

CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT REFORMS BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE GHAZI

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

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

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

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

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

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

I spoke with enthusiasm of the beautiful picture of the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fortunately our Government has never been weak

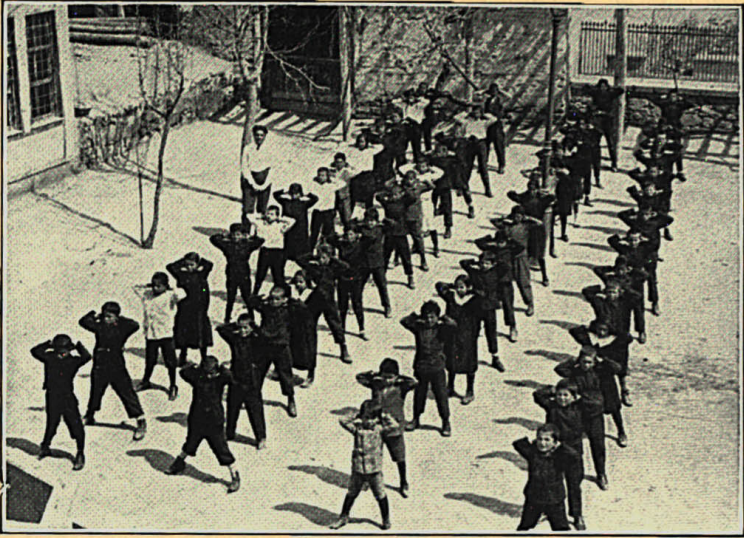
with these fanatical clerics. If they ever again show their fangs the hangman's rope is near at hand." He stopped for breath, mopped his face, and continued in a milder tone : " Our Republic was born in such sorrow, suffering and poverty, we are all determined that never again shall these fanatics have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

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

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

CO-EDUCATION IN TURKEY



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Unfortunately the Turkish workman has begun to disregard Mahomet's injunctions with regard to alcohol.

Wherever Western civilization penetrates, drink goes with it. Wait till the Turks have the curse of drink in their industries as we have, that surely is worse than fasting during Ramazan !

It was at Adana, and we were driving along an orange grove. We passed a school ground where the boys in scarlet jerseys, their faces tanned by the sun, were busily kicking a football, quite unconscious of the fact that I kept my carriage waiting in order to watch them.

“What do you think of that ?” exclaimed my companion with delight. It was curious to see a British football field transplanted into the depths of Asia Minor and above all to hear the English technical terms used amongst the Turkish conversation.

“I should not like to be asked to play *rugger* against them,” I said. “One wonders if they will kick the ball to pieces.”

“Up till now this innocent pleasure and healthy exercise has been prohibited by the hodjas on the ground that a football is too much like a head,” said the inspector.

“What a happy childhood we have had, thanks to the hodjas,” he went on. “Football and all other healthy games forbidden ; dancing forbidden ; cards and all games except chess, provided the pieces have no human form, forbidden ; art forbidden ; theatre impossible because women must not act ; all that could make us healthy citizens forbidden ; and every form of sensuality encouraged.”

“The religion of Mahomet is sensual beyond the sensual thoughts it expresses. What can you say to this ? ‘On earth four wives and as many concubines as required,’ (a privilege freely indulged in by the Imperial House of Osman) ‘and when you go to Paradise you are wedded to ‘bright and large-eyed maids’ created of pure musk, clad in magnificent garments, their charms being enhanced by perpetual youth.

“Mahomet would never have had the followers he did, had he not pandered to their sensuality,” said my companion. “The picture of his Paradise is not artistic, and the grouping of his angels childish and not even poetical.”

We spoke of proselytism. Few commands are clearer or more forcible than the order to extend the Moslem religion at the point of the sword, and it would be difficult to find a precept which would appeal more powerfully to the instincts of the race to whom it was addressed. To hold out the bliss of Paradise, with its houris as a reward for those who should fall on the battlefield of the Faith, was a potent means for securing a religious revival, such as the world has scarcely ever witnessed. To this free use of the sword, enjoined by the Prophet, is due the extension of one of the great religions of the world.

“On that point the Ghazi could *never* agree with Islam.” My companion laid great emphasis on the word “never.” “He would *never* draw his sword except in the defence of nationalism. No need to hold out the bliss of Paradise to us soldiers: there is not a man amongst us Turks who would not die to save what is his most precious possession—his liberty. As to the Koran, it may be inspired. Many consider its eloquence, beauty and diction hard to surpass. After all, the value of the truth of the Koran has to be seen against the background of the heathenism it supplanted. Seen against the background of the true democracy we are striving to acquire, it is sadly deficient. It allows slavery and polygamy, which are both against the ethics of truth. From its teaching you can learn to conquer empires, but you cannot learn to build a lasting democracy.

“To my mind, ‘the Arabian’ if he was sincere, which I doubt, was a very mistaken teacher.”

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Tewfik Rushdi Bey, amongst the many who discussed the religious question with me, tells me he holds the gravest suspicions towards converts. "When the motive is *love*," he said, "I can understand it better. When it is *soi-disant* a question of conviction, I just don't believe it. What attraction can the religion of the desert have for a man of the West?"

"We have had to take strong measures with reference to conversions," said the Minister. "We consider that in dealing with the sick and school children these conversions are an abuse of confidence by those holding authority over irresponsible beings, and they do not count."

Tewfik Rushdi Bey spoke of the impossible union of science and religion and the impossibility of governing except with religion well in hand. "No Turkish Government could tolerate the power given to the Archbishop of Canterbury," he said, but I personally have been unable to see what exceptional power belongs to His Grace of Canterbury. Certainly the sermons he preaches are not dictated by officials of Mr. Baldwin's Government!

When my gracious Konia host, Nadgi Pasha, came on his official visit to England, the first question his English host asked him was, "Why have you done away with religion in Turkey?" The Pasha answered, "We have not done away with religion in Turkey, any more than Cromwell did away with religion in England."

To me, however, there is little of the Cromwellian religious war in Turkey: it is rather the conflict of "faith and science" such as took place after the publication of *The Origin of the Species*. In Turkey they are preaching the gospel of secular progress, and every Turk I met from the Ghazi and his Ministers to the Rector of the University and its professors is putting this into practice. And so

for the National Pact to call Islam the religion of Turkey is as absurd as to call the Anglican Church the Established Church of Ireland.¹

“It is generally supposed,” I said, “that religion is the guardian of the individual and the controller of sex and passion.” “Not at all,” said the Director of Education, “the State is the guardian of the individual, and woman the controller of passion. Women get the respect they demand. Decent men ask for nothing better than to respect women. Even in the harem days we respected those women who respected themselves, and who brought up their sons to respect women.”

“In our case, and particularly on this woman question, moral teaching is higher than religion. For in raising the position of women as the Ghazi has done, he has had to oppose religion. It is rarely an easy task to free anything worth while, and no reasonable being could accept that the freeing of a conscience tied down by the traditions of ages can be fraught except with difficulties all the way. Nevertheless, it is unjust to blame the slackening of the religious beliefs for the number of youthful suicides. In the library of the museum are documents of specialists who have been investigating this scourge. These numerous suicides come, it is concluded, from the wretched post-war conditions, and the necessity of working at full speed ahead in a new civilization. There has been no change in the religion of Denmark, yet the statistics of youthful suicides continue to be high, and have been for years.”

“Well,” said my companion, “all the cards are now on the table. The Koran is there, for all who will to read. We have faith in our Ghazi. He may find it necessary

¹ Since writing this chapter, the Grand National Assembly has publicly declared the Turkish State is without any national religion. Like France, it has a lay government.

to give us a completely revised religion—it may be the greatest thing he has done for his people.”

“But why does Europe credit him with so great a lack of intelligence? Would any sane man try to end a religion? Reform it, yes; but end it, never. There are some natures who are obliged to tie their faith to the unseen, and there are others who simply could not. Each is free to go the way he pleases, as the Ramazan celebrations in which you took part will prove.

“If the Koran is divine, it will stand a new interpretation; and the general opinion is that by cleaning and pruning the religion, the Ghazi will strengthen it, if there was anything to strengthen. But if not, it will perish under the withering criticism of the Ghazi, whom the Turks consider their prophet, though they don't openly call him so by name.”

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What my companion said about the new prophet and the Koran seems to be accurate, as the following quotation from one of the best-known Turkish writers, Yacoub Kadri, will show. He says:

“The Great Chief has given His body and His blood to the party; exactly as the Messiah at the Last Supper said for the bread, ‘This is my flesh,’ and for the wine, ‘This is my blood.’ He who ransomed and saved the Turkish race from final destruction has given to His people, too, in the written history of the seven years' struggle, a Political Scripture which has become the symbol of their redeemed national life. This will be their new Koran. Portions of the Ghazi's great speech are to be inscribed on tablets of marble and placed in the principal positions in Constantinople. Can one not call them the tablets of the new religion?”

(b) *National Education in New Turkey*

After my long talks with the inspector, I was most anxious to visit still more schools. In Konia, in Adana, Mersina and Stamboul, I went to many of the schools, took part in the lessons, had meals with the teachers and pupils and long talks with the professors and pupils.

Before anyone passes judgment on New Turkey, let him first of all see for himself the schools the Turk has built, and with what rapidity education is sweeping right into the smallest villages. The movement started as everything starts in Turkey, with a plan and an order from the Ghazi; then the Valis have used his slogan "To educate yourselves is a patriotic duty" to whip up the people into almost a religious fervour. And the result is that parents and children throughout the land are clamouring for education.

In Konia, the Vali, a delightful gentleman who laughs as a horse would laugh, if a horse could laugh, lives for schools by day and dreams of them by night. Like many Turks he takes his wife everywhere. As time goes on perhaps the novelty of going out with one's husband will wear off. But at present, so many couples I met seemed to be treating themselves to the Western honeymoon to which as Easterners they had not been entitled at the time of their wedding. The Vali's house was furnished with Western furniture, products from the Arts and Crafts School, and he had built a conservatory where he and his wife were co-partners in the almost impossible task of growing flowers in Konia. Their little son, who was very outspoken in his dislike of England, has a German governess. In Konia there are three German ladies married to Turkish officers. But this in future will not be possible, for any Turkish officer who marries a foreigner must leave the army.

The Governor is like a gardener with his pocket full of

schools, wondering where he can plant them. As you drive out with him, and he shows you with pride one dervish centre after another, one theological centre after another, already converted into a crowded school, he explains what joy it has been to him to rid this dervish-infested town of these "useless bipeds" and utilise the space for schools, which are so necessary for the advancement of the people. As the car continues its route, you see houses being pulled down, others half constructed, and a fine open space of land or a closed mosque. "These are all ours," he says with pride. "In as short a time as possible they will be flourishing schools," and he goes on his daily rounds of inspection and passes on Ismet Pasha's command, "Yes, what you have done is good, but it must be better."

Three spacious buildings in a large enclosure, once the Tekké of howling and dancing dervishes, have been converted into a School of Arts and Crafts. Here under the direction of an Italian and a German, boys and young men are learning to make everything from a plough to a chair and table. The pupils' work is sold for the benefit of the establishment and all the work is first put on exhibition for the Governor. He knows all the pupils and congratulates them personally, giving them this timely warning, "Unless you want to be slaves again you must work."¹

To see a workshop full of Turkish boys and young men, bent over their work, their bronzed faces pearly with perspiration and working with an intensity that always suggests to me the days of war, is no ordinary sight. The noise is terrific. The Turkish overseer is not quite sure whether Western etiquette demands he should stop the machines for a lady, he asks the Governor and the Governor asks me. "Certainly not," I replied, "time is money."

The energy and interest of the Governor in his schools

¹ Since writing this chapter, I hear women have become pupils at the School of Arts and Crafts.

is wonderful. Surely no conqueror surveying the fields of his conquests could have been happier than the Governor showing his schools. He is a priceless asset for the education authorities, whose efforts he upholds in everything. I reminded the Vali I had met his predecessor ten years ago. He was an elderly gentleman whose last thought would have been anything connected with schools; he wore a large pumpkin turban and there was nothing interesting about him but his exquisite manners and his lovely Persian robe. It is when one stops to think of the past as I do so often that one is forced to acknowledge that surely this generation of Turks is a new race.

In spite of a very overcharged Budget, the Minister of Finance puts by for education a sum most people would consider quite out of proportion to the revenue; and he would become very unpopular if he did not; for the Turks consider education their "national bread."

Schools are divided into three groups—primary, secondary and adult. Said a very charming woman to me, "Nous avons des écoles primaires, secondaires et adultes. Avez-vous des écoles adultes?" François de Croisset is quite at liberty to steal this little gem, and also my answer. "Nous n'en avons pas le même besoin."

I visited both the boys and girls' normal college. At the girls' college a tea was given for me and a dramatic and musical performance. The college was spacious, well aired and clean, and in the large hall tables of good things were daintily arranged for me; all the cooking had been done by the pupils.

The acting was excellent. Elsewhere I have spoken of the Turks' natural gift for acting. These children acted the plays, all to the glory of the Ghazi and the new regime, excellently, and they seem to have, like the French, great dramatic facility.

Education for all nations whose language is not universal

is difficult, for it means the pupils have to acquire a French education and culture, as well as their own. In the schools' new curriculum, drawn up according to the Ghazi's wishes, great attention is paid to the development of observation. Pupils are taken on long walks, and given an object whose history they have to study in all its phases and these have all to be illustrated. The best illustrations of the objects studied are pinned on the walls. Prizes are given for the best charts. All the schools, too, even the tiny village schools, have their museums of objects made by the pupils themselves; the little manufacturers have no assistance from their teachers; they are left to the freedom of their own imagination, and many original objects are thus made. Western music and drawing are new and important subjects in Turkish schools, whilst mathematics, chemistry and the Turkish language are all important subjects. To me, however, all subjects seemed dwarfed before the all-important subject of *History*. There is first of all the History of the National Movement—*Patrie*—in which the plain truth is stated; why they were defeated in the past, why they were victorious, and what are their citizen rights.

One evening in Smyrna, Aziz Bey took me to one of the night schools. In part of the mosque which had been turned into a school, a baker, a ploughman, a cobbler, and a boatman were reciting in turn their citizen rights—their duty as citizens to rebel against tyranny. What kind of harvest will these seeds, sown with a generous hand throughout the nation, bring forth in ten years' time? Will the citizens of to-morrow be the worshippers of liberty they are at present, or will they sigh for the iron hand and the strong personality of to-day to guide them? When people complain of the Ghazi's having swept away a useless opposition in Parliament and silenced his critics, I wonder if they realize what kind of an opposition he is himself creating in these youths, schooled from their earliest age in the meaning

of democracy ! It is true, the great dictators of history have not had time to think of much outside their own conquests. None of them are immortal, yet few of them have paid sufficient attention to their successors. Mustapha Kemal Pasha has created " the People's Party," and in the schools of the nation his successors, the people, are being trained. What will be the result ?

It is the teaching of History, that has been the chief bone of contention between the Turks and the foreign schools. The Turks consider the foreign schools are not able to dispense this " sacred " knowledge as they can themselves. To the Ghazi history is sacred. It is the supreme judge before whom we all must pass. Like Wells he says : " There can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas." The danger of governing in the name of a narrow nationalism has to be balanced by a knowledge and a faith in International History. Economic and social ideas, internal policies and national judgments must all alike be subjected to the control of International History.

In the days of the Sultans, the foreign schools could do practically what they liked with their Turkish pupils. Now Nationalist Turkey sends its inspectors far too frequently for the liking of most of them. So when the Turks find the foreign schools are using the old maps with Smyrna marked as Greek, and the eastern vilayets Armenian, " They never were and they never will be," resumes the Turk, and the school is closed. The same procedure takes place with regard to history. One error against Nationalist Turkey's claims and the school is closed.

Every mother considers she can bring up her own child better than the best mother in the world. And so the Turk to-day, whether he can, as he says he can, or whether he cannot, as the foreign school says he cannot, declares himself the best person to undertake the education of the

Turks, to teach their history as the Turks would like them to learn it, and above all to make useful Turkish citizens.

"They haven't enough teachers," says the foreigner. "We will have," the Turk replies. "In the meantime we are in our *own* house, and will manage as best we can."

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Another day at Konia, I spent the afternoon at the Normale College for girls. The head of the college is a man, just because he is better fitted for the post; but these posts are given to women when they are the better candidates. The schools are run on French *lycée* lines and great attention is paid to the oral part of the teaching. Pupils always answer a question by standing to repeat the question and making a neat little speech. French texts are commented on in French; and conversation—one of the chief reasons for learning a language—is given its right value. Turks have wonderful memories and a great facility for languages. By far the easiest way for them to learn is to rely on their memory—the French system forces them to think as well.

The inspector took me into a room where a group of young girls sat bent over their studies—they were about to take up their posts as schoolmistresses, "professors" he called them. "These young ladies," introduced the inspector, as they respectfully stood, "are proud to be the servants of the State. There is no higher mission than to instruct the sons and daughters of the new Republic. They are all patriots and defenders of our faith in nationalism." The young ladies smiled and blushed, which suited them admirably. A few years' hard teaching will no doubt wear out their zeal for what is now a "sacerdos." Education with the blessing of the great Ghazi behind it is such a new and wonderful thing. Their ardour, and the sincere congratulations to which they are entitled,

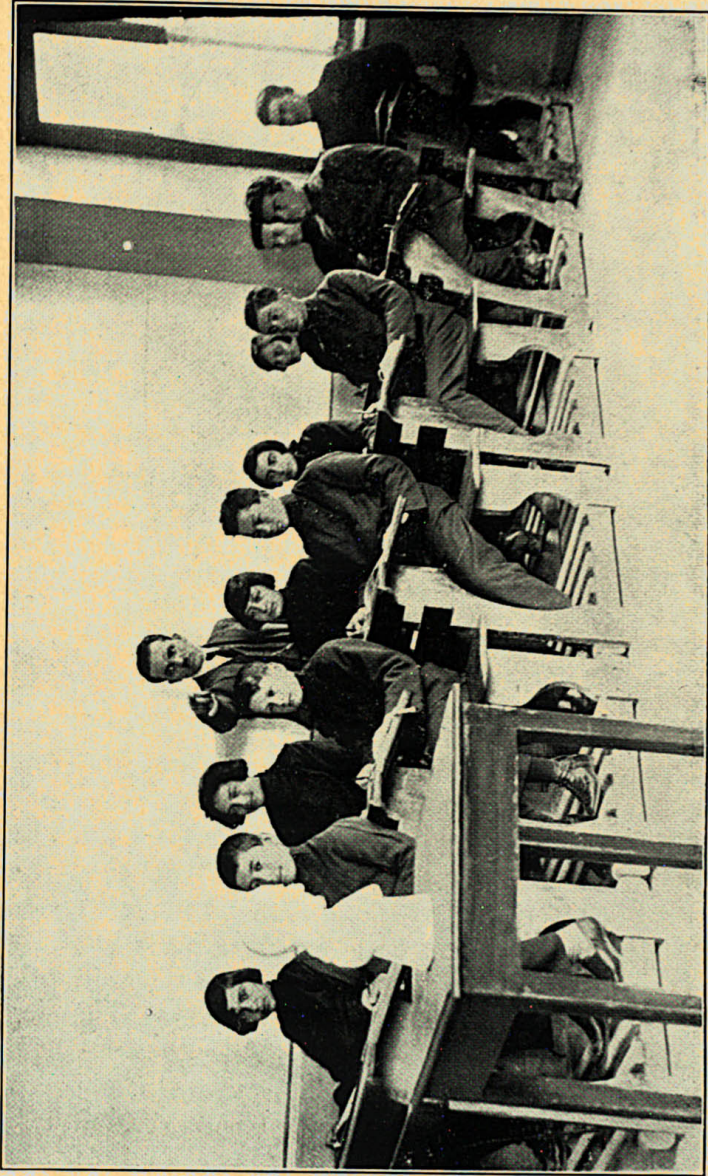
when one remembers their harem past and what they have achieved and in so short a while, are fine stimulants. How dull they all will find life when they have reached the stage when they can be taken for granted !

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There is, in Turkish schools, a very much better spirit than before the Revolution. The professors take the trouble to find out the quality of the child's mind, and the child has a greater respect for the teacher. The Ghazi's order that there shall be no corporal punishment is also perhaps a reason for the better understanding. When at school, the Ghazi was unjustly punished and walked out. Even to-day he considers this the pupil's right. Arabic and Persian are no longer taught. A more scientific and intelligently enquiring spirit has taken the place of the old instruction, whilst the frequent use of the microscope has given quite a new point of view.

The night schools interested me, and I went to many. There is something sad, almost tragic, in the sight of middle-aged and old people learning to read and write ; one asks oneself if they will be any better, or any happier for this legacy, coming so late in life. Yet over forty, education is not compulsory. People over that age are given instruction because they have asked for it. "Why are you learning to read ?" I asked an old woman. "My son is being educated, and I want to advance with him." Her old, uncorseted form was bent over her copy-book, she held her pen in an awkward closed fist like a child first learning to write, and possibly the results would never be worth the enormous effort she was making.

One night, we went to pay an evening call, and it was the lady of the house who prepared our coffee and sweets. "All the servants are at a night school," she explained. "The law obliges us to have our servants educated."



CO-EDUCATION IN THE TURKISH SCHOOLS—AND A LESSON IN DRAWING

According to the old Koranic laws, the separation of the sexes was rigidly enforced, and reproduction by camera, brush or pen of any part of the human body strictly forbidden.

Instruction is obligatory, but this law cannot be enforced till there are schools for everybody. I was told 90 per cent of the Turks were illiterate in 1922 and that that number has been reduced to 30 per cent. But until Turks publish their statistics in European figures it is difficult to check them.

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On my way to visit another school I was forced to pass through a cemetery. Left to the mercy of wind, weather and time, the picturesque stones with the quaint colourings and hieroglyphics were huddled together just anyhow ; some flat on the ground, others in the act of falling and yet others in another direction ; the ensemble, however, was a pretty picture. Yet who cared for the poor departed ?

My friend's little daughter was with me. "Excuse me," she said, and with outstretched hands and bowed head she prayed for the dead. "Poor child," remarked the inspector of schools. "All superstition !"

"Why poor child ?" I asked. "Her action is beautiful and courageous." Supposing he might have offended me, he said, "Possibly it is wrong to interfere with a little girl's faith." "It is worse than cowardly," I said. "No two natures are alike ; there are some who cannot live without the help of the unseen. Besides, what harm can a few prayers for the neglected dead do to the most zealous agnostic ?"

There is something extremely irritating in aggressive agnosticism, something far more tiresome than religious mania, and I confess the sight of anyone at prayer, be he Christian, Moslem or Buddhist, seems to warm my very soul. It may be that the observance of religious duties wakens an artistic chord in me which joins up with something mystic and emotional, but I love to see a Catholic kneeling before the crucified Saviour, an Orthodox devoutly kissing his icons, and the Moslem prostrate before his God.

Often my friend's little daughter seated by herself would be chanting her Yasin (prayers for the dead), and although she did not understand the words, it was a step towards higher things and as such had to be respected and admired. Agnosticism, however, chills me to the bone.

"All religious teaching has been removed from the schools—religion now counts as history," the inspector explained, and in spite of what he had said to me he added: "We never interfere in religious matters. Pupils are free to follow the religion they please.¹ In school, however, we give what we consider far more valuable for forming and strengthening character—a fine morale. We teach the children to believe in truth and to look the facts of life straight in the face. The Divine power is within themselves, and how much they believe in that power is shown by the work they produce."

A lesson in simple logic tacked on to the study of philosophy, and psychology interested me immensely and I had as much as possible translated. As the inspector said, truth, work, freedom, independence and self-respect are lessons of value. It is not for me to say if they are more valuable than anything in the Koran, nor whether the study of the one does or does not hinder the study of the other.

The Ghazi believes in co-education, and Nakié Hanoum, whose excellent school I visited, finds it works exceedingly well. Girls, with shingled hair which never will be veiled, and boys were seated in desks in couples. The girls are more brilliant than the boys and are punished if they prompt them. Already they are quite used to one another. Possibly in the future some will marry and some of the happiest marriages will be, as they are in America, between boys and girls who have been companions at school. Out of

¹ This is not quite accurate. For when in Broussa two students were converted to Protestantism, the Government considered it a breach of contract on the part of the teachers and closed the college.

school, they played tennis together, and have the privilege of Anglo-Saxon camaraderie.

People seem to be sceptical about my conclusion that the Turkish woman has come out of this great change admirably. The few who have lost their bearings are quite negligible. At the law exams, at which I was present, where unveiled women sat at the examination desk, side by side with men, there was no attention paid to sex at all. It is a situation to which they might have been used all their lives.

(c) *Insistence upon the Moral Discipline of Sport*

I had asked many frank questions ; I had had frank answers—it was now the turn of the Turk,—Was religion in my country so great and vital a thing ?

“With us,” I answered, “the question of religion is personal. To put a subject on a footing of honour you take your metaphors from sport. ‘Is this fair play?’ you ask, and to say of anyone ‘He is not playing the game’ is about the most serious indictment you can make against him.”

“That’s where we stand,” said the Turk. “We’re going to teach our boys and girls—for girls are just as much in need of the lesson—as you say ‘the religion of sport, the gospel of fair play.’ Up till now, they have never known what ‘fair play’ means. They were born in homes where there was no real freedom of action. The mother’s activity was curtailed, and the father or some of the family were often in exile ; there is still the poison of the degrading spy system days of Hamid to be got out of the national system ; and we certainly had no ‘fair play’ from the foreigner. Added to this, none of our boys had a chance of learning team work, or consideration for others, or learning to cheer the winning team, which are the most valuable lessons of sport.”

I have seen Turks playing cricket, but they seemed to prefer football. The enthusiasm for this game was widespread. They have their “Cup of the Republic,” which must be competed for once a year. The match is something of an event. Unfortunately this year, one of the team, forgetting the rules of the game, would insist on dribbling instead of passing the ball—a hard point for any foreigner to master—and had the whole team disqualified and the match called off. It was a lesson. Scathing articles

appeared in the press, and boys were appealed to in the name of nationalism to bring sport to the high level of other nations.

When one hears in the depths of Asia Minor all these Turkish youths who know nothing of our language using our terms of sport—"half-time," "pass," "foul,"—when we understand what England's spirit of sport means to a nation reborn, we tremble lest this hateful desire for "self-advertisement" which has crept into sport in some of its branches will spoil our great reputation abroad. We want our men and women of sport to be known as "sportsmen," not "cinema stars."

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An Englishman in Adana, really anxious to show himself a friend of the Turks, asked me to find out exactly how a foreigner could help them in their education. "If the days of the foreign schools are numbered," he said, "who is going to build up their 'morale?' For since the power of their religion has weakened, there must be a strong morale! The education authorities make no secret of the fact that they want the education completely in their own hands." In answer to my question, the inspector said: "If Englishmen and women really want to help us, let them come into our schools and teach their language. They can show us by their good example the fine qualities of their race and can practise the gospel of fair play towards us by telling the truth about us and our effort to get on our feet. But if there is any question of *teaching religion* we shall ask them to go at once."

I went with the inspector of schools to see the work of an American woman in Adana. The inspector was so pleased with what he saw that he said the Turks must themselves start many of these centres. And indeed in the way of moral training for the children what could be better?

It is a novelty in Turkey—a public playground. The play was supervised by the American, who checked any form of brutality, cheating, loss of temper, or bad language. In a large playground with a very high wall, ragged little brown-faced boys played with an ardour that was touching. When the American blew her whistle and play ceased, a boy who was not “playing the game” had to be withdrawn to watch whilst the others played. Street boys though they are, they soon get used to having to “play the game.” The lessons given in the playground are the best that the foreigner can give, and its lessons are deeply religious without one word of religion being mentioned.

At these solemn moments of a nation’s rebirth, one cannot take these questions too seriously. What have we Christians contributed? And how have our gifts been accepted? The Governor of Konia answered that question in his phrase already quoted: “Give us as many boy scouts as you like, but keep your men of God.”

When the Ghazi came to Konia bodies of boy scouts, girl guides, and the boys and girls of the sports clubs were passed in review before him and received his heartiest congratulations. It is the boy scouts, then—those gallant little knights of chivalry and clean sport—who are the men of God the Turk wants. The missionary has failed. Individual missionaries have succeeded, but the Turk does not trust them. The scout has to dedicate his life to service—whole-hearted, disinterested service—whereas behind all the missionaries’ efforts, rightly or wrongly, can be seen the finger of Armenian propaganda.

As Galsworthy says: “Sport which still keeps the flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its rules to be kept and a regard for the adversary whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns in international affairs, the force which rules there now will slink

away and human life emerge for the first time from the jungle.”

If ever there was a time when team play on a wide scale is needed it is now. Turkey does not want to use her nationalization for her personal glory, she wants as a new nation to form part of the great international team. Since her regeneration she is entitled to this position.

(d) The Passing of the Foreign Schools

The coming of Mustapha Kemal Pasha naturally has made a great difference in the prestige of the foreign schools which were practically uncontrolled in the time of the Sultans. It is not easy for a foreigner to write on these schools. Those I visited, Notre Dame de Zion, the English High Schools for girls and boys, were excellent. Could any school give a better education physically and morally than Robert College? The same can be said of the American girls' college. In both cases, the premises are perhaps a little too luxurious, which, says a Turkish critic, makes pupils very discontented when they return to their modest homes again. The American, however, answers, "We cannot come down to the level of our pupils, the pupils must raise themselves to us." Another critic tells you the pupils of these colleges "give themselves airs." This I have not seen. To have been pupils at the American college or at Notre Dame de Zion, however, does give a certain "cachet" which is a decided social asset and the pupils are proud of their college as the college is proud of them. "Excellent arguments," says the Turk, "but where does the nationalist point of view come in? Would you go to a foreign college in your native land?"

I can see so well what the Turk means but he asks that question too soon. The answer, of course, can only be: "Nothing would have induced me to go to a foreign school in England as we are situated, but I suppose had there been no other I should have gratefully accepted the education given by the foreign school." Ten years later, when the Turks' education is on its feet, and it will be if it goes on at its present rate of progress and efficiency, that question can be asked and answered to better purpose. Nevertheless one understands the Turk's

impatience to be absolute master in his own educational house.

The war no doubt is responsible for the universal outcry against nationalism. It was then we heard, *ad nauseam*, those absurdities "Deutschland über alles" and "Rule Britannia," nevertheless, one visit to that odious place Pera, with its degenerate, soulless, characterless, many-tongued Levantine population, makes one tuck oneself a little tighter under one's Union Jack, and feel a profound gratitude for those first years of one's life spent in the schools of one's native land. Whatever may happen to you afterwards, in those first years your national character has been burnt into your soul ; and even if you do later acquire a cosmopolitan gloss, the foundation is there, solid and indelible. People who stand for internationalism pose as benefactors of humanity, but it is, after all, only a mask to hide a fence-sitting nature. One can be a cosmopolitan nationalist, just as well as one can love one's home and respect the homes of others. Though an exaggerated nationalism is at times trying, yet "my country first" is a natural instinct ; whereas internationalism breeds those people who delight in stripping their nation naked in order to walk about Europe exhibiting its blemishes. Internationalism in Turkey is a crime punishable with death ! In Turkey Mr. Cook would be shot !

And so, pending the ideal state which Mme Ferid Bey has so admirably described in her book *Moths*, when a Turkish national education will be followed by a foreign university education in a foreign land, Turks have safeguarded the early years of their young people's national character by insisting on their going to a Turkish school till they are thirteen.

In the days of Abdul Hamid, after being pupils for many years, Turkish girls were suddenly forbidden to attend foreign schools ; it was a great grief to the pupils, and yet

the foreign schools, like the foreign governesses, must have brought with education a great deal of suffering. For once a Turkish girl had felt the possibility of a personal life and freedom to develop her personality; broaden and train her soul; taste the innocent enjoyments which the women of the West count as part of their existence; how terribly fettered and purposeless her life must have seemed when she left the college and returned to her harem again.

Then there was the question of religion. Until now, when the school has to pledge its word of honour not to speak of religion, although conversions were not allowed, the pupils did have the foundations of their faith shaken and were very unhappy in consequence. It is not given to everyone to fit the new creeds and dogmas into old beliefs and at the same time to realize that the new beliefs narrow the old ones into uselessness. Why has this eternal stumbling-block of religion been put across the pioneer path of the educationalist? ¹

Hamlin, the founder of the Robert College, is a man much to be admired. But since reading his life and times, the greatness of his work seems dwarfed before his vain boasting of his victory gained over the Jesuit Fathers, and how by a diplomatic ruse he had the American flag planted on the finest and highest site in all Stamboul. How much greater in the eyes of the world he would have been, if he had emphasized the joy of giving education to those who needed education, and taken the rest for granted.

Doctor Gates, from the short conversation I had with him, does not resent the Turkish supervision, as so many schools do. He is convinced that an education given in English is as valuable to a Turkish boy as though it were

¹ Since writing this chapter, the American College at Broussa has broken its word to the Turkish Government and made Protestant converts of two girls under fifteen. The college has been closed and a storm of indignation has swept over Turkey. This breaking of faith on the part of the Americans will hasten the departure of the other foreign schools.

given in Turkish. He possibly is right, he is a specialist. I am only a spectator. A man who can preside over that extraordinary league of nations—Jews, Gentiles, Moslems, Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Turks, Bulgars, Roumanians, Poles, and Russians, who are all pupils of the college—with so much tact, and without stepping on the religious sentiments and national soul of anybody, is no ordinary person. For the whole situation is always bristling with difficulties. An innocent slip becomes a grave error. Where was Mr. Gates, I wonder, when the hymn “ Onward Christian Soldiers ” was sung, and the Turks walked out !

Nevertheless, travelling through Asia Minor, one feels and the Americans themselves feel their work in Turkey must come to an end, face to face with the admirably organized system of education the Turks have organized. They are approaching the inevitable conclusion of their work with sorrow, for they have loved their work in Turkey. Perhaps they feel a little bitterness at what they consider ingratitude. Yet are they not suffering from what every mother suffers, when her child, trained to that end, declares himself competent to manage his own affairs. . . . And after all, the American credo is, help others to help themselves.

Besides the Robert College, Constantinople has a prosperous University of its own of which Nourredine Bey is the Rector. I dined with the rector and the heads of the other faculties, law, medicine, and theology, a very gracious attention to one like myself, who was so anxious to understand how they were passing from the East to the West. The old Ministry of War is now the University ; surely a happy omen.

As one could expect in a country where the national conscience is being liberated, the study of history and philosophy is very much emphasized. Foreign experts are more to the Turks' liking than foreign schools, and the

French professor M. Bonnefons seems to give great satisfaction.

With the fall of the House of Osman, a magnificent library has become the property of the University. There is a wealth of Eastern books, manuscripts, and Korans, written apparently with pins and illuminated in those lovely reds and blues which belong to a generation that has passed. Amongst Abdul Hamid's books in Turkish MS., yet handsomely bound in leather, are the stories of Sherlock Holmes by his favourite author, Conan Doyle. These well-known and delightful stories were translated into Turkish for His Majesty's exclusive use, a Turkish translation being strictly forbidden. One of the Sultan's chamberlains, from behind a screen, was given the mission to read these stories till they sent His Imperial Majesty to sleep! One feels sure the many admirers of Conan Doyle will be surprised to hear that these stories could ever be used as a sleeping-draught, especially for a being like Abdul Hamid.

The library is to be enriched by Turkish translations from the English classics commissioned by the Government. Arnold's *Teaching of Islam*, Herbert Spencer's works, John Stuart Mill, Wells, etc., are amongst many authors translated by Halil Halid Bey, who for so many years was assistant professor under the late Professor Browne at Cambridge.

(e) *The Nationalization of Public Health in which Women take a Leading Part*

As one could expect, the freedom of women has made an enormous difference to the organization of the health of the nation. The number of really good Turkish doctors was a great surprise to me. It is true, I had been in many houses where there was a decided prejudice against a male doctor, and women doctors, though they are now qualifying as fast as they can, are still few and far between. There is an enormous field for medical women in Turkey, for in spite of the freedom given to women, the old prejudices against male doctors still exist amongst many women of the older generation.

One of the women doctors, Dr. Attaoulah, has a London M.D. and a Dublin Rotunda certificate. Dr. Saphir Ali qualified in Germany, and has married a German doctor, who has become a Turk and practises with her. Both these women are working all day and often all night, and there is far more work than they can possibly attempt, the day and night having only twenty-four hours.

For some reason, it may be only chance, doctors seem to have played a prominent part in the forward movements in Turkey, and in consequence have had to spend many years in exile. But it has not been wasted time for them. They seized the opportunity of studying in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Geneva, and Lausanne, with the result that now the War of Independence has brought them back to Turkey again, Turkey has many up-to-date and remarkable doctors. Dr. Sabit, Professor of Surgery at the University, took me all over the faculty. It is well equipped with X-ray and all necessary apparatus, but there is no useless luxury. It is a large, well-aired, clean building, an ex-palace, with a fine library, a fine specimen museum, and a maternity hospital

attached. The large amphitheatre was packed with students when my cicerone operated, many of them women. My visit took place during the oral examination of the candidates for their final degree and I was allowed to be present. Many of the candidates were women. My guide always utilizes his long vacation by going to visit the doctors of a foreign country ; this year he goes to America.

In the old days, sick women were left to the mercy of midwives and the superstitions of the "wise" women. Now they are attended by gynecologists. My Constantinople doctor, Dr. Aziz Fikret Bey, was one of the most able, honest, and sympathetic doctors I have ever met. He took his degree in Lausanne. All forms of superstition come from fear and ignorance, but chiefly fear, and many women of Abdul Hamid's day were only too glad to rely on the charms of the "wise" woman against the "evil eye."

The "wise" woman's art, like that of many other faith healers, did work miracles sometimes. She burnt pungent herbs and incense, breathed her healing-breath (a gift of Allah) on her patient's body, and recited over her verses of the Koran. She was also very potent in controlling the actions of fairies good and bad (*peris*), and was very much sought after in consequence. *Peris*, bad ones, were always present at births. I remember visiting a mother whose hair was tied with red ribbons as a counter-charm, and she slept with her face turned towards the Koran, which hung beside her bed in a gold bead bag. Less than a century ago we, too, used remedies which have gone right out of fashion, as, for example, ground crabs as a cure for consumption, spiders for ague, and baked groundsel against whooping-cough. The Turkish women of the people still use crabs for consumption.

One friend I knew was terrified of a black cat and of the number three, and of cattle marked in a certain way, and she screamed with terror when she saw me not only standing

under a fig tree but shaking it and helping myself to the luscious fruit that fell hot from it. Some of our superstitions are just as senseless—the refusal to sit thirteen at table, the lighting of three cigarettes with the same match, yet instinctively one follows the stupid superstitions of one's race, for fear of hurting other people's prejudices.

To face the serious question of public health and above all the appalling infant mortality of 78 per cent, the Ghazi has set the women the task to get to work and reduce this percentage as soon as possible. In a country bled white by war, revolution, and poverty, there are no children to spare. Cold; lack of food, lack of air in the overcrowded, dark, sunless harems, the unhealthy thick veils and unhygienic clothing have bred consumption. Lack of care for mothers and expectant mothers have brought into force the survival of the fittest. Hundreds of weak children who might have become strong citizens died like flies. With the abolition of the veil and the harem a part of the evil has been remedied. To meet this awful problem of infant mortality, the Ghazi's pet charity, "The Protection of the Child Society," has been formed under his particular patronage. Every possible means of improving the national health has been taken. Women are studying medicine at home and abroad. Swedish drill is being instituted in all the schools, lectures on hygiene are given by eminent doctors, and children's welfare centres are opened whenever possible, where good milk and medical attendance are given to both mothers and children, and the mothers are being taught to bring up their children on hygienic Western lines.

I visited these welfare centres both in Constantinople and Angora, and excellent work they are doing. In Constantinople one of the Tekkés which was a dancing dervish centre is turned into a child's welfare centre. There are daily consultations, daily lectures by a lady doctor, during

which times wax models of the old methods of bringing up children are compared with up-to-date models. Much as I have been in Turkish homes, I had no idea little children of the people were reared in such discomfort. Cradles designed with no attempt at comfort and hygiene, and with the chief object of being rocked without any effort, are arranged with little pan chairs. In this way the child is not changed and lies crying in discomfort, its little skin covered with sores. For the rest swaddling clothes—the old Biblical way of clothing babies—retard the growth of the limbs. There are models in wax to prove the evil of this system.

Turkish women have taken very kindly to nursing. After having a three years' training at the American hospital they start these welfare centres themselves. Miss Crowell, of the Rockefeller Institute, was in Constantinople to help the movement. I wish we English could help. Every "save the children" movement carries its own eloquent appeal. Miss Crowell is the most enviable of mortals. To be able to travel the length and breadth of Europe and America with Rockefeller to foot your bills, and for the purpose of seeing how money can be given to deserving causes, seems to me like having peeps at Heaven in advance, and being paid for the privilege.

Thanks to the Americans, then, several Turkish nurses are being trained in that most valuable of welfare work, district nursing. Turkish mothers, unlike the mothers English and French pioneers had to contend with, do not resent the arrival of the nurses; quite on the contrary, they take advice willingly, are grateful for help, and daily the nurses tell me they see improvements. The death-knell of the "wise" woman and her superstitions has sounded. Her place will be taken by the district nurse; the era of fresh air and sun has come. But the Turkish homes, though poor, are clean, and not yet reduced, like



A VERY IMPORTANT AND POPULAR MOVEMENT IN TURKEY
TURKISH BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES

ours, to utter misery by drink. Alas, Western civilization has come, and with it its three most horrible vices—drink, prostitution, and gambling. Let us hope the women of Turkey will have the courage to fight these scourges and home-breakers with energy, before they get a hold on the people.¹

My charming cicerone, the daughter of Aga Aglou Ahmed Bey, took me to one of these centres in Angora. The directress is a sympathetic woman with her heart and soul in her work. She picks up her charges from the streets and shows you with delight her photos of “before” and “after.” She is proud to have had visits from the Ghazi and Ismet Pasha, and is making all kinds of plans to get funds for the improvements she wishes to carry out before their next visit.

I asked my guide to come with me to the museum, and was happy at the idea of seeing the priceless antiques again. She took me, instead, to the museum of hygiene, where are wax figures in all their appalling and naked awfulness to illustrate the three greatest scourges of mankind: venereal diseases, tuberculosis, and drunkenness. My companion thinks that every man and woman, and every boy and girl should be brought to see this horrible warning. What a frightful lesson all the same!

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One realizes, reading Miss Mayo's book on India, however exaggerated it may be, that there can be no serious reform in a nation's health, till women work side by side with men. An English doctor, discussing the subject of India the other day, said, “How can the English interfere in the question of public health? Every necessary and most elementary reform necessitates our treading on the

¹ I see that since writing this chapter, the newly constituted “Union des Femmes” is waging war against these terrible scourges.

toes of some religious observance, and our whole British policy is to carefully avoid this."

The women of Turkey, too, were tied down by the prejudices of their religion, even those who no longer believed. Had not the strong man appeared, with power to sweep all these superstitions and prejudices aside, and put the nation's health on a scientific basis, Turkish women would still be taking their sick babies to be walked on by the dervishes, a revolting sight, instead of having them attended to by nurses trained in Western hygiene. But it needed a man of their own race to do this, no foreigner could do it. In freeing women, Mustapha Kemal Pasha used the only force that could save the race, and the statistics prove the difference in the infant mortality already.

(f) *The Introduction of Gymnastics into New Turkey*

In many branches of work, since Turkish women wish to be judged by European standards, one can only applaud their efforts and wish them success.

This, however, is not the case with the exhibition of gymnastics at the Normale College for women, which is one of the most remarkable things I saw during my visit in Turkey. The teacher was a Swede brought to Turkey by the well-known professor Selim Sirry Bey. Quite apart from her strong personality and faultless gymnastics, the fact that she was able in nine months to train a class of thirty women, no longer children, who had no experience whatsoever of Swedish drill, and put them on the same footing as the gymnasts of her own nationality, is as much an achievement on her part as on theirs. These thirty women are to be the gymnastic teachers of Turkey, and take Swedish drill into the schools throughout the country. Their performance, which started with a singing march, lasted forty minutes, during which time the Swedish professor, who gave her orders in Turkish, never once slackened the speed, and never allowed them one minute's rest.¹

Much of the exhibition was acrobatic, and this was difficult for women of their age, but they went through the performance with self-confidence and none of them made

¹ The two daughters of Prof. Selim Sirry Bey have been in Europe studying dancing. They have been requested by the Ghazi to modernise some national Turkish dances, amongst others the traditional Zeibek. This dance which was danced for me in all the schools I visited must have been a terrifying performance in its original form and as danced by the mountaineer Turks above Smyrna. Daggers are used to emphasise various steps and pistol shots accentuate the rhythm. It is toned down for use in the schools, and no doubt for the ballroom it will be subjected to even more drastic treatment, but it is by no means a graceful dance. Its value is national.

a false movement. Almost the same performance was repeated later by the men with their Swedish professor, but the men were not up to the women's standard, and did once or twice slip as they walked and stood on one leg on the horizontal bars. It would have been interesting to know exactly how far the personality of the professor counted in the general result, and whether the pupils could have given as fine a performance with someone else directing them.

There are some commanding personalities who can do anything with their pupils, and the Swedish professor seemed to be one of these. It would have been interesting, too, to see how these Turkish professors carried their instruction into the schools and how much of the professor's personality they have absorbed as well as her excellent teaching. They are, indeed, most excellent pupils, but what kind of teachers will they be?

Up till now the well-known adage, "To command you must first learn to obey," has not applied to the Turk, for he has always obeyed well when he is well led, but he has not been allowed to command. Now, however, with the new dignity that has come to the nation, all will probably be changed.

I met these future teachers as well as the Swedish professor after the performance. The latter seemed to take the congratulations that were being showered on her quite as a matter of course. She might have been saying, "Well, I came here to do my job and I've done it," and she seemed to see nothing out of the way in her achievement. The physique of the teachers was amazing. With their neat gymnastic costumes, shingled hair, slight, uncorseted, perfectly proportioned forms, they had nothing in common with the women I had seen ten years ago in the harems. In the airless, sunless, veiled existence of those days, the Turkish woman's figure was never equal to her

face and lovely eyes. Either she was overrun with unhealthy fat from eating sweets, lolling on divans and over-smoking, or when the scourge of the harems, tuberculosis, had marked her as a victim, she dragged her collection of weary bones from divan to divan, where she sat huddled up in a shawl, and looked the picture of unhappiness and unhealthiness. Contrast with this, these rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, well-formed, purposeful women, happy in their fine achievement and eager to begin their work.

As I watched the performance, I remembered my friend's comment: "But for the victory of the Ghazi at the Dardanelles, we should have all been slaves still; under a mandate we could never have gained our freedom." The workings of Providence are indeed mysterious and wonderful. How the destiny of nations can be changed by an incident that is almost insignificant. Health is such a precious possession, and the Turks who, in spite of the unhealthy existence of their women, are a virile race, will improve their physique by the help of their gymnastics to become the finest of the Eastern races. In such a short time, to have been able to produce something so contrary to all their past teaching as a perfect exhibition of Swedish drill, excuses me for the exaggerated optimism for the Turkish women of which I have been accused.

(g) The Mobilization of Women

To write about "the woman's movement" in Turkey is almost like writing about what does not exist! The woman's movement is a kind of junior partnership in the men's movement of progress, and there seems no reason for, or possibility of, women wanting a separate movement.

None of the clubs founded by women have been successful. Halidé Hanoum formed a club for women in 1914, but it could not hold together for long; it is doubtful whether a purely feminine movement ever will.

There is in Constantinople a society called the "Union des Femmes Turques."¹ It did not seem in the least representative, the committee had vague ideas about what they wished to achieve, they were going to run before they could walk, thought that now was the moment for women to be députés and consequently women of real value like Nakié Hanoum would not belong to it.

Since it is the Ghazi who has given freedom to woman, it is he who decides her destiny. And since he has ordered women shall be professors, doctors, lawyers, artists, and writers on exactly the same terms as men, there is no need to open separate institutions. He sees no sense in such assemblies as "women artists" and "women dramatists." "Why label your work 'woman' ? Is it a plea for mercy, or just to encourage others less competent ?" Besides, as I said before, the Ghazi, who is the inspiration of the country's progress, considers "there can be no sex in art or genius; it is an inspiration whose masculine or feminine quality is dependent on the soul." Therefore, to divide the country into men and women's movements, is a decided mistake.

Committees are composed of men and women even for

¹ Now the Society has been reorganized, and we hope it will do good and useful work.

such an essentially feminine work as the "protection of children;" and it seems quite logical that women should have the task of organizing entertainments, arranging the necessary extension of work, and whipping up the members to greater effort, whilst the men do the business side. It is doubtful whether even as woman's work extends, she will want to separate her efforts from men. Possibly she says to herself: "We are only just freed from the harem and selamlik. We have been all these years separated from men. Why not work together, now we can?" And the fact that Constantinople, the most important branch of Turkey's club, the Turc Oujak (Turkish Hearth) having branches all over Turkey,¹ has chosen Nakié Hanoum, a woman, as its president, is an admirable example of disinterested national collaboration. The Turc Oujak, of which the Turks are rightly so proud, owes its existence to Hamdoullah Soubhi Bey, whom I met in 1913 after one of his feminist lectures. From a very humble beginning, it has been a great secular arm against the tyranny of reaction and religion, and one of the greatest forces in the land.

It was in 1908, after having discovered that the non-Moslem elements were not one with him, but had formed themselves into separate societies with national names, that the advanced Turks also decided to found their own society. It was called the Turkish National Club; was baptized in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity; and its object was not to take part in politics but to help the cultured development of the Turk. Seeing the great force for good behind it, the Ghazi has made it the club of the "People's Party," and membership of the Oujak is now a visiting card of importance.

The first Oujak (Hearth) was a humble dwelling with a few chairs and a table, and thanks to the magnetic presidency of Hamdoullah Soubhi Bey, the great of the

¹ In every town I visited I was the guest of the Turc Oujak.

land came to his assistance and helped with funds and influence. Lessons, lectures, musical, theatrical, and cinema performances are given in all the branches. Women are eligible as members, as well as members of the council, and presidents, on exactly the same footing as men. The club is, of course, passionately nationalist, as its origin demands it should be.

The central committee considered that Na'kié Hanoum was the person best qualified to be president of Constantinople, and president she has become! As a teacher and organizer she has had an exceptional career. From the American college where she was for a time on the staff she brought away its best lessons of organization, construction, and ideals. She went to Syria with Halidé Hanoum to organize that country's education—an immense piece of work.

I visited Nakié Hanoum in her school installed in the palace once occupied by Prince Youssoffeddine—another happy omen. She graciously took me all over the school and ordered an exhibition of musical drill to be given for me. Her theory, "Take care of education and freedom will take care of itself," she puts into practice, as she throws herself heart and soul into the cause of education, which she considers "woman's military service," with real abnegation.¹

I was to visit the schools at Constantinople, the Government inspector called for me at 7.30. I kept him waiting downstairs, only to find when I came down that the inspector announced by telephone was a woman. "Why are you surprised?" she asked. All I could answer was, "Why?" For it is quite natural that Turkish schools should have women inspectors.

Together we wandered in and out of the schools, so

¹ Nakié Hanoum has just made a stirring address to women begging them not to spend too much money on clothes, and to give the surplus, if they have it, to their poorer sisters.

elegant in comparison with the schools in the interior : we had a luncheon party at Candili—where there is a Girls' Normale College with a man director. It was a stiff climb up from the boat to the top of the hill, especially with an injured knee, and my companion was astonished to find an Englishwoman so little of an athlete, and, indeed, in that respect, I am not English at all.

The view of the Bosphorus from the college windows was the view you get from the windows of Robert College, on the opposite shore, and it surely is the finest the world can produce. Were I an artist I would paint the Bosphorus in all its moods and seasons, striving always to get nearer and nearer to my beautiful goal, but knowing that, like Heaven, it was beyond my grasp. The Bosphorus in summer, stretched out like a blue satin carpet at the foot of the river bank, thick with the greenest wealth of trees, and winding itself mysteriously away into the distant Black Sea, is beautiful beyond description. One can well understand how it serves the Turks as a standard of comparison in all things.

There are always surprises waiting one in Turkey. At the luncheon table opposite me sat the literature professor ; a huge, brown-faced man with a falsetto voice. He knew next to no French, but from his side of the table kept re-serving me after I had already helped myself, and offered me the well-meaning explanation for his generosity, "Beaucoup corps, beaucoup manger." When I asked the inspector about him, she explained, "Most excellent professor, neither man nor woman, formerly a high official in the harem of Abdul Hamid." He too, poor soul, had been given his freedom !

The mentality of the inspector was interesting. She had married her own mathematical professor, years her senior, and yet brilliant as she was in mathematics, she had little logic and was in many things a contradiction.

Passionately interested in her profession, up with the dawn to get some of her work done and fetch me by 7.30, she was eager to test the value of all new methods. One day I asked her whether she would take part in the educational conferences which are so helpful to those in search of new ideas. She gave me a most unexpected answer, "Oh no," she replied. "My husband would never allow it, he is much too jealous." I heard later that the husband still received in the selamlık, whilst she had her friends apart in the harem. "Excuse me," I said, "but what a strange idea. If that is the way your husband feels, why let you work at all?" Poor little lady, no wonder her viewpoints were wrong. To be all day rubbing shoulders with men colleagues, preaching co-education, and teaching men; then in the evening to return to the solitude of the harem! How inconsistent! I never saw the husband, but in imagination, he seems like M. Seguin, who carefully locked the door lest his goat should escape, and left the window wide open!

These funny little inconsistencies on the wide, open path of Turkish women's freedom were strange indeed. A country where men can honour a woman to the extent of making her a president of one of the most exclusive clubs, has amongst its population a man who prevents his wife from fulfilling her contract with the Government. It is her duty to go abroad and keep herself abreast of all the latest methods of teaching and yet she cannot do so, because her husband is jealous! How he must hate the regime that "opened the window" for his wife to escape.

And yet another inconsistency. One evening a Turkish député came to take me out to dinner. Finding a friend with me whose husband had gone out to dinner, the député graciously asked her to join us. But she explained to me in English, although she knew the invitation as far as she was concerned was only a courtesy, her husband never allowed

her to accept an invitation, unless he was present. Possibly in time, these strange situations will be brought to normality; it is, however, curious to meet on one hand women with more freedom than we have in England, and on the other the women who have to live as though the harem still existed.

Professor Halil Halid Bey, an old friend from Cambridge, invited me to make the acquaintance of his wife. He promised to be present to introduce us, as Madame knows no French. Madame is a sweet edition of her handsome brother, the late Damad Enver Pasha. I was shown into a drawing-room full of ladies, who only spoke Turkish. The Professor was not there; so I had to make myself understood as best I could. I admired the exquisite garden full of roses. Madame had a big bunch picked for me. I admired the exquisite view of the Bosphorus; she would have given me that too, had it been possible! Then two of the guests went away heavily veiled. The Professor was allowed to enter, with humble excuses for not having kept his promise to be present. It seemed to me, in this case, youth is too kind to old age. Since old age cannot accept the new customs, why does it visit at all? Why expose itself to the possibility of meeting a hostess's husband and, still worse, foreigners?

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One critic of Turkish woman's freedom points out, they have no woman leader. Is that a drawback? How many countries in Europe have or have had a woman leader? I know of none. We have social leaders in our Western countries, but a great leader, as we understand it in the masculine, has not yet come to us.

In the social building of new Turkey both Mme Ferid and Mme Fethy could take part, but they are both at Embassies, and their hands are tied. Of the other women,

two had great opportunities—Latifié Hanoum and Halidé Hanoum ; both of them have had a European education and are women of exceptional culture ; both could have continued to play a big part. Halidé Hanoum has deserted her country and the women. To the many admirers of this gifted writer her attitude seems incomprehensible. In 1913, as a passionate patriot, refusing to enter the house of a “ traitor ” Minister, she was ready “ to kiss the ground of her beloved Turkey.” Her exodus from Constantinople, disguised as a peasant, her long walk to Angora, where she threw herself body and soul into the death or liberty policy, and even fought in the trenches, brought her the homage of all the men and women with whom she came into contact. She gave to the Ghazi the title found on the stone of an old Turkish Padishah : “ God appointed me ruler, that the name and fame of the Turkish race might not be extinguished. . . . I slept not at night, I rested not by day. I worked for my people till death.” Charming words ; and they seemed so well chosen for the man who could turn a mere tribe of Turks into an independent Republic !

And yet to-day Halidé Hanoum does not see eye to eye with the Pasha’s form of government. Then why not resign from political and do only social and literary work ? Why not stay to criticize him in her own land instead of using the cloak of foreign hospitality to minimize his work ? But why does Halidé Hanoum not see politically with the Ghazi’s eyes ? The country has slowly been driving for Westernisation since the Tanzimat reforms, and Halidé Hanoum was always one of the advance guard. She believed in the People’s Party ! What is the explanation of the gulf between her passionate patriotism and her exaggerated anti-Kemal attitude of to-day ? It is sad, for her country needs competent workers. Such examples of women who side by side with men fall by the wayside

in the great conflict, conquered by their emotions, are the rule and not the exception in all lands. Will women ever get their emotions into the right focus? Perhaps if men could play the tiny rôle in the lives of men that women play in theirs, the general result might be more satisfactory. But nature has made women women, and men men!

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It seems, somehow, that the whole question of woman's freedom is too young for either sex to see the disadvantages, which are only too evident to peoples who have known freedom longer.

No Turkish woman seems to have weighed the heavy responsibility of economic freedom. Formerly there was always someone responsible for the maintenance of the woman who could not work—husband, son or relation—it was a religious obligation. And to-day when she works, the supply is less than the demand. How will she act when the shoe begins to pinch?

When Ismet Pasha discussed the subject of woman's freedom with me, he could not imagine the time when Turkish men could be professionally jealous of women. At present his one idea is to advance, and women are very useful. But once the country is solidly on its feet, and editors, instead of asking to publish women's work, make them pass through the door of eternally rejected MSS., how will they like it? And how will the men like it if women undercut them? Ismet Pasha declares these things never can be, for there is no sex in work.

“To be part of Europe and judged by European standards” is the Turkish woman's ambition. Yet how will freedom appear to her when all the glamour of the East and the novelty of her freedom have gone? Will she sink back into the bosom of her family and be content? Or will she still fight for our impossible standards?

(h) *The New Emphasis upon the Fine Arts : The Drama, Literature, Art and Music in New Turkey*

It has long been the custom, and customs die hard, to suppose that everything connected with art is for the Turk a sealed book. Of the arts, literature, painting, music and the drama the Turk is supposed to know and produce nothing. It is true all these branches of art have been hopelessly crippled by religious prejudices; nevertheless, in spite of Islam's forbidding any reproduction of the human body, all these arts exist in a very primitive and undeveloped form. If it is a truth that without vision the nation must perish, art is the food of vision. The soul of a country where there is little art is starved, and 'Turkey's soul was starved. It is true nature dowered her as few nations have been dowered; and this beauty surely was intended to be reproduced in all the arts—as it now will be. The one art in which the Turks have been successful is the building of their mosques. A mosque, with its simple outline and lovely tiled interior, free from ornamentation, is more beautiful than most churches. No church in Jerusalem has the dignity and fine solid beauty of the Mosque of Omar.

Amongst the important reforms of the Pasha, then, stands art. His interest in the subject has given it a great impetus. Picture exhibitions are held, prizes given by the Pasha himself for painting, literature and music, and I am told over thirty students are in Paris studying art, music and the drama.

All the art treasures in the various towns are being collected, ticketed and placed into museums and the antiques restored. At the eleventh hour, Turkey has wakened up to learn how few beautiful things remain out of the priceless collections to which the foreigner has

generously helped himself. And to do away for ever with the Koranic law, that the human form must not be reproduced, there are already six statues of the Ghazi ; his statue is to be in every town.

That the Turks should wish to have their Victory and their Liberator chronicled in stone is comprehensible, it is the greatest event in their history ; nevertheless, the calm, quiet Eastern landscape does not lend itself to statues, and God forbid that its fine outline should be spoilt by Western "Denkmals." It would be too dreadful even to envisage the possibility of a Turkish "Sieges Allee"—"Conqueror's Walk," such as Berlin possesses.

Of the arts, the drama seems the most promising, for the whole nation is dramatic. They all, from the President to the peasants, can express themselves perfectly in gestures. The test of good acting is that it should be understood without words. I went to a theatre in Adana, a primitive construction with still more primitive scenery, and without understanding the words, followed the piece without any assistance from an interpreter. The acting was better than the play ; for dramatic art having been neglected, good plays are few and far between. And yet, in countries where the national conscience is liberated and religion loses its hold, the drama is a great moral influence and educator, and therefore indispensable.

In the old days, we used to go to the theatre not because my friend enjoyed it, but because to me the nation's theatre is a study of the greatest importance, quite apart from my love of the drama. In those days, no Moslem woman was allowed to act. Women's parts were therefore played either by Armenian women or Turkish men. In either case, the play was spoilt. To hear an Armenian speaking Turkish is not pleasant. Even a foreigner can notice the difference between the soft-voiced Turk and the shrill-voiced Armenian.

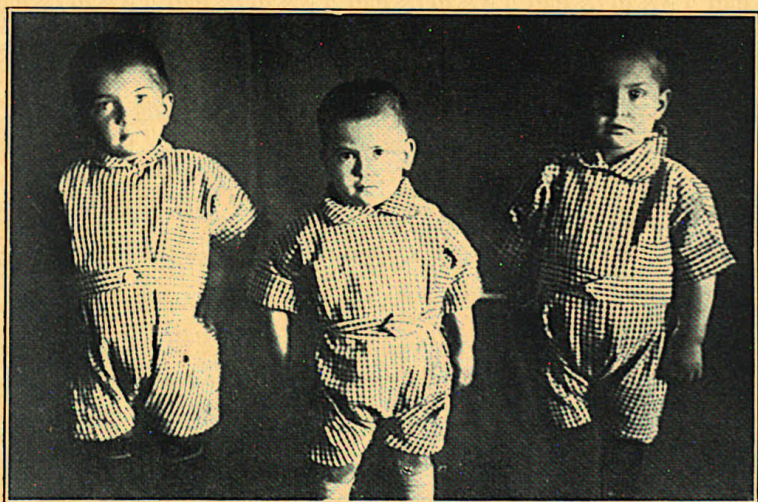
I well remember one play, where the chief woman's part was played by a man. He was a foreign governess in a Turkish harem; every male falls in love with him. A more uncouth female it would have been hard to find. His feet were enormous, his gestures all exaggerated, as he sat violently fanning himself and tugging at a long string of pearls. In serious drama this is not possible. In a farce it may be permissible, but even in farce it is often very irritating.

Another time, years ago, I went to an open-air theatre and could make comparisons between these players and Ben Greet's charming representations. The performance began by a political improvisation it was difficult to follow, and all I really could understand was the actor, who was a caricature of the corpulent Talaat Pasha. What did, however, both charm and delight me, was the prompter-stage-manager, who stood up in the middle of the stage, in full view of everyone, and translated Molière's *Mariage Forcé* as he went along (something of a feat), whilst the actors and actresses repeated after him the lines he gave them.

Another time we went in long, springless carts, dragged by oxen, to the field of Conchi-Dill, in the Valley of Chalcedonia, where there was an unpainted wooden theatre which held about forty people. The whole company was Armenian, men and women alike. Special training had been given to them as regards accent, and I followed with ease a piece by Dumas and another by Courteline. The stage was small, the scenery far from perfect, and the Moslem women, all smoking (how dangerous), sat in stuffy latticed boxes, whilst the men occupied the best seats in the stalls. During the *entr'acte* there was music and singing, and the conductor beat time for the stringed instrumentalists on a big drum. And when he sang, his voice was sad beyond description; one wondered how such utter sadness could ever be produced!



TURKISH NURSE IN NEWLY-FOUNDED
WELFARE WORK



WHAT THE CHILDREN BECOME IN THE WELFARE CENTRES
The Tekkés, the homes of the disbanded Dervishes, are being used as welfare centres.

As I said before, it was thanks to my unselfish friend that we went so often to the theatre. She did not enjoy it, but like a mother who takes her child to a pantomime, she loved watching my enjoyment. In the women's seats where we sat, everyone smoked, and though it was dangerous one was glad to do it, for the theatre was stuffy beyond words; also we were veiled, which added to the heat. And all the time, the water seller was doing a brisk trade, selling his water at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a glass; fruit and sweets were being eaten, and the bits thrown into the stalls, and my friend was alternately interpreting for me, and talking with her neighbours. There were others, too, who nursed and hushed their babies; the water seller "cried" his wares, and still the piece went bravely on. Some of the present-day cinemas are given in a similar setting, with this difference, however, the water merchant has raised his price to 1d. a glass, and they have got from somewhere a primitive jazz band.

Talking of cinemas, America seems to be using Anatolia as a dumping ground for her "dud" films. What films! What a wrong impression one can get of a nation from a poor film! Said a Turkish ex-military attaché to me one day, "When an American woman marries, she ceases to count, she is only a piece 'of furniture' in the home." Such a criticism of the American woman has surely never before been given! The American woman who has so often been accused of overstepping liberty to licence! I asked where this extraordinary opinion of American women had been formed. "You see it at the cinema; all the heroines are young unmarried girls—no one else counts."

My explanation, that so many plays were written for Mary Pickford to act, was of no avail; the opinion the Colonel has formed of America from the films, will never be changed; and possibly, if he went to America to see

for himself, he would still keep his first impressions of America, gathered from the films.

It seems extraordinary that America, ardent propagandist as she is, does not understand that the film is "her shop window"; and that she should use some form of censorship, before letting films be given in foreign lands. At an important moment like this in the rebirth of a nation, there are so many subjects of vital interest that could be selected! Why not a film showing how Doubleday Page produces books, how the Curtis Publishing Co. looks after its workers, and how the Rockefeller Institute fights disease?

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In the old days I was passionately attached to Kara Geuz (Punch). Though the humour of Hadgi Eivad and Kara Geuz often escaped me, the *tout ensemble*, the music, the naive performance of the mutual beating between Kara Geuz and Hadgi Eivad, were charming beyond words. At Broussa, driving from the station to the military hospital, I passed two insignificant turban-topped stones, which time has laid almost horizontal. They spring out of a bank at the side of the road, and one gets used in Turkey to seeing tombs when they are least expected. These were the tombs of Kara Geuz and his partner Hadgi Eivad. It appears it was from these two men that Molière took much of his inspiration—the phrase "Que fait-il dans cette galère?" comes straight from the Turkish "Punch." My friend's brother, who believed in one translation for a man and another for a woman, gave me a very watered version of some of the wit of Kara Geuz. When I told him what I had seen in Paris, he answered quietly, "Then why my anxiety?"

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Freed from Hamidian and religious tyranny, the Turkish theatre has taken a new lease of life. They have begun to play their own classics, patriotic pieces and many translations. From our theatre they have chosen nothing less than *Hamlet*. *Hamlet*, even in English, rather takes one's breath away ! It has to be sublime, or it is ridiculous. One trembled to think what Turks could give us ! Of all the plays of Shakespeare, this is the one piece that the great French actor Gemier has so far, try persistently as he may, been unable to give. The Turks' performance was dignified, to say the least of it, and much to their credit, but alas, one of the chief actors, Mouhid Refet Bey, has passed away, and his widow, also an actress, will not act for some time. The crowd of sincere mourners who went to the young actor's funeral was a proof that the stage can count for something in Turkey.

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In Smyrna, Aziz Bey made up a theatre party, and took me to hear a Viennese operette company. I was very touched by his kind attention, but I preferred the simple Turkish theatre, where friends often refused to take me, as it was so uncomfortable.

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Acting in the schools is a new and important art, and, as I said before, the performance was excellent because so natural. It is next to certain that, given the story of Angora, and the suffering through which Turkey has passed, a great revival should come in all the arts, and particularly the drama. Lessons given from the stage are so impressive ; it is such a picturesque way of teaching history ; and this is now the time for fixing the *couleur locale* of the period that has passed. The religion of yesterday now belongs to history and art ; Sultans with their harems ;

grand vizirs in their konaks ; valis dressed in their Persian embroidery robes ; the Cheik-ul-Islam in his pumpkin turban ; ladies with veils and men with their fez ; and last, but not least, the cylinder hats of the Konia dervishes ; what a wealth of material for the future dramatist ! At the request of my host, Nadgi Pasha, M. Tchelebi, the descendant of the family older than the Osmans, collected some disbanded dervishes to perform in private for me. On his Ney, an instrument resembling a flute, the ex-dervish played the mystic, soul-stirring, somewhat wild music, which sounds like the wind rushing through the reeds by the river-side ; one actually feels the cold currents and one shivers ; the music is plaintive beyond description, and yet amongst the sweetest I ever heard. When Turks have absorbed our Western time and musical construction, let us hope they will remain true to their own Eastern inspiration, and surely no one who "feels" music could fail to utilise the dervishes' flute (Ney). The dervish dancing, which takes a lifetime to learn, and which requires daily practice, was not as good as the music. The movements are graceful, difficult and mystic, but it needed the dress, the Tekké, the religious fervour and a congregation of worshippers, not dancing-room spectators, to give the dancers the right inspiration. Can this dancing be taken to the theatre ? Can art replace worship ?

We met M. Tchelebi again at the ball organized by my friend, and there the high-priest of the dancing dervishes, to whom dancing was a sacred rite, fox-trotted and Charlestoned all night long, and, like the rest of the company, sighed when daylight gave the signal for the ball to end.

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What will the Turkish dramatic students bring from Paris ? Will they be content to take with them the fine

French diction, and the actor's art brought to its highest perfection? Or will they want to sample some of the modern decadence, that deadly canker that has forced its way into our Western arts? Who knows? On the other hand the Turks may yet give us a new school. Decadent art is crying out for young, virile blood—it may be this nation reborn can supply it.

MUSIC

The music of the East, the quaint old Turkish Oud, a kind of guitar played with a feather, and other instruments too primitive to be of much use, have gone forever. Although one regrets the end of Eastern music, we know that it can be revived in a European construction.¹

The passionate love songs (Ghazals) with the high nasal notes are not sweet; they are uncanny, unhappy and haunting; and always in the minor key.

In my honour in the schools they played Western music—one cannot look a gift horse in the mouth—and they sang patriotic songs; they have changed their curious wild rhythm into our six-eight, and already read our music and have our technique. Yet when I asked for the old Turkish songs I had come so far to hear, they were already forgotten and no one seemed too pleased to have these old treasures revived.

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The député for Adana, Zamir Bey, invited me to his mother's to hear Oriental songs, which Ruchen Echref Bey translated into French. Ruchen Echref Bey is a

¹ Already the compositions of Djemil Réchid Bey, Eastern music in a Western setting, have been performed by a well-known pianist like Cortot and well spoken of by the French and German critics.

poet, who faithfully keeps his pledge to write in Turkish and French, one fine thought a day, at least. His rendering was delightfully picturesque, and the homage addressed to unknown beauty's hair, eyes, and lips seems to flow in passionate torrents. In Turkish when every name is a precious stone, or a flower, or a fairy, and the "beloved" unseen, what magnificent possibilities there are for a poet! Now, however, all the metaphors must be changed. The long flowing locks have been left at the barber's, and the unknown beauty, veiled in the mystery of ages, plays tennis by day and fox-trots by night. How will Turkish poets find an inspiration in the new civilization?

Mme Shukri Bey, the American wife of the editor of the *Milliett*, who speaks fluent Turkish and takes her new nationality very seriously, took me to visit Abdul-Hak-Hamid Bey, the great national poet of whom the Turks are so proud.

Abdul-Hak-Hamid was for a time at the Turkish Embassy in London. During the reign of Queen Victoria, when the Sultan visited our Sovereign, the poet was asked to stand behind the Sultan's chair, and interpret. This he refused to do. Not being allowed to eat with the Royal Family, he was sent to eat with the "underlings," and was much amused to have the late Duke of Argyll as his neighbour.

At the Belgian Court, Abdul-Hak-Hamid was a great favourite with King Leopold, who used to walk arm-in-arm with him, whilst the witty Turk amused him with anecdotes and stories. Belgium was Abdul-Hak-Hamid's post, but he preferred London, where he spent most of his time; yet none had a word of criticism to make; he was a poet. He has been several times married. In appearance Abdul-Hak-Hamid resembles the late Joseph Conrad. He is a delightful man. With me he spoke English, though he prefers to speak only Turkish, and when I asked him

why, he replied, "In Turkish I am a master, in other languages only a pupil."¹

When I asked the great poet how he liked the new civilization, he told me his writing-days were done. Since then, however, he has received a visit from, and been a guest of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. Now the "harp" has been taken down and dusted, and the muse he thought had deserted him altogether, is with him again. The story of Angora means something to him, and we can now expect some fine poems. How the Turks will rejoice, for they are immensely proud of their national poet, and they needed his genius to immortalize, in verse, the greatest chapter of their history.

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The late Professor Browne was not hopeful for Turkish poetry. "It is at its best," he said, "seldom more than pretty and graceful; while often comparatively unknown Persians touch the sublime; and some of the finest poetry in the world has been produced by Persians."

It is true many Orientals find the young Turanian movement and its aim to cut away from the Arabic and Persian culture on one side and include Tartars and Mongols on the other, grotesque. Professor Browne says, "They blame the Sultan Bayazid, because not recognizing his

¹ Possibly by the time this book is published the Turkish alphabet will be written in Roman and not Arabic letters. It is a most important reform and will make it possible for foreigners to read and write Turkish as well as speak it. To learn to write Turkish is a task few would undertake unless they are obliged. Although the Turks will find many gaps in the twenty-six characters as we know them, they propose to adapt it to their own needs, which is certainly something of a feat. Nevertheless, the reformers hope a new Turkish alphabet will make it more easy to teach the reading and writing of their language to many who are still illiterate.

What is generally known as the Arabian numerals were borrowed, together with the decimal system, from the Hindus in the 8th century.

Turanian overlord, he strove to arrest the devastating advance of Tamerlane, the Tartar, and perished in the attempt." It may be Professor Browne is right, or it may be that his great admiration for the Persians has made him underrate the Turks; and, on the other hand, he had little sympathy with nationalism.

And he is not the only one. There are people who feel that the exaggerated nationalism through which Turkey is passing will cripple her lyric and literary output. But they surely are mistaken. The story of Angora, the moral and physical suffering through which this people has come triumphant, must, when the raw edge of "nationalism" has worn itself off, find self-expression. It is a child that has to be born, or the parent will perish.

But why this outcry against nationalism? Everyone who loves his country, and there is something radically wrong with those who do not, is a nationalist, and something of a propagandist. Wandering turns one into a cosmopolitan, but it also makes one a nationalist. Cosmopolitanism is useful for comparing standards, and as an incentive to bring the best from other countries to one's own land. We need internationalism to strengthen our nationalism, but I fail to see what else can be gained by mere internationalism, except a colourless outlook, and a lack of principles. With fixed national principles, their value tested by internationalism, one can surely be of great service to humanity. Does one not appreciate other countries better, because one loves one's own?

Throughout the length and breadth of Turkey where I have travelled, wrapped up at nights in my Union Jack, is there one Turk who thinks the less of me because of my nationalism? The dislike of nationalism comes partly from a fear of Chauvinism, yet could Chauvinism have been more practised anywhere than in Soviet Russia? The higher the national morality one has, the better is one

understood amongst other nations, and the best way to work for the prestige of one's own country is to make a good impression in foreign lands.

Most unfortunately, the Turks' lack of knowledge of the English language cuts them off from the enjoyment of the finest literature in the world. Even Taine, who did not love England, had to admit, "England had done all there was to do in literature." No other literature has been so well able to combine perfection of style with high ideals and inspirations as the English. The Turks have been too much under the influence of French literature, which, perfect as it is in style, has not the same strength of purpose as English literature.

It was the cultured and celebrated scholar Schinassi, who, on his return from France and a long acquaintance with writers like Lamartine and others, brought to Turkey the simple French construction. His most distinguished pupils were Namak Kemal, who died in exile, and Abdul-Hak-Hamid. One is always profoundly touched by Kemal's exquisite pages in honour of England and her lofty ideals and character. He saw us at our best, and it is good to be seen and written about at our best. And this great writer was able to appreciate what we in England can do so well—stories of fairies and particularly animals. Our animals are human beings, and the Turk, who is kind to animals, can appreciate this. During the time when this writer was a member of the Committee of Union and Progress, he emphatically stated that the religion of Mahomet as practised by the Turks was not in keeping with their temperament and *had to be reformed*. Protestantism was one of his favourite studies.

The great savant and thinker Zia Gueuk Alp, one of the Malta victims, afterwards Professor of Sociology, has done

more for new literature than any other writer. He stood firmly for the Westernization of Turkey, as did Hussein Jahid and many others. Mehmet Emin is also a leading poet,¹ and Yahia Kemal could prove an outstanding genius of pure Turkish had he the energy to maintain his highest gifts. At Lausanne I used to break into his moments of "contemplation" before a whole series of new impressions—political, scenic, and feminine, to remind him that he had undertaken the arduous task of Press Propagandist at the Conference and Europe "was waiting!" Now he is Turkish Minister in Poland. One is sorry; for diplomatists are easily found, but poets are few and far between.

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Nakié Hanoum invited me to go with her to hear a lecture on the poet Fikret, at the Oujak. It interested me more to see the working of the Oujak, and receive the kind homage of the members, than to hear about the political qualities of Fikret. I knew Fikret only as a patriot, and a man who had the courage to attack the clergy—a feat of courage in the old days, now part of the daily routine.

For a foreigner who returns to a country where she has made literary friends, it is sad to find them classed as political scapegoats. Every day I asked for Hussein Jahid. I loved his writing, where was he? What had he done? Where could I find him? On all sides silence. No one understood my question!

Of the women writers I had known, Niguar Hanoum, and Eminé Sémié Hanoum, the only woman member of the Union and Progress, I found no trace. The writings of Halidé Hanoum, thanks to her inconsistent political attitude, were not read with the same delight, which is

¹ He recently read a charming poem of his own composition when the Ghazi's statue at Angora was unveiled.

unfair. Politics should have nothing to do with art. Her memoirs are delightful.

To the younger generation of writers belongs Mufidé Hanoum (Mme Ferid Bey). She is a keen observer, and when she writes, writes with a fixed purpose. Younous Nady Bey says her criticisms of the Occupation will be a classic. Unfortunately, at present her pen is tied by her husband's official position, but her eyes and ears are wide open, and she takes careful notes. Her compatriots are proud of her. She has always been consistently nationalist, and has the blessing of a husband's sincere devotion, instead of the soul-crushing attachments and desertions which have fallen to the lot of some other writers.

Another young and attractive writer I met was Suate Dervishe Hanoum. She has caused something of a sensation in Germany, where all she writes is translated. She graciously came to see me, and explained her ambitions, and her determination to succeed in the modern line she has adopted. Her hat was charmingly chosen, and in her country decidedly original.

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Turkey's School of Beaux Arts was founded forty-four years ago, but few people ever heard of its existence, which is perhaps excusable, considering the little work that has been accomplished. When I went to visit the Cassons, busily engaged on their most fascinating work of excavating the old Hippodrome, I mentioned I had just paid a visit to the Turkish School of Art. Mr. Casson laughed heartily, thinking it was a joke, and it was a long time before I could convince him there was such a place, and that they were doing really good, serious work. Finally convinced, he exclaimed, "Provided they do not copy our modern art I do not mind!"

The Turkish School of Art is situated in the old Parliament of Constantinople. A great effort has been made to create interest in art, and the first exhibitions are promising, but, both painting and sculpture are in their infancy. At the last exhibition there were pictures of talent by Namik Bey and Chefik Bey, whilst the water colours by the Director, Nazim Zia Bey, could take their place in our best picture exhibitions.¹

Rézan Hanoum is a good pupil, and Sabihé Hanoum is a sculptress who has decided talent. She was first in the competition organized to work with Canonica, whose fine statue of the Ghazi has been admired by all the Turks. The coming of the statues by Canonica and Kripple has not only been an occasion for a patriotic manifestation, but has whipped up the people's enthusiasm for art. Although people do not expect Turks to know much about art, at the Turkish Embassy in London alone are four connoisseurs—The Ambassador and Mme Ferid Bey, Shefky Pasha and Moukbil Bey.

All this question of renaissance in art, for which the Ghazi has done so much, is immensely interesting, and those who really care for art, and really care for Turkey, look forward to the day when, after they have borrowed our Western technique, they will repay us by giving us a new art, in all its branches, and not a replica of ours.²

¹ A new wing for the teaching of applied arts, under the direction of a Viennese artist, has recently been opened.

² Since writing this chapter I have read some of the poems of Ahmed Haschim and find them delightful.