

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.

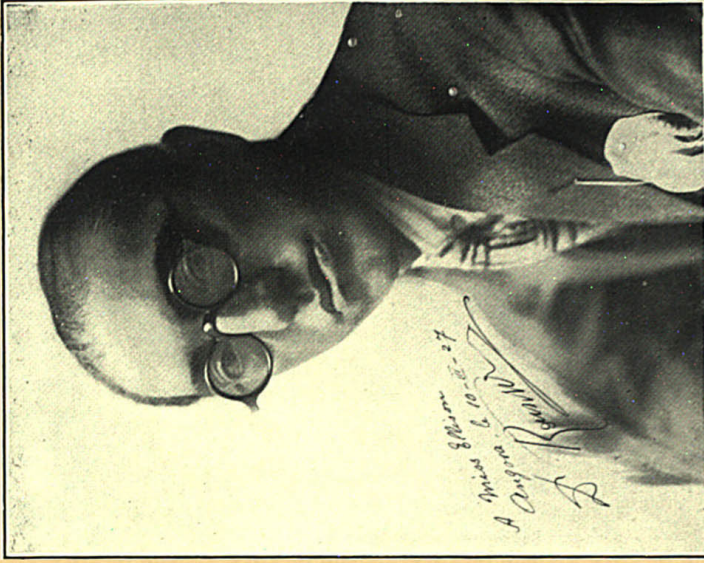
The party given at the Greek Legation in honour of the Greco-Turkish treaty was interesting first of all for the event it celebrated. Yet both the Turks and Greeks were perhaps a little too emphatic in their vows of eternal friendship, a little too anxious to wipe out their past by putting all the blame 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 one. 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 Abduł 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 Collette—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 ?