Agonized Remnants of Armenians and Syrians Saved From Turk Brutality by American Relief

This Help Means Life to Quarter Million in Caucasus Who Cheated Death by Hunger and Sword

Practical Religion, Directed From New York, Organizes Life and Brings Hope to Stricken Peoples

By William T. Ellis

ERIVAN, The Caucasus.

THIS city has two present claims to distinction, for it is at once the nearest large town to Mount Ararat and it is also the centre of the relief work for the Armenian refugees in the Caucasus, who number about a quarter of a million. An ancient city, Erivan has long been an Armenian centre, and it was here that the recent all-Armenian congress, to consider the future of the race, was held. America's representatives in the work of relief have their headquarters here, and from this centre radiates an organized ministry for a stricken people that is one of the notable achievements of this world war. It will have religious and political consequences beyond anything imagined by the people of the West, who sought only to save the lives of myriads of sufferers.

As I have daily watched the changing hues of Mount Ararat, one of the sublimest as well as the best-known peaks on earth, it has come to have other associations than those of the story of the ark and the salvation wrought to the race thereby. The long stretches of history upon which this snow crested mountain has looked with millenniums of which the Armenians are associated, grip the imagination. The mountain of the ark is associated in history with this sorely distressed people and their persistence as a nation; and now it may be that the scenes of American activity witnessed at its base represent new salvation that has come to the Armenians, whose fidelity is one of the marvels of Christian history.

Fierce Relief Means Life

There are no starving Armenians in Erivan. Yet this is the centre of the community that fled from Turkey under the spur of the persecutions of the Turk. The reason is that the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, of which Cleveland H. Dodge, Metropolitan Building, New York, is treasurer, has established here a system of organized relief, including industrial work on an extensive scale, that has meant literally life as well as rehabilitation to this section of the refugees, who number altogether about a quarter of a million in the Caucasus.

Perhaps that industrial work will make the best start for the story. Instead of direct relief, in the form of food or money, the committee, with an eye to the future of the people, has distributed labor, except in the case of children and helpless women. Since clothing as well as food has to be provided the refugees, the committee has begun at the beginning, and distributed cotton and wool among the women to be cleaned, carded and spun — except that the cotton is first carded, after the ancient bowstring fashion, by men.

The wool is give out as it comes from the sheeps' backs. This is returned by the women in the form of yarn, for the spinning of which they are paid. Thousands of pairs of socks have also been knitted by the women.

Looms Clothe 15,000 Persons

Because the Armenians are skilled artisans, they have been set to making hand looms, and upon the machines thus built trained weavers are set to making cloth out of the yarn spun by the women. This cloth is used for underclothing, in the case of the cotton goods, and for outer garments made of wool. A fine quality of homespun is produced, which could be sold in the Russian markets at a profit. Instead, all the clothing thus produced is used for the refugees. Last winter fifteen thousand persons were clothed, and this year an additional ten thousand orphans will be clad in the most comfortable garments they have ever known. Of course, all the tailoring is done by Armenian refugees.

This is the sight that old Ararat now looks down upon: A little company of American board missionaries, at present lent to the relief committee, creating anew, amid unusual conditions, an entire industrial organization that will provide, without pauperizing, for the needs of a homeless and utterly destitute people. Rev. E. A. Yarrow, of Van, the local chairman, began this phase of America's ministry, and George E. Gracey, whose industrial work at Urfa was destroyed by the Turks, has contributed his expert knowledge in building up this organization, although Messrs. MacCallum, Raynolds and Maynard have taken to it as if it were teaching. All the elaborate organization of cards and records and investigation which social science at home demands has been kept in operation, that only the deserving might be helped. This is the Orient.

Women and Children Provided For First

Even during my short stay I have seen dozens and scores of women clamoring for work. No men are given help, except as workers, and no workers are used in the many-sided American relief enterprise here except refugees. Nor are clothes now given to adults. But for the orphan children there is direct relief provided, the sum having been hitherto six rubles a month, but now, owing to the depreciation of the ruble and the increase of gifts from America, this has been increased to ten rubles a month. Of course, that sum helps keep the mother and other children, since only one child in a family receives this sum. I was present when the first distribution of this increased allowance was made, and many were the blessings rained upon the head of the Americans. Of course, with the present high prices ten rubles worth only six to the dollar, ten rubles a month does not buy many grand pianos.

An orphanage has been bought by the committee and is being enlarged by refugee workmen. Dr. G. C. Raynolds, the veteran missionary from Van, whose wife died on the retreat and who has come out here to end his days in congenial activity, is in charge of the orphan relief and the orphanage. He conducted a large orphanage in Van. His purpose, he says, is not by any means to gather all orphans into institutions, but to train a hundred picked boys, and later the same number of girls, who may become leaders of the Armenian people. There are hundreds of orphanages being well maintained by the Armenians themselves, through their joint Armenian committee, which handles also the funds from the Russian government. Something like seven million rubles every six months is spent by this committee.



GLIMPSES OF THE WORK OF HUN AND TURK IN ARMENIA AND SERBIA

Above—A group of refugees who have reached the Russian lines and safety, at Etchmiadzin, Caucasus.
Below—A family in flight across the Syrian desert.

Above—A mother with her five sons' bodies in the woods at Etchmiadzin.
Below—The children of the flight—Armenian orphans, starving and in rags, who have reached the Russian lines.

All Work Done By Refugees

All the work upon the new orphanage is being done by refugees, from the building of the walls to the construction of the beds and the tables and garments.

Other relief work for the children is the furnishing of milk for the babies, the maintenance of a physician and the opening of a hospital. Dr. Kennedy is working with the Americans, he being a Canadian and representing the London Lord Mayor's committee. A British Quaker, Mr. Heald, is representing the American committee at Alexandrianople, where there is a centre of relief work. In three hundred villages hereabouts the Americans administer and supervise relief for the women and children. In the Erivan district, says Mr. Gracey, there are approximately fifty thousand persons now being aided, directly or indirectly, by the American committee.

Every One Tells A Sad Story

The shadow of Mount Ararat is not so ever-present as the shadow of the great tragedy of the Armenian nation. At first I began to ask for stories, but I soon quit that. Everybody has a story. There is not one of the five thousand persons on the American payroll who has not felt the edge of the scimitar of Islam. All the American workers lost their homes and property. Gracey, for instance, had been for ten years associated in Urfa with the German missionaries. One of those missionaries proved to be a German captain of artillery, and he it was who trained the guns upon the American mission, destroying the property where he had countless times been entertained as a guest.

There is the head of the American weaving establishment at Etchmiadzen, whose wife cast herself down a precipice, to escape dishonor at the hands of the Turks. Thousands of women likewise sought refuge in death. For many this welcome escape was impossible, and I have heard the stories of women who fell into the hands of the Turks and the Kurds. In my possession at the moment is the written story, transcribed into English by a mission teacher, of several girls who escaped to the mountains, or were delivered by the Russians, after several months in captivity. Of course it is unprintable. One of the fiends named as personally guilty was a member of the Turkish Cabinet, and well known to Europeans.

Entire Households Were Slaughtered

I have talked with women who saw their husbands and children slain before their eyes. Frequently I have seen children who had survived by pretending death, among all their slain kinsfolk, or who had recovered from wounds, the scars of which they bear. Among the most pitiable of the refugees was a three-year-old boy whose entire family, or household of thirty-three persons, had been murdered, and he is being cared for by the refugees from his village.

One strong-faced woman, who in other circumstances would have been distinguished, I found occupying a little corner in a stable, and partly covered by a single rag. Her tale was simply told, with unconscious dramatic effect. She had seen her husband and two grown sons killed. Another son and three daughters, who had fled with her, had been among the seventy thousand from the Van region who died of wounds and disease and starvation. Then her stoicism broke down, as she flung out her arms, and weeping, cried for the one daughter who had been carried off to a Moslem harem or slavery. This horror was with her day and night, as the crown of her grief. She could not grasp at first that food and clothing had come to her, and in her bewilderment, as she clutched her rag of a garment together over her breast, she said that her mind no longer acts right, because of her thinking day and night about her children.

Scenes From A Church Stable

Within the same stable and I am sorry to say that the stable belonged to the monastery of the parent Armenian Church at Etchmiadzin, and that the monastery takes rent for it from the Russian government, and gives no food to the refugees—there was another woman, widow of a Van merchant, who had been affluent, though now she had but a little corner of the earthen floor of a stable, which she kept as tidy as possible. Her eyes were like those of a broken-hearted madonna, as she told how her husband, four sons and a daughter had all been killed, and she was without a kinsman in the world, except, possibly, a nephew in distant Resivo. Her quiet dignity was as affecting in its way as the other woman's explosion of grief.

Note book and memory are both full of these stories. This man saw a priest shod, like a horse, before he was slain; this one saw crucifixions; this little boy and his tiny sister lived for three months in the mountains on roots and berries, before they came up with a force of Armenian volunteers; this woman from Mush witnessed throughout four days, from her hiding-place before she got away to the mountains, the locking of families into houses, many persons being crowded into one house, whereupon kerosene was applied and the victims burned to death. The mind grows numb and the heart sick from a constant recital of such tales of horror as it is difficult to believe the twentieth century could hold. The poor, weazened, monkey-like babies that have been held up before my eyes are the worst spectacle of all.

Relief a Triumph For Americans

While the Russian government relief has been great, even if irregular, and while the Armenians themselves have done well (there are two hundred orphanages, with about six thousand inmates in the Caucasus, and upward of three hundred schools for refugee children), the outstanding factor in Armenian relief has been the American committee. Its work has been on a large scale, and in systematic form. All of it has been supervised by Americans, and the subordinate workers have been men and women trained in American mission schools, and known personally to the missionaries. Professors have not hesitated to become relief agents in villages or accountants or actual workers in the industrial department. Had it not been for the fact that there was available a force of American Board missionaries, knowing the language and the land and the people, and with trusted helpers at hand, the wonders that have been wrought in the way of repatriation, rehabilitation and the maintenance of life and self-respect would have been impossible.

Could I write the hundreds of tributes to America that have been given to me by high and low for transmission, I would need columns of space, and the stories would all be attuned to the note of America's uniqueness as the brother nation, the friend of the needy everywhere. It is not an extravagance to declare that since the ark rested on Ararat, there has been no nation in this oft-conquered region whose dominance over the hearts of the people has been as great as that of America is to-day. Armenian relief has been practical Christianity and real patriotism.

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U-Boat Pirate, Hidden Below Waves, Sees Prey Advance for Death Blow

By Charles H. Hall
Editor of "Sea Power"

ANOTHER ship sunk by a Hun torpedo! The torpedo's white track was the first sign of an enemy.

The landsman wonders how it could happen. Was the lookout careless? Why didn't he see the periscope and give the alarm? The landsman usually does not know that the U-boat can lie in ambush and fire her deadly shot unobserved. Yet such is the case.

One evening a few weeks ago we were sitting in a smoke-filled room at an informal little send-off to one of our circle, a young naval lieutenant. Scheduled to leave in a day or two from "an Atlantic port," in charge of the armed guard on a fast liner, he was jubilant over the prospect of active service at last, though we all chaffed him about his chances and prophesied a perfectly tame and uninteresting trip.

"There's action of one sort on every trip the ships of this line have made," he said. "If it isn't one thing it is another. Anyhow, if we see a periscope we will be ready to do a little shooting."

"Ah! go on, Jim," said the oldest of the party. "You can't prove that you've licked a sub unless you can bring back her scalp, and Fritz is shy when 6-inch guns are around. You will have to tow one in."

"All right," said Jim. "We always try to oblige. Don't want to bet on it, do you?"

And so, under good natured chaff, we concealed our anxiety for him, for he was right—his new ship's sisters had been having plenty of trouble with the German pirates.

We saw him again a day or two ago. We asked him if he brought any scalps with him, and all we got in reply was a grunt.

"No notches on your gun, eh! Didn't you see any periscopes?"

"Not one," said he.

"No excitement at all?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that," he answered.

"Well, look here, old man, what did happen to you? Didn't you see a sign of Fritz?"

"Nothing but a torpedo," he answered, and then went on to tell the story:

"It was a fine, breezy day, clear and cold, with enough wind to kick up the whitecaps. We had been in the war zone a few hours. Our guns were all manned, with ammunition handy, so that we could open fire instantly. We were zigzagging, of course, and I was on the bridge. We had just completed a zigzag, and as we straightened out on the new course I walked to the end of the bridge. Just then I heard a yell from aft and saw one of our lookouts pointing to the water close alongside. I looked down and there, not twenty feet away, was the frothy, bubbling wake of a torpedo. It went on by a parallel course. I called to the mate, who had the deck, to keep her steady, and ran aft as hard as I could go, but there was not a sign of anything. Lookouts had all been on their jobs, nobody had seen a thing and, though we swept the sea with our glasses, we never did see anything. It was just bull luck that we changed course when we did, for another minute on the old heading and Fritz's fish would have landed in our engine room. It was no weather for a 200-mile pull in open boats, either."

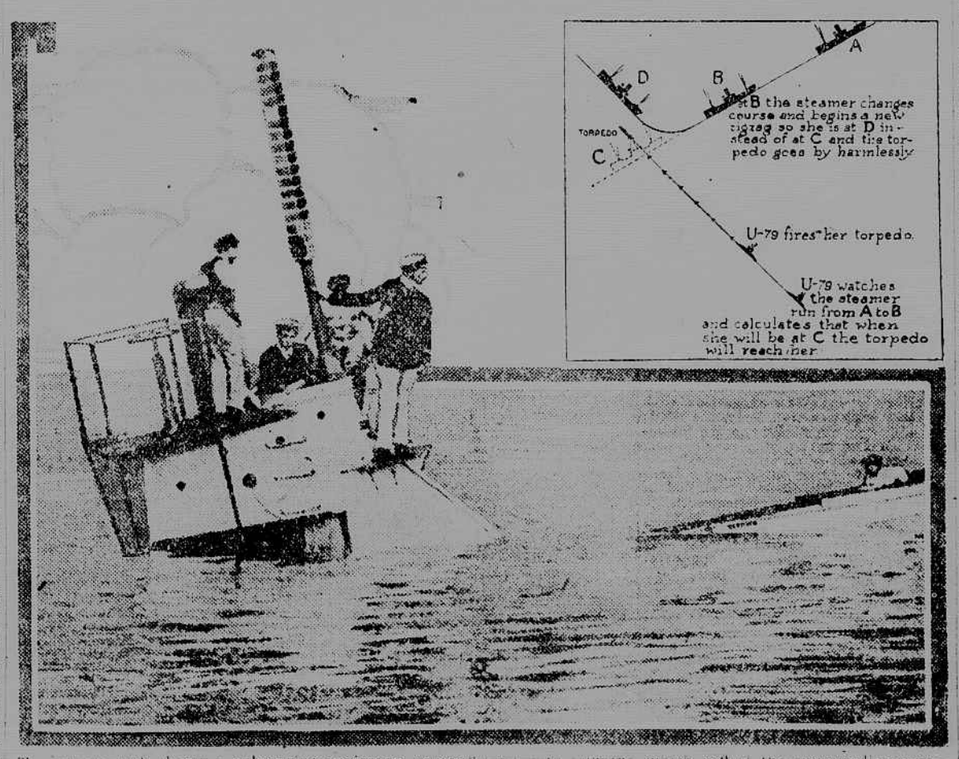
Let us look at the other side of the picture. The submarine U-79 is on the surface, jogging along at an easy pace. She has recharged her storage batteries so that she can make an extended run under water, but doesn't intend to dive until necessary. Keen eyed lookouts keep watch on her conning tower and one of them reports smoke. The smoke comes nearer, and finally the masts, funnels and upper works of a big steamer are made out. She has changed course once or twice, but apparently the U-boat lies fairly in her track. As the steamer climbs over the horizon the submarine's men go below, hatches are closed, and with roarings and blowings she submerges until only the top of her conning tower shows above water.

A few minutes later even this disappears, and her commander watches his intended victim through the periscope. He estimates her speed and course, and figures that she will be at a certain point in so many minutes. When she is there she will be in range. Then the periscope is withdrawn and the submarine moves ahead under water with nothing to show her presence except a slight wave over her, which cannot be distinguished from a distance.

Just before the appointed time the periscope appears for a few seconds and through its lenses the great ship is seen, still heading as she was and almost at the calculated point. Down comes the periscope and a few seconds later the order to fire is given. The pirate's torpedo speeds on its way and all hands listen expectantly for the dull thud, or watch for the flicker of the depth gauge needles that will announce the explosion. Thirty, forty, fifty seconds go by, a minute and more passes, and there is no sign. The torpedo missed; it may have been seen; the liner is undoubtedly armed, and to emerge will invite her fire and the risk of destruction. True, it will give a chance for another shot, but there are plenty more big ships, not too many torpedoes, and, anyhow, safety first. The submarine sheers off; the steamer speeds on her way; it is another wasted torpedo and another narrow escape.

U-79 leaves the now dangerous spot, for the liner's wireless has already reported the attack and a destroyer or two will soon be nosing around the neighborhood, and destroyers are uncomfortable neighbors for the U-boat.

NEW TRICKS IN THE U-BOAT WAR



The photograph shows a submarine periscope, camouflaged with mirrors, which reflect the surrounding water, making it practically invisible. The diagram shows how a submarine can sink a ship without even showing a periscope within range of the vessel, and how one vessel escaped.

Photo © Underwood & Underwood

Child Training at Home

By Mothers Who Have Been Kindergarten Teachers

This is the twelfth of a series of articles prepared under the direction of the United States Bureau of Education and the National Kindergarten Association. Each is written by some woman who has put her training into practice with her own children, and embodies the wisdom she has learned. If you find this series of articles helpful to you, cut them out and pass them to other mothers and thus aid Uncle Sam in reaching all the mothers of the country.

Directing the Child's Play

By Mrs. Lenore R. Ranus

EVERY ONE knows that a normal child has an active mind, but many parents do nothing to strengthen or train this vital part of their child's life, leaving all mental development to the teachers in the schools. Those parents are indeed fortunate who have kindergartens in their town or city, for the kindergarten gives systematic mental training to children as early as the fourth year.

The easiest way to teach a child to think is through play. The mother can begin to sing Mother Goose rhymes to the mere infant-in-arms. As the child grows he recognizes the words and often the tunes. Later, he will ask for his favorite songs or rhymes, and then begin to sing and recite, himself. Up to this point the mother has accomplished three things: Strengthened the memory, cultivated an ear for music and the ability to carry a simple tune, and enlarged the child's vocabulary.

Be sure to use only the best grammar when talking with a child. Baby-talk is funny for the grown-ups for a while, but the difficulty the child faces in overcoming this is tremendous.

As the child grows older a story hour should become a part of each day. This is really a lesson in language. The mother should begin with the finger plays when the child is eight or nine months old, such as "This is the church and this is the steeple," "Pat-a-cake" and the counting lesson, "The thumb is one; the pointer, two; the middle finger, three; ring finger, four; little finger, five, and that is all you see." What the child imitates he begins to understand. That is the great purpose of the finger plays.

Normal Children

As the child grows, other stories can be added to the story hour. A normal child, from about two years of age on, loves the stories of "The Three Bears," "The Three Pigs," "Little Half Chick," "Little Red Hen" and other similar simple tales, a list of which will be found at the conclusion of this article.

In telling stories to children, especially to very young children, avoid the element of fear.

Children love best the stories they have heard before. A good rule is to let the child choose his own story. Mother can introduce a new story when she deems best. Another good plan is to have the child tell mother a story sometimes, as this will aid self-expression and be a lesson in language.

To teach counting, make use of the play spirit again. In bouncing a ball, repeat the oldtime jingle, "One, two, buckle my shoe." You will be surprised at how quickly the little ones will begin to count. Again, in building blocks, make a game of counting by saying, "Give mother one block," then "Give mother one, two, three blocks," etc. It is unwise to teach a child under three years numbers higher than ten. They are well started if they are able to count as high as this correctly.

To develop the power of concentration, without which no human being can be successful in life, there must be a certain amount of directed play each day. Children are given this in kindergarten, and the mother can also give it to them in the home. When mother sews the opportunity to direct play is at once afforded, by having the child sit close by and sew a piece of loosely woven cloth, such as canvas or scrim. A big, blunt pointed needle should be chosen for the purpose and tied securely to a heavy thread. When the child shows evidences of fatigue the work should be laid aside for another day.

Large, colored, wooden kindergarten cubes and spheres, one inch in size, with a hole through the centre to string on shoe laces, are also fine for a lesson in concentration. This occupation should be permitted only when mother is close by to watch and help.

For a child of three or older, kindergarten sewing cards, which are perforated and to be worked in colored worsteds, are interesting and instructive. An economical way to procure such cards is for mother or father to cut squares or oblongs out of cardboard, lightly trace an apple, ball, or some other object on one of the pieces, and then perforate the outlines every half inch, making the holes as large as the head of a pin. These outlines can then be sewed by the child in bright colors, working up and down in the holes. Be sure the outlines of the objects to be sewed are large, as small objects are too trying for young hands and eyes.

Books to Help Mother

"For the Children's Hour," by Carolyn Bailey; "How to Tell Stories to Children," by Sarah Cone Bryant; "Stories to Tell to Children," by Sarah Cone Bryant; "Children's Book," by H. E. Scudder; "Half a Hundred Hero Tales," by Francis Storr; "Mother Stories," by Maud Lindsey; "More Mother Stories," by Maud Lindsey; "Kindergarten Story Book," by Jane L. Hoxie; "Firelight Stories," by Carolyn Bailey; "The Children's Reading," by Frances J. Olcott; "Three-Minute Stories," by Laura E. Richards; "Story Telling in School and Home," by E. N. and G. E. Partridge; "Tales of Laughter," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archbold Smith; "The Talking Beasts," by Wiggin and Smith; "The Story Hour," by Wiggin and Smith; "Wonder Book," by Hawthorne; "Tanglewood Tales," by Hawthorne; "Just So Stories," by Kipling; "Jungle Book," by Kipling; "Nights With Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris; "In Storyland," by Elizabeth Harrison; "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," by Eugene Field; "Fairy Tales," by Andersen; Grimm's "Æsop's Fables"; Peter Rabbit Stories," by Beatrix Potter; "Index to Short Stories," by Salisbury and Beckwith; "Myths That Every Child Should Know," by Hamilton Wright Mabie; "In the Child's World," by Emilie Poulsson.

Poems and Songs

"A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "The Posie Ring," by Wiggin and Smith; "Small Songs for Small Singers," by Niedlinger; "Mother Goose" (set to music), by J. W. Elliott; "Finger Plays," by Emilie Poulsson.

Queries and Answers

The Jugoslavs

The Jugoslavs are the Slavs of the South, the word jugo signifying south in the Slavic languages. The Jugoslavs appear in history under three names, viz., Croats, Serbs and Slavonians, but are not three different peoples. They have the same origin, speak the same language, inhabit the same contiguous countries, have the same customs and, above all, entertain the same national aspirations, thus forming one nation designated by a common name—Jugoslavs.

The Jugoslavs came during the sixth and seventh centuries from trans-Caspian regions to their actual fatherland.

They number about 14,000,000, of whom 5,000,000 are in Serbia and Montenegro, 7,500,000 in Austria-Hungary, while 1,500,000 live for the greatest part temporarily in the two Americas and the English colonies. There are 40,000 in Italy.

In Austria-Hungary they inhabit Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia with all its islands, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Istria, Carniola, Carinthia, Styria, Goritz-Gradisca, Trieste and some regions of southern Hungary.

The west of the Jugoslav territory is occupied by the Slavonians, the centre by the Croats, the east by the Serbians. This division, however, is to be understood in a general way. In reality the Croatian and Slavonian elements on the one hand, and the Serbian and Croatian on the other are intermixed in the various countries.

The Slavonians were the first to found an independent state. The beginning of the ninth century saw arise a Croatian and Serbian state. The Slavonians succumbed to Charlemagne in 773. The Croats, after the extinction of their national dynasty, chose in 1020 the King of Hungary for their king. The Serbian state, which attained its acme under Tsar Dusan, lost its independence in the battle of Kossovo in 1389. The Slavonians and Croats fell under the domination of Austria, and the Serbians under that of Turkey.

Ruthenians

S. T.—Who are the Ruthenians? To what race do they belong? What country do they inhabit and how much do they number?

Ruthenians are a Slavic people of the Eastern group, forming a branch of the Little Russians. They inhabit chiefly Galicia (in Austria), where they number about 3,500,000, and there are over 400,000 in Hungary and 300,000 in Bukovina. The Ruthenians were separated from the bulk of the Russians by the accident of the two feudal principalities of the old Red Russia, Halicz and Volhynia, having fallen to Lithuania, which in turn was united with Poland. At the division of Poland none troubled about ethnological boundaries. To-day they belong to Austria, and though in two-thirds of Galicia Ruthenians form the bulk of the population they are under an alien yoke, both politically and economically.

The language is in substance like the Little Russian, of the Ukraine, though it has some marked differences, in religion they mostly belong to the Uniate Church, acknowledging the Pope but retaining their Slavonic liturgy and most of the outward forms of the Greek Church. The occupations of the people are pasturage, agriculture and carrying by means of conveyances drawn by animals.

In their popular songs, which have a close connection with those of the other Slavonic nations, there is a prevalent strain of sadness both in the words and in the melodies.

In Galicia a bitter political warfare has been going on between the Ruthenanians and the Poles, the latter being enabled by their superior intelligence, wealth and position to maintain the upper hand, and latterly their efforts have been directed to the separation of Galicia into a Polish kingdom in the west and a Ruthenian in the east. They have begun likewise to attach themselves in their literature to Russia, allowing the Ruthenian dialect to drop out of existence as a literary tongue.

The Koran and Polygamy

D. N.—To decide a controversy, will you please favor me with an answer to the following questions: (1) Does the Koran command or commend polygamy? (2) Do the Mahometans, as a rule, practise it? (3) Did Mahomet have thirty-two wives?

(1) The only passage in the Koran that refers to this subject is the third verse of the fourth Sutra. It reads: "And if ye are apprehensive that ye shall not deal fairly with orphans, then of other women who seem good in your eyes marry but two, or three, or four; and if ye still fear that ye shall not act equitably, then one only; or the slaves whom ye have acquired: this will make justice on your part easier." Since at the time of Mahomet the Arabians were allowed to marry as many wives as they pleased, this passage, instead of being an encouragement of polygamy, must be interpreted rather as a diplomatic recommendation of monogamy on account of the difficulty of realizing the conditions involved with the privilege.

(2) None but rich voluntuaries marry more than one wife, and their conduct is blamed by all sober men. Men of sense, indeed, think the privilege rather troublesome than convenient.

(3) According to Arabian historians, he had only nine wives, who, however, cannot be regarded as wives at all. Thus Mahomet, after he became an old man, married, or rather adopted, Ayesha, the seven-year-old child of his faithful friend, Abu Bakr. Again he married or admitted to his household a scolding old widow, whom Omar and Abu Bakr refused to receive. Among Mahometans marriage has a different meaning than that which it has among Americans. It often means merely a tie of guardianship or protection.