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 was the presiding judge of Halide Hanum, the foremost woman reformer of Turkey, whom I was later to meet in interesting circumstances. The story of the daring escape of Halide Hanum will be disclosed in a subsequent article. Adnan Bey, however, is not what we would call a professional husband in America. Long before his marriage the Kemalist cause he was widely known as one of the ablest physicians in Turkey.

At Ankara a telegram to Angora asking for my permission to go. This permission is concretely embodied in a pass—the afore-mentioned Laurus, and as such I was sent to the police headquarters. To-day, when the day 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 as important as a public handbill, as I was not so welcome.

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 suffix 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 came. A few days later Turkish officials demanded an answer. 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. Angora became a jump-off point for nocturnal telegraphic protests and requests, and I felt that mine was completely lost in the new and growing shuffle.

Meanwhile, Kemal Bey acquired a fine 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 the Turks only know the language spoken in Anatolia is Turkish. Reschad Bey really was an inheritance from Robert Embrie, who had just retired after a year as American Consul in Angora, and who Reschad Bey had been his interpreter. Much contact with Embrie 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, 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 this all was of no avail 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 not going to be left out. I wrote to him, 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 ceremony 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 was wired to him the day 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 tangled tangle tape at the postoffice预售 telegraph cable 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 annoyingly awaited message. It was a typically Turkish procedure, and just the kind of thing that might have happened at an official bureau anywhere in the country. Before Reschad Bey reported to me after his return I had no ceases in my postenron and was getting ready to start.
Difficult as was this first step, it was matched in various landscapes 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 Besorus 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 Iznik 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— I 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 Keyu, 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 aesthetic, is to secure half a dozen tins of insect powder. The moment you leave Constantinople—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 incursions of vermin, but even long experience with trench warfare does not cure the European of aversion to it.

It was on a brilliant sunny Monday morning that I left Constantinople for Angora. Admiral Bristol had placed a triumphant British command on the doorstep of my dwelling in the city 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 has a business mission at Angora, and the faithful Resheh Rej, 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 Harrington, 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**

OVERTIME the village became famous. The small stone house not far from the place 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 American flivver just acquired by a Brusa dealer, which had been ordered by telegraph and which awaited us at the docks. The hillsides were studded with masses 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 muzzins 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 Hotel d'Anatolia, where I had 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. On her pleasant garden, where we could listen to the musical flow of a tiny cascading stream, and in a quiet 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 where 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 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 unregarded wood-wheeled carts drawn by oxen or water buffalos, 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 awaile 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 sentinelling 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 Keyu, 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 Zakl-Sheher, 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 burned by the Greeks. No sooner was I on the train and trying
KEMAL PASHA
(Continued from Page 9)

to get some sleep on the hard seat, for Pullman cars are unknown in Turkey. I began to make the acquaintance of the little travelers who had put the ticket into Anatolia. They all were persons who had accustomed Nature to discomfort.

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

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

Almost before I realized the month of November was at an end and we were more than a month’s ride 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 an independent, foreign, or historic civilization. After their temporary sojourn first at Erzerum and then at Sivas, the nationalists had set up their governmental shop in this squallid, dilapidated old village on the outskirts of the Anatolian road. It was not without its historical association because once the vandals had passed here, and later the Cimmerian 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 in English, we had the first flag of the government, and the innumerable human appendages of national administration. From the day that Kemal Pasha and his colleagues were in Angora last year, Angora was also the general headquarters of the Turkish Army and its chief base.

Then, as now, Angora was more like a village than like the first flush of a boom, than the capital of a government. A government whose future is a source of concern in European channels of news. Indeed every excuse for a habitation, is packed and jammed with people. Imbrie, the American consul, was forced to live a year in a freight car which was placed at his disposal by the government. Moreover, we find it 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. There is perhaps the nearest approach to a restaurant, which is the Turkish word for house. The average Turkish village house is a small building with a quadrangle, where a carriage driver parks his carriages at night and sleeps on the platform. 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 and look around. The dispersion is almost an inexcusable 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.

The Grand National Assembly is unique among all parliamentary bodies in that it does not elect the president. It is the person who is likewise the executive head of the government, but it also designates the members of the cabinet, including the premier. Under the new constitution the government cannot operate if the premier fails to get a vote of confidence.

If a cabinet is dissolved, the minister is named, and the business of the government goes on without interruption.

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The delegate 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 row was to see him. I had arrived at noon on a

Wednesday and promptly sent Rechad Bey to see Rauf Bey, the premier, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Admiral Bristol. The cabinet was in almost con

tinuous 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 mea

gerly furnished, but alive with the per

sonality of its chief, a brilliant gift writer. 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 principal figures at the ceremony held by the British Consulate at 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 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. Subse

quently this was changed because, as Rauf Bey put it, “The Ghazi’s in-law” was

the house and his house is crowded.”

But until the term “in-law” you can see

quidity Rauf had adapted himself to Western phraseology.

The prevailing air to the Ghazi re

quires an explanation. Ordinarily Kemal

is referred to in Angora as the prophet as the emir. He wanted Tuk, however, invariably gives him his later title of Ghazi voted by the assembly, which is the Turkish word for “conqueror.” Since his

dateful day in 1453 when Mohammed the Conqueror burst through the gates of Con

stantinople and the Moslem era on the

Bosphorus began, the proud title has been conferred on only one, the room of

Topal Osman Pasha, the hero of Piemva; the second was Nuskhat Pasha, the con

queror of the Gruce late the 18th., 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

five miles beyond Angora. Motor cars are scarce in Angora, so I had to drive out in a long-winded carriage. Rechad Bey went along. He was not present at the
talk with Kemal, however.

The Ghazi’s Residence

As we nearied Kemal’s abode we began to encounter troops, who increased in num

ber the farther we went. These soldiers

represented one of the many precautions taken to safeguard Kemal’s life because he is in daily danger of assassination by some enraged Greek or Armenian. Several at

ttempts have already been made to shoot him, and his family, Rauf Bey, the Turkish officer, was seriously wounded by the wreck of a

motor car.

Two previous leaders, both of them tools of the Germans, the notorious Talat Pasha, and his mate in crimes, the no less odious Enver Pasha, met violent deaths after the

World War. But Kemal repre

ts a different order of leadership.

Soon an attractive white stone house, faced with red, surmounting a verdant hill, came into view. At the gate was a net garden and almond orchard, came into view. At

the right was a smaller stone cottage. Rechad 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 been reinforced by the impression that the guard of sentries became thicker. When we reached the entrance we were stopped by a

steward and asked to tell our business. Rechad 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 es

corted us into the little stone cottage, which Kemal uses as a reception room. Here I found the Ghazi’s father-in-law, Mouam

mer Ouakdab Bey, who is the richest

merchant of Smyrna and who incidentally was the first Turkish minister 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 later.

Meanwhile I looked about the room, which was filled with souvenirs of Kemal’s fame and place in his Turkish heart. One wall was the inevitable Koran inscrip

This one read, “God has taught the Koran.” There were various memorials, beautifully inscribed on vellum, expressing the homage of Turkish cities, and also mag

ificent jeweled gifts. But what im

pressed me most was the life-size portrait of a soft-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 seen her many times and Mouammar 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 Peroum

be 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 corridor and found myself in the drawing-room of the main residence. It was furnished in the most approved Angora style, the 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 round a large round table, amid a bustle of rapid talk. It was the Turkish cabinet in session, and they were dis

cussing the latest news from Lausanne, where Ismet Pasha, minister of foreign affairs, and the only absent member, had, only the day before, tendered the Turkish ultimatum on the Chester Concession and the Turk-French Financial treaties, Economic war, or worse, hung in the balance.

As I advanced, Rauf Bey came out and es

corted me into the room where the cabinet sat. There was a quick group introduc

tion. 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 turned 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 statesman or assemblies, first by reason of his imposing stature, for

he is nearly six feet tall, with a superb chest, shoulders and muscular build; 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 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 the blond. Yellow hair was brushed back straight from the forehead. The lack of clothing in his broad face and the high cheekbones, and the rigid line of his moustache, makes him really looks like a modern Slav. Few people have ever seen Kemal smile. In the two hours and a half of conversation with him his features seemed to radiate an impression of serenity. He is like a man with intense mustache, and his face is his natural face.

No one expected to find him in uniform. Instead he was smartly turned out in a black morning coat and gray striped trousers with a white shirt and black tie. He wore a wing collar and a yellow-and-blue plaid with the white tie. He looked as if he was about to pay his respects to his host at a reception in Park Lane, London, or Fifth Avenue, New York. Kemal, I might add, has always been a strict observer of civilian costume. He introduced the white hose, the high astrakhan cap which has succeeded the long-familiar red fez as the headgear of the government, and which is a badge of Nationalism.

Rechad 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 reception to its deliberations." With this he led

(Continued on Page 144)
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through the introduction of tractors and other modern farm machinery. We must develop new crops, such as cotton, and expand our old crops, such as tobacco. Of the motor, whether on the highway or the farm, will be our first aid.

"Transportation is equally vital. Before the World War the Germans had laid out a comprehensive scheme of transportation for Turkey, but it was killed upon economic absorption of the country by them. Happily we are rid of the Germans, and so far as I am concerned I will never get back to authority. We look to America to develop our motorist and 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 system 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, 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 mange, and they failed in their desires to make it in business to keep rivals out as well. It is precisely what has been going on in China for years, but we 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 our doors.

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

"Intelligent cooperation and not unintelligent suspicion and distrust," was the swift reply.

"Is the League of Nations the remedy?" asked another.

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

"When I asked a German why 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 intrigue, he had anticipated the German intrigue at Constantinople. It was his pet project to enmesh everything as a nefarious plot that caused Enver Pasha, who with Talat Pasha divided the mastery of government in Turkey, to seek to break him in the army service and get him out of the way.

Instead of ending Kemal’s political career Enver provided him with the means of redeeming Turkey and making himself the national hero. Kemal’s name is today as famous as the name of Napoleon.

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

"Although I never met Mustapha Kemal to bid him 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 in the early days of our military career we did something else in common. Not long afterwards forty to fifty of our friends were invited to the house for this war, and none of us has been more pleased with the result. We have built the Turkish republic is called, was summoned, and without any previous announcement, we took the train to Smyrna. Our wedding ring was brought to us later from Lausanne by President Pasha."

Marian Kemal spoke with frank admiration about her husband. "He is not only a great patriot and soldier, but he is an unselfish leader," she said. "He has built a system of government that can function without him. He kept his promise to himself. He was willing to retire at any time if he were convinced that his ideas were self-determining. Turkey will prevail.

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

"What are your husband's diversions?"

"He loves music and when he does something new he finds time to read his absorbing history," was the reply. "I am the one to write the books and the public service must come education. It is therefore that my husband is 글격 good and 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. When the non-Muslims change, it may be a revolution instead of a revolution.

"One subject I have strong views: Education alone is not enough. Turkey must be separate and distinct. This is my idea of the independence of my own 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 in finding how well she knew Keats, Shelley and Byron. I referred to the fact that in the old bylines Bly's books were forbidden in Turkey on account of political reasons, and when she reached this point 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 me were picked up. When we concluded, twilight had come and it was time to go. I had been so fully occupied with the events that I had obtained in Angora. It was taken in the evening of November 20th, as he left his carriage, he said to me, "It fills me with a deep sense of sadness and a sense of my youth." He signed it and then gave me two other requests.

"Can you send a copy of this letter from me?" I said, and I left. As I drove back to Angora through the gathering night, hailed an automobile by car. "I feel as if for the watch on Kemal he was not for me. He was for the watch on Kemal increases with the dark, and by the guard of his and his friends. I realized that I had established contact with a strong and dominating personality, a unique leader among the Turks."

It remains only to reveal the somewhat broad and crowded span of Kemal's life so far as I know. Under pressure of events Kemal was appointed prime minister of the Republic in the early days of the war. The fall of his government has given rise to widespread belief that he was a Jew, which is not true. The surname was natural because during the Spanish persecutions hundreds went to the haven of innumerable oppressed Israelis. Here, as elsewhere in the Turkey that was, and is, they have been important factors in both the religious and the political life.

The Turks are a mixed race, however, because of the old 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 in Constantinople, which was controlled by Turgut Pasha. Kemal had known the Turk in a grip of a corrupt stewardship, which combined control of both church and state, and he never, even in his later years, was accustomed to work which was done by Kemal to the posts of his government were not only rulers but as grand caliphs was also the task of the faith.

A committee of Kemal's early soldiering days told me in Constantinople that when the Committee for Reform and Progress, which was controlled by Enver Pasha, and which brought about the revolution of 1908 and the establishment of the Constitutional government, the height of its power, the future emperor of his country said: "These politicians are because they represent a class and not a country. Their motives are purely political. Some day I shall help to redeem it." As Napoleon, he believed that he was a man of destiny, and his subsequent achievements have confirmed that belief.
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