

# KEMAL PASHA—By Isaac F. Marcossou

THERE was a time when Angora was famous solely for cats and goats. Today the shambling, time-worn town far up in the Anatolian hills has another, and world-wide significance. It is not only the capital of the reconstructed Turkish Government and the seat therefore of the most picturesque of all contemporary experiments in democracy, but is likewise the home of Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha—to give him his full title—who is distinct among the few vital personalities revealed by the bitter backwash of the World War.

Only Lenine and Mussolini vie with him for the center of that narrowing stage of compelling leadership. Each of these three remarkable men has achieved a definite result in a manner all his own. Lenine imposed an autocracy through force and blood. Mussolini created a personal and political dictatorship in which he dramatized himself. Kemal not only led a beaten nation to victory and dictated terms to the one-time conqueror, but set up a new and unique system of administration.

Lenine and Mussolini have almost been done to death by human or, in the case of the soviet overlord, inhuman interest historians. Kemal Pasha is still invested with an element of mystery and aloofness largely begot of the physical inaccessibility of his position. To the average American he is merely a Turkish name vaguely associated with some kind of military achievement. The British Dardanelles Expedition know it much better, for he frustrated the fruits of that immense heroism written in blood and agony on the shores of Gallipoli. The Greeks have an even costlier knowledge, because he was the organizer of the victory that literally drove them into the sea in one of the most complete debacles of modern times.

At Angora I talked with this man in a critical hour of the war-born Turkish Government. The Lausanne Conference was at the breaking point. War or peace still hung in the balance. Only the day before, Rauf Bey, the Prime Minister, had said to me: "If they [the Allies] want war they can have it." The air was charged with tension and uncertainty. Over the troubled scene brooded the unrelenting presence of the chieftain I had traveled so far to see. Events, like the government itself, revolved about him.

In difficulty of approach and in the grim and dramatic quality of the setting, Anatolia was strongly reminiscent of my journey a year ago to the Southern Chinese front to see Sun Yat-sen. Between him and Kemal exists a certain similarity. Each is a sort of inspired leader. Each has his kindling ideal of a self-determination that is the by-product of fallen empire. Here the parallel ends. Kemal is the man of blood and iron—an orientalized Bismarck, as it were—dogged, ruthless, invincible; while Sun Yat-sen is the dreamer and visionary, eternal pawn of chance, and with as many political existences—and I might add, governments—as the proverbial cat has lives.

## Turkey for the Turks

AS WITH men, so with the peoples behind them. You have another striking contrast. While China flounders in well-nigh incredible political chaos, due to incessant conflict of selfish purpose and lack of leadership, Turkey has emerged as a homogeneous nation for the first time in its long and bloody history, with defined frontiers, a real homeland, and a nationalistic aim that may shape the destiny of the Mohammedan world, and incidentally affect American commercial aspirations in the Near East. "Turkey for the Turks" is the new slogan. The instrument and inspiration of the whole astonishing evolution—it is little less than a miracle when you realize that in 1919 Turkey was as prostrate as defeat and bankruptcy could bring her—has been Kemal Pasha.

He was the real objective of my trip to Turkey. Constantinople with its gleaming mosques and minarets, and still a queen among cities despite its dingy magnificence, had its lure, but from the hour of my arrival on the shores of the Golden Horn my interest was centered on Angora.

I had chosen a difficult time for the realization of this ambition. The Lausanne Conference was apparently mired, and the long-awaited peace seemed more distant than ever. A state of war still existed. The army of occupation gave the streets martial tone and color, while a vast Allied fleet rode at anchor in the Bosphorus or boomed at



Kemal Pasha as Field Marshal of the Turkish Army. The Autograph Reads: "Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Angora, July 15th"

target practice in the Sea of Marmora. The capital in the Anatolian hills had become even more inaccessible.

Every barrier based on suspicion, aloofness and general resentment of the foreigner—the usual Turkish trilogy—all tied up with endless red tape, worked overtime. It was a combination disastrous to swift American action. My subsequent experiences emphasized the truth of the well-known Kipling story which dealt with the fate of an energetic Yankee in the Orient whose epitaph read: "Here lies a fool who tried to hustle the East."

To add to all this handicap begot of temperament and otherwise, the Turks had begun to realize, not without irritation, that the consummation of the Chester Concession was not so easy as it looked on paper. The last civilian who successfully applied for permission to go to Angora had been compelled to linger at Constantinople seven weeks before he got his *ressica*—as a visa is called in Turkish. Two or three others had departed for home in disgust after four weeks of watchful and fruitless waiting. The prospect was not promising.

When I paid my respects to Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, the American High Commissioner, on my first day in Constantinople, I invoked his aid in getting to Angora. He promptly gave me a letter of introduction to Dr. Adnan Bey, then the principal representative of Angora in Constantinople, through whom all permits had to pass.

I went to see him at the famous Sublime Porte, the Foreign Office and the scene of so much sinister Turkish history. Here the sordid tools of Abdul-Hamid, the Red Sultan, and others no less unscrupulous, lived their day. I expected to find the structure almost as imposing as its richer mate in history, the Mosque of St. Sophia. It proved to be a dirty, rambling, yellow building without the slightest semblance of architectural beauty, and strongly in need of disinfecting.

In Adnan Bey I found my first Turkish ally. Moreover, I discovered him to be a man of the world with a broad and generous outlook. An early aid of Kemal in the

precarious days of the nationalist movement, he became the first vice president of the Angora Government. Moreover, he had another claim to fame, for he is the husband of the renowned Halide Hanum, the foremost woman reformer of Turkey, whom I was later to meet in interesting circumstances at Munich, and whose story will be disclosed in a subsequent article. Adnan Bey, however, is not what we would call a professional husband in America. Long before he rallied to the Kemalist cause he was widely known as one of the ablest physicians in Turkey.

He at once sent a telegram to Angora asking for my permission to go. This permission is concretely embodied in a pass—the aforesaid *ressica*—which is issued by the Constantinople prefect of police. Back in the days of the Great War it was a difficult procedure to get the so-called white pass which enabled the holder to go to the front. Compared with the coveted permission to visit Angora, that pass was about as inaccessible as a public handbill, as I was now to discover.

Adnan Bey told me that he would have an answer from Angora in about three days. I found that three days was like the Russian word *seichas* which technically means "immediately" but when employed in action or rather lack of action on its own ground, usually spells "next month."

## Red-Tape Entanglements

AFTER a week passed the American Embassy inquired of the Sublime Porte if they had heard about my application, but no word had come. A few days later Turkish officialdom went mad. An order was promulgated that no alien except of British, French or Italian nationality could enter or leave Constantinople without the consent of Angora. People who had left Paris or London, and they included various Americans, with existing credentials, were held up at the Turkish frontier, despite the fact that the order had been issued after they had started. Thanks to Admiral Bristol's prompt and persistent endeavors, the frontier ban was lifted from Americans. Angora became swamped overnight with telegraphic protests and requests, and I felt that mine was completely lost in the new and growing shuffle.

Meanwhile I had acquired a fine upstanding young Turk, Reschad Bey by name, who spoke English, French and German fluently, as dragoman, which means courier and interpreter. No alien can go to Angora without such an aid, because, save in a few isolated spots, the only language spoken in Anatolia is Turkish. Reschad Bey was really an inheritance from Robert Imbrie, who had just retired after a year as American consul at Angora. Reschad Bey had been his interpreter. Much contact with Imbrie had acquainted him with American ways and he thoroughly sympathized with my impatience over the delay. He had a strong pull at Angora himself and sent some telegrams to friends in my behalf.

At the expiration of the second week Admiral Bristol made a personal appeal to Adnan Bey to expedite my permission, and a second strong telegram went from the Sublime Porte to Angora. Other Turkish and American individuals whom I had met added their requests by wire. Of course I was occupied with other work, but I had only a limited amount of time at my disposal and when all was said and done, Kemal was the principal prize of the trip and I was determined to land him. Early in July therefore I sent Reschad Bey to Angora to find out just what the situation was. He departed on the morning of the Fourth. When I returned to my hotel from attending the Independence Day celebration at the embassy I found a telegram from Angora addressed to Reschad Bey in my care from one of his friends in the government, saying that my permission to go to Angora had been wired nine days before! Yet on the previous morning the Sublime Porte had declared that Angora was still silent on my request.

Upon investigation I found that in the tangle of red tape at the prefecture of police the coveted telegram had been shoved under a pile of papers and no one knew anything about it until a long search, instigated at my request, had disclosed the anxiously awaited message. It was a typically Turkish procedure, and just the kind of thing that might have happened at an official bureau anywhere in China. Before Reschad Bey reported to me after his return I had the *ressica* in my possession and was getting ready to start.

Difficult as was this first step, it was matched in various handicaps by nearly every stage of the actual journey. Again I was to run afoul of Turkish official decree.

In ordinary circumstances, if I had been a Turk I could have boarded a train at Haidar Pasha, which is just across the Bosphorus by ferry from Constantinople and the beginning of the Anatolian section of the much-discussed Berlin-to-Bagdad Railway, and gone without change to Angora in approximately twenty-seven hours. It happened, however, that the whole Turkish Army of considerably more than 250,000 men was mobilized beyond Ismid and along the railroad right of way. No alien was permitted to make this journey. Instead of the comparatively easy trip by rail—I say “comparatively” advisedly—he was compelled to go by boat to Mudania, then by rail to Brusa, and subsequently by motor all day across the Anatolian plain to Kara Keuy, where he would pick up the train from Haidar Pasha. Instead of twenty-seven hours, this trip—and it was the one I had to make—took exactly fifty-five hours.

Going to Angora these days is like making an expedition to the heart of China or Africa. In the first place you must carry your own food. There are other preliminaries. One of the most essential, even if it is not the most æsthetic, is to secure half a dozen tins of insect powder. The moment you leave Constantinople—and for that matter even while you are within the storied precincts of the great city—you make the acquaintance of endless little visitors of every conceivable kind and bite. Apparently the average Turk has become more or less inured to the inroads of vermin, but even long experience with trench warfare does not cure the European of aversion to it.

It was on a brilliant sunlight Monday morning that I left Constantinople for Angora. Admiral Bristol had placed a submarine chaser in command of Captain T. H. Robbins at my disposal and we were therefore able to dispense with the crowded and none too clean Turkish boat. Accompanied by Lewis Heck, who had been the first American High Commissioner to Turkey after the Armistice, and who now had a business mission at Angora, and the faithful Reschad Bey, I made the journey to Mudania across the Sea of Marmora in four hours, arriving at noon. Until November, 1922, Mudania was merely a spot on the Turkish map. After the Greek debacle, and when the British and Turkish armies had come within a few feet of actual collision at Chanak, and war between the two powers seemed inevitable, General Sir Charles Harington, commander of the British forces in Turkey, and Ismet Pasha—the same Ismet who led the Allied delegates such a merry diplomatic chase at Lausanne—met here and arranged the famous truce that was the prelude to the first Lausanne Conference.

**Madame Brotte and Her Hotel**

OVERNIGHT the village became famous. The small stone house near the quay where the conference was held is now occupied by a Turkish family and is overrun with children. Instead of making the forty-mile journey to Brusa in the toy train that runs twice a day, we traveled in a brand-new



Madame Kemal

American flivver just acquired by a Brusa dealer, which had been ordered by telegraph and which awaited us at the dock. The hillsides were dark with a mass of olive trees, while in the valleys tobacco and corn grew in abundance. The Anatolian peasant is a thrifty and industrious soul and apparently had got back on the job of reconstruction even while the Greek transports were fading out of sight.

Long before the muezzins sounded from the minarets their musical calls to sunset prayer we arrived in Brusa, the ancient capital of Turkey, and still a place of commercial importance. Here we stopped the night at the Hôtel d'Anatolie, where I bade

farewell to anything like comfort and convenience until my return there on my way back to Constantinople.

This hotel is one of the famous institutions of Anatolia. It is owned by Madame Brotte, who is no less distinguished than her hostelry. Out in her pleasant garden, where we could listen to the musical flow of a tiny cataract, this quaint old lady, still wearing the white cap of the French peasant, told me her story. She had been born in Lyons, in France, eighty-four years ago, and came to Anatolia with her father, a silk expert, when she was twenty-one. Brusa is the center of the Turkish silk industry, which was founded and is still largely operated by the French. Madame had married the proprietor of the hotel shortly after her advent, and on his death took over the operation. Wars, retreats and devastations beat about her, but she maintained her serene way. She had lived in Turkey so long that she mixed Turkish words with her French. Listening to her patter in that fragrant environment, and with the memory of the excellent French dinner she had served, made it difficult for me to realize that I was in Anatolia and not in France.

Anatolia, let me add, is bone-dry so far as alcohol is concerned. The one regret that madame expressed was that the Turks sealed up her wine cellar, and only heaven and Angora knew when those seals would be lifted. It is worth mentioning that during the eight days I spent in Anatolia I never saw a drop of liquor. It is about the only place in the world where prohibition seems to prohibit. Constantinople is a different, and later, story.

In Madame Brotte I got another evidence of a curious formula of colonial expansion. When you knock about the world, and especially the outlying places, you discover that certain races follow definite rules when they are implanted in foreign soil. The first thing that

the English do is to start a bank. The Spanish invariably build a church, while the French set up a café. So it was in Anatolia.

It was with a certain regret that I bade farewell the next morning to the dear old French dame. In the same flivver that brought us up from Mudania we started on the all-day run to Kara Keuy. At the outskirts of Brusa I saw the first tangible signs of the Greek disaster. Ditched along the roadside were hundreds of motor trucks—unwilling gifts from the Greeks—which the Turks had not even taken the trouble to remove or salvage. As we swung into the open country ruined farmhouses met the gaze on every side. Whole villages had been wiped out when the Greeks had pressed on for what they had fondly believed to be the capture of Angora. They came back much faster than they advanced.

**Travel by Oxcart**

WE WERE in the real Anatolia. This mellifluous name, rivaled in beauty of sound only by Mesopotamia, means “the place where the sun rises.” It had long shone on people and events bound up in the narrative of all human and spiritual progress, for we now skirted what might be called the rim of the cradle of mankind. Across these plains had stalked the stately and immortal figures of Biblical days. Here the armies of Alexander and Pompey had camped, and the famous Gordian knot was cut. Here, too, passed the mailed crusaders on the road to Jerusalem, and amid the green hills that rose to the left and right the civilization of the Near East was born.



PHOTO BY H. O. ARNTON, F. R. C. S.

The Kemal Home at Angora

I now had my first contact with what has been well called the Anatolian oxcart symphony. It is the weirdest perhaps of all sounds, and is emitted from the ungreased wood-wheeled carts drawn by oxen or water buffalo, which provide the only available vehicle for the Turkish farmer. There has been no change in its noise or construction since the days of Saul of Tarsus. It is a violation of etiquette for the driver of one of these carts—the roads are alive with them—to be awake in transit, incredible as this seems when you have heard the frightful noise. He awakes only when the screech stops. Silence is his alarm clock. These carts do about fifteen miles a day. When the Greeks had the important Southern Turkish ports bottled up, all of Kemal's supplies were hauled in these carts for over two hundred miles to Angora.

The farther we traveled the more did the country take on the aspect of Northern France after the war. Hollyhocks were growing in the shell holes, and there were always the gaunt, stark ruins of a house or village sentinel the landscape. We passed through the village of In Onu, where the Greeks and the Turks had met in bloody battle, and just as the sun was setting we drew up at Kara Keuy, which is merely a railway station flanked by a few of the coffeehouses that you find everywhere in Turkey. A contingent of Turkish troops was encamped near by. Before we could get coffee we had to submit our papers for examination by the police.

An hour later the train that had left Haidar Pasha that morning pulled in. We bagged a first-class compartment and started on the final lap to Angora. Midnight found us at Eski-Shehr, once a considerable town, where the Greeks and the Turks were at death grips for months. After the Turkish retirement in 1921 the town was burnt by the Greeks. No sooner was I on the train and trying

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PHOTO BY H. O. ARNTON, F. R. C. S.

Kemal With His Puppies

## KEMAL PASHA

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to get some sleep on the hard seat, for Pullmans are unknown in Turkey, than I began to make the acquaintance of the little travelers who had put the itch into Anatolia. They are the persistent little Nature guides to discomfort.

For hours the country had become more and more rugged. The fertile lowlands with their fields of waving corn and grateful green were now far behind. As we climbed steadily into the hills we could see occasional flocks of Angora goats. It was a dull, bleak prospect, but every inch of ground, as far as the eye could see, and beyond, had been fought over.

At nine o'clock the next morning we crossed a narrow stream that wound lazily along. Although insignificant in appearance, like most of the other historic rivers, it will be immortalized in Turkish song and tradition. In all the years to come the quaint story-tellers whom you find in the bazaars will recount the epic story of what happened along its rocky banks. This inconsequential-looking river was the famous Sakaria, which marked the high tide of the Greek offensive and the place where Kemal Pasha's army made its last desperate stand. Very near the point where we crossed, the Greeks were hurled back and their offensive broken. What the Marne means to France and the Piave to Italy, that is the Sakaria to the new Turkey. It marks the spot where rose the star of hope.

Almost before I realized it a pall of smoke, the invariable outpost of a city, loomed ahead. Then I saw scattered mosques and minarets stark and white in the sunlight, and before long we were in Angora. The railway station is in the outskirts of the town and I had to drive for more than a mile to get to my lodging.

Despite the discomforts of the trip I must confess to something of a thrill when I stepped from the train. At last I was in a capital without precedent, perhaps, in the history of civilization. After their temporary sojourn first at Erzerum and then at Sivas, the Kemalists had set up their governmental shop in this squalid, dilapidated and half-burned village at one railhead of the Anatolian road. It was not without its historical association because once the crusaders camped here, and later Tamerlane the Terrible had overwhelmed the Sultan Bayezid in a famous battle and carried him off to the East as prisoner.

### Angora, the Strange Capital

Almost overnight the population had grown from ten thousand to sixty thousand. With the advent of the Grand National Assembly, as the Turkish parliament is called, came the cabinet, all the members of the government, and the innumerable human appendages of national administration. Until the overthrow of the Greeks last year, Angora was also the general headquarters of the Turkish Army and its chief supply base.

Then, as now, Angora was more like a Western mining town in the first flush of a boom than the capital of a government whose future is a source of concern in every European chancellery. Every house, indeed every excuse for a habitation, is packed and jammed with people. Imbrie, the American consul, was forced to live for a year in a freight car which was placed at his disposal by the government. Moreover, he had to struggle hard to hang on to this makeshift home. The shops are primitive, and there are only two restaurants that a European could patronize.

Hotels as we know them do not exist. The nearest approach is the so-called *han*, which is the Turkish word for house. The average Turkish village *han* for travelers is merely a whitewashed structure with a quadrangle, where caravan drivers park their mules or camels at night and sleep upstairs on platforms. It is full of atmosphere, and other things more visible.

If you have any doubt about the patriotism which animates the new Turkish movement you have only to go to Angora to have it dispelled. Amid an almost indescribable lack of comfort you find high officials, many of them former ambassadors who once lived in the ease and luxury of London, Paris, Berlin, Rome or Vienna, doing their daily tasks with fortitude.

Happily I had taken out some insurance against the physical discomfort that is the lot of every visitor to Angora. After

Kemal's residence, about the only one fit to occupy is the building remodeled for the use of the Near East Relief workers, which had lately been acquired by the representatives of the Chester Concession. Before leaving Constantinople I got permission to occupy this establishment, and it was a godsend in more ways than one. By some miracle, but due mainly to the three old Armenian servants whom I kept busy scrubbing the floors and airing the cots, I had no use for my insect powder. In fact I carried it back with me to Constantinople and exchanged it for some other and more aesthetic commodities.

This reference to the Chester Concession recalls a striking fact which was borne in upon me before I had been in Angora half a day. Everybody, from the most ragged bootblack up, not only knows all about the concession but regards it as the unfailing panacea for Turkish wealth and expansion. Ask a Turkish peasant about it and he will tell you that it means a railroad siding on his farm next month. There is a blind, almost pathetic faith in the ability of the Chester concessionaires to work an economic transformation. This is one reason why in Angora as elsewhere in Turkey the American is, for the moment, the favorite alien. But the whole Chester matter will be taken up in a later article.

### Reasons for the Choice

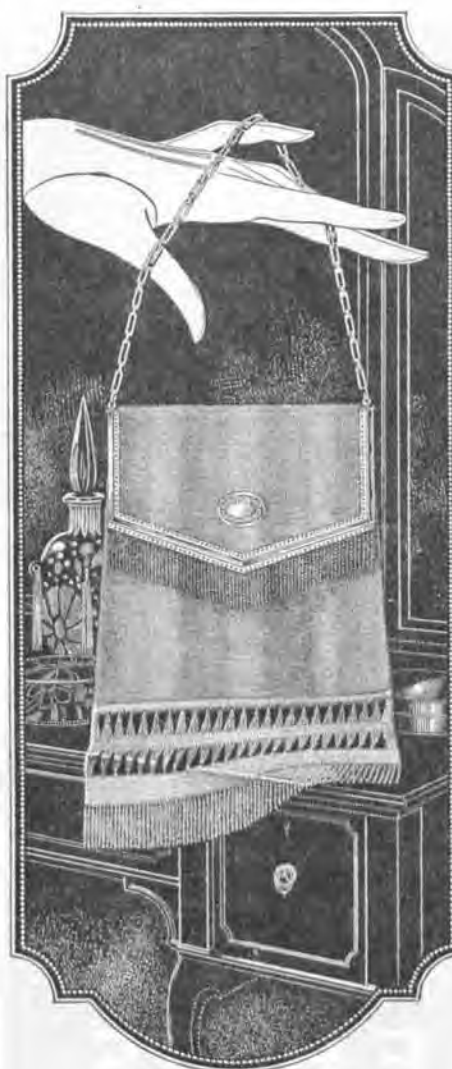
By this time you will have asked the question, Why did the Turks pick this unkempt apology of a town as their capital? The answer is interesting. The first consideration was defense. Angora is more than two hundred miles from the sea, and any invading army, as the Greeks found out to their cost, must live on the country. Even in case of immediate attack there is a wild and rugged hinterland which affords an avenue of escape. But this is merely the external reason.

If a Turk is candid he will tell you that perhaps the real motive for all this isolation is to keep the personnel of the government out of mischief. At Constantinople the official is on the old stamping ground of illicit official intercourse. The Nationalist Government is taking no chances during its period of transition. It was Kemal Pasha who selected Angora, and in this choice you have a hint of the man's discretion. Although the Turks maintain that Angora is the permanent seat of government and that the unwilling foreign governments must sooner or later establish themselves there, it is probably only a question of years until Constantinople will come back to its own as capital. Meanwhile Angora will continue to be the Washington of the new Turkey, while Constantinople will be its New York.

The principal thoroughfare of Angora is unpaved, rambling, and the fierce sun beats down upon its incessant dust and din. At one end is a low stucco building flying the red Turkish flag with its white star and crescent. Here, after the personality of Kemal, is what might be called the soul of the Turkish Government. It is the seat of the Grand National Assembly. In it Kemal was elected president, and here the Lausanne Treaty was confirmed.

Over the president's chair hangs this passage from the Koran: "Solve your problems by meeting together and discussing them." In Kemal's office just across the hall is another maxim from the same source, which says: "And consult them in ruling." In this last-quoted sentence you have the keynote of Kemal's creed, because up to this time he has carefully avoided the prerogatives of dictatorship, although to all intents and purposes he is a dictator, and could easily continue to be one, for it is no exaggeration to say that he is the idol of Turkey. His picture hangs in every shop and residence.

The Grand National Assembly is unique among all parliamentary bodies in that it not only elects the president of the body, who is likewise the executive head of the nation, but it also designates the members of the cabinet, including the premier. By this procedure a government cannot fall, as is the case in England or France, when the premier fails to get a vote of confidence. If a cabinet minister is found undesirable he is removed by the legislative body, a successor is named, and the business of the government goes on without interruption.



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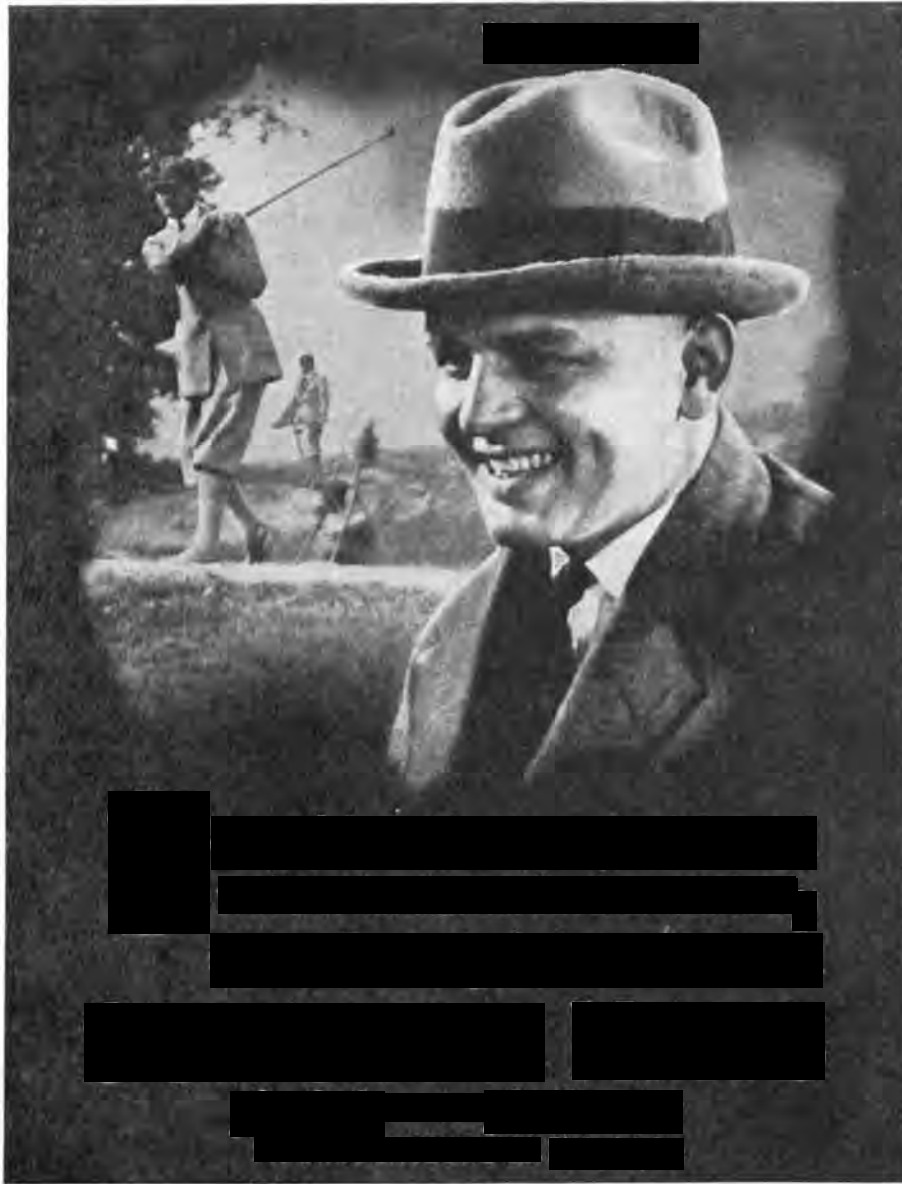
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The delegates to the Assembly are, of course, elected by the people.

But all this is by way of introduction. I was in the ken of Kemal and the job now was to see him. I had arrived at noon on a Wednesday and promptly sent Reschad Bey to see Rauf Bey, the premier, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Admiral Bristol. The cabinet was in almost continuous session on account of the crisis at Lausanne, and I was unable to see him until the following morning at nine.

I spent three hours with him in the foreign office, a tiny stucco building meagerly furnished, but alive with the personality of its chief occupant. Rauf Bey is the sailor premier—he was admiral of the old Turkish Navy—and has the frank, blunt, wholesome manner of the seafaring man. He is the only member of the cabinet, by the way, who speaks English, and he told me that he had visited Roosevelt at the White House in 1903. He was one of the prominent Turks deported by the British to Malta in 1920. In exile, he said, his chief solace was in the intermittent copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST which reached him through friendly naval officers. He had read these magazines so thoroughly that he quoted long extracts from them. He had been particularly interested in an article of mine about General Smuts, whose ideal of self-determination has helped to shape the new Turkish policy.

It was Rauf Bey who made the appointment for me to see Kemal Pasha at his house on the following afternoon at five o'clock. The original plan was for both of us to dine there that evening. Subsequently this was changed because, as Rauf Bey put it, "The Ghazi's in-laws are visiting him, and his house is crowded." By using the term "in-laws" you can see how quickly Rauf Bey had adapted himself to Western phraseology.

The premier's reference to the Ghazi requires an explanation. Ordinarily Kemal is referred to in Angora by the proletariat as the Pasha. The educated Turk, however, invariably gives him his later title of Ghazi, voted by the assembly, which is the Turkish word for "conqueror." Since that fateful day in 1453 when Mohammed the Conqueror battered down the gates of Constantinople and the Moslem era on the Bosphorus began, the proud title has been conferred on only three men. One was Topal Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna; the second was Mukhtar Pasha, the conqueror of the Greeks in the late '90's, while the third was Mustapha Kemal.

Friday, the thirteenth, came and with it the long-awaited interview with Kemal. He lives in a kiosk, as the Turks call a villa, at Tchau Kaya, a sort of summer settlement about five miles beyond Angora. Motor cars are scarce in Angora, so I had to drive out in a low-necked carriage. Reschad Bey went along. He was not present at the talk with Kemal, however.

**The Ghazi's Residence**

As we neared Kemal's abode we began to encounter troops, who increased in numbers the farther we went. These soldiers represented one of the many precautions taken to safeguard Kemal's life because he is in hourly danger of assassination by some enraged Greek or Armenian. Several attempts have already been made to shoot him, and in one instance his companion, a Turkish officer, was seriously wounded by the would-be assassin.

Two previous Turkish leaders, both of them tools of the Germans, the notorious Talaat Pasha and his mate in crime, the no less odious Enver Pasha, met violent deaths after the World War. But Kemal represents a different kind of stewardship.

Soon an attractive white stone house, faced with red, surmounting a verdant hill, and surrounded by a neat garden and almond orchard, came into view. At the right was a smaller stone cottage. Reschad Bey, who had been there before, informed me that this was Kemal's establishment, which was the gift of the Turkish nation. I might have otherwise known it because the guard of sentries became thicker. When we reached the entrance we were stopped by a sergeant and asked to tell our business. Reschad Bey told the man that I had an appointment with the Ghazi and he took my card inside.

In a few moments he returned and escorted us into the little stone cottage, which Kemal uses as a reception room. Here I found the Ghazi's father-in-law, Mouammer Ouchakay Bey, who is the richest

merchant of Smyrna and who incidentally was the first Turkish member of the New York and New Orleans cotton exchanges. He had visited America frequently and therefore spoke English. He told me that Kemal was engaged in a cabinet meeting and would see me shortly.

Meanwhile I looked about the room, which was filled with souvenirs of Kemal's fame and place in the Turkish heart. On one wall was the inevitable Koran inscription. This one read, "God has taught the Koran." There were various memorials beautifully inscribed on vellum, expressing the homage of Turkish cities, and also magnificent jeweled gift swords. But what impressed me most was the life-size portrait of a sweet-faced old Turkish woman that had the most conspicuous place in the chamber. I knew without being told that this was Kemal's mother. It was on her grave that he swore vengeance against the Greeks, who had once driven her out of her home. I had heard this tale many times, and Mouammer Bey and others confirmed it. Happily for the mother, she lived long enough to see her son the well-beloved of the Turkish people.

**Kemal's Steely Eye**

I had just launched into a discussion of the Turkish economic future with Mouammer Bey when Kemal's aid, a well-groomed young lieutenant in khaki, entered and said that the Ghazi was ready to see me. With him I crossed a small courtyard, went down a narrow passage, and found myself in the drawing-room of the main residence. It was furnished in the most approved European style. In one corner was a grand piano; opposite was a row of well-filled bookcases, many of the volumes French, while on the walls hung more gift swords.

In the adjoining room I could see a group of men sitting around a large round table amid a buzz of rapid talk. It was the Turkish cabinet in session, and they were discussing the latest telegrams from Lausanne, where Ismet Pasha, minister of foreign affairs, and the only absent member, had, only the day before, delivered the Turkish ultimatum on the Chester Concession and the Turkish foreign debt. Economic war, or worse, hung in the balance.

As I advanced, Rauf Bey came out and escorted me into the room where the cabinet sat. There was a quick group introduction. I had eyes, however, for only one person. It was the tall figure that rose from its place at the head of the table and came towards me with hand outstretched. I had seen endless pictures of Kemal and I was therefore familiar with his appearance. He is the type to dominate men or assemblages, first by reason of his imposing stature, for he is nearly six feet tall, with a superb chest, shoulders and military bearing; then by the almost uncanny power of his eyes, which are the most remarkable I have ever seen in a man, and I have talked with the late J. P. Morgan, Kitchener and Foch. Kemal's eyes are steely blue, cold, stony, and as penetrating as they are implacable. He has a trick of narrowing them when he meets a stranger. At first glance he looks German, for he is that rare Turkish human exhibit, a blond.

His yellow hair was brushed back straight from the forehead. The lack of coloring in his broad face and the high cheek bones refute the Teutonic impression. He really looks like a pallid Slav. Few people have ever seen Kemal smile. In the two hours and a half that I spent with him his features went through the semblance of relaxation only once. He is like a man with an iron mask, and that mask is his natural face.

I expected to find him in uniform. Instead he was smartly turned out in a black morning coat with gray striped trousers and patent-leather shoes. He wore a wing collar and a blue-and-yellow four-in-hand tie. He looked as if he was about to pay his respects to a fashionable hostess at a reception in Park Lane, London, or Fifth Avenue, New York. Kemal, I might add, has always been a stickler for dress. He introduced the calpac, the high astrakhan cap which has succeeded the long-familiar red fez as the proper Turkish headgear, and which is a badge of Nationalism.

Rauf Bey introduced me to Kemal in the cabinet room. After we had exchanged the customary salutations in French he said, "Perhaps we had better go into the next room for our talk and leave the cabinet to its deliberations." With this he led

(Continued on Page 144)



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(Continued from Page 142)

the way into the adjacent salon. With Rauf Bey at my right and Kemal on the left, we sat down at a small table. A butler, no less well groomed than his master, brought the inevitable thick Turkish coffee and cigarettes. The interview began.

Although the Ghazi knows both French and German, he prefers to talk Turkish through an interpreter. After I had expressed, again in my alleged French, the great pleasure I had in meeting him, Rauf Bey interposed the statement that perhaps it might be best for the great man to carry on in his own language. This was agreed upon, and henceforth the premier acted as intermediary.

Kemal had somehow heard of the difficulties and delays which had attended my trip to Angora. He at once apologized, saying that in the handicaps that beset administration in such a place as Angora such things were liable to happen. Then he added, "I am very glad you came. We want Americans in Turkey, for they can best understand our aspirations."

Then, straight from the shoulder, as it were, and in the concise, clear-cut way he has of expressing himself—it is almost like an officer giving a command—he asked, "What do you want me to tell you?"

"First of all," I replied, "can you give me some kind of message to the American people?"

There was method in this query because I knew that he felt friendly toward Americans and that it would immediately loosen the flow of speech. It is a maneuver in interviewing taciturn people that seldom fails to launch the talk waves.

**Admiration for Washington**

Without the slightest hesitation—and I might add that throughout the entire conversation he never faltered for a reply—he said:

"With great pleasure. The ideal of the United States is our ideal. Our National Pact, promulgated by the Grand National Assembly in January, 1920, is precisely like your Declaration of Independence. It only demands freedom of our Turkish land from the invader and control of our own destiny. Independence, that is all. It is the charter and covenant of our people, and this charter we propose to defend at any cost.

"Turkey and America are both democracies. In fact the Turkish Government at present is the most democratic in the world. It is based on the absolute sovereignty of the people, and the Grand National Assembly, its representative body, is the judicial, legislative and executive power. Between Turkey and America as sister democracies there should be the closest relations.

"In the field of economic relations Turkey and the United States can work together to the greatest mutual advantage. Our rich and varied national resources should prove attractive to American capital. We welcome American assistance in our development because, unlike the capital of any other country, American money is free from the political intrigue that animates the dealings of European nations with us. In other words, American capital does not raise the flag as soon as it is invested.

"We have already given one concrete evidence of our faith and confidence in America by granting the Chester Concession. It is really a tribute to the American people.

"All my life I have had inspiration in the lives and deeds of Washington and Lincoln. Between the original Thirteen States and the new Turkey is a curious kinship. Your early Americans threw off the British yoke. Turkey has thrown off the old yoke of empire with all the graft and corruption that it carried, and what was worse, the selfish meddling of other nations. America struggled through to independence and prosperity. We are now in the midst of travail which is witnessing the birth of a nation. With American help we will achieve our aim."

Then leaning forward, and with the only animation he displayed throughout the whole interview, he asked:

"Do you know why Washington and Lincoln have always appealed to me? I will tell you why. They worked solely for the glory and emancipation of the United States, while most other Presidents seemed to have worked for their own deification. The highest form of public service is unselfish effort."

"What is your ideal of government?" I now asked. "In other words, do you still believe in Pan-Islam and in the Pan-Turanianism idea?"

"I will tell you briefly," was the response. "Pan-Islam represented a federation based on the community of religion. Pan-Turanianism embodied the same kind of community of effort and ambition, based on race. Both were wrong. The idea of Pan-Islam really died centuries ago at the gates of Vienna, at the farthest north of the Turkish advance in Europe. Pan-Turanianism perished on the plains of the East.

"Both of these movements were wrong because they were based on the idea of conquest, which means force and imperialism. For many years imperialism dominated Europe. But imperialism is doomed. You find the answer in the wreck of Germany, Austria, Russia, and in the Turkey that was. Democracy is the hope of the human race.

"You may think it strange that a Turk and a soldier like myself who has been bred to war should talk this way. But this is precisely the idea that is behind the new Turkey. We want no force, no conquest. We want to be let alone and permitted to work out our own economic and political destiny. Upon this is reared the whole structure of the new Turkish democracy, which, let me add, represents the American idea, with this difference—we are one big state while you are forty-eight.

"My idea of nationalism is that of a people of kindred birth, religion and temperament. For hundreds of years the Turkish Empire was a conglomerate human mass in which Turks formed the minority. We had other so-called minorities, and they have been the source of most of our troubles. That, and the old idea of conquest. One reason why Turkey fell into decay was that she was exhausted by this very business of difficult rulership. The old empire was much too big and it laid itself open to trouble at every turn.

"But that old idea of force, conquest and expansion is dead in Turkey forever. Our old empire was Ottoman. It meant force. It is now banished from the vocabulary. We are now Turks—only Turks. This is why we want a Turkey of the Turks, based on that ideal of self-determination which was so well expressed by Woodrow Wilson. It means nationalism, but not the kind of selfish nationalism that has frustrated self-determination in so many parts of Europe. Nor does it mean arbitrary tariff walls and frontiers. It does signify the open door to trade, economic regeneration, a real territorial patriotism as embodied in a homeland. After all these years of blood and conquest the Turks have at last attained a fatherland. Its frontiers have been defined, the troublesome minorities are dispersed, and it is behind these frontiers that we propose to make our stand and work out our own salvation. We propose to be masters in our own house."

**Kemal's Constructive Program**

Again he leaned toward me and said in his sharp staccato fashion:

"Do you know what has obstructed European peace and reconstruction? Simply this—the interference of one nation with another. It is part of the selfish grasping nationalism to which I have already referred. It has led to the substitution of politics for economics. The German reparations tangle is only one example. The curse of the world is petty politics.

"There are nations who would block our hard-won Turkish independence; who deny our nationalism and say it is merely a camouflage to hide the desire for conquest of our neighbors on the east, and who maintain that we are not capable of economic administration. Well, they shall see.

"The first and foremost idea of the new Turkey is not political but economic. We want to be part of the world of production as well as of consumption."

"What specific aid can the United States render this new Turkey of yours?" I asked.

"Many things," came from the blond giant at my left. "Turkey is essentially a pastoral land. We must stand or fall by our agriculture. In the program for regeneration three main activities stand out. They are agriculture, transportation and hygiene, for the death rate in our villages is appallingly large.

"First take agriculture. We must develop a whole new science of farming, first through the establishment of agricultural schools, in which America can help; second

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"Transportation is equally vital. Before the World War the Germans had laid out a comprehensive scheme of transportation for Turkey, but it was based upon economic absorption of the country by them. Happily we are rid of the Germans, and so far as I am concerned, they will never get back to authority. We look to America to develop our much-needed railroads. This is one reason why we gave them the Chester Concession. I hope that the Americans realize what this concession means to us. It is not only the hope of adequate transport, but the building of new ports and the exploitation of our national resources, principally oil.

"In the matter of hygiene we have already installed a ministry of sanitation as part of the cabinet and every effort will be made to prevent the infant mortality. Here America can again help.

"While I am on the matter of economics let me deal with another question of vital importance to the new Turkey. The tragedy of Turkey in the past was the selfish attitude of the great European powers towards one another in respect of her commercial development. It was the inevitable result of the great game of concession grabbing. The powers were like dogs in a manger. If they failed in their desires they made it their business to keep rivals out as well. It is precisely what has been going on in China for years, but they will make no China out of Turkey. We will insist upon the open door for everybody, as it was enunciated by John Hay, and equality of opportunity for all. If the European powers do not like this procedure they can keep out."

"What is your panacea for the present world malady?" I next asked.

"Intelligent coöperation and not unintelligent suspicion and distrust," was the swift retort.

"Is the League of Nations the remedy?" I continued.

"Yes and no," came from Kemal. "The League's error lies in that it sets up certain nations to rule, and other nations to be ruled. The Wilsonian idea of self-determination seems to be strangely lost."

When I asked Kemal if he was in favor of allying Turkey with the League of Nations he answered:

"Conditionally, but the League as at present operated remains an experiment."

On two significant subjects Kemal has views of peculiar interest. They are Germany and Bolshevism.

**A Subtle Game**

I am betraying no confidence when I say that long before the Great War, which proved so costly to his country largely because of German conspiracy, he persistently opposed the German intrigue at Constantinople. It was his violent objection to everything German that caused Enver Pasha, who with Talaat Pasha divided the mastery of government during the war, to seek to break him in the army service and get him out of the way.

Instead of ending Kemal's career Enver provided him with the means of redeeming Turkey and making himself the national hero. Kemal's antagonism to the Germans today is no less pronounced.

With the Bolsheviks Kemal played a subtle and winning game. In the early days of the Nationalist movement he had urgent need of arms and munitions. He angled with Moscow until he got what he wanted in the shape of supplies, and then gave them the cold shoulder. At that time the Bolsheviks looked upon the new Turks as heaven-born allies for the red conquest of the whole Near East. They were the first to recognize the Angora Government, and still maintain an elaborate mission there. Kemal and his chief colleagues are convinced that Bolshevism has passed the peak and is on the down grade. If the "Bolos" think that they have a willing tool in Kemal they have another guess coming.

Upon one subject of universal interest, the emancipation of Turkish women, Kemal has definite opinions. He not only favors the ultimate banishment of the veil but wants woman to be part and parcel of the public life. His views run in this wise:

"Our women ought to be the equal of men in education and activity. From the

earliest times of Islam there have been women savants, authors and orators, as well as women who opened schools and delivered lectures. The Moslem religion even orders women to educate themselves to the same standard as men. In the war with the Greeks Turkish women replaced the absent men in all kinds of work at home, and even undertook the transport of munitions and supplies for the army. It was done in response to a true sociological principle—namely, that women should collaborate with men in making society better and stronger.

"It is supposed that in Turkey women pass their lives in inactivity and in idleness. That is a calumny. In the whole of Turkey, except in large towns, the women work side by side with the men in the fields, and participate in the national work generally. It is only in large towns that Turkish women are sequestered by their husbands. This arises from the fact that our women veil and cloister themselves more than their religion orders. Tradition has gone too far in this respect."

During the whole interview, save for the two occasions when he leaned forward to emphasize his points, Kemal had sat erect in his chair, smoking cigarettes continually. The only time there was the slightest indication of a break in those stony features was when we started to discuss more or less personal affairs at the end of the talk, and when I told him that I had not married because I traveled so much and that no wife would stand such incessant action. He thereupon said: "I have only lately married myself."

**Madame Kemal**

This naturally leads to the romance in Kemal's life. Like other men of iron he has his one vulnerable point, and having met Madame Kemal I can understand why he succumbed. I heard the whole story at first hand and in this fashion:

While we were in the midst of the interview the butler entered and whispered something in Kemal's ear. Instantly he turned and said, not without pride, "Madame Kemal is coming down."

A few moments later the most attractive Turkish woman I had yet met entered—I should say glided—into the room. She was of medium height, with a full Oriental face and brilliant dark eyes. Her every movement was grace itself. Although she wore a sort of non-Turkish costume—it was dark blue—she had retained the charming head-dress which is usually worn with the veil and which, according to the old Turkish custom, must completely hide the hair. The veil, however, was absent, for Madame Kemal is one of the emancipated ones, and some of her brown tresses peeped out from beneath the beguiling cover. A subtle perfume emanated from her. She was a visualization of feminine Paris literally adorning the Angora scene.

Kemal presented me to his wife, employing Turkish in the introduction. I addressed her in French and she replied in admirable English; in fact, she had a British accent. The reason was that she had spent some of her school life in England. Later she studied in France. Madame Kemal at once took her seat at the table and listened to the cross examination of her husband with interest.

Shortly after her arrival Kemal was summoned into the next room, where the cabinet was still in session, and during his absence she told me the story of her life, which is a charming complement to the narrative of her distinguished husband's more strenuous career.

Her father, as I have already intimated, is the richest merchant of Smyrna, which has been for years the economic capital of Turkey. Her name is Latife. To this must be added the word *hanum*, which in Turkey may mean either "Miss" or "Mrs." Thus before her marriage she was Latife Hanum. If she employed her full married name now it would be Latife Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Hanum.

During the early days of the Greek war she was alternately in Paris and London. In the autumn of 1921 she returned to Smyrna, which was then in the hands of the Greeks, who had imprisoned her father and who eventually arrested her on the charge of being a Turkish spy. She was sentenced to detention in her own home with two Greek soldiers on guard before the door. Here she spent three months.

One day the Greek sentries suddenly vanished. There was the bustle and din of



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hasty retreat, and early the next morning the conquering Turks rode into Smyrna. A few days later Kemal entered in triumph at the head of his victorious army. Let me tell the rest in madame's own naive words, which were:

"Although I had never met Mustapha Kemal I invited him to be our guest during his stay in Smyrna. I admired his courage, patriotism and leadership, and he accepted our invitation. I found that we had common ideals for the reconstruction of our country, and later we discovered that we had something else in common. Not long afterwards forty to fifty of our friends were invited to the house for tea. The mufti, as the Turkish registrar is called, was summoned, and without any previous announcement we were married. Our wedding ring was brought to us later from Lausanne by Ismet Pasha."

Madame Kemal spoke with frank admiration about her husband. "He is not only a great patriot and soldier but he is also an unselfish leader," she said. "He has built a system of government that can function without him. He wants absolutely nothing for himself. He would be willing to retire at any time if he were convinced that his ideal of the self-determined Turkey will prevail."

"I am acting as a sort of amanuensis for him. I read and translate the foreign papers for him, play the piano when he wants relaxation, and I have started to write his biography."

"What are your husband's diversions?" I asked.

"He loves music and when he does find time to read he absorbs ancient history," was the reply. Then pointing to three playful pups that gambled on the floor at our feet she added: "I have also provided him with these little dogs, to whom he has become much attached." The snapshot of Kemal reproduced in this article shows the pups.

### Education Before Suffrage

Madame Kemal has definite ideas about the future of Turkish women. Like Halide Hanum, she is strong for emancipation. Along this line she said:

"I believe in equal rights for Turkish women, which means the right to vote and to sit in the Grand National Assembly. I maintain, however, that before suffrage and public service must come education. It would be absurd to impose suffrage on ignorant peasants. We must have schools for women eventually, conducted by women. It is bound to be a slow process. I am in favor of abolishing the veil, but this will also be a gradual development. We want no quick changes. It must be evolution instead of revolution."

"On one subject I have strong views: Education and religion in Turkey must be separate and distinct. This is my ideal of the mental uplift of the women of my race."

We began to discuss books. Much to my surprise I found that Madame Kemal was a great admirer of Longfellow. She quoted the whole of the Psalm of Life. I was equally interested to find how well she knew Keats, Shelley and Byron. I referred to the fact that in the old days Byron's books were forbidden in Turkey on account of his pro-Greek sentiments, whereupon she remarked vivaciously, "All such procedures are now part of the buried Turkish past."

At this juncture Kemal returned, and the threads of the interview with him were picked up. When we concluded, twilight had come and it was time to go. I had brought with me a photograph of the Ghazi that I had obtained in Angora. It was taken in the early days of 1920. As he looked at it he said wistfully, "That reminds me of my youth." He signed it and then gave me two others at my request.

The farewells were now said, and I left. As I drove back to Angora through the gathering night, hailed at intervals by cavalry patrols, for the watch on Kemal increases with the dark, and with bugle calls echoing across the still air, I realized that I had established contact with a strong and dominating personality, a unique leader among men.

It remains only to reveal the somewhat brief and crowded span of Kemal's life so far. He is the son of an obscure petty government official and was born forty-three years ago at Saloniki, which was then under the Turkish flag. The fact of his birth here has given rise to the widespread belief that he is a Jew, which is not true. The surmise

was natural because during the Spanish persecutions Saloniki became the haven of innumerable oppressed Israelites. Here, as elsewhere in the Turkey that was, and is, they have become important factors in both the commercial and the political life. The Turks are a mixed race, however, because of the old itch for conquest, and Kemal's mother had a strain of Albanian in her.

Kemal was destined for the army and at the proper age entered the military school at Monastir. Once in the army, he impressed his colleagues by a real love of soldiering. Then, as now, he was a nationalist. In those days this was heresy, because Turkey was in the grip of a corrupt stewardship which combined control of both church and state in the sultanate. In other words, the sultan was not only ruler but as grand caliph was also defender of the faith.

A comrade of Kemal's early soldiering days told me in Constantinople that when the Committee of Union and Progress, which was controlled by Enver Pasha, and which brought about the revolution of 1908 and the counter revolution of 1909, was at the height of its power, the future emancipator of his country said: "These politicians are bound to fail because they represent a class and not a country. Their motives are purely political. Some day I shall help to redeem Turkey." Like Napoleon, he believed that he was a man of destiny, and his subsequent achievements have confirmed that early belief.

### Kemal at the Dardanelles

It is interesting to add that at a time when smart officers in Turkey had brilliant prospects in politics Kemal stuck to his profession. He fought in Tripoli against the Italians, but it was not until the World War that he emerged from the more or less anonymity of the average officer's life.

With his antipathy for the Germans, he naturally opposed Turkey's entrance into the war on the side of the Central Powers. At once he incurred the bitter enmity of Enver Pasha, and this hostility became more acute during the years of the conflict. Enver tried in every way to humble him, but he was too good a soldier to be sacked. At one time he temporarily left the front to accompany the future Sultan Mohammed VI, then the crown prince, on a state visit to Germany.

Prior to the Dardanelles campaign Kemal was a colonel of infantry. Even before the British and French made their ill-fated landing he had been given a command on Gallipoli. Soon after, he was made a brigadier general—this gave him the title of Pasha—and he took over the 19th Division. When the notorious Liman von Sanders fell from favor he became one of the chief ranking Turkish officers on the peninsula.

Most people do not know that it was largely through Kemal's quick judgment that the Dardanelles expedition failed. On the day that the Australians made their historic attack at Anzac Beach, Kemal had ordered the two best regiments of his division on parade, fully equipped for a maneuver against the very heights where the Anzacs, as the Australians were known, were about to operate. When the news of the landing and of the defeat of the Turkish troops along the coast first reached him it was coupled with the information that the movement was merely a feint, and with a request that he would detach only one battalion to deal with it.

Kemal judged from the firing, and from the direction of the advance, that this was no mere feint but a serious attack. He took it on himself at once to order all three battalions standing on parade to carry out their prearranged maneuver. They were followed by the whole of a second regiment and by a mountain battery which Mustapha himself posted and directed. He had committed the commander of the other division as well as his more cautious superiors, and had, in fact, saved the situation.

At the close of the World War Turkey lay prostrate. The British Fleet was in the Bosphorus, and the Sultan and his advisers were under the thumb of the Allies. When the Armistice of Mudros was signed in 1918 and the Turks surrendered, Kemal had just returned from Palestine, where, after a heroic struggle, he saved the Turkish rear-guard. He was now made inspector-general of the remnants of the Turkish forces in Asia Minor with a view to bringing order out of the chaos into which the defeated Turkish Army had been plunged.

(Continued on Page 149)



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(Continued from Page 146)

In May, 1919, the Greeks occupied Smyrna, which they had long coveted. This ill-advised procedure was due almost entirely to Lloyd George, and, although the British premier did not realize it at the time, was the first of the events that hurled him from power.

Just as it marked the beginning of ultimate disaster for the Greeks, and the final overthrow of Lloyd George, so did it at the same time mean that Kemal's great hour had come. The occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks, together with the brutal way they imposed their will, was the spark, as it were, that started the flame of the new nationalism in Turkey.

Far up beyond Erzerum was Kemal with the remnants of an army which he had been sent to demobilize and disarm. As news of the Greek outrages in and around Smyrna, and accounts of the deportation of many of his Constantinople colleagues by the British filtered in, he realized that the time to strike was at hand. Instead of demobilization and disarmament he sent out a call for arms and volunteers with which to resist what he believed was the inevitable extinction of his country. He began to organize a counter government whose platform was the liberation of Turkey from foreign domination. Since he was the head and front of the movement his followers came to be called Kemalists. The first capital of this new nationalist movement was Erzerum, in what was Turkish Armenia. Later it was moved to Sivas, and early in 1920 to Angora.

Meanwhile the Sultan's government at Constantinople, at Allied dictation, had sent peremptory word to Kemal to return. When he refused he was outlawed and sentenced to death. This only added to his growing popularity.

Kemal's task was twofold: One phase was to "Drive out the Greeks," as the slogan became; the other was to perfect the Nationalist Government. Both consummations were achieved. They required the genius and strategy of military leadership on the one hand, and keen, organizing statesmanship on the other. Kemal combined all these necessary qualities in himself.

There is no space here to recount the story of those two years of fighting in which the Greeks advanced as far as the Sakaria River, which means that they were forty miles from Angora, and how under Kemal and the no less astute Ismet Pasha, who is a soldier and not a diplomat by training, the invaders were driven back into the sea. It is an oft-told tale.

**Turkey's New Constitution**

What concerns us mainly is the system of government that Kemal created amid the hardship and discomfort of Angora, and with every alien hand except ours raised against him. It is really a striking adventure in democracy. Although not so technically designated, it is for all practical and working purposes a republic.

Under the so-called National Pact adopted by the Grand National Assembly in Angora in 1920 the Turks paralleled the American Declaration of Independence. It declared, among other things, that "it is a fundamental condition of our life and continued existence that we, like every country, should enjoy complete independence and liberty in the matter of assuring the means of our development, in order that our national and economic development should be rendered possible."

The new Turkish Constitution is embodied in what is known as the Fundamental Law, which decrees that the sovereignty of the nation rests with the nation as exercised by the Grand National Assembly elected by the people. This assembly alone can declare war or make peace. It elects its president—the office now held by Kemal Pasha—who is the first official of the state. As I have already pointed out, the assembly also chooses the members of the cabinet.

Far more significant than these innovations, when you consider the past history of Turkey, is the absolute separation of church and state. The sultan business is finished, and the head of the Moslem faith reposes in a caliph named by the Grand National Assembly. He continues as spiritual chief of the Mohammedan world but has no influence upon Turkish affairs. In brief, he is the pope of the Moslems.

This separation of church and state has a big meaning for the foreigner and his business interests. Until the Nationalist movement a sort of extraterritoriality under

the name of capitulations existed. These were necessary under the old régime because religion and law were closely related. The church threw upon the ignorance and superstition of the masses. The Pious Foundation—the *Evkof*, as it is called—which controls all church property, is one of the richest trusts in the world. Hence, as in China, the alien had to have his own courts. One of the first things that Kemal did was to abolish the capitulations. With the courts purged of religious influence the alien now has a square deal.

**Personal Characteristics**

By this time you will have realized that Kemal is no ordinary person. When you study the man and his method you discover that two qualities underlie his astounding performance. One is doggedness of purpose which marches at the behest of an iron will; the other is his profound respect for public opinion. Although the adored of his people, who have implicit faith in his judgment, he has, from the start, consulted them in every step. When he wants to put over a proposition he goes to the masses and through the agency of what we should call a town meeting states his case. So in his relations with the Grand National Assembly.

Although he is a stickler for smart clothes and etiquette his whole life has been marked by a direct simplicity. When he went to the front to lead the last stand of the Turks against the advancing Greeks the only document that he left behind was the following brief note for Dr. Adnan Bey, who was then vice president of the Grand National Assembly:

To the Vice President of the Grand National Assembly: I am leaving for the front and I ask you kindly to take care of my affairs during my absence.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL  
President of the Grand National Assembly.

Compare the failure of Enver Pasha with the success of Kemal Pasha and you can see how they differed in strategy. Enver went straight ahead to the fulfillment of his purpose. If he struck a stone wall he tried to batter it down. Eventually he succumbed. Kemal, when he meets an obstacle, waits patiently until he can get around it, and he usually gains his ends.

The patience to which I have just alluded stood him in good stead at Sakaria, which represents the peak of his military career. For days the outlook was desperate. Regiment after regiment had been hurled against the Greeks, who fought them back with terrible loss. Three divisional generals were killed in the first day's fighting. Turkish disaster seemed inevitable. An orderly dashed up to Kemal saying that another position had been lost. Turmoil raged all round him, but the commander in chief stood unmoved and without the slightest expression on that sphinxlike face.

At the critical hour he gave a quiet word of command and five thousand picked troops, which he had kept in reserve and under cover, leaped into action. Their instructions were not to fire until they saw the whites of the enemy's eyes. They turned the tide and the Greek retreat began.

For the moment Kemal is secure on the dizzy eminence where the tide of his accomplishments, aided by the almost frenzied acclaim of his people, has landed him. On August fourteenth last he was reelected president of the Grand National Assembly. Only one vote was cast against him. It was for Ismet Pasha, and the impression is that Kemal so honored his eminent associate. Thus for two years his post is safe.

Meanwhile his troubles will begin. Just now he dominates—in fact he is—the so-called Defense of Rights Party, which is the People's Party, and which has practically no opposition. Another wing must eventually develop and the inevitable political division will arise.

More immediate is the task of translating that kindling formula of economic and political self-determination, the Magna Charta of the new Turkey, into cold and practical reality. The tumult and shouting have died out. Peace is signed. The wounds of conflict must now be bound up. Kemal's real test as national leader, therefore, will be to bring order and prosperity out of the rack and ruin wrought by twelve years of almost continuous warfare.

Whether as economic messiah he will duplicate his astounding record in field and forum remains to be seen. Whatever fate holds out for him, he has already written himself large in the history of his time.

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