



Street merchants are doing a rushing business in Constantinople and other Turkish cities selling caps and hats of various up-to-date kinds to replace the fezzes which the Turks have worn for hundreds of years.

THE "terrible Turk" is no longer terrible. Those who knew him as he was even a year or two ago would have hard work to recognize him today. As he hurries his once lagging feet to keep business appointments and obeys commands to "step lively" in the street cars, he looks, except for his swarthy complexion, quite like the typical American business man.

The hand that once wielded the scimitar now handles nothing more warlike than a fountain pen—and he understands perfectly well when the psychological moment arrives to thrust that pen into a customer's hand and make him sign on the dotted line.

What is undoubtedly the most astonishingly swift and complete transformation in the world's history of the customs, habits and ideals of millions of people is that which is now being completed in Turkey. Within the short space of about two years Turkey has not only been roused from its centuries of sleep, but has been transformed from a backward, almost barbarous nation into one that rivals our own America in its eagerness for freedom, education and prosperity.

Progress which has cost other nations centuries of painful effort has been achieved by Turkey, under the able leadership of Kemal Pasha, President of the Turkish Republic, almost over night. It is a transformation that is all the more marvelous because Turkey, while springing at one bound into the forefront of eastern civilization, has discarded many of the standards of the East for the radically different ones of the Western world.

What has happened in Turkey is evidence that Kipling was making too sweeping a statement when he said that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." In Constantinople they are meeting on the friendliest of terms and being fused into a brand new civilization that promises to retain only the best features of both the East and the West.

Even the fez, which for centuries marked the Turk as a man apart from the world of enlightenment and progress, has vanished from his head. In its place he now wears a cap or a derby or a rakish Fedora quite like those worn by Americans. In fact, much of the tremendous demand for headgear created by the discarding of the fez is being supplied by American manufacturers.

And when the Turk goes out of an evening to dance to the latest jazz—well, you will find in the ballrooms of New York, London and Paris no evening clothes more faultless than those he wears. From shiny top hat to patent leather dancing shoes, everything is just as the fashions of the Western world say it should be.

One of the most significant sights to be seen in the streets of Constantinople and other Turkish cities today is the rushing business done by peddlers of hats and caps to replace the time-honored fez. The photographers are also profiting by the revolutionary new fashion. Many Turks want to be photographed in their fezzes before they throw them into the rag bag or lay them away in moth balls as mementoes of a bygone day. They think the pictures will make interesting curiosities to hand down to their children.

The Turkish men were really forced to give up their fezzes in order to keep pace with the women of the nation. Hardly had the harems been abolished and the women made free to go about unveiled before the traditional feminine clothes began to be discarded for those such as are worn in the western world. Now it is getting to be the usual thing for flappers and debutantes, young matrons and even gray-haired grandmothers to wear the latest Paris styles. And connoisseurs of beauty think that the women of Turkey, with their dreamy eyes and olive skins, make far more alluring pictures than they did when dressed in the old way.

The new fashions in dress and the other changes

Waking Old Turkey From



Since the harems were abolished and Turkey's women were freed from their veils and other restrictions they are invading every line of industry. The photograph shows Turkish girls at work in a factory where they are employed to paint artistic decorations on pieces of pottery.



A citizen of Constantinople having his photograph taken in the fez which he is wearing for the last time, discarding it in favor of the soft felt hats, caps and derbies such as are worn in the western world. Above—Kemal Pasha, president of the Turkish Republic, demonstrating how smart a Turk looks in the fashionable evening dress of New York, London and Paris.

that have come over life in Turkey are something more than mere monkey-like imitations of the ways of the western world. There is a shrewd and far-seeing philosophy behind Kemal Pasha's encouragement of derbies instead of fezzes and Paris clothes instead of veils. He believes that the more his people dress and live like the men and women of America and Europe the more likely they will be to think and strive as they do, and the better able they will be to lift Turkey to the permanent peace and prosperity which are the aim of all his efforts.

It was the militarism of the Turks, their absolute lack of interest in anything not closely allied with war and religion, that had completely paralyzed their progress since Constantinople fell into their hands in 1453. Their strength and power declined so long and so consistently that the end of the Turkish nation has been predicted for many decades.

Countries run on obsolete methods, just like businesses, have to be reorganized if they are to survive. Kemal Pasha saw this and his first move on becoming president was to enforce his policy of "cultivating the arts of peace." By "arts of peace" he meant the establishment of the most advanced systems of education, government, sanitation and every form of economical railroads and factories and the institution of modern methods of farming. Turkey is primarily an agricultural country, but until recently the most ancient of methods of tilling the soil, with oxen instead of machinery to assist, had been employed.

Kemal Pasha's most telling steps in building up a new Turkey have been the divorce of church and state, and the barring of the fez. The mosque and the fez have for centuries symbolized Turkey to the people of western nations. The first typified Turkish adherence to the civic and judicial codes unchanged since they came from the Prophet Mohammed in the seventh century. The fez was the symbol of Turkish militarism, the sign of allegiance to the Sultan, the word sultan meaning the "attacking one, the conquering one."

Now while the faithful followers of Mohammed still heed the chant of the muezzin calling them to prayer five times each day, they have courts and legislatures and schools from which any sort of religious domination is utterly barred. The same freedom prevails throughout their business and social life.

Ten years ago, a survey undertaken by the sociology department of Robert College, in Constantinople, showed there was not a single telephone in all that great city, which by position at the junction of two large seas and two great continents should be the center of the whole world. Nor was there an electric car or an electric light. There weren't more than five

elevators in Constantinople, either, and the fascinating, musical, sonorous "Allah is great! Praise to Allah!" that floated every few hours from the minarets was undisturbed by the honking and tooting of automobiles on the crooked, steep, cobblestone streets.

All that has been changed. The new Turkey is as different from the old in physical aspect as it is in political and economic. Even the newer buildings are so thoroughly modern that they change the appearance of whole streets.

The modern, western dress of the people on the streets, the innumerable automobiles and trucks that are now regulated by the latest traffic rules and cops in practical uniforms, the countless movie houses that are being opened, the clang of street cars and the hum of revolving presses lately installed at publishing houses, shining new brick apartment houses where ultra-modern devices are installed to make the compact suites of parlor, bedroom and bath, with a neat white and blue tiled kitchen in addition, just as convenient as possible for the young couples who are starting out to housekeeping in this new phase of Turkey's crescent moon—all these help to make many of the towns and cities as up-to-date as our own.

In the farming districts, where until two or three years ago oxen furnished the only motive power outside of man, modern harvesting machines are beginning to be no uncommon sights. The tourist from the wheat districts of our western prairies would scarcely realize he was away from home. In the cotton fields, scientific methods are being introduced to develop to its greatest possibilities the long-fibered Turkish cotton and at the picking season next summer machines will replace much of the manual labor formerly employed. Unlike American cotton, Turkish cotton matures all at one time and must be picked at once, necessitating the assemblage of many laborers for a short period. The Turkish tobacco fields are being tilled under the newest methods as fast as the agricultural extension bureau can carry on its program.

Turkey's cotton and wheat and tobacco have until recently all been shipped abroad for manufacture. The establishment of the first cotton gin some time ago was a very significant feature of the modernization of the country. Kemal Pasha hopes soon to have a number of textile manufacturing plants in operation.

Commerce as an important factor of Turkish national life is something entirely new. For 500 years it has been practically eclipsed by military interests. Now Kemal Pasha is building up a world-wide field for the products of Turkey.

The new Turkey is symbolized best of all perhaps by its dress. The new laws are not made by potentates in baggy crimson or green trousers, bejeweled jackets, fezzes and encircling scarves and turned up slippers. They are the work of men in formal evening dress that has been made regulation for all state occasions in Turkey.

For the street the Turk wears his American ready-made suit, or if he is more prosperous an English tailor-made. The workman wears his unionalls and the street sweepers have their own neat, sanitary garb.

The streets of Constantinople are many of them narrow and dark, and like nearly all the cities of the



Kemal Pasha, the man who deserves the credit for the tremendously swift modernization which Turkey is undergoing, and his charming young wife who is as devoted to American and European ways of dress and living as her distinguished husband.

old East, they are not equipped with any sort of drains or sewers. Refuse and garbage used to be thrown out into the street to rot or be tramped into dust by the feet of passers-by. This is no longer allowed. The great packs of scavenger dogs that used to roam the street and were so big and savage as to be an absolute menace to human life, have been banished. New sewers are being built, and sanitary plumbing is being installed in all the new houses and in many of the old.

The larger streets of Constantinople and the other cities of European Turkey are now brightly lighted, and so well policed that the number of robberies and murders is growing steadily less. The new police department of Constantinople boasts that over 90 per cent of all the crimes are now punished. Robberies in the narrow, dark side streets are still frequent, but now they seldom involve murder.

Turkish women have been gradually obtaining their new freedom for twenty years, but until the last few months they have been slow to take full advantage of it. Apparently they needed the inspiring leadership of Kemal Pasha and his charming wife to teach them how enjoyable this freedom can be. The new government is using every method to persuade the emancipated Turkish woman to take advantage of her liberties and become as independent as her sisters of America and Western Europe.

The change in the styles of dress has done much to arouse the Turkish women to the desirability of her new freedom. Some of the older women still cling to the old national costume, a voluminous skirt, a top garment cut much like a skirt that fastens about the shoulders, and a heavy veil thrown over the head, to be pulled up over the face when any man except her husband or father was in her presence. But that sort of costume would never do for the thousands of modern Turkish women who have gone into business and they have enthusiastically taken up the western style of dress. The Turkish flapper—for even that modern miss is to be

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