minutes whether an idea submitted to the company had anything in it; and a little investigation would soon decide if it was worth purchasing and having perfected. If properly organized and carried out, with men of capital and enterprise to push it, there seems to be no reason why such a company might not make a fortune, and at the same time be of great benefit both to the public and the inventors.

M. M. G.