

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.”

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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.

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.

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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 anticlimax, 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.

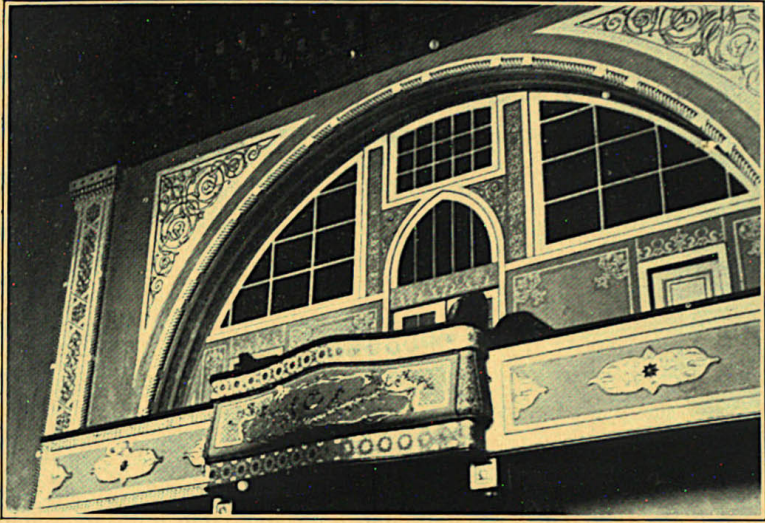
Looking at the ancient city as we approached first from

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.

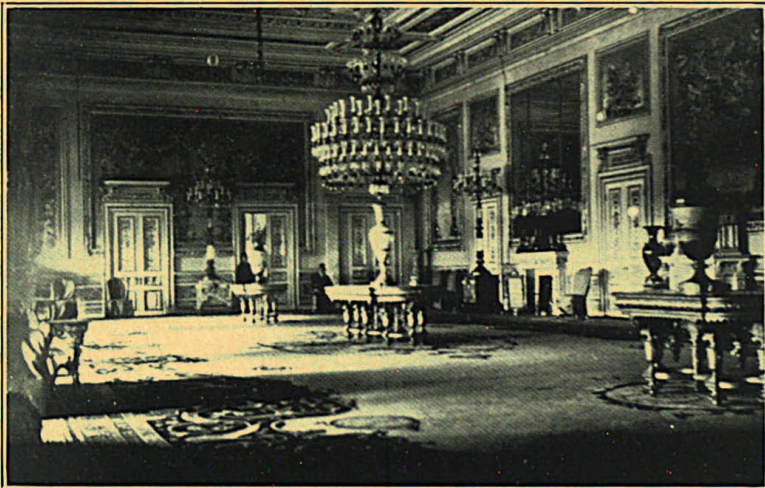
It was surprising in 1927 to see Turkish men and women travelling together. On my last journey, attached to the train was a large cattle truck furnished with carpets and cushions, destined to transport the women. All rolling stock being scarce, the men were obliged to travel on the roof. It is true the 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

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.

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."