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HALIDE EDIB TELLS OF TURKEY

BY GLADYS BAKER

[illegible] I went to keep an appointment with Halide Edib some very pictures of the distinguished woman flashed before me as her name is closely in Turkey's struggle for independence enacted during years after the armistice, the dramatic outcome of which startled the world and contributed vivid pages of history.

I see her after the bloody rout of the Greeks in the country routed like a hare before the wind, fled in disguise from the wrath of the British and the government, pursued during days and nights across the Anatolian plains and mountains of Angora.

I see her during those days followed when, with a price on her head, she stood side by side Nationalist leaders in tent headquarters surrounded by [illegible]

I see her in the uniform of a nurse on the sun-baked battlefields of Sakaria or charging in the grave dangers across the ruins of Anatolia, or standing in a shoulder with Mustapha Kemal in an icy trench during Turkish offensive.

* * *

THE SCENE shifted and I saw her again in the garb of a Red Cross nurse in a crude hospital in Ankiebehir, working amid the dead and bodies which piled daily to resist the putrefaction of something sun of Midsummer.

[illegible] and, during these stressful days the Halide Edib whose face appeared in every newspaper as "the friend the man whose position in Turkey is as supreme as Mussolini in Italy." I recalled [illegible] which said that Mustapha Kemal in daily conference with the association of her uncanny statesmanship and her acknowledge of the people on dreams of power depended, recent gossip came trooping [illegible] to accompany the vivid celebrated woman to America. [illegible] present dictator of Turkey [illegible] influence among her people [illegible] to an extent that she was [illegible] her country. There were [illegible] solutory, of unfair dealing [illegible] of appreciation for the [illegible] who said to have unsell [illegible] sided him to his present [illegible]

[illegible] kind of a woman was this [illegible] talk with whom I was to have the fortune of spending a leisure hour.

* * *

REGARDLESS of what preconceived impressions I had formed my mind about her I was entirely unprepared for the feminine, fragile creature who greeted me in her apartment at a hotel in New York where she is staying during her visit in America.

Less than anything else one is inclined to be aware of her gentle breeding. The days of the Old South we have called her "a lady." This comes from one of the most aristocratic families of Turkey, men to whom were keepers of the harem, and was brought up in the highest culture of Moslem tradition is apparent from the moment she extends her hand in a gracious gesture of welcome.

There is so much dramatic incident about her history that each phase of her—her fights, her voice, her eyes and hair—is written in the pages of the drama. Even in the slightness of her figure I could see night, with its sex cast in inky, silent plains of Anatolia, she seemed to have sunk in the mire. How [illegible] exaggeration of her diminutive [illegible] guard had put [illegible] Mustapha Kemal, [illegible] lively that "she made absolutely no impression at all."

I could well believe it. It is doubtful if in the nation of Turkey anything [illegible] the net weight of an even [illegible]

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HER hands, crossed and firm with the pointed, delicate fingers of an artist, made me think of a bride, when fleeing from Constantinople, her bridegroom gave way in spite of her clever disguise as an aged peasant woman. Her girls, a student in the university, been on the verge of recognition when the "old woman" deliberately stuck out her teeth and spitting the shells, a breach of etiquette the student knew could never contributed to her former aristocracy of Western Turkish harems of Constantinople.

Now comes to you in a rich, rich whisper. I drew my chair that I would not lose an inch of well-formed and clearly-defined words she made to my inquiries. Could this be the wonderful woman who, when drawn to some episode of her past rose in the shadow of defying the sultanic government, in the Sultan's palace, sensational away over the Moslem? I was swept back to the year of 1909 and saw the Joan of Arc standing on the cement [illegible] fighting the torch of the hearts of 700,000 of countrymen and uttering those words which were later to become a slogan in the army, "the enemy our friends, the government our enemy."

* * *

HER face is surprisingly oval in spite for the slender contour of her figure. Her cheeks are youthfully rounded, a little of upper-class. Moreover, the tint of her skin not to ivory-toned alabaster which [illegible] on a nearby table. [illegible] more was the impression on me that she was totally [illegible] the Amazon, the warrior, the suffragette type I had [illegible] Nose of the years of [illegible] external conflict had left [illegible] but pure type [illegible] comelineess. Her face had [illegible] escaped the ravages of [illegible] cauldron into which she [illegible] drawn in her country's [illegible] existence.

[illegible] slowly bobbed in becoming, was unmarred by any [illegible] of silver. When she [illegible] fell across it, it brought [illegible] the rich brocaded [illegible] masters.

[illegible] to the eyes of this person that one must [illegible] the ravages of [illegible] experiences. For quite a [illegible] might fall under the [illegible] brilliant beauty. You might [illegible] the Turkish woman [illegible] come, in her smart sports [illegible] kashia and scarf of [illegible] brown and [illegible] make.

[illegible] eyes betray the hidden [illegible] the woman. None, having [illegible] into the eyes, burning [illegible] pools of unfathomable [illegible] can doubt that she [illegible] life in its bleakness and [illegible] They are filled with sad [illegible] shadows, as dark as those [illegible] own cypress trees in Anatolia [illegible] them to the edges. And [illegible] ordinary size of them [illegible] the impression.

* * *

[illegible] Madame Edib's smiles are infrequent. Lines ripple [illegible] from the corners of her [illegible] being instantly gay [illegible] wishes to be responsive. [illegible] eyes can scarcely more [illegible] moment of frivolity. It's [illegible] poignant—that smile of [illegible]

MUSTAPHA KEMAL — HALIDE EDIB

Halide Edib. You want to put out your hand to her. To let her know that you—with accent on the last syllable, it sounds like music) means "Eternity Beautiful."

Because it is freely discussed in her "Memoirs" and because she is one of the first women in Turkey to ask for a divorce, we spoke briefly of her former marriage. She had become the bride of Salih Zeki. He was a man as scarcely 18. He was one of the nation's savants, a brilliant mathematician who had been one of her teachers at the Constantinople American College for Women from which she was the first Moslem student to receive a B. A. degree.

For nine years his gigantic intellectuality had served as a complement to her own searching type of mentality. Besides, she had brought to this union that great love which a delicately-strung, imaginative and romantic nature gives but once in the lifetime of its blossoming.

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HE AND his girls-wife spent many congenial hours together. Often at dusk they sat before the garden in their charming home in Istambul, until dawn gilded the minarets with rosy fingers, trying, together, to fathom the riddle of the universe, to the great scholar giving her the ideas of the greatest minds of the ages and also an enthusiasm for the separation came when, in accord with the social custom of Turkey's upper classes, he sought to share his affections with another Moslem beauty. But with her rebellion towards the laws of her forefathers in matters of fidelity, she sought release from the union. Later when she read the news of his death she recalled him saying, "O, Halide, thou will never free thy mind from mine."

Her first meeting with Mustapha Kemal, at the home of Dr. Adnan, director general of the health department, and subsequently a valued leader in the Nationalist party. Since 1919 she had been living in England where both have made frequent contributions to literature.

* * *

WE SPOKE of her philosophy. I wanted to know just what it was from which she derived solace in those dark passages which had crowded her life more than its sunlit spaces. What was the thing she clung to in the fastnesses of her heart, when most humans, put to any one of the innumerable tests which confronted her, would have wavered.

"Is it your religion?" I thought of the comfort derived from it by many of the Islamic disciples.

"No," she said slowly. "I think not. Though I am a Moslem, I am not orthodox in my religion. Or, it was thing else, for that matter," she hesitated, putting out her hands in a wide gesture as though to sweep away all obstacles, bows and barriers. "I believe in the three principles taught by Mohammed—One God, His prophets, and the Golden Rule. Most world religions have a similar signification." And here she showed great tolerance, for she had she would be quite willing for either of her sons to become Christians.

Then back to our original subject. "My philosophy?" she mused, "I do not know if I am able to tell you about it. It isn't something that one can put into words. Is it?" There was a deep silence in the little room and for the moment we were far away from the roaring traffic of Twenty-Eighth Street and the adjacent skyscrapers.

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I FELT, then, the things which I had sensed with her were inexpressible and most of all I had an impression of this woman's abject scant courage. To the interviewer the silence was sufficiently pregnant, but I know that it was the woman's desire to bring the impression down to nice terminology and neat phrases. And so I urged her to another query.

"Do you think it's all for some purpose?"

"Yes," she finally admitted. "But I don't know what. I am sure." This with the hesitancy of a modesty which characterized her statements. "But if I did not think it was to some definite end or usefulness, I don't think it would have been possible to go through some of the difficult places," she concluded, using the far straight which marks her mode of expression in conversation or letters.

"Do you think there is any continuity for the immortality of the soul?" was also a subject on which she needed prompting. It was as if the question was close to her that it was tinged with some measure of self-consciousness. And it was something of which she wanted to speak only in utter sincerity and without exaggeration.

"I hope not," she broke the silence and her voice was very weary, "at least, I hope there is no continuity of personality. I should like to think that I would never be a human being again in whatever waits for us beyond this existence. I should rather be anything than a human being, an animal is preferable."

FOR ONCE she had let herself go and in that brief statement I saw the disillusionment and despair of unrequited effort. One by one the great, self-sacrificing struggles she had made, the outcome of which, in reason of some human fellow breaking faith with her, had turned to smouldering ashes.

"What keeps you going on?" I asked before turning away from the subject. She had walked over to the window and stood for a moment looking at one tiny star which was far above the rival lights of office buildings.

"I think it's the spirit of youth," she said, returning to the low divan on which she had been sitting, "an incurable curiosity."

Again the quality she had mentioned recalled her autobiography. There was one particular occasion when she had risked her life by deliberately putting her head from a carriage window and watching a group of British soldiers, whose sole purpose at the moment was to capture her very woman who sat nonchalantly studying their faces.

"Life is a show," she continued, "and I am one small part of the great moving pageant. Good and evil have their fortunes. Work helps tremendously and above everything else, a sense of humor. Even the greatest tragedies," she concluded, "respond to life's showmanship."

* * *

WE TALKED about the youth of Turkey, a subject in which I knew she was avidly interested.

She believes they have about the same problems to face the world over as a result of the readjustment period following on the heels of the World War. She declared that the youth in her country enjoyed as great freedom as those of their brothers across the sea. She admires the younger generation. Her voice was alert with enthusiasm when she applauded what she referred to as their benefits.

"They have claimed," she said, "the right to investigate life more than themselves and they are going about the business with their eyes open, unprejudiced and unbound by customs or traditions. Again I sense her conviction that only through strife, reconstruction and experimentation does a country or an individual win through to spiritual strength or completeness.

She would have kept clear of giving her reactions to prohibition and how it functions in America. She declared, however, that it had been tried for two years in her own country and that it had proved unsatisfactory. She explained, too, that up to recent years the Turkish women, particularly in the wide gesture as though to sweep aside all obstacles, bows and barriers. "I believe in the three principles taught by Mohammed—One God, His prophets, and the Golden Rule. Most world religions have a similar signification." And here she showed great tolerance, for she had she would be quite willing for either of her sons to become Christians.

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THE mother was the most important person in the family. It was the disillusionment and pathos of married sons and daughters to live with their mothers. The relation between the old and the young were marked by beautiful courtesy.

She explained that women of Turkey had first taken the veil at their own volition, regarding it as one of the fine and lifting attributes of the cultured Byzantines; also it was regarded as a sign of chastity which is strikingly observed among married women of Turkey. Only a few of the old women still cover their faces when they go into the streets it being a matter of personal preference.

In painting for me the changes which had come to her country since the dawn of the new era she showed me see most vividly the Turkey which preceded its adoption of Western manners.

"Turkey of 29 years ago was a very different place from what you will find there today," she said, and her tone made me feel that she regretted that some of the picturesque charm of the Old World had necessarily given way to the new. "The streets were filled with Moslems," she went on, "coming and going from prayer. The houses were built in an irregular pattern set back from the street, in deep gardens, fragrant with wistaria, jasmine, roses and honeysuckle. The gardens were enchanting and while the garden had its singing fountain. Every house had two apartments, the 'selamlik,' or men's quarters and the 'harem' for the women. And each of these had their reception rooms. In the selamlik the men talked of politics and affairs in Europe.

* * *

"THE children of the poorer classes attended the mosque schools, where they sat on the floor and were instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic and the Koran. Children of the wealthier classes attended the French and English schools.

"Friday was the gala day of the week. The morning was given over to worship and the rest of the day to pleasure. There were three forms of entertainment, the open theater, the closed theater and the story teller.

"I asked her to explain these forms of amusement. The closed theater smacked of mystery. She smiled and said she would have to disappoint me; that it was not wicked, but that it was the place where women of quality, unprejudiced and unbound by customs or tradition." Again I sensed her conviction that only through strife, reconstruction and experimentation does a country or an individual win through to spiritual strength or completeness.

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as a summing up in one of the chapters leaves this more too flattering impression: "Take any man from the street," she writes, "who is shrewd, selfish and utterly unscrupulous, give him the insistence and histrionics of a hysterical woman who is willing to employ any vile to satisfy her inexhaustible desires, then view him through the largest magnifying glass you can find—and you see Mustapha Kemal Pasha." She also makes frequent reference to his "flight revels" and amorous adventures.

Also of interest will be the description of Latife Hanum, who later became the pasha's consort. I do not know any other source which goes into detail about the character and personality of the woman who was publicly flung away from him at a time when she might have played one of the most important roles of any woman of contemporary history.

* * *

THE first meeting with the woman who was later to be his wife is romantically given. The scene described when Latife, with the picture of Kemal in her locket, drew near to the great general and confessed her admiration, proudly showing him the photograph and naively asking his forgiveness.

"Although she was said to be only 24," writes Madame Edib, "she had the quiet manners and the mature ways of a much older person. The face was round and plump, so was the little body. Although the tight and thin lips indicated an unusual force and will power, not very feminine, her eyes were most beautiful, grave and lustrous and dominated by intelligence. I can think of their color now, brown and gray mixed, scintillating with a curious light."

Of an evening spent at Latife's house she says in a charmingly intimate fashion: "She sat on the sofa by me and looked at him all the time. She was dazzled by him and he was frankly in love. So the strong current of human attraction between the two enlivened the evening."

"Mustapha Kemal will not like the picture you have given to the world of his weaknesses," I said in preparing to make my departure. "A man dislikes having his vanity wounded."

* * *

SHE was instantly away from me, just as if she had suddenly drawn her face again in the veil of her ancestors. She was still talking, but the former frankness and cordiality were lacking. The mention of the Turkish president is like a gong signalling tact and discretion. I felt that she is afraid could have set down the fearless pen which she could not but have lines which add fuel to what she has the misunderstanding which exists between them.

"I gave the only portrait possible," she said, and then added, "one which I tried to make, above all things, honest."

Halide Edib is tired. Her greatest pleasure now is in writing novels. And this because she does it from that supreme artistry which brings rich satisfaction to any creative genius. She will return in February to England to pursue her literary talent. Even so she is manifestly unhappy.

She had dreamed of settling down in a little cottage near London where the smell of acacia mingles with the clean odor of hay in yellow grain fields. The fragrance of Devon violets will never cease the pangs of nostalgia. She is a patriot pining for her homeland. Perhaps she will never have her little balconied house nestling against Bosphorus shaded by blue waters of a gentle, somnolent river. Perhaps she will never know the warmth of her own hearth-fire.

She is lonely and tired. She needs the gentle touch of a mother and that mother, as I saw it, can be found only in the encircling arms of her own beloved Turkey, a country from which she has been forced to become a wanderer.

"Don't stand too rigid before life," she said to me, with a cordial handclasp. "Don't be too uncompromising—if you would be happy."

I wondered, as I turned away, if the cynicism expressed in her farewell message had been born of her own inability to sacrifice her ideals to a element of reality in her effort to gain what the world, at least, calls happiness.

John The Baptist, First Martyr

Continued from Page 3

bosom heaving with the joy of pent up life; her limbs flashing in the glare of the theatrical lights; her arms in a graceful sweep of elegant gesture. She falls, she rises; she leaps! She master of the feast, alone! His one arm hung down toward the floor almost touching it with the edge of his fingers. On the other arm, which rested on the table, by the tousled head of a young man who was a drunken stupor. The last guest was not seated at the table, but he was present in every line and feature of the host of the evening—The Last Guest—Remorse!

This was what then came to Herod and all Judea. The sun came over the border to defend his adulterous act. He had lied to John against his father-in-law, Aretas, king of the Nabatean Arabs, and John was soon directly because of John's murder that his army was defeated. It was said all said: "It was because Herod killed John the Baptist." It was also directly because of John's murder that his sons were banished, and the account of a leadership whose character is shown through John's death leading to that crime. There are indeed few instances in Scripture of a long standing sin so involved which in the case of the death of John the Baptist.

THE EFFECT of John's fate on Jesus is hinted in Matthew 14:12. "When John heard of it, he departed thence by ship into a desert place apart." Mark adds that Jesus invited the disciples to come with him and rest awhile, from their strenuous labors. Luke says that the multitudes that Jesus was profoundly and humanly affected. He must have felt the shock of the price that was paid by the forerunner of the Kingdom for his righteousness, candor and truth. He must needs go apart from the multitudes and be alone and hide His grief, alone with His God.

But even then, in this moment of sorrow and agony, the world pressed upon Him with its sorrows. The multitudes would not let Him be alone, but pressed upon Him with their sickness and sin. In spite of His grief, the Lord; when He saw the multitude, was moved with compassion toward them, because they "were as sheep without a shepherd," and He taught them there and healed their sick.

AFTER His great tribute to John, Jesus used strong language in showing His disciples that in this persecution and trouble would work out the glory of God. It is a fitting sequel to the life and works of John, and there is a lesson in it for us. Jesus said: "If the Kingdom which John came to announce is rejected, then it would finally overcome all evil. This is Jesus' closing thought concerning John. It is our epitaph for the death of the first Christian martyr.

"From the days of John the Baptist," said He, "until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it press into it by force." Matt. 11:12. Luke 16:16 says: "Not only do wicked and violent men oppose the kingdom by force, but there is also a reaction in the other direction. These are, indeed some of the things that the violent do to the kingdom: they are afraid of the disciples of John?"

And the King, ashamed to refuse, but afraid to comply, yields with a sigh of mortified pride. "Go, fetch me the head of John the Baptist! I have given my word to all his followers!" There was another shout of laughter. "Go, fetch it! I live the king!"

Also, they brought the gory head of John in a charger! Neither of the disciples tell us what Herod and Herodias did with it, or in what