

# TURKS ATTEMPT TO TREAT ALIEN ENEMIES DECENTLY; HUNS OBJECT

## Ambassador Morgenthau Tells How German Government Agents Insist Upon Persecution Even When the Turkish Government Officials Were Disposed to Act Somewhat Like Human Beings

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, Former American Ambassador to Turkey. (Copyrighted.)

Soon after the bombardment of Odessa I was cloistered with Enver, discussing the subject which was then uppermost in the minds of all the foreigners in Turkey. How would the government treat its resident enemies? Would it intern them, establish concentration camps, pursue them with German malignity, and perhaps apply the favorite Turkish measure with Christians—torture and massacre? Thousands of enemy subjects were then living in the Ottoman empire; many of them had spent their whole lives there; others had even been born on Ottoman soil. All these people, when Turkey entered the war, had every reason to expect the harshest kind of treatment. It is no exaggeration to say that most of the Dardanelles had been closed, so that there was little chance that outside help could reach these people; the capitulatory rights, under which they had lived for centuries, had been abrogated. There was really nothing between the foreign residents and destruction except the American flag. The state of war had now made me, as American ambassador, the protector of all British, French, Serbian, and Belgian subjects. I realized from the beginning that my task would be a difficult one. On one hand were the Germans, urging their well known ideas of repression and brutality, while on the other were the Turks, with their traditional hatred of Christians and their natural instinct to maltreat those who are helplessly placed in their power.

Yet I had certain strong arguments on my side and I now had called upon Enver for the purpose of lay-

ing them before him. Turkey desired the good opinion of the United States, and hoped, after the war, to find support among American financiers. At that time all the embassies in Constantinople took it for granted that the United States would be the peacemaker; if Turkey expected us really to be her friend, Enver, she would have to treat enemy foreigners in a civilized way.

"You hope to be reinstated as a world power," I said. "You must remember that the civilized world will carefully watch you; your future status will depend on how you conduct yourself in war." The ruling classes among the Turks, including Enver, realized that the outside world regarded them as people who had no respect for the sacredness of human life or the finer emotions, and they keenly resented this attitude.

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In view of what was happening in Belgium and northern France at that moment, my use of the word "modern," was a little unfortunate. Enver quickly saw the point. Up to this time he had maintained his usual attitude of erect and dignified composure, and his face, as always, had been attentive, imperturbable, almost expressionless. Now in a flash his whole bearing changed. His countenance broke into a cynical smile, he leaned over, brought his fist down on the table, and said:

"Modern! No, however Turkey shall wage war, at least we shall not be modern." That is the most barbaric system of all. We shall simply try to be decent!

Naturally I constructed this as a promise; I understood the changeableness of the Turkish character well enough, however, to know that more than a promise was necessary. The Germans were constantly prodding the Turkish officials, persuading them to adopt the favorite German plan against enemy aliens. Germany revived many of the principles of ancient and medieval warfare, one of her most barbaric refections from the past being this practice of keeping certain representatives of the population, preferably people of distinction and influence, as hostages for the "good behavior" of others. At this moment the German military staff was urging the Turks to keep foreign residents for this purpose. Just as the Germans held non-combatants in Belgium as security for the "friendliness" of the Belgians, and placed Belgian women and children at the head of their advancing armies, so the Germans in Turkey were now planning to use French and British residents as part of their protective system against the

allied fleet. That this sinister influence was constantly at work I well knew; it was therefore necessary that I should meet it immediately, and, if possible, gain the upper hand at the very start. I decided that the departure of the entire diplomatic and resident corps from Constantinople would really put to the test my ability to protect the foreign residents. If all the French and English who really wished to leave could safely get out of Turkey, I believed that this demonstration would have a restraining influence, not only upon the Germans, but upon the underlings of the Turkish official world.

As soon as I arrived at the railroad station, the day following the break, I saw that my task was to be a difficult one. I had arranged with the Turkish authorities for two trains: one for the English and French residents, which was to leave at 7 o'clock, and one for the diplomatic and resident staff, which was to go at 8. But the arrangement I now told Enver, she would have to treat enemy foreigners in a civilized way.

One of the most conspicuous figures was Bedri Bey, prefect of police, a lawyer politician, who had recently been elevated to this position, and who keenly realized the importance of this new office. Bedri was an intimate friend and political subordinate of Talaat and one of his most valuable advisers in the domestic concerns of his country. Indeed, there were few men in Turkey with whom the permanent abolition of the capitulations was such a serious matter. Naturally Bedri, he was constantly crossing my path, taking an almost malicious pleasure in interfering with every move which I made in the interest of the foreigners. His attitude was half provoking, half jocular; we were always trying to outwit each other, attempting to protect the French and British, Bedri always turning up as an obstacle to my efforts; the fight for the foreigners, indeed, almost degenerated into a personal duel between the prefect of police and the American ambassador. Bedri was capable, well educated, very agile, and not particularly ill-natured, but he loved to toy with a helpless foreigner. Naturally, he found his occupation this evening a congenial one.

"What's all the trouble about?" I asked Bedri.

"We have changed our minds," he said, and his manner showed that the change had not been displeasing to him. "We shall let the train go that is to take the English and French staffs. But we have decided not to let the unofficial classes leave—the train that was to take them will not go."

My staff and myself had worked hard to get this safe passage for the enemy nationals. Now apparently some influence had negated our efforts. This sudden change in plans was producing the utmost confusion and consternation at the station; there were two groups of passengers, one of which would go and the other of which could not. The British and French ambassadors did not wish to leave their nationals behind, and the latter refused to believe that the train, which the Turkish officials had definitely promised, would not start sometime that evening. I immediately called up Enver, who substantiated Bedri's statements. Turkey had many subjects in Egypt, he said, whose situation was causing great anxiety. Before the French and English residents could leave Turkey, assurances must be given that the rights of Turkish subjects in these countries would be protected. I had no difficulty in arranging this detail, for Sir Louis Mallet immediately gave the necessary assurances. However this did not settle the matter; indeed, it had been little more than a pretext. Bedri still refused to let the train start; the order holding it up, he said, could not be rescinded, for that would now disarrange the general schedule and might cause accidents. I recognized all this as mere Turkish evasion and I knew that the order had come from a higher source than Bedri; still nothing could be done at that moment. Moreover, Bedri would let no one get on the diplomatic train until I had personally identified him. So I had to stand at a little gate, and pass upon each applicant. Everyone, whether he belonged to the diplomatic corps or not, attempted to force himself through this narrow passageway, and we had an old-fashioned Brooklyn bridge crush on a small scale. People were running in all directions, checking baggage, purchasing tickets, arguing with officials, consoling distracted women and frightened children, while Bedri, calm and collected, watched the whole pandemonium with an unsympathetic smile. Hats were knocked off, clothing was torn, and, to add to the confusion, Mallet, the British ambassador, became involved in a set-to with an officious Turk—the Englishman winning first honors early, and I caught a glimpse of Bompard, the

French ambassador, vigorously shaking a Turkish policeman. One lady dropped her baby in my arms, later another handed me a small boy, and still later, when I was standing at the gate, identifying Turkey's departing guests, one of the British secretaries made me the custodian of his dog. Meanwhile, Sir Louis Mallet became obstreperous and refused to leave.

"I shall stay here," he said, "until the last British subject leaves Turkey." But I told him that he was no longer the protector of the British; that I, as American ambassador, had assumed this responsibility; and that I could hardly assert myself in this capacity if he remained in Constantinople.

"Certainly," I said, "the Turks would not recognize me as in charge of British interests if you remain here."

Moreover, I suggested that he remain at Dedeagatch for a few days and await the arrival of his fellow British. Sir Louis reluctantly accepted my point of view and boarded the train. I caught my final glimpse of the British ambassador, sitting in a private car, almost buried in a mass of trunks, satchels, boxes, and diplomatic pouches, surrounded by his embassy staff, and sympathetically watched by his secretary's dog.

The unofficial foreigners remained in the station several hours, hoping that, at the last moment, they would be permitted to go. Bedri, however, was inexorable. Their position was almost desperate. They had given up their quarters in Constantinople and now found themselves practically stranded. Some were taken in by friends for the night, others found accommodations in hotels. But their situation caused the utmost anxiety. Evidently, despite all official promises, Turkey was determined to keep these foreign residents as hostages. On the one hand were Enver and Talaat, telling me that they intended to conduct their war in a humane manner, and, on the other, were their underlings, such as Bedri, behaving in a fashion that negated all these civilized pretensions. The fact was that the officials were quarreling among themselves about the treatment of foreigners; and the German general staff was telling the cabinet that they were making a great mistake in showing any leniency to their enemy aliens. Finally, I succeeded in making arrangements for them to follow the train to Dedeagatch. I gave a box of candy—"Turkish Delights"—to each one of the 50 women and children on the train; it altogether was a happy party and they made no attempt to hide their relief at leaving Turkey. They met the cabinet, diplomatic corps, and the reunion that took place, I afterward learned, was extremely touching. I was made happy by receiving many testimonials of their gratitude, in particular, a letter signed by more than a hundred, expressing their thanks to Mrs. Morganthau, the embassy staff, and myself.

There were still many who wished to go and next day I called on Talaat in their behalf. I found him in one of his most gracious moods. The cabinet, he said, had carefully considered the whole matter of English and French residents in Turkey, and, my arguments, he said, had prevailed. He influenced them. They had reached the formal decision that enemy aliens could leave or remain, as they preferred. There would be no concentration camps, civilians could pursue their usual lives in peace, and as long as they behaved themselves, they would not be molested.

"We propose to show," said Talaat, "by our treatment of aliens, that we are not a race of barbarians."

In return for this promise he asked a favor of me; would I not see that Turkey was praised in the American and European press for this decision? After returning to the embassy I immediately sent for Mr. Theron Damerel, correspondent of the Associated Press, Doctor Lederer, correspondent of The Berliner Tageblatt, and Doctor Sanderson, who represented The Paris Herald, and gave them interviews, praising the attitude of Turkey toward the foreign residents. I also called the news to Washington, London, and Paris and to all our consuls.

Hardly had I finished with the correspondents when I again received alarming news. I had arranged for another train that evening, and I now heard that the Turks were refusing to give the passports of those whose departure I had provided for. This news, coming right after Talaat's implicit promise, was naturally disturbing. I immediately started for the railroad station, and the sight which I saw there increased my anger at the minister of the interior. A mass of distracted people filled the enclosure; the women were weeping, and the children were screaming, while a platoon of Turkish soldiers, commanded by an under-sized popinjay of a major, was driving everybody out of the station with the flat sides of their guns. Bedri, as usual, was there, and as usual, he was clearly enjoying the confusion; certain of the passengers, he told me, had not paid their income tax, and for this reason, they would not be permitted to leave. I announced that I would be personally responsible for this payment. "I can't get ahead of you, Mr. Ambassador, can I?" said Bedri, with a

laugh. From this we all thought that my offer had settled the matter and that the train would leave according to schedule. But then suddenly came another order holding it up again.

Since I had just had a promise from Talaat I decided to find that functionary and learn what all this meant. I jumped into my automobile and went to the subway port, where he usually had his headquarters. Finding no one there, I told the chauffeur to drive directly to Talaat's house. Sometime before I had visited Enver in his domestic surroundings and this occasion now gave me the opportunity to compare his manner of life with that of his more powerful associate. The contrast was a startling one. I had found Enver living in luxury, in one of the most aristocratic parts of Constantinople.

(Continued on Next Page.)

### A Showhouses

At the Academy. Although missing train connection at Lynchburg caused the Keith vaudeville performers at the Academy of Music for the last half of the week to miss the matinee here yesterday and thus disappointed a larger number of people, the disappointment was fully made up to those who went back last night to see the show.

It can be truthfully said that not in a long while has there been a show given here that had so large an appeal to a great and varied number of people as was the case when the first performance of latter half of the week's vaudeville was pulled off last night at 7:45 and 9 o'clock. Charlotte people have ever evinced a liking for smart musical comedy and that's what they are given the last half of the week in "The Little Liar," an exceedingly clever little thing by Will Hough and presented by George Damerel & company, the famous George Damerel of the famous "Merry Widow" company, who danced his way into fame and himself into the admiration of worshipping thousands by his superb, princely bearing and his gracefulness on the stage. He is the head of the cast with which he is appearing here and is assisted by eleven persons, including Myrtle Vail and Edward Hume, and, of course, a beauty chorus. The term "beauty chorus," however, is no misnomer. They are actually beautiful crown prince is mentally deficient and as a team. The unwinding of the plot in "The Little Liar" is a convenient opportunity for interlarding merry tunes, sportive dances, keen comedy and other diverting features into the program. The audiences last night were most enthusiastic.

In addition to Mr. Damerel and his company, there are four other regular acts of vaudeville. Kuter, Claire & Kuter, merely described as two boys and a girl who perform meritoriously gives no hint of the excellence which characterizes this act. It is a very diverting one from start to finish. Its title is "Willie Jones' Stepmother," which will give some hint of the kind of skit it is. Grayham & Gray are a musical and comical pair, who appear in a sketch

### SHOOK WITH NERVOUSNESS

A Lady Was Flat on Her Back With Terrible Spells, But Her Husband Got Cardui—And Now She Is Grateful.

McKinney, Texas—Mrs. Mary Stephenson, of this place, states: "About a year and a half ago, I was down in bed for six weeks, not able to sit up. I was flat on my back and had terrible spells. . . Why, it looked like I would die. At times I didn't know anything. I would get nervous, I couldn't bear anyone to talk to me—I would just jerk and shake with nervousness. . . across my back was so sore and ached me all the time. I would have a dizzy feeling. My limbs would ache and I would get numb and feel so weak. . . I said to my husband I knew Cardui was good and I believed I had best try it.

He got me a bottle of Cardui, and when I had only taken one-half bottle of Cardui I felt stronger. I took a half a dozen bottles altogether, then in two weeks after I began taking I was up, in three I was doing my work. I praise Cardui for I believe it saved my life and I am grateful." For over 40 years Cardui has been helping weak, sick women back to health and strength. Try it.—Adv. N-502.

satified "On a Transport Somewhere in Vaudeville." This is for nothing else, however, than to serve as an excuse for some clever musical renditions by a very talented pair of musicians. They perform on the tuba, trombone, bagpipe and French horn. Gaston Palmer, the juggler, is a very versatile chap and might just as well as not have the title of the most versatile chap in vaudeville. Surely, he has no superiors in this respect. He has more tricks up his sleeve than a dog has fleas and keeps the audience wondering what to expect next.

At the Piedmont. Bert Smith's Ragtime Wonders, a musical comedy company that is going over big at the Piedmont theater this week will appear today in a brand new bill, full of breezy up-to-date vaudeville specialties, singing, dancing and comedy situations galore. The chorus is an exceptionally pleasing one and the entire aggregation, including the vaudeville numbers are more than pleasing the patrons. Today is special ladies 10 cent matinee at 3 p. m.

"The Hand of Vengeance," will be on today and tomorrow, being the second episode of this thrilling and sensational serial, also a brand new Shorty Hamilton feature. Two performances will be given tonight, at 6:45 and 9:15.

"The Kaiser's Finish." Motion pictures which prove, by actual scenes, the contention of humorists, historians and close students of royal characters that the German crown prince is mentally deficient and that his father, the kaiser, is much less of an imposing, autocratic appearing character than he is reported to be, will be shown at the Broadway theater today and tomorrow under the title of "The Kaiser's Finish," an eight-part production, giving an animated prophecy of the ultimate doom of the would-be conqueror of the world.

While the scenes, when taken by an American cameraman, were ostensibly intended as a flattery to Wilhelm and his long-legged son, the camera succeeded in picturing them with faithful accuracy to the axiom that "you can't hide facts from a photographic lens." The kaiser and crown prince are shown reviewing a German regiment just back from the French front in the days before America declared war. The imperial war lord, standing beside two of his generals, appears squat and weak in physique, while the crown prince, several paces away, struggles ridiculously to dispose of his elongated figure in some way that will imply dignity.

### PIEDMONT THEATRE

Entire Change of Program. TODAY Special 10c Ladies' Matinee, 3 P. M. Bert Smith's Ragtime Wonders High Class Musical Comedies. Vaudeville Specialties. Second Episode of Gaston's Amazing. Startling. Thrilling Serial "The Hand of Vengeance" Also Shorty Hamilton Comedy Drama. Night Shows, 6:45 and 9:15

### ACADEMY KEITH VAUDEVILLE

The Academy never offered a better program of Keith Vaudeville than this bill. FEATURING GEORGE DAMERAL MYRTLE VAIL EDWARD HUME and a supporting cast of 11 people Offering the musical farce "THE LITTLE LIAR" KUTER, CLARE & KUTER Clever entertainers, presenting "Willie Jones' Stepmother" GRAY AND GRAYHAM on board a transport somewhere in vaudeville. THE BELLDAYS In original comedy "The Lady of the Falls" GASTON PALMER The cleverest of manipulators. PATHE NEWS MACK SENNETT COMEDY.

OTTOWAY TODAY Clara Kimball Young in "THE REASON WHY"

STRAND TODAY Gail Kane in "The Daredevil" Ruth Roland in "Hands Up" Latest News Weekly. Christy Comedy.

LIBERTY DANCE TO BE GIVEN Tonight AT THE AUDITORIUM Big Jazz Orchestra DANCING FROM 8:15 TO 11:30 MOONLIGHT WALTZ AT 9:30 Gentlemen, 50c. LADIES FREE ALL MODERN DANCES Finest Dance Floor In North Carolina WHEN YOU SEE IT IN THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER IT'S 50.

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THE MOST AMAZING TIMELY PRODUCTION IN THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES A Rousing Prophecy of "The Day" the Yanks March Into Berlin THE KAISER'S FINISH EIGHT REELS OF YANKEE PLUCK BROADWAY TODAY AND SATURDAY FIGHT TO SEE IT. YOU KNOW WHAT EVERY AMERICAN WOULD LIKE TO DO TO THE KAISER—WELL, YOU SEE IT IN THIS PLAY OF THE HOUR.