

CONSTANTINOPLE TODAY

BY SOLITA SOLANO

BYZANTIUM is dead. New Rome is dead. Constantinople is ill. Soon this one-time Queen City of the East will be replaced by a modern European center of business and commerce, functioning on the most famous cross-roads in the world.

Stamboul—home of Roman emperors, capital of magnificent sultans, scene of fabulous tales which every one has read—is now falling into decay upon its seven hills. Everything has an air of being second-rate and outworn. Acres laid bare by careless fires constitute one-fourth of the city's area, and the remainder is for the most part covered by unpainted, weather-stained houses with rotting window lattices above and small, dirty shops beneath. Mosques and tombs are dusty and neglected.

Yet, in spite of all this, Stamboul retains its magic of a uniquely situated city, and from afar has still a beauty that is incomparable. It is seen at its best in that famous approach from the sea to the Golden Horn, in which is reflected, as in a bright mirror, the city of Constantine, of Justinian and Theodora, of Theodosius and Mohammed II, with an effect so unfamiliarly lovely that it is like an artist's dream in which minarets and great domes seem to float above the mist.

Then, at close range, the picture fades and one becomes suddenly disenchanted, as if a once beautiful woman had dropped her veil and revealed the ravages of time.

MODERNITY HAS LEFT ITS MARK EVERYWHERE

Few places in the world have exercised such a power of attraction for travelers as Constantinople, or have had such widespread reputation for being picturesque.

The severe, classic art of Athens is not found here; nor the dignity of Rome; nor the exciting, sullen spirit that permeates Peking. It is not gay like Paris, nor learned like Berlin. An archeologist would be better pleased with Egypt. But this is the place before which Gautier, Byron, Loti, De Amicis, and Lamartine wept and swooned with delight before

they sat down to fill books with ecstatic praises.

Practical modernity has left its mark everywhere, especially since the city's occupation by the Allies, and soon the pictorial appeal that now remains will be gone forever. It will be a clean, decent, civilized city—but no longer Constantinople.

Already there are on all sides the changes due to western influence—trams, electric lights, telephones, unveiled women, and a new, safe bridge. Gone are the brilliantly colored costumes, the groups of faceless women guarded by eunuchs, the pariah street dogs, the Sultan's pompous ceremonies, the harems, the life in the palaces along the Bosphorus. And, although the foreign ministers of Great Britain, France, and Italy, at a conference in Paris in March, agreed to restore the Turks to full authority in their capital, it is safe to assume that the magnificent misrule of the Sultans has come to an end.

A CITY OF THREE SEPARATE PARTS

Constantinople's geographical position has made her sanguinary history, for she controls a highroad of commerce between Asia and Europe, and Nature herself planned the ports. The city is divided into three separated quarters. Stamboul and Pera-Galata lie on the European side, the Golden Horn between them, and Scutari squats on the Asiatic side, across the Bosphorus. Like outstretched arms, the two straits come up from the Sea of Marmora to the south (see map, p. 650).

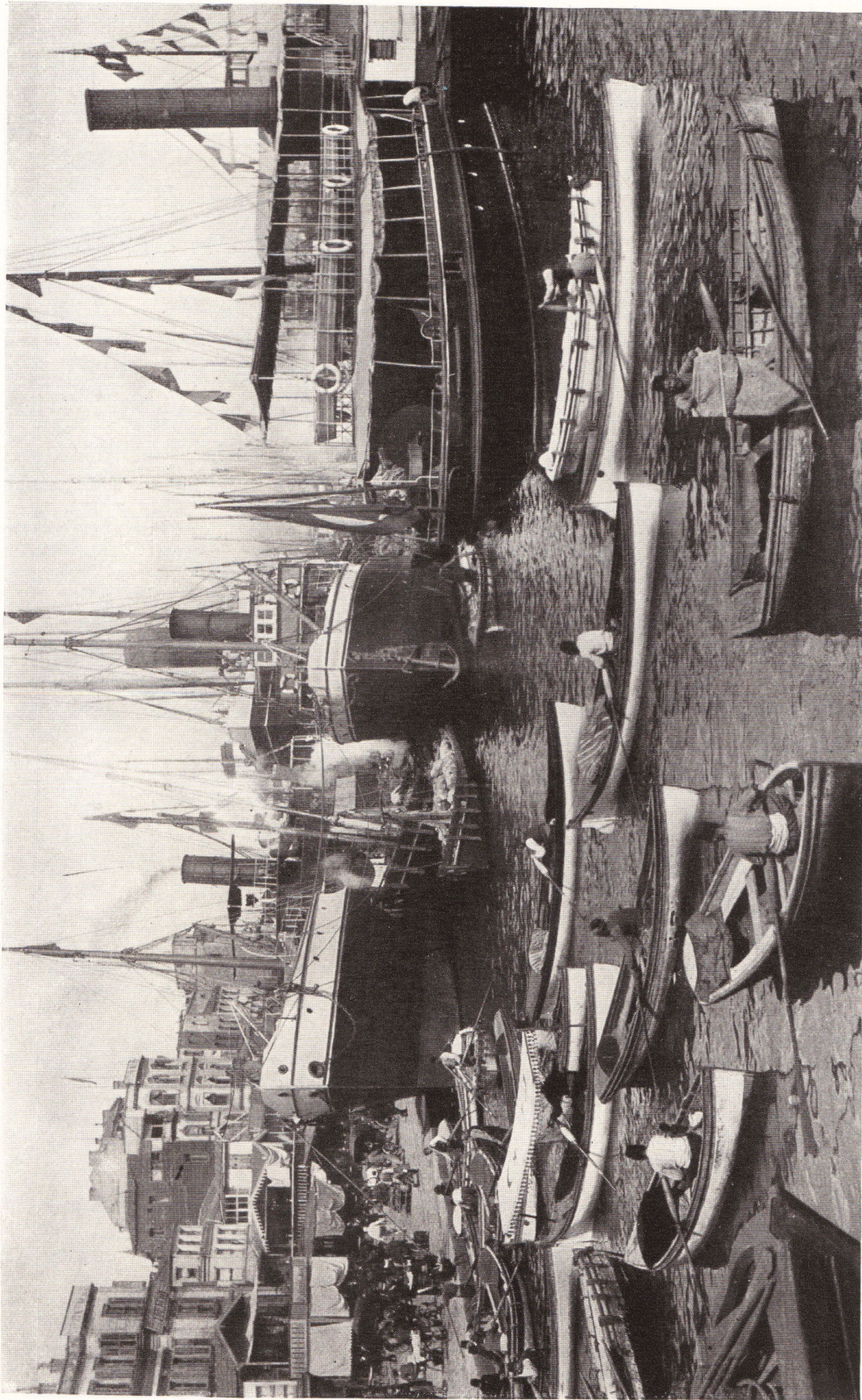
Galata and Pera are the European quarter, opposite Stamboul, where the representatives of foreign powers have long maintained their embassies and homes. Once the suburbs of Stamboul, this part of the city was known as Justinianopolis until the Genoese made it into an Italian town and fortified it with walls and many towers, one of which, the Galata Fire Tower, still stands, a lofty lookout station from which fires are reported and signals flashed to ships after dark.



Photograph from Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester

PERA-GALATA FROM THE HEIGHTS OF STAMBOUL

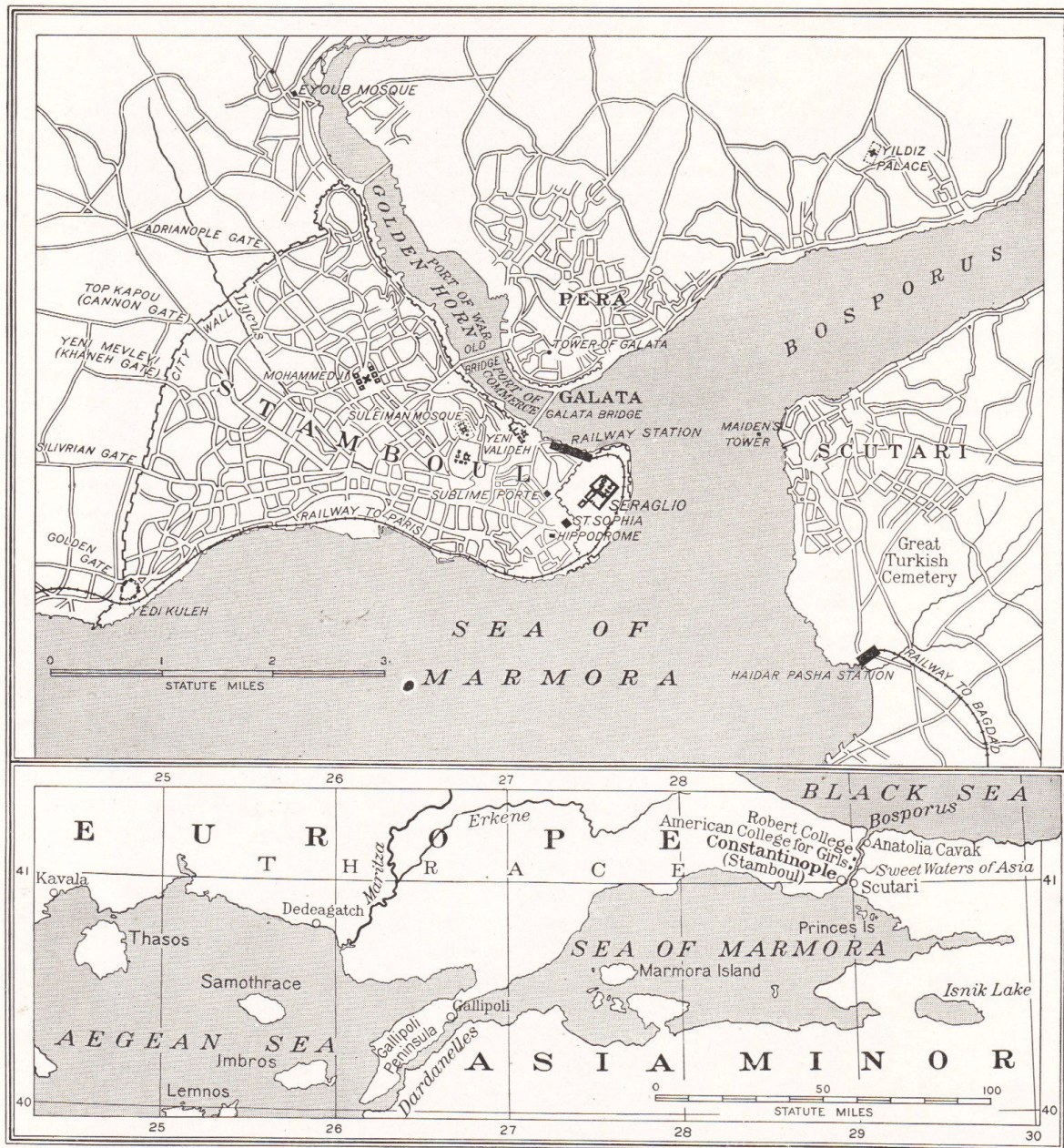
As one looks northeast from some eminence on the site of Byzantium, one can see the low-lying quarter of Galata and the ridge of Pera, where the leading hotels and embassies are to be found. From the left reach the Petits Champs, fronting which are many of Pera's palaces of democracy and monarchy.



Photograph from Frederick Simpich

THE BUSY PORT OF STAMBOUL

The many recent changes in the world map have closed some old trade routes and opened new ones. With the Dardanelles no longer obstructed the vast regions of the Black Sea coasts and Caucasia are being thrown open to trade.



Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

A SKETCH MAP OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Its situation at the cross-roads between the East and the West has caused Constantinople's history to be written in blood. While Great Britain, France, and Italy have decided to restore the Turks to full authority in the city (see page 647) and to the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, provision is made for a broad demilitarized zone and an Allied force is to remain in occupation of the Gallipoli Peninsula to safeguard the free and unimpeded entrance to the Straits. The navigation of the Straits is to be placed under the control of an International Commission under a Turkish president.

Nowadays Pera's crooked streets are alive with Allied soldiers, refugees, relief workers, adventurers, peddlers, beggars, and a few tourists. Passports, unless one has business, are difficult to get, and tourists are rarely seen.

The American residents number about four hundred, the largest colony between Rome and Manila. There is but little

social life and the only places of amusement are the cafés and restaurants, with their adjoining cabarets and moving-picture screens.

THE GALATA BRIDGE HAS LOST ITS COLOR

While the Galata bridge between the European quarter and Stamboul still lives up to its tradition of having every nation-

ality in the world cross it at least once an hour, it lacks some of its old charm because of the Turkish people's renunciation of color. The men for the most part have adopted the European business suit, with which they wear a red fez, and the women's costumes are usually of black. With this change, the human rainbow that once confused the eye has lost much of its brilliancy.

What the Rialto bridge is to Venice, the Pont Neuf to Paris, the Westminster to London, so is the Galata bridge to Constantinople—the keynote to the city.

A constant stream of polyglot peoples flows across the Golden Horn: Russian refugees, in pajama coats tucked into trousers grown too large; Armenian and Greek merchants and refugees; British, French, and Italian army and navy officers; American sailors; Chinese, Japanese, and Persian merchants; the last of the outmoded eunuchs; dervishes in brown, with cone-shaped hats; Cretans in baggy trousers and embroidered vests; Greek priests with black chiffon veils streaming from their hats; *hamals* (porters) with roomfuls of furniture on their backs; Arabs in yellow burnouses; maimed and diseased beggars; Mohammedan priests in pink or green robes; black troops in red caps and sashes; Jewish guides; American relief workers; Hindustani guards in twisted turbans and scarlet capes; an occasional woman gypsy in baggy trousers; Levantine tradesmen; Albanian peasants in embroidered white leggings; Hawaiians, Filipinos, and a few drummers from "points west of Chicago"—all these pass back and forth in the course of a day.

TURKISH WOMEN EXEMPT FROM FORCE

The taxes were recently doubled on the bridge, and the eight Turkish collectors were ordered to make the Turkish women, previously exempt, pay for the privilege of crossing the Golden Horn. The women, however, indignantly refused, and at both ends of the bridge a constant conflict went on between protesting officials and the women, who slipped by with exclamations of anger.

The collectors did not have the temerity to lay hands on these toll evaders, because Turkish women were for so long a time the exclusive property of their hus-

bands that custom still forbids a man detaining a woman by force in any sort of public argument.

The traditional sacredness that surrounds the person of a Turkish woman had a curious result during the war, for the Turks did not dare to search one of them, even though it was known that she carried unlawful messages in her garments.

BOATS FILLED WITH COMMUTERS

On both sides of the bridge are docks for small steamers that take commuters back and forth between the Golden Horn and Scutari, the fifteen stations of the Bosphorus, and the Princes Islands. At rush hours these efficiently operated boats are as packed as a New York ferry.

Many of the commuters are the prosperous Greeks and Turks, who maintain summer homes for their families on the Princes Islands, an hour or more away.

Passengers bound for Scutari are chiefly the poorer class of Turks and wealthy Armenian business men.

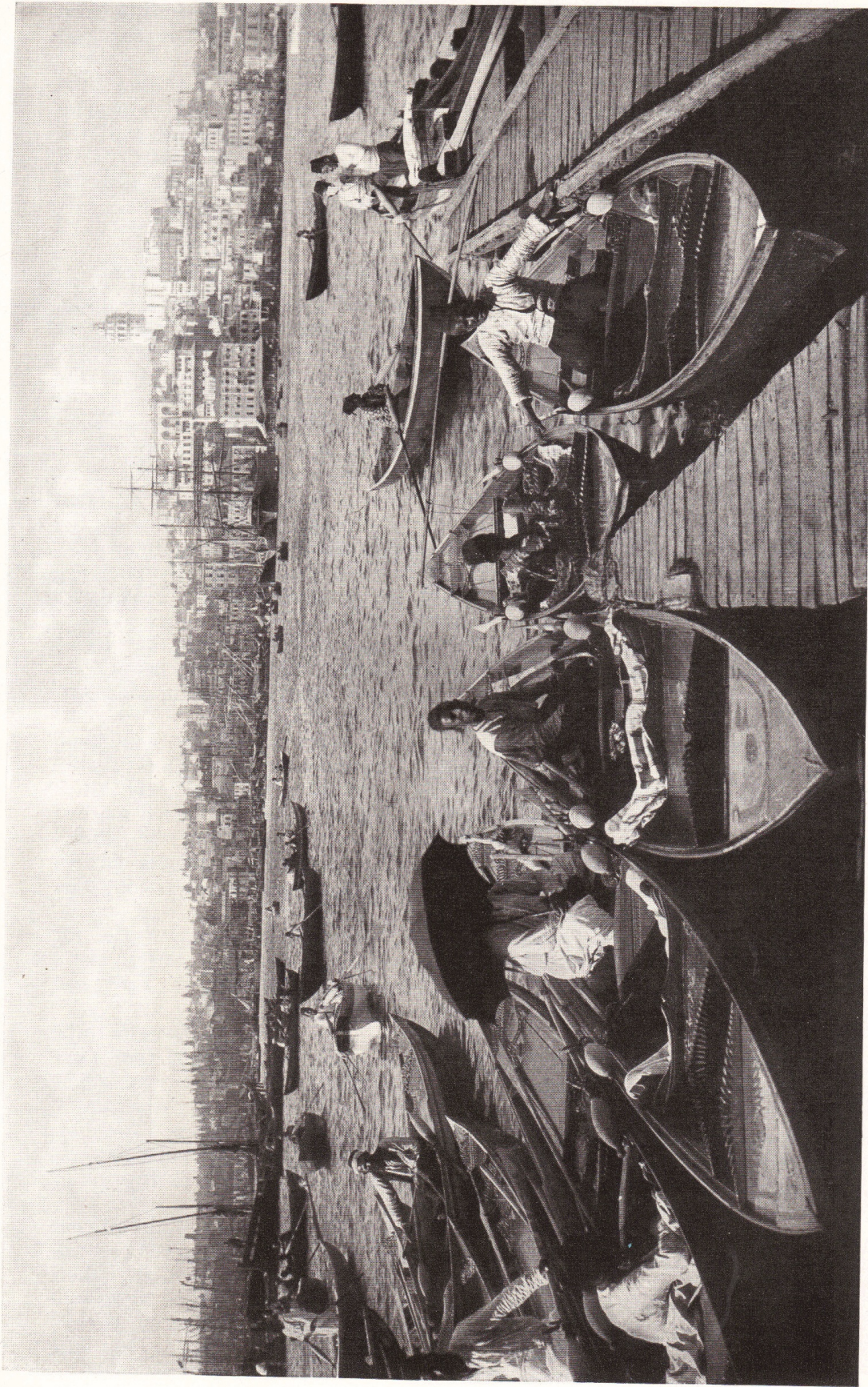
The Bosphorus boats carry the largest crowds morning and evening because of the popularity of the beautiful villa section on the Straits.

On these boats are Turkish bankers, British tobacco merchants, English governesses, and French officers, the latter availing themselves of the bench marked "For the use of the officers of the Allies." And even if there are no officers aboard, a civilian is not permitted to occupy this bench.

All Constantinople is now safe for foreigners except, perhaps, certain parts of Scutari, against which European women are warned at night.

If anything of the real Turkey is to be seen, Pera must be abandoned for Stamboul. In this ancient city, which was Byzantium and New Rome, the mosques, coffee-houses, *turbchs* (domed tombs), and fountains remind one, even in their dilapidation, of the city's past days of greatness.

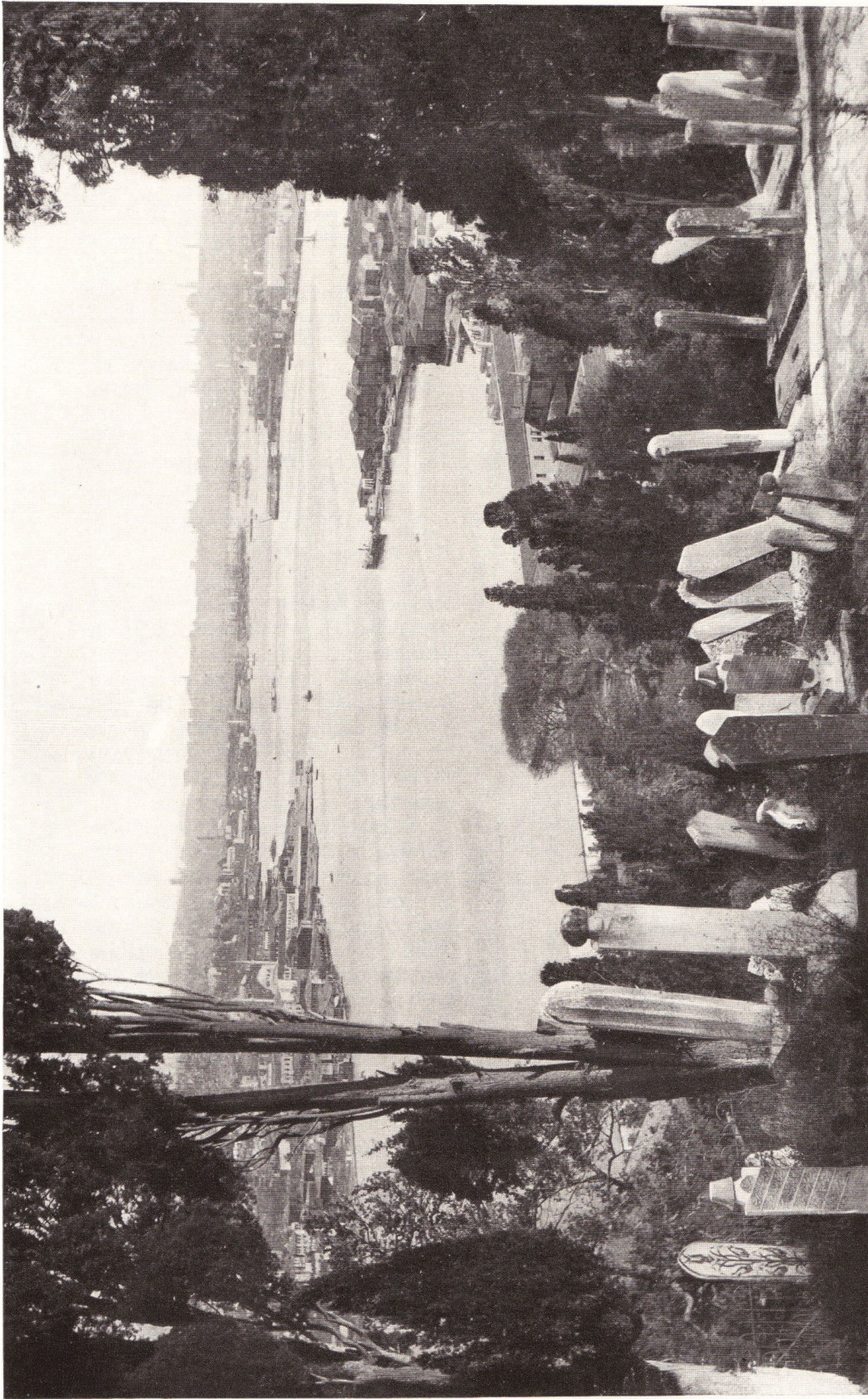
Although the houses are nearly all constructed of wood, they are never painted, for the Turks have a theory that if their property looks prosperous their taxes will be increased. So the window lattices crumble and fall, the boards sag, the shingles warp, and nothing is repaired.



Photograph from Solita Solano

THE BOBBING BOATS OF THE GOLDEN HORN

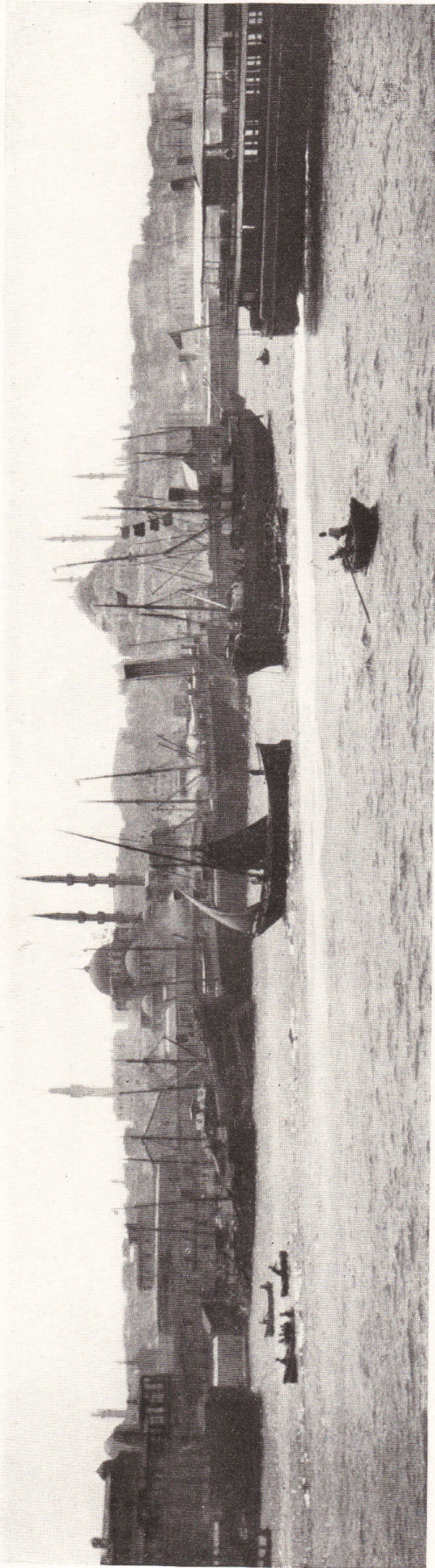
The waters around Constantinople teem with boats, and Venice with its gondolas has no livelier waterfront than Stamboul. Across the Golden Horn rises the Galata Tower, from which the tourist can obtain a wonderful view of the City of the Sultans. It is now used as a fire lookout.



Photograph from Solita Solano

LOOKING DOWN THE GOLDEN HORN FROM THE TURKISH CEMETERY OF EYUB

Near where the Golden Horn curves back upon itself toward the left and shrinks away into the Sweet Waters of Europe, on a cypress-shaded slope high above the water's edge, there is the quiet Turkish Cemetery of Eyoub, whence one can look down the Golden Horn, with Stamboul on the right and the heights of Pera opposite, past the Port of War and the old bridge to the Port of Commerce, its farther limits marked by the new bridge of Galata, and so to the place where the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmora unite beneath the historic walls of the Old Seraglio.



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WHERE COMMERCE CLEAVES THE WATER AND RELIGION SPEARS THE SKY

From the Golden Horn, Stamboul is never twice the same. Noonday and sunset paint with varying touches the tinted mass of buildings whose irregular outline shows against the springtime blue or the flaming evening sky. And always, scudding before the wind, panting forward with propeller, paddle-wheel, or oar, or slowly drifting in the tide, the boating of the city moves in devious ways.

The population is inactive and looks discouraged. Men sit in cafés and talk about the hard times. Old graybeards sit on the sidewalks and smoke nargilehs. The letter-writer has a stand near the centrally located mosques, and still makes an excellent living from the 'Turks, few of whom can read or write.

A group of dervishes, who, like the city, have declined in picturesque-ness, pass slowly up the streets. *Hamals*, the native expressmen, stagger along, crying, "Make way!" As in the old days, *kabobjees* slice off strips of roasting meat to tempt the appetites of the passersby.

RUSSIAN REFUGEES ARE EVERYWHERE

As in Pera, Russian refugees are everywhere, selling flowers, kewpie dolls, oil paintings of Constantinople, cakes and trinkets, books and newspapers printed in Russian. They sleep in the open streets and on the steps of the mosques. They loaf, beg, work when they can find a job, and sometimes sob with hunger.

A few Russians have been lucky enough to find positions in restaurants as waitresses or coatboys. A princess may bring the patron's coffee and a general hand him his stick. Professors, ex-millionaires, women of high birth, beseech one to buy cigarettes or paper flowers. A small colony in Pera has taken possession of an embankment and hung up two blankets to make it seem homelike.

The most important changes that have taken place in Constantinople in the past five years are the refugee situation, the emancipation of women from the worst of their slavery, the devastating fires, and the influx of American goods and business.

The refugee situation is heartbreaking, but has been greatly ameliorated by the activities of the American Red Cross and the Near East Relief.

The Red Cross has established 147 institutions, given a dinner a day to thousands, clothed ten thousand men and unnumbered women and children, and equipped a hospital and training school for nurses.

The Near East Relief has opened two hospitals and fifty children's clinics, supplied visiting nurses and work for hundreds of refugee women, established five Armenian, six Greek, and many Russian camps, and placed 56,000 children in orphanages and tuberculosis hospitals. Besides, this organization has sent enormous food supplies to devastated areas.

Refugees have poured into Constantinople in veritable rivers of humanity. Populations of entire villages—Greeks, Armenians, Russians, Jews, Turks, Georgians, Azerbaijanians—have reached the city penniless, there to live in open streets, in camps, on the ruined walls, in huts made of boxes, in discarded army tents.

Their numbers are appalling. For instance, 158,000 Russians alone came to Constantinople up to October, 1920. Most of them came down with Wrangel's army from the Crimea, packed so tightly in small boats that some of them died and others were born, in an upright position. All but 45,000 of these have been sent away into Rumania and Bulgaria, where there may be food for them. Those remaining have lived as they could.

One enterprising young refugee put electric lights in the Basilica Cistern, to the left of Sancta Sophia, and now charges half a Turkish pound to row visitors once around the beautiful dim spaces. This cistern was built by Constantine the Great and contains 336 pillars.

Dwellers in the houses above have made holes in the flooring, through which they let down pails on a cord and use the cistern water for purposes which may be, despite appearances, cleansing.

GENERAL WRANGEL LIVED ON A YACHT

Following their escape from the Bolsheviks in the Crimea, General and Baroness Wrangel lived on a yacht, belonging to the former Russian embassy, which was anchored in the Sea of Marmora. A short time ago the yacht was mysteriously sunk, but the General and his family escaped injury. The remainder of the General's army camped for a time on the

shores of the Dardanelles. Many of the men were highly trained engineers, professors, students, lawyers, and doctors. General Wrangel arranged to have these men placed in Bulgaria and Jugo-Slavia, either in private life or as frontier guards, with the hope that some day they would be able to return to Russia to serve as the nucleus of a new intelligentsia.

THE "ROMANTIC" NEAR EAST IS DEALT A DEATH BLOW

The freeing of the Moslem woman from the most binding of her fetters came with such rapidity that most of the world has not yet heard about it. The visitor to Constantinople who expects to see romantically veiled women coquetting from beneath perfumed chiffon is likely to be disillusioned about twenty feet from the pier, when he catches his first sight of feminine Turkey in the person of a street-sweeper in ragged black trousers and a dusty coat.

This is about the only civic job open to women as yet, although they are employed in banks and offices. Curiously, there are no stenographers, for Turkish is in itself a sort of shorthand and easily written. The Europeans employ Greek women as stenographers and typists.

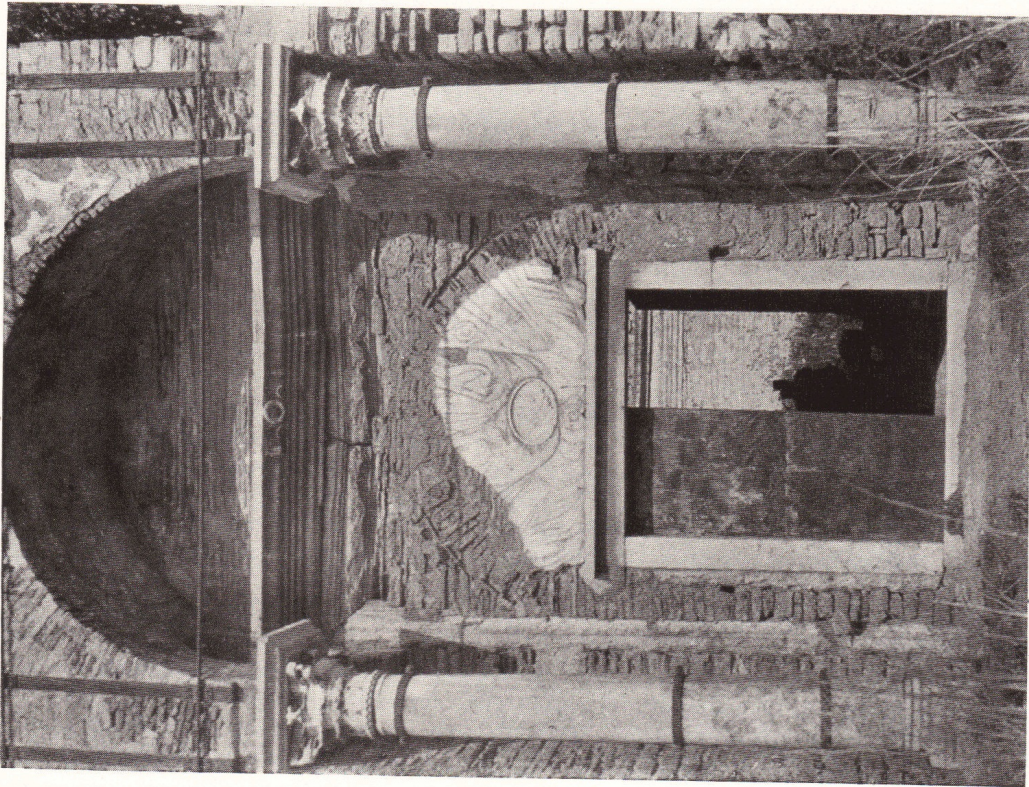
Only a few old-fashioned women, mostly in Stamboul, now wear the veil part of their national headdress over their faces. Yet even with the comparative freedom they now enjoy, and the disappearance, for economic reasons, of the harems, there are curious survivals of old customs.

One is the law forbidding Turkish men and women to appear together at a public place of entertainment, be they husband and wife, brother and sister, or mother and son. A woman may go to the "movies" with another woman and sit in a section reserved for women only.

I asked the manager of the cinema near the remains of the old Petits Champs Cemetery if many Turkish women came to his theater.

"No, and I don't want any of them here," he replied. "If they come alone they are stared at, and if they come with a man some one calls the police."

But the new Magic Theater bought a special dispensation, and this is the only theater where a Turk may bring his wife.



THE FAMOUS GOLDEN GATE THROUGH WHICH IT IS PROPHESIED
A CHRISTIAN CONQUEROR WILL ONE DAY ENTER THE CITY

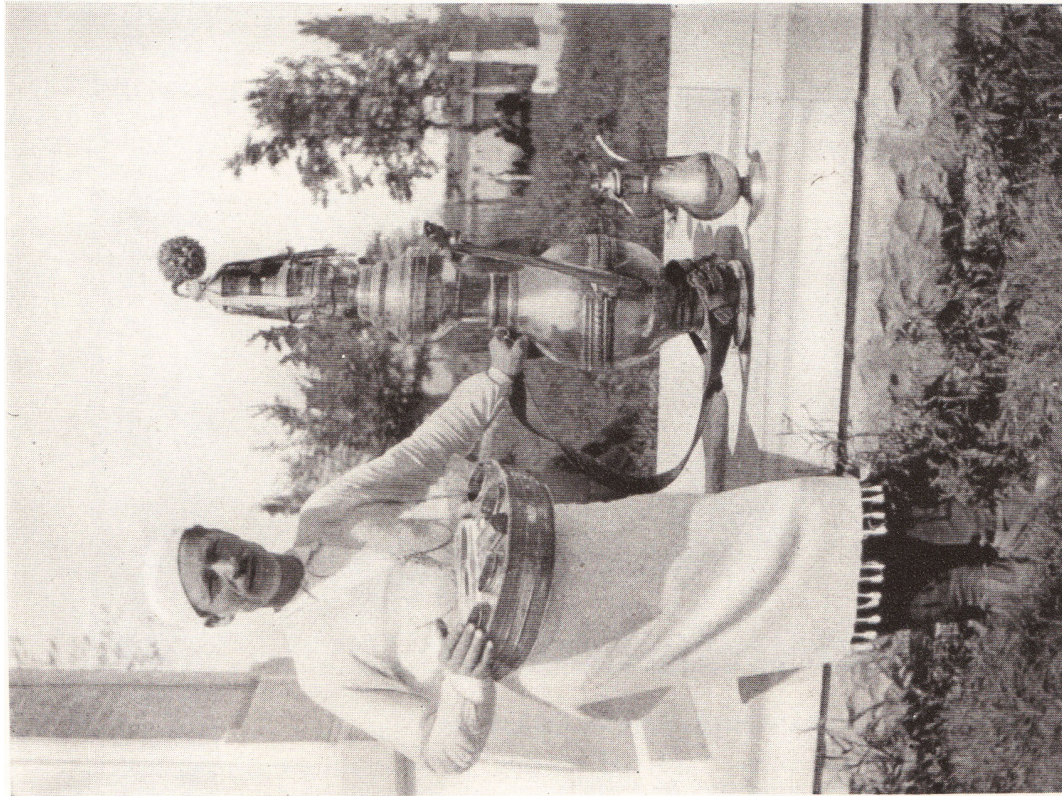
The ram in the doorway is devoted to the keeper of the Castle of the Seven Towers (Yedi Kuleh) and accompanies him when he shows visitors the prison in the tower above, where formerly political prisoners were decapitated and foreign ambassadors detained.



THE ADRIANOPE GATE, THROUGH WHICH MOHAMMED II ENTERED THE CONQUERED CITY OF CONSTANTINE.

Each succeeding sultan has entered Constantinople through this gate in the Valley of the Lycus, on his way to the palace after the ceremony of being girded with the sword of Osman at Eyoub Mosque (see map, page 650).

Photographs by Solita Solano



Photograph by Fehr Fisher

AN EXPONENT OF ABSTINENCE IN THE MOSLEM CAPITAL

Thanks to the prohibition dictum of the Prophet, orthodox Turks fraternize over thick, syrupy coffee instead of over the fiery glass of arrack. Itinerant water-venders pass through the streets with brass vessels and clinking glasses, dispensing drinks.



Photograph from Solita Solano

IN THE HUNGRY EAST, BEGGING IS AN HEREDITARY PROFESSION

The beggar of the Orient is a professor of humanities. Grandson follows grandfather in the ceaseless struggle for bread, and in the training he becomes a student of human nature and a marvel of persistence.



RELIGIOUS FRENZY MADE A TOURIST SHOW

The whirling dervishes of Constantinople, like the howling dervishes of Egypt, have long been among the prominent tourist attractions. The novice must serve the order at menial labor for 1,001 days, and if he fails one day during that time he must start all over again.



Photographs from Solita Solano

CLEANLINESS BEFORE GODLINESS

At the hour of prayer the mosque yards are crowded with worshippers washing their hands, arms, nostrils, and ears according to a strict ritual. Many mosques have shallow basins for these ceremonial ablutions, but at the Yeni Valideh Djami there are brass faucets with running water.



VOLUNTEER FIREMEN OF CONSTANTINOPLE

They help to put out the blaze, but they also fill their pockets with any small objects that take their fancy, and bargain first with the inmates of the house while the fire is gaining force (see text, page 661).



Photographs from Solita Solano

WHERE CEREMONIAL WINE WAS DISPLACED BY CEREMONIAL WATER

The Yeni Valideh Djami in Galata occupies the site of a church to St. Francis, in which the use and trading in wine so offended the abstemious Moslems that they burned down the edifice. The present structure was erected in 1697 by a Cretan lady who was the Sultana of Mohammed IV.



Photograph from Solita Solano

THE NEW GALATA BRIDGE ACROSS THE GOLDEN HORN

Long famous for the colorful crowds which pass between Galata and Stamboul, the new bridge is a great center of interest. Street-cars pass to and fro, and the small steamers which connect the city with the suburban villages tie up along its flanks. In the blaze of war the rainbow tints so common here were dissolved, and Galata bridge has become almost prosaic in its hurried busyness.

Until recently a man and woman did not walk together in the street, and up to six years ago there was a law forbidding them to drive in the same carriage. And if a husband and wife met in the streets, it was contrary to custom to acknowledge the acquaintance.

Now a woman may walk with a man of her own faith, but not with a non-Moslem, although she may receive him in her own home.

The street-cars have a special compartment in front reserved for Turkish women, and if a woman of the old school boards the car, the conductor hastens to draw moldy red curtains to protect her from male eyes and insure her privacy while she lifts her veil, rolls a cigarette, and borrows a light from another woman.

COLLEGES NOW OPEN TO WOMEN

With the passing of harem traditions, women have advanced from childlike ignorance to an intelligence that has astonished every one who knows of the conditions under which they have lived for hundreds of years. Colleges are now opened to them, and the men's medical

school has announced its readiness to instruct girls. But outside Constantinople no such progress has been made. Many women still veil in the street and fear every man.

FIRES HAVE LEFT THEIR TERRIBLE SCARS

The devastating fires that have ever been working toward the destruction of Constantinople caused the city to be built anew every fifty years, until a law was passed prohibiting the construction of wooden houses on the site of burned ones; in fact, it was provided that no houses at all should be built until the city government planned new streets.

Nothing has been done about the planning, however, and the result is that one-fourth of Stamboul—more than 22,000 houses, burned during the past twelve years—still lies in ashes. Scutari, too, has vast ruined sections. So has Pera, on a much smaller scale.

When a fire starts in Stamboul it nearly always assumes frightful proportions. In the fire of 1908, 1,500 buildings were destroyed; in that of 1911, 2,463 houses; the following day an entire Jewish quar-

ter burned; in 1912 an immense area between Sancta Sophia and the Marmora was consumed. The fire of June, 1918, burned 8,000 buildings, clearing a space from the Golden Horn through the center of the city. These fires are enormously destructive because of the narrow streets, wooden houses, and volunteer firemen who go to answer the call on foot, carrying a pump on their shoulders.

FIGHTING FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The firemen of Constantinople are worth a story in themselves. Unpaid for their services, they reason like this:

"If we don't go to this fire, the owner will lose all his belongings. If we go and take some of them home with us and leave some to him, is he not better off than if we hadn't come at all? We give our services free of charge; the owner must give us bakshish if he wants us to risk our lives for him.

"We get to the fire as quickly as we can run, and if the owner does not consent to give us money at once, so we can get to work, the fire will gain headway; that is not our fault, but his."

It was a cause for grief and accusations of injustice when the British installed their own fire system in Pera. By the time the Turks come panting down the street to bargain, the British have the fire out and are driving away.

MOST EXPENSIVE CITY IN THE WORLD

The publisher of *The Orient*, the only American newspaper in Stamboul, says that the fires have caused the housing situation to become acute and the rents to mount enormously. In fact, it costs more to live in Constantinople today than in any other city in the world, not excepting New York. The city is especially crowded now with refugees and foreign-



Photograph from Solita Solano

WHERE A PORTER EARNS HIS NAME

The *hamal* is said by the Arabs to be the human camel. Not only do the names sound alike, but each, if a heavy load is to be carried, must be loaded by other workers, and each, once loaded, can carry his burden for incredible distances. One of these human express-wagons, if asked to carry a much smaller burden in his hands or under his arm, will shrink from the effort.

ers, who add 30 per cent to the population, which, according to estimated figures, now totals 2,250,000.

This overcrowded condition will grow worse until some one starts to rebuild the ruined areas. As Stamboul has stood since 300 B. C., it would be a crime against science to rebuild without scientific supervision of the digging and a systematic exploration of the site by archeologists.

The fourth important change affecting the city is the influx of American goods,



Photograph from Edwin A. Grosvenor

WHERE IRON BARS PAY TRIBUTE TO THE CHARM OF WOMANKIND

The Turk is not lavish of paint, for under Moslem rule to be reputed rich is not always a blessing. By protecting the surface the owner is not sure to protect all (see text, page 651). But shameless as he is about the appearance of his house, in the old days he jealously guarded his womenfolk, upon whose actions he esteemed an iron grating better bar than many a precept spoken to listless ears. Note the bird on the nest under the bay window.



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A FRUIT-VENDER OF STAMBOUL

Pera has its smart shops, where choice vegetables and fruits can be bought by the one-price system; but in Stamboul, in the open-air markets, bargaining is the rule, where a smile counts for many a para and where patience is better than bluster.

caused by lack of food and other supplies in this part of the Levant.

Before the war, American sewing-machines and petroleum were practically the only importations. Other goods were little known, and the first American cargo vessel steamed into the harbor in 1919. Now all kinds of flour, canned milk, fruits, cloth, hardware, and shoes from the United States are bought and admired by Turks and Europeans, too.

WHEN AMERICA CAME TO TURKEY

The history of American activities in Turkey is brief and was foreshadowed by the American missionaries, who worked their way eastward from their first base, Malta, to Smyrna, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Beirut. About 1819 they also went to Constantinople and through Asia Minor as far as Persia.

In the '60's the foundations were laid for Robert College and the Syrian Protestant College. These institutions (with the American College for Girls, founded in 1871) are the greatest monuments of

American philanthropy in the Near East. The Stars and Stripes were first seen in the waters of Constantinople in 1800, when the Bey of Algiers forced Captain Bainbridge to sail there in his frigate, the *George Washington*, bearing presents and messages to the Sultan. Today the American Trade Commission, the Standard Oil, the American Trade Corporation, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the U. S. Shipping Board, the American Hospital, the Sailors' Club, the Y. M. C. A., the American Bible Society, and many business firms are established here, and America is greatly beloved and respected for her works of charity.

THE WALLS OF BYZANTIUM STILL STAND

The walls that inclosed Byzantium and saved civilization for a thousand years are still standing, and constitute, with the exception of Sancta Sophia, the most interesting historical monument in Turkey.

The impression produced by these battered and lonely ruins is ineradicable. The lines of walls and towers still stretch



MOHAMMEDANISM'S LARGEST GATEWAY TO PARADISE

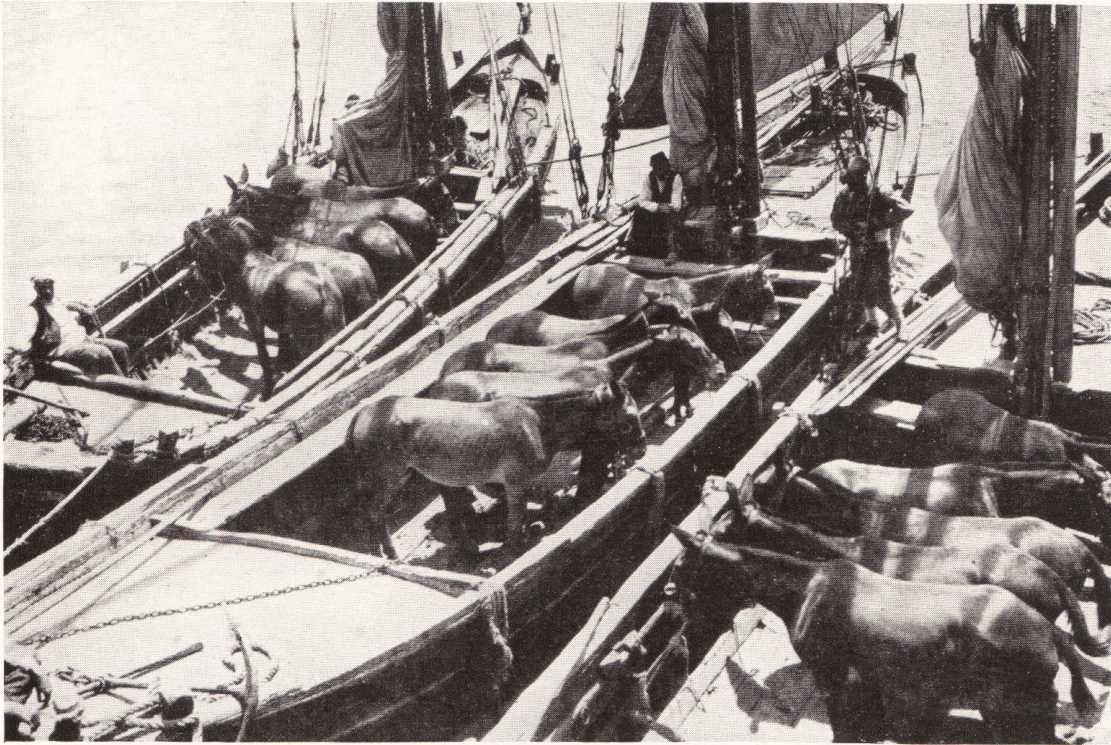
The Buyuk Mezaristan, in Scutari, is said to be the largest Moslem cemetery. From Stamboul one can plainly see the forest of dark cypress trees that marks the spot. These, "the only constant mourners of the dead," have long been a distinguishing feature of Turkish cemeteries, where a new tree is supposed to be planted for each new tomb.



Photographs by Solita Solano

A PASTURE GROUND AMONG THE DEAD

Sacred as is a Turkish cemetery, the Moslems do not feel that a burial ground is solely for the benefit of the dead. The cemetery has long been the woman's club, as the coffee-house has been the man's, and here in Scutari some thrifty herdsmen graze their oxen among the gaily painted tombs, well knowing that they will be safe till evening time.



Photograph by Carrie E. Mills

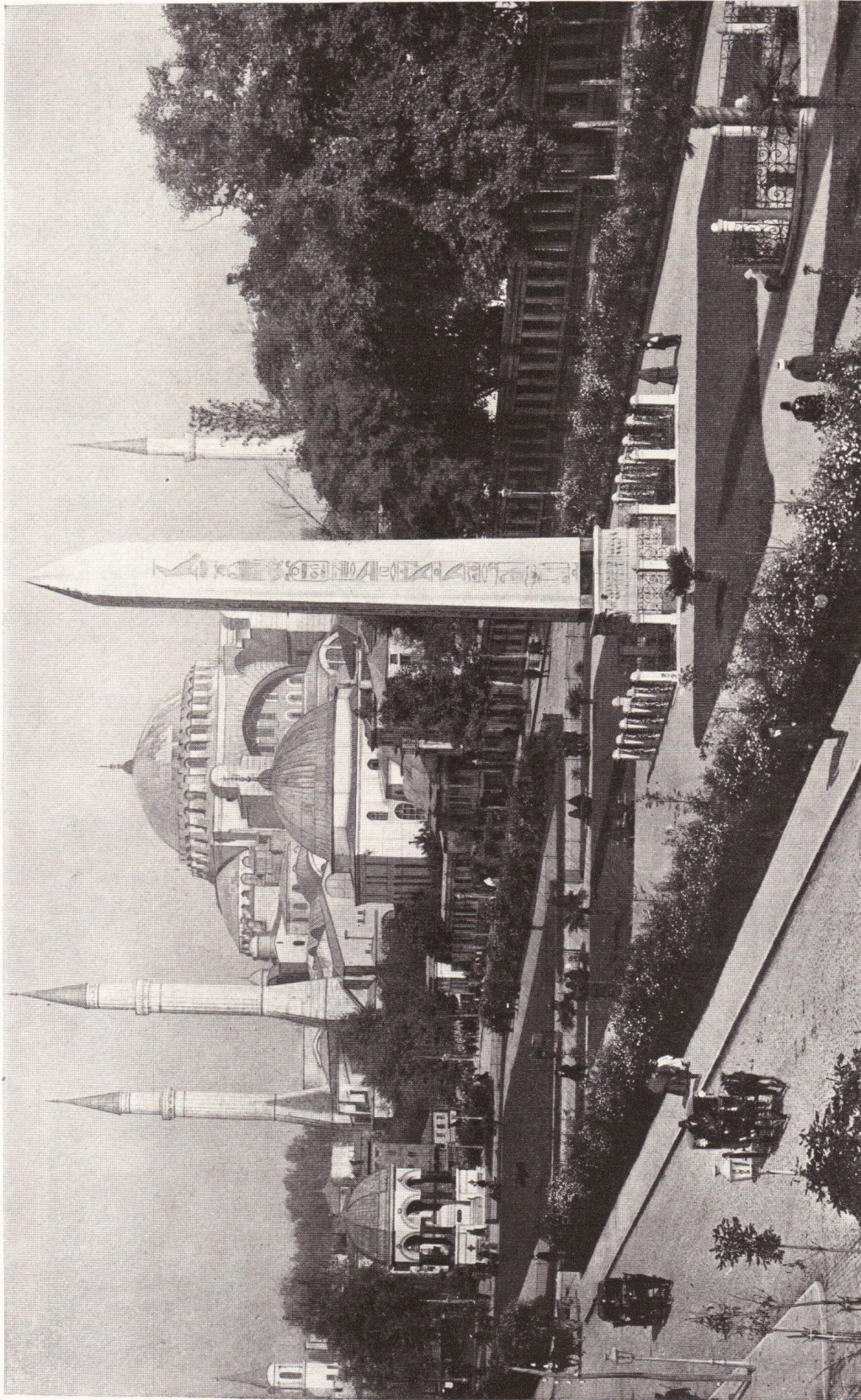
THE MISSOURI MULE IN AN UNFAMILIAR SETTING

American relief agents, while alleviating the suffering in the Caucasus, are doing much to make Detroit and Missouri famous. From Constantinople these animals are shipped to various Black Sea ports, from which they carry American milk to the orphaned children of Asia Minor.



THE CRUMBLING WALLS OF YEDI KULEH, STAMBOUL

The seven towers of this old fortress once confined the ministers of all such states as might be waging war against the Turk. Mohammed II erected a new structure on the foundations of an old Byzantine citadel, not far from the place where the land wall joins the sea wall beside the Sea of Marmora.



Photograph by Solita Solano

THIS OBELISK MARKED THE CENTER OF THE HIPPODROME

The historic monolith, erected more than 1,500 years ago, is of rose granite, 61 feet high, and came from the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, Egypt, placed there by Thothmes III twenty centuries before the Christian era. Greek and Latin inscriptions say the 199-ton stone was raised on the Hippodrome in 32 days. In the lower right corner of the picture is seen the headless Serpent's Column, an offering of Greek devotion to Apollo after the Battle of Plataea, when the Persian hordes had been forever hurled from Europe. Three serpents, twisted around each other and standing on their tails, compose the column, now but 18 feet 9 inches high. In the background rises Sancta Sophia.



Photograph from Solita Solano

THE CASTLE OF EUROPE AND THE COLLEGE OF AMERICA

Here, where the Bosphorus narrows to its closest confines and the shore of Europe comes nearest to Asia, Mohammed II, a young man of 23, with whip and presents forced the erection of a mighty fortress in five months. Surrounding buildings furnished the materials for towering walls which formed the monogram of the Prophet and his namesake. Today Rumeli Hisar is famous as the home of Robert College (see map, page 650), one of the most influential of American colleges abroad.



Photograph from Solita Solano

“WHILE YOU WAIT” IN CONSTANTINOPLÉ

The Turk has his slippers, with their heels turned in, repaired while he waits. He slips into and out of them a hundred times a day, and, having but one pair, he sits and chats with the cobbler until the needed patch is added.



Photograph by Edgar J. Fisher

PRINCIPAL SQUARE OF ANATOLIA CAVAK, ON THE ASIATIC SIDE OF THE BOSPORUS

This is the village to which St. John Chrysostom was banished after he preached against the luxury and vice of the Constantinople court under the Empress Eudoxia. He was called back by the people, but still continued his sermons; so was again exiled.



A MAN-MADE FASHION SPURNED BY THE NEW WOMAN

Thinner and thinner grew the Turkish veil, until now a large number of Turkish women go unveiled entirely. Religion may attempt to restrain and the conservative elements deplore the change, but the new woman bravely bares her face, with the added advantage that she has a veil handy in case she desires seclusion from inquiring eyes.



Photographs from Solita Solano

A LIVING BILLBOARD OF ILLITERACY, THE PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER

In Turkey elementary education is nominally obligatory and five middle-class schools for girls have been opened in the last four years; but only one in twenty-four of the population yet attends school and illiteracy is so prevalent that even the apparently well-to-do have no hesitancy in advertising their inability to write a simple business letter.



Photograph from Solita Solano

THE INTERIOR OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MOSQUE

Into the splendor of Justinian's church the Janissaries poured, seeking for treasure; and there, beneath the costly mosaic of the Cross, the Christian women were distributed among the mercenary soldiers of the Turk. At noon Mohammed the Conqueror came and sent up thanks to Allah for his victory. So, on the 29th of May, in 1453, the Church of Sancta Sophia became a mosque.

out as far as the eye can see, rising and falling, tinted from dark brown to ochre and gray, sometimes bare, sometimes covered with vegetation. They are barbaric, threatening, mournful.

Modern Constantinople is forgotten as one tries to imagine what these barriers seemed like to the hordes of barbarians who came every few years, looked at those miles of moated and turreted walls, and then turned back.

Now gypsies and refugees live here and there in the ruins that extend for five miles across the isthmus, from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. They rob the gardens which are cultivated in the old moats, and watch with astonishment the occasional airplane that buzzes high over the walls of Theodosius II.

Seen from the air, the walls look like a long saffron cord, knotted and laid along the green countryside. Near Top Kapou, or Cannon Gate, where Mohammed the Conqueror battered an opening, Turkish boys from ten to sixteen years old practice every day to become volunteer firemen, stopping whenever a carriage passes to beg for coppers.

A MYSTERIOUS RUG INDUSTRY

At Yedi Kuleh, where the land walls begin, a mysterious sort of rug industry goes on between the four towers that remain of the original seven. Hundreds of rugs of all makes, shades, and sizes are piled up, treated with paint, and then spread to fade in the sun. Questions concerning the nature of the work are not answered and frowns follow the unwelcome visitors, as they move away to look at the Golden Gate or mount into the tower which was the Turkish Bastille, where political prisoners were decapitated or strangled.

Beyond the walls, about a mile from the Adrianople Gate, through which Mohammed entered the city, is a large Turkish cemetery, where once the Turks waited for the signal to storm the breaches in the great walls.



Photograph by W. P. Whitlock

SMILING FOR ALMS OUTSIDE THE MOSQUE OF SANCTA SOPHIA

That there is a close relation between religion and charity is well recognized by the beggars of the world. Inside the imposing cathedrals of Russia, scores of mite-boxes silently solicit funds. The approach to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is so lined with importunate beggars that some one has called it "The Street of Palms." Beside the lowliest of Hindu shrines some mendicant is likely to be seen. Beneath the Cross charity flourishes, and in the shadow of the minarets the poor find bread.

When life was less troubled in Constantinople, the cemeteries were used as pleasure grounds for picnickers, as they are especially attractive places. Cypress trees planted beside the graves make graceful forests that spread over uncounted acres, where millions that have died since Mohammed lie sleeping.

Some of the newer tombstones are as gay as birthday cakes, with their painted



Photograph by Solita Solano

A GYPSY FORTUNE-TELLER

A feature of life in Constantinople is the gypsy fortune-teller from Arabia, who walks under the windows all day, crying, "I read your future in your hands." Many gypsies live in the ruins of the old walls, winter and summer. The cloth of which this woman's baggy trousers are made came from America.

flowers and vines and gilded railings. The older ones are gray, and their inscriptions are almost defaced by the rains of centuries. Many graves are so old that the stones have fallen and the earth has crumbled in upon forgotten bones, now laid open to view.

Women drive here from the country in gaily painted wagons with curtains which they need no longer draw. They bring their children and wilted chrysanthemums; then sit idly, without needle or book, staring into space, or else patronize

the letter-writer or fruit-venders, who lie in wait for their custom. Beggars lounge in the sun. Near by a stone-cutter chisels a fez on a new tombstone.

In the Scutari cemetery, the largest burial place in the East, a Turk followed me about while I photographed his cows, which he had shut up for safekeeping in a private burial plot (see p. 664).

He said he had been waiting for some time to have the movements of the earth and sun explained to him. He could not understand why it was said to be night in America when it was day in Turkey. I explained, but, as I was leaving, he said: "Yes, that's what they say; but all the same I don't believe it is night in America at this moment."

SANCTA SOPHIA IS CAREFULLY GUARDED

Sancta Sophia, standing on the first of Constantinople's seven hills, now has soldiers' barracks at one side and guards everywhere. The Turks greatly fear that through the Greeks harm may come to their favorite mosque and have ordered that no person of Hellenic blood be permitted to pass the portals. Passports from all except Mohammedans are demanded at the gate, and the galleries are opened only by special order from the police.

From early morning until evening the mosque is visited by Allied soldiers, who have heard all their lives of this "terrestrial paradise, the second firmament, the car of the cherubim, the throne of the glory of God, the marvel of the earth, and the largest temple in the world after St. Peter's," that Justinian built in less than six years.

American sailors, English "Tommies," Italian and French officers and soldiers wander about, caps off, watching the Turks pray for the safety of their city. They gaze in wonder at the vast vault suspended over their heads, at the half domes, the 107 marble columns, the hundreds of windows, immense galleries,

partly obliterated cherubim, bold arches, and princely porticoes.

A guide whispers to them of the dramatic events that passed in barbaric pagant before the jeweled altar of the Byzantines, now shrunk to a mean black stone that points the Mussulman to Mecca. They crane their shaven necks to stare at the stone coffin over the door that contains the dust of great Theodora; at the mark on a pillar said to have been made by the hand of Mohammed; and at the place where the Conqueror's horse planted his hoof.

NEGLECTED BUT STILL BEAUTIFUL

Sancta Sophia is getting shabbier every day. The Turks have no money to keep up their public buildings and mosques. The walls are sagging again in many places and need the attentions of an architect. The gold leaf has crumpled and fallen from the dome. Ugly electric light bulbs have replaced the thousands of wicks that once burned softly at the feast of Ramazan. Yet, neglected as Sancta Sophia is, nothing can equal its beauty or destroy its grandeur.

In olden times Byzantium was called the "dwelling of the gods," because of the number of temples and shrines in the city. These were converted into churches by Constantine, and into mosques by the Turks, who built many new ones, all imitating the basilica of Justinian.

The steps of some of the mosques are the only homes many refugees know, especially the broad entrance of Yeni Valideh Djami, near the Galata bridge, where at least a hundred hungry men live. Between services they may go inside and admire the rose marble column which cost the conqueror of Candia his life, but when the muezzin calls out the hour for prayer all unbelievers are hurried outside.

THE HIPPODROME, CENTER OF BYZANTINE LIFE

Within a block of Sancta Sophia is a large dusty square, the Hippodrome, the center of Byzantine life of the Middle Ages, which played the same part in the lives of the people as the Acropolis at Athens, the Forum at Rome, and the Temple at Delphi. Three times its present size, it was then the largest building



Photograph by Solita Solano

WOMEN NOW SWEEP CONSTANTINOPLE'S STREETS AS A SIGN OF THEIR EMANCIPATION

The brooms used are made of twigs. When the conservative religious element complained at the city's employment of women in this capacity, the reply was, "They are not women while they wear trousers, but men." So they kept their jobs.

in the empire, and was used for chariot races, gladiatorial contests, triumphal processions, and as a place of execution.

What a spectacle that crowd must have been when, adorned with jewels, it moved through the porticoes of the Hippodrome to cheer the Blues or the Greens, those rival charioteers whose politics upset the entire empire! Hither came the spoils of war, including thousands of statues from Greece and Rome, the bronze horses that



Photograph from Solita Solano

A FOUNTAIN BEARING THE MONOGRAMS OF WILLIAM II
AND ABDUL HAMID

In the ancient Hippodrome, where the obelisk of Theodosius and the serpent of Delphi reveal Constantinople's contact with the culture of the ancient world; in the very shadow of Justinian's church, made a mosque by Mohammed II, there is this fountain, which the ex-Kaiser gave to Abdul Hamid II and in which the monograms of the two friends appear together.

are now in Venice over the portals of St. Mark's, and images of gods, heroes, and empresses.

Now all but three of the monuments are gone from this shrunken space—the Obelisk of Theodosius, the brass Serpent's Column, and the Built Column. A religious class of *hafizes*, boys of ten and old men of seventy, walk along without a glance at two of the most interesting human monuments in the world (see p. 666).

Crossing the Hippodrome is a band of

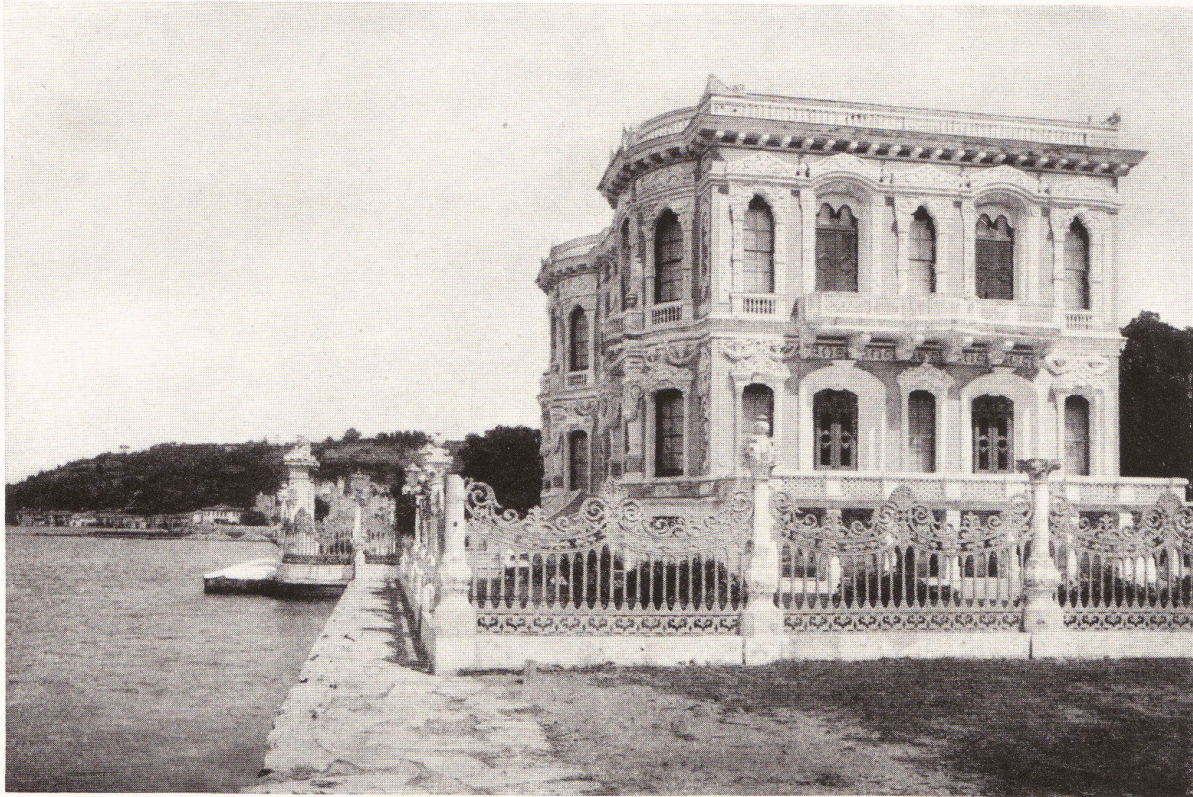
boy students in long coats. Fruit-venders stand motionless. There is nothing so devoid of life as a Turkish gathering place. Even the children are as inactive as tortoises, and do not know how to play with hoops, balls, or tops. Here and there a child is digging out mud from between the cobblestones, scarcely moving when a motor filled with Allied officers rushes past.

Nothing happens for perhaps ten minutes. Then some European women drive slowly by, almost colliding with a small motor car of relief workers that has just turned the corner. A landau from the Persian embassy passes. (The front of the embassy was painted recently in honor of the visit of the heir apparent.) Its occupant is dozing. A cart full of refugees, seeking a shelter, jolts along, loaded with children and bundles.

Later in the afternoon there are several arrivals at the square. A Red Cross nurse points out to a newly arrived friend the fountain which Emperor William gave to the Sultan fifteen years ago.

A Turk with bolts of cloth over his shoulder tries to sell suiting to every man he encounters. Donkeys come in sight, carrying vegetables. A water-seller, with a brass samovar on his back and a girle of glasses about his waist, is followed by some boys, who try to emulate him by carrying porous water-jugs and one dirty cup. Some Russians stand disconsolate, with trays of cakes, dusty from their all-day exposure.

To enter the gates of the old Seraglio behind Sancta Sophia is to court disap-



Photograph from Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester

A JEWEL-CASE PALACE NEAR THE BANKS OF THE SWEET WATERS OF ASIA

Between the blue of the Bosphorus and the green of the wooded hills there are many kiosks so delicate that from a distant vantage-point they resemble boxes of carved ivory. Near this kiosk on the banks of the Sweet Waters of Asia are the picnic grounds which Loti and other writers have made famous.

pointment, for one finds little in these abandoned buildings to satisfy an imagination fed with tales of the hundreds of years when this loveliest of spots was the stronghold and home of Byzantine emperors and Turkish sultans. Here twenty-five sultans were born, ascended the throne, were overthrown or strangled. Here, for three hundred years, were hatched the plans that kept Europe, Asia, and Africa trembling with forebodings.

The Seraglio is situated on that famous point of land that extends into the Sea of Marmora at the junction of this body of water with the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. On this spot stood the Acropolis of Byzantium. Now Seraglio Point is divided into two parts, the outer grounds and the Treasury. The Treasury has been closed for many months, and it is whispered that some of the celebrated jewels it contained have been converted into Turkish pounds, to aid the ruined government.

A few worn and dusty rooms in the old

palace are shown to visitors by a modern young poet with a passion for translating Omar's quatrains into Turkish. He is the public host to such visitors as have permission to enter the grounds. The permits have been required since a souvenir-hunter walked off with a gold cup.

AN ENCHANTING PANORAMA ALONE IS LEFT

While two servants brought us coffee cups on a tray set on a frayed red pillow, the host quoted verses.

After coffee, the poet led us out to see the view which is all that is left of the former splendor. Spread before us was an enchanting panorama of the Sea of Marmora, the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus, with three cities of Constantinople clustered around them, resting between a sapphire sky and even bluer waters. At this distance we looked through a soft gray veil at the rose-colored roofs, the delicately pinnacled mosques that gleamed whitely in the sun, and the Allied fleet



Photograph by Solita Solano

CHEERFUL REFUGEES, DESPITE THEIR HOMELESS AND PENNILESS CONDITION



Photograph by Frederick Moore

A FEW OF STAMBOUL'S CANINE WARDS

Long used as scavengers, until an order, whose studied cruelty resulted from the Moslem reluctance to kill, banished them to cannibalism on a tiny island, the dogs of Constantinople have claimed their full share of notoriety. Today their number is greatly reduced and they are no longer the pest they once were.



COOKING AND WASHING IN A REFUGEE CAMP IN CONSTANTINOPLE



Photographs from Solita Solano

ARMENIAN REFUGEES IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The Russians have no monopoly on the pathetic practice of refugeeing. The City of the Sultans has its thousands of Armenians who have flocked in from the stricken highlands of Cilicia and Van. They were among the most tragic sufferers in the World War, for their homeland was a battleground for contending forces.



Photograph by Solita Solano

RUSSIAN REFUGEES SELLING CAKES

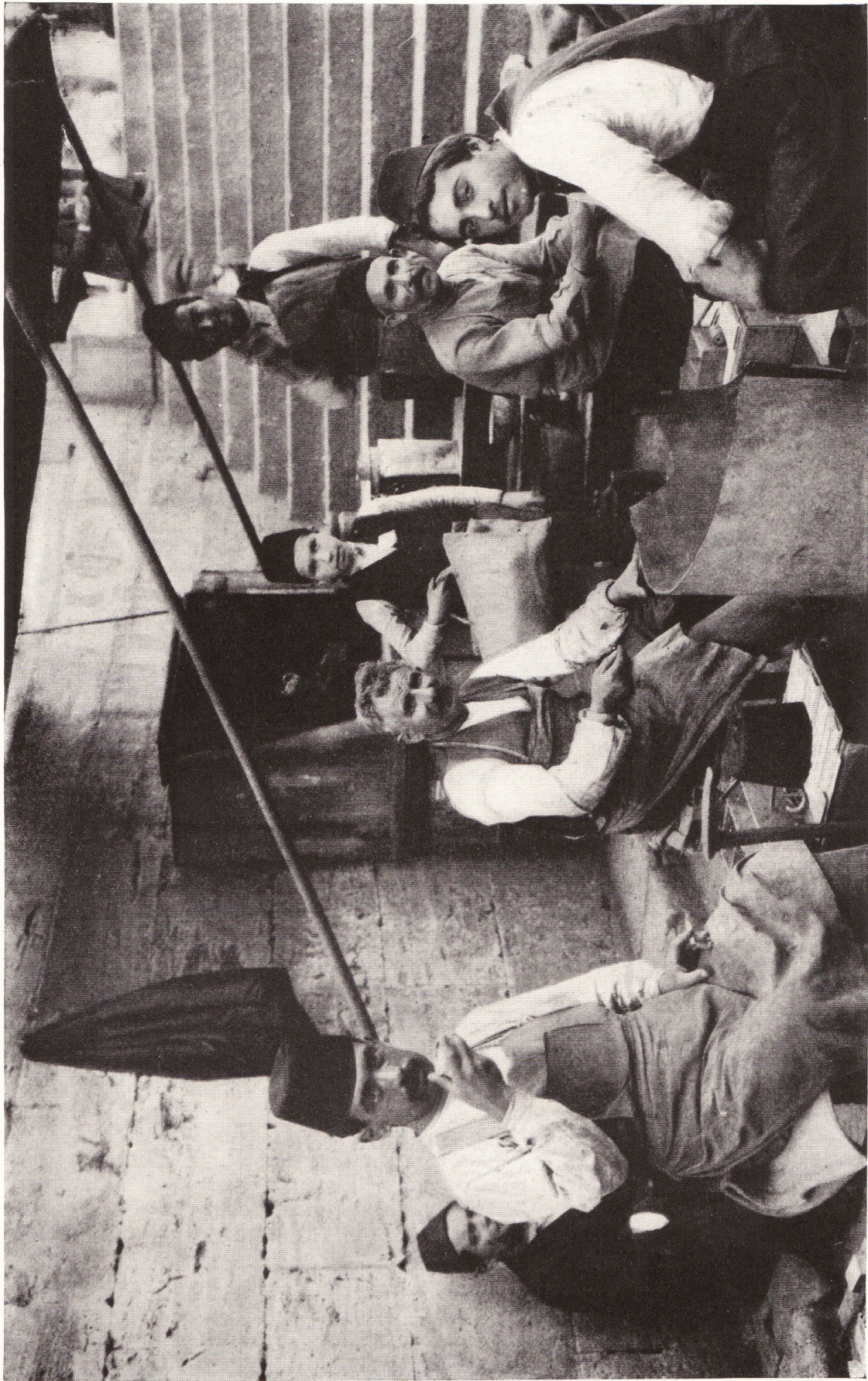
Hundreds of them walk the streets of Constantinople from daybreak to midnight and then sleep on the steps of the mosques or in the open.



Photograph from Solita Solano

FLOTSAM OF THE RED REVOLUTION: A RUSSIAN REFUGEE

One of the soldiers from Wrangel's army in Constantinople. Many of them were encamped for ten months on the Gallipoli Peninsula.



© E. M. Newman

SHOEMAKERS IN THE STREETS OF STAMBOUL

that seemed like children's boats floating on the Bosphorus.

Then we turned our backs on the view to walk about the decaying buildings and gardens that once saw a court life whose magnificence has scarcely been equalled by any other country in the world. The gardens lay deserted in the sunlight, except for two old eunuchs who walked across the grounds toward the still beautiful Bagdad Kiosk.

CONSTANTINOPLE'S BAZAARS

The bazaars have always been a feature of the life that lies between Turkey and India, and modernity has not changed them. Pera has one which occupies the middle of Step Street, leading up from Galata. Last year the Russians took the last of their trinkets here and sold them for food.

A still larger street bazaar in Stamboul is known as the Manchester Market, because practically all the cotton goods sold to the crowds of women and girls come from Manchester, England. According to a leading English merchant of Pera, nearly \$5,000,000 change hands here every day.

The most famous bazaars, however, were built by Sultan Bayazid II between the second and third hills of Stamboul and cover several acres of ground. There are 4,000 shops and a hundred entrances in the great stone building. It may look like a fortress from without, but once inside it becomes a noisy, multicolored labyrinth of streets, columns, squares, and fountains, under an arched roof.

Here, amid a babel of all languages, rich merchants and ragged refugees alike are solicited to buy soft rugs from Bokhara, gay Brusa silks, blazing jewels of odd cut, shawls from Persia, yellow and black amber, intoxicating perfumes, coffee-cups of beaten gold, pearls like milk and roses, sewing-machines, egg-beaters, granite pans, and old Turkish costumes, which the shopkeeper tries to sell as kimonos.

Few buyers are in the bazaars these days, for the time has passed when a pasha could afford to send his whole harem shopping under the eye and whip of the head eunuch. The bazaars have come upon hard times. The American tourist is barred because of the war between Turkey and Greece, and the soldiers and refugees turn out their pockets and laugh when they are exhorted to buy.

The white marble palaces which line the Bosphorus are no longer used by sultans, pashas, and beys. They are in a sad state of dilapidation, and some of them are occupied by French and Hindustani troops, or by Allied officials.

The Sultan lives in seclusion at Yildiz Palace. In pathetic contrast with the splendor and pomp that used to attend his weekly visit to some city mosque is the shabby parade that now marks his drive to prayers each week at Yildiz mosque, perhaps two hundred feet from his palace door. A few visitors still collect in the waiting-rooms of the palace to see him go by, staring through the windows at the short line of cavalry, the straggling band, and the few foot soldiers, in uniforms of Teutonic cut, who assemble to salute their ruler with methodical cheers.

Perhaps nothing is so typical of the change that has come to Turkey as the contrast between the ceremony of old and the present sad function. The furnishings of the room facing the terrace, where princes and potentates have waited in the past, breathless at the luxury surrounding them, are now worn and shabby. French furniture sags on legs from which the gilt has been rubbed. A black stovepipe attached to a tile stove mars a corner. A Turkish admiral in white linen and a young officer, the only governmental representatives present, were the only visitors to be served coffee. When the Sultan drove by at last, saluting from his victoria, he saw only a handful of troops where his predecessors had proudly ignored men who packed the roadway with their pennant lances.

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