

selves at night by playing their search lights over the city, away, as a gentle reminder to the populace that where there is much *light* there is also a bountiful supply of *fire*.

Although the Messageries steamers plying in the Levant and the Bosphorus are the older ships of the company and are to those of the Austrian Lloyds (whose vessels we would have preferred), the best means of reaching Constantinople, the perfect weather encountered assisted us greatly in resisting the fatigues of the journey. We broke the journey at Smyrna and were delighted to see our flag flying from the *Bancroft* in the harbor. Although the little representative of the white squadron did not force the passage through the Dardanelles during the Armenian unpleasantness her officers had been able to improve their minds and learn much about the geography of Egypt, Syria and Asia Minor while off on leave in these interesting parts. Our war vessel left Smyrna about the time we did for one of the islands of the Greek archipelago in interchange of pleasant visits. Smyrna is probably the most bustling city in the whole Ottoman Empire. It has about 200,000 inhabitants and bears all the outward appearances of a prosperous well-to-do town. As far as we could learn this prospect was decidedly non-Turkish. Those of us who mailed letters had a variety of post offices to choose from, as every European nation of any size maintains a service of its own. This is the rule in all Turkish towns, and, by a strange anomaly, while the international postage elsewhere is the equivalent of five cents, one sends a letter to America or Great Britain for four cents. We visited the native post office and found a very courteous official who spoke French and gave us the comparative cheapness of international postage. Even in Smyrna uncalled for letters are exposed in a glass case at the front of the post office so that he who runs may read his name on them!

Another warning, that led to certain of our party buying wide-brimmed hats for use in Constantinople, was quite uncalled for. The Turkish capital is the most delightful summer resort one could wish for. A cool, refreshing breeze blows all day from the Black Sea, and the nights are often cold in summer. There is a shower of rain every two or three days, and the city is full of trees. There is as much need for a cork helmet here in August as there would be in Mackinaw or Atlantic City.

Owing to this alarm about the heat of the summer season since the recent war, we are almost the only American tourists in the city. We have made it, including the hotels and their attendant