

Turkish Nationalists At Home.

In the afternoon, I repaired to the wide and pleasant terrace above the beach at Inebolu, for a dish of sherbet, in the coffee-house. This terrace was a favorite resort of the men of the town in their hours of ease, and I never lacked a companion who knew a little French or English.

French and Italian ships appeared in the roadstead at least six times a week, and an occasional Russian ship shows up under a French flag. The cargo brought in consisted chiefly of army supplies. I was told that small Bolshevik boats had been making this port with precious cargo for the Nationalists, but that they were now going to ports farther east. Occasionally a Greek warship appeared in the offing, on the lookout for the venture-some Turkish boats from Constantinople, but it dared not interfere with steamers flying the flags of the Allies and could not stand helplessly by while they discharged Nationalist passengers and cargo for Angora.

In the evening, all the men of the town congregated there for their "nightcap" of Turkish coffee. The last bulletin with news from the front had already been posted on the terrace, and the courier from Castamuni had arrived with the daily paper. There was much eager discussion of the day's news.

"In this new Turkey," said a merchant to me as we sat on the terrace, enjoying the cool evening breeze from the sea, "the Turk must remain the offendi. We shall never again permit the control of business in this land to slip out of our hands." And he had confidence that by the fiat of government the commercial monopoly of the Turks in Turkey had been for all time assured.

As we talked, great ox-carts were being loaded at the Custom-house near by with supplies for the army in the interior and were setting out in creaking procession to make the steep ascent of the mountains in the cool of the night. "The young men are all with the army," said my companion, "and the transport, as you see, is in the hands of boys and old men and women." I was amazed at the strength and agility shown by the worn women who heaved bales and boxes into place on the wagons, adjusted the loads and with poles worried the oxen into proper position and started them off on their long pull. Their scanty dress was frayed and dirty; their feet were bare; but they never forgot the Moslem tenet of feminine modesty. In the midst of their scurrying hither and thither they kept their scarfs drawn over their faces, holding them in place by a fold clenched between their teeth. The veil, like the fez, was a symbol of the Nationalists. In the five weeks of my sojourn in Anatolia, I saw only three unveiled Moslem women.—By Laurence Shaw Moore, in "Asia Magazine" for April.

Delicious Turkey teas will be served at the L.C.A.S. Sale on Wednesday and Thursday in the Methodist College Hall, from 6 p.m.—nov27,28

Our Sentiments Exactly.

(From the Harbor Grace Standard.) One kindly inclined has sent me through the mail in a stamped letter from Labrador a long list of names and the following: "Copy this and send it to nine people to whom you wish Good Luck. The chain was started by an American officer, and should go around the world three times. Do not break the chain for whoever does will have bad luck. Do it within twenty-four hours, and count nine days and you will have some very good fortune."

While thanking the sender for his kindly intentions one must say that if it came from the sky or any angel instead of an American officer it is alike against the Holy Scripture and common sense that any fortune to be called good can come from sending around any such chain. It is undoubtedly silly and wrong to believe such a false and mischievous untruth (as it will appear to reasonable people when they think over the matter). It would be unwise and a false sign of friendship to send it to anyone. As to bad luck following one's neglecting or declining to send the chain on, the man who hatched such a thought is worthy of the penitentiary or a place for the weak-minded. It is pitiable to see so many people, many of them estimable in many ways, joining in such a ridiculous chain, either from thoughtless belief or as a lark. To my mind the Postal service and the stationers are the only recipients of good luck. Just figure it out starting from one and work as far as the first ten rounds of the chain and from the figures derived you will have some slight idea of the amount of stationery used and the postage wasted through the following of such a scheme. Was it Barnum who said something to the effect that one is born every day?

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