

Turkey at Bay

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

INSTRUCTOR IN ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.



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VERY month of the year is interesting at Constantinople. There is always "something doing." If it is not a parliamentary crisis, fall of Cabinet or new Albanian revolution, it is another

revolt in the Yemen or Hauran, more massacres in Asia Minor, or fresh bomb outrages and terrorism in Macedonia. When wars themselves become commonplace and rumors of wars are lacking, and we get tired of reading about disturbances in the provinces, cholera terrifies us, an earthquake shakes us, or a big fire in Stamboul satisfies our appetite for excitement.

But this month of October, in the year of our Lord 1912, promises to be memorable in the annals of Constantinople. For Turkey is at bay. Her envoys are treating with Italy for a peace that will rob her of the last vestige of her African possessions and destroy forever her influence in the Ægean Sea. Bulgaria, Greece, Servia and Montenegro are united in the supreme effort to drive the Turkish flag back to the walls of Constantinople. Crete has once more proclaimed her union with Greece, and Cretan deputies are in Athens waiting for admittance to the Hellenic Parliament. Rhodes is in the hands of Italy. In Samos the Turkish troops are besieged by the islanders in insurrection. The other islands have expelled their Turkish officials. The covetous eyes of Austria see the waters of the Ægean glimmering beyond Salonika, and Russia's fleet is hovering around the Black Sea entrance of the Bosphorus.

A year ago I wrote in THE INDEPENDENT that the declaration of war by Italy created no excitement in Constantinople, and that the Turks seemed to have no real animosity against the Italians. This

same calm indifference has existed throughout the year. The question of Tripoli has not affected the Turks vitally. Even the bombardment and closing of the Dardanelles created only a momentary excitement in Constantinople. Throughout Turkey the whole Tripolitan war has not affected the people in any noticeable degree. The signing of the treaty of peace passes without comment.

In sharp contrast, however, to the effect produced by the ultimatum of Italy is the feeling in regard to the mobilization of the Balkan states and their concerted action against Turkey. The enthusiasm for a Balkan war is as vehement as it is instantaneous. The confidence in the invincibility of the Turkish armies is unwavering. Every one is happy. For a year the Turks—that is, the "men in the street" among them—have wanted a war with Bulgaria and Greece. That these states have taken the initiative is news almost too good to be true. Demonstrations of great magnitude are being made daily, and systematic recruiting is being carried on in the city and in the Bosphorus villages. Every one is volunteering. For the past week passenger service has been suspended on the railways, and troops are being sent to the Bulgarian and Grecian frontiers. Horses and wagons and stores of provisions are requisitioned, and every one feels that war is in the air. In this city of poor tramway service the lack of cabs is a serious matter, and if you do not care to walk you have to stay at home. State of siege has been proclaimed, and business is at a standstill. But the worst feature of the situation is the awakening of religious fanaticism, which, if Turkey is defeated in the field, may lead to deplorable and awful events here.

Only the inability of the Balkan states to meet on common ground has postponed this war so long. In 1897 and in 1903 Turkey's neighbors had their opportunity, but they could not take advan-



A WAR MEETING IN THE HIPPODROME SQUARE, CONSTANTINOPLE

tage of it. Rival racial and economic claims in Macedonia seemed to make the Christian states worse enemies of each other than of Turkey. But since then there has been a steady improvement, and I have noticed for several years that Bulgaria and Greece have been making every effort to come to an understanding. Much credit must be given to the Bulgarian leaders for their good will and common sense in viewing the Macedonian problem. Two years ago I was present at the memorable meeting on the Acropolis in Athens, when 300 Bulgarian students were fêted by the Greeks. Speeches made then were a prophecy of present events. Serbia, desperate since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina revealed to her the peril of annihilation by Austria which ever menaces her, has thrown herself into the arms of Bulgaria. But the chief credit of the Balkan confederation must go to Mr. Venizelos, the ex-Cretan patriot, who is now Prime Minister of Greece. He is

one of the most astute statesmen of our age, and is equally able in the management of internal and external affairs. For three years he has worked with Russia and Austria, and was successful last spring in convincing Emperor William of Germany that a Balkan war was inevitable.

United in what they consider a holy cause, Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia and Montenegro will never rest until they have secured fundamental changes in the administration of Macedonia. The horror and hopelessness of Turkish rule in Macedonia cannot be told. You have to see with your own eyes to comprehend. All the efforts of the great Powers to ameliorate the condition of Christians in this unhappy country have been in vain. Ever since the Crimean War Turkey has been making promises and passing laws. The futility of European diplomacy at the Sublime Porte can be proved merely by reading the record of over thirty decrees, laws and projects of laws—none



RECRUITING IN STAMBÖUL.

of them ever carried out—which have been thrown from time to time as a sop to appease the clamoring ambassadors. A leading Bulgarian recently said to me: "No assurance from the European chancelleries can mean anything to us. The diplomats have come to be contemptible and ridiculous in our eyes. Our situation is like that of Italy after Solferino. *We must reject all counsels of the Powers and rely upon ourselves.*"

Four years of "constitutional" government have accentuated the miseries of the Macedonians. The past year has been worse than the darkest days of the Hamidian regime. I went thru Macedonia last month from the Servian frontier to Salonika and from Salonika to Adrianople. All along the railway line soldiers are stationed. Near every bridge and tunnel permanent guardhouses have been built. On every train a baggage car directly behind the engine carries its soldiers with loaded rifles. Your passport is demanded frequently. Your com-

partment is examined for hidden bombs. In the villages assassinations are common on the open street. No man dares to go to his farm. Anarchy, extortion, murder and licentious cruelty are the order of the day. The Balkan states are full of refugees who have come over to tell their tale of atrocities. Greece, Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro have been seeing in their dreams for thirty years the man from Macedonia calling them to help him. They can endure no longer. All the pitiful subterfuges of diplomacy are nothing, now that the call of blood has become too strong to resist. I saw some of the demonstrations in Bulgaria this last summer. They have their Julia Ward Howes, and the songs they are singing are not unlike the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

As for Turkey, she appreciates the vital character of this war and knows that her European possessions are at stake. The Turks have never lost their contempt for the races which were so long



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BULGARIAN RESERVISTS OFF FOR THE FRONT

subject to them, and they do not fear the result.

Created by the aid and favor of the great Powers, the small Balkan states have always been considered as little children who should be good and do what they are told. But the little children have grown to manhood, have prospered wonderfully during a generation of freedom, and—what is most important—have developed strong and well-disciplined armies. They are ready to fight their own battles. No disillusionment has been greater than that of the European Concert during the past month. On October 14, by their reply to the remonstrances of the Powers, the Balkan states declared their emancipation from diplomatic tutelage.

One hears about "the interests" of the Powers in the Near East to the exclusion of the interests of the Near Eastern states. Bound by ties of blood, and directly influenced in their political and economic life by their juxtaposition to Macedonia, Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia and

Montenegro have tired of listening to the self-interested advice of the Powers, who have many irons in the fire in other parts of the world, and could well afford to forego a little in the Balkan peninsula.

But special emphasis must be laid upon the particular interests of Austria-Hungary, which far transcend those of the other Powers in the Near East. England has India, Egypt and her many other colonial problems; France has her African Empire, Russia has her Asiatic empire, and Italy is engrossed in Tripoli. Germany thinks a great deal these days about the Portuguese colonies, but may lose her interest in that direction if oil proves a successful substitute for coal as ship fuel. Even then her attention is mainly directed toward Asiatic Turkey, which will some day be hers. Austria-Hungary, however, has her eyes upon the Balkan peninsula, and she realizes that, to her, supremacy in the Balkans is a question of life and death.

Nothing is more certain, then, than

that Austria will be compelled to intervene in the Turco-Balkan war. To show that such an intervention is an economic and political necessity is one purpose of this article.

The loss of Silesia to Frederick the Great was an event which demonstrated that the Hapsburgs must find their future in the East. Maria Teresa and Joseph II saw this. If the French Revolution and Napoleon had not intervened, Austria might have found her inevitable destiny a hundred years sooner. But Metternich led her back into Europe, and Sadowa was the result. Bismarck had merely repeated the lesson which was not well enough taught by Frederick. *An Austria barred from German hegemony, must carve out for itself a way to the Mediterranean thru a territory of Slav subjects, or forever remain in hopeless subserviency to Prussianized Germany.* This is equally true of Hungary. The dual monarchy, as it exists today, was formed the year after Sadowa, and a policy of aggrandizement in the Balkans was inaugurated by the common Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Hungarian Count Andrassy.

To comprehend and sympathize with Austria-Hungary's Balkan policy you must look at the map and note three things: The dual monarchy's present outlet to the world market, the distribution of population by nationalities, and the present Balkan boundaries of this conglomerate organization which can hardly be called a nation as that term is applied to the other countries of Europe.

Let us first examine the economic necessity which drives Austria-Hungary into the Balkans.

This is the industrial age, the day of the world market, when a nation's prosperity is largely dependent upon untrammelled communication with the outside world. We are developing railroads; these railroads run to the sea or to navigable rivers, and tremendous sums are being spent upon ports. We build and maintain navies to protect our commerce, and our greatest fear is that of being shut in by a blockade in time of war. For every nation is producing either manufactured goods or raw materials or food supplies far be-

yond its own needs for consumption. Austria and Hungary are in a unique position. Each has but one port, and these are both at the upper end of the Adriatic, Italian-speaking cities, to reach which the Austrians and Hungarians pass thru large Slav populations. The only outlet of the Adriatic is thru the Straits of Otranto, one side of which is owned by Italy. *The other side is in European Turkey.* At the mouth of the Straits Greece holds the Island of Corfu. What a precarious means of communication with the outside world for an empire of fifty millions! To the east, it is true, there is the navigable Danube, but to reach the Black Sea hundreds of miles of Bulgarian and Rumanian territory must be traversed.

The Austro-Hungarian state railroads have pushed from Budapest thru Brod and Serajevo to the frontier of the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar. Sixty miles beyond is Mitrovitza, in the Turkish vilayet (province) of Kossova. From Mitrovitza a railroad is already built to join the Nisch-Salonika line at Uskub. To



ON THE ORIENTAL RAILWAY

The main feature of the war so far is the struggle of the Bulgars and Turks for the possession of this line, which connects the capitals, Sofia and Constantinople, and passes thru Adrianople.

build up those sixty miles, and to be assured of the friendly control of the country thru which the railroad passes from the Bosnian frontier to Salonika—that is the economic side of Austrian policy in the Balkans.

The political considerations which may lead to an armed intervention of Austria-Hungary in the present war are most potent. One-half of the population of the dual monarchy is Slav, and only by a clever division have the Teutons and Hungarians been able to rule the country since the days of parliaments. Austria holds the Poles and Ruthenians in the long narrow strip of Galicia, pressed in by the Hungarians on the south, the Rumanians on the east, and their Russian brethren on the north. Her Bohemians and Moravians are surrounded by Germans. Her Slovaks are nicely divided with Hungary. Her Slovenes are hemmed in by Italians and Ladins. But her million Serbo-Croats and Hungary's three millions, to which must be added the two millions of Bosnia and Herzegovina held in common as a *Reichsland*, make a compact body of six millions, whose geographical position is a menace to the future of Austria-Hungary *so long as she is not the dominant power in the Balkan peninsula.*

Why? There are two cogent reasons. The Serbo-Croat population lies between Hungary and the Adriatic, between Austria and her Dalmatian coast, between both Austria and Hungary and Salonika. The Serbo-Croats are the same race as the Servians, the Montenegrins, the inhabitants of the Sanjak of Novibazar, and a large portion of the population of the country thru which the Salonika railroad passes—at least, as far as Uskub. If the Balkan confederation is successful in the present war, and the states are allowed their own free will in the settlement of Macedonian problems, a "Greater Serbia" comprised of Serbia, Montenegro, the Sanjak of Novibazar and a portion of Macedonia will not only erect a barrier against the Austrian outlet to Salonika, but will also enable the Servians to run a railroad to the Adriatic Sea. That is the first reason.

There is also another risk in the present situation which the fragilely constructed dual monarchy cannot afford to

run. Croatia, so essential even for the sole present outlet to the Adriatic, has in late years drawn very close to Serbia, with whom her boundaries march. Croatia is also limitrophe to her kinsmen of Bosnia and Dalmatia. A "Greater Serbia," with the emancipation of the Macedonians, would bring more than five millions of Serbo-Croats into an independent kingdom. What would the effect be upon the six million adjacent Serbo-Croats of Austria-Hungary? I visited Croatia last spring and investigated the state of feeling in Agram. The hatred of the Croations for the Hungarians is beyond expression, and they realize that their geographical position makes Austria support Hungary in refusing them the autonomy to which they have a treaty right. I have no hesitation in asserting that Servian success in the present war with Turkey would give rise to a separatist movement which might prove fatal to the stability of Austria-Hungary.

What, then, will Franz Joseph and his ministers do, or rather what *must* they do in the present crisis? Now that the war has started they cannot allow Turkey to crush the Balkan states. For Vienna knows that St. Petersburg would not stand idle. During the summer, from one end of Russia to the other, I asked the question: "What would happen if the Turks occupied Sofia in the coming war?" "We should go to Constantinople," was the invariable and unhesitating response. Nor can Austria allow the Balkan states, *by their own efforts*, to crush Turkey. This would be as great a disaster for Austria as for Turkey.

There are three courses open to Austria-Hungary if the war begins to go against Turkey. She might throw her troops into the Sanjak of Novibazar and prevent a Servian and Montenegrin advance on Uskub. For this service she would demand the cession of the Sanjak of Novibazar, reforms in Macedonian administration, and the connection of her Bosnian railroad with Salonika via Mitrovitza. In event of Turkey gaining some decisive battles over the allied Christian states, she might move with Russia to save the vanquished and still demand of Turkey just what she could ask in the opposite situation. She could base her claim upon the same grounds

as those of England when she secured Cyprus after the Russo-Turkish war of 1878.

The third, and rashest course, is independent of the course of events in the war. It would be to make the dash for Salonika now. Attractive as it looks, this is hardly feasible at present. For it

would practically mean the annihilation of Servia, and necessitate a readjustment into a triple monarchy with a Slav member. But how could Hungary keep her hold on Fiume and Zimony? What division of spoils would satisfy Bulgaria and Greece? And would the Russian bear stay in his winter quarters?

—CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE, TURKEY.

Home Industries in Old Deerfield

BY FLORENCE K. GRISWOLD

SOME time during the same year the world lost William Morris, that great spirit of the early craft movement, there gathered together one sunny afternoon, in one of Massachusetts's oldest and most beautiful towns, a handful of women who loved to work with both brains and hands. It seems that one day a matron of Old Deerfield, inspired by the beauty of design and texture of some old embroideries in the town's Memorial Hall, tried to reproduce them herself. She was successful, and spread her enthusiasm to others. Then followed the first organized industry in the village, "The Society of Blue and White Needlework," whose object was "the revival of the household embroideries that were brought over by the early colonists and kept true to the English tradition of design until the beginning of the nineteenth century."

This small beginning was immediately followed by other efforts to restore to the home its half-forgotten industries of past generations. The village people will tell you that the movement was spontaneous. Undoubtedly this is true, yet there was no one who was willing to affirm positively that the teachings of Morris had not in some way been wafted from over the seas. Whatever may be the theoretical causes of this "spontaneous movement," we may be certain that the motive power lay in an inherited love of industrial work fostered by intense patriotism. Perhaps it is only in such a village as Old Deerfield, where the principal industry of the men is farming, that a reactionary movement could have sprung into life. Nothing except a trolley,

which breaks the stillness every half hour, and a tearoom, savor of modernity. All else is of the past; even time is measured from the Indian massacres. Could trees speak, the elms that flank the street could teach this generation so easily all they are endeavoring to pick out by threads woven by ancestors. The houses—homesteads they are called—are hospitably square, with rooms on each side the quaintest of doors, which open into two, sometimes three, sections, longitudinally. Paint seems to be little in demand, hence nature has put her own coloring on boards and shingles. Most of the homes from the day they were built have been handed down from "sire to son" until the present day. The people of Old Deerfield keep alive the heroism and tradition of the past. Scarcely may one go a hundred feet without stopping to read the inscriptions on the simple granite stones commemorating patriotic acts of ancestors. The atmosphere of this little town of a few over two thousand souls *would make possible* a movement to return to the house what it lost when the factory system rose in power. The sturdy, intelligent character of its native population has made that movement a *success*.

With certain concessions to the exigencies of a modern household, the industries are carried on very much as they were in the days when machinery was unknown. Each family specializes in one industry, working individually and independently, but with the spirit of co-operation. These people have simply *returned* to their original crafts. Fifty years ago the housewife used to buy

palm-leaves at the general store. How they happened to be there for sale, or from where they came, no one seems to know. In spare moments she braided the palm into hats for her family first, and, as money was scarce and the hats found a ready sale in the store, she braided more, which she exchanged for groceries. There were a few old ladies in Deerfield who had been taught the craft in their youth. They were hunted up and a "braiding bee" was arranged where the young fingers were again taught by the experienced, and a beautiful industry of the past again became an active reality. This developed very naturally into basket making. First the small baskets of finely braided palm, corn-husks and native grasses were made; later the heavier and more substantial wood and carrying baskets. Today the "Pocuntuck basket makers" have a national reputation in their particular craft.

The popularity of the Colonial house

has brought about a demand for Colonial furniture and drapery. The last and most perishable, the work of the loom and knitting needles was peculiarly the woman's contribution to the adornment of the house. With the fastidious, an anachronism in furnishing is not tolerated, consequently interior decorators have been put to their wits' end to supply this demand. The problem of furniture was not so difficult. Excellent models still existed, but with the draperies lay the problem. Linen and cotton wear out, and handiwork in most cases had been replaced by machine made articles. If a coverlet to fit the high-poster could be found in some careful family willing to part with a treasured heirloom, there was no "tester" to match, neither were there bureau or stand covers of the same texture and pattern. To remedy this defect in supply, the interior decorators had to discover some one who could still remember the stitches taught them by grandmothers. Here again the revived



Photo by F. & M. Allen, Deerfield

WORKERS IN "BLUE-WHITE" EMBROIDERY