

# CAPITAL of the HITTITES



Hittite Double-Headed Eagle Found at Boghaz Keouy.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)  
**I**N THE heart of Asia Minor, about a hundred miles east of Angora, the traveler interested in the past will find a rich field. It is Boghaz Keouy, the ruined capital of the Hittites.

Boghaz Keouy means the "village of the throat," for it is at the end of a deep valley that the modern Turkish village lies, in northern Cappadocia, and the Hittites of the Sixteenth and Fifteenth centuries B. C. built their great fortified city on the rocky hill-sides above the mouth of this valley. Whether it was Subbi Luliuma or some other musically named gentleman who laid out this city of many great buildings and strong fortifications, he certainly possessed an appreciation of natural beauty as well as statesmanship, for, as one climbs from point to point—from the palace up to the great citadel; from one rock, crowned with massive ruins, to another still more stupendous—one hardly knows which to wonder over and admire more, the strength and skill displayed in these three or four thousand-year-old remains or the glorious views that greet one's eyes at every turn.

From one corner of the citadel, by the remains of a round tower, you look straight down four or five hundred feet of rock into the gloom of a narrow gorge, at the bottom of which a stream flows darkly. You can see little but the rock over which you lean, and the swallows that flash in and out of the gorge, and the eagles that sail to their nests on the opposite crags. On another side of the citadel, at the foot of the precipice, the same stream winds softly through trees and grass and flowers, where willows whiten in the breeze and a mill clicks merrily. Here is to be seen the rare black stork sailing proudly through the valley.

On the less steep side of the citadel several trenches have been dug by excavators. In the earth thrown out of these trenches peasants have planted their grain, and thus, fertilizing their seed with Hittite remains, they have raised an abundant crop with little labor.

All over the flat top of this acropolis, as well as everywhere else in the city, one may pick up any quantity of broken pieces of ancient pottery—brown, black, and every shade of red and every degree of fineness. Much of this pottery is painted, most of it with simple decoration resembling that on the proto-Corinthian or geometric vases. Some of it has a beautiful glaze; some is covered with a white slip and painted in three or four colors, while most of it has simply black or dark red markings on red pottery.

**Modern Symbols Used by Hittites.**  
 A visit to Boghaz Keouy not only makes one feel quite intimate with the Hittites, but also one sees here that they did many of the things that we associate with much later peoples. Did the Turks first use the star and crescent; or even the Greeks of ancient Byzantium? No, indeed; here at Boghaz Keouy (and in the later Hittite city, near Aintab, in South Turkey) the star and crescent may be seen where it was carved in the rocks a thousand years before Byzantium was founded.

Did the Austrians or Russians, or the old Byzantines, or the German empire first use the double-headed eagle? None of them. Everywhere in Hittite sculptures we find this symbol. The first people, probably, who practiced the noble sport of falconry were the Hittites—so the sculptures tell us. And in that connection it was interesting to find that local Turkish gentlemen train and use falcons in hunting now.

Here on the citadel explorers unearthed a library of clay tablets all written in cuneiform characters, some of them in the Hittite language, but more in the Assyrian. All these tablets were taken to Constantinople before the World war.

Of the tablets that have been read, one gives the Assyrian text of the treaty between the great Rameses of Egypt and the powerful Hittite king, Khattu-Sil, that treaty of which the Egyptian text was already well known to historians.

And another tablet, as Professor Sayce tells us, shows how much women had to do with politics in those far-off days, since it is a letter from Naptere, the wife of Rameses, addressed

to the Hittite queen, and expresses her great satisfaction over the conclusion of the treaty.

**Political Intrigues Revealed.**  
 Another great library was found in two rooms at the eastern side of the palace. Some of these tablets are very large, 12 by 8 inches in size; others are but two inches long. They are mostly of about the same time as the Tel el Amarna tablets, and so cover the age of Moses.

Professor Sayce also tells us that many of these Boghaz Keouy tablets were written by the same disaffected governors of Syrian provinces, who, in the Tel el Amarna tablets, write to Pharaoh of the difficulties in the way of maintaining the rights of the Egyptian government in Syria, but tell how nobly they were working in their lord's interests, while in these newly found writings of Boghaz Keouy the same men tell the Hittite king how they are pretending to be the humble servants of Egypt while really obeying the commands of Khattu-Sil, and the political intrigues that are here displayed and the polite sarcasm and meaningless phrases that pass between these old writers might give points to modern diplomats.

Shepherds and laborers who wander over these hills pick up occasionally broken pieces of tablets, and, knowing that any writing on clay or stone seems precious in the eyes of "these queer Europeans," they offer what they find for sale to any passer-by. As one eats one's dinner a boy appears, and, squatting on his heels, produces a few bits of clay from his girdle, or wrapped in a handkerchief (which challenges comparison in age and in dirt with the Hittite contents); or one is awakened in the early dawn by a head struck between the curtains of the tent and an insinuating voice saying "kyranidi" (clay tiles), the owner thereof being anxious to strike a bargain quickly, before he takes his sleep up on the hills above.

The sudden stopping of the history which the tablets tell, as well as the condition of the ruins unearthed, shows us that some time in the Thirteenth century B. C., the great city was destroyed, probably by a sweeping down of some barbarian horde, thus anticipating (long ages before) the story of the destruction of Rome. And this Hittite capital was never again inhabited or rebuilt, for there is apparently no trace of Greek or Roman work or influence in the remains. The Hittite power, however, was not destroyed then. Cilicia and the southern part of Cappadocia have numerous monuments which show occupancy by Hittite people till about the Eighth century B. C.

**Amazon on the Eastern Gate.**  
 As one walks away from the citadel in Boghaz Keouy to see the various points of special interest within the five-mile circuit of the ancient walls, he comes first to the one place on this site where there has been found any inscription in the Hittite hieroglyphic (these hieroglyphics which are so common all through the more southern Hittite country). This one inscription of Boghaz Keouy is so badly worn by time and weather that it is quite illegible. Further down the hill slope is the Eastern gate. Like the other city entrances, this has two parts, with a square room between the outer and inner gate. The posts of the real door curve in toward the top, as if they once formed a pointed arch. This Eastern gate has long been known and is of grand proportions, but it is only relatively recently that workmen discovered, almost by accident, on the inner side post, a remarkable bas-relief. This is a figure, about ten feet high, of an Amazon, apparently, and bears little resemblance to the figures found in other distinctively Hittite places.

Following the wall, we come to the famous Southern gate, which admitted to the city the commerce and travel from Cilicia, and which is still guarded by the lion posts, always pictured in every description of Boghaz Keouy. Fine, upstanding lions they are, too, with wide-open jaws and curly hair.

From between the lions one looks outward and downward to a marvelous stretch of hill and dale, while on the inside he looks across the mile and a quarter of the city limits, sloping down from this point 870 feet to its northern end. Here and there on the slope rise the great rock fortresses, each bearing on its summit more or less of Hittite masonry.

## Current Wit and Humor



### HARD TO CHOOSE

Once there was a woman who had three suitors. She didn't know which one to marry. One was a grocer, one a doctor, and one a preacher. If she married the grocer, she could get her groceries for nothing. If she married the doctor, she could be well for nothing. If she married the preacher she could be good for nothing.—Progressive Grocer.

### MAKING SURE



"The cook says she is going to leave."  
 "Nothing will change her mind!"  
 "Nothing."  
 "All right. Then I'll go down to the kitchen and discharge her."

### Hymn of Hate

A guy I hate  
 Is Johnny Nash.  
 Quotes: "He who steals  
 My purse steals trash."

### A Variation

Mr. Billynns—So you are giving my wife painting lessons? What sort of a pupil is she?  
 Artist—I find her very apt to say the least.  
 Mr. Billynns—That's queer! I always find her very apt to say the most.

### It Should, but—

Father was having a round of golf with a friend and little Joan came along with mother to look on. After watching her daddy on the green for some time, Joan asked:  
 "Mustn't the ball go into that little hole, mummy?"—Boston Post.

### Catty

"My husband," she said, "always wants me to look my best, no matter what it costs."  
 "Well," her friend replied, "one can hardly blame him for feeling as he does."—Boston Transcript.

### Following Precedent

"Why is it a man always has to wait for a woman?"  
 "Did not Adam have to wait until Eve was made up?"

### ANY GOOSE CAN DO THAT



Speaker (emphatically)—"You can't produce eggs without hens!" Boy in Audience—"Aw, any goose knows how to do that!"

### Good By, Jack

He wagered on a pony  
 That likes a dusty track;  
 But the rain came down in torrents—  
 'Twas good-by to his Jack.

### Save the Pieces

"What a pretty name your maid has!" remarked the visitor.  
 "Oh, that isn't her real name," was the reply; "we call her 'Dawn' because she's always breaking!"—Congressionalist.

### A Traitor

Interviewer—What do you think of the voter who casts his vote for the one he thinks is the best man?  
 Politician—He's a traitor to our party!—Vancouver Province.

### Worse Than Pining

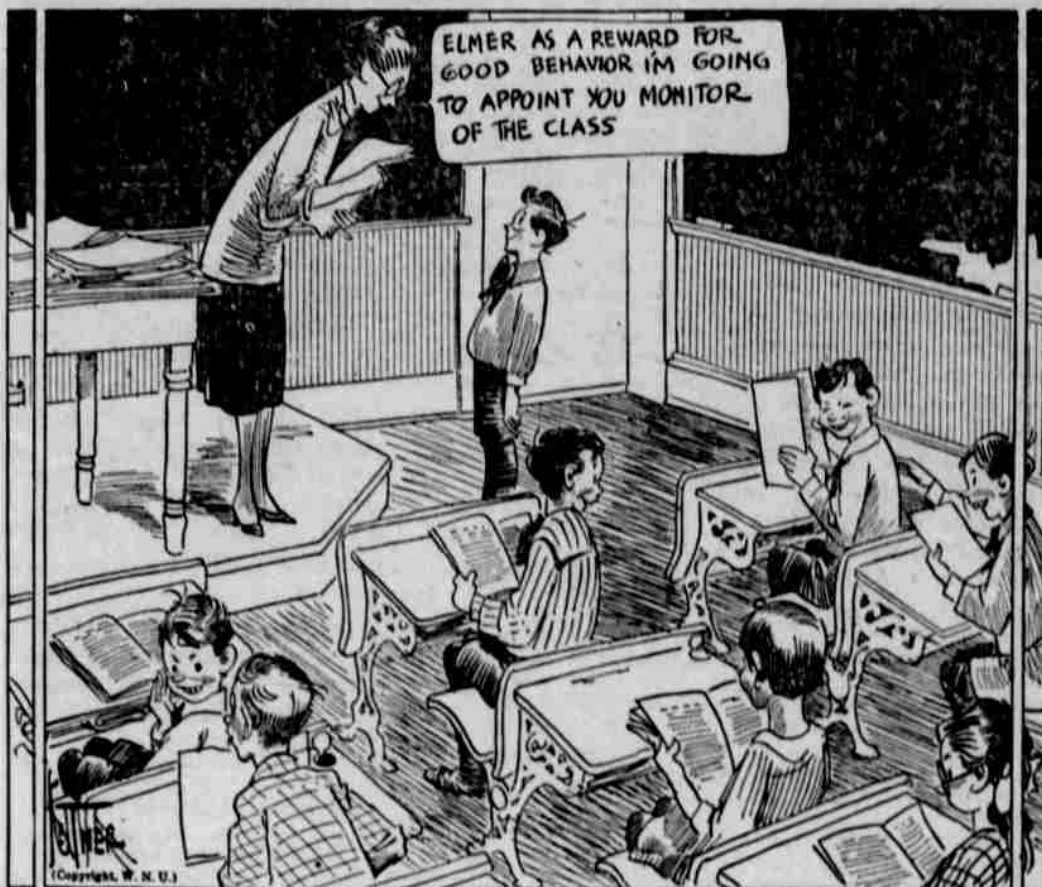
"Is the rich young widow pining for her husband?"  
 "Not exactly, but from the way she is making his money fly, it might be said that she is wasting away."—Boston Transcript.

### Question

Wife—Did you miss me while I was away?  
 Hubby—Yes, I'd often feel homesick. But I'd look at your photograph and I wouldn't feel homesick any more.

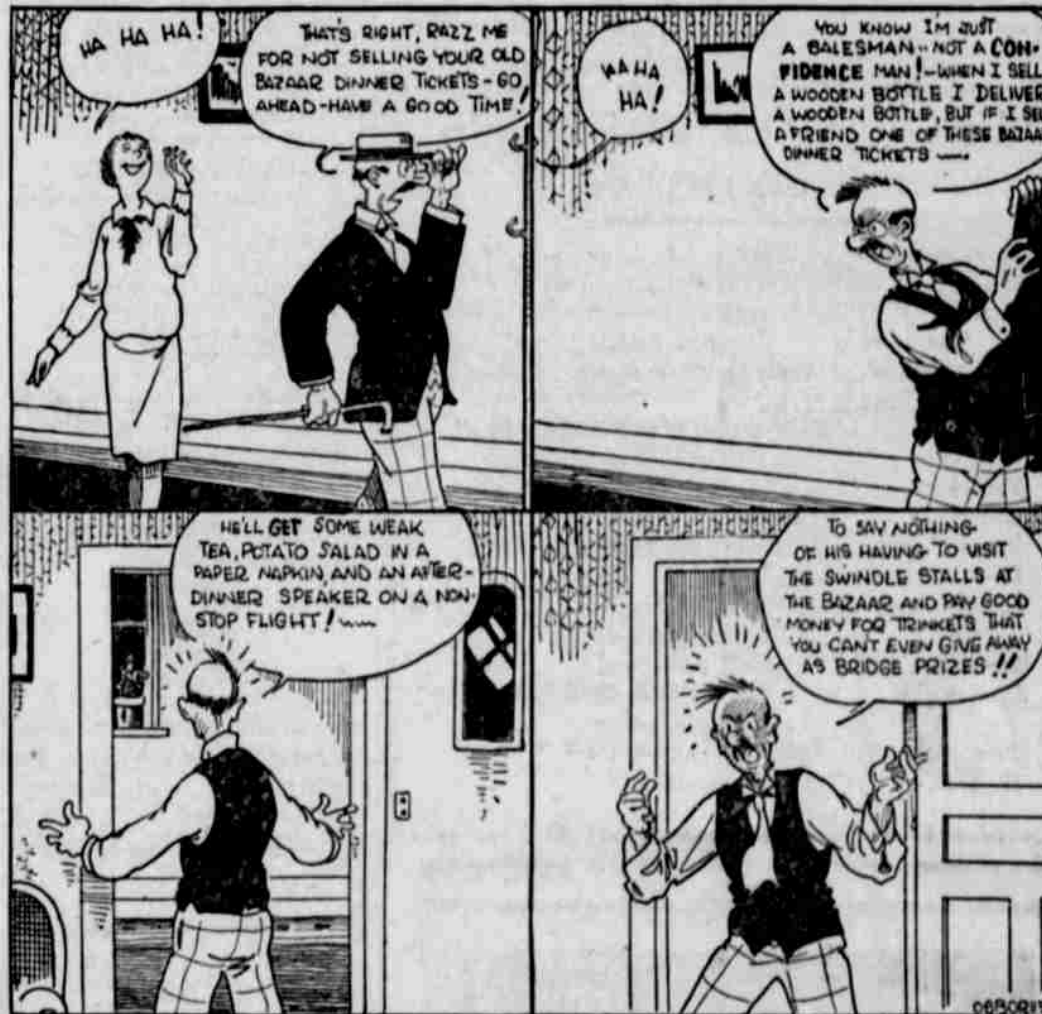
# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Events in the Lives of Little Men



## THE FEATHERHEADS

## Buzz-buzz-Bazaar



## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

## It's a Hot Time Anyway

