

## CHAPTER V

### THE PAST STRUGGLES FOR WOMEN'S FREEDOM

#### (a) *The Beginning of the Revolt*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



HADJI HUSSEIN AGA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In those days, there was something of a sensation on

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

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

. . . . .

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

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

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



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

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

*(d) Islam and the Position of Women*

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

"You must remember," he said, "when the great Law-giver of Islam limited the number of wives to four, he was legislating for a people that could not be too suddenly brought from the depths of degradation to which they had descended to the strong outer light. But Mahomet added a codicil to his testament, as it were, in the phrase, 'You must march with the centuries.'"

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

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

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

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

If, as the learned and exalted head of the religion informed me, all that was bad in the Turkish civilization came from Byzantium—the fez, the veil (partly), eunuchs, harems and latticed windows—why did not the Ulema<sup>1</sup> use their power to stop these unfortunate influences

<sup>1</sup> Ulema=clergy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ In England perhaps,” he answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*(f) Turkish Women in the Great War*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

. . . . .

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