

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 naïve 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.

.

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.”

.

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 Pashà.

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.

.

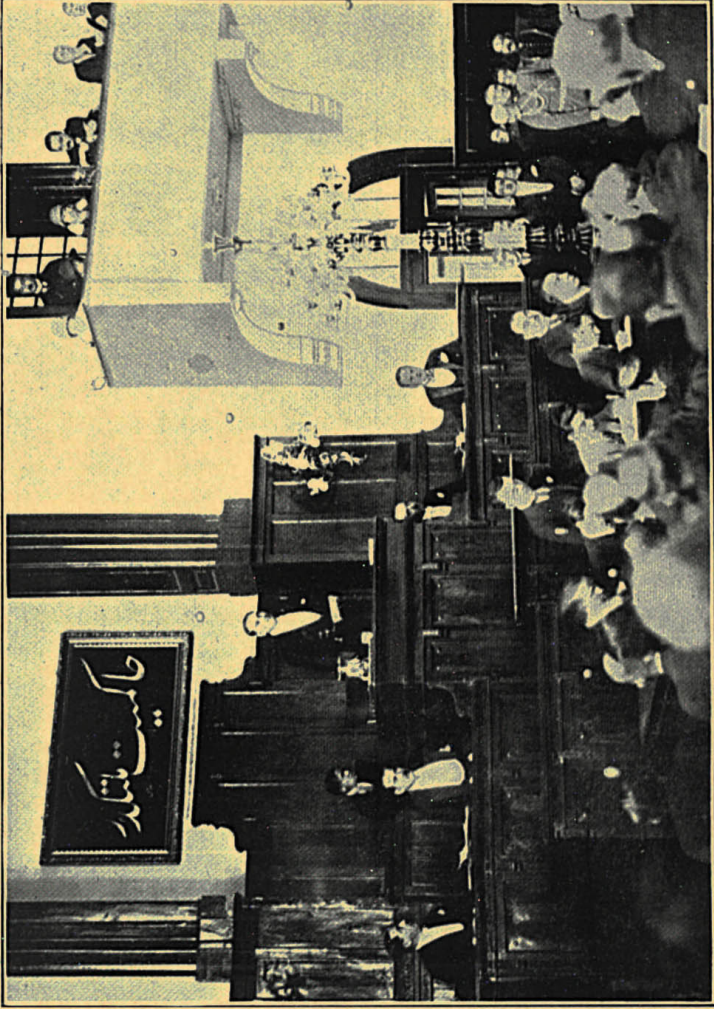
Farming may or may not be reckoned among the Pasha's relaxations. It is at least a change from administration. Sometimes before dawn he is at his farm and he works so

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?