

# Turkish Row Over Kemal's Snappy 'Tuxedo Statue'



**PRIZE WINNER**  
Feriha Tevfik,  
Who Triumphed at  
Constantinople's First Beauty Contest,  
Largely Because of Her Pickford Curls,  
Plainly Noticeable in Above Photo.

**E**MANCIPATION from fettering old customs of dress and deportment has occupied the mind of Turkey for the past ten years. The discarding of the traditional veil for women was long ago accomplished, and today the flappers of the Bosphorus, at least to the outward eye, are as smartly modern as their sisters of Picadilly or Fifth avenue.

But the costume of the male Turk—barring those times when he visits European capitals or the United States—has undergone singularly little change—till recently.

The hero—or perhaps, to the rigidly Oriental eye, the villain—of this story is no less a personage than Mustapha Kemal Pasha, President of the Turkish Republic. For, with one wave of his martial hand, he has hurled reverence for native masculine apparel into the dust bin. Better than that—or “worse”—he has permitted the erection in Constantinople of a glittering statue of himself, clad in the metal equivalent of a most imposing dinner coat and trousers!

It should be explained that Mustapha Kemal has never been a hidebound ad-

**MIDWAY COURSE**  
This Wistful-looking Turkish Girl Wears Attire Only Partially Modernized. She Does Not Scorn the Traditional Veil, But You'll Note It's Drawn Back, Disclosing Her Features.

herent of old Stamboul fashions. On the contrary, he has sanctioned Occidental dress to the extent of appearing in public in a frogged English greatcoat. Last Winter at a ball given in conjunction with the wedding of his daughter, Nobile Hanum, to Rachid Bey, secretary of the Turkish Embassy at Vienna, Nobile's papa donned impeccably evening clothes to dance with the young bride.

“But,” complains the right wing of Turkish dress, the men who deplored

the abolition of the fez, “appearing at a formal function in swallowtails is a totally different matter from sporting a tuxedo—and letting a sculptor immortalize you in it for the vulgar public gaze!”

The feeling, perhaps irrational, among the sartorial standpatters seems to be that the President has relaxed the conventions just a little too much

and that unless he checks his proclivities, 1930 may see sculptures of him in the parks and the museums showing him in plus fours or even beach pajamas.

Of course, the ruler can afford to laugh that off, since he has always been noted for his breadth of mind and his sympathetic comprehension of Old Turkey's reluctance to give in to New Turkey. The ancient belief, among the orthodox, that a woman who permitted strangers to gaze at her face was damned, never found favor with him. And he was among the first to repudiate the theory that the cloistered life was the “right life” for women. On the contrary, he encouraged their political activities in the

belief that women are first of all human beings, and not mere chattels of

Moharem Ushaki Bey, a Smyrna merchant, and ensconced her in the villa, on a hill five miles from Angora, which the Turkish people had presented to him.

Latifeh, no less than her husband, had had a somewhat tempestuous career. After living several years in France and England, where she was a brilliant pupil at Tudor Hall School, Chiswell, she returned to Smyrna. Disaster awaited her. Her father had been imprisoned by the Greeks, and she herself was arrested and kept under guard.

When the Turks entered Smyrna, Mustapha Kemal made her house his headquarters—at her invitation—and it wasn't long before the two young people fell madly in love. Part of their attraction for each other was doubtless due to the similarity of their governmental and political beliefs. To this day no one knows exactly why they parted.

Coincident with the raising of the much disputed “dinner jacket statue” of Mustapha Kemal has come more pronounced relaxing of antiquated customs in Turkey. For instance, when some enterprising Constantinople go-getter decided that the country was ripe for its first beauty contest, wails of protest were voiced by the conservatives, in spite of the fact that knee-length skirts, lipsticks, bobbed hair and silken hose are no novelty on the city's streets.

Indeed, a couple of years ago, the Government actually sanctioned the establishment of the Stamboul College for Women Hairdressers, and appointed a smart and lovely young

**SHOCKED CONSERVATIVES**  
Bronze Statue of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, President of the Turkish Republic, Erected in Constantinople and Picturing the Ruler Clad in Collegiate Dinner Jacket.

Turkish girl as its head, sending her to Paris to study windblown bobs and the like.

In spite of opposition, the beauty show was held, and was a howling success. The man who projected it proved quite fussy about admitting contestants, and several weeping Turkish lasses were turned down because they had long hair. The winner Feriha Tevfik, owned a gorgeous crop of real Mary Pickford curls, and all the runners-up were distinctly modern types, quite untypical of the Orient as our grandfathers knew it.

Maybe somebody will put up a statue to Feriha, in kimono and bedroom mules. Anything's possible now, they say, since Mustapha Kemal appeared in bronze and a costume suggestive of a college sophomore.

**By CLARE MURRAY-Girl Poet-Artist**

Love or Money  
(On the Riverbank)



“Does their regal splendor compensate for loneliness?”

I WONDER...  
Is the well of sweet devotion  
deep enough  
To drown a thwarted vanity?  
Can adoration's compliments  
Convince one of the excellence  
Of beauty unadorned, the impotence  
Of gems to add one extra sparkle  
To one's loveliness?  
Are the rosy dreams of make-believe  
Enough to satisfy a most material  
Urge for flight?  
Oh, would that I knew  
That the song of a happy and peaceful  
heart  
Could lull to tranquility  
An acquisitive soul...

F OR I wonder, too,  
If the throb of a motor  
Can ever resemble a heart  
beat...  
Or its purr be words of love...  
Can the smoothness of satin  
Feel to one's fingers like supple  
skin?  
Or the rippling of velvet  
As you press on it lightly  
Answer for a caress?  
Can diamonds shine softly like eyes?  
Or does their regal splendor com-  
pensate  
For loneliness  
And secret tears?...

## Efficiency, But With Courtesy

—Says Bernet

just a copybook maxim—that the customer or client who deals with the organization you represent regards you as the organization.

“If you're friendly, obliging, informative and helpful (I don't mean slavish and servile) the customer or client thinks of your organization as a real friend. And everybody likes to do business with friends.

“These are days of stiff competition in the business world, and the healthy spirit of rivalry must be refined and sublimated to a point where results are obtained. One small thoughtful act on the part of some young fellow, who secretly doesn't believe he amounts to much in his organization, may do more for that organization than the concerted efforts of executives tested by time and experience, who have thoughtfully worked out some tremendous plan.

“Of course, you mustn't forget that, conversely, the responsible heads of the business, the men who sit up nights to keep it ‘out of the red,’ may have all their plans wrecked by a thoughtless, hasty, ill-considered act or word of some subordinate.

“But some of the biggest business deals have been made possible by individuals in comparatively minor positions: all because some man or woman in the rank and file was not too busy or too tired or too out of patience to show a customer or client that the organization was interested in him and his business success.”

Mr. Bernet is supremely well qualified to give advice on success in business; his past achievements attest his ripe experience and mature judgment. As a boy he was poor and aspired to become a blacksmith. But a job as telegraph operator in a switch shanty paved the way to a forty-year career as a railroad man. Now sixty and in prime health, Mr. Bernet is capable of twenty active hours a day “out on the road.”

“Who of us doesn't prefer to have his affairs handled with intelligent politeness? I impress on you the fact—I learned it at first hand; it isn't

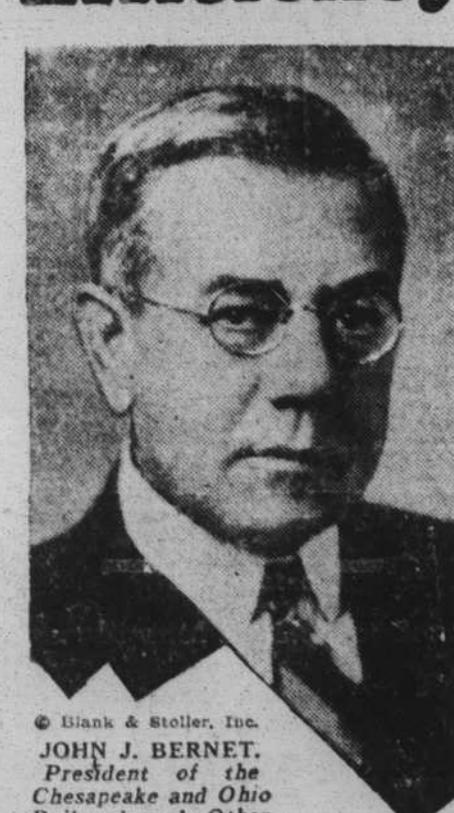
**JOHN J. BERNET,**  
President of the  
Chesapeake and Ohio  
Railroad and Other  
Lines.

“BUSINESS founded on friend-  
ships doesn't always turn out  
as well as it might, but  
friendships founded on business are  
one of the finest, most satisfying  
things in the world.”

That is part of the creed of John J. Bernet, “the man who makes sick railroads well.” He is today president of the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Hocking Valley and the Pere Marquette lines.

Humanization without the impairment of efficiency is the keynote of Mr. Bernet's business beliefs. “Remember,” he says, “that the public, no matter what they protest, want something beyond cold efficiency, which is all very well as a business basis, but which needs to be colored with courtesy and tact and consideration.”

“Who of us doesn't prefer to have his affairs handled with intelligent politeness? I impress on you the fact—I learned it at first hand; it isn't



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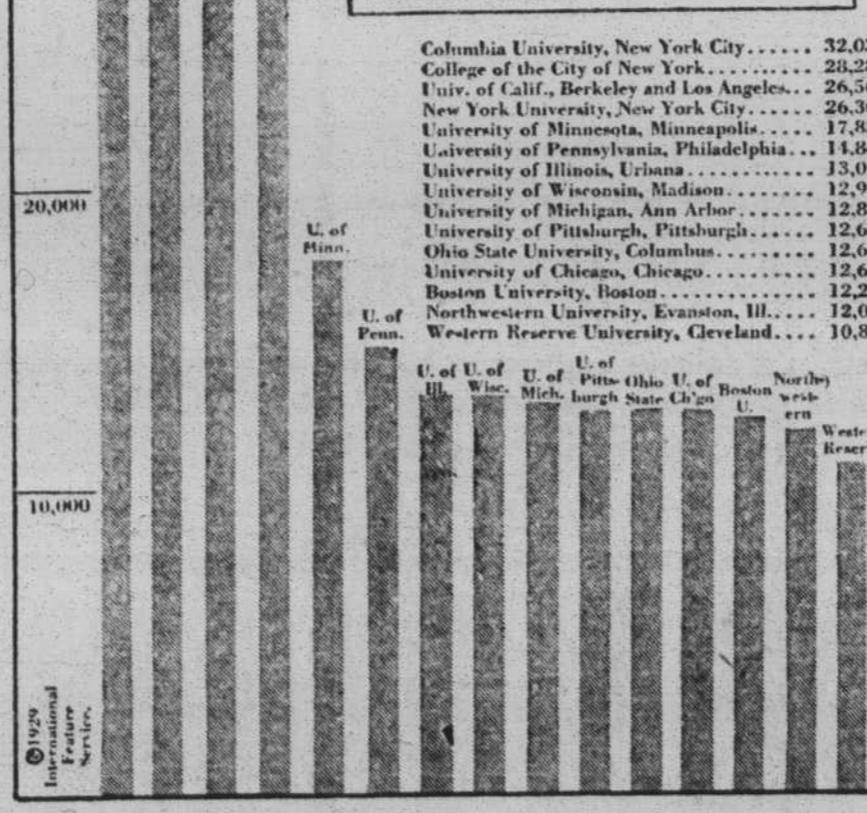
### The ABC's of General Knowledge

#### The Fifteen Largest Universities in the United States

Based on Total Resident Attendance, 1928-1929  
Source: Dean Raymond Walters of Swarthmore College and School and Society Magazine

#### CHART BY FRELING FOSTER

#### THREE OF THE FOUR LARGEST ARE LOCATED IN NEW YORK CITY



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