



TURKEY TO-DAY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN A TURKISH
HAREM

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN ANGORA
ABDUL HAMID'S DAUGHTER

A TURKISH WOMAN'S EUROPEAN
IMPRESSIONS

SCENES FROM TURKISH LIFE



THE GHAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA
President of the Turkish Republic.

TURKEY TO-DAY

By
GRACE ELLISON

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**TO MY FRIEND AND BROTHER
THOMAS F. ELLISON
WITH AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE**

PREFACE

WHATEVER may be the ultimate fate of the Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the President of the Turkish Republic, his name will always now belong to history. Posterity will pay tribute to the victories which won for him the title of Ghazi (the Conqueror), and to his creation and brilliant administration of the new Turkey, yet what places him above all Eastern potentates is the fact that he has given freedom to women, a stupendous reform that has had its repercussions throughout the East. Already in Syria, Palestine, India, and China, his name is mentioned with reverence and awe, particularly by women.

It is always difficult to give events which are still in the making their true perspective, nevertheless many years' intimate association with Turks in their own homes, the harems of yesterday, enables me to judge the present against the background of the past.

During these years, I have watched this nation from the days of Abdul Hamid up to the present day and carefully chronicled their efforts, their failures, and their achievements—always in close association with the men who have been building the nation. And during that time, I have seen the admirable qualities of the Turk, so long the victim of misrule, always torn by the jealousies of Europe, and the wrong values given to women in the State.

Even in the darkest hours of Turkish history, I did not lose faith in this people, knowing full well that if a man

would arise strong enough to give Turkey homes instead of harems, she would quickly take her place amongst the great peoples of the West.

And that man has arisen. . . .

In the autumn of 1922, I was the only Britisher allowed to penetrate behind the line of bayonets which separated Angora from the rest of Turkey.

During those critical days, waiting to see what victory and the Treaty of Lausanne would bring forth, the people of Angora lived like members of a brotherhood. It was then possible for the Ghazi, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, then only President of the Grand National Assembly and not as now of the Turkish Republic, to often allow one the privilege of chatting with him over a cup of coffee.

On one such occasion, speaking of the women of Turkey and how harem life paralysed their activity, the Ghazi said to me: "All this nonsense must stop. Turkey is going to build up a perfect democracy. How can there be a *perfect* democracy with half the country in bondage? In two years from now, every woman must be freed from this useless tyranny. Every man will wear a hat instead of a fez and every woman have her face uncovered; woman's help is absolutely necessary and she must have full freedom in order to take her share of her country's burden."

I published this daring prophecy in articles, and in my book *An Englishwoman in Angora*, but not one critic paid the least attention to the Pasha's astounding announcement, for no one believed that such a revolution could ever be achieved!

To those who knew anything about harems and Turkish home life or the fanaticism of Islam with regard to women such an idea seemed like the wild imaginings of a child.

PREFACE

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Two years after this conversation took place, everything had happened as the President had predicted. The women are free! . . . They have awakened from their long, long sleep.

HOTEL METROPOLE
LONDON, S.W. 1
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TURKEY TO-DAY

CHAPTER I

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA (THE GHAZI)—CREATOR OF NEW TURKEY

(a) *His Personality*

IT is impossible to write a line about modern Turkey without reference to the man who is responsible for its creation. His powerful personality is stamped on the whole country—on every village; every school; every mosque; on the crèches and kindergartens and Children's Welfare Centres which are being started by his orders wherever possible; on the little nurseries for plants and trees, from which he intends to reafforest the desolate and treeless land of Anatolia. You cannot study progressive new Turkey—in all her striking contrasts to the decaying Turkey of old—without a keen desire to know more of the great Artist who planned and painted the amazing scene. Indeed, one might even call new Turkey "Kemalland"; for new Turkey is the creation of Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

Whatever Destiny had held in store for him, Mustapha Kemal Pasha would have proved himself in any land a man of mark; but in the West his personality might not have towered so far above all others as it does amongst the Turks—where none approach him in statesmanship, daring, or intelligence. He is a Superman, one of those gigantic personalities who come, when all seems lost, to

drag a people out of the Slough of Despond and lead them to freedom and prosperity.

Inspired from his earliest youth by the misrule of Abdul Hamid, he has roused his people to a patriotism that has become a new religion; a born soldier, inheriting the love of country from his warrior ancestors, he has imposed his iron will upon a whole nation; he has forced them to fight for freedom, espouse progress, to shake off the tyranny of tradition, and construct a new State. As a boy at school, storming with rage at the useless sorrow, suffering, and stupidity of life as he knew it, he would clench his fist, crying, "My poor country! I will save my country!"¹ and before he was ten years old he had started upon the study of history, above all of Democracy and Constitutional Government, on which he has taught the Ministers of Angora to construct the State. He even circulated a paper of his own in MS. amongst the boys, pointing out the errors of the Government as he knew it; and so, "From the age of ten," he told me, "I have never ceased to work day and night to uplift my country."

Though fate has led him to the highest position in the land, the Ghazi does not strike one as personally ambitious, or influenced by any desire for wealth, family, or position. Had it been possible he would have left the Sultan on the throne; he actually begged him at one time to come forward and take charge of the country. When offered the position of Sultan and Caliph by a grateful people, the Ghazi firmly refused. The offer was sincere, for the Turks, in gratitude for what he had done, would have given him any honour; but his prestige, particularly outside Turkey, would have suffered considerably. Instead of the "reformer" he would have been the "adventurer." When, like the German Kaiser, the Sultan Vahideddine ran away

¹ It was the Ghazi's late mother, to whom the Ghazi introduced me, who gave me this information.

WEST AND EAST



THE GHAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA
WEARING THE NEW UNIFORM



THE GHAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA ON THE BATTLEFIELD
WEARING A KALPAK

The above picture has been reproduced on the national monument.

from his country's disaster, in Turkey as in Germany it was the man who had directed the army who was called to the helm of State. "A good general ought to be a good civil administrator and legislator," said the Ghazi. "Therefore, you cannot pass your verdict upon a general, till you have seen how he can transform his troops into an army of peace."

I first met the Ghazi just after the Greek defeat in 1922. It was in the depth of winter. Sleeping sometimes beneath the sky in a temperature of 15 below zero, I travelled to Angora,—by luggage train, on foot, in bullock carts, through a land devastated from end to end,—the villages were burnt, the cattle destroyed, and the railway lines cut at all the junctions. England and Turkey were on the brink of war. Except for General Mougín, who made himself into a French *observer*, and the Italian representative of the Ottoman Bank, I was the only European in the country. Although these scenes were frightful, and often harrowing, they were fine lessons on the part of the Turk in effort and endurance.

In these days, one could talk to the Ghazi and ask questions, though he did not always answer. In the President's bureau, in the simple bungalow, which housed the first Parliament of the National Assembly, with his large astrakhan kalpak pushed well over his face, and smoking cigarette after cigarette, he seemed, at first glance, almost hidden working amongst a mass of important-looking papers upon his desk.

When, however, Fethy Bey had introduced me, with the laughing explanation that "as Mr. Lloyd George had refused to receive him, I had graciously taken his place," and continued to express his appreciation of England despite his unfortunate reception, Mustapha Kemal Pasha

at once turned to order the traditional "coffee for visitors." And, as he listened, he was always ready to give quick decisions and practical advice to the Ministers and members of Parliament who were continually coming in to interrupt us with some new problem for their chief.

Everything had to be put before him as quickly and clearly as possible, in order that he might sum up all that had been said, and give his opinion. Then there is no further question or reply. Indeed any comment after the Ghazi has spoken would have been an anti-climax.

Though to a large extent shared by his Ministers, whom he has trained, it is this gift for making rapid and firm decisions on the simplest or complicated issues, that impresses one first of all when one sees the Ghazi at work. He has a power of concentration which is remarkable, and can apply it immediately to any subject, emptying his mind of whatever may have occupied it the moment before. His memory is no less under command, so that whatever the situation to be faced, he can apply some precedent from history, on which, moreover, previous study has fixed in his mind, not only what happened, but the mistakes which a wiser policy could have avoided. He is armed with knowledge.

Before his Ministers start on a foreign mission, they will rehearse their part with the Ghazi, so that all possibilities,—as Mustapha Kemal Pasha has worked them out,—may be faced with confidence, the conclusion being foreseen. This was the case, I was told, with Ismet Pasha at Lausanne; with Tewfik Rushdi Bey at Geneva; and, I have no doubt, with Mahmoud Essad Bey at the Hague. It is the same at Cabinet meetings. Whatever may be the issue to be determined, the problem to be solved, the Ghazi first questions them on what they know or have failed to discover, what difficulties must be overcome, and, in a flash, discloses to them the solution they have been seeking for days, in vain.

When Tewfik Rushdi Bey once bid me look carefully at the large portrait of the Ghazi behind his chair, with arm raised, bowing his own head the while,—as would some Jesuit Father when uttering the Holy Name,—he told me how, “He (the Ghazi always has capital letters) traces the lines for us ; we follow His directions. He has never made a mistake, and we know that He never will. His mind is too well armed.”

Though actually of the same age, Ismet Pasha has regarded Mustapha Kemal Pasha as his chief for over twenty years. Though they are as David and Jonathan, Ismet Pasha never forgets the honour due to his chief. I well remember, on reaching Lausanne, how eagerly he waited for any news I could bring him from Angora of his “beloved chief.” It is when one sees this sublime confidence of the people towards their chief, the almost childish trust of the Ministers and their naive criticisms, about the faultless ruler, that one can understand the hopelessness of the situation from which the Pasha saved the nation, and their deep gratitude to him.

It was not long after the Armistice, Mustapha Kemal Pasha had fought his decisive battle with three broken ribs :

“I never felt it till afterwards,” he said, “one cannot attend to such details.” His doctor told me, indeed, that he had left the hospital, again and again, when he was really too ill to move, and insisted on taking command, to save the situation. When I saw him he was worn out, but would not own it ; and he had the weather-beaten look of an old campaigner, so fascinating to women.

Yet the first impression Mustapha Kemal Pasha made on me must be terrifying to the strongest nerves. As he folded his arms on his desk, leant forward and gazed at me

with the strangest eyes ever possessed by man, it almost seemed as though I was again that little girl at the Zoo who used to fix upon the largest lion she could find and stare and stare at him, until at last even the great beast would turn away from her fixed gaze. Mustapha Kemal Pasha seemed as if he would see right down into one's very soul, and I was thankful indeed when the entrance of one of his Ministers ended this strange contest of wills, into which I had been tricked by sheer surprise. Afterwards I learned that sometimes those eyes seemed to be the deepest blue, sometimes steel grey; at one moment kind almost to excess, at another cruel; with the look of one inspired, or with a frown, as he raps out, "What did you say?" to the interpreter who might perchance fail to reproduce the precise meaning of the words he is speaking.

But if his face was the face of a warrior, his voice might have belonged to a masculine Sarah Bernhardt, with its beautifully modulated correct French, or Turkish, which he can make so fascinating, even before you have learned what he is saying from the interpreter.

That day, indeed, he seemed content to play the listener, eager to hear as Fethy Bey was to tell, of our English ways. The Minister had been much impressed by the order and politeness of our Parliamentary procedure, having fortunately seen the House on its best behaviour.

"The members," he said, "actually ask permission to speak!" By the way, on my second visit to Angora, I found the Turks had constituted themselves into one of the best-behaved Parliaments in Europe. On my first visit, I found their Parliamentary manners were decidedly French.

Certainly, too, Fethy Bey's visit to a lady's club sounded very attractive, as described in the wilds of Anatolia. If the British menu by a chef not borrowed from the Ritz, offered no great compliment to a Cabinet Minister, he had carried away nevertheless a very good impression that was really

deserved, of our Kaufmann ceilings, the Adam drawing-room with the fables of La Fontaine embossed in gold on the walls, and our exquisite ballroom.

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Mustapha Kemal Pasha sent a car to fetch me next day ; —a very "Puck" of cars it proved to be, riding merrily "over hill, over dale ; thro' bush, thro' brier," as, indeed, the bridgeless rivers and muddy stream of what is called a road in Anatolia required it should. Though a present from Smyrna, one could fancy the little saxe-blue lined machine had been designed and built for these very tracks. Tchan Kaya, now the home of the Foreign Embassies, is about half an hour's ride above the town, and the long desolate track was icy cold that morning, as the wind whistled in our faces, almost chopping to pieces every word we spoke. But then, the scene was Asiatic, and none who had seen it can forget the simple grandeur of sunshine lighting up the snow-carpet of Angora.

The most cordial of welcomes from the Pasha's aid-de-camp, now a banker, business man, and newspaper proprietor, Mahmoud Bey, could not, at once, banish all thoughts of cold. I remembered the day when I had been literally frozen into a faint, from which the kindest of escorts and a passing peasant were, luckily, at hand to lift me into a bullock-cart in search of warmth. I wondered, sadly, how the people of Anatolia had survived the terrible war of independence, in such a climate, so ill supplied as they were with clothing or food.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha was then, as he is now, a great surprise. Only yesterday, I had been introduced to a great warrior of the East, the Ghazi himself. To-day I find him the English gentleman—or, at least, an Anglo-Saxon, or perhaps, some big banker from the States, immaculately and perfectly turned out, the morning coat carefully

pressed and put on,—the correct trouser-crease ; his fair hair, well brushed, his moustache, now gone forever. Though plainly furnished, his office sitting-room was filled with trophies from Moslem potentates, rulers of realms so vast they could have added to them the whole of Turkey without noticing it, who were yet willing to recognize him as their chief. I saw a portrait of the Great Osman, bookcases full of books, Kutahia porcelain, Persian rugs, and a glowing wood fire. There is always something deeply impressive in the sight of a modest dwelling which is the home of a great man. Here, I said to myself, great reforms have been conceived and born ; reforms that will shake the whole foundation of the Eastern world. I have since seen the gold and white reception-room of the Grand National Council ; the ugly Palace of Dolma Bagtsché, which may be in keeping with the dignity of a chief ; but for me, at any rate, it is the little House on the Hill, with its picturesque Lasz Guard from the East, now in Western clothes, which stands for the new Turkey whose founder it enshrines. It was here that in a few simple words the Great Conqueror unfolded for me what the building of a new democracy must mean for his people, and the position he intended them to take amongst the Powers of Europe.

As the Pasha always wants the latest news from everywhere in Anatolia, naturally eager to learn how things seem to Western eyes, I gave him all my impressions, telling him what had most struck me by the way,—the difficulties at Smyrna swept away by the kindly Vali, Abdul Halik Bey, now Minister of Finance, my nights in the luggage train, the primitive state of the village inns, and the heroism of the people. When I came to the tale of the young merchant who, when he returned from his day's work, found me installed in his home by order of the Vali, and had himself to play the part of mistress of the house ; to see the beds

were made up, that the food was properly served, because Madame could not appear before the two gentlemen of my party, or even attend to our comforts,—the Ghazi burst out almost indignantly,—

“All that nonsense is going to cease. Harems, veils, lattice-windows, and all the retrograde heresies from Byzantium, belong to an age that has passed, and must go. How can we build up a perfect democracy, with half the population in bondage? In two years' time every woman must have her face uncovered and work side by side with men; and the men will wear hats. The day when clothes were the symbol of a religion has passed. The fez which symbolized a faith despised by Western civilization must go, and all the fanaticism that goes with it!”

It seemed impossible to believe that one man could even dare to attempt this reform in two years! The Pasha continued:

“Ever since I was a child I have seen the necessity of building up our families on the solid foundation of a real home. The men needed in a democracy must be bred in a home, and now that we can free ourselves for ever from foreign intervention, we can put such reform into practice.”

I could not resist the feminine protest,—

“But veils are so picturesque. No more becoming head-dress has ever been invented for women.”

“We cannot remain in the Dark Ages to supply foreign writers with copy,” was the answer.

I raised another issue:

“But the hodjas!”

“The hodjas! Indeed you are right! We have been a priest-ridden nation too long. Our reverend friends must learn to behave themselves. If they refuse,—well, they can always join the Sultan.”

It was lightly spoken, and the grave eyes were smiling. But I knew enough of Turkey, and her slavish submission

to the hodjas, to realize the daring resolution behind the words. Sarcasm towards a tradition is magnificent if it succeeds; ridiculous if it fails. Mustapha Kemal Pasha would not speak thus without certainty of his power.

“You speak of religion,” said he, when I had expressed my doubts as best I could. “I have no religion; and at times I wish all religions at the bottom of the sea.”

At the moment, I could say no more, yet surely, it is the orthodoxies, not the spirit of religion, he would condemn. For the worship of God is service, and who can claim a finer record of service? And, after all, such impatience with the forms and ministers of religion is natural enough to one born and bred in Salonica.

It is the same with Jerusalem. It must be hard for anyone living in Jerusalem to have an orthodox religion. When we remember the life and teaching of Christ, and know that the windows of His churches have to be washed by Moslems—to prevent Christian jealousy, we can surely understand the bitterness with which high-minded and thoughtful men regard such useless fanaticism.

“He is a weak ruler,” said the Ghazi, “who needs religion to uphold his government; it is as if he would catch the people in a trap. My people are going to learn the principles of democracy, the dictates of truth, and the teachings of science. Superstition must go. Let them worship as they will; every man can follow his own conscience; provided it does not interfere with sane reason, or bid him act against the liberty of his fellow-men.”

On my next visit, I noticed that the ghastly spectacle of the Mouharem, the Persian religious ceremony in commemoration of the martyrdom of the Prophet's grandson, had been suppressed. It was a sight that haunts one day and night; one which no one who has seen it can ever forget. The faithful, all clad in white and carrying blazing torches, follow their chief, who alone is on horseback, round

and round a circle of blazing light continually wailing the martyr's name. With their swords, they slash their heads, dipping their hands in the flowing blood, and smearing it all over their faces and their white robes. When they kill themselves they count as martyrs and their families are honoured in consequence. The Spanish diplomatist and his wife who came with me to this rite left in the same fainting condition as I.

One of the most excellent features of old Turkey has always been, the refusal to interfere with any man's private creed ; but there are deeds done in the name of religion which civilization cannot permit ; and no one can question the Ghazi's action in putting a stop to this ghastly rite.

There is one picture of Turkey, however, of which one can never tire and one, I hope, which will not be driven out by even the wisest and most necessary progress. Is there any act of worship so truly witnessing to the presence and power of God, as the cry of the muezzin over the land, bidding all men stay their hand from whatever it may be engaged upon, wherever they may be, to prostrate themselves in silent prayer before the Creator of us all. It is the people who speak thus with their Heavenly Father, laying aside every material thought, to acknowledge the spiritual power above everything else.

(b) *The Ghazi—his Inspiration and his Task*

Criticism has been made on the Ghazi's attitude towards the foreigner. He is still frequently and unjustly accused of Xenophobia. Although one expected this calumny to be levelled against the man who abolished Capitulations, Mustapha Kemal Pasha denies it as being not only false, but devoid of commonsense.

"I have never taken up my sword to fight except in the defence of truth, nor could I continue to hate any country for the errors of its Government," he said. "We want to live in peace with all our neighbours—Russia, Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, England, and France—so that we can get on with the reconstruction of the country and sweep out the economic moth and rust that has been settled here for ages."

If in the interests of commerce, the foreigner has been set aside for the Turk, it is the national interest. Mustapha Kemal Pasha had to release his country from the foreigner or his movement would have been killed as soon as it was born.

Both commerce and good government alike demand that the country should be in the hands of Turks. Reforms tending towards true democracy and prosperity are impossible in a country subject, as Turkey has been, in every public and private enterprise, to foreign control.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha has for his credo: "We will be modern *and* Turkish." He has seen his country subjugated by foreign influences on every side; in religion by the Arabs, in education and commerce by the Western Powers. His policy is freedom for Turkey to work out her own salvation. There is no question of hatred, in the Ghazi or his people. He is all for peace, and for friendliness towards Turkey's neighbours and all the Powers.

All he asks is that the nations shall respect and honour the independence of the Turks, and that all difficulties can be settled without war.

To effect this, for the moment, no doubt, he has been obliged to exaggerate an issue which must seem on the surface personal and, one might say, somewhat discourteous and ungrateful. The West has always practised benevolent interference towards Turkey.

Much individual help has been given in Turkey; education has been assisted, trade developed—but at what cost to Turkey's national prestige, and her pocket.

Foreigners, visitors or residents, are naturally inclined to complain, even when we know the reasons for such a change, because our bills are all given to us in Turkish, all the names of shops, railway stations, etc., are written up in a language we do not understand. But it is waste of time for us to try to interfere. The Turk is within his rights; no doubt, also, he is wise. It is for us to show tolerance to ways strange to us, since it is no longer possible for him to accept alien rule.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha regards himself, and wishes to be regarded, as the Leader of the "People's Party." In defining his programme of reform, it is always to announce what "*we*" have set ourselves to do; and that he personally had done no more than his duty. He resents the use of such a title as "Kemalist" for himself, or any of his Ministers,—“as if,” he said, “you were thinking of ‘nationalism’ as an adventure; or something no more important than a plank in a party platform, by which I had sought to hold the reins.”

Mustapha Kemal Pasha has a veneration for history. His appeal for judgment of his work is always to history, not God, as is our formula,—to whom he “holds himself responsible”—a courageous appeal. “For history is without mercy, revealing the truth in all things.”

The Ghazi will question one mercilessly about the fight for freedom in our own country, and he can give the right dates if one makes mistakes! He wants statistics and the why and wherefore of all movements of national progress, and detailed pictures of personalities. But if you want to make him really angry, ask him who is his model? Someone gave him an article comparing him to Mahomet. He put it in the fire. Another gave him an article comparing him to Napoleon. He blue pencilled it all out. "My name," he said, "is Mustapha Kemal." Comparisons are odious. To compare great men is to minimise both.¹

I have now returned from my fifth visit to Turkey, which, as usual, was prolonged for weeks and months. Mustapha Kemal Pasha is President of the Republic; feared and adored by his people; and working day and night at the gigantic task of reconstruction.

The old quiet days, the charming conversations of 1922, were no longer possible, for the Pasha has now to play his part not only as a ruler but a popular hero, and to one of his simple tastes, it must at times be a trying rôle.

I one day asked a Turkish writer if he could not find some faults that I could put into the portrait I had in mind of the Ghazi; something at least to shade the bright colours. But the answer came, without hesitation: "He has no faults; idiosyncracies perhaps, but nothing one can condemn. He is absolutely honest; no one can question his political conduct or his patriotism."

"But suppose," I persisted, "he were to commit a crime; something which all men must recognize as evil, what would you say then?"

"That would be his affair, and I could never even

¹ When the European Press refers, as it often does, to Mustapha Kemal as the "Mussolini of Turkey" the Turks are very angry. To them it would be more to the point to describe Mussolini as the "Mustapha Kemal of Europe."

criticize him, I have not the right. All I have that is most precious in life,—the liberty to call my soul my own,—I owe to him. When you remember what we were under Abdul Hamid, cast about like mere chattels, despised by all, exiled, killed, ruined and with no hope in our souls, you can imagine how we feel towards the Ghazi. Every Turk worth his salt stands for the Ghazi. So long as he lives, only a *traitor* could vote against him.”

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To a man of the President's simple taste, to be accompanied by his Guards is a trial. Sometimes, indeed, he has been known to escape their vigilance; and go off for a tramp over the hills. But his faithful attendant Bekir is always with him and generally gives the alarm. The Ghazi is a great walker, fond of riding, shooting, and every kind of sport. Indeed, he will not altogether submit to formality, or deny himself the pleasures of being a man with his fellow men. At a State ball or public function he will make a "Royal Entrance" bowing and speaking with all due ceremony, to his official guests. Then with a quick glance at the entourage, almost shrugging his shoulders, as if to say, "Now I have done my duty," he seeks out his personal friends, those who have stood beside him through all the years of waiting and hope delayed, that they may talk together, trifling or grave as the occasion may suggest, such as comrades prize above all other joys. He is not one ever to neglect the friends of humbler days. Even to a man like Karabekir, who actually opposed his first campaign for independence, and then joined him when he understood the Ghazi's success was assured, he has been a loyal friend. Karabekir, however, became unpopular in the eastern vilayets, his recall was actually demanded, but the Ghazi would not throw over an old comrade. He risked criticism and unpopularity for himself,—the only

occasion on which he had to face it,—for the sake of loyalty to his friend. In spite of this Karabekir has again turned against Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

One can almost compare the Ghazi and his Cabinet to a happy family,—how far when orphaned (which may God avert) they would remain united, we cannot say. At present they echo the Pasha and carry out his wishes. He, however, never allows one to forget to give them credit for loyal co-operation. “X has just returned from Europe,” he says, “you ought to pay him a visit, he will possibly have many interesting impressions to give you.” And with what deep affection he speaks of Ismet Pasha! The union between the President and the Cabinet is not the same as in any other country. It is a brotherhood of which he is teacher, friend and ruler. No succeeding President can have such a position, which is, of course, comprehensible.

The Pasha has the virtue of making capital out of all situations and teaching others to do the same.

“You talk of discomfort in Angora,” he says. “That is nonsense. It is so healthy here, one can work, as it is impossible to work in Constantinople.” It is the same with Fethy Bey,—“I do not regret my cold reception in England,” he said, “it drove us to action.” And Fahreddine Pasha,—“Turkey was defeated in the Great War, we know, but it was a blessing, for out of defeat came independence.”

In ordinary sociable intercourse, the Pasha is no less genial, and a delightful host. But when he works, he works; and when he plays, he plays. When he is at his maps and plans, or any constructive work, no one can disturb him. He is absolutely absorbed. But he also believes in play. One of the last to leave a dance, if it is kept up till eight o'clock in the morning, he will enjoy it all like a boy; and within an hour, be ready with one of his

most brilliant speeches. Such energy and vitality are gifts of the gods that all may envy.

It was at a Red Crescent ball that I can recall an instance of public and private tact and courtesy combined. The Red Crescent, Children's Welfare and Aviation are pet charities of the Pasha's, and he never refuses to patronise entertainments to swell their funds.

The hall was charmingly decorated for the occasion ; a tribune had been erected at one end of the room at which the Ghazi was to receive his guests, offering them a glass of champagne and a toast as is his custom. I was amongst those so honoured ; and to my pleasure and surprise, he made an excellent speech on England, quoting long passages verbatim from Wells' *Outline of History*. He reminded those present that I came from the country of Mr. Wells, and qualified Mr. Wells as a great thinker, historian and prophet. That the Pasha could without any preparation quote long passages,—how many Englishmen could do this?—from the works of Wells shows how deeply he had been impressed by England's "master thinker." Considering that Turkey is in a state of complete regeneration, that Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the great creator, has not only had Wells translated for his own benefit, but an edition prepared for use in the schools, we must give Wells the honour due to him as having taken part in Turkey's regeneration.

My meeting with H. G. Wells in the heart of Anatolia, introduced by the President of Turkey, made a very deep impression on me, especially as I am myself a great admirer of this candidate for immortality.

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Farming may or may not be reckoned among the Pasha's relaxations. It is at least a change from administration. Sometimes before dawn he is at his farm and he works so

hard at improvements, securing the latest machinery and studying new ideas, that his friends may be right in saying that he has no other interest in it than to improve the agriculture of the country, by showing how a model farm can be run.

One of the Ghazi's special triumphs may be recognized in his subtle passing from one emotional appeal to another. For the war of independence, in order to arouse simple patriotism, he called up a vision of Turkey and the Turk before the Byzantine conquest, the land of great conquerors. When the nation had been founded,—snatched from the foreign yoke,—the natural jealousies of personal ambition and desires for high places were diverted to practical issues and an enthusiasm for reconstruction; after the call to arms came an appeal for economic and efficient administration. The patriot must work for the development of his country, at trade or industry, in the bank or on the farm.

When I returned to Angora to find how skilfully the military kalpak had been replaced by the banker's and financier's hat, I saw at once how wonderfully Mustapha Kemal Pasha had pulled the strings. "The hat does not make the banker," any more than "the cowl makes the monk," but it goes a long way to help. The masterly way in which Mustapha Kemal Pasha dealt with this difficult transition period is surely a feather in his cap as a statesman. From the fez, symbol of servility and a despised civilization, through the uniform of the soldier, he led his people, to Western headgear and the ordinary dress of our citizen men of business or affairs.

He has founded a new Turkey. It can only be established by carrying the people with him, and that he has done to the extent of ending all opposition and even criticism. He has changed the mentality of a nation, yet the reforms achieved are not his, but the people's. He speaks always



MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA SPEAKING IN PARLIAMENT

of "our Government," what "we, the nation," have chosen and done, the word "Mustapha Kemal Pasha" is used by him to mean "the nation." "Our Government is neither democratic nor socialist. It does not resemble any other. It represents the *national* will, the sovereignty of the people. We have seen the light, and chosen the way. There is no power on earth that can turn us back." So says the Ghazi. The people know this formula by heart.

For seven years the Ghazi would not return to Constantinople. It was supposed that he, or his followers for him, were afraid of old Turks and treachery from Greeks and Armenians. "He has not all Turkey behind him," they said, "after all, he dare not approach the centre of his own country." Then suddenly, without a word of warning or explanation, he entered the capital, took up his residence in Dolma Bagtché, proved his confidence in the people by mingling with them, unguarded, in every quarter of the city. A new life has come to Constantinople.

The delay and the return were of equal significance, prompted by far-seeing statecraft. Constantinople stood for everything that was wrong in old Turkey; for its sentiment, its faith, its government. Sultan and Caliph, Court and intrigue, all he had set himself to drive out for ever. He would turn his back on it, until this sore upon the face of Europe had been scarred and forgotten. For the moment, the evil days of the Sultans,—the Red Sultan, Abdul Hamid, and the Black Sultan, Vahideddine, his brother, were too near; rulers whom only the Kaiser would acknowledge as brother sovereigns, tyrants with whom none dared interfere lest their hands be tainted. They had no shame because of their bankrupt, uncultivated land, governed by a system of massacres and spying. They preferred the people to be kept in ignorance, swayed only by the grossest fanaticism; their only policy

was to stir up strife among the neighbouring peoples. Therefore the Ghazi would not appear in Constantinople till the curtain had fallen for ever upon this degenerate dynasty,—till he could raise it upon a new scene, the reward of seven years' untiring service to his Fatherland,—a new Turkey. Compared with the old Ottoman Empire Turkey to-day is a tiny country. Yet she has a prestige old Turkey never had. Also, by refusing to quarrel with her neighbours, she has become a power among them. Having adopted the laws of Switzerland she is driving towards the position of Switzerland in Asia; having firmly planted herself on the road to a real democracy, of free men and *free women*, under an efficient Parliament and Cabinet; having now a reformed religion, organized education, trained doctors and children's welfare centres, new railways, improvement of industry and commerce, new postal service, and ships sailing to all the corners of the earth, when the world asks the question, "What is modern Turkey, what have they done?" the Ghazi can draw the curtain and show his seven years' work; an achievement of which any nation might be proud.

This is the Turkey I have just seen, the Turkey Mustapha Kemal Pasha has made. Is it possible that the Turkey I knew twenty years ago ever existed outside my own imagination?

CHAPTER II

ANGORA : THE CAPITAL OF THE NEW TURKEY

(a) *The Story of Angora.*

IT is a splendid story on which the Turkish Republic has been built.

Now that she is at peace with all the world, we can examine the facts without prejudice, and judge the importance of events in their right proportions ; above all, we can see the advantage to Turkey herself of having the story to tell. Revolution, even reform, is not always accomplished by heroism, with a clean record. But any nation would be proud of the little band of patriots who left all—money, position, home, comfort, and friends—to follow their great leader into the desert capital of Angora, for the salvation of their country.

It is an epic of modern Europe, with all the elements that should appeal most strongly to the Anglo-Saxon ; a tale of heroism, physical and moral suffering and endurance, uncomplaining self-sacrifice, determination to risk all, even life itself, for an ideal. They had nothing to depend on save their faith in the Pasha as a leader, his genius as a general, and his determination to serve his country. For everything was against them ; the total lack of comfort ; the terrible poverty of the people ; the starving children ; the cruel climate of Anatolia ; and the outrageous prices imposed on them for shells and every kind of ammunition. Yet for such a forlorn hope parents were willing nay eager, to give their sons ; hungry and thinly-clad

women spent long, weary hours dragging shells from Ineboli to the front. Their country became their new religion.

It was, indeed, victory snatched from defeat. For though the Pasha was sufficiently astute to seize all possible advantage to be gained from division among the Allies, it remains certain that no nation has ever organized resistance with less support. One of her own diplomatists in Europe, when the struggle began, declared that Mustapha Kemal Pasha could not succeed, for the days of miracles were past. "He will put up a brave fight, we know, but only to perish in the attempt. He has no money, no food, no munitions. Look what he has against him. The Greeks, supported by the Allies and the Sultan, on the north; the Armenians on the east; French on the south." But the miracle happened; victory was achieved. An old saying that "the grass dies where the Turk walks," has, it is said, "been proved by history." To-day we can refute the legend. "Do you know the story of Angora?" And surely, since the beginning of civilization, no nation humbled to the dust, defeated on the field, demoralized by financial and moral ruin, as were the Turks at the conclusion of the Great War, ever achieved so great a triumph in diplomacy as they brought home with them from Lausanne.

The foundation of the Republic has been called a Revolution. It were better described as Regeneration, a declaration of independence, pronounced when the people had reached the lowest conditions possible to human existence. Hamid had driven Turkey to degradation; bribery and corruption were in every department of State; all the honest and upright men and women were under the strictest espionage, constantly subject to suspicion; none dare trust his neighbour, or even whisper the truth; all idealism had been destroyed. The army itself, and even the diplomats abroad, were only paid, if at all, after

intolerable delays, and were expected to suffer the humiliation of asking tradespeople to wait for their money.

When Hamid was removed in 1908, without the firing of a shot, Turkey took heart again. The Committee of Union and Progress promised much ; but the clouds soon gathered over her brief vision of hope ; the new ideals were almost instantly shattered ; demoralization set in once more, almost more abject than before. The Armistice found them defeated, without a leader, their Sultan in enemy hands, their faith, it would seem, lost for ever. Officials had helped themselves generously out of the public funds and vanished from the country ; those who remained, without heart to continue the struggle, were ready to accept any humiliation—save the one thing demanded of them—the occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks.

It was then the Pasha determined to act, and act quickly. Alone he landed at Sivas—to win independence for his people.

“ Did you ever lose courage ? ” I asked him.

“ Not for a moment,” was the reply. “ Fear is always fatal. Make up your mind what to do, and do it. Demoralized as they had been, I knew the Turks. They only needed a leader ; one who knew how to trust them, and bring out their magnificent qualities. Please do not exaggerate what I have been able to do. The best workman in the world, the finest general, can achieve nothing without good material. I believed that my material was good. To use it was no more than my duty.”

“ But could not those dreadful days of suffering and struggle have been avoided ? ” I asked.

“ Now they are over, they have done us no harm. They united and uplifted the nation.”

The promised land was entered—by way of exodus. Like the Children of Isreal and the Pilgrim Fathers, the

Turks left their country rather than live in bondage—and returned victorious. Their courage, endurance and loyalty to an ideal, almost repeat the story of New England—so when an American charges Turks with intolerance, he should remember how intolerant New Englanders had to become—to secure their religious freedom.

“The past is over,” said Ismet Pasha, “we do not even think about it. It is too soon, maybe, to pass judgment. Yet that very past, so recently driven out for ever, must teach the value of the present. You need go back only a few years to see everywhere stagnation and decay; a people too lazy and indifferent even to feel the shame of their degradation. And now everywhere you meet with effort, progress, and reform, in all directions, the untiring energy of the whole nation. If we seem a little arrogant in our achievement, suspicious and cautious of even the best advice from others, you should remember the price we paid for the new country we have ourselves created. The self-made nation, like the self-made man, if success has been achieved with honour, has, after all, certain duties and certain rights, which the most illustrious and ancient lineage cannot confer. We do not always appreciate our inheritance. What we suffered and fought for, we will not easily let go; crying, somewhat loudly perhaps, ‘Hands off!’ The heroism of all who built Angora and the new Republic justifies, at least, some jealousy and caution.”

What, in fact, are the grievances generally charged against Turkey? She is accused of distrust; but is this not comprehensible?

After all the years of bondage, when the Turk was the victim of jealousies between the Powers, when he trusted those whose national honour should have been above suspicion, he was betrayed by the Treaty of Sèvres; he has shaken off all foreign interference. He needs foreign capital, and needs it badly; but before accepting a loan,

he is surely justified in examining the reasons that may make any nation willing to advance it, any conditions expressed or understood, or the new creditor it might be designed to involve. "To have England and her capital behind us, would be, indeed, an enormous benefit," as one of Turkey's Ministers remarked, "but we have the right, nay the duty, to be convinced that it would be only a business and friendly transaction, not a repetition of Egypt. We need railways and no doubt the English build better railways than the Belgians. But there can be no political risks, or dangers, in an arrangement with Belgium."

The Turks are people who forget and forgive, as easily as they are offended ; they have the virtues and the defects of a young nation. We cannot blame them, if sometimes they make mistakes ; this is unavoidable.

Trust, even between human beings, cannot be forced ; it must come willingly, or not at all. Now that all the old differences between our two nations have been arranged, it is for those of us who have been privileged to see this young nation in their homes to kindle the fire of sympathy in their hearts ; inspire them with confidence, by an endeavour to make a careful study of their new civilization ; to understand their new ideals ; the progress they have achieved, and the goal towards which they are striving.

We can scarcely avoid some pin-pricks and small mutual misunderstandings, in daily contact between the old, established nations and one that is changing so rapidly the whole tradition of its inheritance ; but if personal dignity be preserved and respected on both sides, such troubles will disappear without serious dispute. Those who, a few years ago, were living as peasants with no status in the country are to-day holding responsible positions, and have to learn their work while carrying it on ; they are assisted by men with little better qualifications than a determination

to succeed. The laws have been completely remodelled and judges have to learn them, while administering them. Yet progress has been achieved by leaps and bounds, and is proceeding with equal celerity. Some, indeed, would have us believe that their advance has already been more rapid than prudent.

If the diplomats of Europe find Turks difficult to manage that is the fault of their diplomacy. If an Ambassador cannot get on with the people to whom he has been accredited, he is not the right man for the post. Such work, all through the Near and Middle East, is undoubtedly very difficult to-day; but, just for that reason, it should be attractive. It is the problems that may at any moment arise from the most unsuspected sources that give the diplomat his opportunity—not only to serve his country, but to establish his reputation, maybe to leave a name for posterity to recall with honour. Sir Ronald Lindsay did splendid work at Mosul, and the Turks have proved themselves good sportsmen when they, the losers, paid tribute to his skill as a diplomatist.

Disappointment has been expressed that Turkey has not immediately achieved large economic developments. "Concessions" were, apparently, expected for rebuilding the country, ruined from end to end, on terms dictated by those to whom they might be assigned, regardless of any real benefit to the people themselves. In the past, foreigners have received "concessions" on unfavourable terms for Turkey.

We should admit, certainly, that for the moment the Turks are asking too high a profit; but, on the other hand, the foreigner, being compelled to relinquish the old Capitulations, is trying to protect himself by interest at 20, or even 25 per cent, on capital. Moreover, he demands a guarantee, while the Turk offers his word for bond—a security he has never been known to dishonour.

“How is it,” asked Aga Aglou Ahmed Bey, “that we are asked for guarantees? If England requires a loan, she is not confronted with any such demand. Our Government is perfectly stable.”

What can we answer?

If a Rothschild will always be allowed a bank overdraft, I might say, why should I, equally honest, be asked for guarantees? In such circumstances there should be give and take on both sides. Were the English a little more reckless, the Turks a little less exacting, something practical could be arranged to the great benefit of both.

In the old days, everyone enjoyed complete liberty in Turkey, except the Turks themselves, and our complaints against “red tape” under the present régime are both thoughtless and ungrateful. In the first place, there are no more annoyances from this source than those we accept without protest in other parts of the Balkans, for example, from the Bulgarians and the Serbians. Yet in Turkey the greatest precautions are absolutely essential. Regulations were, naturally, very strict in Anatolia, when her people were waiting hidden behind her long line of bayonets; but after Lausanne, they were considerably relaxed, and—thanks to his lucky star—the Pasha travelled freely everywhere, without mishap. The one known cowardly attempt on his life, which so nearly succeeded, has made it necessary to resume, and increase, the precautions.

I admit that personally I hardly recognized the necessity of such caution, until I had seen the packets of records in the police-station, revealing plots nipped in the bud. For six or eight years the new Republic can scarcely expect to be firmly established on its feet, and, until that desirable consummation has been assured, any accident to the Pasha would be fatal for Turkey. At present, everything depends on him; the leader from whom all receive their orders,

the inspiring figure of the national aspirations. Not a man, but a nation, would be assassinated, if vigilance were now relaxed. For many a year yet—there will be plots.

And an efficient police service means protection and security, to counterbalance the annoyances, which are, after all, rather trivial. In the days of Hamid, no man, native or foreign, was safe. In 1913, I went to Anatolia accompanied by a military escort; to-day I can cross Asia Minor, alone and ignorant of the language, without fear or risk. In Syria, in Palestine, under British and French mandates, brigandage still stalks open and unashamed. In Turkey, thanks to Ferid Bey's activities as Minister of the Interior, the Valis (governors) have everywhere stamped it out with an iron hand. Such offenders as survived the new régime were quickly caught and executed. The Republic has no mercy for those who would disturb the peace at home and abroad.

Legends always die hard, even among those who should know better. I recently met a party of ladies in Constantinople who had been terrified by tales of brigands supposed to haunt the Forest of Belgrade. When they appealed to their respective Embassies, they were told that no responsibility could be accepted for their safety! Resenting the implication against the Government, I offered to accompany them, with positive assurances that they had nothing to fear. It was Friday, the Turkish day of rest,¹ and I found twenty or thirty cars in waiting, the tourists still only half convinced. Two stalwart foresters stood on guard

¹ By the time this book is published, the Turkish day of rest will be changed to our Sunday. The Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs told me himself that as soon as the G.N.A. was convinced that Turkish commerce was suffering from the "day of rest" being on Friday, the day would be changed. The demand for the change came from the cotton merchants of Adana, who had to keep up with the market of Liverpool. The change has not been considered from a religious angle at all.

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at the bridge ; Turkish family groups were everywhere enjoying the air under the trees.

“ Behold the brigands ! ” I exclaimed, pointing to the little children, busily engaged over their picnic lunch-baskets. The ladies were honest enough to express the most cordial gratitude for having their fears removed, to enjoy the beauties of the forest, a sight they would have been most unwilling to miss.

To the Turks the story of Angora is sacred history ; and only wilful blindness can deny the splendid heroism and far-seeing wisdom it reveals. Except during Ramazan, you will now find the mosques comparatively empty, but let anyone give a lecture, or put on a film about the struggle for Independence, and the hall will be crowded to overflowing. They know the story by heart, but they never tire of hearing it retold. As the speaker approaches the news of victory, the applause swells, tears cannot be restrained, tears of memory and of joy. As a friend said to me, “ We cannot hear it too often. It is our Bible, our epic. In the old days we used to welcome the ‘ Conteur ’ who told us Arabian Nights tales of Sultans who murdered, brigands who stole, pillaged and indulged in every variety of savage cruelty. Now we shall compose songs of Freedom and Peace ; our poets will write of our own sufferings and victory ; our schoolchildren will learn to recite them ; and remember the great story of their nation. We, too, will keep it in our hearts, and meditate over it as we meditate on sacred things.”

I attended some of these lectures and, though not able to follow the speaker’s words, I could not miss the significance of every dramatic gesture, and the rapt emotions of those who listened. It seemed, indeed, at times, like some solemn litany said by the priest with responses by

the people. It sounded like a people at prayer for their Fatherland. They were learning to realize their responsibilities, before the verdict of history and towards the Republic, brought to life by suffering; a wonderful experience for the stranger in their midst to share.

Officially Turkey still follows the religion of Islam;¹ but it does not require much time or study for anyone visiting the country to realize that Nationalism is the religion of the people, the National Pact their prayer-book, the story of the struggle for independence their New Testament. Everywhere you find a copy of the Pact at the bedside; many carry it in their pockets.

“What,” I was asked, “can be more sacred to me than the book which gave me my freedom? Choose any passage from it you will, and I will preach to you by the hour upon the text. The Koran we recite, as we have always recited it, at the bidding of the hodjas, without understanding the words, without feeling or thought. I know the full meaning of *every word* in the National Pact. So do my wife and children. The day of Islam has passed. We needed a new religion to rouse the people to regeneration; we have found one in Nationalism and the story of our second birth. When this has spread to all the peoples of the East, you will see——”

“But Japan,” I interrupted.

“Japan,” he answered, “changed her clothes and her civilization when no one was looking. A new nation ‘arranged’ itself, before anyone noticed that a change was on the way. They had no struggle. In commerce, they have achieved much; they are recognized as a Big people. But *we* are the ‘Beacon-Light of the East.’”

Later I took the journey from Beyrout to Jerusalem, and the questions men were asking at every step of the way

¹ Turkey has now declared itself a lay State. There is no official religion.

brought home the truth of his words. "Nationalism is a very living reality in the minds of Syrians." Certainly they have no love for the Turk, as a Turk; but they see Mustapha Kemal Pasha as "the Liberator," above nationality. "Who is to be *our* Kemal?" they ask. "When will a Kemal arise for us, one day he *must* arise."

It is the same in Palestine, for Zionism, so called, has been given every chance and failed beyond question, as we shall soon realize to our cost. It is unjust to the Arab, and cruel to the Jews, as they themselves now would be the first to admit. Already the Arabs are drawing comparisons between the Jews in Palestine and the Greeks in Smyrna. They, too, sigh for a Mustapha Kemal to deliver them. The man in the street of Palestine and of Syria holds the Pasha as Superman. Someone like the Pasha must set them free.

It is significant, that I could find no way to enter the room of the Last Supper, now converted into a mosque and which had been closed for an hour, except by using the name of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. My guide brought me to the doors, indeed, but was assured that none could open them, save by force. I insisted, however, and on pursuing the guardian from the entrance to his house, "I shall wait here," I announced, "until I, a Christian, am permitted to visit one of the most sacred sites of our Faith."

The appeal, however, seemed to have no effect until, by way of passing the time and, perhaps, unconsciously with some idea of stiffening my own resolutions, I asked my guide to tell the janitor, "how much I regretted he was not a Turk—for a Turk would have shown more regard for a lady's wishes."

"Does the lady know Turkey?" the guardian eagerly interposed. "Does she know Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the Ghazi?"

When I answered in the affirmative, he begged me to tell him all about the man he so greatly admired.

“ I will gladly,” said I, “ if you will open the mosque.”

He did not hesitate a moment. Carefully wrapping my boots in cloth, he not only showed me the mosque, but led me across the sacred building to the tomb of David. When my turn came to satisfy his request, I was amazed to find how keenly he was interested in the personality of the Pasha. Have no other travellers yet learned of his reputation among the nations, or are they determined to conceal the truth? Feared, respected, and adored by his own people—he is regarded as a Superman in all Islam, despite his abolition of the Kaliphat.

Whether or no one can or cannot learn to care for the Turks ; whether or no one appreciates the Pasha and his Ministers ; whether or no one objects to their methods, considering them arrogant and incapable, the story of Angora stands on its own merits.

Whatever place Turkey may be destined to hold among the nations, whatever may be the fate of the Pasha and his people, the countries of the East have learned that they, too, must build up a democracy of freedom for men and women, or perish.

Whatever the future may have in store for Turkey, the story of Angora will live in history.

(b) *The Capital of the New Turkey*

To-day Angora is the capital of a responsible recognized government. Primitive, comfortless and in course of construction as it is, one wonders what it can mean to those who had not the privilege of seeing it in its primitive Asiatic village dress, the cradle of a movement.

To me, the Angora of 1922 with its microbe-infested picturesqueness, the Turks united in the salvation of their nation, the contrast between their epic, their struggle for liberty, and the miserable rugged background where it was being acted, gave to both the movement and its birthplace a grandeur one could not fail to feel intensely. When I expressed my enthusiasm to Younous Nady Bey, then with only a schoolboy press to help him, producing an excellent, though, alas! anti-British nationalist organ, he answered, "A movement as great as ours started in a stable." What could one say! Any answer would be an anti-climax, any attempt to dwarf Turkish national enthusiasm most ungracious, yet such remarks as that made to me by Turkey's leading journalist are characteristic of the present nationalist zeal.

The plateau on the way to Angora is treeless, featureless and almost uninhabited. Where are the cattle? Occasionally one meets sheep, but very rarely. In the desert where it is situated, Angora is imposing, it is the old Ancyra, and still has interesting Roman remains and a Temple of Augustus, of which the Turks of to-day are rightly proud.

In the old days I remember, after a journey of nine days from Smyrna, the little engine burning wood was slowly crawling up to the heights of Angora and dragging behind it those carriages that remained after the wholesale destruction of Turkish rolling stock by the defeated Greek.

Looking at the ancient city as we approached first from

the train and then later from my window, it gave me an impression of strength and historical beauty—indeed, its jagged mountains and fierce battlements against the roseate warmth of the setting sun are of the bluest texture and made a picture which is grandiose and unique. The cold is extreme and exhilarating, nevertheless the Eastern sun is there to rise and set with all its accustomed magnificence. But what a speck of a place is this Angora to cause such trouble in both Europe and Asia! What an unpretentious place to have sheltered so many of the great civilizations of the world—a place with a pedigree indeed, even though its descendants are in rags. Wander about the town and you meet the famous stone lions, relics of the Seljoucide period. Rome and Byzantium have also left behind them a wealth of souvenirs. The new generation of Turk aware, unlike their predecessors, of the value of their treasures, are carefully classifying, ticketing and placing them in a museum.

It was surprising in 1927 to see Turkish men and women travelling together. On my last journey, attached to the train was a large cattle truck furnished with carpets and cushions, destined to transport the women. All rolling stock being scarce, the men were obliged to travel on the roof. It is true the train did not travel as quickly as the "blue train," nor could it have been a very comfortable way of travelling, but it was just one of those inevitable situations to which the Turk submitted in silence.

In the old days the railway station seemed quite out of proportion in magnificence to the size of the place. Primitive carriages; yalis with their worn-out curtains: badly fed horses with their rope harness and indispensable turquoise beads: ragged, multi-coloured turbaned arabajes driving fearlessly: and peasant women in voluminous faded and much-mended pantaloons bent double as they ploughed the earth with worn-out, almost prehistoric

THE INTERIOR OF THE GRAND NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, ANGORA



THE PRESIDENT'S TRIBUNE



THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION ROOM

It is here that Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers are received.

implements ; these were the people and scenes which greeted one on arrival. Other peasants carried their produce in bullock carts with solid wooden wheels. These carts squeaked and groaned as they laboured their way over the earth, their quaint Anatolian music was the natural accompaniment to the peasants' songs, and no music which claims to reproduce the peasants' songs would be complete without the carts. Now these quaint carts have been exiled. The newly-made roads are too costly and modern to be driven over by Anatolian carts. But they are characteristic of Anatolia, and are given a place as such on calendars and other artistic records of to-day.

In the old days, there was one wide avenue which led from the station past the Grand National Assembly ; the rest of the roads were all holes and bumps, but the drivers managed them all with a dexterity which is always amazing.

The tumbledown houses, made of mud and wood, used to be arranged with no plan whatsoever. They looked as though someone had taken them up in an aeroplane, and having thrown them out, they had fallen on the side of the mountains. In trying to find your way to one of these houses, you steered for the fountain, or some special object near which the house you were trying to find had alighted.

To-day modern roads and houses having sprung up with such rapidity the town has a curious unclassable aspect. It seems to me that I am looking at a masterpiece which is being restored. The old picture on the top is being removed, though it still is there, and you can see the new picture underneath. In the case of Angora, the dingy old picture that is vanishing is the more picturesque.

The new German-built villas remind one of city exhibitions planted in our capitals for a season. But will these villas last much longer ? In spite of their turquoise ornamentation, these glaring white villas are only too

obviously stamped all over—made in Germany. The Germans, anxious to work at any price, or to quote a Frenchman "to have colonies at any price," have built the houses quickly, cheaply and badly. Already the plaster is falling, and that in some cases, like the Ghazi's farmhouse, after six months. The Turks have yet to learn the gulf that separates English gold and German gilt.

There may be advantages in the Turks having this preliminary canter, for such let us hope it is, in the building of a capital. It gives at least a temporary resting-place until time and money can be found to plan the permanent capital.

There is no reason why Angora should not become a beautiful capital, provided the plans are carefully prepared and that, besides the latest improvements, the national character of the people can remain. But it is impossible to build an "abiding city" without funds. Better remain in their German jerry-built houses than build these "tinder-box" constructions a second time.

In the way of official residences Angora has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. In the old days, you found Fethy Bey installed in a glorified bathing-machine, and you tip-toed your way up a creaking stair that might at any moment have given way under your weight. The Prime Minister and his colleagues lived in similar luxury. In those days, and as a matter of fact now, the *dernier cri* in luxury belongs to the Soviet Ambassador. To-day the Prime Minister occupies a large and important building with anterooms and council chambers. There is nothing whatsoever in the present Ministry to remind one of the primitive past, except some portraits of Ministers in kalpaks.

Arriving at the station of New Angora by a comfortable sleeping-car in eighteen hours, a journey which in 1922 was pregnant with every kind of discomfort, the station

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was filled with people meeting friends. The arrival and departure of the trains, which the new-uniformed officials take a special pride in keeping up to time, are events of the day.

From my window in the Station Hotel, I watched these departures of diplomats and diplomats' wives and gauged the amount of work they had done and their popularity by the number of people to see them off. Mrs. Bristol seemed to have the largest following, and had she and her sympathetic husband made up their minds when they left U.S.A. to repay the Turks in kindness and interest for all the unkindness which had been shown them by previous U.S.A. Ambassadors, they could not have succeeded better.

In and out of the station are porters fetching and carrying luggage; everybody knowing his work, everybody in a hurry; motor-buses rumble backwards and forwards at five-minute intervals from early morning to sunset. Can these really be Turks working like bees from morning till night?

Remembering the days when the poor little engine of the Angora train was put to bed at sunset and wakened to resume work as soon as possible after sunrise, I congratulated the Minister of Public Works on the speed of the present train. "The journey takes too long," he said. "Judging ourselves as we now do by European standards we must do the journey in a shorter time. The coal is good, but the line has to be thoroughly overhauled." This is an example of the new spirit, the spirit of effort preached by Ismet Pasha—"What you have done is good, but next time it must be twice as good."

The energy of the governors is at boiling point. Can it last?—one hears it asked. Angora seems like a city preparing for war. There is the same morning to night rush, the same struggle against the impossible, the same working

against time ; it is as though they feared an advancing enemy and the safety of their town had to be secured as quickly as possible and at all costs. "Why this eternal rush?" I asked Ismet Pasha. "We have to make up for lost time—we are centuries behind," he answered.

Nevertheless, for the foreign diplomatist, as for the Turk, Angora is not Constantinople. When you compare the two capitals—Constantinople and Angora—the one with its unique charm ; its priceless architecture ; the eternal beauty of each season and particularly spring and autumn ; the blue sea and sky ; the wealth of cypress trees ; minarets ; the sunshine ; the comfort ; the Byzantine voluptuousness of the surroundings ; and the other with its rugged setting and its discomfort, you understand something of the will power of the present ruler, who has been able to root up the capital from Constantinople and plant it in Angora. To have forsaken Constantinople for Angora, and above all to have persisted in this hair-shirt policy at all costs in order to build a new country, surely proves the new Turks have a tenacity of purpose which the old Turks certainly did not possess. Turks are Turanian not Ottoman, and Constantinople is still stamped with the remains of the Ottoman Empire, and is too international. Angora is Turkish through and through. Turkey has cast away even the Kaliph to remain Turkish ; the Turkish nationality, as I have so often said, is her religion. Still Turks love Constantinople. "No place in the whole world means to me what Constantinople means," said Ruchen Echref Bey. "My soul wept tears of blood when I followed the Pasha and took the road to Angora, but it was the only road a self-respecting Turk could take."

From the point of view of achievement, the Pasha was right when he chose Angora as a capital. Constantinople spells play and Angora work. Never could the Turks have got so far in their work of reconstruction with Constantinople

as capital. You see the députés, who since they have free passes on the railways, come frequently to the old capital. As they leave Angora their faces relax, they are like school-boys going away from school ; when they return the old stern purposeful look comes back again.

The other advantages of Angora as a capital from the Turks' point of view are only too obvious. It has its sentimental value, the spiritual home of nationalism, dear to the heart of every Turk who loves his country ; it is in the centre of Anatolia, the right place for a capital to be, and it is far from the interference of all foreigners, old Ottomans, and the dangerous cosmopolitan population which has always fallen to the lot of Constantinople.

Constantinople has been jealous of Angora. Until the Ghazi once more gave Constantinople his patronage, it was a city and port falling into a state of stagnation which it was not possible to allow to continue. It is one of the finest seaports in the world, apart from its political value, and has to be administered in a way that gives international satisfaction. As soon as trade is revived, beautiful, romantic, historical Constantinople will have to open her gates at the bidding of the Power " who rules the seas."

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" What a capital ! " contemptuously exclaimed a French writer. Not having seen it before, how could he be expected to gauge the effort and purpose that lie behind every one of its many constructions. Shortly after my arrival, I went on a journey of discovery. " Where is that mosquito infested marsh from which one never failed to catch a first-class attack of malaria ? " It has been drained away and cleared under the supervision of a group of specialists in tropical diseases, specially organized to stamp out malaria, and in its place stands the U.S. Embassy. All the geography of the place has been changed. Mountains have

been brought low, crooked places have been made straight. Piles of railway rails greet you at the station, the hills are crowded with what appear from my windows like gigantic bee-hives ; they are used to house the number of foreign workmen, Hungarians chiefly, who have flocked to the capital to work. Scaffolding everywhere, and a richness of good Asiatic mud—the very rare times I have walked at all it has been like walking through a bog.

Banks, clubs, and a large Palace Hotel, not working yet but used for balls, are all new constructions and produced under terrible difficulties. “ You cannot make bricks without straw,” says the proverb, but in Angora they certainly have had to make houses without bricks. “ In your country,” said Mahmoud Bey, seated in the newly built offices of his own paper, *Le Milliett*, “ you have only to order your house to be built, the material is at hand. We had nothing, no cement, no bricks, no workmen. All had to be brought here and transport is not easy. This building as you see it represents a *tour de force*.”

On my arrival in Angora, the Ottoman Bank, which does everything for its customers, had instructed its well-known and sympathetic manager, M. Boghetti, to get a room for me. The place was crowded out—all the official and diplomatic world had come to Angora for Ismet Pasha's ball. I had to spend the night in a funny old han (inn) which rejoiced in the name of “ Paradise.” “ Paradise ” is right in the centre of the Turkish quarter, and most of its inhabitants seem to be totally unaware of the great changes that have taken place in their country. My windows looked right on to a fountain where the whole village seemed to come to talk and fetch water. Their primitive garments and veils have not kept pace with the forward movement, their wooden clogs rattled over the worn cobblestones covered with thick mud, their hungry ragged little offspring held out dirty little paws for pennies and the little nails,

dyed with henna, closed tightly over the coins which they picked out of the mud. The army of Turkish beggars—large enough still, God knows, when it descends on the foreigner like a plague of flies—has diminished somewhat, since the now active society for “protection for children” has taken starving children from the streets and put them in the society’s homes. But as long as we have beggars in the West, we cannot criticize this hateful disease in foreign lands.

“Paradise” had made great progress since my visit in 1922 ; then it would have been quite impossible to have even entered the place. Now the proprietor’s wife, instead of being veiled and hidden from the sight of travellers, has been raised to the rank of co-partner. She has taken charge of the bedrooms—endeavours to make the beds and keep the washstands clean. There is an appalling unsavoury odour of open drains, which, let us hope, will disappear when the water makes its appearance.

The bedroom has three beds : to insure myself against other strangers occupying them I have to pay for all three, an extravagance which overwhelms the good lady. But spinsters’ quarters are unattainable in the Near and Middle East and as little understood as spinsters themselves. In Palestine I very reluctantly paid the bill for my husband’s unoccupied bed, but I absolutely refused to pay his board, though they tried to make me. It certainly is an original method of driving a spinster to matrimony.

Worn out with fatigue, I slept as one can only sleep in those primitive inns, on the bed, and fully dressed. Three times the proprietress came in to light my fire and have a chat, and as there was no possibility of opening the window, I was nearly suffocated. Added to this I had contracted a cold that never left me till the summer, by which time I had spent a fortune on quinine.

The Hanoum¹ brought me two glasses of tea for my

¹ Hanoum : Turkish woman or lady.

supper and continued her efforts to make me talk. My bill was eleven Turkish pounds. The Hanoum had discarded her veil, which showed her dirty hair to its full advantage, and the heels of her stockings were conspicuous by their absence. I showed her how to make the beds and do the washstand, whilst she asked me question after question, chiefest of all and never omitted by any Turk—"Where is your husband?" In the old days Turks used to complain about the Western indiscretion of asking them "How many wives have you?" Is that worse, I wonder, than asking a spinster for news of her husband? I left my room in "Paradise" with no regret, and went to the fashionable Palace Hotel—the hotel that still caters for those foreign Ministers who have not yet found a Legation.

At the Palace I had a hateful room for the reduced sum of six Turkish pounds—a diplomatist pays a much higher figure and has also to lodge his cavass. The bed was narrow, none too clean and none too comfortable. One of the two large windows, both without blinds and curtains, through which the wind whistled day and night, looked onto a café opposite. Men possibly put up with this small defect without comment, but as I had no wish to treat the gentlemen in the café to the spectacle of a lady's toilette and as curtains could not be found, a heavy carpet completely covered the window, and I commenced the ablutions I had omitted in "Paradise." At the most critical moment of my toilette the carpet fell; all I could do was to extinguish the light quickly, steer in the dark for my coat and get into bed, coat and all. And this is the room accommodation you get for six Turkish pounds—(17s. 6d.)

There are no sitting-rooms in the Palace. Your friends, your callers, your ambassadorial neighbours are brought right into your bedroom, an intimacy which, even given the chaperonage of circumstances, is very distressing.

The President's Secretary, graciously sent to greet me at an early hour, found me amongst a wilderness of clothes for which there was no accommodation but the boxes from which they had been extracted. Over my bed, as usual, was my Union Jack. Considering how near to eternity I have been in my many wanderings, I would never dream of closing my eyes except under my flag. "What does that flag mean?" asked the Secretary, his nationalism all alert. He was quickly satisfied, however, by my explanation, and, laughing heartily, he was ready to admit that in a room so poorly furnished the bright colours offered a very pleasant relief.

I went to the more fashionable of the two Christian churches—one a tiny, out-of-the-way, uncomfortable Armenian chapel, and the other, the drawing-room of the French Embassy. The house where the French Ambassador is temporarily lodged has the advantage of having a large drawing-room, where you fox-trot on Saturday afternoon and meet for prayer on Sunday. Beautiful Gobelin tapestry covers the defects of the walls, a gold sideboard serves as altar, and the kindest of priests only too gladly welcomes anyone who will join their prayers with his. Mme Daeschner is a gracious hostess and kindness itself; her informal parties were delightful, which proves that after all the Embassy is a very secondary consideration and that if an Ambassadors is a *grande dame* she may have a barn for an Embassy. These charming informal parties at the French Embassy remind one of the days when the French capital removed to Bordeaux, and Ministers of State were given accommodation wherever it was possible—in *lycées*, colleges, municipal buildings and even humbler lodgings.

On my return from church the fire had gone out. These Turkish fires are as ardent as a Southerner's love; they expire as quickly, leaving the room colder than before the

fire was kindled. I was to move on to the Station Hotel—newly built, clean and warm and with accommodation for my clothes. My Palace room was icy cold, the Turkish maids were doing their best, but it required a carefully thought-out theatrical performance on my part to make them understand at all—Anatolia has trained me for the stage.

I began to pack, all my boxes were open, when suddenly the long chimney pipe burst, emptying its contents all over me and the room and into my boxes. In Anatolia you can always say to all misfortune “You could have been worse.” Shaking my head free from the thick soot with which I was covered, I rejoiced in the fact that the fire was out. It took a considerable time to clean myself and to have my room cleaned—it is only now back in Europe that I have succeeded in getting my boxes cleaned. At lunch I related my misfortune to the gracious Minister of the X.Y.Z.’s. He was my neighbour at the Palace Hotel and not as enthusiastic as I was about the progress of the Turks. “Where do you see such remarkable progress?” he asked.

“Five years ago, when I came to Angora,” I answered, “I was the guest of a Cabinet Minister, and horses were my neighbours. Now, I am living at a Palace Hotel and have as my neighbour the Minister of H.M. the King of the X.Y.Z.’s. Is that not progress?”¹

He laughed, and the story of my “black bath” amused him intensely. “You almost set Angora on fire for the second time,” he added, and walked merrily to his own room, where his laughter was quickly changed to wrath. For the Turks had learnt a lesson at my expense, and so as to avoid the possibility of other chimney pipes as dirty as mine from bursting, they had begun that same afternoon to clean them all, including that of H.E. the Minister of the

¹ Since writing this, the Evkaff Hotel has been opened. This is a really first-class Palace Hotel.

X.Y.Z.'s. And the soot in falling had had no more respect for his official papers than it had had for my evening dresses.

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People come to Angora with a blessed feeling of martyrdom. For those who are neither artists nor writers and have no particular interest in the Turks, Angora spells discomfort. The climate is intensely hot and dusty in summer and bitterly cold in winter. You have a Siberian climate, without the Siberian comforts, and New York prices without the New York values—a first-class hotel even running at a loss would be to Angora at this stage a most valuable piece of propaganda. Foreigners' impressions of a country are so largely influenced by their hotel comfort and no one likes to pay exorbitant prices for rough and tumble accommodation. In 1922 one had only two dresses—a dark tweed travelling dress trimmed with leather, and its understudy. Now one has evening dresses and cloaks and fancy slippers and nowhere to put them and nowhere to dress but an icy room.

When the Turks speak to me of the "Western accommodation" provided at Angora I answer "Not yet," and after all, they have travelled and know it, so why not be frank and emphasize your case to the Turk himself instead of grumbling behind his back!

At the Station Hotel the kindest of old Turkish women was my chambermaid. All her relations having fallen in the war, she, who, according to the new laws, is now a responsible citizen, has to be breadwinner for the family. In the old days some male friend or relation would have provided for her, but money in Turkey is scarce as it is everywhere else, and labour is very much in demand. In the old days her work would have been done by a Christian; now they have gone and she is doing her

best, but one feels immense pity for these poor beings in the evening of their existence, who daily go through the hard routine of bed-making with so little success. Sometimes she would come to my room whilst I was writing and ask to see my dresses, pass her verdict of "very beautiful," close the wardrobe, and go away happy. It was as though she had come for a "pick-me-up" and I was glad to allow her to have this pleasure. One day she thought she was rendering me a great service by throwing away my tortoise-shell side combs—they were rescued from the dust heap, and when the price of them was translated for her into Turkish, she refused after that to throw away even a piece of string. What could or could not be the value of these European things she was afraid to guess and so erred on the safe side by destroying nothing at all.

To a woman of this primitive mentality the new civilization is incomprehensible. She sees around her a new generation, openly defying the sacred laws of Islam, and casting aside, even flaunting, everything that she has always held dear. The Ghazi says the new ways are right, therefore they must be right and her ways wrong. But she is too old to learn and is unhappy in consequence. When I spoke to Turks about these pathetic old people, they said: "Many of the old generation can understand, but when they cannot we just leave them alone. After forty education is not compulsory. After that age they can attend the adult schools if they wish but it is not obligatory. Provided the present generation understands we are satisfied."

CHAPTER III

SOCIETY IN ANGORA TO-DAY

SOCIETY in Angora turns round the Ministers, functionaries of the Government, députés, and the Diplomatic Corps. After two or three parties you have met everyone, for the same people are invited everywhere. In Angora the Protocol is all-powerful ; in a State just born this has to be so. When a Government, child of a revolutionary movement, has to take the place of a regime based on the experience of centuries, there are difficulties to be met all the time, and great caution is necessary.

Although the greater part of the *corps diplomatique* takes unkindly to Angora, there are nevertheless festivities and parties all the time. The Prime Minister and the Minister for Foreign Affairs generally find time to attend these foreign receptions, even though in their Ministries they are not yet seconded as ably as we are in the West ; for just as all matters of importance have to be referred to Angora, so all power is centred in the Minister.

Mme Ismet Pasha is a pretty little lady of twenty-seven and looks seventeen. She speaks no French as yet, but she will learn quickly. She is very devout and follows her religion as strictly as she can. When she came to Lausanne she was thickly veiled and made no attempt to depart from the rigid laws laid down by etiquette for Turkish women. Yet she accompanies her husband to all the Western parties, receives foreigners in her Western villa, and has that charming Turkish asset of being quite at ease. The coming of Turkish women into society has meant much to the

interest of Angora. In a place where, unlike Constantinople, entertaining is the only distraction, society would have been colourless indeed if the only entertainers had been the *corps diplomatique* as is the custom in all other Moslem countries. The presence of Turkish women unveiled at the Embassy balls and parties and the place the Turkish woman now has as her husband's hostess is one of the greatest changes that cannot fail to impress any foreigner travelling in Turkey and any student of foreign politics. The possibility of the men and women of both nations being able to mix freely and discuss all subjects has brought a healthier atmosphere to all our relations with Turkey and it will get better and better as time goes on. It is when you go to other Moslem countries where the separation of the sexes is strictly enforced that you recognize the importance of this great reform.

Mme Tewfik Rushdi Bey, like Mme Ismet Pasha receives every week. She has learnt French and speaks well. Beautifully dressed, with a kind and gracious manner, she goes out a great deal, and her own parties are very interesting. At one party the Greek Minister sat on her left and I on her right, and he, as well as I, was busy burning incense before the Ghazi and was only too delighted to pay homage to the good qualities of the Turk. "Such appreciation from a Greek is surely worth while," I said, and recalled the words the Ghazi himself had said to me five years ago and which were published—"We were the best of friends with the Greeks until the Powers interfered. And we will be friends again, the best of friends." Although the words are Mustapha Kemal Pasha's, one critic wrote: "This writer does not know how ridiculous she is." And yet the Pasha was right. Here they are, Greeks and Turks, five years after, with most of their differences settled without the assistance of the protecting Powers. Occasionally they still have words with one another, but

the matter soon rights itself and they seem to have settled themselves into a comfortable understanding.

Just after the peace of Lausanne Angora was a difficult post for a Greek. But it is astonishing how quickly hatreds die, and although people credit the Turks with the exchange of populations, that cruel legislation, which has nevertheless forced the Turks to work, is one of the "masterpieces" of Mons. Venizelos!

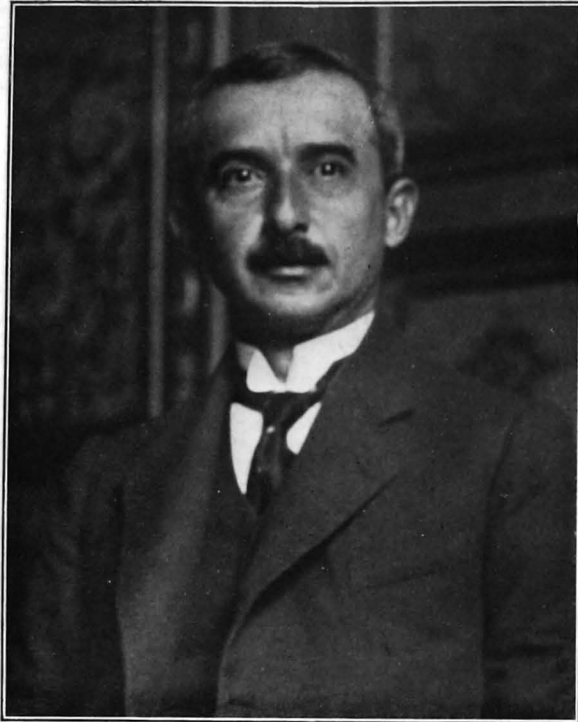
The betrayal of the Greeks, the cruelty of encouraging their dreams of a "Greater Greece" and then leaving them to the mercy of the Turkish army, is not England's greatest unkindness towards Greece. Because they were Christians and politically admirable "cats' paws," we gave them an entirely wrong idea of their own value, and told them inside and outside season how immensely superior they were to the Turks, both in intellect and character, which they naturally believed. Given the Greek intelligence and their capacity for hard work, they ought to have gone very far in the realms of art, science, and literature. Had the Greeks been left to their own devices instead of being slavish admirers of the West, instead of being called the descendants of a mighty race and having their heads turned in consequence, they should have worked out for themselves an art and literature of their own, and taken their place, as they could have done beside Russia, as a great artistic nation.

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The party given at the Greek Legation in honour of the Greco-Turkish treaty was interesting first of all for the event it celebrated. Yet both the Turks and Greeks were perhaps a little too emphatic in their vows of eternal friendship, a little too anxious to wipe out their past by putting all the blame on the Powers. A gramophone supplied the music, to which Turkish women fox-trotted with

Greek men, and at intervals from outside one heard the night watchman beating his loud Ramazan drum to remind the Moslems they must eat their last meal before the day's fast began again. Such contradictions, such curious and impossible situations it would have been impossible to imagine. It is true anything can happen in Turkey.

As Parliament sits for six months and Angora turns round the life of the Grand National Assembly, députés, even though they play no very important part inside Parliament, must be present. In most Parliaments there are "supers" and those who take the title rôles, and it seemed to me that at Angora there were about as many "supers" as in other Parliaments. There is only one Chamber, which is a saving of time. Mustapha Kemal Pasha says, "True democracy needs only one Chamber." All questions are decided in committee beforehand, so that if they are thrashed out and defeated in committee, they are not brought up before Parliament at all. I am told that even a Minister can fall on a question defeated in committee, but I have not yet witnessed such a fall. It is interesting, however, to sit through a debate and watch the procedure when you know the whole matter has been arranged beforehand. The President, seated on a raised dais beside his big bell, presides over an assembly of 380 députés seated at desks. The clerk reads the resolution, a division is taken on a show of hands and the decision is carried unanimously. The orderly conduct and the attentive attitude of the députés impressed me. Perhaps because the Turkish Chamber resembles the French, one expected in Turkey the same violent scenes one witnesses in France, but in Turkey there is no opposition; very wisely, for the young Republic is still in swaddling clothes. The only opposition there could be would be clerical opposition—the fiercest that can exist—and a few blasts from this deadly enemy would end the life of the little Republic.



GENERAL ISMET PASHA, PRIME MINISTER OF TURKEY
First Turkish delegate at the Lausanne Conference.



DR. TEWFIK RUSHDI BEY, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS
"Turkey's policy," he says, "is to live in peace with the whole world."

The new Parliament, such a very elegant edition of the humble building I visited five years ago, has a presidential tribune for the President of the Republic and handsome reception rooms outside where he and the Prime Minister receive their official guests. It is here that Ambassadors present their credentials. The Turks are proud of their Parliament. "Not yet Westminster," said one of the députés, "but we shall improve." I was told that the Constitution has taken something from England, France, and the United States, but I personally found very little evidence of English influence. It was interesting for a foreigner to notice that whatever position a député may have inside Parliament, outside he is all-powerful. In France polite society shuns a député, in England the magic letters M.P. still carry weight, but in Turkey the presence of the humblest député strikes awe into those with whom they come into contact. To me, députés were priceless assets for getting visas out of hours and thus avoiding heavy fines.

Arriving back at the hotel one evening, the hotel-keeper took upon himself to scold me. "How could you do such a dreadful thing as to forget your appointment with a député," he said; "he waited one hour and called twice." "I'm very sorry," I replied, "but who can help being late in Angora?" Without permission from me, he telephoned to the député and asked him to return. The député, supposing I needed him for some urgent reason, came again at eleven o'clock and was hurt that I could not receive him. In Turkey a député seems able to unlock any door.

When I visited Angora before, there were députés who could neither read nor write, peasants from the mountains, hodjas, and the head of the dancing dervishes all wearing their picturesque dress. Now all these men have gone, and the "People's Party," Mustapha Kemal Pasha's party of which he is so proud, his infant and heir to all the worldly goods he possesses, reigns supreme, the members modelling

themselves and their ideas more and more on their leader. Although some of the députés would be ill at ease in a Western drawing-room, they are all representative men. This type to me is preferable to the "boulevardier" who visits Europe to have a good time and whose horizon is bounded by cheap actresses and night clubs. One hates that type in any country but more perhaps in Turkey. Most of the députés are writers, lawyers, and ex-officers. I enjoyed talking to the farmers and working men. It was interesting to see how without any knowledge of the language of the West, they could adapt themselves to the new civilization. I was interested to hear all about the agricultural possibilities, the cotton harvests, the corn and the oranges. Some of them used charming metaphors straight from the cotton fields.

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"After all these years of suffering, let the people enjoy themselves," said the President. He loves dancing himself and encourages it as a means of breaking down the sex barriers which have so long retarded the progress of the nation. Also, there are so many charities in need of money. A ball brings in funds, and is always well patronized when it is known the Ghazi is to be present.

During my visit the Prime Minister gave his first ball. It was the first time a Turkish Prime Minister had given a ball for his own people, men and women as well as foreigners; great excitement prevailed everywhere; all the Ambassadors and their Chargé d'Affaires were present; the hotels were full. On the night of the ball the snow was falling fast and the steep hill leading up to Ismet Pasha's villa was crowded with motor-cars coming and going. My car stopped dead about two hundred yards from the house and had to be left where it stood, and so there was nothing to do but take my companion's arm and walk. A very thin *décolletée* evening gown, light wraps, and gold slippers are not exactly

the attire one would choose to fight one's way through a blinding snow-storm, temperature 25 below zero, on the side of an Anatolian mountain—yet what could one do? By the time I arrived at the villa, my shoes were like paper and my hair and cloak all covered with snow; I might have been Father Christmas arriving. It was a chilly lesson but I learnt it, and never again will I go to a party in Turkey without snow-boots, an umbrella, and a thick cloak. The best cars are liable to break themselves as they tug up the steep hills, and the falling snow does not make their task any easier.

Ismet Pasha's beautiful young wife, her arms and shoulders bare for the first time though covered with tulle, received her guests standing beside her husband. He greeted his foreign guests in French, explained to Madame who they were and then translated for the guests her words of welcome. When the President arrived she opened the ball with him. It must have been something of an ordeal for her, but she did it exceedingly well and was quite unselfconscious. This lack of selfconsciousness I noticed particularly in the schools I visited. Does it come from the Turkish absence of any standard of comparison or is it lack of imagination? Whatever the cause, it is a valuable asset.

The ladies had seated themselves altogether to form a harem; some of them had not dared to take off their veils. When the President noticed this, he walked over and took them off himself. The ladies were flabbergasted and honoured at the same time, but one noticed they never again appeared at a dance with veils. It is astonishing how soon the shyness, the dread of doing what has for centuries been out of the question, wears off. A short while after the women had assembled, they were dancing as though they had been at such assemblies all their lives. And how they all enjoyed dancing! It may be the craze

will wear off in time, it is now so new, but at present they look as though they have pledged themselves to make up for all the time they wasted in seclusion. Ismet Pasha makes a delightful host. He looks years younger than he did in Lausanne. Why? Is it because, like most Turks, he has relieved himself of the weighty responsibility of a moustache? Or is it the happiness he has in his present work compared to the crushing responsibility he shouldered when he went to Lausanne? When you speak to him, he opens his eyes wide and smiles, but only God and himself know what he has or has not heard.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs dances with a vigour it would be hard to equal. Were he paid in good sterling by the hour, he could not work harder. He looks like a school-boy, especially when he is sitting on a table with his legs dangling. Always cheerful, he finds time to talk to you at length though his waiting-room is full of official callers. He would surely talk Turkey out of any dilemma, and, bowing low, show his adversary out, before the latter had an opportunity of opening his mouth.

To those who knew old Turkey, Ismet Pasha's ball was a contradiction and a surprise. In the old days, you never saw the Sultan. He was God's shadow on earth and kept well behind the thick walls of his doubly guarded palace. Here one sees the present ruler, in simple evening clothes with no orders and no medals but the red-ribboned gold medal of his own war of Independence, dancing with the Turkish women who owe to him the privilege of dancing at all.

But dancing is not the only attraction of these gatherings. A group of friends will lead the Ghazi away from the dancing, and then, forming a circle round him, they will insist on a speech. He loves "orations." He has spoken since he was ten. "Give him a few words and he will turn them into a masterpiece," says Ruchen Echref Bey, who

translates the speeches. Not being a dancer, to me the speeches were most interesting and an original change, and indeed the whole function was so unclassable and so different from anything one sees in any other land.

In the social life of Turkey the Prime Minister's party was historic, and I was glad to have been present. It was an official party, but there was nothing official—which to us in the West spells deadly dullness—in the frank merriment of all those who were present. Although I had thanked the Prime Minister twice for his kind hospitality, the President sent his A.D.C. to help me express my thanks yet once more. He is always terrified that in any way the good qualities of Ismet Pasha will be overlooked by any foreigner, and his devotion to Ismet Pasha only equals that Pasha's own devotion to his chief.

By now, Turkish women are quite accustomed to dances. When one remembers the terrible fate that pessimistic prophecy had in store for women if ever they attempted to gain freedom, one sees how easily the most complicated and knotty questions can be solved. "The best way to teach a people the value of freedom is to set them free," said the Ghazi. The turn that events have taken in recent years in Turkey prove how right he is.

(a) Some Ministers of the Republic

There have been many Ministerial changes since my last visit to Angora, in fact the whole working of the Cabinet is different. In 1922, the Prime Minister was not head of the Cabinet and he could fall without his colleagues, and yet they in their turn were often forced to resign on the issue of some minor question: they seemed to me more like chiefs of departments than Ministers. Now, the Prime Minister forms his own Cabinet as in other countries at the request of the ruler. All the Turkish Ministers, like Mustapha Kemal Pasha himself, are young men. In fact the grandfather of the whole Turkish movement is Ferid Bey, now Ambassador in London. When Madame Ferid made this remark to Lady Aberdeen she asked, "Is he very old?" "Yes," replied Mme Ferid, "he is forty-seven."

Ismet Pasha's Ministry is solid. He is one of the most remarkable men in Turkey to-day and universally trusted. His war record, his military heroism, his loyalty to this chief, and his patriotism could never be questioned. His competence on the battlefield has been followed by a Ministerial sagacity that no Turk and no foreigner in Turkey can deny. But apart from this, his character is as fine as his intellect, and he has fought Turkey's internal enemies, disorganization, corruption, and anti-progress with the same bravery and skill as he fought Turkey's external enemies. When you saw Ismet Pasha at Lausanne break up the conference in his fight for "liberty or death" for Turkey; when the American observer advised him that "the whole world is against Turkey," he answered, "I cannot help it, our cause is just"; when you saw him hold his own in spite of the terrible odds against him and win—you had a tremendous admiration for him which increases the more you meet him and the more you understand what

he is doing in Turkey to-day. A simple, clean-living man, a good husband, a good father, and a loyal and true friend, Ismet Pasha is strong without being brutal, forceful without being a bully. In the work the Turkish Government has undertaken, any weakness on the part of those who are directing affairs of State would be fatal. They have shouldered terrible responsibilities in turning the ship of State from full speed East to full speed West and they must have full liberty to carry out their work unhampered by a useless opposition and unnecessary criticism. When the Republic is on its feet, when the schoolboys of to-day have grown up, a useful and sane opposition can begin, but any opposition from the clerical and Sultan's party to-day would be like an opposition from the party of "King Charles the Martyr" in our own House of Commons : it simply cannot be.

Tewfik Rushdi Bey always reminds me of a live wire—an excellent servant of the State under control—the control of the Ghazi and Ismet Pasha. He is as indefatigable at his work as he is at dancing. "Do you ever sleep?" I asked him. "Yes," he replied, "sometimes." His handling of the Greco-Turkish treaty seemed excellent, and when I congratulated him he replied, "The best thing I have done is Mosul, the time will come when this will be recognized." It is futile to minimize the importance of his portfolio, especially at a moment like this when Turkey's policy is "peace with the whole world provided our liberty is respected." The way in which they have used Soviet Russia, first as a friend in need and bogey man to scare the Allies at the same time, and now to have placed her on the footing of a "somewhat tiresome neighbour whose calls have to be returned," is clever, to say the least of it. Since Lausanne, Turkey has been worth while. As you sit in Karpovitch's restaurant eating a delicious lunch, you hear the guttural language of the "Fatherland" floating

all around you, you know Germany is there on her knees. A Frenchman *en passant* draws my attention to it. What does it matter? One's knowledge of history and Turkey teaches one that only one Power counts in Turkey to-day however they may diplomatically deny it, and that is England. All you have to do to prove your case is to ask the simple question, "Who is going to stand beside Turkey when the Russians try to take Constantinople?" and all that can be said comes as an anti-climax. Mustapha Kemal Pasha knows the value of our democracy, our Fleet and our gold. *He also knows history.*

Mahmoud Essad Bey, Minister of Justice, has no easy task before him. In the old days he was responsible for agriculture, commerce, and industry, which he studied in Switzerland. He has become Minister of Justice at a moment when the whole judicial system of the country has been remodelled and one can scarcely realize the immensity of the task. The Swiss Code has been finally adopted as a general foundation, but the selection was not made before all others were thoroughly examined. Turkey, however, has actually modified the chosen pattern by introducing the penal laws of Italy with a death sentence in place of the Italian penal service for life (the cause of so many suicides in Italian prisons); French mining laws; the commercial laws of England and Germany; and all of them as different from the old Sheriat laws as light from darkness. When one thinks of the task before Turkish jurists and understands that they have not only to learn the new laws but how to administer them, one must admire their courage in attempting it at all.

At the time of writing, Mahmoud Essad Bey is still something of a national hero for the able manner in which he defended the Turkish cause at the Hague in the famous Lotus affair. The great international lawyer, Dr. James B. Scott of Washington, told me there was no shadow

of doubt that the Turks were in the right and they would win if their cause was properly defended. As they did win, we must assume that the ability of the defence cannot be questioned. It appears, however, that in every case, the findings of all the jurists were submitted to the careful examination of the Pasha himself.

Negati Bey, Minister of Education and Beaux Arts, has also studied administration abroad, and the educational organization he has established must be reckoned one of Turkey's most important and interesting achievements in progress. We may smile, indeed, at a Ministry of Beaux Arts in so young a Republic, as if a child of five were called a general, but here too an excellent beginning has been made.

In this connection Mr. Frank Brangwyn sent me an interesting message. "What you say about Turkey interests me very much, as it seems now the moment to get the Turkish outlook on such matters, of art and literature, in the right direction. It is quite possible, in their desire to be modern, they may go on the wrong road. On the other hand, the new outlook may spring from them. Their love of nature may help. There is no hope elsewhere. We are over-cultured, and have not the true zest for things of the spirit. The true art should be part of the everyday life of the people, which to some extent has been the case in Turkey, anyway in the past."

Abdul Halik Bey, Minister of Finance, has certainly one of the most difficult portfolios to administer. He has been to Europe to study our methods and to discover which of the nations will help Turkey's finance.

It was at one of the worst periods of our relations with Turkey—the autumn of 1922—that I had the good fortune to meet this able administrator, then Governor-General of Smyrna, a city in ruins.

The Turkish Crescent was once more floating over the

city; Allied battleships were keeping watch; the British population had been taken by warship to Malta; the numbers of Greeks and Armenians who remained, in spite of their new nationality "Catholic," did not love the Turks and at any moment war might blaze out afresh. To govern such a city, at such a time, a man of exceptional energy and ability and tact was necessary. Such a man was Abdul Halik Bey. He was my host in ruined Smyrna.

We spoke of many things, and I very soon discovered that my host had a keen sense of humour, a priceless asset for a Governor at any time, and one he used to its best advantage at a moment when the fate of our two nations hung in the balance. There were constant frictions. How could it be otherwise? Peasants who understood nothing but were told they were "free" had to fill positions demanding tact and *savoir faire*. "Fetch the Vali," one heard on all sides, and the Governor was kept hurrying here, there and everywhere adjusting the most complicated situations. Only those on the spot can know how much Abdul Halik Bey contributed to keeping the peace.

I first met Kiazim Pasha, now President of the Grand National Assembly, as a dashing young general, on fire with energy, and confident war would break out again. He had been in command of an army corps at Sakharia, and was largely responsible for the supplies which secured victory for Ismet Pasha. On our first meeting he was suffering from an attack of pessimism, seated in the glorified barn that served him as headquarters, and to which I had waded ankle-deep in mud. To-day he made his entrance to the Red Crescent ball in State, beside the Pasha, minus his kalpak, minus his moustache, in full evening dress. He has now an elegant bureau, and presides over the Assembly with firmness and dignity—and optimism.

At one part of his career, Mustapha Kemal Pasha made great efforts to keep politics out of the army, yet to-day,

reasonably sure of peace, it is the army men who make the best Ministers and députés.

During my last visit so many of the Ministers, governors, and préfets were in Europe studying their special subject and arranging for students to study in the big capitals. Visiting Europe is considered an essential study for all, and Turkey now sends representatives to all the big congresses. Every day she goes a little nearer her goal to be treated as a European nation.

(b) Corps Diplomatique

Fortunately, the *corps diplomatique* at Angora is a happy family. All the members have to live so much in each other's pockets, that black sheep would sadly disturb the serenity of the flock. No diplomatist gives a big party without inviting all his colleagues and it can only be some odd sequence of coincidences that has prevented my meeting the German Ambassador; for not only is he a very popular man but like all his predecessors he keeps a careful watch on Angora—"Colony hunting" a witty Frenchman calls it. He has inherited Baron Marshall's very useful retriever, Dr. Weisz.

Of all the diplomatists, perhaps the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Rotta, is the most sympathetic; certainly the artistic combination of purple and scarlet is the first to strike your eye at any assembly. Personally a kindly and simple gentleman, of exquisite manners and vast culture, he always manages to say and do the right thing. And this is not merely the perfection of tact. To meet and speak with Monsignor Rotta brings out the best in one. Osman Nyzami Pasha once said to me, "No nation chooses its Ambassadors with more care than the Vatican. It is not for who they are, but what they are that they are chosen." "And," he added with a merry twinkle, "there is no wife to play havoc with his career." Mgr. Rotta's position is peculiarly difficult at this moment. Before even the days of Hamid, when the Turks had to get education where they could, and before the coming of the Americans, Roman Catholic schools gave them a good education and a wide knowledge of the French language and culture. In Anatolia, it was the Sisters who often cared for the sick, as no medical man was allowed to tend the women. Their chaplets were mistaken for medical diplomas; they were

noble and godly women, who loved the Turks and the Turks loved them. They have taken deep roots amongst the people, and, though they made no converts, the children had the benefit of their influence and their exquisite manners. Crucifixes and sacred relics are still to be seen in Moslem houses in Anatolia. The days of the Red Sultan were happier for the religious orders than the present regime. To-day it is impossible for them to feel at home or continue their past work without misgiving, under a free-thinking Government so similar, at least in matters of faith, to that which drove the Orders out of France. The Government forbids any religious education. But you might as well ask a cat not to catch mice, as expect a nun to ignore religion. It is her *raison d'être*.

For the moment, the prudent distrust for the hodjas has led the Turk to eye all priests with suspicion—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and above all Orthodox. "Send us, please, all the boy scouts you can spare," said Izzet Bey, Governor of Konia, "but keep your men of God."

The British Ambassador, Sir George Clerk, is by far the most handsome member of the *corps diplomatique*. The Turks immediately passed their verdict "gentleman" on him; not much of a discovery, however, on their part, for it is stamped all over him; clothes, speech, gestures, and physical appearance alike. His post is an immensely interesting one, and he is walking slowly but surely. Said the witty Frenchman who often used me as a receptacle for his sarcasm, as well as his wit, "Sir Clerk could become as popular as Admiral and Mrs. Bristol if only his Foreign Office would allow him." "It must be delightful to have the popularity that Admiral and Mrs. Bristol so well deserved," I answered, "but an Englishman has to play for something higher than popularity."

These little "catty" utterances on the part of the Frenchman prove that France's old jealousy with regard

to a possible British influence in Turkey is still alive. "After all," I said to tease him, "the union of England and Turkey is a legitimate union ; France's concern for Turkey is only a passing flirtation ; it's the ' legitimate ' union that counts."¹

The sparkling wit of most French diplomatists is a real delight ; it has all the virtue of champagne without its dangerous consequences. Frenchmen are delightful playmates, better playmates than friends, and no international gathering is complete without a brilliant Frenchman. The French Ambassador I could not quite class. Setting aside the reserve that Protestantism demands of Frenchmen, what is the advantage of such an overdose of sarcasm ? Does it hide a brilliant wit or the need of it ?²

People in England are curious to know what the British Embassy in Angora is like. "England, as she always does," said Boghetti of the Ottoman Bank, "has chosen for herself the very best site in Angora." Whether this was just good luck or deliberately done I cannot say, but the view from the British Embassy overlooking the wide stretch of Tchan-Kaya and Angora beyond is really beautiful. It is a long and expensive drive up the hill where the comfortable little Embassy villa is situated. It has a "den," where the *chargé d'affaires* receives you, a dining-room, four bedrooms and a bath that works and can be used, which is not always the case in the Turkish hotels.

Mr. G. Knox, whom I angered by calling him a descendant of the Scotch John Knox, whereas he is Irish, is stationed at Angora, as *chargé d'affaires*, whilst the Ambassador remains in Constantinople, coming to Angora to be present at any special function and to transact any special business.

¹ There ought to be a much closer union between the English and French. In character and achievement they are too wide apart ever to be competitors, and politically they have sealed their fate—for better for worse, and there can be no divorce.

² M. de Chambrun has now taken the place of M. Daeschner.

Mr. Geoffrey Knox is a kind and gracious host. He does not think in the usual grooves made by the Foreign Office. He professes an adoration for Colette—her writing, of course. For the rest he is well informed, can hold his own with the Turks, and they respect him in consequence, is cynical and by no means a hero-worshipper.

At the villa there were two young secretaries, a charming Scotchman, Mr Helme, who has learnt to speak Turkish, and an Englishman, Mr. Mallet, who greeted all my remarks with the comment, "I am afraid I cannot agree with you."

When I lunched with these three bachelors, it seemed to me I was in the house of University students, who denied themselves no comfort. It was impossible to class the house in one's mind as anything connected with an Embassy.

The Swiss Minister, M. Martin, is a regular "enquire within upon everything." He confesses to knowing a good deal more about Turkey than the Turks, and he is a god-send in a country where propaganda is as badly done as in Turkey. He was very angry with a Turkish statesman who called Berne "a hole." "What can I call Angora?" he asked. I used to meet him in full Alpine kit climbing up the steep hill from Tash Han to the mosque and he imagined he was climbing the Alps. He must have been very homesick to wear such dress in Angora.

The Belgian Minister had just taken unto himself a young wife and had brought her to Angora. He was very angry with the Turks for not allowing him to bring his Greek cook to provide good meals for his bride. The Belgian, Polish and Austrian Ministers used to offer their Legations, each in turn, for the early celebration of Holy Communion.

The Polish Minister, M. Kovolowsky, who died recently, was a charming, courtly gentleman. He, the Roumanian Minister and the Danish Minister, M. de Oldenburg, were

my favourites amongst the ministers. As I did not dance they sat out with me and talked Foreign politics—a subject which interests me passionately.

The Danish Minister one day apologized profusely for the state of the road along which he escorted me until we could find a carriage. But I knew that same road in 1922, when there were no lights, and I, as no carriage could drive along, walked to supper with a Turk on either side and one in front holding “a lantern before my feet,” and all the while calling out, “Take care—a large hole—a large stone,” etc. etc., and so we proceeded to supper.

Specially introduced to the Soviet Ambassador by the President himself, I much regretted being unable to accept Mr. Sourritch's two invitations. There are so many things I want to know, chiefest amongst them how men like Mr. Tchitcherin and Mr. Sourritch can form part of a Bolshevik Government. The Soviet Ambassador was a cultured, courtly gentleman. Bolshevism, as we understand it, demands services which no gentleman could accept. Is there some wonderful truth behind that which to us now seems the end of all sanity and reason, the height and depth of impossibility in statecraft. . . . Who will give us the answer ?

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT RENAISSANCE

(a) *The Passing of the Veil*

ONE of the things which struck me most on my return to Turkey was the new national dignity.

Both men and women now have a dignity—a *raison d'être* they never had before. You see it both inside and outside Turkey; in the homes and in the remotest village. The railway porter, the dining-car attendant, the custom-house officers, the cabmen have all now a position. As the Messageries Maritime steamer arrived in Smyrna, I watched the Turkish officials walk up the gangway. What a difference! Instead of the self-conscious, somewhat crouching Turk wondering as he ascends what kind of reception is waiting for him, the new Turk, head up, walks up the gangway and shakes hands with his colleagues as the member of a brother nation. All the time I noticed little things which proved how real the new dignity was. It is true, to a foreigner, some of the Anatolian functionaries are a little overbearing. They are, however, only exaggerating the precautions they consider necessary to defend the man and the Government that has given them their new dignity.

Once the country was free from the foreign yoke, the Sultan and Kaliph abolished, the Republic established, the Ghazi set himself the task of establishing his new democracy, of free men and women. Change succeeded change with lightning rapidity. The Ghazi was like a surgeon amputating the limbs of the gangrenous State with

resolution, knowing exactly what he was doing and confident of success.

Following the departure of the Kaliph came the abolition of the antiquated laws of the Chariat. Criticism and indignation followed this reform in the foreign Press, but the Pasha does not even trouble to listen. "Could you," asked Aga Aglou Ahmed Bey, "be governed by the laws of the New Testament?" I quoted for myself "Take no thought for the morrow," and understood, delightful as it would be to have neither banks nor dressmakers' bills, the impossibility of New Testament legislation.

After the changed laws for men followed the greatest reform of all—freedom for women. The Ghazi argued: "How was it possible to establish a democracy with the women in bondage and the whole social outlook paralysed by the etiquette of the harem. Instead of being free to help in the work of reconstruction, women were kept in idleness; the whole system was ridiculous, it just had to cease." The Pasha had made up his mind that Turks should take their place in the Councils of Europe on equal terms with representatives of other European nations, and this could never be done until women were the partners of men.

Besides, no right-thinking Turk cared for the harem. He was as ashamed of the words harem and polygamy as he was of his fez. The coarse smoking-room jokes about his home life and polygamy, as well as the conspicuous place his fez gave him in European assemblies, he deeply resented. He knew he was being classed as "a native," he asserted almost too emphatically his belief in Western home life and avoided using the word "harem," whilst the women, to escape pity, pretended they had never been in bondage.

It is true polygamy was the exception rather than the rule, but both the law of the land and religion allowed it. It was difficult for a wife to feel secure in her home, and if

she did, her place in society was not defined. She had only as much liberty as her husband was pleased to give her.

By altering the laws, putting women under the Swiss Code, abolishing polygamy, and by his own marriage, the Ghazi showed the position he intended women henceforward would hold in the State and in society, and no one has ever questioned it. Although his own married life was very quickly ended, his wife, a lady of his own choice, able and well educated, was to be half partner in his life and work.¹ By the way he treated his wife, the Pasha showed his people how he expected other men to treat their wives. For the first time in the history of Islam, a Turk took his wife everywhere with him. She rode with the Ghazi, walked with him, drove with him to all official ceremonies, went with him to the manœuvres and to the opening of Parliament. She was unveiled and rode astride. After that there was no more discussion as to what woman's position should be, the Ghazi had stated it only too clearly.

It has been argued that the war gave women their freedom. It is true that in the war of independence they had shown they were ready for freedom. On the Angora war monu-

¹ By a curious coincidence, I am reminded that it was through one woman's influence that Turkish women acquired their craze for everything French. After our visit to the Empress Eugénie at Cap Martin, Zeyneb, heroine of Pierre Loti's *Désenchantées*, was quite overcome. "Imagine," she said, "seeing in the flesh the heroine of your grandmother's stories; the Empress whose beauty fascinated the East; the Empress whose clothes the women copied; whose language they learnt; and the woman who had, though perhaps she may not know it, the greatest influence on the lives of the Turkish women." Few are aware in Europe of the revolution that this visit of the Empress Eugénie made on the lives of Turkish women.

The Empress was exquisitely beautiful, but she was a woman, and the first impression which engraved itself on the understanding of the poor Turkish captives was, that their master, Abdul Aziz, was paying homage to a woman and bowed before her in all his majesty. After the visit of the Empress, the palace ladies and wives of the high functionaries copied as nearly as they could the appearance of these lovely women. They divided their hair in the middle, spent hours making bunches of curls. High-heeled shoes replaced the coloured babouches (Turkish slippers), and even the chalvar and enturi (pantaloon and tunic) were exchanged for a dress.

ment Turkish women's war work has been immortalized by a plaque showing women carrying shells. It is a gracious attention highly appreciated by the nation. Carrying shells is never an easy task, but in those terrible surroundings of Angora, underclothed, underfed, bent under their terrible weight, it was a never-to-be-forgotten piece of heroism on the part of the women.

In 1922 several women followed their husbands to Angora, but one hardly ever saw them in public. I used to go daily to the Grand National Assembly—the only woman. I used to lunch with Ministers, députés and writers—the only woman. In schools and hospitals there were women. I still ate alone with men. Why? Even my friend who had her own Red Cross hospital had not her position secure as it is to-day.

Let us sum up, in one blow the Pasha has given woman not only complete freedom, but has assured her position socially. She can accompany her husband anywhere in Turkey as in Europe. All professions are open to her and in time she will vote and take her seat in Parliament, though I personally have met no Turkish woman who wished it; indeed, a wise decision. Not that women are not as able to vote as men and every bit as capable. But intelligent women like my friend see so much they can do outside Parliament better than men—the better housing problem, drainage, architecture, etc., that they would prefer to have the municipal vote. If women were to vote first of all now it would double the strength of the "People's Party," for naturally all the women would vote solidly for the Ghazi.

Strange it was for one like myself who saw women's freedom in England bought at the price of a titanic struggle between themselves and a Liberal Government, to see the women of Turkey given their freedom without having to ask for it, and that freedom sponsored by the ruler himself. Indeed, it is the Ghazi, the head of the women's

movement, who has defined what are "women's rights." He has made "freedom for women" one of the chief planks in his platform, and woe to the hodja or old Turk who would dare to place obstacles or even criticism along the women's path to progress. They would not try it twice, for the Ghazi takes quick decisions.

During my stay an interesting trial took place—the trial of the editor of the *Acsham*. He had published in his paper a cartoon representing woman's freedom as a balloon which, as it mounted in the air, threw its ballast "Women's virtues" overboard. Although the editor explained that the cartoon was not original; that it did not "hit" Turkish women but *all* women; there was no remedy, the editor was sent to prison. And so whatever his private opinions may be with reference to Turkish women and their freedom, he will never again express them in the Press, whose duty it is not to criticize the Government, but to work for progress and reconstruction according to the programme laid down by the leaders of the new movement. To Western ears, this muzzling of the Press does not fall in line with liberty, independence, and democracy. We must not forget, however, the age of the Republic and the new movement; a movement still in swaddling clothes cannot be left to the freedom of its own sweet will, any more than a real alive infant.

And so the women, instead of being thwarted and contradicted and put into stricter confinement at each serious attempt towards freedom, as I have seen them for twenty years, have now the blessed feeling that if only they can take some step towards progress, it will be a homage to the ruler to whom they owe so much. They feel that whatever they do to better the conditions of the people, if they found a new children's welfare centre, or a hospital, or some educational work, their Ghazi will give his patronage and if he can find time will pay them a visit. He

accepts their books, their pictures and the school children's offerings, and his congratulations mean so much to them and to their families; for families are very united in Turkey in spite of the past insecure position of the wife. I remember with what pride the very able writer Aga Aglou Ahmed Bey invited me to meet his two daughters. They are both such talented girls that an American writer published an article stating "they were Armenians, and the Bey was passing them off as his daughters and Turks," so low an estimate had American public opinion of Turkish intellect! One of the Bey's daughters is a jurist, the other, who graciously served as guide to me, taking me to the various child welfare centres, is philosophy professor at a boys' college, the post having been given to her as the most efficient person to fill it and regardless of sex, and according to the Pasha's wishes. "Away with these absurd sex barriers which have kept the country back. Work is work and must be judged as such whether it is done by a man or a woman," he preaches inside and outside season, and when he speaks he takes care to use the words "teacher, professor, author, doctor"; in my case, he called me a "gentleman," as the feminine did not express what he wanted to say. How well this man knows the *nuances* in French as well as in Turkish!

Although philosophy professor and a very interesting companion for me in my wanderings, the Hanoum is a very modest little person. It was her proud father and not she who told me of the volume on "Logic" she has published and that the Ghazi not only read it but invited her to come and discuss some of her statements with him, as he did not agree with all she said.

"You are indeed putting the doctrines of J. S. Mill into practice," I said. "We are putting into practice the doctrines of logic and truth," said the Ghazi, "nothing else matters."

The more I compare the new Turkey with its feminist triumphs with the old Turkey where women simply did not count, the stranger it appears to me. This is how a Turkish woman herself describes this unhappy period :—

“ We are idle and useless and therefore very unhappy. Women are solely needed everywhere ; there is work that we all can do, but the customs of the country will not allow us to do it.

“ Had we possessed the blind fatalism of our grandmothers, we should probably have suffered less, but with culture, as so often happens, we began to doubt the wisdom of the faith which should have been our consolation. We analysed our life and discovered nothing but injustice and cruel unnecessary sorrow. Resignation and culture cannot go together. Resignation has been the ruin of Turkey. How can I impress upon you the anguish of our everyday life—our continual haunting dread ; no one can imagine the sorrow of a Turkish woman’s life but those who, like ourselves, have led this life. Sorrow indeed belongs to Turkish women, they have bought the ‘ exclusive rights ’ with their very souls. Could the history of any country be more awful than the reign in which we were living ? Was not the history of the reign of Hamid more awful than any fiction ? You will say I am morbid ; perhaps I am, but how can it be otherwise when the best years of my life have been poisoned by the horrors of the Hamidian regime ?

“ You ask how we spend the day ! Dreaming, principally. What else can we do ? The view of the Bosphorus with the ships coming and going is the greatest consolation to us captives. The ships are to us fairy godmothers who will take us away one day, somewhere we know not—but we gaze at the beautiful Bosphorus through the lattice windows and thank Allah for at least this pleasure in life. . . .

“ Unlike most Turkish women, I write . . . This correspondence is the dream side of my existence and in moments of extra discouragement and revolt, for we are always unhappy, I take refuge in this correspondence addressed to no one in particular. And yet in writing, I risk my life. What do I care? Listen to this—‘ How I hate Western education and culture for the suffering it has brought me! Why should I have been born a Turk rather than one of those free Europeans about whom I read? Why should fate have chosen certain persons rather than others for this eternal suffering? ”

“ Judge what would have happened to me had my innocent ravings fallen into the hand of the vigilant spies of Abdul Hamid, and I have to hide ‘ my dream existence ’ with as much care as if it were a plot to kill the Imperial Majesty himself . . . ”

“ Sometimes we sing, accompanying our Eastern songs on the Turkish lute. But our songs are all in the minor key, our landscapes are all blotted in sadness, and sometimes the futility and unending sorrow of our lives rise up and choke us and the tears flow, but often our life is too soul-crushing even for tears and nothing but death can change it. . . . ”

“ Like a true daughter of my race, I start the day with good resolutions; ‘ I will do something to show that I have at least counted the hours as they drag themselves past! ’ Night comes, my Dadi (old nurse) comes to undress me and braid up my hair. . . . I tumble on to my wide divan and am soon fast asleep, worn out with the exertion I have not even made. ”

“ Will no one come great enough to change this futile regime? ”

Although the Turkish women’s position to an observer who has watched them so carefully for years appears



"MELEK HANOUM," HEROINE OF PIERRE LOTI'S
"DISENCHANTED"



SUATE DERVISHE HANOUM, THE TURKISH WRITER,
WELL KNOWN IN GERMANY

extraordinary, they take it as a matter of course ; it is as though they had never known anything but the joys of freedom. And the more I study it, the more marvellous it seems. Is there in all history the record of a ruler who not only freed the women from the tyranny of centuries, but stood by to see that his orders were carried out ? And if during the process of awakening some of the women have been inclined to be timid, if they have felt uncomfortable unveiled in public, it is as if the Ghazi were saying : " Don't be afraid ; I am there to protect you. I have ordered you to have full liberty and a new dignity and I shall see you get it."

It is astonishing that writers summing up the merits of the new Turkey have paid so much attention to the abolition of the Kaliphate and so little to woman's freedom, which is the greatest reform of all. Free women in the home, in the schools and in the hospitals and care of women and children not only improve the character of the men, but completely change the whole national outlook. What can be the result of this useless separation of the sexes ? What is the harvest reaped from a harem existence ? Inertia—helplessness—lack of initiative—lack of staying-power—no enthusiasm—no life vigour. How can it be otherwise ? Take a population of illiterate Anatolians, give them primary education *without* women teachers and then ask yourself why the people's education proceeds at snail pace !

What can be the outlook on life of the woman who shrouds herself from top to toe and through the scant space of one eye peers at the world ? One wonders how in the face of the high position the free women of Turkey have gained Indian rulers still speak of " Purdah " as the will of God, whilst the eminent physician Dr. N. N. Parakh says : " Purdah has brought women to the level of animals."

I feel confident that a day will come when the Ghazi's speech, his credo with regard to women, delivered in the

most fanatical city of Turkey, accompanied only by a secretary and an aide-de-camp, when he announced what he intended to do and did it, will be the credo for the freedom of all Moslem women.

“Our women companions are intelligent thinkers like ourselves. By making them understand the seriousness of the present situation, by making them one with the national ideals, by enlightening and educating them, we shall not be guilty of a selfish act. Why should they not show their faces to the world? Why should they not see the world with their eyes? There is nothing to fear. I implore you most sincerely not to be afraid. This step is necessary, it will lead to great things. *To reach our goal we will not hesitate to sacrifice our lives.* And I beg you to remember if we want to hold fast to the new civilization, we must be ready to offer our lives as a sacrifice. It is futile to attempt to swim against the powerful tide of civilization. Civilization is without mercy to those who will not obey its dictates.”

The Ghazi's meaning is quite clear. Henceforward women are to be *companions*, they are to be educated as well as men. And it means so much that he will enforce it even though it necessitates the spilling of blood.

By directing the forces of the Turkish nation into the right channel the Ghazi has given the proper place to the greatest force of all, woman. In her old position, woman was becoming like a limb that is useless because not used, or a plant dying for want of water. The little power she had was anonymous, therefore dangerous. When things went wrong one said “*cherchez la femme,*” but she was not to be found hidden behind the veil. Now her new position is above board. In giving a new dignity to the women of Turkey, the Ghazi is without doubt raising the position of all women in the East.

(b) The Forbidden Fez—The Coming of the Hat

In the acquisition of the Turk's new dignity, the hat has certainly played an important part. "You cannot make a Turk into a Westerner by giving him a hat," say the critics, and this is true. A hat, however, is a big step in the right direction. The modern Turkish man wearing his European dress and at the same time his fez, the fez of old Byzantium, was in his clothing what he was in his Government, religion, education, mind and home life—a mixture drawn from many sources. Disciples of Rousseau, Marx and the French Revolution; students of history, geography and science; Moslems by name and dress, yet Positivists in reality; Republicans and Democrats, yet forced to pay homage to a decadent member of the crumbling House of Osman—what was there national about the Turk? His fez set him apart and branded him as a follower of a religion, whose fanatical laws had kept the people in subjection, and centuries behind the other nations, whereas he could see only too clearly that Islam, an ideal religion for the people of the desert, falls down before the requirements of twentieth-century Western democracies. The same with the mind. The big nations had each tried to put its educational hall-mark on the minds of the children. Turks thought in the language of the West and lived like Orientals. The Ghazi determined to put them once and for all on a definite national footing. They were to be Turks and at the same time Western in dress, education and mind. "The time has gone by," he said, "when a hat should be the symbol of a religion. Religion is such a personal matter that it is no one's business but your own. Instead of breaking down barriers between nations, religion creates a useless fanaticism which does not obey the dictates of democracy; why should we, then, by wearing a fez ticket ourselves as

encouraging religious fanaticism, when our one idea is to end it for ever."

This sounds very logical and simple on paper, but it was a drastic reform which terrified some of the Pasha's intimate friends. "It was a reform," said Haider Bey, "which I personally longed for, but it seemed to me it would take years to prepare the people's mind before it could be done. The Ghazi was right, I was wrong."

But, of course, before a radical change like this, there could be no pity on the part of the man at the helm, no stopping to consider the feelings of the poor peasants in the heart of Asia Minor. The man who is going to force a change so drastic must know what he intends to do, and do it at all costs.

"Supposing," I asked a Turk, "you had given permission to any Turk who saw fit to wear a hat. How many would have worn a hat?" "About seventy-five per cent," he answered. "But the reform could never have been worked in that way; there can be no half measures in Turkey."

And indeed, it was a reform that could not be questioned or discussed. Imagine what the devout Moslem must have felt, when he first heard he must wear the head-dress of the hated giaour. He had hated the giaour, because he was taught by the hodjas to do so. He had massacred giaours and had in some places refused them burial. And now he was asked to wear the head-dress of the giaour; there was to be no outward distinction between a Moslem and a giaour.

It is true, this is not the first time a head-dress has been forced on a nation. When the conquering Turks were forced to wear a fez, protests took place, during which ten men were killed and forty injured. When Peter the Great went to enforce the hat, he was accompanied by two squads of cavalry. Mustapha Kemal Pasha, however, relied on

his own powers of persuasion and his personality. Accompanied by an aide-de-camp and one secretary, wearing a panama hat, his moustache clean shaven, he chose the most fanatical city in Turkey, and to the assembled people announced that next day all Turks must wear hats and the reason why.

“A civilized and international dress is what is necessary for our great nation,” said the Ghazi. “We shall have it. We shall wear shoes and boots, trousers, waistcoat, shirt, collar and tie, a jacket, and to complete it all, a head-dress with a brim. The head-dress is called a hat. To those who hesitate, I say they are both ignorant and foolish. If it is right to wear a fez, which is Greek, why should it be wrong to wear a hat?”

“Those people who hamper themselves with childish ideas, whose mentality belongs to the Middle Ages and who try to fight against civilization—these people must meet their fate—servitude and failure. But the people of the Turkish Republic have broken their chains; their heroism is unprecedented in history, they are determined to live the life of a civilized nation.”

The people listened. Like lambs they exchanged their kalpaks for the head-dress of the giaour.

The Turk who translated the Ghazi's speech for me was worried lest the words of the speech should be misunderstood. He considered the whole subject had been unfairly treated by the foreign Press. He would have preferred my making no comment about the hat.

It is true, the fact that ten men lost their lives through refusing to wear a hat sends a shudder through one's whole being and is incomprehensible to the Western mind. “You must remember,” explained the Turk, “the hat is the symbol of the new civilization; a sign of allegiance to the Republic. By refusing to wear it in dead opposition to the Government's order, and wearing instead a fez which is

now the symbol of reaction and allegiance to the Sultan, one is guilty of high treason, and must be punished accordingly. No half measures are possible. In the establishment of a new Government an order is an order, and must be rigorously enforced."

For the educated, travelled Turk to wear the hat he has always worn in Europe is quite natural. The hat in Pera also is far more in keeping with the surroundings than it is in Stamboul, where all sorts and conditions of head-gear meet the eye. Nevertheless, hat though it be only in name, it is the symbol of a new civilization and with its assistance the people have auto-suggested themselves into a new dignity. This is only too apparent.

With the coming of the hat and the admission of Turkish women into society, the Turk is a hundred times better groomed than in the days of the fez. His face is clean-shaven. His clothes are cleaner and better cut, he always remembers the "crease," and when he can, he buys English clothes. Ruschen Echref Bey, tall and handsome, looks well in his English clothes put on with care. He, however, cannot help drawing your attention to their nationality. He is like those who wear pearls for the first time, and have to tell you they are real.

It may wear off in time, but at present the hat is the uniform of a new civilization. There are certain things you cannot do in uniform. What a change it has brought in manners and customs !

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We have seen the new dignity that the hat has brought to the upper classes. Now let us hear what the peasant has to say.

It was at Konia. Always trying to find some new way to interest me in her country, my friend and hostess decided we should visit a charming old peasant, a personage

in the city known to all as "the adoptive father of the Ghazi." He has nothing whatsoever to do with the President, officially or otherwise; his title of relationship to the Pasha he chose himself. His name is Hadji Hussein Aga. He is over eighty years old, lives in the village of Cedirler, about twenty minutes from Konia, is in possession of all his faculties, and has been on a pilgrimage to Mecca. He knew nothing of life till the advent of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, except his home, the mosque, the fields where he worked and the sorrow that was the lot of the Turks in the days of Hamid; wars, taxes higher and higher, food dearer and more scarce was the life he knew—then came the day of deliverance. To show his gratitude to the Ghazi for what he had done for Turkey, the old man undertook a second pilgrimage, this time to Angora. Armed with as much honey as he could procure, someone wrote for him: "To my well-beloved son, the Ghazi, who has brought so much sweetness to our lives, I, the oldest inhabitant in the village, come to present my humble homage."

Leaving his honey at the President's house, he disappeared and sat himself down in a café to study the strange new civilization going on around him. "All of a sudden" (could one only reproduce the old man's graphic recital of his pilgrimage) came a police officer to look for him. By order of the Ghazi, he was driven in a motor-car and taken to the President's study. "Then," he said with great reverence, "I made the acquaintance of my son." Charming compliments the Ghazi paid him. He loves the peasants, knows just what to say to them, and was deeply touched by the old man's kindly attention. An officer was sent to show him round Angora. He went to the Grand National Assembly, sat himself amongst the ladies, who were delighted to meet this simple, big-souled man. Mustapha Kemal Pasha had presents prepared for him and asked

him to call and fetch them, but the old man never went. "That I should take my son presents after all he has done for us," he said, "I understand. But who am I to receive presents from the great Ghazi?"

He returned to Konia—a hero. Everybody knows him, everyone respects the old man, everybody listens to the recital of his pilgrimage to Angora,—Mecca being quite in the shade,—though they already know it by heart. The Governor has called the new village school after him.

The Governor and his wife and little son came with my friend and me to visit the old man. Although it was Ramazan and he had not eaten all day, he offered to prepare a meal for us. Crossing a clean square courtyard, we sat on cushions on the floor of his one room. The cushions were comfortable and the room spotlessly clean—if the religion of Mahomet has kept the people back centuries, it has also kept them a clean and sober nation. His wife sat on the floor beside us. Like so many of the peasants she wore her hair in hanging plaits covered by a veil. Hadji is proud to have us as guests. But he is so overcome that he forgets to remove his hat. The Governor reminds him he must do so. Before hanging up his hat, he kisses it and raises it reverently to his forehead as though it were the Koran. "Why do you do that?" I asked. "It is the order of my son, our Ghazi," he said, "the symbol of our new civilization and all he is doing for us." "What does your hat mean?" I asked. "It means: I can go out for a walk with my wife, for she is now my companion; that I must be very kind to her, never forgetting to kiss her hand when I leave home, as I have seen Nadji Pasha kiss his wife's hand."

Mustapha Kemal Pasha when he visited Konia went to see this kindly old man, sitting where I sat, and, I am told, on the same cushions.

The old man's attitude towards the hat and his devotion

to the Ghazi is typical of the devotion of the other peasants. *Vox populi, vox Ghazi*. He is so near to them, they have seen him and spoken to him, he cares for their needs.

"Have you seen the statue of my son in Konia?" Hadji asked. "Did you notice the bundles of wheat in his right hand? It means my son is a farmer like us. He has his farm and he knows what we want. The Bank of Agriculture advances us the money for our seeds and produce without interest, a blessing that only a farmer can understand.

"And did you see the sword in his left hand? That means that the Ghazi is saying 'If there is any attempt to interfere with the freedom of my people I will take my sword in my right hand again.'" And so he talked on and on, of the new ruler and all the happiness he had brought. Certainly the idea of advancing money without interest for farm produce has made an incalculable difference to agriculture. Also if their season is bad, the farmers are not pressed to return the money; they are put on their honour to work and get as fine a result as possible, and the system works very well.

"All this new regime of my son," said the old man, "is in such a striking contrast to what happened in the reigns of the Sultans, that I often ask my wife if I am dreaming, and if I will not wake up one day and find that Hamid still reigns."

I had seen the old peasant's attitude towards the hat, what did he think of the new civilization? My friend had organized the first public ball ever given in Konia, it was for the benefit of the Red Crescent. The Governor sent his car to fetch the old man. It was twelve o'clock and he had long been asleep. He could not understand whether or no he was supposed to bring his wife with him, so, erring

on the safe side, he left her at home. Had she come, however, she would have behaved with the same quiet and ease of manner as he. For an old man whose horizon had been bounded by a mosque and his own modest home, a modern Turkish ballroom was a dazzling spectacle. The brilliant lights, the hall decorated with flags and almond blossom, the unveiled women with bare necks and arms dancing with men, what could it all mean? He walked right across the ballroom in his farmer's clothes, carrying a stout stick and with his hat on. Here were people doing everything that he had learnt since his childhood meant a journey straight to hell. He just stared and stared until amongst the flags he saw the Ghazi's portrait. "There is my son," he said, "it must be all right."

He sat down to watch the dancing. What did he think? "They all seem to be behaving like good brothers and sisters," he said, "and so may God blind the eyes of those who see evil in it." They took him to the buffet. He carefully picked the ham out of his sandwich and gave it back to the waiter—for pork he would not eat—but he ate the bread and butter.

"Does my son dance?" he asked. "Yes."

"Does he dance well?" "Yes."

"Well, he ought to know what's right or wrong and I suppose in Paradise I will understand."

With these words, having thanked his hosts for their kind hospitality, the Governor had him driven home.

When we arrived home, Makboulé, late though it was, came to hear my impressions. "That fine old man was a very interesting study," I said. "His look of utter bewilderment when he came into the ballroom, and his perfect composure when he saw his Ghazi—'his son'—as he calls him, proves beyond doubt the futility of trying to oppose a personal rule at this early stage in the history of a new civilization. It is all very well for the critics of Turkey

to call the new democracy 'a democracy in chains': how can you lead men like old Hadji into the paths of democracy except by the influence of a strong personality?"

When I visited the newly opened museum, once the meeting-place of the dancing dervishes of Konia, a dis-banded dervish served our coffee. Out of his long felt cylinder hat, he had made three hats. He was fasting. His face was drawn and pale. What a long trying fast Ramazan is when it comes in summer—sixteen hours. He stood in the same position as in the old days waiting for the empty coffee cups, but he forgot his hat was on his head, the brim at the back, ready for prayer; and there was such a far-away expression in his eyes.

The authorities apologized—but why should they? Three years ago no person outside the sacred Mevlané sect ever crossed the threshold or visited the tomb of this saint. To-day he, wearing a hat, serves a foreign woman with coffee. They show her all the holy relics, even the sacred carpet and the silver staircase. And he follows the procession carrying a chair lest the foreign woman should be tired and want to rest. He is old, he cannot understand more than what he is doing is an order of the great Ghazi. "What does it matter?" says my escort. "His son will understand and his grandchildren are at our schools,—we have to concentrate all our energies on the next generation."

The problem of the hat was indeed an interesting one. I watched the hats in old Stamboul, I watched them in Angora, Konia, Adana and Mersina—all sorts and conditions of head-gear. Provided only it was *not a fez*, any head-gear could be worn. Where had they found the things with which to cover their heads? Sheep skins, a mixture of bowler and billycock, Bill Sykes' cast-off, and caps of all sorts and sizes and colours—it looked as though someone

had distributed them as we give away cakes and buns at a charity tea, and as luck would have it, the big ones fell to the lot of those with small heads and vice versa. Some of the peasants with their caps as foundation twisted their picturesque scarves round it, whilst others, having wound their scarves round and round, crowned the edifice with a mottled cap in glaring contradiction to the scarf. It was not a happy solution to the problem, but the problem is not old and one has to remind critics "that Rome was not built in one day." One hopes that the peasant will adopt a hat which is both practical and in harmony with his surroundings. Old Hadji Hussein's hat was certainly the nicest I saw. A high-crowned, dust-coloured felt with a wide brim with a stud to fasten it up in front for prayer, it was a guarantee against sun and cold, and it was picturesque and practical into the bargain.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the Turkish peasant is full of resources. This chrysalis stage through which he is now passing will not last long—a fine moth will soon release itself.

"Well the Ghazi has done it," said one of his friends, "it's a wonderful reform and one for which we are all grateful. No one else could have done it."

The hat is established. Very few Turks if they had the chance would ever go back to the old head-dress. The Ghazi replaced the fez by the hat, it is true, but even he could not replace the hat by the fez.

(c) The New Charter of the Village

That afternoon the Governor motored me from Konia to the village of Ali-Bey-Heuysuk, one of the most reactionary of all the Turkish villages.

It interested me to see from another angle how much and how little the simple villager had understood of the new civilization. Was Hadji the exception, and were the others, as I was told, just sheep driven by the great Turkish shepherd?

Perihan, and the Vali's little daughter came with us. The Vali was proud to drive along the new and well-kept roads, almost the touring club roads of my country, then all of a sudden the road would come to an end. The chauffeur would jump a bank, drive along an unploughed field, spring up a hillock, zigzag along a muddy road, jump a second bank, cross the stream and another portion of ploughed field till we came to another part of the newly constructed road. At times we almost overbalanced taking our bank sideways; one felt like a puppet being driven in a circus performance. Surely our chauffeur could have had a large music-hall salary for his performance!

The most important personages of the village came to its outskirts to bid us welcome. I love the primitive life of the villagers. They may be in rags, but their manners belong to the aristocrat.

The chief buildings in the village are the mosque and the school built by the villagers themselves. In the market place, all sorts and conditions of caps were respectfully raised, for the whole village had come out to greet us. The men cheered.

After visiting the school and the mosque, we went to the Council Chamber, where we sat on cushions on the floor, whilst the Governor explained the working of

the village laws and introduced the personalities of the village.

The ledgers were brought. Very neatly the village accounts were kept, the history of the village written, and they had their own village courts with power to judge thefts up to £50. As the chief crime of the village is sheep stealing, the thief is caught and punished at once, whereas in the old days these petty thefts tacked on to a long list of town crimes only resulted in the thief having disappeared before any attempt had been made to catch him.

When I asked who kept the village in order, the villagers proudly answered: "The village is ours. We built the mosque, the school and the roads, and the village laws oblige us to keep our village clean and healthy. We are now citizens of the Republic and masters of our village, of which we are proud."

"Are you happy?" I asked the head of the village, "Life is so different for us now," he said. "We have quite a new dignity and now we count for something in the eyes of those who govern us. In the old days the Vali, armed to the teeth and with an escort, came to extort money from us. The taxes were merciless. We had a Padishah far away, and we were called out to fight and die for him whenever it pleased him, and count it a privilege. But none of us ever saw him. Now all is so different. Our ruler has been to see us, and we have shaken his hand. Our Vali is our friend. We drink a cup of coffee with him, we tell him all our fortunes and misfortunes. He has stopped brigandage and sheep stealing and we all look forward to his visits, for he is always ready to help us."

"Are these people poor?" I asked the Governor. "They have bread to eat and houses to live in, the bad days are over, prosperity is ahead. They realize the necessity for hard work," he answered.

"Did he have difficulty in collecting the taxes?"

"None whatever. The old tithes have been abolished, and quick payment of taxes is rewarded with a reduction on the total."

I spoke of this new village dignity. The Turkish villager in the past had his exquisite manners, it is true, but this new dignity comes from a feeling of being able to help oneself and counting for something in the community.

We went to see the women. The Governor did not accompany me. Perihan acted as interpreter. We sat on the floor on cushions. The absence of furniture simplifies life, and the whole contents of the home are so easily put on the donkey's back, when they travel from village to village.

The women's hair was veiled, they had been working in the fields. They were quite aware that the Ghazi had made them free. "We wear a veil because it is easier for work," said one of the workers, "but once let us get to Constantinople, and you will see the hats we will wear. We understand now we are men's equals, and it is not a sin to show our faces." . . . A step—a man's step is heard on the carpetless stairs. One of the notables of the village has come to warn me it is time to go on. Instinctively all of them pulled their veils right over their faces! . . . Poor people, they thought they were bolder than they really were—perhaps they were in need of a bolder leader.

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We drove past the construction for the new water supply to the village of Chumra. The deputy-mayor and his wife prepared a very welcome meal for us. Where had the little village collected all the good things they offered us to eat? Turkish hospitality is proverbial, but of all the cheerful givers one meets in Turkey, the villager takes first place. To him hospitality is even more than godliness, his duty to the stranger and above all a friend of his country, his

most sacred duty of all. In their path towards progress let us hope this finest of all the Turkish characteristics will never be left by the wayside. All the people insisted on offering us food. All came to see us and welcome us. I shall always remember as the outstanding quality of the villager ; his big, loving heart. You are perfectly safe in his care ; you would have to kill him first, if you wished to harm his friend.

“ Who is responsible for these admirable village laws ? ”
I asked the Governor.

“ Ferid Bey,” he answered, “ one of our ablest Ministers.”

“ That you should allow so able a Minister to go to London as Ambassador proves you value British friendship,” I suggested.

“ Why, of course,” he answered.

(d) The New Dignity of the Turkish Embassies Abroad

In a slow journey over Paris, Switzerland, Germany, Austria and the Balkans, calling on the Turkish representatives in each town, you feel at once that the new dignity that has come to the nation with woman's new status is very keenly felt in the diplomatic world abroad. In the old days when Turkish wives of Turkish diplomats could not follow their husbands to their posts, one kept a discreet silence about the Turks' private life. When he took unto himself a European bride, poor man, what did he not sometimes choose! "Totty Tickletoes" with social ambitions and a craving for respectability! There have been cases even at the Court of St. James, where the diplomatist has had to count as a bachelor, it being impossible to receive his European wife at Court. There used to be a very amiable military attaché in Paris who took Pierre Loti's two heroines, Zeyneb and Melek, and me with him to the St. Cyr ball. His invitation was addressed "and ladies." No one seemed surprised to see a Turk arrive with "three wives" since he was allowed four.

But beside this, many of the European wives of Turks did not care for Turkey. A Turkish Ambassadress, a Russian—charming though she was, made no secret of her dislike of her husband's country, and she did nothing to help the poor exiles in Paris, who would have been so grateful for a friendly cup of coffee now and again.

To remedy this, Mustapha Kemal Pasha has passed a law that diplomatists must marry Turks or leave the service. Although it has hit friends of mine very hard, and they have had to seek for other work, though fitted for little outside diplomacy, it is nevertheless a narrow but a wise law, and one that could well be copied by other nations. Diplomatists, like Royalties, do not belong to themselves,

but to the nation, and for this reason, they must sacrifice themselves or leave the service. It is true, when you go to a foreign country, however gracious a welcome a foreign Ambassadors in your own Embassy may give you, she is often not so stiff as an Englishwoman—she is not your compatriot. And in moments of strained diplomatic relations, and still more in war, the whole situation is impossible and exceedingly dangerous. The Turk now knows where he is! If the lady of his heart is a foreigner, he must sacrifice his career. Strange that since the law was passed, we have not heard of one Turk sacrificing himself on the altar of love!

The Turkish Embassy in London always seemed tragic in its lack of nationality. After a Polish Ottoman Ambassador came a Greek who stayed for many years, and finally three Moslem Turks with German, Russian, and Italian wives respectively. Some of the secretaries were also European Ottomans. There was one handsome cultured youth, to whom the need of a country was a great sorrow, and he was almost jealous of our aggressive John Bullism. "An English mother, a French father, a Polish Ambassador, myself in the Ottoman service brought up in Germany with German as my mother-tongue," he asked, "what am I?" He went into the British army and made the supreme sacrifice and at last had a nationality. "I am like the Levantines," he used to say, "I have the disadvantages of all these nations, and the soul of none," and although he exaggerated his tragedy, tragedy it certainly was, and most sincerely one pitied him.

The London Embassy with its first Moslem Ambassador, Mme Ferid Bey, has indeed wakened up and asserted its nationality. Mme Ferid Bey is much younger than her husband and the youngest of all the Ambassadors' wives. She is a talented writer, a keen observer, and writes books with "a purpose." Her *Moths* was a plea for the

establishment of national education. What an interesting book she will be able to write on England, especially since she has taken the trouble to learn our language and study our literature and history. She is determined to make Turkey appreciated in England and studies public opinion very carefully.

With all the Turkish charm free from snobbishness, Mme Ferid has real kindness of heart. When acting as Ambassador in Paris someone took upon themselves, seeing how young she was, to warn her that she must not receive a certain actress—actresses not being admitted into French society. "I am sorry," said Mme Ferid, "that actresses are not admitted into French society, but this lady will always be welcome at the Turkish Embassy."

What a difference it makes to both countries to have a Turkish Embassy that counts. English people like to have an elegant, gracious Turkish hostess, and the many Turks who now come to London will have someone to take their interests seriously to heart. Perhaps more than in any other profession diplomacy can congratulate itself on the freedom of women.

CHAPTER V

THE PAST STRUGGLES FOR WOMEN'S FREEDOM

(a) *The Beginning of the Revolt*

I WAS only a schoolgirl tourist when I first fell in love with Constantinople, then the capital of Islam. To-day it is no longer even called Constantinople, no longer the capital, and has no particular connection with Islam. And yet, I still recall my intense emotion before the beauty of the place, with its Eastern charm, all its own. To us of the West, Constantinople reveals everything in scenery we do not possess—the gorgeous sun; the bright skies; the cypress trees; the mosques; the minarets which stretch to heaven like ardent prayers; the dim, uncertain lights; the crumbling, picturesque houses; the multi-coloured costumes of the people; the bright turbans; and last but not least, the magnificence of the rising and the setting sun, accompanied by the silver tones of the muezzin, singing to the glory of God. To have seen Constantinople is a privilege one can never forget, and possibly my love of Constantinople greatly influenced my first interest in the Turks.

It was then, as a schoolgirl, when Englishwomen had just embarked on their revolt, when votes and freedom, equality with men, and the right to exercise all the tiring professions of men, had begun to be talked of in more than whispers, that the women of Turkey became a fascinating study. They moved about the streets like black bundles, never alone, seldom speaking, and it needed an effort to

remember they were human beings with minds and souls and bodies; whilst the men walked only with men or sometimes with European women. I watched those veiled figures, followed them and never rested till I was finally permitted to accept their hospitality in order to learn something at least of their curious and mysterious existence.

To Europeans, particularly to men, the harem and its veiled women had not only the charm of mystery, with a supposed Arabian Nights setting, but the attraction of the forbidden. Certain enterprising Armenians made capital out of this idea, and exploited innocent tourists by taking them to what they called harems, much as foreigners are "taken round Paris." The word "harem," originally meaning "sacred or forbidden" and applied to the women's apartments in Turkish houses, had become the subject of the cheap jests of Europe, and as such was resented by serious-minded Turks, who loved their homes.

In those days Constantinople was a delightful place in which to live, provided only you were *not a Turk*. Turkey was the country for everyone except the Turk. The foreigner paid no taxes, enjoyed his shooting with only a nominal license to pay, had all the trade of the country in his hands, bullied the Turks, and was himself protected from all harm by the Capitulations. Each Ambassador was a prince with his own Court, and for diplomatists Constantinople was one of the most coveted posts. Europeans kept themselves to themselves in Pera, whilst the Turks remained in Stamboul; Ministers treated with Ambassadors but only a few European women ever met Turkish ladies.

Under Abdul Hamid life grew worse the longer he reigned, and the little freedom women had gained under his predecessors was more and more curtailed. Even the thin gossamer veil of the time of Abdul-Aziz was changed into the thick black canvas veil which completely hid the

features. It was hot and uncomfortable, causing severe pain in the eyes when suddenly thrown back, and the face exposed to the sun. It produced a habit of squinting because the wearer generally chose one particular hole to look through. (I speak from experience, for when staying with my friend I also wore a veil.)

During the reign of Abdul Hamid men suffered as well as women. Looking back on those times, from the present days under the happy rule of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, we ask ourselves how they could have borne it so long! The system of Abdul Hamid and his appalling misrule, which so intensely influenced the youth and the work of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, was the reverse of everything that Turkey stands for to-day. Abdul Hamid forbade Turks to travel. Mustapha Kemal Pasha has created as many scholarships as possible for this purpose. Diplomats went to their European posts leaving their wives at home, whereas to-day women go everywhere with their husbands, and whilst Mustapha Kemal Pasha encourages *all* progress Abdul Hamid set his teeth against any; even those boys and few girls who had taken advantage of the foreign schools were forced to discontinue their studies, whilst those who showed promise of remarkable talent were exiled. Indeed "to be exiled" became a kind of certificate for liberalism and progress. Is there a Turk of any standing in Hamid's reign who has not known the sorrow of exile?

When I first made the acquaintance of Turkish women, they were unhappy, as idle women always are. The children of the upper classes had been educated by foreign governesses, they spoke and read French well, and they devoured every book they could lay their hands on—good, bad, and indifferent. Much of the reading was

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incomprehensible to their Oriental minds and increased their suffering by giving them a false idea of European civilization. Besides, they knew enough of European civilization not to accept their destiny, as their mothers had done, because it was their written "fate." Comparing themselves with Europeans, they saw the degradation of the harem system and of polygamy. It is true polygamy was little practised and not viewed with favour. But the laws allowed a man the supreme privilege of divorcing his wife when he pleased, by a simple phrase of repudiation, and marrying four times if that were his fancy. Women were slaves, whose only hope was to find a good master. Indeed, if we sum up the condition of Turkish women of that period they were suffering from revolt they dared not express, longing for something they could not describe, and between them and their mothers was a gulf that could not be bridged.

(b) *A First attempt at Freedom : The True Story of Les Désenchantées*

It was the wrong way to strike for freedom, yet something was accomplished nevertheless. They intended "the whole civilized world to know their suffering" (sic) and the whole civilized world did. So we can sum up the fate of Zeyneb and Melek—the heroines of Pierre Loti's *Désenchantées*.

It was in 1905 we met, and two more fascinating and interesting women it would have been hard to find. They were the daughters of the late Noury Bey, one of Abdul Hamid's Ministers, and the granddaughters of the Marquis de Chateauneuf, who became a Turk and a Moslem. This was his fate, "Kismet," say my friends, and yet so wonderful are the workings of Providence, as we call it in the West, that to the simple presence of this Frenchman in Turkey we can indirectly trace the whole Young Turk movement. Chateauneuf and a Turk, Schinassi, became friends. The Frenchman taught the Turk, and so interested him in French language and thought, that he left no stone unturned until he could get to France and study seriously. Then he returned to Turkey, a fervent disciple of Rousseau, sowed the seeds of the Revolution and was able gradually to introduce the simple, clear, French construction into the writing of Turkish—no mean achievement.

My friends' house was the first Turkish house I visited and they lived in what could be termed uncomfortable luxury, that is with every luxury and little comfort. There were endless collections of useless and costly trinkets; precious china; embroideries and crystal; and diamonds seemed to push their way into the most unnecessary places and grow apace like ill-weeds. The divans and cushions were delightful, the carpets gave out a supposition of warmth which was comforting; and the charcoal mangal



HADJI HUSSEIN AGA

The oldest inhabitant of the village Cidiller, near Kon'a, who is known by all as the adoptive father of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. This is, however, a self-given title, for he is no relation whatsoever of the Pasha.

did its best for a quarter of an hour or so and then hid itself in its own cinders and passed out. Diamonds everywhere and endless idle slaves; yet beggars in picturesque rags sat at the very door; no one to keep the streets clean but an army of hungry dogs; misrule everywhere; and the Turk who never answered "yes" or "no" without first turning his head to see who could hear. This was the Turkey in which my friends lived in 1905, the worst period of the Hamidian regime.

And yet in spite of all, the home where Zeyneb and Melek lived was in much better taste than were many other Turkish houses; for in the glorious frame that Nature has provided, Turkish houses appear particularly ugly.

The sisters understood art, thanks no doubt to their French blood, and they were both charming women—like all Eastern women, hospitable and gracious. They waited on their guests themselves. As they had had a Western education, one felt one could ask personal questions which interested one intensely without giving offence. They knew the difference between sympathy and idle curiosity. Yet their answers left one even more mystified. Their culture (or what appeared culture, for they had extraordinary faculties of absorption) was remarkable and astonished all their visitors. Their *salon* was renowned, and they entertained the wives of the diplomats and all the leading personalities who passed through Constantinople. Noury Bey was proud of his daughters' accomplishments. They were to him the Western entertainment for which his half-Western nature craved and could not get, in those Hamidian days. He gave Zeyneb and Melek every luxury, whether he could afford it or not, every kind of education; and when they escaped to Europe, it broke his heart.

Zeyneb was an artist to her finger tips, and a fine musician. Her whole appearance and manners were stamped with "race." Was it from her French Crusader ancestor, or from her Circassian family she took her distinction? Who

can tell? Anyhow she was an interesting and unhappy personality wherever she happened to be, as is so often the case with the super-sensitive offspring of these mixed unions.

When the son of the old Fbg. St. Germain family, the most exclusive, bigoted Catholic nobility in the world, decided to change his nationality, drop his title, and abjure his faith to marry a beautiful Circassian, he doubtless gave little thought, as few people do when they make these terrible decisions, to the Western blood he would bequeath to his grandchildren and make their lives unhappy.

The great tragedy came when Zeyneb married, according to the Moslem customs, a man she had never seen. Her husband was her father's secretary and the last Minister of Foreign Affairs under the last of the Turkish Sultans. To me he appears a cultured charming, man ; but to Zeyneb he was the *maître imposé*, and she never forgave that crime. Imagine what the intimacy of marriage can mean in these circumstances ; and to poor Zeyneb, reading and dreaming all day about the happy women of the West, it was degrading and unbearable. Yet she knew that her father, who adored her, had chosen for her the best of husbands. "There was nothing wrong with him except that I did not like him," she said. "The whole social system was wrong, but it was not his fault."

So she determined to find a way to end this useless suffering. The idea that she could make herself "a cause" seemed to lessen her moral suffering, and Melek joined her in arranging meetings and making plans. Poor woman, what pain she caused her family ! And how unjustly she has been criticized ! I have her *Memoirs*.

Let us hear, then, what Zeyneb herself has to say :

"In those days working for a cause in Turkey was not easy. How could we get a hearing? Supposing we wrote articles, who would publish them? Besides, we should be discovered and punished. Would that advance our

position? Our neighbour, a poet, had come to grief. Abdul Hamid made short work of anyone who could handle a pen. In the middle of the night His Majesty's spies 'descended on' our neighbour's house, and a very careful search was made amongst all his papers. Only some very innocent poetry was found. Yet he and his family just disappeared, and for a long time none dared to ask where they had gone. No, the question of airing our grievances by our pen was impossible. We must find some other way.

"Since my marriage, and since our sworn resolve to do something, we had created for ourselves a new 'hobby'—our cause. Every day we met to talk about grievances. We read about the women of other countries; we read everything we could lay our hands on—good, bad, and indifferent; 'our cause' soon became a *religion* for us. Then we arranged dinners—women's dinners, naturally; no men were admitted—to discuss the improvement of our lot. Yet 'our cause' made no progress. What could we do? How could we make ourselves heard? It was just at that period, too, that our dinners, and above all the music, the excuse for the meetings, were stopped by order of our sovereign lord, Abdul Hamid. A very serious attempt to assassinate him had been made by a Belgian anarchist. How could we dare to wish to play the piano and sing when the life of our 'beloved' Emperor had been in danger! The whole nation was plunged into a kind of social mourning, as a thank-offering for his miraculous escape!

"Nevertheless, my sister and I continued to work at 'our cause.' Our arguments were these: How could the civilized world help us to change our suffering, if it did not know what we were suffering? How could we find a foreign pen powerful enough to defend us, able to understand us, above all willing to do it? Fate at that moment brought Pierre Loti to our shores. We made up our minds that we would meet Loti, and Loti should defend us.

"It is true, Loti had always been a friend of the Turks.

He loved our civilization. He could help us. We knew his works almost by heart. We knew that he was a poet in prose, devoid of imagination. His story of *Aziadé* had been lived, and so had *Madame Chrysanthème*, and we knew that if he wrote our story he must make that story his own; it was for us to construct it for him. And so the story which ultimately became *Les Désenchantées* was for us a passionate interest. It began by our writing to the naval officer Viaud (Loti)—*poste restante*, and our making a rendezvous with him, just as Loti describes it in the book. The danger of the meetings fascinated him. He was interested in Turkish women, and the long letters in the book signed Zeyneb, Melek, and Djénane were written by my sister and me—a French lady we took into our confidence corrected them for us. But the letters are ours, and our diary.

“Although the story of *Les Désenchantées* has been translated into all languages and very widely read, it would perhaps be as well to recall the story. Three high-born Turkish women, Djénane, Melek, and Zeyneb, educated by European governesses, are discontented with their lot. One of them is married according to the Eastern custom to a man she has never seen and in consequence dislikes. In order to make their grievances known to the civilized world they write to a well-known French novelist, begging him to take up their cause. He is interested, and comes to Constantinople. As they are Moslem women, and cannot make his acquaintance, they arrange the most extraordinary meetings for him, in the most out-of-the-way places; in the meanwhile they pour out to him, in letters, all their innermost soul. Melek dies; Djénane kills herself for the love of the French novelist who has never seen her unveiled. Zeyneb only remains. That is the story. Almost our life story—arranged by Loti’s magic pen, and framed by the most exquisite pen-pictures of our glorious country that man ever wrote.

“ Now that Loti is dead, and it has been an open secret for some time that we (my sister and I) gave Loti the material for that work, it would be as well to speak of Djénane. Who was she? No one in particular was Djénane. One day it was our cousin; one day another; we were always three veiled women; not till we met in Paris did Loti ever see our faces. We have been accused of making a dupe of Loti. But this is untrue. For the sake of the story Djénane had to live and die; for the sake of the story Loti had to believe she died for love of him and was buried. A coffin with an imaginary Djénane was put into the earth. Loti had a little altar erected in memory of her at his home in Rochefort. Was it our duty to kill his illusion? Are not some lies finer than the truth?

“ Our book, ‘ our cause,’ had to be the finest story that could be produced. Melek did not hesitate to die in order to supply Loti with the necessary material to describe a picturesque Turkish funeral. Why not, then, Djénane? Her tragic death at the end was necessary for the story, and Loti could not have written it had he only ‘ imagined ’ her dead. Besides, a gentleman is a gentleman. A woman whose face he had never seen killed herself for love of him. She had poured out her soul to him—the whole cause of Turkish women was henceforward sacred to Loti, in memory of Djénane; that is what we wanted.

“ It is unjust to say *Les Désenchantées* was to us only a pastime or a joke. That is not the case. How we plotted and planned to make our meetings as romantic and picturesque as possible! How we schemed to arrange things so that Loti should feel both the sadness and the futility of our existence! With no gift of psychology at all, this ‘ painter ’ was to write a novel. We had to dot all his ‘ i’s ’ for him, and the book was, therefore, ours, though he wrote it; if it is not his best work, as many say it is, it certainly

was the most read. And the letters we wrote ! It is true, French was our language ; we wrote French before we wrote Turkish, and, of course, much better. Nevertheless, for anyone who knows Loti and his work, anyone who knows his perfect style, it goes without saying that to write those letters for him at all we had to give ourselves up to hours of careful thought and work. We had to make up our minds that the whole civilized world should hear our story ; we had worked with that sublime end in view ; we sought no notoriety ; we could rely absolutely on the discretion of Loti ; he had no idea who we were ; yet the book was about to appear ! Loti's preface stating that ' the heroines never existed ' was useless. We could easily be recognized behind the thin veil of fiction ; there was nothing to do but risk all and fly. If we stayed, we said, we must meet our doom. But if we fly, we have one chance out of ten to reach Paris in safety ; so escape we must and without delay. We knew that our departure meant good-bye to Turkey, perhaps for ever. As long as Abdul Hamid was on the throne we could never return, yet surely a day would come when his death, or revolution, would free us from that hideous criminal madman, and bring freedom to women. But we said, when once in France, we will live with our French relatives, and all will be well. Fate, however, had willed otherwise. We had whole chapters of tragedy yet to live. It had to be. It was written. KISMET ! ”

I quote from Zeyneb because it is interesting to know exactly how a world-famed novel was conceived, and also because so many false statements about the motives which led the heroines to do what they did have been circulated.

In Europe my friends were for a while fêted everywhere. Added to their French ancestry, which opened most important doors for them, there was the novelty of entertaining

someone who had actually lived in an Arabian Nights setting, at least so everyone thought. And for a year or so society made a hobby of them.

Then the tragic muse began to work. Society likes to be amused, not to stretch out the hand of friendship, and so the two Turkish women had to test the value of their friends by God's own method, Sorrow.

First of all both their parents died; the shock of their daughters' departure had been too much, and Zeyneb and Melek had to face the battle of life without a father's substantial income behind them. Melek, however, married a talented Polish composer with estates in Russia, and life was easy until in the Russian Revolution they became the property of the Bolshevists. Now Melek is a dressmaker at Redfern's, and eager for customers. In this respect, she has only had to follow the same path as have so many Russians who have so put their hand to the plough and made good. After all, work is salvation, not misfortune.

From the time the Désenchantées came to Europe, we met frequently, and my interest in their country increased all the time. We wrote together, and studied many books, the Koran and the Bible as well. When Melek married, I naturally saw more of Zeyneb.

Zeyneb was not perhaps the best guide one could have had. Is a person of dual nationality ever quite an accurate judge? Out of the unhappiness of her short married life, she had created a Europe for herself. The *real* Europe was to her a bitter disappointment, and caused her real physical pain. We wrote together *A Turkish Woman's European Impressions*, frank, accurate criticisms of our European civilization, heavily tinged with bitterness. That she might prevent other Turkish women from making the mistake she had made seemed to give her relief.

Then she began to hate Europe, and became passionately attached to Turkey, and everything Turkish, but in Europe

she had to remain. To her, exile was agony. Seated at the piano, unaware of my presence, she would play for hours, composing as she went along; the tears streaming down her face. If only someone could have taken it down! Such exquisite music is only born of intense suffering. A fine talent is buried in Zeyneb's far-away Anatolian grave.

Her exile ended with the Revolution of the Young Turks. She went back to Turkey. Disenchanted with both Turkey, France and then later with the Turkey of the Young Turks, she realized she would be unhappy everywhere. "Alas, I am neither French nor Turkish," she wrote to me. "These two civilizations are always at war in me."

Too unhappy to live, she willed herself to die before she was thirty, and so ended the life of a brilliant, beautiful woman, the victim of many unfortunate circumstances, but above all, the error of others.

The great misfortune, it seems to me, in this story of the *Désenchantées*,¹ is the unfair criticism the heroines have had from their own countrywomen. That they should have been denied justice by the women of Abdul Hamid's time is perhaps comprehensible, but why are they misunderstood by the free Turkish women of to-day? After all, with the help of Loti, they *did* strike a blow for freedom which was heard throughout the whole civilized world. It is true, the days of Abdul Hamid are remembered only as a nightmare, and few have time to think that my friends paid for their altruism and their grandfather's recklessness with the bitter sorrow of exile. Yet surely some honour is due to the pioneer?

¹ Mme Fethy Bey's arrival as Turkish Ambassadress in Paris has made a great difference to Melek. Mme Fethy is an exceedingly pretty, gracious and elegant lady who has not only given her custom to her compatriot but has taken a number of friends also as customers.

(c) *The Hopes entertained by the Coming of the "Young Turk" Movement*

The long waited for day of liberation came finally sooner than was expected! Was it possible that all the long, weary months of work, secret and dangerous meetings both in France and Turkey, and of constant exiles were now at an end! And yet, when, finally, the band of patriots dared to dictate their terms, the dreaded Sultan just collapsed like a pricked balloon. It all seemed so very simple, when the revolt had actually succeeded; face to face with the bundle of bluff Abdul Hamid turned out to be, one wondered how the Revolution could have delayed so long. That people still speak of Abdul Hamid as "a great statesman" and "one who understood the Turks," is incomprehensible. An analysis of his reign reveals nothing but the fact that he kept himself on the tottering throne by playing one Power against the other, his Ministers against their colleagues, and an army of spies against the people—truly a mean and contemptible policy which the Committee of "Union and Progress" with all its faults flatly refused to adopt. Perhaps we all think of Abdul Hamid as Wm. Watson wrote of him—"immortally beyond all mortals damned." His reign was one of perpetual persecution, and during it he slowly but surely led his people to ruin. One redeeming feature of it all, however, was that out of the Sultan's ghastly misrule, out of the sorrow and suffering of the people, the present ruler found his inspiration, his incentive to go on and, at any cost, to save the nation.

Having taken part in the secret meetings and knowing what the Revolution meant to my exiled friends, it was natural for me to go to Constantinople for the opening of

Parliament. And who could forget those moments of rejoicing! In Latin countries the people would have gone mad. Constantinople, the city of eternal beauty, having thrown off its cloak of sorrow and unhappiness, had an atmosphere of deliverance stamped all over it, but the people who had suffered so long, seemed to have forgotten how to rejoice and had to be urged to show their happiness. Flags of liberty were flying everywhere. Men walked about with their colleagues hardly understanding that the city at last belonged to them. Women came out from their seclusion and embraced one another, and used the word only used in secret—"liberty"—though few men and women knew anything of its meaning.

To numbers of them, however, it was the signal that they could sit in cafés, whole groups of them, eight or twelve, and talk whilst sipping their halfpenny cups of coffee and that the friendly conversation up till then interpreted as conspiracy would not be reported at headquarters.

How picturesque they looked, those groups of happy men, their turbans and fezes and bright shabby clothing all in harmony with the tumbledown cafés where they sat, poor, yet not poor, for they were content.

Abdul Hamid was now a Constitutional monarch. He had before him the nightmare of driving from Yildiz right over the Galata Bridge to Stamboul in an open carriage, and he was terrified. The man before whom an Empire had trembled, "the Shadow of God upon Earth," sat in his carriage sunken into his coat and wearing a fez far too big for him; his long, cadaverous face was ashy-white and his whole frame trembling like an aspen as his people, seeing him for the first time, and not knowing how to show their emotion, clapped. It was only later that they learnt to cheer.

The old Parliament presented a scene which was both curious and impressive. The multi-coloured robes of

many of the Deputies, the Greeks seated by the Turks in the brotherhood of "Union and Progress," the dignified appearance of the Right Honourable the Member for Jerusalem, and the picturesque turbans of many of the hodjas, made the assembly as different from Westminster as night is from day. And yet the Mother of Parliaments was proud to take this strange little grandchild into her hospitable bosom.

From this Parliament Europe expected miracles, but miracles were not accomplished. Without justification, these young Turkish heroes were quickly turned into Bismarcks and Disraelis, and then, when they were found to be too small for the huge shoes which Europe had given them, Europe just brushed them aside. Mistakes they had to make, for they were without any kind of experience, and particularly the experience which only mistakes can bring. Europe and America had learnt their lessons in the university of effort; they had made many errors themselves, but to the Turk this privilege was not granted.

And so, having made an idol of Enver Pasha, as well as a popular hero and best selling postcard, showered on the Young Turks stupid and unwholesome praise, Europe's rejoicings were soon turned into lamentations and the Committee of Union and Progress was classed as more unliberal and corrupt than Abdul Hamid himself. Europe had given its verdict on Young Turks too soon, and it was unjust. It had given confidence where criticism would have been more justifiable. This being the case, one cannot help wondering whether the "Wait and See" attitude towards the Grand National Assembly at Angora is not the result of the exaggerated optimism which greeted the first Parliament.

Speaking of Enver Pasha, a story told by Osman Nyzami Pasha, Turkish Ambassador in Berlin, illustrates how popular a hero this handsome young man was. Enver

Pasha was his military attaché. The Ambassador makes no secret of his own age (especially as he hides his years with remarkable skill), and he is frank about his admiration of the opposite sex. One day an exceptionally large post was brought to him, and, cutting open the letters himself, he read them all, one more ardent than the other, and each a tribute to his bravery, his handsome features and his patriotism. At the end of the sixtieth letter (the story is the Ambassador's), Osman Nyzami Pasha, who is himself a distinguished general, rose and looked at himself in the glass and, in so doing, caught sight of the address on an envelope—the letters were all for Enver Pasha! . . .

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The question of woman's freedom was naturally interesting at such an important moment as the Revolution, yet with the story of Zeyneb and her unhappy days in Europe still fresh in my mind, one had always to consider the advisability of not speaking in too glowing terms of our European civilization. Besides, was it right to administer "Westernism" even in moderate doses? And was our civilization sufficient? We who, at that moment, had begun to see some ugly flaws in its structure through the magnifying glasses of "Votes for Women" decided that the Turkish woman must herself choose the way she would care to go. Our method, "militancy," highly distasteful to many English women who nevertheless took that path as being the only one that would lead to success, could never succeed in Turkey. Even Zeyneb, who had taken part in these meetings and was so keen to try everything in Europe, frankly declared she preferred bondage to the awful militant methods she found so unfeminine and so undignified.

The two most important leaders of the time, Ahmed Riza Bey and Riza Tewfik Bey, declared themselves strongly

in favour of woman's emancipation, and promised to do all in their power to bring it about. And no doubt they would have, if they had known how to proceed. Both were charming gentlemen. Ahmed Riza Bey could always have served as a model for an apostle or a saint. How exquisitely beautiful his face looked, in striking contrast to the Sultan Abdul Hamid !

Ahmed Riza was known as a positivist. He was a dreamer and idealist, a very bad politician and a worse business man. Is not such a man more dangerous than a knave ?

With the assistance of his sister, Selma Hanoum, whose efforts on behalf of women had been ruthlessly stopped by the Sultan's orders, he decided that education for women must be the first step towards their freedom. Consequently he started a Normale College for the training of teachers. The building was begun, but had not progressed very far when the funds gave out, and no more money could be given for what was, after all, considered a luxury. So the freedom of women was set aside except for the splendid work done by Nakié and Halidé Hanoums in organizing women's education, and the unfinished college stood as a fitting monument of an effort that perished almost as soon as it was born. . . .

Riza Tewfik Bey was nicknamed "the philosopher." He was above all a poet. Witty, charming and of great culture, he had many European friends, but he was a worse statesman than Ahmed Riza Bey, if that is possible. If only Riza Tewfik Bey had confined his activities to writing and left politics to someone else, how happy his many friends would have been to-day. I saw him after he had signed the Treaty of Sèvres. "How could you have put your signature to your country's death warrant?" I asked. "I signed," he said, "because I knew the treaty would not be ratified and it was the only way to keep the Greeks out of Constantinople."

How is it possible, one asks, that such a fine poet, a man inspired with beauty and truth, can talk such nonsense when he steps into the political arena! And how sad it makes one feel for the Turkey of to-day! In a country where every man is a politician, masters of letters are scarce. And no Turkish poet to-day except Riza Tewfik Bey can compare with Abdul Hak-Hamid. There is, however, this consolation. Wherever he is and whatever he is doing, Turkish is his language and therefore whatever he writes belongs to Turkey. Riza Tewfik Bey's attachment to the idea of women's freedom was followed by some charming odes and sonnets which he showed me. But on the practical side what could he do? His pupil, Halidé Hanoum, a graceful, fragile little lady who has since played an important part in the recent Turkish Revolution, was herself young and inexperienced, although she made a splendid effort to organize women's education.

A little later Riza Tewfik Bey sent me a most gracious invitation to come back to Turkey and help. Not knowing what to do, I sent it to an Englishman who was known throughout England and the East as a gentleman, the late Col. Aubrey Herbert. His motto being, "I serve England and will help anyone else to do the same," he himself took the letter to Downing Street and was successful in getting it read. Alas, what more could one expect from a Liberal Government so far as helping Turkey was concerned! When, however, five years later I did go back to Turkey, Col. Aubrey Herbert's letter of encouragement and congratulation touched me deeply and I shall prize it always. His mantle has not fallen on any successor, and those who still continue their interest in Turkey miss his help, which was always so willingly given.

To a woman of the West, accustomed to our "drive ahead" methods, it seemed that, given the men's desire for women's emancipation, the women themselves might

have taken better advantage of the situation. There were against them, however, two very powerful factors, the Ulema (the Church) and the old women, i.e. the mothers and grandmothers of the present generation. These ladies covered their faces up carefully whenever they came in contact with "giaours" (unbelievers) as they styled all foreign women. Only one eye did they leave uncovered, and that eye did not see the emancipation of women in at all a favourable light. These two fanatical elements, we would call it in our country tradition and the Church, the President of the Republic has completely set aside in his reforms, but in those days both were all-powerful. Blind in their own fanaticism, they could rouse the same blind fanaticism in a whole village and bloodshed could follow. So the women erred on the safe side and they did not care to jeopardize the little freedom that the Revolution had brought them.

There was also another fanatical danger in the thirteenth-century slaves and servants in the Turkish houses. How my friend found her wings clipped by this prehistoric background, whose appalling ignorance was its great strength! After the Revolution her husband would have allowed her all kinds of concessions in the way to freedom, but he dared not, he the master of the house, thwart the fanaticism of the entourage.

One great reform came for the women with the Constitution and that was the right to travel. Diplomats began to bring their wives to Europe, that is those diplomats who were not already married to Christian women. Other women took advantage of the Constitution to see the West for the first time. Some of them were enthusiastic, some were bitterly disappointed, whilst others, glad of the experience, were counting the time to return to their Turkish homes again.

In those days, there was something of a sensation on

board ship when a Turkish woman travelled. When once the frontier was passed, she discarded her veil for a hat, often her first hat, and although she wore it quite unself-consciously, the imagination of the passengers got to work and they asked the usual indiscreet questions about harems and polygamy.

How well one remembers a sweet girl who took advantage of the Constitution to go to Europe and hear some concerts! She was herself a performer of no mean achievement, but her dream was to hear Wagner with a full orchestra. The music of the West; the cities of Vienna, Paris and London; these were almost a divine revelation to her, but she hated the noise and bustle and commercialism of our life—our snobbishness, social ambitions, our loud voices, and our lack of charity. How could she understand Europe without some kind of preparation?

It seems strange, when looking back less than ten years, to find that all those useless restrictions by which Moslem tradition had crippled women's existence have disappeared completely.

"You see," said a Turkish woman quite recently, "*if only* we women had known what to ask for, and *if only* we had had a leader who dared to defy both the Ulema and the older generations as the Ghazi Pasha has done, we could have been free long ago. . . ."

"If only," one repeats. "That is the whole question. The women of Palestine and Syria are using those very same words."



**MADAME AHMED FERID BEY, FIRST TURKISH MOSLEM AMBASSADRESS
IN LONDON**

A charming hostess. As Mufidé Hanoum, she is known as the author of many important books.

(d) Islam and the Position of Women

"The Ulema," the nearest Anglo-Saxon equivalent to which is "the Church," has often been quoted as the greatest opponent to women's freedom. It was, therefore suggested that I should see the Cheik-ul-Islam, in those days, with the exception of the Grand Vizir and Chief Eunuch, the only "Highness" in the land.

By turbaned hodjas with bowed heads, who spoke almost in a whisper, I was conducted into the Cheik's private room, which commanded a magnificent view of the Golden Horn. It was an immense room with a low couch, a crystal chandelier and brazier, and in this sanctuary there was that strong perfume of incense and sandalwood which always adds to the religious atmosphere of ecclesiastical surroundings.

Although His Highness both understood and spoke French well and was gracious enough to answer my questions before they had been interpreted, he nevertheless himself obeyed the tradition which obliged the head of the religion to speak in Turkish. His son acted as interpreter.

After having greeted me, he skilfully sat himself on his legs on a wide divan, and called for coffee and the usual agreeable sweetmeats. On his head, he had a miniature pumpkin turban, and the green which showed he had been to Mecca, and he also wore an exquisite Persian robe.

Before starting the all-important subject of women's freedom, the Cheik explained to me his sacred duty : to gird the Sultans with the sword of Islam, and dethrone them if they betrayed the people's trust. His was the painful duty of dismissing Abdul Hamid when the latter broke his oath of loyalty to the Constitution. Five years ago, I saw the last Cheik-ul-Islam called into the Grand National Assembly at Angora, with about as much ceremony as a

dentist called in to extract a tooth, to dethrone the last of the Sultans. Comparing this last Cheik with the dignified, exalted personage I had met after the opening of Parliament, one could say, indeed, the mighty had fallen.

Then we spoke of women's freedom. In answer to the Cheik's non-committal platitude that "God would give women freedom in His Own good time," I asked him straight out what he intended to do and where and how . . .

Although he declared himself a feminist, the question, he said, was one for the politicians to answer. It was first of all one of education and, therefore, hardly in his province at all—and yet, in spite of what he said, did anyone ever hear that he, or any of his successors, in any way helped the cause of women? Quite the contrary. When later Talaat Pasha gave women permission to walk at the same time as men in the newly opened park, to do so, he had openly to defy the authority of the Cheik-ul-Islam, who was strongly against such dangerous and unheard-of conduct on the part of the women.

Any Cheik-ul-Islam or any Moslem who wants to defend the cause of women has always a good case. He can put up an excellent defence for the position given to women by the Koran. English women have never been governed by so excellent a code, he could say. And he is right. It is not the laws of England—iniquitous anachronisms, which have given English women their position in the State to-day—the women are governed by the simple phrase, "It isn't done," far more powerful than any code of laws. Neither Mahomet nor the Koran is responsible for the useless restrictions put on women which come into Turkish life from Byzantium. A Turkish woman has always had control of her own fortune and property—a privilege English women have not had for long, and which French women do not possess even to-day. Before marriage,

given the ease with which a man could end it, the bridegroom had always to provide a *Nika* or dowry, which became the bride's (in case of divorce.) All children born to a man were legitimate—a law which is good in many ways. "And polygamy?" one asks.

For a girl, not out of her teens, to discuss the very delicate subject of polygamy with the highest ecclesiastical authority in the land, is not an easy task. He has respect for her age, sex, and nationality. His reply, therefore, can only be non-committal.

"You must remember," he said, "when the great Law-giver of Islam limited the number of wives to four, he was legislating for a people that could not be too suddenly brought from the depths of degradation to which they had descended to the strong outer light. But Mahomet added a codicil to his testament, as it were, in the phrase, 'You must march with the centuries.'" *No*

Why then, one felt inclined to ask, did not the men learned in the Koran use their influence to enforce the usage of this codicil? For as the centuries advanced, as women began to read and understand, how could they be asked to put up with the indignity of polygamy, which their mothers had accepted as their "written fate"? Later, when I was staying with my friend in her harem, we looked carefully for homes where there was more than one wife. Polygamy being *mal vu*, we found it was only the Imperial Family and some of the clergy who took advantage of the Prophet's permission. So how could the Cheik answer my question?

The last Cheik-ul-Islam of the Unionists, a married man of well over sixty, married as a second wife a young woman of twenty-three, and he counted it for all eternity to his credit, that he had re-married without divorcing the lady who had been his wife from the age of sixteen. . . . No wonder the Turkish women of to-day are congratulating

themselves on the sweeping away for ever of selfish man-made doctrines like these.

Zeyneb, who knew, as I said before, both the Koran and the Bible well, used to imagine what Mahomet would have suffered had he returned to earth to see how totally misunderstood his words had been with reference to women. In his days there was at first no veil—only very much later in his mission he advised (he did not command)—knowing the sensual nature of his Arabs, that married women should veil their crowning glory, their hair. He did not say that *all women* were to be veiled, nor did he even suggest the hideous black canvas “curtains” that women wore before their faces in 1906 and still wear in some parts of the country even to-day. In his days women offered the hospitality of tents to their husband’s friends, and when the great law-giver preached in the desert, dusky-skinned Arab women sat side by side with the men, listening to the words he had been ordered by Allah to teach them. His own daughter, the lady of Paradise, was an orator who has never found her equal throughout the East, and later the great professor Zeyneb lectured at the University of Bagdad to hundreds of men and women. Throughout the years that followed Mahomet’s mission, we can find women of exceptional gifts working in conjunction with men, and yet in the days of Hamid, in the enlightened twentieth century, all possible channels of enfranchisement were closed to women and the men of God looked on with indifference when they did not put more obstacles in the way.

If, as the learned and exalted head of the religion informed me, all that was bad in the Turkish civilization came from Byzantium—the fez, the veil (partly), eunuchs, harems and latticed windows—why did not the Ulema¹ use their power to stop these unfortunate influences

¹ Ulema—clergy.

which sapped the strength of Islam? After all the Greeks of Byzantium, in spite of their soul-crushing decadence and corruption, had been the most intelligent people of their day, and that at a time when the Turks and the rest of the world were wallowing in ignorance. Why did the Turks take the worst and not the best from Byzantium? Constantinople even to-day, in spite of all the political upheavals, is still a city of pleasure, of exquisite scenery, voluptuous charm, and an enervating climate. From the time it became the Turkish capital the Turkish character weakened, and then gradually, in spite of conquests, went downhill. Let us repeat how wise was the Ghazi to decide on Angora as the capital! In Constantinople they could never have accomplished the formidable task of regeneration on which they have embarked, and for which they have exiled themselves to comfortless Angora.

Zeyneb, always unhappy, was one of Mahomet's most fervent disciples, and one of the severest critics of the hodjas. It was their duty to check bad government, not to encourage it; it was for these hodjas to give the people light, not to keep them deliberately in darkness; it was for them to preach what was always one of the finest characteristics of Islam, its tolerance of the religion of others. In the past, even when it was to their advantage to be intolerant, Moslems were tolerant. Had Islam exercised towards the Christians the same intolerance that Christians afterwards exercised towards them—had the conquerors enforced conversion at the time of conquest—how many of the appalling tragedies which fell to the lot of the Christian minorities could have been avoided? Instead of tolerance towards the religion of others, the hodjas preached Holy War. They fostered religious fanaticism and they shut their eyes to crime provided they were allowed to preach—"Holy War."

In 1914, when Turkey's leaders committed the folly of plunging their unprepared country into a war where she had everything to gain from neutrality, the hodjas were silenced at the thought of Holy War, and they carried it out to their hearts' content. . . .

Alas, is it not the tragedy which has to follow the work of all great reformers, the misunderstanding of their message. The reformer shows the way, it is for his disciples to take the path he has cut out for them. But do they do it ?

(e) *The Triumvirate's Serious Attempt to give
Woman her Freedom*

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. . . . The crushing defeat by the Greeks, which greatly narrowed the frontier of Turkey and lost her people some of their finest territory, had given birth to the famous triumvirate, Talaat, Djémal, Enver, who, whatever mistakes they made afterwards, did make a great effort to save their country. They begged the women to come forward and help. In the organizing of the Red Crescent hospitals, in the care of the wounded, often side by side on the battlefield with men, Turkish women had shown what they could do, and that the useless convention of ages must give way before the awful truth that the Fatherland was in great danger. After the Balkan Wars, and in spite of the disaster that followed, not only did they gain half a century, but their leaders begged them over and over again to find some way of freeing themselves.

To me, straight from the Suffrage battlefield where men and women were actually fighting against each other over the cause of Women's Freedom, this was unexpected and a great surprise.

My friend's father, Kiamil Pasha, was in exile, where he died later. My friend herself was alone in her father's Konak—alone with the multitude of women who could not understand her—when I went to pay a visit which lasted for weeks and months. Her position was not an easy one. Passionately attached to her father, whose favourite child she was, and to whom he left all his private documents, she nevertheless was married to a man who pinned his faith to the new Government. At such a moment she could appreciate a friend, and surely it was a striking tribute to her tact, that, living in the home of the

enemy of the Government, I could still remain in constant touch with Talaat and Djémal Pashas, who so often asked for advice as to how they could give women more freedom.

I asked Talaat and Djémal Pashas for all kinds of small concessions ; to visit the Treasury, to visit a warship, all of which the women had never done before. Permission was granted.

“ Why don't they ask me ? I am only too glad to help in any way—education—social reforms—anything you can suggest,” said Djémal Pasha, and he was sincere.

Other Turkish Ministers of that period, the Grand Vizir, Prince Saïd Halim, the Governor of Broussa, were all in favour of more freedom for women. The wives of these Ministers, unlike most Turkish women (they were Egyptians) had travelled extensively. They spoke perfect English, and put the new battle-cry of “ Turkey for the Turks ” into reality by refusing to wear any but Turkish clothes. When I lunched at her palace in Broussa the Princess was clad from top to toe in the finest embroideries of her country. I sat only on furniture of the country, divans, cushions, and embroideries, which for a foreigner was a novelty. Prince Saïd Halim was a real Eastern *grand seigneur*, and quite a successful diplomatist: Tactfully, he curbed the zeal of Talaat, and still more Djémal, who at times carried out reforms a little too quickly for his Eastern temperament. What would he have said had he been alive and seen the reforming fever of to-day !

Talaat was not only an able statesman and a patriot but a man of charm and intelligence. When Kiamil Pasha died, I went to suggest to him he might offer his condolences to the bereaved family. “ A political enemy after death becomes a friend,” I said.

“ In England perhaps,” he answered.

“ In all civilized countries. I always supposed you to be

a man of tact and intelligence," I added. "If you don't come, I shall know I have been mistaken."

At the appointed hour he came, recited a few verses of the Koran, and went away. And all the foreign newspapers must have found his visit not at all in accordance with the customs of the country, for they all, including *The Times*, saw in this simple visit an attempt to absorb Kiamil Pasha's party.

None of the Unionists had behaved towards the veteran statesman, Kiamil Pasha, as we would have done in England. He was old, and his methods were perhaps too prudent for go-ahead youth, nevertheless there is tact even in dismissal, and it would not have hurt his opponents to exercise a quality, which Talaat did possess in a high degree. Djémal Pasha was a man of intelligence and decision—precious assets to a man who must face big changes in the history of a nation. How he and Talaat could have made the fatal mistakes they did, it is hard to tell. Why did they ever allow a German Mission to come to Constantinople?

Enver Pasha, at the time I knew him, was a patriot. Djémal Pasha said of him, "He cannot command but he can obey." Why then did they, his two colleagues who always commanded whilst he obeyed, change rôles in the end? He was vain, not big enough for his shoes, and was always carried away by visions of Napoleon!

Mme Talaat Pasha had only just been married when her husband came into power. She was a handsome woman, younger than he, and he was proud of her. Slowly she was responding to his desire for help, gave her patronage and generous contributions, and gradually began to attend the women's meetings. Mme Djémal was delicate, and had children for whom she had to have special treatment abroad. She, like Mme Talaat, was shy and afraid of doing the wrong thing and putting the women's cause back.

In spite of the fact that their powerful husbands were there to defend them, they preferred to work cautiously.

Enver Pasha's Imperial bride did nothing. Her one idea then, as now, was to enjoy herself.

The three powerful Ministers saw that in the disaster which had befallen the country, women alone could help. Public health, education, and children's welfare were all women's sphere, and the women, in spite of all kinds of restrictions, were able to work in these departments, but their work was a drop in the ocean. The triumvirate stood solidly for women's freedom. They made laws for the protection of women, they encouraged women to take an interest in the Red Crescent, the Navy League, and other patriotic movements, and the Government took an active part in the feminist meetings which I too attended. Women began to walk in the streets with their veils thrown back. Talaat Pasha, as we said before, gave them permission to walk in the park at the same time as men, though he had strong opposition from the hodjas. Djémal Pasha punished with prison and exile any man who insulted a woman, and finally the University was opened for women, but it was surprising to see how few women took advantage of this concession.

To me, these women's meetings, where men did all the speaking in favour of women, were particularly interesting. Makboulé, her niece and I went to a big meeting held in the big amphitheatre of the University, when Hamdoullah Soubhi Bey, that charming patriot and orator who is now known above all as the founder of the Turc Oujak (Turkish Hearth), was the speaker.

All those years ago, and I have never forgotten that long speech which reduced us all to tears. The speaker told us of his youth. The son of a well-known and important Pasha, he was one of the many unhappy victims of the harem system. As I listened to him, almost choking with

emotion, as he related the tragic existence of a poor little child amongst the intrigues, humiliations and sorrows of the Pasha's many wives, I wondered if polygamy could ever have become the cheap smoking-room topic it is, had those who jest about it seen the sensitive, crushed soul of one of its victims. He recited to us one of his own poems. It was the musings of his own mother before he was born ; and told how she planned to destroy herself rather than bring another child into the sorrowful surroundings in which she was living.

Fortunately she spared her own life, for she has given Turkey one of its finest patriots, most dramatic speakers, and gentlemen, as we understand those words.

Later the speaker turned on the women like a tiger, his fine aristocratic face flushed with righteous indignation. He scolded them, he coaxed them, he explained to them the rôle that women played in other countries in the State and in the home ; he showed them in comparison the part they had been asked to play. " Can't you see how despicable you are ? How Europe laughs at you ? How we want to help you, and you will not let us ? Why will you women put up with this iniquitous situation ? " he asked. " Why will you not make homes for us men ? The State needs men, and men must be bred in a home, not a harem. We want women to be our companions, not our slaves. Why do you still wear those veils, the symbol of servitude ? Why can't you come out and free yourselves ? A veil is to keep you virtuous, say the hodjas. They might as well tell us to tear out our tongues to keep us from telling lies."

Rows of crying women with black canvas veils over their faces, sat listening. The hall was packed. They were very deeply moved, and they all went away with the firm resolution to free themselves. But how ? Who could lead them ? Halidé Hanoum, then one of the writers of

the *Tanine*, threw in her lot whole-heartedly with the Government. Her articles in the *Tanine* on education had led to her being asked to organize with Nakié Hanoum an important branch of women's education. Both she and Nakié Hanoum considered to teach in the era of reform was a call to "military service." And finally she taught for five years in the newly organized college the ethics of education and the many other things one teaches when one is trying to build a new country. This was the beginning of the Westernization of women's education in new Turkey and great honour is attached to the name of Halidé Hanoum in consequence. Later she organized the education in Syria and then played her biggest part during the Revolution.

Of the other writers, Fatima Ali Hanoum and her sister Emine Semié, daughters of the famous Grand Vizir Djevdar, what can one say? The latter was the one woman member of the Committee of Union and Progress and she, like the rest, was content to live in the freedom they had and the hope for more. After years of servitude, atavism, and the Hamidian terror, was it not excusable? It needs in any country an enormous personality to lead a revolt, and nowhere more than in Turkey. Even Halidé Hanoum, who was then regarded as one of their most brilliant women, fled before any unpleasant publicity. A man in the street had spoken to her; she called the policeman according to her right and the man would have been punished with exile; but before the policeman arrived, the victim had fled.

One day Makboulé and I decided that we would use English methods of "militancy." She assured me that she could carry it through; this time, she said, she had both courage and determination. We were to go to a restaurant, where we should be politely requested to leave. We would refuse, make our protest about "man-made laws" and be arrested. My friend assured me she had

carefully weighed out the cost, and could and would do it. . . .

We went to the restaurant—we were requested to leave ; and we left, like a couple of lambs !

“ What use would any protest be? ” said my friend, face to face with danger. “ It would only punish my father and my husband.”

She was right. Our protest would only have created useless scandal and put the cause back. And all the while the men held meetings to urge the women to free themselves.

There was only one way to free the women, and that was for the rulers to do it. But could they? On every side they were confronted with obstacles ; the hodjas—Islam—Moslem tradition—the Imperial family—the laws and education had all to be changed, and the Government had neither the strength nor the prestige to defy Islam and carry through the reform in a country where opinion would be strongly divided. Had they tried and failed, the clock of freedom would have been put back a century and more. To strike such a blow you must be sure of yourself and your success ! Who but Mustapha Kemal Pasha could have done it ? He was sure of what he wanted to do, and of how to do it ; and, above all, there was his prestige of saviour of the country behind him.

(f) Turkish Women in the Great War

In spite of Djémal and Talaat Pashas' oft-repeated assurances, that Turkey would never fight against England, she did ; and in so doing they brought their country to the lowest level it has ever reached. Both the Allies and the Turks made terrible blunders and hopelessly prolonged the war. When the famous *Goeben* and *Breslau* entered the Dardanelles, had they been followed by British ships and compelled to disarm, how different all might have been ! It was these German ships that bombarded Odessa, and dragged Turkey into the war.

Of those terrible years of war, my friend and I when we met spoke little. For a cosmopolitan, war is a tragedy. Yet all the while, I had felt that Makboulé, in charge of her Red Crescent hospitals, would be thinking of me working in French Red Cross hospitals, and we both wondered if ever we should meet again.

Later when I stayed in Konia, my host, Nadgi Pasha, so proud of his pupil, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, whose military instructor he was, told me his story of the Dardanelles, whilst the Pasha's chief of staff, General Fahreddine Pasha, gave me his version.

The victim of the jealousy of his chief, only given a command because it was not possible to keep him back any longer, Mustapha Kemal Pasha disobeyed orders and got his troops ready to meet the advance of the British. And with only a handful of troops he hurled them fearlessly against the enemy and stopped that advance.

How near Mr. Churchill's plan was to success ! Between the British and victory there was only—Mustapha Kemal Pasha !

The story of the Revolution which followed the war is one which will be a lesson for future politicians. By virtue

of the Treaty of Sèvres, to be forced on a defeated country by M. Venizelos, Turkey ceased to exist ; and on the top of that, came the landing of the Greeks in Smyrna. This was too much ; Mustapha Kemal Pasha decided it was time to do something. Fate played into his hands.

During those years of waiting, when out of nothing Turkey's ruler organized his army, preached the religion of nationalism and went forward to the cry of "freedom or death," the Pasha had time to appreciate what the women could do and he determined their work should continue. Cold, hunger, work, any privation they suffered gladly ; they carried the munitions themselves from Ineboli, the landing place, to the front ; they made munitions ; they nursed the sick ; those who had plenty gave to those who were in need ; and those men and women who stood by the Pasha had but one thought—Victory.

Under the leadership of their liberator, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, they have been destined to build themselves up a new country and a new dignity, which no visitor to Turkey can fail to admit.

"Admirable qualities and great force belong to this people," said the Pasha. "They only need to be shown the way to go. Their forces need directing into the right channels and their old dignity will return. . . . They trust me and I will do this for them. Both men and women shall be free."

And he has kept his word—both men and women have now a dignity which only he with his prestige and power of " Ghazi " could give them.

CHAPTER VI

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF HAREM LIFE

(a) *My Turkish Hostess, Makboulé Hanoum (Madame Nadgi Pasha)*

DURING my second visit to Turkey the British Ambassador invited me to the Sultan's Selamlik. A more ridiculous performance it would have been hard to imagine, nevertheless it was an excuse for people to gather together and talk. . . .

The Turkish soldiers, collected on the square, were fine specimens of humanity! The music, as the Sultan drove down the short hill to his own mosque, was good, but the Sultan himself, seated with his son, was deathly pale with terror, and indeed cut a poor figure. Coming back when the prayers were over, the horses went at a sharp trot up the hill, making it necessary for the corpulent generals of the suite, who followed on foot, to run. No theatre could have provided a more absurd show than those red-faced generals puffing and blowing up the hill, catching their swords between their legs, and all the while being fully aware of the amusing spectacle that they provided for the visitors.

That day turned out to be a lucky one for me, for I met Kiamil Pasha, the Grand Vizir, a man who has played a big rôle in the history of Turkey. He was a Turk of the old school, and a man of vast culture, with fine manners. He not only spoke perfect English, but understood and loved England as no other Turkish statesman has done

before or since. In faultless, cultured English, without even an accent, he explained to me how, when, and why he came to understand the greatness of England. How different the map of Europe might have been to-day, if only the Liberal Government had responded to the appeal of Kiamil Pasha !

The Grand Vizir invited me to meet his daughter. Nothing could have given me greater pleasure, and when later his " official " son came to fetch me, I drove to Nichantash with the feeling that something was beginning in my life.

Kiamil Pasha's daughter and I became friends at once. And to-day, after twenty years, I can say that nothing, not even war which sometimes separates friends, can end so far as I am concerned, this close union of heart and mind. My affection for Turkey and what I understand of Turkish life (for Makboulé, unlike Zeyneb, is Turkish through and through) I owe to this friend, whom I call my " Turkish sister."

I shall always remember her kind hospitality and the trouble she has taken to explain so many things to me. Can I ever forget our long talks, when, seated on our cushions round the old brass mangal, we made coffee ; how often I think of those confidences that lasted deep into the night, when two women, one from the East and the other from the West, seemed to be exchanging their very souls.

Physically my friend Makboulé was everything that I was not and everything, therefore, that I most admire. Small, slight, with blue-black hair, lovely brown eyes and a soft voice, beside me, she looked like a little brown mouse. In twenty years she has not changed physically and what I said of her then, I say to-day. Her distinction, her exquisite manners, her kindness, her loyalty, her Eastern charm and culture, and her understanding of the West,

will always class her in my mind as one of the finest examples of her race.

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The three things I had made up my mind to do in Constantinople, and which our Ambassador said were impossible ;—to meet Abdul Hamid, to visit his favourite daughter, about whom I wrote a book, and to visit the Treasury,—my friend's father arranged without any apparent difficulty. "You see," said the Ambassador, when I told him the impossible had been possible, "you did not require me after all."

I went daily to see my new friend, and together we made the most delightful excursions whenever it was possible ; and when it was impossible, her brothers, or her fiancé accompanied me. Strange it was that I, the European, could borrow my friend's fiancé and brothers, but she could not go out with either.

So during my visit, the Grand Vizir's horses were well exercised, and the brothers chartered his elegant steam launch to take me to the Holy Tomb at Eyoub, up and down the Bosphorus, to the islands and all the beautiful sites in the neighbourhood. The weather was magnificent, the Bosphorus usually lay like a carpet of satin under the bluest of blue skies, and as the launch threaded its way in and out the islands, I used to say to my friends, "Surely God has given to the Turks one of the most beautiful lands on the earth."

We paid some visits to the Imperial Princesses. They interested me as the study of minds immured in gilded cages. They knew nothing of the life that was going on outside their palace gates. Sometimes they drove out, but only to visit other Princesses ; or in the Palace parks or in specially restricted areas. Makboulé in describing me to one Princess told her, "I shot lions!" The Imperial lady

was much interested. To her an Englishwoman was a super-human being who could accomplish any feat. Makboulé was mistaken ; the shooting was done by a friend.

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An old kinsman of mine, threescore years and ten and more —(to count his years in the poetical Biblical way, for he is still alive and as sensitive as a woman where his age is concerned)—very much wished to meet my Turkish friend. He asked the Grand Vizir, if this could be made possible, but my friend's father regretted that he was unable to allow it. So for fun, she and I arranged a rendezvous for three o'clock at the tomb of Alexander, in the Museum, my friend was visiting for the first time.

That a young girl should feel any emotion at the thought of meeting an old man was extraordinary. She was to be married, and her father had allowed her the unheard-of privilege of meeting her fiancé, yet this meeting about which we had talked for days had in it something of romance and danger which was to her fascinating. After all, the object of the meeting mattered little ; it was the meeting that counted. It may be noted here that old age has little attraction for Turkish women. To keep it at arm's length as long as possible, old Turkish women dye their hair with henna. When one thinks how lovely white hair can be, and how hideous this scarlet "wool" appears against the brown wrinkled faces of the old women, one longs to show them the error of their ways. It spoils the expression and takes away the softness that ought to accompany their kind eyes.

Old husbands are particularly distasteful to young Turkish brides, yet in the old days, *le maître imposé* was in many instances thirty, forty, or even fifty years older than his bride.

These appalling unions of May and December are revolting in any land. With us, when twenty-five marries seventy-eight, we class the bride as a worldly being, who

has willingly sold herself for money or position. But in Turkey, when poor little twelve or thirteen found herself wedded to sixty, one felt the deepest pity for the poor innocent victim and a strong desire to strangle the man before he had the opportunity of maiming her body and crushing her soul. Abdul Hamid's fourth wife was twelve when he married her and he nearly seventy. Historians, I notice, say he was not a sensualist ! What then was he ?

Now that the *maitre imposé* is swept away with the House of Osman and Turkish women can choose their husbands for themselves, they choose young men. Quite recently in Constantinople, a father tried to impose on his daughter an old husband of his choice ; she preferred the young man of her own. As she could not get her own way, she just disappeared, and after days of searching, was found in the home of the young man. Finally they were married ; and the whole Press and the sympathy of the people were with the lovers. How differently this question would have been handled in the days of Hamid !

But to return to our meeting in the Museum. After a hurried lunch, we arrived at our destination. Under the watchful eye of our chocolate-coloured attendant, whom I called Chocolate Aga, we saw all the beauties of the Museum, but the old gentleman did not appear. To waste time I went to buy photographs of the tomb and kept returning to take a long last look at this wonderful work of art. Chocolate Aga began to be suspicious. So we were finally obliged to leave the Museum, and the rendezvous never took place ! My friend and I have so frequently laughed over this adventure, innocent enough God knows, yet how dangerous ! Often during my last visit when we drove out with men as a matter of course, my friend related to other friends how her heart beat as she wandered in and out of the treasures of the Museum, her thick veil over her face, and waited for the old gentleman,

who at the last moment dared not incur the wrath of our vigilant attendants !

Just before we arrived at the Museum, we saw H.I.H. Prince Youssoffeddine, second heir to the throne, enter his carriage. He was a white-haired man past middle age, and was taking advantage of the liberty given him by the Constitution to make the acquaintance for the first time of the art treasures of Constantinople. He was an ardent admirer of our country, and did his utmost to keep Turkey out of war with England. He even went down to the Parliament and boldly spoke his mind about the folly of Turkey being on the wrong side with England. The next day he was found dead ! He is said to have killed himself ! One cannot help asking, why ?

In 1913, when Prince Youssoffeddine was heir to the throne, I, accompanied by Djémal Pasha as interpreter, used frequently to visit him. "They have given me wives," the Prince told me, "who bore me to tears. Please tell me stories of your wonderful country."

So in the style of the Conteur of the Arabian Nights, I would start with Alfred and the cakes, then Princess Mary's rabbit, and finally come to his favourite, the suffragettes who chained themselves to the lattice-work in the House of Commons. Once when I told that story, always to the accompaniment of his loud peals of laughter, H.I.H. asked Djémal Pasha to remind me that I was going too quickly, the Speaker was not yet in his place. After that, I had to learn my stories by heart, for my Imperial host soon knew them better than I, and noticed every digression.

The Prince was a sympathetic man. And how one pitied him for the useless life he had to lead ! And what a delight to see his real joy when I spoke to him of the England he loved so well. "Your dear happy country," he called it. Perhaps, after all, *he* died for England !

Kiamal Pasha gave a big dinner party, and invited me.

I was the only representative of my sex and sat on the right of the Turkish statesman.

The menu was European; I was disappointed, for I longed for more of the good Turkish dishes I had eaten with the ladies. My host quoted verbatim many of the speeches of our British Cabinet Ministers. Hearing them from the mouth of a Turkish statesman is like seeing one's own MSS. in type. All the faults stand out so clearly.

The Grand Vizir, at that period, did not eat meat. Nevertheless he ate it to keep me company, but out of the corner of my eye I saw that he did not swallow it. I remembered this when I was recently the guest of his grandson, Hikmet Bey, Turkish Minister in Belgrade. Although he never drinks wine, he filled his glasses one after the other, liqueur as well, and then only took one sip, so that I should not feel uncomfortable drinking alone.

In the large hall of the Grand Vizir's official house, where the dinner was held, the women looked at the proceedings through the small lattice-work window, just as the women of England formerly "looked at" the debates in the House of Commons. The fact of seeing a woman at this banquet must have deeply impressed the Grand Vizir's little son, for when I met him recently, now a young man doing his military service, he told me he remembered my white dress and that the Grand Vizir had given me a bouquet of blood red roses. . . .

My friend remembers this banquet, as she remembers all her father's official receptions, as moments of sorrow and rebellion—yet she said nothing at the time, and would have been angry had I expressed pity. "Why," she now tells me she used to say to herself, "because I am a Turk must I be on the margin of all good things, and get no more out of life than looking at a banquet through a lattice-window?"

When Abdul Hamid kept his Grand Vizir, Kiamil Pasha,

in exile as Vali of Smyrna, the Turkish statesman gave many balls in honour of the naval officers of the various fleets who came to this port. "Little did those sailors—and of course we loved the British most of all—think," said my friend, "as they danced and flirted, of the poor women who, hidden behind the lattice-work, were crying their eyes out with envy. They looked so elegant, such gentlemen, and every inch sailors, and it made us furious to think that all the other women except the Turks could dance with them."

My friend recalled this souvenir when we were recently preparing our own ball at Konia—the first public ball that was ever given in the Sacred City of the dancing dervishes! The old days seemed like unpleasant dreams that had gone forever.

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That time, I had stayed, as I always do in Turkey, far longer than I intended. When my friend and I at last said good-bye, however, we astonished our entourage by bursting into tears. The whole question of women's freedom seemed to me so hopeless and so pathetic. The women were too cultured to be happy and too unorganized to revolt—isolated rebellion as in the case of Zeyneb was useless—and one felt there was so little one dared to do, or could do. . . .

Makboulé was to be married; her husband is respected by all, and is devoted to his wife and daughter—but supposing it had been otherwise! I knew I could not do anything to change her lot nor could I express pity—so being unable to find the right words, tears spoke better than I possibly could have done myself. And my friend cried, because she, too, was unable to express what she felt. Yet those were happy days, though tinged with sorrow, that we spent together.

(b) Complete Separation of the Sexes in old Turkey

To be staying in a Turkish harem! How thrilling—how extraordinary! Immediately the imagination takes wings and the most impossible and improbable questions are the result.

The harem, however, was a disappointment. To be with my friend was a delight, and the harem was an interesting study; nothing else. Luxuries such as gold embroideries,—even our sheets and pillow-cases and towels were worked in threads of real gold,—were everywhere, but comforts, as we understand them in the West, were unknown! The most difficult problem of all, setting aside the lack of fresh air and want of exercise, was to try and get the setting to harmonize with the mentality of the twentieth century;—Paris dresses, *dernier cri*, sat side by side with the old chalvar¹ and enturi² of the thirteenth century and had to live together in apparent peace.

That even in those days, high-born Turkish women wore European dresses indoors, is no doubt an unpleasant surprise to readers eager for harem "atmosphere." I remember at the time of my visit I sent some photographs back to a London paper. They were returned with the comment, "These are not Turkish women." The paper in question published its own photographs of Turkish women—either women of the people in national costume, or Europeans dressed as Turks for the occasion. Some papers, especially popular papers, will cling to the old Arabian Nights setting even to-day, and harems and polygamy, although they know polygamy has gone for ever.

The house in which I lived was a large konak or palace

¹ Tunic.

² Pantaloons.



THE LATE ZEYNEB HANOUM, HEROINE OF PIERRE LOTI'S "DISENCHANTED,"
SEATED ON HER BRIDAL THRONE

looking onto the shores of the Sea of Marmora. It is right in the heart of old Byzantium, and the costliest treasures of that period were scattered about amongst the roses of the garden and the fallen fruit, and no one seemed to know their value. There used to be a priceless fountain,—there were two, but an Ambassador's wife who came to return my call, and above all make the acquaintance of a harem, admired it so conscientiously, that my host had it dug up from the place where it had lodged for centuries, and taken to the Embassy.

The konak is divided into two :—the harem, the selamlik, the women's quarters, and the men's quarters. They are like two houses side by side, with separate entrances, and a door leads from one building to the other. If you enter by the men's entrance, there is a strong atmosphere of stale smoke, and the place looks like a men's club, well kept if you have good servants, badly kept if you have not. The servants are naturally men.

It is more difficult to enter the women's quarters unless you know how. You push open a primitive wooden door, insecurely latched, and then go up a marble staircase on to a verandah. It was here, that my friend and I used to sit every day to see the setting sun, and drink our coffee and tea. We loved to sit on that verandah and bathe ourselves in the sun, and then watch in silence the greatest theatrical representation the world has ever seen, the changing colours of the setting sun. It was like a sacred ritual. All of a sudden the clouds would take shape and march majestically round, as the setting sun changed from bright gold to crimson and purple and died away. Then the muezzins from the neighbouring minarets would sing of the glory of God as the panorama passed, scene by scene. At the same time the whole city and the exquisite waters of the Marmora would wrap themselves in a cloth of scarlet, whilst the tall dark cypress trees stretching to Heaven

like the minarets themselves, and the roses climbing everywhere according to their own sweet will, would also be bathed in the changing tints of the setting sun. From that verandah, I have watched the majestic mosques and the city in all its magnificence, over and over again. There is distinction and originality in the mind that loves the heights and long, unending horizons. The Turk, whether you like him or not, has done his work well. Constantinople, thanks to his contributions in architecture, has become one of the world's famous masterpieces of art.

Double doors lead from the verandah to the harem, the women's quarters. When first the door was opened, and a hat appeared, the old ladies seated everywhere either scampered away like rats, who have been playing in a deserted home, or they covered their faces entirely. They were seated cross-legged on the floor. Some were embroidering; some rolling their cigarettes; others smoking; others still drinking coffee; and most of them not even thinking, and too lazy to dream. All these women sat together irrespective of class. Who are they? One smiled at me and I sat down beside her. She told me her son had seen me at the Palace. He was aide-de-camp to one of the Imperial Princes, yet there seemed no difference in either appearance or manners between her and my friend's nurse (foster mother) who sat next to her. These ladies did not eat with us, my friend has insisted on eating with her husband and brothers, and for them to eat with men was quite out of the question!

One day, when I was returning from Pera on foot, a British colonel, longing to see a harem, dared me to take him in. Together we arrived at the door, up the steps, through the doors, and lo! he was in the harem! At the sight of the male "giaour" in British uniform, the women shrieked, all instinctively pulled their veils over their faces. Those who could, rose and waddled away, whilst others,

in sheer terror, buried their heads in their voluminous pantaloons.

We walked through the harem into the selamlik, where he was given coffee and cigarettes. I was anxious for him to meet my friend, but as her husband was away, she dared not face the wrath of her ignorant and fanatic entourage. What could and would they not do, if she, in the absence of her husband, should thus defy the laws of the Prophet?

There was one old lady, fourscore and something, who had been to Mecca, and had the title of Hadji. I used to put on a veil, sit beside her on the floor, and try to talk. She wore no glasses and worked at the finest embroidery on the coarsest possible canvas; she sat on her little stock of goods, and one day she rose and gave me the lot. With many thanks I accepted her gifts—the stuff was more like armour than linen—kept them for a few hours and then returned them. She wept tears of joy over the recovery of her lost treasures.

“Supposing you put on a hat and come out,” I said to my friend, “what would she do?”

“She would go out and rouse the whole neighbourhood, and the house would be stoned. Who can quite tell what an ignorant fanatic will and can do?”

Naturally the offspring of ignorance is superstition. All of them had adorned themselves with charms against the evil eye. When anyone was sick, the wise woman with special healing breath was called in. With them, the idea of a man doctor was out of the question. Prayers, the burning of certain herbs and the laying on of hands were the usually prescribed cures and it was astonishing how many were cured.

It was over the care of the children that I was most worried. A child would be carried from a hot Turkish bath through the draughty corridors; my friend's little daughter was swung in a kind of hammock attached to

the end of the bed by an ignorant peasant woman. The exercise seemed much too violent and the child might so easily have had a fall and bodily injury for life. For a foreigner to interfere was to incur the wrath of all these fanatics. Besides, as my friend exclaimed, other friends of hers had brought in an English nurse, who had opened the window on her little charges, and killed them.

But how tedious is this eternal separation of the sexes ! Once in a while it is not harmful for men to dine alone, let off their steam, and tell their smoking-room jokes free from the restraint of feminine influence. Also men, who are generally workers, have a certain personality, and they do not bore each other as women do. There is too their excuse of talking business, which is a reason for excluding women. Women's parties—hen parties as we rightly call them—are hopelessly dull in any land, and they have no *raison d'être*. There is plenty of time during the day to talk to women friends *en tête-à-tête*, plenty of time for women to discuss the things that they do, better than men. But such discussions are nothing like as instructive as those in which men and women exchange ideas. That is why in countries where men and women mix freely civilization can go ahead.

Sometimes visitors came from afar to pay their respects to the Pasha's family. Nobody asked them to stay to lunch, they just stayed as a matter of course, according to the custom of the country. Their age demanded respect for them, and some of them—very few—ate with their fingers. In those days slaves with golden jugs and basins came between each course to pour water over the hands of the guests, so even the poorest had her fingers quite clean. It needs skill to eat without a knife and fork, as I learnt to my cost when I ate with the primitive people in Asia Minor, where I travelled, long before there was any question of Angora as a capital.

The presence of these uninvited women excluded my friend's brothers and husband from the table ; for which they were as sorry as we. Men at the table put the conversation on a different plane ; they discussed politics, history, and geography ; psychology and personalities, and a hundred and one interesting subjects. As my friend said, " They bring us news of the great outside world to which we do not belong, and it's good to listen to them." It was these ignorant women who set the bent of conversation at meals and cramped my friend's life in her own house : the power of ignorance is great. They were, however, kindly souls, not even requiring pity, for they were happy enough without one material care—they were guests and aged, two qualifications which made them sacred to the Turk. To speed the departure of some who had been in the house for over thirty years, salt was placed in their goloshes, but evidently the charm did not work, for they never went away and, although my friend's father has been long dead and buried, they still remain. The Pasha's widow has inherited them.

Another day, I again took matters in my own hands, and I brought a Turkish colonel to dinner. He was handsome, Western, and vain. The ladies of the capitals where he had been military attaché, had taught him the " value " of his beautiful eyes. I put on an evening dress, but my friend wore her oldest dressing-gown, so that her husband should not think she had a hand in the plot. Every other woman had to be ordered off the scene, and both the gardener and the coachman came in to help with the service.

" How can we ever hope to progress," said my friend, " with this appalling fanaticism deep down in the bones of the people ? "

" It is the custom," said my friend's husband, " but I do not like it, and as soon as a post in one of our Embassies

is vacant, I shall apply for it, so that I can share the pleasures of life with my wife."

He was *not* one of those unintelligent men, who pretended to admire the useless customs of the country, but he had faith in the future and was sure that progress would come by slow degrees, provided no false steps were taken which would put the clock back. He was not of opinion that the Turk was more jealous than any other Southerner; nor did he hide behind the lame excuse that since all women are the possessions of men, the Turk by keeping them under "lock and key" proved that he valued his cherished possessions. Just about the same percentage of European men as Turks would keep their wives in seclusion if they could, and just about the same proportion of Turks as Europeans would set them free. Fortunately these questions have not been left exclusively to men.

Once, in the country, we went for a dangerous but charming picnic. A village carriage, with curtains all round, drew up to our door. Thickly veiled, about ten of us women got in and drove to the Forest of Belgrade. In the heart of the forest we sent our carriage away, and told the coachman to return in an hour's time. Then we met as many men as we were women. They had taken their departure from another door, and dismissed their carriage in the same way! What plotting and planning there had been and what a delicious sense of danger there was only to exchange a few thoughts with nice men, with whom it was strictly forbidden to take an excursion to the lovely forest. To me, the Westerner, it seemed strange, indeed.

This year, I motored again into the forest, which has now become a Turkish edition of the Bois de Boulogne or Hampstead Heath. It was Friday, the day of rest. Osman and Fatma, like "'Arry and 'Arriet," walked arm in arm, he wearing some kind of a hat, and she a scarf twisted into a turban. Farther on, father, mother and

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the children sat cross-legged on the grass whilst mother served out the meal alfresco and the whole family seemed happy in their newly found freedom. How well I remember my friends' terror at our most innocent escapade! To them the new state of affairs must seem incredible!

The more one thinks of it, the more extraordinary it seems, that the Grand Vizir's daughter, adored by her father, married to one of the highest personages in the land, should have been subjected to the tyranny of ignorant fanatic slaves purchased at the slave market, and equally ignorant guests and relations dependent on her father's charity, and that there was no remedy. And yet, that unbreakable fanaticism, which crippled all freedom, vanished with the advent of the Ghazi Pashā as rapidly as though it had never existed.

(c) *Polygamy, Marriage and Divorce in old Turkey*

My chocolate-coloured slave who had been bought as a little child for £60, was what the Turk would call a *beau parti*. Belonging as she did to a Grand Vizir's family, several offers of marriage for her reached the family, and one morning consent was given for her marriage to a coffee-coloured railway official. She was overjoyed. He had sent a ring. Her fate was signed and sealed, and in a few weeks she would make the acquaintance of the man she had married. Although she was devoted to the family with whom she had lived all her life, her face was beaming. In the harem she had become a very interesting person.

On the morning of her marriage, clad in scarlet, with a scarlet handkerchief over her black woolly hair, and wearing many bracelets and long earrings, she stood as usual at the door waiting for me to wake; for nothing would induce her by waking me "to drag my soul back from the other world into which it has for a time taken flight!" When I did open my eyes she at once showed me her wedding ring and seemed to be very happy about it. Being, as she was, a member of the family, she had to have her trousseau like a daughter of the house. A special wedding reception, a dinner of ladies only, was arranged; and a performance of Kara-Geuz (Turkish Punch), which particularly interested me, was given. After that her husband would see her and take her away.

When I questioned my friend about this giving away of human beings without even asking their consent, she answered, "It is the custom; they know no other," and certainly my chocolate attendant was happy.

But for thinking people—how monstrous! "Things are not always as bad as they seem," said my friend. "People walk round the customs, and the young people

meet, though, it is true, the parents generally get their way in the long run."

Marriages in the days of Hamid were, of course, arranged. I have been visiting Turkish women whilst offers of marriage have been made for the daughters of the house. One day the man's mother, who had seen the prospective bride, called to make an offer on behalf of her son and stated her terms. "But, of course, we wish our son to go on living with us," she said. "No, we have decided that we want to keep our daughter," was the answer. "Thank you, then I am afraid the marriage cannot take place," was the reply. There was no ill-feeling—why should there be?—and the ladies still exchanged Bairam visits.

Another bride whom I had met told me she had seen her fiancé through the window; he was short and dark. On the day of the wedding she found he was tall and fair. She had looked at the wrong man!

There used to be two ceremonies connected with a big wedding. First of all there was the legal wedding, when the bride in one room and the bridegroom in another were solemnly asked whether they consented to the marriage or not.

Then followed the social part of the ceremony. Clad in a particularly handsome gown, with a diadem of diamonds, and with long strings of real silver threads round her neck, which she distributed amongst her friends for good luck, the bride drove to her new home, where she was seated on her bridal throne to receive the congratulations of her women friends. Truly an interesting spectacle! But even more curious to a foreigner was the absence of the bridegroom. Then there were the presents displayed and unguarded; and the open door through which all who would could enter, the Grand Vizir's wife, as well as a slave! For the foreigner, a unique and picturesque wedding.

"May I congratulate you," I said to one bride, a dear

friend. "Wait till I have seen my husband," she replied. She did not seem either worried or pleased by the "unknown fate," but there was a look of unending sadness in her eyes and later she wrote to me, "To be given away like a 'thing' to a man one had never before seen and whose whole personality may be a complete contradiction to your own, is a pretty poor foundation on which to build a home and a family. You need to be a 'thing' to accept such a situation! Even the courtesan is more to be envied! Her sad calling is her living, and she comes to it by stages. She has been seduced, she has fallen and been deserted. Could she have consented to what we cultured and thinking women have to endure? We women are 'provided for' the men, and if we do not please him, all he has to do is to repeat the phrase, 'I divorce you' three times. The injustice of it all is revolting!

"When I saw my husband for the first time, I said to him at once, 'Please sir, I beg of you to divorce me. I dislike you intensely, and I can never change.' Yet, in justice to my husband," she went on, "let me say he was, perhaps, better than most men. It is his privilege to unveil and undress his bride. (Could society conceive a greater degradation!) That humiliation he spared me.

"I went to my new bedroom, so ugly, so unsympathetic. How could I sleep in a room that bore the 'stamp' of the master everywhere? I was standing in my dressing-gown, my long hair in two plaits hung to my knees, my feet were bare and my gown was very short. He entered. I could have fainted. He called me endearing names. What impertinence! Summoning all the courage I had left, I turned my confused face to him. 'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'have you no shame? I have only just met you. Leave my room at once.' He left like a lamb. When he had gone, I quickly dressed myself, threw myself on the bed and sobbed myself to sleep. It was my fate, he would not divorce me;

only suicide or flight could end my misery. I determined on one or the other."

Another confidence—the confidences of Turkish friends would fill many books. . . .

"Twenty-eight and a widower with seven children," he exclaimed.

"When were you married?" I asked.

"At seventeen," he replied.

"Why so young?"

"I met her when I was five and she was three; she was my little companion and we played together. She had long fair plaits that I used to braid and unbraided. Then at eleven she was veiled. I saw no more of her. It was as though she was dead. I could not live without her, so I waited till she was fifteen and I married her. . . . As the customs of the country would not let her go out with me, I stayed at home and we used to read and sing and play Oriental instruments together. Then she died. I did what I could to save her, but the appalling fanaticism with which she had been surrounded during her childhood, the lack of medical attention, made her condition chronic. And now, when all our conditions have changed, and according to the Ghazi's laws I could have taken her about to enjoy life with me, she is at rest, and I am father and mother rolled into one."

Turkish women love romance. They will listen by the hour to a love story. They are a highly imaginative people. Their love songs and poems (gazelles) addressed to the "unknown beauty with the veiled hair" are not our milk-and-water compliments. There is a difference in temperament between the Othellos of the East and the matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxons.

Mahomet's own love story is beautiful. His absolute

devotion, his fidelity to a woman years his senior whose friend and confidant and husband he was, is all the more remarkable, when we remember what a sensualist he later showed himself to be. When he was in the depths of despair, when no one had confidence in his message, Aiyché gave him courage to go on ! He discussed everything with her, and she helped him. . . . In spite of her long list of successors, Mahomet never could forget her, and when one of the young and beautiful demanded as a reward for her charms to be loved more than Aiyché, he answered, "You are asking of me what I cannot give ; Aiyché was sent to me by God."

I had been with Sut Anna, Makboulé's foster-mother, to visit the two wives of a dancing dervish. Number one, a woman of his own age, had no children, and so herself had chosen as wife for him a young creature with no personality, young enough to be his daughter. In that way the wife could keep her moral empire over her husband ; indeed she merely used her young rival as a means to an end. Both women were busy with the preparations for the expected baby, to whom the first wife referred as "our child," and she seemed to be as worried about the fate of her rival as she would have been about her own daughter. Yet who knows what sorrow was gnawing at her heart strings, for she loved "the master" and no one can share the object of one's affections without a pang.

How undignified and degrading polygamy is ! How it destroys the peace of the home !

The following heartfelt description of a home where there are two wives comes from the able pen of Halidé Hanoum. Her own mother died when she was a tiny child, and her childhood was one of great sadness owing to her father having two wives. She writes :

“ When a woman suffers because of her husband’s secret love affairs, the pain may be keen, but its quality is different. When a second wife enters her home and usurps half her power, she is a public martyr and feels herself an object of curiosity and pity. However humiliating this may be, the position gives a woman unquestioned prominence and isolation.”

“ Whatever theories people may hold as to what should or should not be the ideal tendencies as regards the family constitution, there remains one irrefutable fact about the human heart, to whichever sex it may belong—it is almost organic in us to suffer when we have to share the object of our love, sexual or otherwise. There are as many degrees or forms of jealousy as there are degrees and forms of human affection. But even supposing time and education are able to tone down this very elemental feeling, the family problem will not be solved. The nature and consequences of the suffering of a wife who in the same house shares a husband lawfully with a second wife and equal partner, differ both in kind and in degree from that of a woman who shares him with a temporary mistress. In the former case, the suffering extends to children, servants and relations—two whole groups whose interests are from the very nature of the case more or less antagonistic, and who are living in a destructive atmosphere of mutual distrust and a struggle for supremacy.

“ On my own childhood, polygamy and its results produced a very ugly and distressing impression. The constant tension in our home made every simple family ceremony seem like physical pain, and the consciousness of it hardly ever left me. The rooms of the wives were opposite each other and my father visited them in turn. When it was Teize’s turn everyone in the house showed a tender sympathy to Abba, while when it was her turn no one heeded the obvious grief of Teize. She would leave

“the table with eyes full of tears, and one could be sure of finding her in her room crying or fainting. I remember very clearly my feeling of intense bitterness against polygamy—it was as a curse, as a poison which our unhappy household could not get out of the system.

“I was so full of Teize’s suffering and was so constantly haunted by her thin, pale face, tear-stained and distorted with grief even when she was kneeling on her prayer rug, that this vision had hitherto been like a barrier between me and Ablā. Yet the one emotion of sudden pity for Ablā was as natural to my heart as the other.”

On my return from my visit to the two wives I discussed with my friend my impressions of what was on my part a morbid curiosity.

“No woman of any dignity, however much she loved her husband, would permit a second wife,” said my friend. “She leaves him to her rival! That much progress at least we have made. Not one of my friends would put up with polygamy.”

My friend’s husband, respected throughout Turkey, is a most courteous, honest and moral man. “With our laws,” said my friend, “you can never be sure where you are.” Another friend quoted the laws. Imagine being at the mercy of these laws!

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

Chap. IV, verse 3. Marry what seems good to you of women, by twos or threes; and if ye fear that ye cannot be equitable, then only one, or what your right hands possess. (That is female slaves.) That keeps you nearer to not being partial.

Chap. II, verse 226. Those who swear off from their women they must wait four months, but if they break

their vow God is forgiving and merciful. And if they intend to divorce them God hears and knows.

Divorce (may happen) twice. Then keep them in reason, or let them go in kindness. It is not lawful for you to take from them anything of what you have given them, unless both fear that they cannot keep within God's bounds.

Verse 230. But if he divorce her (a third time) she shall not be lawful to him after that, until she marry another husband, but if he divorce her, too, it is no crime in them to come together again, if they think they can keep within God's bounds. These are God's bounds which he explains to a people who know.

Egypt has given us examples of how this law of divorce can be brought to the level of the cheapest music-hall farce. Sometimes a divorced woman is given to a man friend to marry, and it is arranged before hand that they shall divorce, so that the bride can remarry her first husband. It is a dangerous experiment, and one has to be pretty sure of the person to whom one trusts oneself; for often, the temporary husband refuses to give the bride back to her first husband.

"The wife and the home have no status," said my friend. "A man may take a fancy to one of the odalesques, and if she has a child, that child has the same rights as those of the wife. He tires of the wife; he has only to say three times that he divorces her, and all is over. You must own that such laws put a terrible weapon in man's hand, and leave the woman defenceless. Think on what poor security we build up our families. This very afternoon my whole life could be changed and my home gone for a mere man's caprice, or, what is worse, a woman's!"

Considering these laws carefully, and the latitude given to man, the Turk must be a good husband, or the woman must make particular efforts to hold him, or how can one

explain why so many homes hold together? No doubt, also, the children do help to keep a home together, as they do in the West. . . .

Zeyneb told me a story to illustrate the funny side of these laws of polygamy. It happened to a friend of hers devoted to her husband, of whose affection for her she thought she was quite sure. A foreign writer was visiting the Turkish lady, and the latter was assuring her visitor that polygamy had practically ceased to exist in Turkey. She quoted the witty remark of a Pasha: "When four wives were four tillers of the ground there was some sense in polygamy, but not when she gets her dresses from Paris," and gave other examples. The foreign writer took notes.

All of a sudden, came a slave announcing that the Bey's second wife was waiting in the big salon! She had come to take up her residence with her husband. She appeared to be a woman of the people and had brought her wardrobe in a large bundle. And she was an expectant mother. . . . Imagine the humiliation!

When once the first shock was over and explanations and excuses had been offered to the foreigner, who was indiscreet enough to remain, the first wife had the fortitude to order coffee to be taken to her rival. But the new wife was nowhere to be seen; the house was searched in vain. She had vanished. Leaving the ragged contents of her bundle, she had taken in exchange everything of value in the room. Amidst tears and laughter and "for goodness' sake never tell the Bey," the lady of the house decided the thief was a first-class actress.

"At best," said Zeyneb, "a Turkish wife plays much the same rôle as the woman with whom a Western man lives but does not marry. You go to a Paris studio; you know some feminine hand has supervised the arrangements, perhaps cooked the meal, but you never see her. Hers is the rôle of preparing everything for the master, but she

shares none of his pleasures. She may bear him children, even that does not give her the right in any way to share his life, but in the West he puts a little more tact and heart into the wording of her dismissal.”

To-day, under the Swiss Code and the unwritten social laws set down by the Ghazi, all this is ended. A girl meets her future husband as she does in England and accepts or refuses his offer of marriage as it pleases her. She and her future husband must go together to the town hall and sign the marriage documents in the presence of the mayor, as in France. This is the only ceremony that counts.

Divorce has to be decided by a court of law, as in Switzerland.

The whole position of the woman is different !

(d) *What the Passing of the Veil Means to Turkish Life.*

The following impressions of "taking the veil" are written by a Turkish woman :

"GOOD-BYE TO YOUTH."

"Up to the age of ten, Turkish girls used to lead the life of little European children, dancing, riding, mixing with European boys ; their hair loose and their dresses short. Up the steps they climbed, they laughed, and they romped ; and then came the veil, and who but a Turkish woman can understand what that means ? Always a black veil to shut out the sunlight, as if a pall had been placed over our very souls. It is a moment of unending sadness when one feels the age of ten approaching.

"At that age, European children are as free as the air and happy as the larks, but little Turkish girls who have seen their friends drop out of the circle await their turn with dread. A veiled friend can no longer go to the Christian's balls nor join us at the circus, and we mourn for her as though she were dead.

"I am thinking of a sad spring morning of long ago. I was twelve years old, but the constant terror in which I had lived had accentuated my tendency towards uneasiness and melancholy. The life I was forced to lead had nothing in common with my nature. Ever since I could remember, I had loved the bright light, open horizons, and galloping on horseback against the wind ; and now all my surroundings were to become calm and monotonous.

"As time went on, every day I put off the moment for wakening, because I had to open my eyes in the same room, and the same white muslin curtains were always there to greet me.

“ How can I explain my jealousy at seeing how contentedly all the furniture lay in the soft light which filtered through the latticed windows of our harem? A heavy weight was pressing on my spirit! How many times when our governess came into my room did she not find me in tears!

“ ‘ What is the matter, darling? ’ she would ask, and touched by her tenderness, I would sob without even knowing the cause of my sorrow.

“ Then I dressed myself slowly, so that there should be less time to live! How was it, I wondered, that some people feared death! Death would have been such a change—the only change to which a Turkish woman could look forward!

“ In our house there was scarcely a sound, hardly were the steps of the young Circassian slaves heard as they passed along the corridors.

“ Our mother was kind but stern and her beautiful face had an expression of calm resignation. She lived like a stranger amongst us, not being able to associate herself with us in our thoughts or our ideals.

“ The schoolroom where we worked the greater part of the day looked on to a garden thick with trees, and perfumed with early roses. Its furniture consisted of a big oak table and chairs, shelves full of books, a globe and three busts in plaster of Paris, of Napoleon, Dante and Mozart. What strange thoughts those three men, so different and yet so interesting, suggested to me. What a curious influence they all three had on my child mind!

“ It was in this schoolroom twice a week that we studied the Koran, but before the lesson began an old servant covered up the three great men in plaster. The Hodja must not see these ‘ heathenish ’ figures.

“ When the Imam arrived, my sister and I went to the

door to meet him, and kissed his hand as a sign of respect. Then he used to pass the bony fingers, which we had kissed, over our hair, saying as a greeting, 'May Allah protect you, my children.'

"With the Hodja-Effendi, there came into our school-room a perfume of incense, of burnt henna and sandalwood. His green tunic and turban, which showed that he had visited the Holy Tomb at Mecca, made his beard so white and his eyes so pale, that he seemed like a person from another world; indeed, he reminded me, not a little, of those Indian fakirs who live on prayers.

"From the moment he sat down at the table, my sorrows seemed to vanish for awhile, and an atmosphere of calm and blessed peace took possession of my soul.

"'Only God is God,' he began.

"'And Mahomet is his Prophet,' we responded, as we opened the Koran at the place he had chosen for the lesson.

"'Read, my child,' he said.

"I took the Holy Book, touched my forehead with it, kissed it, and then began to read the prayer which is a rhythmical chant, without, of course, understanding a word I read. The Imam read with me in a soft low voice, and when the chapter was finished he murmured, 'You read well, Neyr, may Allah protect you.'

"Then he questioned us on the prayers we had learnt, on the good we had to do and the evil to avoid, and his voice was so monotonous that each sentence sounded like a prayer.

"When we had finished, he asked, as he always did, to see our governess. I went to find her in the garden, and she came at once. As the Hodja could not speak English he asked us to say to her, 'You have a fine face. Allah loves the good and the kind, and those who go the way they should go. He will be with you.' And before he went

away, taking with him the delightful perfume of incense, he shook the Englishwoman's hand.

"Another day, after the lesson, he said to me, 'Neyr, you are twelve years old; you must be veiled. You can no longer have your hair exposed and your face uncovered—you must be veiled. Your mother has not noticed that you have grown a big girl, I therefore must. I teach you to love Allah, you are my spiritual child, and for that reason, I must warn you of the danger henceforward of going out unveiled. Neyr, you must be veiled.'

"I was not even listening to the Imam! An awful agony had seized and numbed my soul, the words which he had uttered resounded in my brain and little by little sank into my understanding—'Neyr, you must be veiled.' That is to say, to be for ever cloistered like those who live around you; to be a slave like your mother, and your cousins and your elder sister; to belong henceforth to the harem; no longer to play in the garden unveiled; nor ride Arabian ponies in the country; to have a veil over your eyes, and your soul; to be always silent, always forgotten, to be always and always a thing.

"'Neyr, you must be veiled,' the old Hodja-Effendi began again. I raised my head. 'Yes, I know, Hodja-Effendi, I know that I must be veiled since it is necessary.' Then I was silent.

"The old Imam went away not understanding what had happened to me, and without my having kissed his hand. I remained in the same place, my elbows on the table. I was alone. Everything around me was deadly still.

"Then suddenly Miss M. (our governess) opened the door, her eyes were red. Gently shutting the door and coming towards me she said, 'Neyr, I have seen the Imam, and I understand that from to-morrow you must be veiled.'

“ How sad she looked ! But I could say nothing. I let her take me in her arms and carry me into her room at the end of the corridor, murmuring all the while ‘ The barbarians ! ’ And together we wept, I without unnecessary complaints and she without useless consolation.

“ When my sorrow had lessened a little I questioned my governess.

“ ‘ In England are the women veiled ? And the children free ? ’

“ ‘ The women and children are free. ’

“ ‘ Then I will go to England. ’

“ ‘ Silence, Neyr, silence. ’

“ ‘ Take me to England. ’

“ ‘ I cannot, Neyr, ’ she answered.

“ But all that day and all that night I dreamt of free England I longed to see.

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“ The country house where we lived was very large with big rooms, long corridors and dark halls. Now and again carriages passed bringing excursionists to the neighbouring wood, and when we heard the wheels rumbling over the uneven road we rushed to the latticed windows to see all we could.

“ Sometimes we used to go with Miss M. to see Stamboul, which was on the opposite shore. Miss M. loved the town and used to take us there, as often as possible. Sometimes we used to ride with my brother in the country and I loved to feel the wind blowing through my untidy hair—but all that would be over now ! Sometimes my father would take me to see friends of his—foreigners they were—and the girls and boys played together, and I laughed and played with them. But I understood that when veiled, I could only be on the margin of their great life, that each day part of my right to existence would be taken from me,

a veil would cover my face and I should only be a Moslem woman, whose every aspiration and emotion would be trampled underfoot.

“The moment had come.

“We were to go out with mother that afternoon. On my bed in the monotonous room I disliked so much a black mantle, a cape and a veil were placed.

“Several persons had come to see me veiled for the first time. Awkwardly I placed the pleated skirt round my waist, the cape over my shoulders and then the veil over my face. It hid the tears that were falling, and lest they should be seen, I did not lift it again.

“‘Neyr,’ asked mother, ‘are you ready?’

“‘Yes,’ I answered, and followed her with my head up in spite of my grief, and from that day, from that moment I had determined on revolt.”

Contrast with this the life that Perihan, my friend's little daughter, leads in Konia to-day. According to the old customs she is now at the age when she, too, should be saying good-bye to youth and taking the veil.

The sun is blazing through the open windows; the lattice work of former days—the “jealous” lattice work, which used to give the room a look of desolation and melancholy—has gone for ever. Except for the negress, with a scarlet scarf over her black woolly hair, who brings us at frequent intervals delicious cups of coffee and sweetmeats made by a Turkish friend, whose hobby is cooking, there is no Turkish atmosphere about the room. In the old days, divans, cushions, and carpets furnished the houses; to-day the pupils of the School of Arts and Crafts turn out, under the guidance of a German professor,

cheap, ugly Western furniture, which the loyal citizens of the Republic willingly buy. . . .

My friend and I have talked till deep into the night and this morning have begun again. She is one of those friends with whom one never can count the passing hours, nor come to the end of a conversation. Makboulé now has a home. In the old days, the harem where she lived worked itself. The food came from somewhere, the old cook who could neither read nor write nor even tell the time, cooked by instinct; that very accurate timepiece, his own healthy appetite, told him exactly the right time to serve the meals. Slaves, bought thirty or forty years ago, and their offspring; Greek and Armenian servants, competent generally, honest sometimes, all managed to do their allotted part in the general running of the harem; the men ran the selamlik.¹ The Hanoum² looked on, and the Pasha paid the bills. . . .

And now this same friend has had to find out for herself how things are done, to instruct her servants who are Turkish and, though willing enough, have to be watched like little children. Call them away in the midst of their ironing, and they come at once, leaving the iron resting on the middle of a garment. There are some things which can be heated, and some not—how can they tell? Why not paraffin as well as water? Before anything is heated permission has to be given.

And how are they to know the value of these curious European things? The door will neither keep open nor will it quite shut. A block of priceless rock-crystal will keep it both open and shut, so why not use it?

There is to-day the same sisterly attitude towards one's friends as in the harem days. Going into mixed society has made women very vain; they have morning, afternoon, and evening dresses. The arrival of "Femina" with the new models is waited with feverish excitement. My friend,

¹ Men's quarters.

² The lady.



MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA WITH THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE " UNION OF TURKISH WOMEN "

He is President of the union, and takes the keenest interest in the progress of women.

with her pencil, like a schoolmistress, marks her copy: the new Drecol for A; Lanvin for B; Vionnet for C. By the time that the friends arrive their dresses are all chosen for them. They hunt the bazaar for stuffs; one cuts, another fits, another machines, another does the skirts, another the sleeves. . . . Whoever would have supposed in the old days that my friend could have turned out such excellent French dresses!

Through the open windows, as we sip our coffee we hear friends arriving . . . some of them are on horseback; astride, riding unaccompanied by their husbands. . . . The women of the people, still covered, except for one eye, look on and wonder what it all means. Three years ago this never could have been; to-day the Ghazi Pasha says it is all right, and so it must be. . . . "Will you both come too?" someone calls. We have to refuse for we have no horses, and we are going to lunch with two charming writers who are to show us the art treasures of the city . . . how different from the old days when a woman could not even drive out with her husband!

The Governor calls, with his wife; and the Préfet calls, with his wife. Most of the women, for the sake of economy, they say, but rather, I believe, because it is so charming a custom, twist their scarves into turbans. This means a turban for each dress, and as one cannot get hats in Konia, a hat from Constantinople for each dress would mean a small fortune. I notice that the Governor's wife and the Préfet's wife have hats alike—they have not yet learnt the European habit of "exclusive rights" in hats and dresses. . . .

All of a sudden in comes my friend's daughter. The stairs are steep; she has rushed in like the wind and is breathless. She must tell her mother the news as soon as possible. . . .

Tall, slim, and erect, and with a very healthy appearance,

our beautiful young friend wears blue serge knickers, a gymnasium tunic and a school cap. . . . She greets me, her English aunt, and then a whole torrent of Turkish flows forth. . . . She has worked hard, and the result of the exam. has been excellent; and indeed she has so much more to learn than the little girls of the West; French and Turkish; the history of all nations; the rights of the citizens of the Sovereign State called "Patrie"; home economics; cookery; sewing; and many other subjects. When one suggests that it is too much, the answer is: "Our country is behindhand, we must make up for lost time." It is a national duty to work. . . .

"What a wonderful thing it is to be able to send a child to school," said Makboulé. "It's such a fine training in democracy." And I remember that one day at the Bazaar she drew my attention to a funny little cobbler, with whom she was speaking. "His daughter goes to school with my child," she said. "And she's such a nice little girl." They visit—the Grand Vizir's granddaughter and the cobbler's daughter—as though they were equals; a step more advanced than our democracy. "My child will be educated," went on Makboulé. "I was not educated, I had only culture, and that I picked up when I acted as father's secretary. Our children can all be independent if they wish. What a splendid thing."

As a reward for her excellent work, Perihan is going to invite all the boys and girls of her school to tea and then to the cinema. It sounds a very innocent entertainment, but what will the people of other Moslem nations say when they read of such a departure from all the recognized customs of the country and religion?

Another treat is also in store for our little student. She is coming with me to the newly opened museum. The Ghazi Pasha has turned the sacred home containing the tombs of Mevlané and the dancing dervishes, where

formerly none but members of the sect could enter, into a museum open to all. . . . Seven thousand people visited it in one day. . . . Celebrated archæologists and scientists are busy ticketing the sacred relics, and converting them into historical treasures.

Perihan is passionately interested in archæology and history. The director explains to us the signs and symbols. She questions him about so many things, and takes notes about the translations of the Seljoucide writings. . . .

“I shall make archæology my life study,” she tells her mother. “As soon as I can, I shall go to Rome and Athens and Egypt.”

“Why not?” answers her mother. “It is fine for a girl to have a profession. . . .”

Our little student then shows us the latest gymnastic exercises she has been learning, and when that is over, she takes the dog for a run. . . .

The door closes, and my friend was silent for a few minutes. Then she added: “How good it is to see my child so happy. When I think how different my daughter’s childhood will be from my own, although thanks to my beloved father I had far more liberty than most girls. When I compare her freedom with all the unnecessary restrictions placed on us by religion and custom; when I feel that she will never even know what a veil means; can you wonder at the veneration we women have for our great Ruler, who has made this change possible and given us all the right to take our part in the life going on around us? Loyalty and affection can never repay him, for what he has done for us. It would be a poor specimen of a Turkish woman who did not thank Allah for the Ghazi.”

(e) *The Sultan's Harem Gone Forever.*

When I was invited with my friend to celebrate the Courban-Bairam at the Imperial harem, Makboulé assured me, that I was the only European, to whom such an invitation had been extended.

Early in the morning, we were awakened by the plaintive cries of the sheep being sacrificed in the selamlik. It was Rechid, the coachman, the most pious person in the household, who, though he could not read, was a specialist in Turkish history, and knew the words of his Koran, though not their meaning, who was chosen as *Vékil*, or Sacrificer. He was holy, but his hand was very old.

I thought of these sacrificed sheep when, later, in London I met the Begum of Bhopal coming from lunch where she ate next to nothing, as her hostess had not provided her with *sacrificed* meat. So upset was the Royal lady about this omission, that she at once attempted to found hostels in London, where Moslem students could eat sacrificed meat. The animal sacrificed is slain, in the name of God. It may be in accordance with Moslem tradition, but nothing will ever make one believe it is humane. Even now I cannot forget, after all these years, the plaintive cries of the sheep.

I had gone with a fellow officer of my host to the market, where we purchased eight sheep. These were harnessed like ponies and led back to their new destination. They were perfectly at home, poor beasts, perfectly obedient and trusting. It seemed too cruel to think of the fate that was reserved for them the next day. The ceremony was in commemoration of the Sacrifice of Isaac, a Bible story which has become more Moslem even, than Christian or Jewish.

The story is now so much part of the Moslem religion

that the famous Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem is built round the rock where the Sacrifice was prepared and the Angel stayed the hand of the father about to sacrifice his only son. As a small child when I first heard this story from Genesis, it frightened me. It seemed incomprehensible that a father, who loved his children, should be asked to sacrifice them; and to-day, though I understand the New Testament meaning of sacrifice, the story still brings something of the old terror. And so this story of Genesis, given, as it was, so important a place in the Moslem religion and the Court functions, had an added interest for me.

I am afraid I displeased my officer escort, for instead of going to tea at the Pera Palace, no great amusement, I followed the sale of the sheep from mosque to mosque until sunset closed the market gates. Poor sheep, petted and carried on the purchasers' backs like children one moment; sacrificed the next; and then distributed to the crowd of beggars who came flocking into our garden like a pack of hungry wolves!

This was the only meat some of these poor people tasted during the whole year. The mixture of romance, Bible history, Moslem tradition, and charity was, however, a curious one, particularly for a Westerner.

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It was cold that morning, and the dew was still on the rose bushes as we drove to the Ottoman Court. What a strange hour to be attending a Royal ceremony!

But it was none too early, for there were many formalities to be carried through, before we took our places on the allotted cushions, behind the lattice-windows, through which we were to watch the men's part of the ceremony—the *baise main*. My friend, accompanied by Miss Chocolate, our slave, and Chocolate Aga, wore a yashmak, now gone forever, and a more becoming head-dress,

except the Tcharchaff it would be hard to find. When we drove in behind the huge wall, which separates the Imperial harem from the outside world, the carriage, with the coachman, had to drive away at once, and black eunuchs, one on either side and one behind, helped us up into the yashmak room, where veils were removed and ironed.¹

What an extraordinary Court! All the officials were women. The Hasnadar (treasurer) was dressed in a quaint costume dating from the beginning of the dynasty, and carried a staff of office. A quaint figure she made with her bright henna-dyed hair, much-blackened eyes, false flowers and many jewels. In and out amongst the guests she hobbled, greeting some, asking news of others and welcoming all the Imperial Princesses, who came in full official costumes with orders and fur mantles, to pay their homage to the Sultan; she was a very old, trusted and much-respected official.

The young Imperial Princesses wore long dresses, many jewels, orders and golden mittens studded with precious stones. They reminded one of the little Infantas in the Prado. Most of the Imperial dresses were studded with precious stones, and one of these was recently offered to me in a Damascus store for £50; "a mere song," said the merchant, but it was not pretty.

And so in an ugly stucco palace with an exquisite view—women who were graceful when young, perhaps, gathered to display badly cut dresses and jewels that were too big and too badly set to look real. All my friend's friends were clad in French dresses, so tight as to make a striking contrast to the voluminous garments of the Princesses and the Court officials. Everyone was unveiled, for the Sultan had the supreme privilege of seeing his women subjects' hair.

Miss Chocolate, our attendant, followed us all the time

¹ This is an honour paid to high personages.

and at lunch stood behind our chairs in case we needed her services. We had seen the ceremony of *baise main*, and after wandering in and out of the large rooms of the Palace we had lunch with the Sultan's two wives and innumerable Princesses. The meal was long, the gold table-service heavy; we drank only water served in large crystal goblets, and we talked almost in whispers; no one quite understood why I had come, and above all why I had no husband.

After luncheon, the Sultan came from his side of the palace to receive the women, who knelt before him. He had had a long day, was still tired, and kept his eyes open with difficulty. He was not even an interesting personality like Abdul Hamid, who did question one about one's country and one's impressions of his. Very stout, with a red face and coarse features, he seemed like an old man who was recovering from a long and painful illness and was not yet quite convalescent.

My friend reminded me of his thirty years of captivity by order of Hamid, and one felt sorry for him. Nevertheless, he was no ornament, and of little use.

The Imperial wives had all been bought at an early age—they were generally Circassians—and specially trained in deportment and the arts of seduction for the rôle they were to play in the harem.

The Court etiquette; the large retinue of gaudily dressed slaves of every shade of skin, from chocolate and coffee to pure white; the brightly coloured yet ugly palaces in the very worst taste; how strange and interesting they all appeared to me. Yet what a heavy expense to the State this army of polygamous Princes and all their offspring must have meant, and added to this were the Princesses and their husbands, Court functionaries, slaves, attendants, horses and jewels. And of what utility were they to the State, hidden behind the high walls of the Imperial harem?

Our Royalties serve the State and work as no commoner could work for the public welfare. There is between them and the people a common bond of gratitude and sympathy which is touching indeed. The Princesses of the Imperial Ottoman House took no part in State affairs. They were offered to great men of State such as Enver Pasha, as a reward for distinguished services. An Imperial Princess was also offered to the Ghazi, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, after his final victory. But he declined the honour. "Of what use," he said, "could such a luxury be to me—a simple democrat?"

Most of these Imperial ladies are now in Europe; some in Switzerland; some in Paris; some on the Riviera. Some have the wherewithal to keep up an easy existence; some are almost destitute.

Physically they had to be attractive, but their ancestry and characters were not taken into consideration at all. Only when they came to be mothers of future Sultans did they have any position. The mother of the reigning Sultan, the "Validé-Sultana," was the highest lady in the land—the one woman before whom the Sultan knelt, and to whom all the women's petitions were addressed.

Parents generally sold their children to the Sultan for a good sum; and it flattered their amour-propre to have borne children for the Imperial harem. Everything for their advancement turned round their capacity for physical attraction, and when once they had captured the Imperial eye, the one crime that they dared not be found guilty of, was sterility. If any writer wants scenarios in which hatred of a rival, who has given birth to a boy is brought to the height of tragedy, let him go to the Imperial harem. What kind of rulers could one hope to find bred in an atmosphere such as this?

Abdul Hamid's mother was, it is said, an Armenian who had been a professional dancer in the service of Esmé

Sultana, sister of Abdul-Medjid. The son of any woman by the reigning Sultan is entitled to be in the line of succession.

Although little is known of his childhood, his father, the kindly Sultan Abdul-Medjid, who loved his other children, was much alarmed about the character of Abdul Hamid. Kemal Pasha (no relation, of course, to the national hero), his most important tutor, said he was cunning, distrustful, sulky, lazy, ignorant, and refused to associate with other boys. In spite of the fact that he had a very pronounced Armenian type of face, nothing offended him more than the suggestion that he had Armenian blood in his veins. He even sent fourteen military cadets into exile for using an Armenian, instead of a Turkish word.

His mother died when he was seven, and his father's fourth wife brought him up, if there is any bringing up in an Imperial harem.

One of the usual consequences of polygamy is naturally infanticide. Since all children are legitimate, the fewer the children of the Pasha, the more money there is to be divided amongst the family after his death.

Mahomet II's law, legalizing infanticide in the Imperial family, was passed to pacify popular opinion, and it was therefore regarded with favour.

Of Murad III's eighteen sons, seventeen were put to death on the accession of the eldest in 1594. One of the sons of Abdul-Medjid's sister, Atëya Sultana, had to be killed in conformity with the palace law. To buy off the jealousy of the mothers of the other Princes, when the Sultana again expected a child, her husband spent large sums, but it was of no use; the child was killed, and the mother went mad.

In the days of Abdul-Aziz and Hamid, the next heirs, Murad and Reshad, were treated in such a way that the one went mad and the other almost mad and both were perfectly useless as rulers. For fear of Western public opinion, they

were not killed ; perhaps killing would have been more merciful. Reshad was not allowed to leave the Palace, received no visitors and was guarded day and night by both soldiers and spies.

Could any system be worse than this ? After all were the Sultans responsible ? It is a wonder, brought up as they were, and born of such unions, that they were not worse.

Women everywhere, slaves, odalesques, dancing girls, Court officials, and foster-mothers to whom respect was paid by the Imperial ladies ; groups of six women, one to command and five to execute the order, giving coffee ; groups of six serving the sweetmeats and water ; groups of cigarette distributors—was it even possible to count the women within these walls ?

Were they happy ? Once a year, it is true, they were solemnly asked whether they would like to go, and if they said they would, they were either given to some Pasha as a reward for distinguished services, or to some high-born lady to find husbands for them. One of these women, "palace-lady" she was called by the slaves, was our guest, and often she would come and sing for us. If I was indiscreet enough to ask for Eastern songs, my friend's husband had to retire. She was a pretty, docile, obedient creature with no personality whatsoever, and accepted the husband my friend found for her, without a murmur.

Another palace-lady lived in the basement of our konak. She had once formed part of the harem of Abdul-Aziz and had been married to a Pasha. When, however, she understood how much her sterility made her husband suffer, she found another wife for him, came penniless to my friend, and was content to earn her board and lodging as dish-washer, wander about the garden veiled, and dream of the past.

What an unhealthy atmosphere, physically and morally, pervaded this Imperial harem ! Little fresh air, no exercise,

the wrong food, no serious thought, women taken possession of, and then given away like pet dogs ! It reminded one of a stud in our country, except that more attention is paid to the pedigree of the horse's mother than ever was paid to the mothers of Turkey's rulers. Can we expect anything else but intrigues, daily tragedies, and often crimes ? Hatred was natural with all that army of " bought " women waiting for a chance movement of their bodies to attract the Imperial eye and lead them to the coveted position of Sultan's mother—the first lady in the land.

We drove back to Stamboul as the sun was setting ; the yawning shopkeepers were slowly closing their little establishments for the night ; and the silver-voiced muezzin from the top of his minaret was singing to the glory of God. What a land of contradictions and surprises ! Here, in the twentieth century, God's Shadow on Earth, the Commander of the Faithful, was allowed to carry on a most degrading commerce in women and no one dared protest. " What would you do ? " asked my friend. " I would get some dynamite and blow the whole gangrenous establishment into eternity," I answered. " What else is there to do ? "

And yet one remembers the storm of disapproval there was when the present ruler, seeing no possibility of reforming the House of Osman, rotten from root to branch, just swept it aside.

Seated in the President's modest little villa at Tchan-Kaya, listening to him as he explained the part that he intended Turkish women to play in the life of the people and the uplifting of the Turkish race, one could not help remembering the Sultan and his harem.

With the end of the House of Osman, an ugly, unhealthy chapter of Turkish history is now closed forever.

CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT REFORMS BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE GHAZI

(a) *The Modernist Influence in Religion and the Liberation of the Country from Religious Tyranny*

TRAVELLING from Konia to Adana with the Inspector of Schools who was the intelligent and kindly guide provided by the Government, by chance I used the words "your prophet Mahomet." He sat up to give more emphasis to his words and answered, "Our prophet is our Ghazi: we have finished with that *individual* from Arabia. The religion of Mahomet was all very well for Arabia, but it is not for us."

The point of view of an inspector of schools was important, especially with regard to religion.

"But have you no belief?" I asked. "Yes," he answered, "in the Ghazi, science, the future of my country and myself." "But God?" I asked. "Who can know anything about God?" he answered. "There is science, and the power of good and evil, of the rest no one knows anything definite."

He was voicing the belief of the new generation. Dislike of anything from Arabia; hatred of the hodjas who have kept the people back; a desire to have a free-thinking Government, and confidence in philosophy and science.

The old enemies the Armenians and Greeks have gone, the real enemy now is the hodja, and as I said before the Turks' mistrust of their own clericals is extended to all other priests, Christians and Jews alike.

I spoke with enthusiasm of the beautiful picture of the

Turk at prayer—prostrate before his God. “There is nothing to stop any of us continuing these physical exercises,” he answered, “nor carrying out Mahomet’s laws of hygiene, but I hold no brief for humility; we have had more than was good for us in the past. Have you not seen stamped on the face of our Ghazi, ‘I can and I will’? He has imposed his will on the whole nation, and one of the finest things he has done for us is to make us believe in ourselves. A new power is born within us, and we all say ‘I can.’ We are no longer the lazy fatalists, driven by the whims and caprices of unscrupulous rulers and nourished on the unhealthy superstitions of dishonest hodjas: we are free, self-respecting citizens. Our Ghazi is magnificent. We owe all to him. All we can do is to try and reach his high standards.”

We were eating the copious lunch my friend had provided for us, as our train went at snail pace along the beautiful country that leads to Adana. The villagers and people of the municipality came to greet me, bringing their wives with them, as is now the custom.

“What have we to learn from the Arabian (he would not call him prophet) of the desert?” went on my companion. “I, inspector of schools, can I teach my pupils nonsense? The Ghazi, who has inspired the whole organization of our education, says: ‘Teach the truth and prove it by science; teach your pupils those subjects which are going to be of use to them in life; teach them order, method, and observation; teach them the difference between right and wrong; to know themselves; to believe in themselves and to rely on themselves.’ That is not the programme of ‘the Arab,’ but the Ghazi our prophet.”

We spoke of the Kaliphat. “Why,” asked my companion, “should men and institutions who have served their day and generation be taken out of their graves for inspection? When you speak of that dead institution you

hurt the feelings of a Turkish Nationalist. He is ashamed of his weakness in putting up with the Sultan and Kaliph so long. Hamid led us right into the camp of the enemy and Vahideddine sold us. We did not wish, thanks to the Kaliphat, to have to be mixed up in the religious quarrels of other Moslems and this proves what a true Nationalist our Ghazi is. He could have used 'the Moslem brotherhood' idea to gain advantages for himself—he will not—because in doing so he would betray our nationalist ideals. Our nation stands alone, but our action is honest and straightforward." I took care, after apologizing for my indiscretion, never again to exhume the "hated corpse" as long as I was in nationalist Turkey.

"Why are you so angry with the hodjas?" I asked. "There is nothing an honest man despises more than to see ignorant people deceived. It is so simple to lead our peasants and yet the poor people have been deliberately kept in ignorance. They recite their prayers by the hour without understanding one word. The Koran has been translated into most languages, but the hodjas have made 'Holy War' on any attempt to translate it into Turkish."

Someone told me that when the Ghazi began his reforms, he sent for the chief ecclesiastics to hear why they were against the translation of the Koran. They replied that many passages were "untranslatable." "If they are as obscure as all that," said the Ghazi, "they had better be left out."

An excellent translation of the Koran was made by Colonel Djémil Bey years ago when he was military attaché in Paris. As soon as he heard the Ghazi had ordered a translation of the Koran, he sent a copy to the chief ecclesiastics. They condemned it before even reading it. The Ghazi, however, ordered it to be printed and copies sent to all the religious centres and centres of learning.

"It was so easy in the old days to call yourself 'hodja,'"

explained my companion, "which means 'teacher,' put on the hodja's turban and have all the privileges of 'the cloth.' Only genuine registered hodjas can now wear turbans and their number has greatly diminished. These 'learned' gentlemen will have nothing to do with progress and democracy; in order to achieve their aim in keeping progress out of Turkey they would stoop to any treason. Have you heard of the rôle played by Dervish Vahdeli in 1909? He did all in his power to have as many Unionists assassinated as possible, in order to place the British Government in their stead. Such anti-national and pro-Islamic fanaticism has occurred over and over again. They have allied themselves with Russians, Greeks, Armenians, and Indians. They have no patriotism where their holy law and power is at stake. Don't talk to me of these venomous vipers."

My companion was so agitated and angry every time he discussed the subject of hodjas that I changed the subject. But he went back to it—the hodjas are "red rags" to the nationalist bulls. "At the time of the Revolution of 1908, when the Western Powers, instead of giving the new Government time to find its bearings after the terrible regime from which Turkey had freed herself, started their fine work of wholesale plunder—Austria seized Bosnia-Herzegovina, Greece annexed Crete, and Italy Tripoli—with defeat staring her in the face, Turkey nevertheless defended Tripoli to prevent other thefts. It was in moments like this that 'our friends,' the hodjas, could always be relied on to play a low game. Instead of doing all in their power to raise the morale of the people and cheer the army that had gone to battle with the certainty of defeat, our 'holy friends' preached that the cause of this disaster was the 'Westernization of Turkey.' And you wonder that our Ghazi keeps his inspectors busy watching these hodjas.

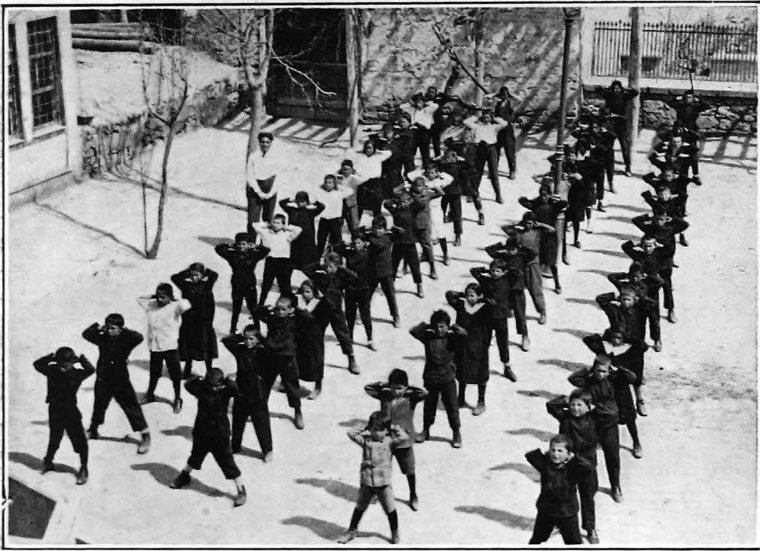
"Fortunately our Government has never been weak

with these fanatical clerics. If they ever again show their fangs the hangman's rope is near at hand." He stopped for breath, mopped his face, and continued in a milder tone: "Our Republic was born in such sorrow, suffering and poverty, we are all determined that never again shall these fanatics have a chance of betraying us. And even if the Government were weak, the people would not be. The people have begun to understand what a disgraceful part the hodjas have played in keeping the country back. No hodja could ever expect mercy from us. I personally would willingly put them all at the bottom of the sea, but our ruler has enough problems to face without having useless 'martyrs' added to the number."

Sometimes I wonder whether the Turks' avowed hatred of religion is not after all a fit of anger that will pass. There is truth, however, in their bitter outbursts against religion, for never was a nation more persecuted by Christian Powers for their own political ends. It was the political interference of Russia in the name of Christianity which brought on the Armenians their terrible fate; the same with the Greeks. When Russia, the greatest of the "sinning" Powers, needed territory for economic and political penetration, she had only to inflame the religious sentiments of the Christians and encourage conflicts in the Near East. Now that disloyal Christians, with no Capitulations to shelter them, have to submit to the same fate as disloyal Turks, they take care to be loyal. Religion used for political ends is indeed the worst form of treachery and cowardice, and one can understand the bitterness of the victims, Christian and Turk alike.

After a little my guide continued, "As to the dervishes with their occult practices, their circus tricks of swallowing swords and fire, their 'miraculous' healing, their giving of

CO-EDUCATION IN TURKEY



BOYS AND GIRLS DRILLING AT THE SCHOOL OF DUMLI-PINAR KONIA



MEAL-TIME. POOR CHILDREN OF THE PRIMARY SCHOOL OF ESKI-CHËHIR

charms, could any self-respecting community allow them to exist? They lacked ideals, their worship demanded no sacrifice, they got money from the ignorant in order to get more drink and more wives. The seclusion and sacredness of their Tekké was only a cover for their many unpleasant vices. They taught the people 'sublime nonsense' [*sic*] and their religious rites, their howling particularly, were unfit for the dwellers on the shores of Lake Tchad. There was nothing to do but make a clean sweep of all this criminal superstition."

The theological students who chose their career in order to live in the Medresseys and have a lazy time have also had their wings clipped. All those schools of theology have been closed. Those who want to be clerics must go to the School of Theology at the University and pass their exams. there. "Now we shall see how many care to embrace this career."

The career of hodja, it seems, cannot now be a very attractive one. From the directorate of religious affairs,—the director has not even Cabinet rank—instructions are despatched to the hodjas as to what they may or may not preach, and Government inspectors are sent to see those instructions are carried out. Any criticism of the Government is considered high treason and is punished as such. I heard these same opinions expressed by many different people.

We talked of religion most of the way to Adana. To find out from eminent Turks exactly what the Turks believe is of the greatest importance to anyone studying their civilization.

"In what way does Islam fall down before twentieth-century modernism?" I asked.

"First of all there is predestination," answered the interpreter. "According to the Ghazi our fate is *not* recorded on the tablets of eternity, our lives are our own to use as we

will. We cannot all have the genius of the Ghazi, but we can try to acquire his genius for hard work and his knowledge of men."

I reminded my companion of prayer. At Adana I had risen at five just to hear the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. "That call to prayer," I said, "and the response of the Moslems prostrating themselves before the supreme Ruler of the world, is one of the finest things I love most in the East." "I know of something finer," said my companion, "a man who does his work, as we are trying to do, with all his heart and soul. How can any of us with the work of reconstruction we have before us, spare the time to go five times a day to the mosque?"

I went to the mosque in Konia on the last day of Ramazan. The women and babies in their own special part of the mosque, had carefully screened themselves off from the men, with shawls. Twice these shawls were removed, and twice the women put them back again. They still cling to their privacy in worship, and so long as both sexes continue to prostrate themselves on the ground, no doubt it will be necessary.

In spite of my wish to take off my boots, the authorities would not hear of it. I sat on a chair in the midst of the praying men. The Imam had a beautiful voice and chanted the Adieu to Ramazan. Rarely have I heard music so beautiful in its intense sadness, melancholy, and mystery. It seemed to express that mysterious feeling of inevitable sorrow—like parting and death—better than the music of the West. How well I remember when I heard the exquisite Mevloud (in celebration of Mahomet's birth) the emotion and reverence awakened by this music, even in the soul of an "unbeliever."

Rising and falling in perfect harmony, like great waves breaking on the seashore, the Moslems prayed with the Imam who led the prayer. They were utterly unselfconscious,

wrapped in their worship, and when they found the mosque overcrowded, they prayed in the street outside. No Moslem ceremony is more impressive than this. Few foreigners, who are at Constantinople during Ramazan, care to miss the imposing ceremony, as seen in the mosque of St. Sophia.

“For those who work,” went on my companion, “fasting is quite out of the question. Fasting ‘the gate of religion’ is obligatory from the hour when the new moon first rises till the appearance of the new moon, and none except travellers and the sick are excused.”

When Ramazan comes in summer, fasting for sixteen to seventeen hours is extremely rigorous; it means no food, no drink, not even a cigarette. At times, in Konia, one’s mouth was filled with dust and the thirst in consequence was intolerable. Then it was one could sincerely pity the poor Moslems, for though hunger is bearable, thirst is torture. How can one expect men to fast sixteen hours and yet work!

The Hungarian engineer who has the concession for supplying Konia with electricity said he would never have signed his contract to work through Ramazan had he known what it meant. He was piercing the stone mountains to change the current of the water for the city electricity; the stone is carried down to the deacoville and utilized for building the houses. The Turks had neither the force to shovel up the stones nor to carry them. In the days of Mahomet, when these rigorous fasts were instituted, there was no question of electricity, nor houses built of stone, nor Hungarians with definite Government contracts to be kept. “If ever I have another contract with the Turkish Government,” said the engineer, as he danced with joy at our Baïram ball, “there will have to be some understanding with regard to the workmen’s exemption from fasting.”

I went with my friend to visit the aged chief of the Mevlané. He was to explain to me the philosophy of this strange sect. We sat on the cushions on the floor and were served with syrup, coffee, and cigarettes, whilst his wife told us how much she suffered from the Ramazan restrictions of not being able to smoke. We found the old chief in another room lying on his cushions ; it was all he could do to offer a few polite compliments to my friend and her family ; his long fast made it almost impossible for him even to find his words.

I asked my companion whether he would fast had he no work to do. "Certainly not," he answered. "I see no sense in it. The time and duration of a fast is for me or my doctor to decide. The proper use of intoxicating drinks, meats and tobacco must also be left to a man's common sense. As to alcohol, you never can prohibit its use ; far better teach men to resist its temptations openly."

My companion considered that the new freedom with regard to drinking alcohol, as in all other countries except U.S.A., had ended a long-tolerated hypocrisy.

In 1717, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote in her letters :—

"Achmet Bey made no scruple of deviating from some part of Mahomet's law, by drinking wine with the same freedom as we did. He said, prohibition of wine was a very wise maxim and meant for the common people, being the source of all disorders amongst them, but that the Prophet never designed to confine those who knew how to use it with moderation."

For many years, many Moslems have allowed themselves the same privilege as Achmet Bey.

Unfortunately the Turkish workman has begun to disregard Mahomet's injunctions with regard to alcohol.

Wherever Western civilization penetrates, drink goes with it. Wait till the Turks have the curse of drink in their industries as we have, that surely is worse than fasting during Ramazan !

It was at Adana, and we were driving along an orange grove. We passed a school ground where the boys in scarlet jerseys, their faces tanned by the sun, were busily kicking a football, quite unconscious of the fact that I kept my carriage waiting in order to watch them.

“What do you think of that ?” exclaimed my companion with delight. It was curious to see a British football field transplanted into the depths of Asia Minor and above all to hear the English technical terms used amongst the Turkish conversation.

“I should not like to be asked to play *rugger* against them,” I said. “One wonders if they will kick the ball to pieces.”

“Up till now this innocent pleasure and healthy exercise has been prohibited by the hodjas on the ground that a football is too much like a head,” said the inspector.

“What a happy childhood we have had, thanks to the hodjas,” he went on. “Football and all other healthy games forbidden ; dancing forbidden ; cards and all games except chess, provided the pieces have no human form, forbidden ; art forbidden ; theatre impossible because women must not act ; all that could make us healthy citizens forbidden ; and every form of sensuality encouraged.”

“The religion of Mahomet is sensual beyond the sensual thoughts it expresses. What can you say to this ? ‘On earth four wives and as many concubines as required,’ (a privilege freely indulged in by the Imperial House of Osman) “and when you go to Paradise you are wedded to ‘bright and large-eyed maids’ created of pure musk, clad in magnificent garments, their charms being enhanced by perpetual youth.

“Mahomet would never have had the followers he did, had he not pandered to their sensuality,” said my companion. “The picture of his Paradise is not artistic, and the grouping of his angels childish and not even poetical.”

We spoke of proselytism. Few commands are clearer or more forcible than the order to extend the Moslem religion at the point of the sword, and it would be difficult to find a precept which would appeal more powerfully to the instincts of the race to whom it was addressed. To hold out the bliss of Paradise, with its houris as a reward for those who should fall on the battlefield of the Faith, was a potent means for securing a religious revival, such as the world has scarcely ever witnessed. To this free use of the sword, enjoined by the Prophet, is due the extension of one of the great religions of the world.

“On that point the Ghazi could *never* agree with Islam.” My companion laid great emphasis on the word “never.” “He would *never* draw his sword except in the defence of nationalism. No need to hold out the bliss of Paradise to us soldiers: there is not a man amongst us Turks who would not die to save what is his most precious possession—his liberty. As to the Koran, it may be inspired. Many consider its eloquence, beauty and diction hard to surpass. After all, the value of the truth of the Koran has to be seen against the background of the heathenism it supplanted. Seen against the background of the true democracy we are striving to acquire, it is sadly deficient. It allows slavery and polygamy, which are both against the ethics of truth. From its teaching you can learn to conquer empires, but you cannot learn to build a lasting democracy.

“To my mind, ‘the Arabian’ if he was sincere, which I doubt, was a very mistaken teacher.”

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Tewfik Rushdi Bey, amongst the many who discussed the religious question with me, tells me he holds the gravest suspicions towards converts. "When the motive is *love*," he said, "I can understand it better. When it is *soi-disant* a question of conviction, I just don't believe it. What attraction can the religion of the desert have for a man of the West?"

"We have had to take strong measures with reference to conversions," said the Minister. "We consider that in dealing with the sick and school children these conversions are an abuse of confidence by those holding authority over irresponsible beings, and they do not count."

Tewfik Rushdi Bey spoke of the impossible union of science and religion and the impossibility of governing except with religion well in hand. "No Turkish Government could tolerate the power given to the Archbishop of Canterbury," he said, but I personally have been unable to see what exceptional power belongs to His Grace of Canterbury. Certainly the sermons he preaches are not dictated by officials of Mr. Baldwin's Government!

When my gracious Konia host, Nadgi Pasha, came on his official visit to England, the first question his English host asked him was, "Why have you done away with religion in Turkey?" The Pasha answered, "We have not done away with religion in Turkey, any more than Cromwell did away with religion in England."

To me, however, there is little of the Cromwellian religious war in Turkey: it is rather the conflict of "faith and science" such as took place after the publication of *The Origin of the Species*. In Turkey they are preaching the gospel of secular progress, and every Turk I met from the Ghazi and his Ministers to the Rector of the University and its professors is putting this into practice. And so

for the National Pact to call Islam the religion of Turkey is as absurd as to call the Anglican Church the Established Church of Ireland.¹

“It is generally supposed,” I said, “that religion is the guardian of the individual and the controller of sex and passion.” “Not at all,” said the Director of Education, “the State is the guardian of the individual, and woman the controller of passion. Women get the respect they demand. Decent men ask for nothing better than to respect women. Even in the harem days we respected those women who respected themselves, and who brought up their sons to respect women.”

“In our case, and particularly on this woman question, moral teaching is higher than religion. For in raising the position of women as the Ghazi has done, he has had to oppose religion. It is rarely an easy task to free anything worth while, and no reasonable being could accept that the freeing of a conscience tied down by the traditions of ages can be fraught except with difficulties all the way. Nevertheless, it is unjust to blame the slackening of the religious beliefs for the number of youthful suicides. In the library of the museum are documents of specialists who have been investigating this scourge. These numerous suicides come, it is concluded, from the wretched post-war conditions, and the necessity of working at full speed ahead in a new civilization. There has been no change in the religion of Denmark, yet the statistics of youthful suicides continue to be high, and have been for years.”

“Well,” said my companion, “all the cards are now on the table. The Koran is there, for all who will to read. We have faith in our Ghazi. He may find it necessary

¹ Since writing this chapter, the Grand National Assembly has publicly declared the Turkish State is without any national religion. Like France, it has a lay government.

to give us a completely revised religion—it may be the greatest thing he has done for his people.”

“ But why does Europe credit him with so great a lack of intelligence ? Would any sane man try to end a religion ? Reform it, yes ; but end it, never. There are some natures who are obliged to tie their faith to the unseen, and there are others who simply could not. Each is free to go the way he pleases, as the Ramazan celebrations in which you took part will prove.

“ If the Koran is divine, it will stand a new interpretation ; and the general opinion is that by cleaning and pruning the religion, the Ghazi will strengthen it, if there was anything to strengthen. But if not, it will perish under the withering criticism of the Ghazi, whom the Turks consider their prophet, though they don't openly call him so by name.”

What my companion said about the new prophet and the Koran seems to be accurate, as the following quotation from one of the best-known Turkish writers, Yacoub Kadri, will show. He says :

“ The Great Chief has given His body and His blood to the party ; exactly as the Messiah at the Last Supper said for the bread, ‘ This is my flesh,’ and for the wine, ‘ This is my blood.’ He who ransomed and saved the Turkish race from final destruction has given to His people, too, in the written history of the seven years' struggle, a Political Scripture which has become the symbol of their redeemed national life. This will be their new Koran. Portions of the Ghazi's great speech are to be inscribed on tablets of marble and placed in the principal positions in Constantinople. Can one not call them the tablets of the new religion ? ”

(b) *National Education in New Turkey*

After my long talks with the inspector, I was most anxious to visit still more schools. In Konia, in Adana, Mersina and Stamboul, I went to many of the schools, took part in the lessons, had meals with the teachers and pupils and long talks with the professors and pupils.

Before anyone passes judgment on New Turkey, let him first of all see for himself the schools the Turk has built, and with what rapidity education is sweeping right into the smallest villages. The movement started as everything starts in Turkey, with a plan and an order from the Ghazi; then the Valis have used his slogan "To educate yourselves is a patriotic duty" to whip up the people into almost a religious fervour. And the result is that parents and children throughout the land are clamouring for education.

In Konia, the Vali, a delightful gentleman who laughs as a horse would laugh, if a horse could laugh, lives for schools by day and dreams of them by night. Like many Turks he takes his wife everywhere. As time goes on perhaps the novelty of going out with one's husband will wear off. But at present, so many couples I met seemed to be treating themselves to the Western honeymoon to which as Easterners they had not been entitled at the time of their wedding. The Vali's house was furnished with Western furniture, products from the Arts and Crafts School, and he had built a conservatory where he and his wife were co-partners in the almost impossible task of growing flowers in Konia. Their little son, who was very outspoken in his dislike of England, has a German governess. In Konia there are three German ladies married to Turkish officers. But this in future will not be possible, for any Turkish officer who marries a foreigner must leave the army.

The Governor is like a gardener with his pocket full of

schools, wondering where he can plant them. As you drive out with him, and he shows you with pride one dervish centre after another, one theological centre after another, already converted into a crowded school, he explains what joy it has been to him to rid this dervish-infested town of these "useless bipeds" and utilise the space for schools, which are so necessary for the advancement of the people. As the car continues its route, you see houses being pulled down, others half constructed, and a fine open space of land or a closed mosque. "These are all ours," he says with pride. "In as short a time as possible they will be flourishing schools," and he goes on his daily rounds of inspection and passes on Ismet Pasha's command, "Yes, what you have done is good, but it must be better."

Three spacious buildings in a large enclosure, once the Tekké of howling and dancing dervishes, have been converted into a School of Arts and Crafts. Here under the direction of an Italian and a German, boys and young men are learning to make everything from a plough to a chair and table. The pupils' work is sold for the benefit of the establishment and all the work is first put on exhibition for the Governor. He knows all the pupils and congratulates them personally, giving them this timely warning, "Unless you want to be slaves again you must work."¹

To see a workshop full of Turkish boys and young men, bent over their work, their bronzed faces pearling with perspiration and working with an intensity that always suggests to me the days of war, is no ordinary sight. The noise is terrific. The Turkish overseer is not quite sure whether Western etiquette demands he should stop the machines for a lady, he asks the Governor and the Governor asks me. "Certainly not," I replied, "time is money."

The energy and interest of the Governor in his schools

¹ Since writing this chapter, I hear women have become pupils at the School of Arts and Crafts.

is wonderful. Surely no conqueror surveying the fields of his conquests could have been happier than the Governor showing his schools. He is a priceless asset for the education authorities, whose efforts he upholds in everything. I reminded the Vali I had met his predecessor ten years ago. He was an elderly gentleman whose last thought would have been anything connected with schools; he wore a large pumpkin turban and there was nothing interesting about him but his exquisite manners and his lovely Persian robe. It is when one stops to think of the past as I do so often that one is forced to acknowledge that surely this generation of Turks is a new race.

In spite of a very overcharged Budget, the Minister of Finance puts by for education a sum most people would consider quite out of proportion to the revenue; and he would become very unpopular if he did not; for the Turks consider education their "national bread."

Schools are divided into three groups—primary, secondary and adult. Said a very charming woman to me, "Nous avons des écoles primaires, secondaires et adultes. Avez-vous des écoles adultes?" François de Croisset is quite at liberty to steal this little gem, and also my answer. "Nous n'en avons pas le même besoin."

I visited both the boys and girls' normal college. At the girls' college a tea was given for me and a dramatic and musical performance. The college was spacious, well aired and clean, and in the large hall tables of good things were daintily arranged for me; all the cooking had been done by the pupils.

The acting was excellent. Elsewhere I have spoken of the Turks' natural gift for acting. These children acted the plays, all to the glory of the Ghazi and the new regime, excellently, and they seem to have, like the French, great dramatic facility.

Education for all nations whose language is not universal

is difficult, for it means the pupils have to acquire a French education and culture, as well as their own. In the schools' new curriculum, drawn up according to the Ghazi's wishes, great attention is paid to the development of observation. Pupils are taken on long walks, and given an object whose history they have to study in all its phases and these have all to be illustrated. The best illustrations of the objects studied are pinned on the walls. Prizes are given for the best charts. All the schools, too, even the tiny village schools, have their museums of objects made by the pupils themselves; the little manufacturers have no assistance from their teachers; they are left to the freedom of their own imagination, and many original objects are thus made. Western music and drawing are new and important subjects in Turkish schools, whilst mathematics, chemistry and the Turkish language are all important subjects. To me, however, all subjects seemed dwarfed before the all-important subject of *History*. There is first of all the History of the National Movement—Patrie—in which the plain truth is stated; why they were defeated in the past, why they were victorious, and what are their citizen rights.

One evening in Smyrna, Aziz Bey took me to one of the night schools. In part of the mosque which had been turned into a school, a baker, a ploughman, a cobbler, and a boatman were reciting in turn their citizen rights—their duty as citizens to rebel against tyranny. What kind of harvest will these seeds, sown with a generous hand throughout the nation, bring forth in ten years' time? Will the citizens of to-morrow be the worshippers of liberty they are at present, or will they sigh for the iron hand and the strong personality of to-day to guide them? When people complain of the Ghazi's having swept away a useless opposition in Parliament and silenced his critics, I wonder if they realize what kind of an opposition he is himself creating in these youths, schooled from their earliest age in the meaning

of democracy! It is true, the great dictators of history have not had time to think of much outside their own conquests. None of them are immortal, yet few of them have paid sufficient attention to their successors. Mustapha Kemal Pasha has created "the People's Party," and in the schools of the nation his successors, the people, are being trained. What will be the result?

It is the teaching of History, that has been the chief bone of contention between the Turks and the foreign schools. The Turks consider the foreign schools are not able to dispense this "sacred" knowledge as they can themselves. To the Ghazi history is sacred. It is the supreme judge before whom we all must pass. Like Wells he says: "There can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas." The danger of governing in the name of a narrow nationalism has to be balanced by a knowledge and a faith in International History. Economic and social ideas, internal policies and national judgments must all alike be subjected to the control of International History.

In the days of the Sultans, the foreign schools could do practically what they liked with their Turkish pupils. Now Nationalist Turkey sends its inspectors far too frequently for the liking of most of them. So when the Turks find the foreign schools are using the old maps with Smyrna marked as Greek, and the eastern vilayets Armenian, "They never were and they never will be," resumes the Turk, and the school is closed. The same procedure takes place with regard to history. One error against Nationalist Turkey's claims and the school is closed.

Every mother considers she can bring up her own child better than the best mother in the world. And so the Turk to-day, whether he can, as he says he can, or whether he cannot, as the foreign school says he cannot, declares himself the best person to undertake the education of the

Turks, to teach their history as the Turks would like them to learn it, and above all to make useful Turkish citizens.

"They haven't enough teachers," says the foreigner. "We will have," the Turk replies. "In the meantime we are in our *own* house, and will manage as best we can."

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Another day at Konia, I spent the afternoon at the Normale College for girls. The head of the college is a man, just because he is better fitted for the post; but these posts are given to women when they are the better candidates. The schools are run on French *lycée* lines and great attention is paid to the oral part of the teaching. Pupils always answer a question by standing to repeat the question and making a neat little speech. French texts are commented on in French; and conversation—one of the chief reasons for learning a language—is given its right value. Turks have wonderful memories and a great facility for languages. By far the easiest way for them to learn is to rely on their memory—the French system forces them to think as well.

The inspector took me into a room where a group of young girls sat bent over their studies—they were about to take up their posts as schoolmistresses, "professors" he called them. "These young ladies," introduced the inspector, as they respectfully stood, "are proud to be the servants of the State. There is no higher mission than to instruct the sons and daughters of the new Republic. They are all patriots and defenders of our faith in nationalism." The young ladies smiled and blushed, which suited them admirably. A few years' hard teaching will no doubt wear out their zeal for what is now a "sacerdos." Education with the blessing of the great Ghazi behind it is such a new and wonderful thing. Their ardour, and the sincere congratulations to which they are entitled,

when one remembers their harem past and what they have achieved and in so short a while, are fine stimulants. How dull they all will find life when they have reached the stage when they can be taken for granted !

There is, in Turkish schools, a very much better spirit than before the Revolution. The professors take the trouble to find out the quality of the child's mind, and the child has a greater respect for the teacher. The Ghazi's order that there shall be no corporal punishment is also perhaps a reason for the better understanding. When at school, the Ghazi was unjustly punished and walked out. Even to-day he considers this the pupil's right. Arabic and Persian are no longer taught. A more scientific and intelligently enquiring spirit has taken the place of the old instruction, whilst the frequent use of the microscope has given quite a new point of view.

The night schools interested me, and I went to many. There is something sad, almost tragic, in the sight of middle-aged and old people learning to read and write ; one asks oneself if they will be any better, or any happier for this legacy, coming so late in life. Yet over forty, education is not compulsory. People over that age are given instruction because they have asked for it. "Why are you learning to read ?" I asked an old woman. "My son is being educated, and I want to advance with him." Her old, uncorseted form was bent over her copy-book, she held her pen in an awkward closed fist like a child first learning to write, and possibly the results would never be worth the enormous effort she was making.

One night, we went to pay an evening call, and it was the lady of the house who prepared our coffee and sweets. "All the servants are at a night school," she explained. "The law obliges us to have our servants educated."



CO-EDUCATION IN THE TURKISH SCHOOLS—AND A LESSON IN DRAWING

According to the old Koranic laws, the separation of the sexes was rigidly enforced, and reproduction by camera, brush or pen of any part of the human body strictly forbidden.

Instruction is obligatory, but this law cannot be enforced till there are schools for everybody. I was told 90 per cent of the Turks were illiterate in 1922 and that that number has been reduced to 30 per cent. But until Turks publish their statistics in European figures it is difficult to check them.

On my way to visit another school I was forced to pass through a cemetery. Left to the mercy of wind, weather and time, the picturesque stones with the quaint colourings and hieroglyphics were huddled together just anyhow; some flat on the ground, others in the act of falling and yet others in another direction; the ensemble, however, was a pretty picture. Yet who cared for the poor departed?

My friend's little daughter was with me. "Excuse me," she said, and with outstretched hands and bowed head she prayed for the dead. "Poor child," remarked the inspector of schools. "All superstition!"

"Why poor child?" I asked. "Her action is beautiful and courageous." Supposing he might have offended me, he said, "Possibly it is wrong to interfere with a little girl's faith." "It is worse than cowardly," I said. "No two natures are alike; there are some who cannot live without the help of the unseen. Besides, what harm can a few prayers for the neglected dead do to the most zealous agnostic?"

There is something extremely irritating in aggressive agnosticism, something far more tiresome than religious mania, and I confess the sight of anyone at prayer, be he Christian, Moslem or Buddhist, seems to warm my very soul. It may be that the observance of religious duties awakens an artistic chord in me which joins up with something mystic and emotional, but I love to see a Catholic kneeling before the crucified Saviour, an Orthodox devoutly kissing his icons, and the Moslem prostrate before his God.

Often my friend's little daughter seated by herself would be chanting her Yasin (prayers for the dead), and although she did not understand the words, it was a step towards higher things and as such had to be respected and admired. Agnosticism, however, chills me to the bone.

"All religious teaching has been removed from the schools—religion now counts as history," the inspector explained, and in spite of what he had said to me he added: "We never interfere in religious matters. Pupils are free to follow the religion they please.¹ In school, however, we give what we consider far more valuable for forming and strengthening character—a fine morale. We teach the children to believe in truth and to look the facts of life straight in the face. The Divine power is within themselves, and how much they believe in that power is shown by the work they produce."

A lesson in simple logic tacked on to the study of philosophy, and psychology interested me immensely and I had as much as possible translated. As the inspector said, truth, work, freedom, independence and self-respect are lessons of value. It is not for me to say if they are more valuable than anything in the Koran, nor whether the study of the one does or does not hinder the study of the other.

The Ghazi believes in co-education, and Nakié Hanoum, whose excellent school I visited, finds it works exceedingly well. Girls, with shingled hair which never will be veiled, and boys were seated in desks in couples. The girls are more brilliant than the boys and are punished if they prompt them. Already they are quite used to one another. Possibly in the future some will marry and some of the happiest marriages will be, as they are in America, between boys and girls who have been companions at school. Out of

¹ This is not quite accurate. For when in Broussa two students were converted to Protestantism, the Government considered it a breach of contract on the part of the teachers and closed the college.

school, they played tennis together, and have the privilege of Anglo-Saxon cameraderie.

People seem to be sceptical about my conclusion that the Turkish woman has come out of this great change admirably. The few who have lost their bearings are quite negligible. At the law exams, at which I was present, where unveiled women sat at the examination desk, side by side with men, there was no attention paid to sex at all. It is a situation to which they might have been used all their lives.

(c) Insistence upon the Moral Discipline of Sport

I had asked many frank questions ; I had had frank answers—it was now the turn of the Turk,—Was religion in my country so great and vital a thing ?

“With us,” I answered, “the question of religion is personal. To put a subject on a footing of honour you take your metaphors from sport. ‘Is this fair play?’ you ask, and to say of anyone ‘He is not playing the game’ is about the most serious indictment you can make against him.”

“That’s where we stand,” said the Turk. “We’re going to teach our boys and girls—for girls are just as much in need of the lesson—as you say ‘the religion of sport, the gospel of fair play.’ Up till now, they have never known what ‘fair play’ means. They were born in homes where there was no real freedom of action. The mother’s activity was curtailed, and the father or some of the family were often in exile; there is still the poison of the degrading spy system days of Hamid to be got out of the national system; and we certainly had no ‘fair play’ from the foreigner. Added to this, none of our boys had a chance of learning team work, or consideration for others, or learning to cheer the winning team, which are the most valuable lessons of sport.”

I have seen Turks playing cricket, but they seemed to prefer football. The enthusiasm for this game was widespread. They have their “Cup of the Republic,” which must be competed for once a year. The match is something of an event. Unfortunately this year, one of the team, forgetting the rules of the game, would insist on dribbling instead of passing the ball—a hard point for any foreigner to master—and had the whole team disqualified and the match called off. It was a lesson. Scathing articles

appeared in the press, and boys were appealed to in the name of nationalism to bring sport to the high level of other nations.

When one hears in the depths of Asia Minor all these Turkish youths who know nothing of our language using our terms of sport—"half-time," "pass," "foul,"—when we understand what England's spirit of sport means to a nation reborn, we tremble lest this hateful desire for "self-advertisement" which has crept into sport in some of its branches will spoil our great reputation abroad. We want our men and women of sport to be known as "sportsmen," not "cinema stars."

An Englishman in Adana, really anxious to show himself a friend of the Turks, asked me to find out exactly how a foreigner could help them in their education. "If the days of the foreign schools are numbered," he said, "who is going to build up their 'morale?' For since the power of their religion has weakened, there must be a strong morale. The education authorities make no secret of the fact that they want the education completely in their own hands." In answer to my question, the inspector said: "If Englishmen and women really want to help us, let them come into our schools and teach their language. They can show us by their good example the fine qualities of their race and can practise the gospel of fair play towards us by telling the truth about us and our effort to get on our feet. But if there is any question of *teaching religion* we shall ask them to go at once."

I went with the inspector of schools to see the work of an American woman in Adana. The inspector was so pleased with what he saw that he said the Turks must themselves start many of these centres. And indeed in the way of moral training for the children what could be better?

It is a novelty in Turkey—a public playground. The play was supervised by the American, who checked any form of brutality, cheating, loss of temper, or bad language. In a large playground with a very high wall, ragged little brown-faced boys played with an ardour that was touching. When the American blew her whistle and play ceased, a boy who was not “playing the game” had to be withdrawn to watch whilst the others played. Street boys though they are, they soon get used to having to “play the game.” The lessons given in the playground are the best that the foreigner can give, and its lessons are deeply religious without one word of religion being mentioned.

At these solemn moments of a nation’s rebirth, one cannot take these questions too seriously. What have we Christians contributed? And how have our gifts been accepted? The Governor of Konia answered that question in his phrase already quoted: “Give us as many boy scouts as you like, but keep your men of God.”

When the Ghazi came to Konia bodies of boy scouts, girl guides, and the boys and girls of the sports clubs were passed in review before him and received his heartiest congratulations. It is the boy scouts, then—those gallant little knights of chivalry and clean sport—who are the men of God the Turk wants. The missionary has failed. Individual missionaries have succeeded, but the Turk does not trust them. The scout has to dedicate his life to service—whole-hearted, disinterested service—whereas behind all the missionaries’ efforts, rightly or wrongly, can be seen the finger of Armenian propaganda.

As Galsworthy says: “Sport which still keeps the flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its rules to be kept and a regard for the adversary whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns in international affairs, the force which rules there now will slink

away and human life emerge for the first time from the jungle.”

If ever there was a time when team play on a wide scale is needed it is now. Turkey does not want to use her nationalization for her personal glory, she wants as a new nation to form part of the great international team. Since her regeneration she is entitled to this position.

(d) The Passing of the Foreign Schools

The coming of Mustapha Kemal Pasha naturally has made a great difference in the prestige of the foreign schools which were practically uncontrolled in the time of the Sultans. It is not easy for a foreigner to write on these schools. Those I visited, Notre Dame de Zion, the English High Schools for girls and boys, were excellent. Could any school give a better education physically and morally than Robert College? The same can be said of the American girls' college. In both cases, the premises are perhaps a little too luxurious, which, says a Turkish critic, makes pupils very discontented when they return to their modest homes again. The American, however, answers, "We cannot come down to the level of our pupils, the pupils must raise themselves to us." Another critic tells you the pupils of these colleges "give themselves airs." This I have not seen. To have been pupils at the American college or at Notre Dame de Zion, however, does give a certain "cachet" which is a decided social asset and the pupils are proud of their college as the college is proud of them. "Excellent arguments," says the Turk, "but where does the nationalist point of view come in? Would you go to a foreign college in your native land?"

I can see so well what the Turk means but he asks that question too soon. The answer, of course, can only be: "Nothing would have induced me to go to a foreign school in England as we are situated, but I suppose had there been no other I should have gratefully accepted the education given by the foreign school." Ten years later, when the Turks' education is on its feet, and it will be if it goes on at its present rate of progress and efficiency, that question can be asked and answered to better purpose. Nevertheless one understands the Turk's

impatience to be absolute master in his own educational house.

The war no doubt is responsible for the universal outcry against nationalism. It was then we heard, *ad nauseam*, those absurdities "Deutschland über alles" and "Rule Britannia," nevertheless, one visit to that odious place Pera, with its degenerate, soulless, characterless, many-tongued Levantine population, makes one tuck oneself a little tighter under one's Union Jack, and feel a profound gratitude for those first years of one's life spent in the schools of one's native land. Whatever may happen to you afterwards, in those first years your national character has been burnt into your soul; and even if you do later acquire a cosmopolitan gloss, the foundation is there, solid and indelible. People who stand for internationalism pose as benefactors of humanity, but it is, after all, only a mask to hide a fence-sitting nature. One can be a cosmopolitan nationalist, just as well as one can love one's home and respect the homes of others. Though an exaggerated nationalism is at times trying, yet "my country first" is a natural instinct; whereas internationalism breeds those people who delight in stripping their nation naked in order to walk about Europe exhibiting its blemishes. Internationalism in Turkey is a crime punishable with death! In Turkey Mr. Cook would be shot!

And so, pending the ideal state which Mme Ferid Bey has so admirably described in her book *Moths*, when a Turkish national education will be followed by a foreign university education in a foreign land, Turks have safeguarded the early years of their young people's national character by insisting on their going to a Turkish school till they are thirteen.

In the days of Abdul Hamid, after being pupils for many years, Turkish girls were suddenly forbidden to attend foreign schools; it was a great grief to the pupils, and yet

the foreign schools, like the foreign governesses, must have brought with education a great deal of suffering. For once a Turkish girl had felt the possibility of a personal life and freedom to develop her personality; broaden and train her soul; taste the innocent enjoyments which the women of the West count as part of their existence; how terribly fettered and purposeless her life must have seemed when she left the college and returned to her harem again.

Then there was the question of religion. Until now, when the school has to pledge its word of honour not to speak of religion, although conversions were not allowed, the pupils did have the foundations of their faith shaken and were very unhappy in consequence. It is not given to everyone to fit the new creeds and dogmas into old beliefs and at the same time to realize that the new beliefs narrow the old ones into uselessness. Why has this eternal stumbling-block of religion been put across the pioneer path of the educationalist? ¹

Hamlin, the founder of the Robert College, is a man much to be admired. But since reading his life and times, the greatness of his work seems dwarfed before his vain boasting of his victory gained over the Jesuit Fathers, and how by a diplomatic ruse he had the American flag planted on the finest and highest site in all Stamboul. How much greater in the eyes of the world he would have been, if he had emphasized the joy of giving education to those who needed education, and taken the rest for granted.

Doctor Gates, from the short conversation I had with him, does not resent the Turkish supervision, as so many schools do. He is convinced that an education given in English is as valuable to a Turkish boy as though it were

¹ Since writing this chapter, the American College at Broussa has broken its word to the Turkish Government and made Protestant converts of two girls under fifteen. The college has been closed and a storm of indignation has swept over Turkey. This breaking of faith on the part of the Americans will hasten the departure of the other foreign schools.

given in Turkish. He possibly is right, he is a specialist. I am only a spectator. A man who can preside over that extraordinary league of nations—Jews, Gentiles, Moslems, Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Turks, Bulgars, Roumanians, Poles, and Russians, who are all pupils of the college—with so much tact, and without stepping on the religious sentiments and national soul of anybody, is no ordinary person. For the whole situation is always bristling with difficulties. An innocent slip becomes a grave error. Where was Mr. Gates, I wonder, when the hymn “Onward Christian Soldiers” was sung, and the Turks walked out!

Nevertheless, travelling through Asia Minor, one feels and the Americans themselves feel their work in Turkey must come to an end, face to face with the admirably organized system of education the Turks have organized. They are approaching the inevitable conclusion of their work with sorrow, for they have loved their work in Turkey. Perhaps they feel a little bitterness at what they consider ingratitude. Yet are they not suffering from what every mother suffers, when her child, trained to that end, declares himself competent to manage his own affairs. . . . And after all, the American credo is, help others to help themselves.

Besides the Robert College, Constantinople has a prosperous University of its own of which Nourredine Bey is the Rector. I dined with the rector and the heads of the other faculties, law, medicine, and theology, a very gracious attention to one like myself, who was so anxious to understand how they were passing from the East to the West. The old Ministry of War is now the University; surely a happy omen.

As one could expect in a country where the national conscience is being liberated, the study of history and philosophy is very much emphasized. Foreign experts are more to the Turks' liking than foreign schools, and the

French professor M. Bonnefons seems to give great satisfaction.

With the fall of the House of Osman, a magnificent library has become the property of the University. There is a wealth of Eastern books, manuscripts, and Korans, written apparently with pens and illuminated in those lovely reds and blues which belong to a generation that has passed. Amongst Abdul Hamid's books in Turkish MS., yet handsomely bound in leather, are the stories of Sherlock Holmes by his favourite author, Conan Doyle. These well-known and delightful stories were translated into Turkish for His Majesty's exclusive use, a Turkish translation being strictly forbidden. One of the Sultan's chamberlains, from behind a screen, was given the mission to read these stories till they sent His Imperial Majesty to sleep! One feels sure the many admirers of Conan Doyle will be surprised to hear that these stories could ever be used as a sleeping-draught, especially for a being like Abdul Hamid.

The library is to be enriched by Turkish translations from the English classics commissioned by the Government. Arnold's *Teaching of Islam*, Herbert Spencer's works, John Stuart Mill, Wells, etc., are amongst many authors translated by Halil Halid Bey, who for so many years was assistant professor under the late Professor Browne at Cambridge.

(e) *The Nationalization of Public Health in which Women take a Leading Part*

As one could expect, the freedom of women has made an enormous difference to the organization of the health of the nation. The number of really good Turkish doctors was a great surprise to me. It is true, I had been in many houses where there was a decided prejudice against a male doctor, and women doctors, though they are now qualifying as fast as they can, are still few and far between. There is an enormous field for medical women in Turkey, for in spite of the freedom given to women, the old prejudices against male doctors still exist amongst many women of the older generation.

One of the women doctors, Dr. Attaoulah, has a London M.D. and a Dublin Rotunda certificate. Dr. Saphir Ali qualified in Germany, and has married a German doctor, who has become a Turk and practises with her. Both these women are working all day and often all night, and there is far more work than they can possibly attempt, the day and night having only twenty-four hours.

For some reason, it may be only chance, doctors seem to have played a prominent part in the forward movements in Turkey, and in consequence have had to spend many years in exile. But it has not been wasted time for them. They seized the opportunity of studying in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Geneva, and Lausanne, with the result that now the War of Independence has brought them back to Turkey again, Turkey has many up-to-date and remarkable doctors. Dr. Sabit, Professor of Surgery at the University, took me all over the faculty. It is well equipped with X-ray and all necessary apparatus, but there is no useless luxury. It is a large, well-aired, clean building, an ex-palace, with a fine library, a fine specimen museum, and a maternity hospital

attached. The large amphitheatre was packed with students when my cicerone operated, many of them women. My visit took place during the oral examination of the candidates for their final degree and I was allowed to be present. Many of the candidates were women. My guide always utilizes his long vacation by going to visit the doctors of a foreign country ; this year he goes to America.

In the old days, sick women were left to the mercy of midwives and the superstitions of the "wise" women. Now they are attended by gynecologists. My Constantinople doctor, Dr. Aziz Fikret Bey, was one of the most able, honest, and sympathetic doctors I have ever met. He took his degree in Lausanne. All forms of superstition come from fear and ignorance, but chiefly fear, and many women of Abdul Hamid's day were only too glad to rely on the charms of the "wise" woman against the "evil eye."

The "wise" woman's art, like that of many other faith healers, did work miracles sometimes. She burnt pungent herbs and incense, breathed her healing-breath (a gift of Allah) on her patient's body, and recited over her verses of the Koran. She was also very potent in controlling the actions of fairies good and bad (peris), and was very much sought after in consequence. Peris, bad ones, were always present at births. I remember visiting a mother whose hair was tied with red ribbons as a counter-charm, and she slept with her face turned towards the Koran, which hung beside her bed in a gold bead bag. Less than a century ago we, too, used remedies which have gone right out of fashion, as, for example, ground crabs as a cure for consumption, spiders for ague, and baked groundsel against whooping-cough. The Turkish women of the people still use crabs for consumption.

One friend I knew was terrified of a black cat and of the number three, and of cattle marked in a certain way, and she screamed with terror when she saw me not only standing

under a fig tree but shaking it and helping myself to the luscious fruit that fell hot from it. Some of our superstitions are just as senseless—the refusal to sit thirteen at table, the lighting of three cigarettes with the same match, yet instinctively one follows the stupid superstitions of one's race, for fear of hurting other people's prejudices.

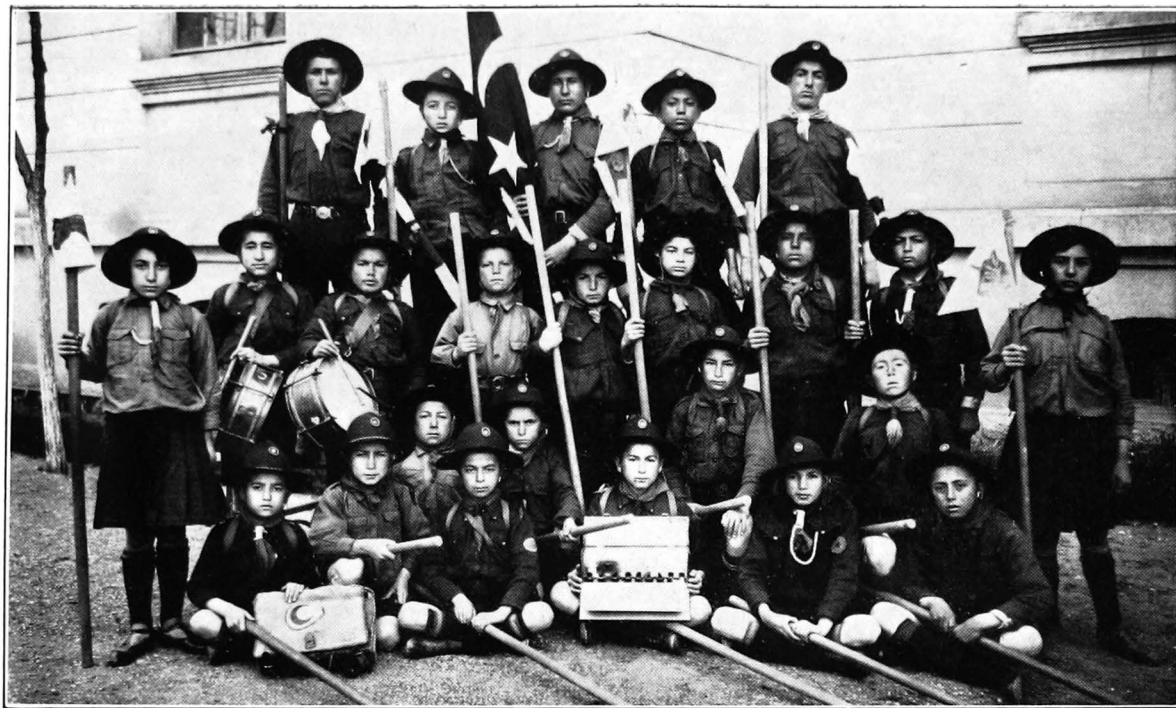
To face the serious question of public health and above all the appalling infant mortality of 78 per cent, the Ghazi has set the women the task to get to work and reduce this percentage as soon as possible. In a country bled white by war, revolution, and poverty, there are no children to spare. Cold, lack of food, lack of air in the overcrowded, dark, sunless harems, the unhealthy thick veils and unhygienic clothing have bred consumption. Lack of care for mothers and expectant mothers have brought into force the survival of the fittest. Hundreds of weak children who might have become strong citizens died like flies. With the abolition of the veil and the harem a part of the evil has been remedied. To meet this awful problem of infant mortality, the Ghazi's pet charity, "The Protection of the Child Society," has been formed under his particular patronage. Every possible means of improving the national health has been taken. Women are studying medicine at home and abroad. Swedish drill is being instituted in all the schools, lectures on hygiene are given by eminent doctors, and children's welfare centres are opened whenever possible, where good milk and medical attendance are given to both mothers and children, and the mothers are being taught to bring up their children on hygienic Western lines.

I visited these welfare centres both in Constantinople and Angora, and excellent work they are doing. In Constantinople one of the Tekkés which was a dancing dervish centre is turned into a child's welfare centre. There are daily consultations, daily lectures by a lady doctor, during

which times wax models of the old methods of bringing up children are compared with up-to-date models. Much as I have been in Turkish homes, I had no idea little children of the people were reared in such discomfort. Cradles designed with no attempt at comfort and hygiene, and with the chief object of being rocked without any effort, are arranged with little pan chairs. In this way the child is not changed and lies crying in discomfort, its little skin covered with sores. For the rest swaddling clothes—the old Biblical way of clothing babies—retard the growth of the limbs. There are models in wax to prove the evil of this system.

Turkish women have taken very kindly to nursing. After having a three years' training at the American hospital they start these welfare centres themselves. Miss Crowell, of the Rockefeller Institute, was in Constantinople to help the movement. I wish we English could help. Every "save the children" movement carries its own eloquent appeal. Miss Crowell is the most enviable of mortals. To be able to travel the length and breadth of Europe and America with Rockefeller to foot your bills, and for the purpose of seeing how money can be given to deserving causes, seems to me like having peeps at Heaven in advance, and being paid for the privilege.

Thanks to the Americans, then, several Turkish nurses are being trained in that most valuable of welfare work, district nursing. Turkish mothers, unlike the mothers English and French pioneers had to contend with, do not resent the arrival of the nurses; quite on the contrary, they take advice willingly, are grateful for help, and daily the nurses tell me they see improvements. The death-knell of the "wise" woman and her superstitions has sounded. Her place will be taken by the district nurse; the era of fresh air and sun has come. But the Turkish homes, though poor, are clean, and not yet reduced, like



A VERY IMPORTANT AND POPULAR MOVEMENT IN TURKEY .
TURKISH BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES

ours, to utter misery by drink. Alas, Western civilization has come, and with it its three most horrible vices—drink, prostitution, and gambling. Let us hope the women of Turkey will have the courage to fight these scourges and home-breakers with energy, before they get a hold on the people.¹

My charming cicerone, the daughter of Aga Aglou Ahmed Bey, took me to one of these centres in Angora. The directress is a sympathetic woman with her heart and soul in her work. She picks up her charges from the streets and shows you with delight her photos of "before" and "after." She is proud to have had visits from the Ghazi and Ismet Pasha, and is making all kinds of plans to get funds for the improvements she wishes to carry out before their next visit.

I asked my guide to come with me to the museum, and was happy at the idea of seeing the priceless antiques again. She took me, instead, to the museum of hygiene, where are wax figures in all their appalling and naked awfulness to illustrate the three greatest scourges of mankind: venereal diseases, tuberculosis, and drunkenness. My companion thinks that every man and woman, and every boy and girl should be brought to see this horrible warning. What a frightful lesson all the same!

One realizes, reading Miss Mayo's book on India, however exaggerated it may be, that there can be no serious reform in a nation's health, till women work side by side with men. An English doctor, discussing the subject of India the other day, said, "How can the English interfere in the question of public health? Every necessary and most elementary reform necessitates our treading on the

¹ I see that since writing this chapter, the newly constituted "Union des Femmes" is waging war against these terrible scourges.

toes of some religious observance, and our whole British policy is to carefully avoid this."

The women of Turkey, too, were tied down by the prejudices of their religion, even those who no longer believed. Had not the strong man appeared, with power to sweep all these superstitions and prejudices aside, and put the nation's health on a scientific basis, Turkish women would still be taking their sick babies to be walked on by the dervishes, a revolting sight, instead of having them attended to by nurses trained in Western hygiene. But it needed a man of their own race to do this, no foreigner could do it. In freeing women, Mustapha Kemal Pasha used the only force that could save the race, and the statistics prove the difference in the infant mortality already.

(f) *The Introduction of Gymnastics into New Turkey*

In many branches of work, since Turkish women wish to be judged by European standards, one can only applaud their efforts and wish them success.

This, however, is not the case with the exhibition of gymnastics at the Normale College for women, which is one of the most remarkable things I saw during my visit in Turkey. The teacher was a Swede brought to Turkey by the well-known professor Selim Sirry Bey. Quite apart from her strong personality and faultless gymnastics, the fact that she was able in nine months to train a class of thirty women, no longer children, who had no experience whatsoever of Swedish drill, and put them on the same footing as the gymnasts of her own nationality, is as much an achievement on her part as on theirs. These thirty women are to be the gymnastic teachers of Turkey, and take Swedish drill into the schools throughout the country. Their performance, which started with a singing march, lasted forty minutes, during which time the Swedish professor, who gave her orders in Turkish, never once slackened the speed, and never allowed them one minute's rest.¹

Much of the exhibition was acrobatic, and this was difficult for women of their age, but they went through the performance with self-confidence and none of them made

¹ The two daughters of Prof. Selim Sirry Bey have been in Europe studying dancing. They have been requested by the Ghazi to modernise some national Turkish dances, amongst others the traditional Zeibek. This dance which was danced for me in all the schools I visited must have been a terrifying performance in its original form and as danced by the mountaineer Turks above Smyrna. Daggers are used to emphasise various steps and pistol shots accentuate the rhythm. It is toned down for use in the schools, and no doubt for the ballroom it will be subjected to even more drastic treatment, but it is by no means a graceful dance. Its value is national.

a false movement. Almost the same performance was repeated later by the men with their Swedish professor, but the men were not up to the women's standard, and did once or twice slip as they walked and stood on one leg on the horizontal bars. It would have been interesting to know exactly how far the personality of the professor counted in the general result, and whether the pupils could have given as fine a performance with someone else directing them.

There are some commanding personalities who can do anything with their pupils, and the Swedish professor seemed to be one of these. It would have been interesting, too, to see how these Turkish professors carried their instruction into the schools and how much of the professor's personality they have absorbed as well as her excellent teaching. They are, indeed, most excellent pupils, but what kind of teachers will they be?

Up till now the well-known adage, "To command you must first learn to obey," has not applied to the Turk, for he has always obeyed well when he is well led, but he has not been allowed to command. Now, however, with the new dignity that has come to the nation, all will probably be changed.

I met these future teachers as well as the Swedish professor after the performance. The latter seemed to take the congratulations that were being showered on her quite as a matter of course. She might have been saying, "Well, I came here to do my job and I've done it," and she seemed to see nothing out of the way in her achievement. The physique of the teachers was amazing. With their neat gymnastic costumes, shingled hair, slight, uncorseted, perfectly proportioned forms, they had nothing in common with the women I had seen ten years ago in the harems. In the airless, sunless, veiled existence of those days, the Turkish woman's figure was never equal to her

face and lovely eyes. Either she was overrun with unhealthy fat from eating sweets, lolling on divans and over-smoking, or when the scourge of the harems, tuberculosis, had marked her as a victim, she dragged her collection of weary bones from divan to divan, where she sat huddled up in a shawl, and looked the picture of unhappiness and unhealthiness. Contrast with this, these rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, well-formed, purposeful women, happy in their fine achievement and eager to begin their work.

As I watched the performance, I remembered my friend's comment: "But for the victory of the Ghazi at the Dardanelles, we should have all been slaves still; under a mandate we could never have gained our freedom." The workings of Providence are indeed mysterious and wonderful. How the destiny of nations can be changed by an incident that is almost insignificant. Health is such a precious possession, and the Turks who, in spite of the unhealthy existence of their women, are a virile race, will improve their physique by the help of their gymnastics to become the finest of the Eastern races. In such a short time, to have been able to produce something so contrary to all their past teaching as a perfect exhibition of Swedish drill, excuses me for the exaggerated optimism for the Turkish women of which I have been accused.

(g) The Mobilization of Women

To write about "the woman's movement" in Turkey is almost like writing about what does not exist! The woman's movement is a kind of junior partnership in the men's movement of progress, and there seems no reason for, or possibility of, women wanting a separate movement.

None of the clubs founded by women have been successful. Halidé Hanoum formed a club for women in 1914, but it could not hold together for long; it is doubtful whether a purely feminine movement ever will.

There is in Constantinople a society called the "Union des Femmes Turques."¹ It did not seem in the least representative, the committee had vague ideas about what they wished to achieve, they were going to run before they could walk, thought that now was the moment for women to be députés and consequently women of real value like Nakié Hanoum would not belong to it.

Since it is the Ghazi who has given freedom to woman, it is he who decides her destiny. And since he has ordered women shall be professors, doctors, lawyers, artists, and writers on exactly the same terms as men, there is no need to open separate institutions. He sees no sense in such assemblies as "women artists" and "women dramatists." "Why label your work 'woman' ? Is it a plea for mercy, or just to encourage others less competent ?" Besides, as I said before, the Ghazi, who is the inspiration of the country's progress, considers "there can be no sex in art or genius; it is an inspiration whose masculine or feminine quality is dependent on the soul." Therefore, to divide the country into men and women's movements, is a decided mistake.

Committees are composed of men and women even for

¹ Now the Society has been reorganized, and we hope it will do good and useful work.

such an essentially feminine work as the "protection of children;" and it seems quite logical that women should have the task of organizing entertainments, arranging the necessary extension of work, and whipping up the members to greater effort, whilst the men do the business side. It is doubtful whether even as woman's work extends, she will want to separate her efforts from men. Possibly she says to herself: "We are only just freed from the harem and selamlik. We have been all these years separated from men. Why not work together, now we can?" And the fact that Constantinople, the most important branch of Turkey's club, the Turc Oujak (Turkish Hearth) having branches all over Turkey,¹ has chosen Nakié Hanoum, a woman, as its president, is an admirable example of disinterested national collaboration. The Turc Oujak, of which the Turks are rightly so proud, owes its existence to Hamdoullah Soubhi Bey, whom I met in 1913 after one of his feminist lectures. From a very humble beginning, it has been a great secular arm against the tyranny of reaction and religion, and one of the greatest forces in the land.

It was in 1908, after having discovered that the non-Moslem elements were not one with him, but had formed themselves into separate societies with national names, that the advanced Turks also decided to found their own society. It was called the Turkish National Club; was baptized in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity; and its object was not to take part in politics but to help the cultured development of the Turk. Seeing the great force for good behind it, the Ghazi has made it the club of the "People's Party," and membership of the Oujak is now a visiting card of importance.

The first Oujak (Hearth) was a humble dwelling with a few chairs and a table, and thanks to the magnetic presidency of Hamdoullah Soubhi Bey, the great of the

¹ In every town I visited I was the guest of the Turc Oujak.

land came to his assistance and helped with funds and influence. Lessons, lectures, musical, theatrical, and cinema performances are given in all the branches. Women are eligible as members, as well as members of the council, and presidents, on exactly the same footing as men. The club is, of course, passionately nationalist, as its origin demands it should be.

The central committee considered that Nakié Hanoum was the person best qualified to be president of Constantinople, and president she has become! As a teacher and organizer she has had an exceptional career. From the American college where she was for a time on the staff she brought away its best lessons of organization, construction, and ideals. She went to Syria with Halidé Hanoum to organize that country's education—an immense piece of work.

I visited Nakié Hanoum in her school installed in the palace once occupied by Prince Youssoffeddine—another happy omen. She graciously took me all over the school and ordered an exhibition of musical drill to be given for me. Her theory, "Take care of education and freedom will take care of itself," she puts into practice, as she throws herself heart and soul into the cause of education, which she considers "woman's military service," with real abnegation.¹

I was to visit the schools at Constantinople, the Government inspector called for me at 7.30. I kept him waiting downstairs, only to find when I came down that the inspector announced by telephone was a woman. "Why are you surprised?" she asked. All I could answer was, "Why?" For it is quite natural that Turkish schools should have women inspectors.

Together we wandered in and out of the schools, so

¹ Nakié Hanoum has just made a stirring address to women begging them not to spend too much money on clothes, and to give the surplus, if they have it, to their poorer sisters.

elegant in comparison with the schools in the interior : we had a luncheon party at Candili—where there is a Girls' Normale College with a man director. It was a stiff climb up from the boat to the top of the hill, especially with an injured knee, and my companion was astonished to find an Englishwoman so little of an athlete, and, indeed, in that respect, I am not English at all.

The view of the Bosphorus from the college windows was the view you get from the windows of Robert College, on the opposite shore, and it surely is the finest the world can produce. Were I an artist I would paint the Bosphorus in all its moods and seasons, striving always to get nearer and nearer to my beautiful goal, but knowing that, like Heaven, it was beyond my grasp. The Bosphorus in summer, stretched out like a blue satin carpet at the foot of the river bank, thick with the greenest wealth of trees, and winding itself mysteriously away into the distant Black Sea, is beautiful beyond description. One can well understand how it serves the Turks as a standard of comparison in all things.

There are always surprises waiting one in Turkey. At the luncheon table opposite me sat the literature professor ; a huge, brown-faced man with a falsetto voice. He knew next to no French, but from his side of the table kept re-serving me after I had already helped myself, and offered me the well-meaning explanation for his generosity, "Beaucoup corps, beaucoup manger." When I asked the inspector about him, she explained, "Most excellent professor, neither man nor woman, formerly a high official in the harem of Abdul Hamid." He too, poor soul, had been given his freedom !

The mentality of the inspector was interesting. She had married her own mathematical professor, years her senior, and yet brilliant as she was in mathematics, she had little logic and was in many things a contradiction.

Passionately interested in her profession, up with the dawn to get some of her work done and fetch me by 7.30, she was eager to test the value of all new methods. One day I asked her whether she would take part in the educational conferences which are so helpful to those in search of new ideas. She gave me a most unexpected answer, "Oh no," she replied. "My husband would never allow it, he is much too jealous." I heard later that the husband still received in the selamlik, whilst she had her friends apart in the harem. "Excuse me," I said, "but what a strange idea. If that is the way your husband feels, why let you work at all?" Poor little lady, no wonder her viewpoints were wrong. To be all day rubbing shoulders with men colleagues, preaching co-education, and teaching men; then in the evening to return to the solitude of the harem! How inconsistent! I never saw the husband, but in imagination, he seems like M. Seguin, who carefully locked the door lest his goat should escape, and left the window wide open!

These funny little inconsistencies on the wide, open path of Turkish women's freedom were strange indeed. A country where men can honour a woman to the extent of making her a president of one of the most exclusive clubs, has amongst its population a man who prevents his wife from fulfilling her contract with the Government. It is her duty to go abroad and keep herself abreast of all the latest methods of teaching and yet she cannot do so, because her husband is jealous! How he must hate the regime that "opened the window" for his wife to escape.

And yet another inconsistency. One evening a Turkish député came to take me out to dinner. Finding a friend with me whose husband had gone out to dinner, the député graciously asked her to join us. But she explained to me in English, although she knew the invitation as far as she was concerned was only a courtesy, her husband never allowed

her to accept an invitation, unless he was present. Possibly in time, these strange situations will be brought to normality; it is, however, curious to meet on one hand women with more freedom than we have in England, and on the other the women who have to live as though the harem still existed.

Professor Halil Halid Bey, an old friend from Cambridge, invited me to make the acquaintance of his wife. He promised to be present to introduce us, as Madame knows no French. Madame is a sweet edition of her handsome brother, the late Damad Enver Pasha. I was shown into a drawing-room full of ladies, who only spoke Turkish. The Professor was not there; so I had to make myself understood as best I could. I admired the exquisite garden full of roses. Madame had a big bunch picked for me. I admired the exquisite view of the Bosphorus; she would have given me that too, had it been possible! Then two of the guests went away heavily veiled. The Professor was allowed to enter, with humble excuses for not having kept his promise to be present. It seemed to me, in this case, youth is too kind to old age. Since old age cannot accept the new customs, why does it visit at all? Why expose itself to the possibility of meeting a hostess's husband and, still worse, foreigners?

One critic of Turkish woman's freedom points out, they have no woman leader. Is that a drawback? How many countries in Europe have or have had a woman leader? I know of none. We have social leaders in our Western countries, but a great leader, as we understand it in the masculine, has not yet come to us.

In the social building of new Turkey both Mme Ferid and Mme Fethy could take part, but they are both at Embassies, and their hands are tied. Of the other women,

two had great opportunities—Latifé Hanoum and Halidé Hanoum; both of them have had a European education and are women of exceptional culture; both could have continued to play a big part. Halidé Hanoum has deserted her country and the women. To the many admirers of this gifted writer her attitude seems incomprehensible. In 1913, as a passionate patriot, refusing to enter the house of a “traitor” Minister, she was ready “to kiss the ground of her beloved Turkey.” Her exodus from Constantinople, disguised as a peasant, her long walk to Angora, where she threw herself body and soul into the death or liberty policy, and even fought in the trenches, brought her the homage of all the men and women with whom she came into contact. She gave to the Ghazi the title found on the stone of an old Turkish Padishah: “God appointed me ruler, that the name and fame of the Turkish race might not be extinguished. . . . I slept not at night, I rested not by day. I worked for my people till death.” Charming words; and they seemed so well chosen for the man who could turn a mere tribe of Turks into an independent Republic!

And yet to-day Halidé Hanoum does not see eye to eye with the Pasha’s form of government. Then why not resign from political and do only social and literary work? Why not stay to criticize him in her own land instead of using the cloak of foreign hospitality to minimize his work? But why does Halidé Hanoum not see politically with the Ghazi’s eyes? The country has slowly been driving for Westernisation since the Tanzimat reforms, and Halidé Hanoum was always one of the advance guard. She believed in the People’s Party! What is the explanation of the gulf between her passionate patriotism and her exaggerated anti-Kemal attitude of to-day? It is sad, for her country needs competent workers. Such examples of women who side by side with men fall by the wayside

in the great conflict, conquered by their emotions, are the rule and not the exception in all lands. Will women ever get their emotions into the right focus? Perhaps if men could play the tiny rôle in the lives of men that women play in theirs, the general result might be more satisfactory. But nature has made women women, and men men!

It seems, somehow, that the whole question of woman's freedom is too young for either sex to see the disadvantages, which are only too evident to peoples who have known freedom longer.

No Turkish woman seems to have weighed the heavy responsibility of economic freedom. Formerly there was always someone responsible for the maintenance of the woman who could not work—husband, son or relation—it was a religious obligation. And to-day when she works, the supply is less than the demand. How will she act when the shoe begins to pinch?

When Ismet Pasha discussed the subject of woman's freedom with me, he could not imagine the time when Turkish men could be professionally jealous of women. At present his one idea is to advance, and women are very useful. But once the country is solidly on its feet, and editors, instead of asking to publish women's work, make them pass through the door of eternally rejected MSS., how will they like it? And how will the men like it if women undercut them? Ismet Pasha declares these things never can be, for there is no sex in work.

“To be part of Europe and judged by European standards” is the Turkish woman's ambition. Yet how will freedom appear to her when all the glamour of the East and the novelty of her freedom have gone? Will she sink back into the bosom of her family and be content? Or will she still fight for our impossible standards?

(h) *The New Emphasis upon the Fine Arts : The Drama, Literature, Art and Music in New Turkey*

It has long been the custom, and customs die hard, to suppose that everything connected with art is for the Turk a sealed book. Of the arts, literature, painting, music and the drama the Turk is supposed to know and produce nothing. It is true all these branches of art have been hopelessly crippled by religious prejudices; nevertheless, in spite of Islam's forbidding any reproduction of the human body, all these arts exist in a very primitive and undeveloped form. If it is a truth that without vision the nation must perish, art is the food of vision. The soul of a country where there is little art is starved, and Turkey's soul was starved. It is true nature dowered her as few nations have been dowered; and this beauty surely was intended to be reproduced in all the arts—as it now will be. The one art in which the Turks have been successful is the building of their mosques. A mosque, with its simple outline and lovely tiled interior, free from ornamentation, is more beautiful than most churches. No church in Jerusalem has the dignity and fine solid beauty of the Mosque of Omar.

Amongst the important reforms of the Pasha, then, stands art. His interest in the subject has given it a great impetus. Picture exhibitions are held, prizes given by the Pasha himself for painting, literature and music, and I am told over thirty students are in Paris studying art, music and the drama.

All the art treasures in the various towns are being collected, ticketed and placed into museums and the antiques restored. At the eleventh hour, Turkey has wakened up to learn how few beautiful things remain out of the priceless collections to which the foreigner has

generously helped himself. And to do away for ever with the Koranic law, that the human form must not be reproduced, there are already six statues of the Ghazi; his statue is to be in every town.

That the Turks should wish to have their Victory and their Liberator chronicled in stone is comprehensible, it is the greatest event in their history; nevertheless, the calm, quiet Eastern landscape does not lend itself to statues, and God forbid that its fine outline should be spoilt by Western "Denkmals." It would be too dreadful even to envisage the possibility of a Turkish "Sieges Allee"—"Conqueror's Walk," such as Berlin possesses.

Of the arts, the drama seems the most promising, for the whole nation is dramatic. They all, from the President to the peasants, can express themselves perfectly in gestures. The test of good acting is that it should be understood without words. I went to a theatre in Adana, a primitive construction with still more primitive scenery, and without understanding the words, followed the piece without any assistance from an interpreter. The acting was better than the play; for dramatic art having been neglected, good plays are few and far between. And yet, in countries where the national conscience is liberated and religion loses its hold, the drama is a great moral influence and educator, and therefore indispensable.

In the old days, we used to go to the theatre not because my friend enjoyed it, but because to me the nation's theatre is a study of the greatest importance, quite apart from my love of the drama. In those days, no Moslem woman was allowed to act. Women's parts were therefore played either by Armenian women or Turkish men. In either case, the play was spoilt. To hear an Armenian speaking Turkish is not pleasant. Even a foreigner can notice the difference between the soft-voiced Turk and the shrill-voiced Armenian.

I well remember one play, where the chief woman's part was played by a man. He was a foreign governess in a Turkish harem; every male falls in love with him. A more uncouth female it would have been hard to find. His feet were enormous, his gestures all exaggerated, as he sat violently fanning himself and tugging at a long string of pearls. In serious drama this is not possible. In a farce it may be permissible, but even in farce it is often very irritating.

Another time, years ago, I went to an open-air theatre and could make comparisons between these players and Ben Greet's charming representations. The performance began by a political improvisation it was difficult to follow, and all I really could understand was the actor, who was a caricature of the corpulent Talaat Pasha. What did, however, both charm and delight me, was the prompter-stage-manager, who stood up in the middle of the stage, in full view of everyone, and translated Molière's *Mariage Forcé* as he went along (something of a feat), whilst the actors and actresses repeated after him the lines he gave them.

Another time we went in long, springless carts, dragged by oxen, to the field of Conchi-Dill, in the Valley of Chalcedonia, where there was an unpainted wooden theatre which held about forty people. The whole company was Armenian, men and women alike. Special training had been given to them as regards accent, and I followed with ease a piece by Dumas and another by Courteline. The stage was small, the scenery far from perfect, and the Moslem women, all smoking (how dangerous), sat in stuffy latticed boxes, whilst the men occupied the best seats in the stalls. During the *entr'acte* there was music and singing, and the conductor beat time for the stringed instrumentalists on a big drum. And when he sang, his voice was sad beyond description; one wondered how such utter sadness could ever be produced!



**TURKISH NURSE IN NEWLY-FOUNDED
WELFARE WORK**



WHAT THE CHILDREN BECOME IN THE WELFARE CENTRES
The Tekkés, the homes of the disbanded Dervishes, are being used as welfare centres.

As I said before, it was thanks to my unselfish friend that we went so often to the theatre. She did not enjoy it, but like a mother who takes her child to a pantomime, she loved watching my enjoyment. In the women's seats where we sat, everyone smoked, and though it was dangerous one was glad to do it, for the theatre was stuffy beyond words; also we were veiled, which added to the heat. And all the time, the water seller was doing a brisk trade, selling his water at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a glass; fruit and sweets were being eaten, and the bits thrown into the stalls, and my friend was alternately interpreting for me, and talking with her neighbours. There were others, too, who nursed and hushed their babies; the water seller "cried" his wares, and still the piece went bravely on. Some of the present-day cinemas are given in a similar setting, with this difference, however, the water merchant has raised his price to 1d. a glass, and they have got from somewhere a primitive jazz band.

Talking of cinemas, America seems to be using Anatolia as a dumping ground for her "dud" films. What films! What a wrong impression one can get of a nation from a poor film! Said a Turkish ex-military attaché to me one day, "When an American woman marries, she ceases to count, she is only a piece 'of furniture' in the home." Such a criticism of the American woman has surely never before been given! The American woman who has so often been accused of overstepping liberty to licence! I asked where this extraordinary opinion of American women had been formed. "You see it at the cinema; all the heroines are young unmarried girls—no one else counts."

My explanation, that so many plays were written for Mary Pickford to act, was of no avail; the opinion the Colonel has formed of America from the films, will never be changed; and possibly, if he went to America to see

for himself, he would still keep his first impressions of America, gathered from the films.

It seems extraordinary that America, ardent propagandist as she is, does not understand that the film is "her shop window"; and that she should use some form of censorship, before letting films be given in foreign lands. At an important moment like this in the rebirth of a nation, there are so many subjects of vital interest that could be selected! Why not a film showing how Doubleday Page produces books, how the Curtis Publishing Co. looks after its workers, and how the Rockefeller Institute fights disease?

In the old days I was passionately attached to Kara Geuz (Punch). Though the humour of Hadgi Eivad and Kara Geuz often escaped me, the *tout ensemble*, the music, the naive performance of the mutual beating between Kara Geuz and Hadgi Eivad, were charming beyond words. At Broussa, driving from the station to the military hospital, I passed two insignificant turban-topped stones, which time has laid almost horizontal. They spring out of a bank at the side of the road, and one gets used in Turkey to seeing tombs when they are least expected. These were the tombs of Kara Geuz and his partner Hadgi Eivad. It appears it was from these two men that Molière took much of his inspiration—the phrase "Que fait-il dans cette galère?" comes straight from the Turkish "Punch." My friend's brother, who believed in one translation for a man and another for a woman, gave me a very watered version of some of the wit of Kara Geuz. When I told him what I had seen in Paris, he answered quietly, "Then why my anxiety?"

Freed from Hamidian and religious tyranny, the Turkish theatre has taken a new lease of life. They have begun to play their own classics, patriotic pieces and many translations. From our theatre they have chosen nothing less than *Hamlet*. *Hamlet*, even in English, rather takes one's breath away ! It has to be sublime, or it is ridiculous. One trembled to think what Turks could give us ! Of all the plays of Shakespeare, this is the one piece that the great French actor Gemier has so far, try persistently as he may, been unable to give. The Turks' performance was dignified, to say the least of it, and much to their credit, but alas, one of the chief actors, Mouhid Refet Bey, has passed away, and his widow, also an actress, will not act for some time. The crowd of sincere mourners who went to the young actor's funeral was a proof that the stage can count for something in Turkey.

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In Smyrna, Aziz Bey made up a theatre party, and took me to hear a Viennese operette company. I was very touched by his kind attention, but I preferred the simple Turkish theatre, where friends often refused to take me, as it was so uncomfortable.

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Acting in the schools is a new and important art, and, as I said before, the performance was excellent because so natural. It is next to certain that, given the story of Angora, and the suffering through which Turkey has passed, a great revival should come in all the arts, and particularly the drama. Lessons given from the stage are so impressive ; it is such a picturesque way of teaching history ; and this is now the time for fixing the *couleur locale* of the period that has passed. The religion of yesterday now belongs to history and art ; Sultans with their harems ;

grand vizirs in their konaks ; valis dressed in their Persian embroidery robes ; the Cheik-ul-Islam in his pumpkin turban ; ladies with veils and men with their fez ; and last, but not least, the cylinder hats of the Konia dervishes ; what a wealth of material for the future dramatist ! At the request of my host, Nadgi Pasha, M. Tchelebi, the descendant of the family older than the Osmons, collected some disbanded dervishes to perform in private for me. On his Ney, an instrument resembling a flute, the ex-dervish played the mystic, soul-stirring, somewhat wild music, which sounds like the wind rushing through the reeds by the river-side ; one actually feels the cold currents and one shivers ; the music is plaintive beyond description, and yet amongst the sweetest I ever heard. When Turks have absorbed our Western time and musical construction, let us hope they will remain true to their own Eastern inspiration, and surely no one who "feels" music could fail to utilise the dervishes' flute (Ney). The dervish dancing, which takes a lifetime to learn, and which requires daily practice, was not as good as the music. The movements are graceful, difficult and mystic, but it needed the dress, the Tekké, the religious fervour and a congregation of worshippers, not dancing-room spectators, to give the dancers the right inspiration. Can this dancing be taken to the theatre ? Can art replace worship ?

We met M. Tchelebi again at the ball organized by my friend, and there the high-priest of the dancing dervishes, to whom dancing was a sacred rite, fox-trotted and Charlestoned all night long, and, like the rest of the company, sighed when daylight gave the signal for the ball to end.

What will the Turkish dramatic students bring from Paris ? Will they be content to take with them the fine

French diction, and the actor's art brought to its highest perfection? Or will they want to sample some of the modern decadence, that deadly canker that has forced its way into our Western arts? Who knows? On the other hand the Turks may yet give us a new school. Decadent art is crying out for young, virile blood—it may be this nation reborn can supply it.

MUSIC

The music of the East, the quaint old Turkish Oud, a kind of guitar played with a feather, and other instruments too primitive to be of much use, have gone forever. Although one regrets the end of Eastern music, we know that it can be revived in a European construction.¹

The passionate love songs (Ghazals) with the high nasal notes are not sweet; they are uncanny, unhappy and haunting; and always in the minor key.

In my honour in the schools they played Western music—one cannot look a gift horse in the mouth—and they sang patriotic songs; they have changed their curious wild rhythm into our six-eight, and already read our music and have our technique. Yet when I asked for the old Turkish songs I had come so far to hear, they were already forgotten and no one seemed too pleased to have these old treasures revived.

The député for Adana, Zamir Bey, invited me to his mother's to hear Oriental songs, which Ruchen Echref Bey translated into French. Ruchen Echref Bey is a

¹ Already the compositions of Djemil Réchid Bey, Eastern music in a Western setting, have been performed by a well-known pianist like Cortot and well spoken of by the French and German critics.

poet, who faithfully keeps his pledge to write in Turkish and French, one fine thought a day, at least. His rendering was delightfully picturesque, and the homage addressed to unknown beauty's hair, eyes, and lips seems to flow in passionate torrents. In Turkish when every name is a precious stone, or a flower, or a fairy, and the "beloved" unseen, what magnificent possibilities there are for a poet! Now, however, all the metaphors must be changed. The long flowing locks have been left at the barber's, and the unknown beauty, veiled in the mystery of ages, plays tennis by day and fox-trots by night. How will Turkish poets find an inspiration in the new civilization?

Mme Shukri Bey, the American wife of the editor of the *Milliett*, who speaks fluent Turkish and takes her new nationality very seriously, took me to visit Abdul-Hak-Hamid Bey, the great national poet of whom the Turks are so proud.

Abdul-Hak-Hamid was for a time at the Turkish Embassy in London. During the reign of Queen Victoria, when the Sultan visited our Sovereign, the poet was asked to stand behind the Sultan's chair, and interpret. This he refused to do. Not being allowed to eat with the Royal Family, he was sent to eat with the "underlings," and was much amused to have the late Duke of Argyll as his neighbour.

At the Belgian Court, Abdul-Hak-Hamid was a great favourite with King Leopold, who used to walk arm-in-arm with him, whilst the witty Turk amused him with anecdotes and stories. Belgium was Abdul-Hak-Hamid's post, but he preferred London, where he spent most of his time; yet none had a word of criticism to make; he was a poet. He has been several times married. In appearance Abdul-Hak-Hamid resembles the late Joseph Conrad. He is a delightful man. With me he spoke English, though he prefers to speak only Turkish, and when I asked him

why, he replied, "In Turkish I am a master, in other languages only a pupil."¹

When I asked the great poet how he liked the new civilization, he told me his writing-days were done. Since then, however, he has received a visit from, and been a guest of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. Now the "harp" has been taken down and dusted, and the muse he thought had deserted him altogether, is with him again. The story of Angora means something to him, and we can now expect some fine poems. How the Turks will rejoice, for they are immensely proud of their national poet, and they needed his genius to immortalize, in verse, the greatest chapter of their history.

The late Professor Browne was not hopeful for Turkish poetry. "It is at its best," he said, "seldom more than pretty and graceful; while often comparatively unknown Persians touch the sublime; and some of the finest poetry in the world has been produced by Persians."

It is true many Orientals find the young Turanian movement and its aim to cut away from the Arabic and Persian culture on one side and include Tartars and Mongols on the other, grotesque. Professor Browne says, "They blame the Sultan Bayazid, because not recognizing his

¹ Possibly by the time this book is published the Turkish alphabet will be written in Roman and not Arabic letters. It is a most important reform and will make it possible for foreigners to read and write Turkish as well as speak it. To learn to write Turkish is a task few would undertake unless they are obliged. Although the Turks will find many gaps in the twenty-six characters as we know them, they propose to adapt it to their own needs, which is certainly something of a feat. Nevertheless, the reformers hope a new Turkish alphabet will make it more easy to teach the reading and writing of their language to many who are still illiterate.

What is generally known as the Arabian numerals were borrowed, together with the decimal system, from the Hindus in the 8th century.

Turanian overlord, he strove to arrest the devastating advance of Tamerlane, the Tartar, and perished in the attempt." It may be Professor Browne is right, or it may be that his great admiration for the Persians has made him underrate the Turks; and, on the other hand, he had little sympathy with nationalism.

And he is not the only one. There are people who feel that the exaggerated nationalism through which Turkey is passing will cripple her lyric and literary output. But they surely are mistaken. The story of Angora, the moral and physical suffering through which this people has come triumphant, must, when the raw edge of "nationalism" has worn itself off, find self-expression. It is a child that has to be born, or the parent will perish.

But why this outcry against nationalism? Everyone who loves his country, and there is something radically wrong with those who do not, is a nationalist, and something of a propagandist. Wandering turns one into a cosmopolitan, but it also makes one a nationalist. Cosmopolitanism is useful for comparing standards, and as an incentive to bring the best from other countries to one's own land. We need internationalism to strengthen our nationalism, but I fail to see what else can be gained by mere internationalism, except a colourless outlook, and a lack of principles. With fixed national principles, their value tested by internationalism, one can surely be of great service to humanity. Does one not appreciate other countries better, because one loves one's own?

Throughout the length and breadth of Turkey where I have travelled, wrapped up at nights in my Union Jack, is there one Turk who thinks the less of me because of my nationalism? The dislike of nationalism comes partly from a fear of Chauvinism, yet could Chauvinism have been more practised anywhere than in Soviet Russia? The higher the national morality one has, the better is one

understood amongst other nations, and the best way to work for the prestige of one's own country is to make a good impression in foreign lands.

Most unfortunately, the Turks' lack of knowledge of the English language cuts them off from the enjoyment of the finest literature in the world. Even Taine, who did not love England, had to admit, "England had done all there was to do in literature." No other literature has been so well able to combine perfection of style with high ideals and inspirations as the English. The Turks have been too much under the influence of French literature, which, perfect as it is in style, has not the same strength of purpose as English literature.

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It was the cultured and celebrated scholar Schinassi, who, on his return from France and a long acquaintance with writers like Lamartine and others, brought to Turkey the simple French construction. His most distinguished pupils were Namak Kemal, who died in exile, and Abdul-Hak-Hamid. One is always profoundly touched by Kemal's exquisite pages in honour of England and her lofty ideals and character. He saw us at our best, and it is good to be seen and written about at our best. And this great writer was able to appreciate what we in England can do so well—stories of fairies and particularly animals. Our animals are human beings, and the Turk, who is kind to animals, can appreciate this. During the time when this writer was a member of the Committee of Union and Progress, he emphatically stated that the religion of Mahomet as practised by the Turks was not in keeping with their temperament and *had to be reformed*. Protestantism was one of his favourite studies.

The great savant and thinker Zia Gueuk Alp, one of the Malta victims, afterwards Professor of Sociology, has done

more for new literature than any other writer. He stood firmly for the Westernization of Turkey, as did Hussein Jahid and many others. Mehmet Emin is also a leading poet,¹ and Yahia Kemal could prove an outstanding genius of pure Turkish had he the energy to maintain his highest gifts. At Lausanne I used to break into his moments of "contemplation" before a whole series of new impressions—political, scenic, and feminine, to remind him that he had undertaken the arduous task of Press Propagandist at the Conference and Europe "was waiting!" Now he is Turkish Minister in Poland. One is sorry; for diplomatists are easily found, but poets are few and far between.

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Nakié Hanoum invited me to go with her to hear a lecture on the poet Fikret, at the Oujak. It interested me more to see the working of the Oujak, and receive the kind homage of the members, than to hear about the political qualities of Fikret. I knew Fikret only as a patriot, and a man who had the courage to attack the clergy—a feat of courage in the old days, now part of the daily routine.

For a foreigner who returns to a country where she has made literary friends, it is sad to find them classed as political scapegoats. Every day I asked for Hussein Jahid. I loved his writing, where was he? What had he done? Where could I find him? On all sides silence. No one understood my question!

Of the women writers I had known, Niguar Hanoum, and Eminé Sémié Hanoum, the only woman member of the Union and Progress, I found no trace. The writings of Halidé Hanoum, thanks to her inconsistent political attitude, were not read with the same delight, which is

¹ He recently read a charming poem of his own composition when the Ghazi's statue at Angora was unveiled.

unfair. Politics should have nothing to do with art. Her memoirs are delightful.

To the younger generation of writers belongs Mufidé Hanoum (Mme Ferid Bey). She is a keen observer, and when she writes, writes with a fixed purpose. Younous Nady Bey says her criticisms of the Occupation will be a classic. Unfortunately, at present her pen is tied by her husband's official position, but her eyes and ears are wide open, and she takes careful notes. Her compatriots are proud of her. She has always been consistently nationalist, and has the blessing of a husband's sincere devotion, instead of the soul-crushing attachments and desertions which have fallen to the lot of some other writers.

Another young and attractive writer I met was Suate Dervishe Hanoum. She has caused something of a sensation in Germany, where all she writes is translated. She graciously came to see me, and explained her ambitions, and her determination to succeed in the modern line she has adopted. Her hat was charmingly chosen, and in her country decidedly original.

Turkey's School of Beaux Arts was founded forty-four years ago, but few people ever heard of its existence, which is perhaps excusable, considering the little work that has been accomplished. When I went to visit the Cassons, busily engaged on their most fascinating work of excavating the old Hippodrome, I mentioned I had just paid a visit to the Turkish School of Art. Mr. Casson laughed heartily, thinking it was a joke, and it was a long time before I could convince him there was such a place, and that they were doing really good, serious work. Finally convinced, he exclaimed, "Provided they do not copy our modern art I do not mind!"

The Turkish School of Art is situated in the old Parliament of Constantinople. A great effort has been made to create interest in art, and the first exhibitions are promising, but, both painting and sculpture are in their infancy. At the last exhibition there were pictures of talent by Namik Bey and Chefik Bey, whilst the water colours by the Director, Nazim Zia Bey, could take their place in our best picture exhibitions.¹

Rézan Hanoum is a good pupil, and Sabihé Hanoum is a sculptress who has decided talent. She was first in the competition organized to work with Canonica, whose fine statue of the Ghazi has been admired by all the Turks. The coming of the statues by Canonica and Kripple has not only been an occasion for a patriotic manifestation, but has whipped up the people's enthusiasm for art. Although people do not expect Turks to know much about art, at the Turkish Embassy in London alone are four connoisseurs—The Ambassador and Mme Ferid Bey, Shefky Pasha and Moukbil Bey.

All this question of renaissance in art, for which the Ghazi has done so much, is immensely interesting, and those who really care for art, and really care for Turkey, look forward to the day when, after they have borrowed our Western technique, they will repay us by giving us a new art, in all its branches, and not a replica of ours.²

¹ A new wing for the teaching of applied arts, under the direction of a Viennese artist, has recently been opened.

² Since writing this chapter I have read some of the poems of Ahmed Haschim and find them delightful.

CHAPTER VIII

PROGRESS IN SMYRNA, KONIA, ADANA, TARSUS AND MERSINA

IF anyone wants to see what personality can do in Turkey, let him go to Smyrna. In 1922 the able Vali, Abdul Halik Bey, now Minister of Finance, presided over a city in ruins. To-day it is practically rebuilt, the new streets are wide and clean, and the people hold their heads high, proud to be Turks.

Smyrna has caught Angora's feverish impatience to get along more and more quickly, to build, improve and clean. Aziz Bey, who is the creator of Smyrna, brings forward all kinds of schemes for reforms, and is constantly amongst the people, to see his reforms are carried out. He has made a careful study in English, French and German of town planning and all the latest sanitary improvements and used his study to good purpose. In Smyrna to-day one looks in vain for the old sweet and cake merchant with the thick layer of flies sitting comfortably on his wares ; all is now under glass cover, and sandwiches and eatables kept wrapped in tissue-paper, as in America. The barber and the baker are under strict supervision ; everything must be antiseptic ; and a whole code of taxi drivers' laws has been arranged, to limit the speed, regulate the traffic, avoid accidents and contribute to the well-being of the city.

Aziz Bey has two helpers, a man and a woman, who have both been students of Columbia University, and they both second him in his many social reforms, such as night schools, hospital reforms, the betterment of children's

welfare centres and playgrounds, and there is no useful reform suggested that is not quickly executed.

Smyrna, now it has once more hotels and comfortable houses, is a delightful resting-place. The climate is mild, the sun shines all the year round, and now the abolition of the Capitulations has ended the Powers' right to interfere with the Concessions, the town at last has electric light, decent trams and an improved harbour.

When the history of Turkey comes to be written, and one sees what Smyrna was like when the foreigner held sway, and how it has improved since the Turks themselves took over the administration ; when one remembers the miserable little pony trams, divided into men and women's quarters by a none too clean sheet, and compares them with what the city trams now are ; there will be little glory attached to the good name of the foreigner. And even to-day the concession hunter has not improved. Instead of showing, when he asks for concessions, his best and cheapest, he shows his worst and dearest, and then wonders why the Turk, who is now wide awake, distrusts him ! The old "Baçkshish" days are over. That is to say, what was formerly the custom, is now an illegal proceeding, and is mercilessly punished by the Government, as the recent Turkish naval scandal will show. The fact that the Turkish Government should have ordered a public investigation into the conduct of Ihsan Bey, a man who until recently was a member of the Cabinet, is sufficient to show that the Ghazi and Ismet Pasha will not tolerate abuse and corruption. Ministers, députés, political groups, are all watched with the "hawk" eye of the Government and no pity is shown to the offender, however highly placed he be. So the "get rich quickly" days of Turkish public officials are over, and the reign of honest administration has come.

The beauty of the neighbourhood of Smyrna has never

had its just tribute ; its historical ruins are marvellous, and well worth careful study. Next time I visit Turkey I shall pay a long visit to Smyrna ; for Aziz Bey is a gracious host, and Smyrna possesses a Hadgi Bekir.¹

The journey between Angora and Konia—only six hours by car—takes over thirty-six by train. One starts early in the morning and literally crawls to Eski Chéir, where a sleeping car from Smyrna joins the train. The train is warm, though slow, my guard spoke German, and sent the “ water ” merchant at different stations to offer me his wares. But I am not a good water customer. . . . Long, long expanses of uncultured land, a few cattle, few men and still fewer women ! What a work Turkey has before her to people and cultivate this neglected, almost waste land ! If only one could have gone by car. But the roads are impossible during the winter mud.

At Eski Chéir, as there was no restaurant on the train, one went to the little “ buvette ” to get refreshment. Not being able to ask for, or “ to act,” cheese, I pushed my way into the kitchen and helped myself. For payment, I opened my purse, and let the man help himself, as I did everywhere in Anatolia (not Constantinople), and never once did they take too much.

What kind, courteous men these peasants are. They did not mind my helping myself, nor taking what they perhaps needed. How one hopes these honest Anatolians will never learn the trickery of the West, and that they will hold fast to their delightful Eastern hospitality and honesty.

I enjoyed my visit to Konia better than anything else in Turkey. In the family of my dear friend Makboulé, I lived in an atmosphere of real sincerity, and with the rare

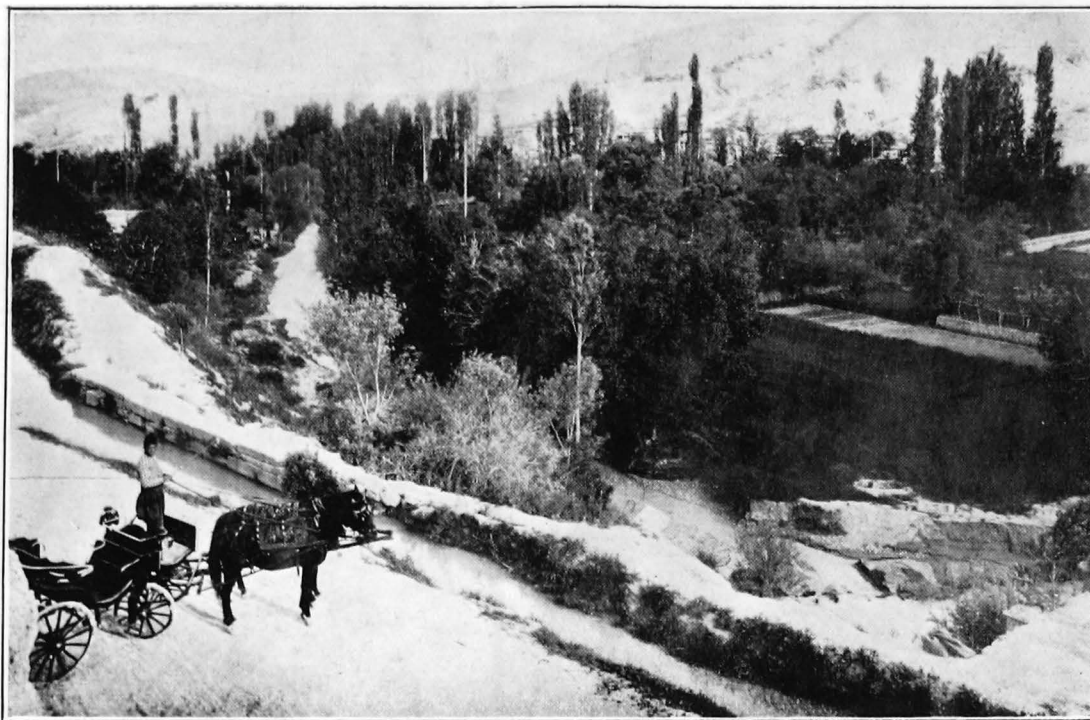
¹ Hadgi Bekir is the well-known Constantinople confectioner, famous for his Turkish delight.

and deep affection she can give. There I saw, what she had told me I would see reflected all over Turkey, women who now have the right to take part in the great life going on around them. And I did not only see this as a tourist. I felt it, for I lived it. I had stayed with this same friend in the harem, and now I shared her freedom. We so often talked of the past, and compared it with "this wonderful, wonderful new existence," and she would say, "In exchange for what the Ghazi has done for us, we women must all help." The days and weeks slipped by, we talked, we laughed. We had the rare treat of visiting those priceless historical treasures of the Seljoucide period, which archæologists come from all over the world to visit; now an order from the Ghazi, who visited them, has started a very careful and historical restoration.

In Konia, as in Broussa, Smyrna and Adana, the Ghazi has his own house, a gift from the municipality. A simple villa it is, but he would not accept more. "We would have built him a palace," said Nadgi Pasha. "We would like to give him a well-laid-out garden, but he would not have it. 'A simple villa with a fine view,' he said, 'What more can I need?'"

We went shopping in the old bazaar. There were quaint booths covered with the good old produce of Turkey—helva, cakes, nuts, and dried fruits; veiled women watched over the many-coloured vegetables, comfortably placed on the cobble-stoned pavement at the mercy of the wind, sun and dust, not very hygienic certainly, but very picturesque.

Konia with its narrow, winding alleys, and badly paved streets; with its primitive women, still clad from top to toe in brown, black or purple—with only one eye visible; with its quaint market-place, where the coffee seller advertises his wares by a skilful rattling of his cups; and the helva merchant carries his wares on a tray or a donkey,



MEHRAME NEAR KONIA, WHERE THE RESIDENTS OF KONIA SPEND THE SUMMER

Hungarian engineers are taking the water from the well-watered Mehrame to the parched city of Konia ; they are also installing gas and electricity, and building new roads and houses.

“struck” a unique Eastern picture, and amongst it all are motor-cars, military uniforms and hats of the West!

Konia is the ancient Seljoucide capital Iconyium; it is an oasis in the large desert, and looks like a gigantic basin with no water. In the summer the sun scorches down on it, drying the earth as well as the trees and the inhabitants to cinders. Up till now, there was no water; water for drinking, sanitary and household purposes being brought round to the houses in large tins. This lack of water makes housekeeping complicated indeed. Those who can, escape in summer to Mehram, about twenty miles away—it is well-watered, green and mild. The idea of transferring the water from Mehram to Konia, as the engineers are now doing, never entered the heads of the last generation of Turk, any more than the idea of utilizing stone from the mountains for the construction of the houses. But what a different town Konia will be, with water and electricity!

We went for many excursions. One day we drove to the village of Sillé. We had a delightful view of the picturesque country all around. How I would love some coloured sketches of Konia and the neighbourhood before the change into Western garments.

Sillé was a prosperous part of Konia inhabited almost entirely by Greeks, and since their departure, the houses are empty and tumbling down. The Greeks have taken their trade with them, whatever it is; an exchange of populations is the refinement of cruelty. The desolation everywhere looked worse than ruins. There is a quaint old church, shorn of its gilded splendours, and in the Holy of Holies, with the altar as a table, sits an Austrian, manufacturing limbs. What an irony of fate! I saw no signs of any other industry and not one shop.

Our arrival in the village was strange indeed. Rows of empty, dilapidated houses on either side of the river; a muddy, neglected, badly cobbled path on either bank was

all we saw of the village of Sillé, which greeted us from a muddy river stream full of stones, up which we sailed, using our "Ford" car as a gondola. When the water of the stream reached the door of our car we had to disembark.

In some of the tumbledown houses, pious Moslems were sitting patiently waiting for the cannon, which was to give them permission to eat. One man was wearing a fez, and so anxious was he to offer food and hospitality to strangers, that forgetting he was wearing a fez, he popped his head out of the window, and invited us to come in. Thanking the old gentleman graciously for his kind offer, all the more gracious as he himself was fasting, my friend excused us, as we had to return before dark.

We met the village schoolmaster, a young man of about twenty-three, who graciously returned to show us the school-house, of which he was so proud. Nothing more primitive in the way of a building could possibly have been found. That there was a school at all in this deserted village was something of a miracle. But the schoolmaster had the real nationalist zeal. "Better be without houses than education," he said as he took us over the dilapidated building. Flags of Turkey hid up a multitude of holes in the wall; there was a portrait of the Ghazi, which looks down on the quaintest of schools, and a most primitive museum of work, made by the boys. Perhaps this little village school was the most interesting I had seen. Though its walls were crumbling, it had a fine dose of the spirit of courage, effort and determination to overcome all difficulty, and succeed: the schoolmaster was indeed to be congratulated.

We climbed down into our motor-car, waiting for us in the middle of the stream, and "sailed" our way back to a river bank, over which we successfully jumped and landed in a ploughed field. Konia, as the sun is setting, is indeed a picture. The dark stone mountains, capped by snow, become dark blue, against the setting sun. The

tumbledown mud huts, with their grass roofs, which are to be swept away by the incoming tide of modern houses ; the wealth of almond blossom, such a lovely pink against the mud background, and the herds of oxen, free citizens of a free Republic left to find their way home by themselves and never making a mistake, are all figures of a landscape I watched, as one watches by the death-bed of a person one loves ; for alas, the narrow, winding streets, the picturesque alleys and people themselves are all to be sacrificed on the altar of progress. When next I come to Konia, Konia will be clad in a German dress. It is now in the hands of German builders, German engineers and German technical instructors.¹

I was fortunate in being at Konia for Ramazan and Baïram—the Moslem's fast and the Moslem's feast, and taking part in the ceremonies connected with both. We had such jolly Iftar parties (parties during Ramazan) when after a day of fasting—though we did not fast—we feasted on all the good things one's friends prepared. Such Song of Solomon repasts they were—spices, helva, almonds, sweetmeats and pomegranates, added to the bridge, music, dancing and supper parties ; each friend in turn gave a party. And what a difference it meant to have men at those gatherings. Both sexes can well appreciate the change. There is no need to mention what all felt. Then there was the laughter. It is true Turkey is set in the minor key ; the dominating note is a note of sadness, yet, paradox of paradoxes, who in the world knows how to laugh like a Turk ? Laughter is good for all and during the period of fasting we took our fill of merriment.

After our parties, bumping our way home over the cobbled stones, sometimes in an open car, the slate grey

¹ Most of the concessions now in the hands of the Germans could have been British for the asking. I agree with a British diplomat who qualifies the British capitalists' prudence as nothing more than a lack of patriotism.—G. E.

sky of dawn would be lit up by the tiny lights round the top of the minarets. As one could see no structure, the rings appeared to be embedded in the sky, and indeed the mixture of stars and rings in the heavens around, made a curious combination. All the primitive Moslem population had been for hours asleep ; the night watchman's drum was to waken them. We of the new generation were waiting for this same drum to send us to sleep at the break of day. What a gulf there still is between the East and West !

We had to go to the Turkish bath to be specially purified for Ramazan. Although we had a reserved enclosure, it possessed neither door nor window. So we made an interesting spectacle for all those who came to stare at the " foreigner " bathing. A Turkish bath is never very fragrant, nor are the forms that flit around as graceful as the nudes one sees in a Paris studio. The attendants with their voluminous pants and vivid, henna-dyed hair are curious-looking beings, but they are excellent at their work and careful how they wash you.

There were many brides being prepared for their weddings. One mother washed her daughter's hair a dozen times, and then before it was dry, it was plaited into innumerable little plaits, some of which were intertwined with strings of gold coins. Surely such a coiffure must last for days after the ceremony.

All of a sudden we are reminded the sun is setting, for the muezzin from the neighbouring minaret calls the faithful to prayer. Immediately all the attendants perform their ablutions, hitch up their voluminous pants, and prostrate themselves on the hot, wet stones. Unclothed as I was, I stood wrapt in admiration before this sight. How really beautiful this unself-conscious worship is !

After Ramazan comes Baïram—the fast and the feast.

The exchange of visits from morning till night ; the distribution of presents, the negress with her heavy silver tray full of sweetmeats, jam and coffee, offers them to the guests all day long. All sorts and conditions of men and women arrive to pay their respects ; the butcher, the dairyman, the fortune-teller, the governor, the general and the officers of the garrison all meet ; some sit on the floor as their rank demands ; some keep their veils well over their faces ; some wear hats ; all are united on the common ground of wishing one another health, happiness and prosperity. Baïram indeed is a time of rejoicing.

General Nadgi Pasha, my friend's husband, is the most polite man I ever met and one of the kindest. It seems to me were he ordered to bombard a town, even then he would couch his order in his own gracious formula : " Would you very kindly allow me to have the great honour of bombarding the town ? " His colleague, General Fahreddine Pasha, is a huge man and quite a different type from Nadgi Pasha. His defence of Jerusalem reads like an epic. When Fahreddine Pasha comes to see Nadgi Pasha, it reminds one of the mountain coming to Mahomet. Both these generals contributed to make my stay in Konia as happy as possible.

Once I had left Konia, I had a hundred and one examples of the kind courtesy of Nadgi Pasha and his wife. I remember when laid up in Constantinople with a badly injured knee, as neither the Pasha nor his wife could leave home, they sent the kindly negress Miriam all the long way from Konia to express their sympathy. " What a pretty name ! " I exclaimed when she first told me her name. " Miriam is the Mother of our prophet Jesus," she answered promptly.

Miriam was shown up into my room at the hotel, and I

called the waiter to interpret. She stood against the bed, her arms folded, and, laughing with nervousness, refused coffee or anything to eat, refused to be seated and was quite overcome by the importance of the waiter. When he left, she understood my acting better than his Turkish, but she was not her old self in the strange surroundings. Then, all of a sudden, she discovered her mistress's earrings in my ears, and all her shyness vanished. It was as though she had met an old friend, and after that, she chatted to me as she did at Konia.

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The great event of my stay at Konia was the public ball organized by my friend for the funds of the Red Crescent. In Konia up till then no public ball had taken place. Konia had not followed the lead of Angora and Constantinople, where balls are more frequently given than with us in the West. Konia is still a city where there is much fanaticism. From the beginning of my stay, the ball was the chief topic of conversation and all the arrangements were difficult to make. Everything connected with the ball, from the dressmaker and coiffeur to the music and fancy bread, are only procurable at Constantinople. Turks, however, are not only learning to help themselves in a surprising manner, but they have acquired the difficult art of making bricks without straw, and can do wonders without what we call the necessities of life.

And so, after all the difficulties were overcome, thanks to a generous response to an appeal for cushions, carpets, flags and almond blossom, an ugly suite of rooms in a primitive hotel had been converted into an Oriental garden; the lights were brilliant; the army supplied the band; Femina suggested many of the dresses which the ladies made themselves, and those who were skilful enough offered their services as hair cutters.

The question of all questions, however, and one which needed the most careful handling, lest it should ruin the whole ball, was the question of sleeves. "Sleeves or no sleeves?" asked the dancers; it was a question for my friend's husband to decide, and he at first set his teeth firmly against his wife's wearing a sleeveless dress. To unveiled hair and low necks he had grown accustomed, but sleeveless or short-sleeved dresses he disliked, and so his final decision of "No sleeves" was something of a triumph. What my friend did the other ladies would do.

Yet on the day of the ball, many had not the courage to show themselves except with high necks, sleeves, and turbans. Others dared not separate themselves from their fur coats, and still others refused to dance except with their husbands. How interesting it was to see these women arrive with their big bundle of prejudices, which before the evening was over vanished for ever. *C'est le premier pas qui compte* is a wise saw.

But of all the ball arrangements which most interested me was the Government official, who cross-examined all those husbands who came without their wives. To me, accustomed to seeing dancing men attached, unattached or semi-detached, welcomed to most balls open-armed, this curious idea of dismissing dancers was indeed strange. "Where is your wife?" the official would ask. "She is tired." "I saw her with you this afternoon." The young officer would have been dismissed, had not my friend known the wife stayed away because she had no evening-dress.

The explanation of the official's presence was this. A public ball being such a new experiment, many men were quite willing to take part in the frivolous proceedings by themselves and leave their wives at home. Supposing a man, therefore, had these ideas, he must be denied admission. The mere buying of a ticket for a charity ball was not

enough. The official was to decide whether he could use his ticket.

When my friend and I arrived at the ball the women were all in one room, the harem, and the men in another, the selamlık. They had taken their places guided by the customs of the past. They spoke in whispers, if they spoke at all, and looked uncomfortable and timid. The military band began to play and the couples began slowly to dance, and then chilliness, shyness, self-consciousness, all vanished, there was only one desire, to shut out the daylight, which was the signal for the ball to finish.

Once the ball was over, once its success secured, how heartily we laughed over the "sleeves or no sleeves" episode which had been the vexed question for over a month and which was settled without the least difficulty.

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I left Konia with the deepest regret. If the affection of the people for me can be measured by the number who came to see me off, Konia has almost as great an affection for me as I for them. That last meeting proved what I have never failed to feel, the Turks' great qualities are hospitality and a real kindness of heart.

ADANA, TARSUS AND MERSINA

The few days I spent at Adana and Mersina were a round of gaiety. I saw every school and every place of interest, visited every person of importance and they visited me. There was the weekly dance at the military club organized by the colonel; the theatre party; the long drive along the orange-laden groves; and the visits to the cotton manufactories, a reception at the Oujak, and last, but not least, a wedding.

All weddings now take place at the town hall, both bride and bridegroom having to be there to sign their own

fate. I had hardly taken my seat, when the wedding was over. The mayor, after reading the marriage law, asks the bride and bridegroom whether they consent to be man and wife. They sign certain documents and the ceremony is over. When I remarked about the brevity of the ceremony—far shorter than the French civil wedding—my friend asked what more I needed, the marriage was legal. After that a reception takes place at the bride's house, and she can have the Imam to bless her, if she wants; but as in France, the town hall ceremony is all that counts legally.

In Adana, there are great cotton possibilities. Provided capital can be found for experts, new machinery and more steady labour, they can do great things; they could even grow Egyptian cotton.

Both Adana and Tarsus have American schools doing good work, but one fears for them that their days are numbered.

Tarsus, on the way to Mersina, possesses nothing whatsoever to commemorate St. Paul but the honour of being his birthplace. Indeed the people seemed much more interested in the historical visit of Antony and Cleopatra than anything connected with St. Paul. In summer the climate is not bearable, so one retires to the mountains to stay amongst the gypsy mountaineers. As long as you are the stranger within their camp, they make it a sacred duty to look after you, watching that no scorpion or other beast harms you when you sleep, and grateful for the privilege of being allowed to do so.

Clean, honest and with delightful manners, these simple mountaineers of Tarsus are amongst the nicest of Turkey's rustic populations. Let us hope that Western civilization with its virtues and its vices will not spoil their delightful Eastern personality.

Mersina, where a gracious reception was waiting me at the Oujak, reminds one of an Italian port. It might be a

humble edition of any of them. All kinds of local improvements such as roads, trams, electricity, etc., are being made—in a few years this port, like so many other ports, will be unrecognizable.

The Mayor of Adana and Naid Djémal Bey graciously accompanied me as far as the Beyrout steamer. As we sailed in a boat with an obstinate sail alongside the steamer, they saw Syrians on board wearing a fez. How well I remember the look of pride the two Turks exchanged as they exclaimed, “That is what we were, but never again!”

CHAPTER IX

HAREM LIFE IN JERUSALEM AND MY VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF OMAR DURING THE SACRED FEAST OF NEBÉ MOUSSA

IT was strange after my stay amongst the free women of Turkey to be back in a harem again. The harem with all its ridiculous childish etiquette, the one sex always running away from the other, the impossibility of the Pasha's coming when there are lady guests, and the badly run harem and selamlik.

Those who would know the value of the Ghazi's reform should go to Palestine. There the women, ready to be free, are still subjected to the tyranny of the Ulema and harem etiquette ; they have no position in the State.

It was Easter Sunday, the Roman and Anglican Easter, and the Orthodox Palm Sunday. Unable to walk, I watched from the balcony of the hotel, the Arabs assembling in the square, whence with boisterous music and wild dancing they were starting on their pilgrimage to Nebé Moussa, or the tomb of Moses.

Although the Bible distinctly tells us no one must know where Moses was buried (Deut. III. 4-6), "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day," the great Seladin claims that God sent an angel to tell him the secret and to command pious Moslems to make a pilgrimage to this tomb during the Christian Easter. But there was also a political explanation to the message. The great Seladin, realizing the number of Christians (Romans and Orthodox) assembled in Jerusalem for Easter, feared they might rise and attempt to reconquer Jerusalem. In which case the

Moslems must be prepared to resist. So the feast and pilgrimage of the Nebé Moussa, starting on the Roman Easter Sunday and ending on the Orthodox Sunday, was instituted, and during that sacred time no Christian may enter the mosque of Omar—though Arabs go to the Holy Sepulchre. Early in the morning the Arabs began to assemble. And as the Christians with the patriarch's unpretentious procession returned from their Easter celebrations, they were lost in the mob of shouting Arabs, with their clashing timbrels and cymbals, banging tambourines and shrill whistles. English officers on horseback rode amongst the Arabs, whilst Jews in caftans, curls and long velvet and fur mantles, on their way to the Passover, threaded their way in and out of the procession as they never dared to do before the era of the British.

Here were three great religions represented in the square, each tightly wrapped up in its fanaticism, each had come to worship God and each prayed for the destruction of his brother's heresy, and the English officers were there to keep order. Judging by the noise in the square, Easter belongs to the Arabs. How they dance! Day and night for the whole of the festival they never cease, and when overcome with fatigue they can dance no more, someone else has to take their place. And in so doing they are obeying their Psalmist David, who says, "Praise God with song and dance." And so, clad in the gaudy colours of the East with scarf and head-dresses of every shade from orange and violet to blue and green and red, they go through all the exotic dances of the village fair. Jumping, hopping, turning, twisting, and performing all kinds of curious contortions with a fellow-dancer on their shoulders, in short all the feats of the acrobats combined with those of the juggler, and using—too freely for the comfort of the spectators—an unpleasant-looking sword.

As the procession forms, women sit on the wall idly

looking on nursing their children, their faces heavily veiled. The sun is glaring on them both, though they do not seem to feel it. Christian women and foreigners also look on. The hotel windows are packed with spectators and the crowd in the streets is so dense it is impossible to pass.

It can be no easy task to preside over this "village fair"; to know exactly how far an excited Arab may be allowed to use his sword for religious purposes, and if, as has been the case, a passing Jew has spat on the Moslem flag, and the Moslems have turned their swords against him, quite a firm action is necessary or a religious riot—the most bloody of all—will ensue. To keep order is the task of the British officer and he does it without gestures or ostentation, calm but firm. Without in any way exaggerating the merits of the British, but only giving honour where honour is due, one finds it difficult to imagine Italians controlling a dangerous fanatical mob with the same just, calm and quiet energy. I wanted to take part in the Christian Easter; I witnessed instead one of the strangest of religious gatherings; a spectacle that was interesting and unique, which can be seen nowhere else in the world.

The tomb of Moses, in appearance just like any ordinary high Moslem Turbé, is covered with a black cloth heavily embroidered with gold, and at each end are large turbans. It is situated about forty minutes' motor-ride from Jericho. The route which the pilgrims take is one of those steep, hairpin roads up and down which one motors wondering whether one's last hour has come. The men travel on foot or on mules and donkeys, whilst the women and children are all huddled together in carts which crawl all along the narrow route and seriously block the traffic.

On Easter Monday we motored to the tomb of Moses, in the adjoining enclosure of which was a seething mass of dancing men and veiled women. The women either stay

in their tents with their children or stand watching the men dance. For the dancing never ceases ; on and on, day and night. . . .

We—my companion and I—had a letter of introduction to the Grand Mufti from my host, Moussa Kiazim Pasha, head of the Arab Delegation to London and a member of the prophet's family ; " Husseinné " is a title of which he is proud and which unlocks most ecclesiastical doors for him. The Grand Mufti had been requested by the Pasha to welcome us to the lunch for men only, to which all the clergy and the notables were invited to honour the feast of the great law-giver Moses.

When our car arrived four huge Arabs pushed a way for me through the seething mass of men and at the same time protected me from the curious, fanatical crowd ; the tomb of Moses not being in their estimation the place for a Christian woman. And all the while great flies, almost the size of beans, settled on one's neck or hands, or anywhere else they had a chance ; one dare not in a country or in a crowd like this think of microbes, or one would be their victim at once. Two more Syrians carried me up a rickety staircase which groaned under our combined weight into the presence of the Grand Mufti, who sat cross-legged on a low sofa, surrounded by the principal Ulemas and notables of Palestine who had gathered together to be his guests. He was a good-looking man—comparatively young—and fair, and whilst my escort was exchanging compliments with the Grand Mufti for me and for himself, sherbet and lemonade were served.

I spoke with enthusiasm of my trip to Turkey ; of Mustapha Kemal Pasha and all he had done for Turkey ; and above all of the free Turkish women whom I had visited in their homes. Everyone listened with interest, even when I was touching on so profane a subject as the Konia ball.

Yet I was not invited to lunch, and what was much more serious, the clerical escort for which the Pasha had asked to take me to the Omar mosque was completely ignored. When my companion deliberately asked the question, "Is she to have an escort?" the Mufti would have nothing whatsoever to do with such a proposition.

With the help of the four Arabs we pushed our way back again the way we had come. Being a woman, I was allowed to look at the tomb of Moses through a window; only men are privileged to enter and pray by what in all probability is not the tomb of Moses at all. Further on we passed the courtyard where the food was being prepared. How utterly detestable it was. A strong odour of garlic and burning coffee mixed with hot oil! Huge sheep frizzling round the open fires, scantily clad, greasy scullions carrying the food in their hands, and on and over all a host of irritating, poisonous flies. How happy I was not to have to eat that lunch.

Once safe within the car, on our way to Jericho I asked my companion why we had not been asked to lunch. He laughed, "You might as well have gone into the presence of God and praised the devil, as to speak with enthusiasm of Mustapha Kemal Pasha as you did to the Grand Mufti!" Nevertheless I determined to go to the mosque. Something else, since the Grand Mufti had done nothing, would have to be arranged.

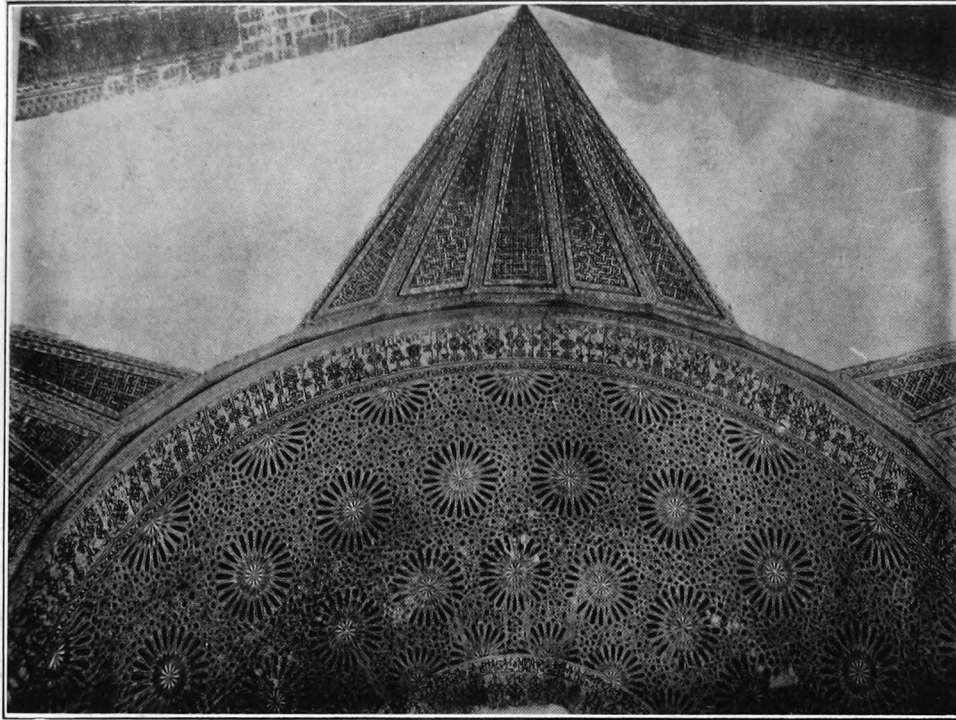
Back again in the harem the Pasha's daughter decided I should wear a veil and go to the mosque with her; but how was that possible? Supposing someone were to speak to me? Supposing through ignorance I should be guilty of some irreverence? I had not sufficiently studied my part—walk, gestures, the right poise of my head—and

last but not least, how could I with an injured knee prostrate myself in Moslem prayer? We decided a way must be found for me to go in a hat.

We left the harem that afternoon—four ladies—myself, a slave, and two eunuchs. As guest, I was given the assistance of a eunuch on either side, and a slave followed with the carpets and my boots. Only in the courtyard could the boots be replaced; in the mosque itself and in the sacred places most people walked barefooted. After a little while I too was almost barefooted, for the stones wore my silk stockings into large holes, and by the time I put my boots on again there was little stocking foot left. As soon as we arrived at the entrance of the mosque a crowd of excited Moslems arrived, attracted by the sight of my hat. Fortunately, however, the green-turbaned ecclesiastic to whom a letter had been addressed came forward to protect us, and he and a fellow Cheik or Mufti took their place at the head of our procession, calling as we walked along to satisfy the curious crowd, “English Moslem—guest of the Pasha Husseinné.” In my mind’s eye now I often see that procession. The two ecclesiastics, the Englishwoman and two eunuchs, followed by four ladies and a slave, and the mob following as we visited holy place after holy place.

We had to go to the women’s part of the mosque, and from there could admire the simple, magnificent construction which is built round the rock where Isaac was to have been sacrificed. As well as being an important Old Testament story, the story of Isaac (with Ishmael substituted for Isaac), is one of the favourite stories of Islam.

In so many of our Christian churches, even for example the Church of Gethsemane, built on the stone where Our Saviour prayed, the sacred spot itself is dwarfed into



INSCRIPTIONS AND ORNAMENTS IN THE INTERIOR OF THE MEDRESSÉ (KORATAI)

PRICELESS OLD DESIGN IN TURQUOISE AND GOLD

The Head of the museum copied this for me as a design for a dress.

nsignificance before the great importance given to the church. In the mosque of Omar right in the centre stands the immense rock of Sacrifice in all its solemn majesty, and the exquisite mosque, Arab art at its very best, is the frame, but only the frame, to the immortal allegory.

I was grateful to the attendants for their help over the rough stones, and my already swollen knee and ankle, walking in the heat without shoes, made it almost impossible for me to put them on again. My escort, waiting in the car outside, was glad to see me safe and sound. It was a dangerous experiment but I had seen the mosque. Had the fanatical mob in its wrath torn me limb from limb, I should only have had myself to blame.

In the old days in Turkey Makboulé and I used to go to the mosque of Eyoub both heavily veiled. Although I knew "my part," although, from the moment we left our shoes outside and crossed the sacred threshold I copied all my friend's movements and became deaf and dumb in case anyone should speak to me, all the same one took one's life in one's hands. What short work the fanatical mob, especially the women outside, would have made of me, a Christian who had dared to visit the sacred tomb and mosque of Eyoub.

Another day when we were visiting Eyoub, my veil blew back and my rebellious locks were exposed to the view of all. "*A la franque*," cried the mob, "showing her hair like a foreigner." Makboulé indignantly answered them. They began to stone us, and although we got quickly into the carriage and drove away, the back of the carriage was badly damaged.

But those days are over. Mustapha Kemal Pasha has ended the reign of fanaticism in Turkey; in Jerusalem it still reigns supreme.

In this holy city, sacred to Latins, Greeks, Moslems and Jews alike, a Christian would murder a Jew were he to

take the path that leads to the Holy Sepulchre and nothing can be said. Roman and Greek Christians, unable to compromise, have to leave the guardianship of the Holy Tomb to Turks ; and Arabs are ready to tear a Christian limb from limb if she crosses the threshold of the sacred mosque of Omar during the feast of Nebé Mousa. Up against the fanaticism of Jerusalem we remembered the Ghazi's words : " Religion that increases fanaticism between nations is a canker that must be destroyed." How sincerely one wishes that someone could destroy this unholy fanaticism that is eating out the heart of Jerusalem.

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Once more back in the harem, my friends pretended they had misunderstood the message, that a gentleman was waiting to take me to Bethlehem. He could not come to the harem to fetch me, so we talked and smoked and talked again. All the ladies were young—very young in years, but with the poise of middle-aged women. There is nothing so ageing as having nothing to do, and a horizon of visits to and from women, cigarettes, gossip, and coffee, is not very inspiring.

What dull, aimless lives they lead. Like the Turks in the past their great distraction was talking gossip, and revelling in their favourite topic of conversation—love—of which they knew little. My hostess was married at fourteen, was a widow at eighteen, and now at twenty-two, considers life over. When I suggested she should marry again, she seemed shocked at the idea. " I'm much too old," she said, and in spirit she was.

I began to tell them of the free women of Turkey and all they were doing. They listened intently until all of a sudden one of them began to cry bitterly. She was a Turkish woman married to an Arab, and as she listened to the story of what Turkish women had become, she realized

what she had lost by leaving her country. Another lady, guest of my hostess, was indignant and decided on rebellion. "Are we not as ready for freedom as the Turks?" she exclaimed. "And yet here we remain a century behind our sisters who used to be much less advanced than we."

During my stay in Palestine my thoughts were so often with Makboulé. I had shared her harem existence and the happiness of her freedom. I remembered the thick veil she wore when first I met her, and saw her again in my mind's eye as she recently walked triumphantly across the ballroom with her arms bare. "A day will come," she said, "when our Ghazi will be venerated throughout the East. And what he has done for us will serve for all the women of the East."

CHAPTER X

THE CURTAIN IS UP : NEW TURKEY BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS

WHAT he made up his mind to do, he has done. In the solitude of his far-away Angora home, the Ghazi set himself the task of building a new Turkey and the new Turkey is there.

People wondered what he could be doing ; what new surprise he could be preparing ; and all kinds of fantastic stories were whispered about "the Hermit of Angora." It was quite simple. With his plans carefully drawn up, the welfare of his country foremost in his mind, the ruler kept his own counsel and did what he intended to do. Then when he considered the work he had done was sufficiently advanced to bear inspection, he pulled the curtain up himself, and exhibited to all "the remarkable work of a remarkable man."

During my long trip in Asia Minor, I have been able to study the Pasha's work for myself, and test the value of his daring reforms, and their result on the lives of the people with whom I stayed, at the same time, giving it its right value by comparison with the past. For the Turks to have achieved the transformation of their country is a stupendous piece of work. That men and women, too, can have gone into the melting-pot crushed, defeated and finished people, and come out of it, as they have done, strong, healthy, purposeful citizens, has astonished even a sincere friend like myself. To me, with no axe to grind, no newspaper's policy to satisfy, paying my own way and therefore free to say what pleases me, this dangerous operation has

proved a complete success. Thanks to the ruler who has never spared himself ; never for an instant lost sight of his goal ; knew through his knowledge of history exactly what had to be done ; and changed the bigotry, fanaticism and confused religion of the Moslem world into the religion of nationalism : the country has not only been saved but it is going daily nearer the goal he has in view—to raise his countrymen to sit in the councils of Europe on equal terms with the great Powers.

Fifty years ago, Turkey was centuries behind. The people lived, in many cases, as they lived before the time of Our Lord. There was a fanaticism and hatred of everything connected with Western civilization. Gradually, however, they have been going towards the Occident, and now since the skill and superiority of the West has been proved, the Turks have assimilated Western ideals. Further, since the harem has been changed into the home, the desire for good taste in art and life is general ; the appearance of new economic wants and standards of living have been raised ; and though they have remained true to the dictates of their nationality, the Turks have acquired a very high conception of what the soul of the East and West can mean.

And yet after all the “ dangerous ” reforms the Pasha has made—social, artistic, religious and educational—there is but one result ; the forward march of Turkey. Is it to be wondered at that his Ministers trust him absolutely and say “ he cannot make a mistake ” ?

As stated in the preface of this book, of all the reforms the Pasha has brought about, I place the freedom of the women first. The whole dignity and position of the nation has been put on a higher level since women have been raised to the position of companions. The abolition of polygamy, the revision of the religion and the laws of the land, are all destined to form a home and to make it a

secure basis on which to build the State. Surely this is the most important reform of all.

For the rest, the Pasha's policy since the beginning of the movement, has been clever, to say the least of it. The way in which the great Powers were first defied and then divided ; the Greeks exhausted ; the army converted from its loyalty to the Sultan to whole-hearted service and support of the Ghazi ; the manner in which the Soviet neighbour was courted for material purposes and to scare the wits out of Lord Curzon, and yet was never allowed to get past " the calling stage," would have surprised our late Foreign Minister, who claimed to know Eastern methods so well. The way the Ghazi held tight to the Moslem brotherhood and used it as a menace to Great Britain, until Lausanne was signed and sealed, and then cast the Kaliphath aside, like a shoe that pinched and could no longer be worn, was daring strategy. The manner in which, being convinced the League of Nations is of little use to Turkey, he has refused to let his country form part of the assembly at Geneva ; stated firmly that though he stands for peace, yet he will not diminish the strength of the army, navy or air force, in order to be ready to defend the independence of his country if necessary ; the trouble he has taken to have a proper census made (the first time this was ever done in the history of Turkey) to show the Government and all whom it may concern, exactly the force there is behind Turkey, proves he is not afraid to look facts in the face, and that he is no partisan of " bluff."

Believing in a policy of " friends with all," the Pasha has not bound his country to any Power. Yet in spite of his vaunted independence, and the advantages of geographical position, Turkey can never be safe unless she can continue to steer a middle course between England and Russia, as she is doing now, or ally herself to England. The disadvantages of alliance with Russia are, that Communist doctrines

could never be tolerated in Turkey, and that the day will surely come when Russia will again be able to cast covetous eyes on Constantinople.

“Then why not an alliance with England at once? We cannot cast Russia away,” my friends have told me, “till we are more certain of England’s loyalty. Will she once again uphold Greece in her mad dreams of Greater Greece? Will she still continue her flirtations with the Kurds? What is she going to do with our neighbour Irak? We must wait and see; time alone can prove to us whether we can trust England or not.” And England on her side needs time to prove the sincerity of the Turk. His past is not entirely creditable, and unless people have themselves been on the spot to study the regeneration of the Turk from within no one quite believes in its reality.

England still trades with Turkey, but their commerce ought to be tripled. The financial possibilities in Turkey are great, but no country can flourish without British capital. Yet in spite of the great possibilities of Turkish investments, the British investor, accustomed as he has been to the guarantee of the Capitulations, is still waiting for evidence that his trust will be honoured, but this delay is none the less regrettable to both sides.

But why waste time in worrying over Capitulations, now gone forever? The pre-war debt is on its way to be settled. There is a mixed tribunal where all Anglo-Turkish cases can be arranged, also the Ottoman Bank with its solid Franco-British capital to help and advise investors is there. The Bank’s past record throughout the Near East is well known; and in Turkey, now it works in conjunction with the Turkish banks and it gives valuable information on commerce and finance, and renders all kinds of services to its foreign customers.

Naturally a “one man” Government brings upon it severe criticism, especially in foreign lands, where neither the

requirements of the country nor the psychology of the people are well understood. The Ghazi is supposed to be trying to force atheism on his people and flaunting Islam ! Meaningless words, to interpret a great reform—the revision of Islam. He is accused of making himself Master of Turkey, and silencing all opposition and criticism. It is true, he has the entire Parliament with him. That he has been able to silence his enemies, chiefly clerics, and those who would take his place, proves he has the strength necessary to rule at this most difficult time. It is too early in the life of the Republic for opposition ; and any signs of weakness on the part of the ruler would be interpreted by those who trust him as a betrayal of that trust and therefore fatal. And furthermore, as I have so often said in these pages, above all, the Pasha knows history and how it repeats itself.

In 1913 an incompetent opposition played havoc with all attempts at progress, and killed the Constitution, for which the people had for years laboured so consistently and bravely, almost as soon as it was born. The Ghazi would not run another risk like this ! Every system has the defects of its qualities. With a superman at the helm, one must expect a superman's legislation. A man who has worked from the age of ten for the salvation and uplifting of his country must be allowed to complete the task. Is it possible to expect him to lead his country out of the depths of ruin and despair to peace, happiness and the promise of prosperity and then to fetter himself with a useless opposition, unable to understand daring, far-sighted and advanced statesmanship ?

The country is now being put solidly on its feet, with careful instructions to carry on, and like a father arranging for the succession of his son, the Ghazi is putting all in order for his heir—the " People's Party." The " People's Party " is now united, but one day there must of necessity

come into its ranks division and opposition ; but that will not be until the ruler's task is completed.

Nevertheless without being a prophet, is it not safe to predict that the religion of nationalism, and the love of their country, which the Ghazi has so successfully instilled into the minds of the people throughout the country, will hold firm for many a day ?

As for the great Ghazi, whose story I told at Lausanne in 1923, with the risk of being yet once more accused of "exaggerated optimism," one can say, if God grants him life, he will do even greater things for his country. The people love him with an idolatrous belief and reverence. "He is our creator," said one of his Ministers. "One is surely allowed to adore one's creator." The following extract from a Turkish newspaper article reflects the feeling towards the Ghazi which I felt everywhere, as I travelled through Asia Minor :

"For several days Angora has been feverishly preparing to receive and embrace the great Liberator of the Fatherland whose absence has been so keenly felt. The thought of the wild enthusiasm which will prevail to-day at Angora causes our heart here to beat with a lively emotion. The torrents of joy and love which gush from the hearts of our people everywhere, on every occasion when they welcome the Ghazi, will cause the mountains and the plains of Angora to re-echo. Angora to-day comes to life again with its Ghazi. Everyone in every corner of the country loves and venerates the Ghazi sincerely and from the depth of his soul. The only distinction is that the hero enjoys at Angora a special prestige and a particular value, which have grafted themselves on to the general affection and love, that the great man inspires everywhere else."

Before closing this record of my fifth trip to Turkey, I would like to thank all the kind friends who helped to make

my trip a happy one. It has been my privilege to see this nation putting on its new civilization, and an intensely interesting experience it has been. It is true the artist in me regrets the passing of the picturesque Turks and their primitive surroundings, and yet I quite understand the Ghazi's decision, "We cannot live in the Middle Ages in order to supply Europe with copy."

Every moment of my trip has been delightful. Everywhere I have been welcomed like an old friend; in the villages and towns people came out to meet me, wish me God speed and offer me small tokens of their gratitude. Throughout my long journey I have had only consideration and kindness. The sun of Eastern hospitality has been shining on me everywhere.

In the Turks' march forward may they never lose their fine qualities of hospitality and kindness, for without them to me, at any rate, Turkey cannot be the Turkey I have known and loved for so many years.

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