

## PIERRE LOTI Now Fights His Adorable Turks



Costumed as a Turk, Resting in a Favorite Nook of His "Mosque."

IN command of a French gunboat, part of the great allied fleet now bombarding the Dardanelles forts which guard Constantinople, Pierre Loti is fighting his beloved Turks—attacking his "second fatherland."

For Pierre Loti to fight the Turks in one of the most astonishing minor spectacles of the war. Heretofore, for nearly a quarter of a century, this French naval officer, the excellence of whose literary works made him one of the forty immortals of the French Academy, has missed no opportunity to defend the Turk against the criticism of the rest of the world. The virtues of the Turk are set forth with captivating eloquence on many pages of his books. In his house at Rochefort, France, his favorite room is a duplication in detail of a Mohammedan mosque. His most affected house costume is that of a Turkish gentleman. He has a villa in Stamboul, where he has lived for months at a time during many years.

All the literary and political world knew that Pierre Loti loved the Turks—and now he is fighting them. He is sixty-five years old and was retired from the navy some years ago, but when, against all the force of his pleadings, Turkey became Germany's ally in this war, his patriotism was for France, however much he loved the Turks. He applied for a command in the navy, and is once more Captain Julien Viaud—his real name. His conscience is clear, for if the misguided country of his affectionate adoption had not been "loved and lured away" by the Kaiser his French patriotism would not have compelled him to rebuke her with shells from his gunboat.

One reason why Pierre Loti loves the Turks is because he adores everything Oriental and mysterious. His ancestral home at Rochefort has the plainest of exteriors, but its vast interior breathes in every room the spirit of the East. During the many years while he combined the duties of a somewhat obscure French naval officer with the vocation of litterateur—one of the most highly esteemed of modern times—he not only visited all the Oriental countries, but in succession lived the lives of their people.

From India, from Japan, from China, from Egypt and from Turkey he brought home a wealth of native costumes, rugs, tapestries, furniture, household implements, architectural designs and historical and religious relics. Of all his temporary Oriental homes he loved best Constantinople. So, when he transformed the interior of his Rochefort home the room which he made over into a Mohammedan mosque—down to the smallest detail—naturally became his favorite sanctuary.

Here, after his retirement from the navy, he spent his most contented hours, attired as a Turkish gentleman. Pierre Loti was always a lover of solitude. Even when old friends visited him he would not interrupt his meditations, but for hours would sit silent, cross-legged on a cushion, planning new and fascinating literary Arabesques. Attired as an Indian prince when the spirit of that country moved him, he would go through the same silent ceremony in the room transformed into the interior of an Indian temple.

But his most exalted Oriental-literary moods could see him in his Egyptian room, in costume and pose impersonating the ancient Egyptian deity, Horus. At such times the only thing un-Egyptian about him was his heavy, black mustache, and his wide-open, dark eyes, which seemed always to be thrusting his vision deep into Eastern mysteries.

In the case of Turkey and the Turks, however, his interest was much closer, more human. He loved the Turks so much that at one stage of his career the French Government transferred his naval command to a station as far away as possible from Constantinople. It was feared that his passion for actually living the lives of his Oriental heroes would get him into serious trouble.

When his romance, "Aziyade," appeared and jumped him at once into fame, it was marveled that he could have had the experiences therein portrayed without attracting characteristic Turkish animosity. As his own hero he told the story of the hero's love for a Circassian beauty and his fruitless search for her among the streets of ancient Stamboul.

When His "Second Fatherland" Joins Forces with the Kaiser, the Famous Novelist Roars His Rebuke from a French Gunboat in the Dardanelles.



Pierre Loti Entering the "Mosque Room" of His House at Rochefort, France.

"Yes, I actually met her," he told a friend. "First in Salonika, and later we lived in Eyoub, the loveliest of places, which lies along the banks of the Golden Horn. Aziyade was divine among women. She no longer lives, but the book tells of an experience, all of which I actually lived. Ah, for one single hour in that oldest of buildings in old Stamboul to which I will retreat in the Spring and try to recover the peace of soul which one leaves behind him in the Orient and can only recover there."

People who met Pierre Loti while he was visiting this country last year found him an enigma—a little man, almost effeminate in his manners and dress, yet with an eagle-like look about his face and eyes which accounted sufficiently for his record as an officer of the French navy. He frankly disliked most of what he saw of America—it was too rude, too rushing, too unconscious of these subtle, precious things in life that are not to be seen and grasped on the instant. He preferred to talk about his friends, the Turks, and about cats—which he loves almost equally well because they, too, are mysterious. He was incensed at the Balkan States.

"The people of the Balkan States are cowards," he said. "They have taken advantage of Italy's war to attack Turkey. But the Turks are patriotic and will fight to the last cartridge. The Turkish soldiers do not wear smart uniforms, and perhaps do not bathe so often as those of other nations, but when it comes to fighting there are no braver men on earth."

He went back to France, where his views about the Turks were highly appreciated. A Paris newspaper editor engaged him at a fabulous sum to write on the subject. Here are some of his expressions in that series of articles:

"How easy to explain is their hatred against the peoples who bear the name of Christians—how should they not feel that, openly or underhand, those peoples are fundamentally united to suppress them? We, the French, have taken from them Algeria and Tunis and Morocco. The English disloyalty kidnapped Egypt. Persia is half under the yoke. And Italy, staining Tripoli blood-red, gave the sad signal to kill the game pitilessly. Next, on these conquered countries, each in our own way, we lay the burden of our disdainful



Captain Julien Viaud (Pierre Loti) in His French Navy Uniform.

hands. The least of our little bureaucrats treats every Mussulman as a slave. From people who believe, we take away little by little their prayer; upon dreamers passionate for immobility, we impose our vain agitation, our speed madness, our alcohol, our shoddy and old iron; and everywhere the unbalancing of peoples follows us with all its lusts and despair.

"What can be more revolting than to see to what degree the Turks are unknown, I could even say unsuspected, by all Occidentals, by all those who have never set foot in their country. It is the same in America, whence I have just come. There the current phrase in speaking of the Turks is 'hordes of Asia, barbarians.'

"Now I do not believe there is in the world a race more thoroughly good, brave, loyal and mild. Ask those of us who have lived in the Orient, even our priests and sisters, who are so respected there, ask them which they prefer or esteem more—Turks or Bulgarians, Serbs, Levantine Christians generally—I know their answer beforehand. Every one of them will say that these Bulgarians—with all their wonderful courage which I am the first to acknowledge—advancing as they do to the chant of *Te Deum* and the ringing of church bells, are as a race infinitely rougher and more deadly than the Mussulman race."

Pierre Loti's Turkish friends were not slow in expressing their gratitude. Mahmud Shevket Pasha, the Turkish Grand Vizier, wrote him a letter containing these words:

"While Europe in a cowardly way closes its eyes to the Balkan atrocities on defenseless and peaceful Turkish farmers, you alone have taken up the pen in their defense, and for this you will please accept the thanks of Islam."

But the eloquent Frenchman received even more emphatic proof of the value of his services to the Turks. Lieutenant Tokom, of the Bulgarian army, challenged him to a duel. Loti replied that the challenge was couched in such ignoble terms that "my fingers refuse to touch it." He refused to believe that the Bulgarian Army could choose such a person to



Meditating as Horus, the Ancient Egyptian Deity.

represent it. And he was right, for, as Loti said: "The insolent youth was subsequently repudiated." He goes on in his articles even more eloquently on behalf of the Turks:

"Nowhere life among the best Turks will such solicitude for the poor, the weak and the aged and children, and veneration for mothers be found. The wandering dogs of Stamboul have proved the Turkish kindness. At Broussa there exists a stork hospital where wounded and aged birds are fed and bandaged and even supplied with wooden legs."

It was not to be expected that the breaking out of the great European war would cause Loti to drop the pen in favor of the sword. He was sixty-five years old, and in retirement after having served his country in the navy long and well. At the start he did not even exercise his pen. But when Germany began to coquette with Turkey the watchful friend of that country was promptly heard from via the French newspapers. He wrote:

"Every one can understand that Turkey wants to reconquer her islands, but I perceive, alas! pressure exercised by the abominable being in whom is incarnated all the blemishes of the Prussian race—ferocity, insolence, treachery—who is doubtless taking advantage of your chivalrous patriotism, overwhelming you with lies and obscuring the truth."

"If you only realized the immense disaster rising throughout the entire world against the Prussian race! Unfortunately, you owe nothing to France, which authorized the action of Italy against Tripoli; which took the part of your neighbors in the recent wars. The Germans alone comforted you then, but that does not warrant your committing suicide for them now."

To Enver Bey he wrote: "I know your merited influence with your country. When my letter arrives perhaps your eyes will be opened, despite the veil of lies in which Germany seeks to envelope you. I am positive of our ultimate victory; how my joy would be darkened by mourning if my second, my Eastern Fatherland, should be buried in the ruins of the hideous Empire of Prussia!"

Well, Pierre Loti had been loyal to his beloved Turks. He had warned them, he had pleaded with them. But they would not listen. They joined forces with the enemy of France. Loti loved the Turks as much as ever, but France was his "First Fatherland." So, more in sorrow than in anger—and with true patriotism—he demanded and received a command in the navy and went forth to bombard the Dardanelles forts.

Should Pierre Loti be captured by the Turks, doubtless he will be treated as their most distinguished prisoner of war, and permitted to live like a Pasha in his own Stamboul villa.

## Do Divorced Men and Widowers Make Better Husbands Than Bachelors

By Professor Charles T. Watkins, The Distinguished American Psychologist.

A BACHELOR is a greenhorn in regard to women! He may pride himself that he is a great catcher of the ladies' hearts, just as he prides himself that he has always thrown his hearts to the four winds when tired of them, but when it comes to old-fashioned real love-making it takes a widower or a divorced man!

The man who has been over the matrimonial road once is like a boy from college compared to a wild young stag from the backwoods. Not that a woman has such a refining influence that she produces this great change, but only that a woman is a woman, and really to know her and to know her needs a man must have been married to her. The mere drawing-room woman is not the creature men encounter in their married life. No matter how many sisters a bachelor has, no matter how well he knows his mother, he can never play the role of husband to them and he can never understand them as he can a wife. This bachelor may chuckle up his sleeve and think he knows the ladies, "God bless them," but he doesn't know

as much about them as a newborn babe. Your widower and divorced man can beat him in the game of love every time, because they understand the woman they are making love to.

Woman is a many-sided creature. She is more like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde than any creature on earth. Woman is so complex that it takes more than two or three hours of pleasant company to understand her. The bachelor must have a great conception of the feminine instinct!

It is for the very reason that they secretly resent the selfish instinct which makes so many bachelors incorrigible, that women take a malicious pleasure in misleading him concerning their real feelings and prejudices.

The widower has a slight advantage even over the divorced man because he creates sympathy. A woman's heart is made up of desire to comfort. Even the hardest woman wants to comfort a child on the street when she sees it in tears. And so when gentle woman sees the lonely, sorrowful widower approaching her path and asking for her love, her heart opens and fills with pity for him. If he is clever and takes advantage of all this previous education which he has had he will win his first victim.

The divorced man can, of course, concoct a tale of misery and abuse, desertion and abandonment, and he usually does. His little experience has quite fitted him to know the nature of his new desire.

But the bachelor is at the tail end of the race. Oh, yes, he THINKS he is the winner, but that is because he is merely tolerated. Women will tolerate a great deal. That is one of their best characteristics and one which the bachelor is entirely unaware of. If, however, the bachelor decided really to stop flirting and propose he might have to go to several ladies before he succeeded in getting a wife.

Of course, a woman will flirt—the best of them first. But that does not lead to matrimony, as the bachelor might find out if he would play the game a little farther. How many hearts the bachelor thinks he has thrown aside which he really never had at all! His widower friends and bachelor friends sit back and laugh at him, but he, poor greenhorn, plays on and on in his little game. He sees the widower walk off with one of his old girls and secretly laughs, saying to himself that he might have had her!

But could he have had her? Did he ever ask her? Yes, she flirted, of course; she tolerated him, of course, but that is the woman of it. That is the side of a woman the bachelor does not know. Later he sees his divorced friend carry away another girl of his. But he slaps himself upon the back and goes forth to play the game of love again—to catch a girl for another chum and add another to his list of reveries!

Perhaps in old age the bachelor receives a revelation of the truth—that never in his life has he made a "conquest"; that if he had ever submitted his neck to the matrimonial yoke it would then have been the woman, not himself, who "withdrew gracefully."

The divorced man and the widower have his beaten ten to one, and the worst of it is he doesn't know he is beaten! All the bachelor's reveries turn into pipe dreams, and ever will. If he wants to win the game, to understand the feminine nature, to appreciate woman in all her moods and fancies, he will have to hunt up his widower friends and his divorced friends and get a few hints on the subject which is hardest to learn.