# GOING TO WAR IN GREECE

By

FREDERICK PALMER

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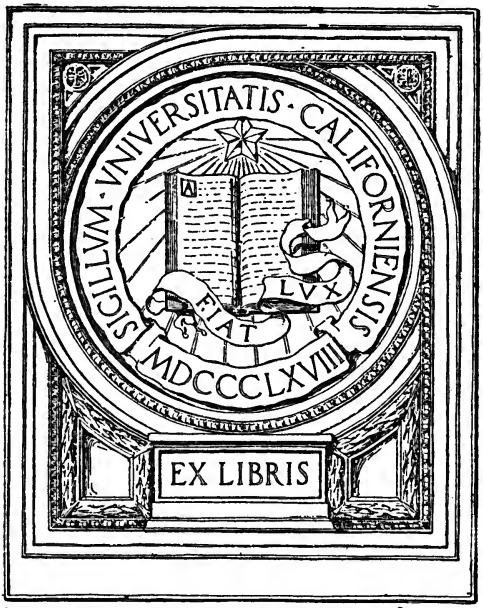
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"No longer the King's show soldiers, but devil-may-care veterans."—Page 151.

# GOING TO WAR IN GREECE

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FREDERICK PALMER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

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1897

TO

ERVIN WARDMAN

# Going to War in Greece

## CHAPTER I.

ON my way to the front, and then during the month that I waited with the army of Greece for war, and during the month's campaign that followed, I drifted in a world of uncertainty more or less droll or delightful even when the unexpected, which I grew to expect as a matter of course, meant the loss of my dinner or a night retreat. The editor's cablegram of instruction itself, which I received in Paris, shared a coat pocket with an evening edition of "Le Jour" announcing, as usual, the blockade of Greece within twenty-four hours, bloodshed on the Greco-Turkish frontier, and the likelihood of the withdrawal of the Sultan's ambassador from Athens at any minute. Italian dailies purchased through a car window the next afternoon said the same except that the blockade had been postponed for another day.

At Brindisi I sought the font of official information in the person of the Greek consul, who told me what he had read in the newspapers. Then I went on board the steamer for Patras to find the captain fearful lest he should be turned back by a European man-of-war. The passengers, made up of European volunteers in the cause of Phil-Hellenism, Greeks returning home in a sanguinary mood and newspaper correspondents sceptical lest war should be so unaccommodating as not to await their arrival, discussed such a probability far into the night in the saloon.

At Corfu the next morning the boatmen who clambered up the sides of the steamer in an odorous, gesticulating swarm, said that war had been already declared. "When?" we asked. "Oh," they replied nonchalantly, "two or three weeks ago." Then seeing that we were downcast and might not go ashore in their boats, they said that war would be declared after we arrived.

Would the American consul know the latest news from Athens? I asked of a grinning loafer who held me fast against the rail by the menace of his gestures. Oh, yes, he would know. His Excellency received a thousand slips of blue

paper—telegrams—every day, and was a very great man, indeed, if he were my friend.

The consul said he received no official news at all from Athens, but he knew to a certainty that war had not been declared; the blockade was not yet in force; and all reports of bloody engagements on the frontier were false. When I taxed my boatman with his thousand blue telegrams he seemed quite surprised that I should have misunderstood him. He referred to another consul who went away a year ago.

"What do you and all of your friends who hang about the quay do for a living?" I asked, as he lazily dipped his oars in the blue sea on our way back to the steamer.

"Wait for the boat to come in."

"How often does it come?"

"Twice a week. We are very busy in war time."

That a battle could scarcely be fought until our arrival was so much of a relief that we dropped prophecy after the steamer was under way again for a showing of private arms in the smoking-room. This—consider the patents!—required time for comparison and argument, the merits of two different revolvers being so hotly

contested at one moment as to promise a test of them on the spot.

The Custom House officer at Patras told us that the newspapers said that there had been a battle in which a hundred Greeks had slaughtered a thousand Turks, though war had not been formally declared. He refused to examine the baggage of patriots who had come to fight for his country, as he knew we had, and then bought the latest newspaper for half a cent. Everybody in the little town seemed to be idle and reading newspapers, except one sober being who was milking a goat on the main street.

At each station on the way to Athens by rail we looked out of the windows upon a sea of newspapers, upon knots and groups of peasants and villagers who, believing with all their heart that yesterday a hundred Greeks had slaughtered a thousand Turks, were now in quest of a later rumor. Thus by canard upon canard, during four weeks more of absolute quiet on the frontier, the war was always about to begin just as the next day was always to see, but never did see the blockade by the Powers.

As we passed brown Salamis set in the blue gulf with Homer's mountains beyond it and

"'We are very busy in war time,' he said."

"Reserves marched to the Piræus."

Homer's sky beyond them, and as the Parthenon appeared through a car window, they blotted out scare headlines in the tongue of Thucydides, they muffled the noise of a train rounding a curve, and for the passing moment they made heroes of our fellow-passengers, the soft-voiced Scotch Professor of Philosophy and the dapper students of the Sorbonne, who had come to enlist as privates in the army of the Greece that still possesses the Parthenon and Homer's sky.

But you sought in vain in the faces thrust out of the windows of the forward cars in which Reserves were crowded like cattle, and in the face of the captain of infantry who entered our compartment four miles out of Athens, for the nose and chin of the marbles in the Greek National Museum at Athens. We saw instead the faces of Slav children, who were a subject people not long ago, and our sentiment fluttered down from the Acropolis to the dusty streets of Modern Athens.

But the captain, with whom we spoke, said grandiloquently in excellent French that the soldiers of Greece, fighting in a manner worthy of their ancestors, would not stop in their career of conquest until they took Constantinople.

## CHAPTER II.

AS a matter of course there is a Place de la Concorde and a Place de la Constitution in Athens, which imitates Paris in such preëminently Gallic habits as the guillotine, street cafés, the Legion of Honor, and mobs made to order, and in all small things whatsoever that constitute the Paris of the boulevards and the sign-boards, not great Paris; and it also follows that these Athenian squares are on a small scale, while a barnlike king's palace overlooks one of them, the Place de la Constitution. Here are the hotels which shelter in ordinary times such English and American travelers as do not consider Italy the end of the world, their places being taken by war correspondents when the prospective discomforts of extraordinary times kept the travelers away. Here, too, is the foremost café whence the King receives his orders, evolved from the chatter and the gesticula-

tions of the idle, who form a conspicuous majority in Athens.

The King's popularity was waning again when I arrived in Athens. He was too conservative to please the café, which is nothing if not radical and sentimental. He had annexed Crete, it is true. He had assumed dominion over a portion of an empire—that empire having more than fifteen times the population of his own kingdom—without the empire's consent, while the world, with the Cross and the Parthenon before its eyes, cheered him for his pluck. A thousand Greek soldiers under Colonel Vassos were encamped in the mountains of Crete, drinking wine, eating biscuits and cheese, and day-dreaming—sent there to assist their Cretan brothers to put down the Turk. A cordon of war-ships, representing the concert of Europe, had surrounded Crete. The concert said that Colonel Vassos must leave the island. Europe itself was to give to Crete autonomy and consequently peace, which was the very thing not wanted by the Cretan child, of from fifteen to eighty years, who likes a revolution as well as a European diplomat likes a good dinner. Colonel Vassos refused to heed any orders except those of the King of

Greece, who bade him to sit and wait, a policy to the liking of this easy-going officer. The Powers could manage to agree only to the point of a blockade; not to the point of sending a force to discipline the recalcitrant Greeks. Thus, Colonel Vassos became the greatest man in the world of daily news and paradox, and the Café de la Constitution the power behind his throne.

But the café growing great, grew more ambitious, and wanted to increase the triumph it enjoyed. The King had shown pluck enough to last only three or four weeks. He must begin an aggressive war on the northern frontier, which would end—as the café knew perfectly well—in the taking of Constantinople. Already the café was resorting to its old mob methods which had usually brought the King to terms. For the café, with its motto that no cabinet ought to remain in office longer than a month, was even mightier in war than in peace. At its bidding, the peasants who tended sheep on the mountain sides went merrily off to the battle-field with as little idea of the cost of war as had the café itself.

When I first saw a mob start for the palace I fully expected to see the two lone Evzoni, guard-

ing the front door, borne down and the King brought out by force to face his enraged subjects. The mob was started every evening by some unkempt being who, jumping up from a table, would wave his hands and cry: "To the palace!" "A lamp-post for the tyrant!" He then walked up and down until he had gathered a crowd of followers, who, firing pistols into the air, advanced up the hillside. They went as far as the steps of the palace. The Evzoni regarded them with a grin. A flunky perhaps stood lowering in the doorway. If so, he refused to ask the King to come out. After calling the King all the names they knew, the rioters returned chattering to the café, well pleased with themselves.

Unlike the Parisian mob, ever wantonly destructive, the Athenian mob destroys nothing. It has more fun at less expense than any other mob in the world. Being too democratic to have a regular head, leadership is passed around like the turn to deal at cards. Almost every professional idler can boast of having led a movement which all but dethroned the King. His mob and himself without breaking a single pane of glass enjoyed their spree as fully as if they had razed half of Athens to the ground—economy

suggesting an innovation in the school for gamins in Paris. It is to the café that the Athenian Chamber of Deputies turns for instructions and the King obeys the mandates of the Deputies.

As comprehensible as were the gestures of the café, its chatter was Greek, modern Greek, to me. A dragoman must be an adjunct of any conversations I might hold with the café or the army. I did not have to search for Castopis, or his like. Castopis manœuvred softly up to me in the hotel corridor, his pocket full of recommendations from travelers, and counted off the languages at his command on one hand and his accomplishments on the other with the voice and demeanor of oriental majesty. He was a celebrated dragoman, the superior of all other dragomen, he said. Could I doubt his courage when his clothes had been matted with blood and brains in the Soudan under General Wolseley? Then he drew near and spoke frankly of his one disqualification: "The singing of bullets is sweet music, sir," he said. "If I forget myself and want to rush into the thick of the fight, you must hold me back. My duty is to you. I will try hard to control myself for your sake, sir."

So it was arranged that Castopis and I should

go to war together. We started by asking for military passports. I noticed that he took an unnecessarily long time to translate what I had to say. After leaving the war office I asked him about it.

"You leave it to me, sir," he replied, "and I'll make you the greatest war correspondent the world has ever known. I told the minister of war that you were a mighty man in your own land. You were going to send over the American fleet to help Greece if the Greeks treated you properly. And I told him not to allow any other American correspondents to go to the front, as they were Turkish spies. Sir, I am entirely devoted to your interests."

When I said that we must return to the minister of war to explain, I saw his mood change to that of a man with an elephant on his hands. Henceforth, I felt that Castopis had me in his power. My wilfulness was not to be allowed to work against my future greatness. He became my mentor and guardian, and soon I found myself deep in plots to keep him from sending cablegrams to my paper or to the State Department at Washington in my name. I spoke to the American minister about him and the American

minister said he had the reputation of being a wonderful dragoman. It was best to be satisfied with my lot, he thought.

Having secured the necessary equipment, Castopis said that we were to go to Volo, on our way to the front, by a transport that carried Reserves. Nobody knew the hour of the transport's sailing. We must sit on its deck until it started, and it would start as soon as all of the Reserves that it could carry had marched from the barracks through the Place de la Constitution down to the Piræus. Captains apparently started out with their companies whenever the inspiration seized them at the café.

By chance we reached the transport in the evening just as it was full and about to weigh anchor. The little saloon was crowded with officers, many of whom, like the soldiers on deck, had to sleep on the floor for want of bunks. Eloquent representations were made to the commanding officer, and I blushed for the lies Castopis had told when the commanding officer offered to share his stateroom with me.

The commanding officer did not seem in a hurry despite government complaint of a lack of transports at a moment when rapid mobilization

on the frontier was of vital importance. In the morning we stopped at Chalcis for an hour so that some of our officers might chat with relatives who were with the Greek fleet then at anchor there. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Volo. Our battalion remained on board all night and the transport did not start back for more troops until the next day.

## CHAPTER III.

VOLO, on the landlocked Gulf of Volo, a vast metropolis to the dozen white specks of villages hanging on the mountain sides above it, under Greek rule had awakened from Turkish sloth to an increasing population and a brisk trade with the neighboring islands of the Ægean Sea. Soldiers brought as far as Volo by the transports started for Larissa, the headquarters of mobilization, when some one thought of making ready the trains and when the officers had told all the news from Athens to their friends in Volo. The distance from Volo to Larissa is thirty miles, which requires three hours' travel by rail owing to a rather stiff grade up the mountain pass from Volo to Velestino and to the existence of cafés at several of the way stations. We left Volo fully twenty-four hours after our arrival, with a cry of "Long live the war!" which was repeated to every distant figure in the fields and at every

stopping-place. The peasants gazed at us silent and unmoved, for their land was a little nearer to the boundary-line than that of the bellicose peasants of the Peloponnesus. Sophisticated idlers at the stations exhibited all the might of their lungs. Priesthood in long black hair and ragged, long black raiment came down from the mountains donkeyback to indulge in grandiose prophecy.

"Long live the war!" cried the heads stuck out of the car windows as the train drew in at the Larissa station. "Long live the war!" was the reply of the crowd. The minarets and Turkish architecture of Larissa were dimly visible in the dusk, calling to mind how recent was the occupation of Thessaly by Greece. As I wished to cross the frontier and see the Turkish army before war was declared, it was not wise in this land of uncertainty to wait until after dinner before making arrangements. General Macris, in command at Larissa, said he could assure me of protection for the fifteen miles to the Greek watch-house in Meluna Pass. As for the rest, he shrugged his shoulders. Though the Turkish consul might back my passport, he said, when our secretary of state came to investigate the

affair the Sultan would greatly regret the unfortunate accident which was due to the ignorance of a private soldier.

That brown little man, the Turkish consul at Larissa, said he would be delighted to give me safe conduct to and from Meluna Pass and Elassona, the headquarters of the Turkish army, but —lifting his shoulders quite on a level with his ears—it was not for him to guarantee that I should pass through Greek territory alive. When I handed him my passport he asked for my dragoman's also. But Castopis said that he had none.

"Then I cannot allow him to accompany you," said the consul.

Here was a difficulty. I could not speak Turkish, and it was quite unfeasible that I should go alone. I turned to Castopis, who promptly assumed the air of an injured satrap.

"I should like to know, Your Excellency, the Honorable Consul," he said, "when it became necessary for a servant of yourself or of any other great gentleman to have a separate passport? Is it expected that a gentleman shall travel without a servant? Above all, is this expected of a great American gentleman accustomed to go

from town to town with a magnificent train of followers?"

The consul bowed very low and agreed to make an exception for once in his official career.

Then we set out to find quarters for the night. The two hotel keepers wobbled their heads and pounded the air with their hands in dismay. They had long ago ceased to offer so much as a place on the hall floor and so far as they knew the only available sleeping quarters in the town were the streets. The streets were fordable but not practicable as beds.

"Do not worry," said Castopis, "the mayor is my friend. The hotel keeper is swine. I will teach the hotel keeper civility and the extent of my influence."

After an hour's search through cafés, barracks and alleyways, only a mud puddle stood between us and the mayor. Among the hundred other applicants for rooms who surrounded him we recognized soldiers who were on our transport. The mayor was at his wits' end to find them a place for the night. Every room in his new City Hall was taken, as was every empty store-room and warehouse. Castopis leaped over the puddle, grasped the mayor's hand, felicitated

him upon his noble career, and returned with a beatific grin. The mayor had referred him to a leading citizen who would rent the finest room in his house for sixty-two and a half cents a day. The leading citizen and all of his family received us at the doorway of his little courtyard and followed me upstairs to my room, where they watched me wash my hands with great interest, until Castopis shooed them away. My bed was two boards nailed against the wall. Its mattress I discarded on the advice of Castopis, who looked at it and then at me and said, "Bugs!" He slept on his mattress, however, remarking that he was a Greek.

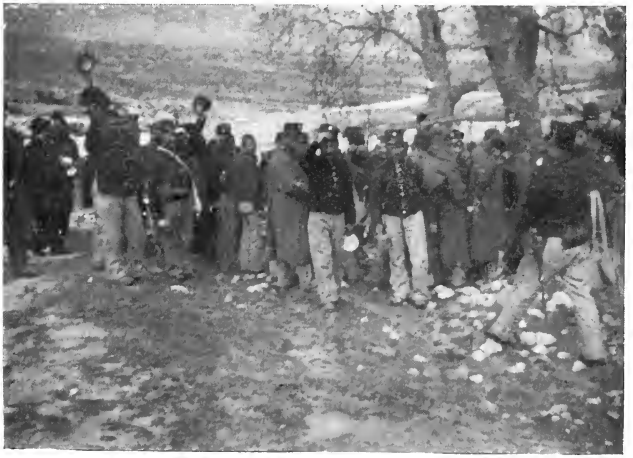
By day it is broiling hot on the Thessalian plain; but we found the air uncomfortably chill when we arose at sunrise the next morning. Our escort, a young cavalry officer, a cast-off Parisian carriage behind three skinny horses and a driver, met us in front of the café. The officer as a proof of his endurance unbuttoned his tunic to show that he wore no undershirt, incidentally pointing to a scar he had received in a duel while at school in Germany. His back was in the form of a bow and the ends of his moustache turned up in a dashing curve.

Our carriage bounced and slewed and rattled over the plain, a four hours' drive to Turnavo, where we spent some few moments with the officers in the tumbledown old barracks; then along the base of the mountains, halting to ask the best point to ford a stream, or to exchange news with the officers, who lined their men up in front of tents on the hillside or bade them cheer us on principle, the road becoming more and more uneven and inclined until we reached the end of the carriage route, Liguria, a little town which seemed to sit as comfortably in the mouth of the Meluna Pass as a workbasket in a woman's lap. The officer insisted upon riding up the pass a Hungarian horse that had been imported for the cavalry. In a quarter of an hour this fine animal, as uneasy as a fish out of water, was flecked with foam and more beaten than if he had done forty miles in the open. My little mountain pony had scarcely a wet hair. An ally of safety but not of comfort was his native saddle, which was like riding a rail that had taken to dancing. He had no bridle and needed none. He picked his way over the stones with consummate skill and becoming deliberateness, up and up the narrow, zigzag path, until the Thessalian plain becoming a

panorama seemed so near that I could reach out and pick a blossom from one of the almond-trees in the village of Dheleria, some seven miles away; while over my head the ardent sunlight glowed and glistened on the ridges and sparkled in the hollows of snowy Olympus, dimly revealing its dense, white apex through fluffy, white clouds.

I do not know whether or not the wrinkled sub-lieutenant stationed in the Turkish watch-house had ever looked beyond the fumes of his cigarette at this scene. When we—including three Evzoni and a sub-lieutenant from the Greek watch-house—crossed the boundary-line to ask a favor of him, we had other things to talk about. The Greeks, in trying to do their best for me, somewhat prejudiced the sub-lieutenant by saying that I was a great friend of theirs. With a flood of expostulations, the sub-lieutenant explained that he could not let me pass. We persisted, and then he invited us into his little sitting-room, while he squatted on a divan and for the first time mumbled through the words of Turkish on my passport. The passport was all very well, he said, but it provided for an escort. As he had only two soldiers with

"In front of tents on the hillside."



"Bade them cheer on principle."

him he could not afford an escort, and he reasoned, therefore, that the passport was void. I said I would go without any escort except Castopis, assuming all consequent risks; myself whereupon the sub-lieutenant scratched his head and asked all present to have cigarettes. On the whole, he was a mild and rather gentlemanly Turkish officer, but lacking in some measure ready mental concentration. He mumbled through the passport again and then again, running a stubby forefinger from word to word. At last the forefinger rose up under Castopis's nose, bearing the great news that our ponies had not been mentioned by the consul. This omission settled everything against us, he thought.

"We'll walk; we'll go without our ponies," I bade Castopis tell him.

"Good sir," said the sub-lieutenant, as he folded the passport with the air of a beaten man, "I could not think of allowing that."

But I was barely on my pony's back when I foresaw more trouble. The sub-lieutenant was scratching his head again. He took hold of the pony's halter, saying that our revolvers were not included in the passport, anyway, and we might not take them with us.

"We will gladly comply," was the answer, "if you will give us a sufficient escort."

The sub-lieutenant reluctantly let go of the pony's halter, and I began my career in Macedonia.

Soon I noticed that the two rosy-cheeked young Turkish soldiers whom the officer had spared after all to escort us for some distance, carried their rifles well in front, ever ready for instant use, and never took their eyes from the treacherous infidel, that is myself. So I gave them cigarettes and smiled at them. They smiled back and threw their rifles over their shoulders. Thus we became excellent friends for the rest of our journey together.

It was at Elassona that Edhem Pasha was then hammering the Turkish army into fighting material and Elassona was at the head of a small valley some three or four miles from the foot of Meluna Pass on the Turkish side. I found him to be a pleasant, handsome, full-bearded man in a fez and a beautiful uniform. There was far more of the soldier in his manner than in General Macris's, but he spoke with the same oriental blandness. He had a hundred thousand men, he said, and could go to Athens in two weeks when-

ever the Sultan gave the order. He was chary about giving further information and about extending privileges to a correspondent who had come from the Greek side.

His hundred thousand men must have been rather crowded for sleeping room in the few clusters of tents on the hillsides and in the three little villages in the valley. I believe that the Greeks had more men mobilized on the frontier at this time than the Turks. Edhem Pasha had had insurrections, difficult transportation, lack of forage, and lack of funds to deal with. By the very virtue of the size of their country, of their transport service, and of the railroad to Larissa, the Greeks could have mobilized their forces much quicker than the Turks. The time required for mobilization in Turkey is a weakness which, I think, has been overlooked.

If Larissa was only in part Turkish, Elassona was completely Turkish. Seen from a distance, with its white minarets and low, white houses, it was like most Macedonian towns, quaint, picturesque, even beautiful. Its streets were beds of filth lying on uneven cobblestones to trip the unwary, and sloth reigned on every doorstep in striking contrast to Volo, which, unlike Larissa,

is a completely modern Greek town, almost French in its aspect. The Greek at home is still an idler, but he sometimes leaves his hubble-bubble to make improvements, while the Turk never does.

The Turkish cavalry horses and all small arms were in good military condition. Uniforms were well frayed and incomplete. The soldiers usually answered our greetings with a glare; but we saw few of them away from their tents and dirty barracks, where they lounged and grew strong in keeping with the Turkish constitution. It was noticeable that, despite his deficient uniform, the orderly who stood in front of an officer's tent had a natural military style lacking in the Greek. This suggested much: a race of traders and peasants and a race of soldiers.

A mist settled down and darkness came on as we re-entered the pass. Rain fell in torrents a few minutes later and we were wet to the skin and shivering when we saw the light of the Turkish watch-house. The sub-lieutenant came to meet us with a surprisingly warm handshake, his two soldiers smiling just behind him. He insisted that we should have a glass of mastika before going farther. Again we sat down on the divan

in his little sitting-room. The lines of his face came out strongly in the shadows cast by the lighted wick fastened to a cork which floated in a glass of olive oil. He was a happy sub-lieutenant, I am sure, and he lived on fifteen cents a day.

"You are an American? You came from far away?" he suggested curiously.

Then we talked freely, and I learned that I had little cause to fear him, for it was because he and his soldiers feared me that I had been asked to give up my revolver. They knew of only one American, Buffalo Bill, and were worried lest I, like a treacherous infidel, should suddenly with two dexterous movements kill both of my escorts before they could raise their rifles to their shoulders.

"Shall we have war?" I asked him.

"I do not know," he said. "It is as our Padishah says. He is our master."

"There are many more soldiers in the Greek watch-house than you have."

"Yes. I have seen them in their red caps, their shining buttons and fine coats. I have seen them dancing and heard them singing. They laugh at us for being ragged. But I tell you, only swine show their tusks before they bite."

"Don't you think the Greeks are fine soldiers?"

"They are swine and eaters of swine. We were their masters, and they lived or died as our Padishah chose. When they rose, we put them down as easily as you turn over your hand. They are not the great infidels. The great infidels (Christian Europe) in their might came to take the part of the whining little pig, because the little pig, the dishonest little pig, was also an infidel. Step by step, we were driven back, always back, with our hands tied, and the Greek swine, and their women, who go with faces uncovered in the street, cried in our ears, 'We have conquered the Turk!'"

"Would you like to have a war?"

His black eyes gleamed with joy, and again he replied: "It is as the Padishah wills."

"Would I had food worthy to give you," he said as I went out into the mist and the darkness on my way to the Greek watch-house, leaving him and his two little soldiers to guard their lonely outpost up in the clouds, the turning-point of modern Greek history. Five weeks later, when the Turks came up the pass in a flood and took the Greek watch-house, the sub-lieu-

tenant, who was in the front line of the attack, and one of his soldiers were killed while fighting with all courage and all humility for their false Prophet and false Padishah. They had had a cup of coffee for breakfast that morning and their pay was several months in arrears.

## CHAPTER IV.

ENFORCED absence from the cafés for three weeks never convinced my companionable escort, the lieutenant of cavalry, that an undershirt was superior to a duelling scar as protection from the damp, chill air of the early morning when we drove back to Larissa. With tea and other luxuries from a correspondent's commissariat we improvised a substitute for a café out of the lieutenant's bedroom, which was in a disconsolate Hebrew money-changer's four room dwelling. There as well as elsewhere his friends might confound the Turkish army and chat pleasantly of bloody battles—battles which we were careful to postpone until such a date as the lieutenant should be able to play his part. It was a plain case of fever with the lieutenant, and his final recovery was wonderful considering the oriental-flavored odor of sewage which came in at his

window when the breezes did not blow strong from the sweet-scented Thessalian plain. So I, feeling that I shared with the duelling scar the responsibility for his illness, made bold to consider myself the happiest of all those who welcomed him, pale and full bearded, back to the cafés with oozoo and olives, though I was unequal to either the verbiage or the gesticulations of his fellow officers.

There were three cafés which the officers patronized. All fronted on the public square, two of them offering the attraction of cast-off Parisian billiard tables with cubical balls that rattled over their slates like stones thrown along a pavement. Old colonels sat in a favorite corner smoking their hubble-bubbles and smiling affably on all foreign correspondents. A multitude of doctors thrown up by an ambition born of popular education, played with the tassels on their swords and did not allow lack of bandages, of stretchers and of hospital tents to ruffle their ever buoyant spirits. The mayor buzzed from group to group like a busy bee, feeling all visitors to be his guests and uttering the most optimistic of prophecies about the reëstablishment of the Byzantine Empire.

Still, he was a practical executive. In my own time in Larissa I saw five new lamp-posts put up in the square. A sixth lay by its hole ready for erection—it may be there now just as the Greeks left it. The mayor always bowed politely to the Turkish consul and his friends, who ate uninsulted at the officers' restaurant and were neither molested nor taunted by the soldier-children whose elbows they rubbed as they passed through the crowded streets. If, occasionally, a Mohammedan woman left the Turkish quarter she attracted no attention. Those contrasting insignia of Christianity and Mohammedanism, the mayor's derby hat and the red fezzes of a bey and a wealthy landholder, both Turks and members of the Greek Chamber of Deputies, were often to be seen bobbing over the same table. They shucked their strings of beads and agreed that Macedonia under Greek rule meant more money in their pockets. In Greece, I may mention, officers, soldiers and civilians, whether rich or poor, carry beads. "Our beads are not for religious purposes," you are assured again and again; "but one who sits in the café for hours must have a diversion that is neither difficult nor tiring." Sometimes the strings break and

"The Turkish Consul and his friends."

"If, occasionally, a Mohammedan woman—"

the beads scatter, and then an officer so tires himself in recovering them that only an oozoo will revive him.

In the late afternoon we brought our chairs out of the café and under the shadows of the City Hall. Then all of idle Larissa walked up and down in the square, the wives of a few officers who had come down from Athens adding color to the movement of the mayor, the Turkish landholders, unsophisticated and ragged old peasants, officers, Evzoni, Reserves, Albanian and Macedonian chieftains in starched fustinella and little silk caps swaggering as if they had the scalps of a hundred Turks at their belts, and foreign correspondents in white hats, brown boots, jackets and riding-breeches. Though officers read and believed the startling news on little handbills sold for a lepta, they turned a cold shoulder to the host of Greek journalists whom they regarded as social inferiors.

"Let us see," said an English correspondent as he pored over the Athenian papers which had just arrived. "Yesterday the Greek fleet sunk a Turkish ship with a single shot, ten Greeks scared a thousand Turks out of a watch-house, and—oh, if these things were only true

what copy they would make in these piping times of peace!"

When we returned to London and New York we marveled even more at the power of the Greek journalist, for there in the back numbers of our respective papers we saw all the canards printed as serious news. "The stuff sent from Athens is much snappier than anything you send," one London editor cabled to a weary correspondent, who answered: "Good Lord! I don't wonder at it!" I told little Volkos of "The Acropolis" that the Turkish soldiers, I thought, were ill-fed and badly uniformed. In his paper he quoted me as saying that the Turks were naked and starving. "Why did you put it that way?" I asked him. "I only made it stronger," he replied quite innocently; adding, with a swing of his hat, an enthusiastic, "*Vive la guerre! Toujours la conquête!*" After fighting had actually begun the Greek journalists disappeared. With the war itself making news they seemed to think that they were no longer needed at the front.

The thriving shopkeepers and, above all, the keeper of a wine-shop who had chairs and a greasy pack of cards to offer, were more inter-

"And ragged old peasants."

"Albanian and Macedonian chieftains.'

ested in the privates of the army of Greece than were the officers who clanked their swords in the square. All the bakers and butchers believed in unlimited Hellenic heroism. From the shepherds' folds on the mountain side came trains of asses with carcasses of mutton, followed by asses laden with sheepskins—the wealth of Thessaly—and after all a grim shepherd, or his little son. Only the Hebrew money-changers, standing on the street corners, felt the ill wind, commerce across the frontier being at a standstill. Out of my window I could see a company of Reserves boiling their soup every morning, for the army of Greece was well fed. This was all they had to do, and they ate heartily and grew soft and more and more ill fitted for the hardships of an active campaign.

Almost every day additional Reserves came along the dusty road from the station. Then, to make room for the new arrivals, the company or companies which had been longest in Larissa "being drilled" were marshaled in heavy marching order in front of the City Hall. Their clothing was evidence enough that the needles of Athens could not keep pace with the growth of the army. Only the cheap blue cap with the

embroidered cross seemed indispensable. Most of the men had long military coats or short jackets and a smaller number the regulation trousers. Occasionally a pair of native shoes with their turned-up, tasseled toes, were set off picturesquely by a full European uniform. After a speech from the mayor, the men marched away to different points along the frontier, stopping at intervals of a mile or two to rest. Behind them, perhaps, rattled a wagon loaded with bread and cheese.

Never was there a gentler and more naïve soldiery supplied with modern arms than our Army of the Café. With unconscious ingenuousness it excused in a measure its lack of forcefulness under fire by lacking force for brawls and wickedness in general. Political discussions in cafés never had bloody consequences. The only drunken man in a uniform I ever saw in Larissa was an Italian volunteer. A battalion of Garibaldians who fought so bravely at Domoko, indulged in more private warfare than our sixty thousand—or fifty?—or forty thousand?—who knows? Sixty thousand when we foresaw victory in brilliant hues! Forty thousand as soon as we groped aimlessly in the

"Chairs and a greasy pack of cards."

"The wealth of Thessaly."

chilling fogs of defeat! Statistics were no hobby of the Army of the Café.

It did not need figures for the faith in victory which was as strong in the soldier-children as in the officer-children. Who was so foolish as to doubt when the barracks on the plain were like those in France; when wheels and pieces of iron strapped on a donkey's back were transformed into a mountain gun; when there was an engineer corps with white gaiters and a Red Cross corps, and the doctors had swords; when messages were flashed from Larissa to the foot of Olympus by the opticon-telegraph; when, indeed, all of the set parts of European military organization were imitated in one way or another? The War Department saw no need of trying to find out if the Turks also had such contrivances. It was impossible that they should have, for they were savages. They knew not popular education. Their officers had not studied in Paris and Berlin. The Army of the Café revelled in the surprises that were in store for the Turks when they faced modern implements of warfare. What else could they do but run away like the Chinese? Little Greece was to slay her giant as easily as Japan had slain hers.

It was imitation, ever imitation, the fatal gift of the modern Greek who imitates too easily to imitate thoroughly. Imitation had carried away our officers' originality. The Army of the Café was a European uniform without a body. We had all of the imported properties without a stage manager; we had scenery and unmistakably a festive chorus, but our actors knew only the lines of their climaxes, while all contended for the centre of the stage in every scene, without regard to cues. After twenty years of preparation for the struggle with Turkey, their capacity for superficial imitation left the staff with only a small-scale Austrian map of their own frontier. The engineers, with the material for making a pontoon bridge, built one over the Peneios at the wrong place, after waiting many days in vain for the river to fall to a point agreeable to their finicky minds. Up on the Acropolis artillerymen indifferently sewed bags to be filled with sand for the fortifications, while others labored indifferently with pick and shovel under the direction of a most sociable officer. Weeks were taken to put in position the six ten-centimetre Krupps which were to sweep the plain and protect Larissa if the Turks should break through the mountain

"Money changers felt the ill wind."

"Boiling their soup."

barrier. Every morning Prince Nicolas, third son of King George, led his battery out on the plain and put it through evolutions with a certain degree of snap that ought to have been, but was not, a lesson to the rest of the army. In all, we were supposed to have twelve batteries of field and mountain guns, and a part of these, at least, showed a measure of mechanical expertness which was most reassuring compared to our infantry and cavalry. Poor cavalrymen! One fellow tumbled off his horse under the royal nose on the very day of the Crown Prince's arrival at Larissa. They had never ridden except on donkeyback, until their Hungarian horses were imported after the Cretan ultimatum. One day they expected to dash over the plain and cut off a multitude of Turkish heads, though they had not been taught the simplest principles of sabre practice; and the further neglect of their officers to teach them how to care for European horses of itself had made a charge impracticable.

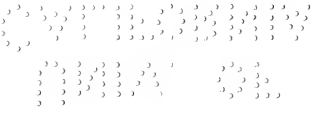
But when the cavalry made a spectator sad, he could turn to the Evzoni who enlivened his vista with all of the brilliance of the Chinese embassy at a Washington reception. "Petticoat men" these regulars who guarded the fron-

tier in time of peace were nicknamed on account of their slightly modified native Greek dress. The "petticoat man" had style and pride and much of the discipline which go to make a finished soldier. His red cap with a long black tassel was stuck jauntily on one side of his closely-cropped head. His pleated skirt, or fustinella, was always immaculate and well starched; the brass buttons on his blue coat glistened in the sun; his light leggings were pulled well down over his ankles—his virility disdained stockings—and the tassels were never missing from his red, heelless shoes which scaled the mountainside so softly.

"We can always depend upon the Evzoni to defend the throne," said the Crown Prince, who received me in the garden of "the palace," which had been a pasha's house in the old days. The Crown Prince's arrival at Larissa was supposed to mean war. He was to succeed General Macris, who had been vested with absolute authority in nothing, such tyranny being inconsistent with the democratic principles of the Café de la Constitution. To the horror of the French general who originally organized the army on good lines, the government gave equal authority to ten colonels, old colonels being called generals by

"In heavy marching order."

"After a speech from the Mayor."



courtesy, so that no one of them could be jealous of the other. In the face of hostilities the necessity of a leader appeared and the easy-going King made a commander-in-chief out of his inexperienced son who, nevertheless, was not supposed to be the master of any one of the colonels.

As day after day went by bringing no declaration of war the Crown Prince grew more and more unpopular. He warned the soldiers against any outbreak on the anniversary of Greek independence and not a shot was fired. In the church at Larissa on Independence Day the civilians and officers led by the mayor cried, at the close of a solemn memorial service, "Give us war! Give us war!" and he rebuffed them with a scornful toss of the head. Not a single cheer greeted him as he rode back to Headquarters. That evening these same leading citizens and officers talked revolution in the cafés, while a big soldier out in the illuminated square gathered a mob and, with light talk about having war or the Prince's head, led his followers to the palace. The band happened to be at Headquarters. A patriotic tune softened the dissatisfied until they suddenly saw its object, and then they became

positively menacing. One of the Crown Prince's aides-de-camp, with a political future before him, rushed out and hugged the big soldier and told him so many fibs that he led a cheer for the Crown Prince before returning in self-satisfied glory to the square.

Some of the aides-de-camp talked of improving technical discipline after the Crown Prince had come, but the Crown Prince seemed to find it easier to allow the soldiers and the mass of the officers to have their own way as of old, while his aides-de-camp kept a sharp eye out for delicacies for his table. The Army of the Café chattered on and on, becoming less and less reconciled to humdrum peace.

## CHAPTER V.

MY landlady, an enthusiastic politician who hung around my door in lieu of her less energetic husband to ask me if I did not think that the men who ruled Greece were fools, had ceased to be entertaining and in general I had ceased to entertain her. At last I could have water brought in an odd little wooden tub without commotion, because Castopis had informed the masses that I preferred to take my bath in seclusion. Since the carpenter was called in I no longer had the excitement of seeing whether or not I could wet my whole body before all the water leaked out on to the floor.

Castopis was fast becoming arrogant. It was in vain that I warned him not to slander other correspondents nor to tell the officers that I had a private regiment and a battery of artillery coming from America to aid the good cause. When he was not smoking a hubble-bubble at the café

he was trying to start a revolution. He knew that with dragomen scarce and war likely to begin at any moment I could not well discharge him. Occasionally he reassured me by saying, "As the great day approaches I feel the spirit of my noble ancestors growing within me. Only the retention of my admiration for you will keep a rifle out of my hands."

Past also was the joy of buying a pony. The *London Times* was the first correspondent to buy one. He paid what its owner asked for it, the outrageous price of seven hundred drachmas. The next day every correspondent was besieged by fellows in fustinella who would lead him into an alleyway, and, pointing to a bag of bones, hold out a piece of paper with the figures "700" marked on it. For a week we discussed all of the horseflesh of the surrounding country in front of the café, and all Larissa gathered to look on. By means of a determined effort we in part repaired the damage done by the guilelessness of the *London Times*, but even then we were so easy that I do not think the Greeks enjoyed beating us. When a Greek goes abroad he soon becomes rich. At home where the Greeks argue in a café over a cent for many hours, no one of

"Loaded with bread and cheese."

"Wheels and pieces of iron."

them can ever beat another by sufficient margin to accumulate any amount. Still, emigration seems to remain an open question with the Greek because he does not consider that a foreigner is worthy of his talent.

In two weeks I had my own pony, Kitso by name, in fine flesh and trained to a decent gait. He had learned to mind the rein instead of the Greek substitute, a kick in the side. A few revolver shots close to his ears had so far redeemed him from skittishness that he would go out on the plain in the evening and listen to the practice of the Citizen Defenders without moving a muscle. (The Citizen Defenders, led by a fat merchant, were mostly boys and gray-headed men of Larissa, and they went out to shoot at imaginary Turks every day.)

All this I had accomplished despite Kitso's grooms. Castopis said at the start that I must have a groom, and he hired several. Whenever I went into the street a number of fellows in fustinella met me in our little courtyard and held out their hands for a week's wages. When I sent Castopis for a currycomb, he brought back a native product evidently intended for harrowing ploughed ground. When I ordered Kitso for a

ride all of my grooms gathered in front of the stable door and began session as a deliberative body. Finally, I had to spring through the crowd, groom and saddle Kitso myself, while my following looked on benevolently, saying to one another, "I told you he could do it!"

The chatter of the cafés had begun to lose its charm and the odors of the streets continued to increase in virility. Greasy mutton and potatoes boiled in grease all day long pall on the most powerful foreign stomach. You must not eat too far into your stores. At any meal the emergency might arrive when you would be dependent on them alone with no facilities for laying in further supplies from Athens. Correspondents having tired of going to the one mosque in the town in searching for another diversion, after elaborate pulling of wires gained the privilege of entering one of the two harems in Larissa, and there saw three pairs of crow-marked eyes in a row above three veils. As a body, they were beginning to fear that they would have to wait forever with nothing to do. That is, the little English speaking phalanx of five or six Englishmen and one American were. Other foreign nationalities had come and had gone, while the Anglo-

"Messages flashed to the foot of Olympus."

"Sewed bags to be filled with sand."

Saxon phalanx remained firm—not because the editor of the local paper told us we should certainly have war, but rather out of pure bull-headedness. If all the turbulence of the cafés should end in peace, we must return to Athens with our equipments and uneaten stores, a little crestfallen, a little disappointed.

The editor of the local paper had the appearance of a prophet and perhaps he was one. He wore a white hat, a green vest, and pantaloons with a wide stripe. He preached vigorously to us of the stupidity of the Erasmian pronunciation of Greek which foreigners learn at school. But we could not help liking him when he laid his cane on the café table, and, removing his hat and wiping his head with a huge red handkerchief, said: "Gentlemen, the news! What is the news? Since we have no news, what shall we drink to the conquest of Turkey which is written on the wall? Do not question me about the information which I publish on handbills for a lepta! There are secrets in our profession as well as in others, gentlemen."

Kitso and I had visited every station from the Vale of Tempe to Ravenni. We started on our

journeys early in the morning, and long before the noonday sun was shining down in uncomfortable splendor he was in some rude enclosure enjoying the sack of barley which he had brought on his back and I was drinking bitter resinato wine and eating mutton with the officers of the post. After luncheon some of the older officers, following an old superstition of Greek brigands, looked through the shoulder-blade of the lamb we had eaten for signs of a fight, and, needless to say, found them as usual. At three or four o'clock, when the heat had somewhat abated, the commander of the post took me out to see his men, the lay of the land, his battery, or whatever he had to show to visitors; asking with naïve interest, "Are you content? Have we not things like the Europeans? Are we not quite different from the Turk?" but always speaking of himself as an oriental. It was well to be content, thoroughly content, lest you be misunderstood. Once I said: "Yes, you are. Bravo! But I wish you had more artillery." "Oh, then," was the quick reply, "you are opposed to the cause of Greece!" In vain did I endeavor to explain that my anxiety was only a result of my Phil-Hellenic sympathies. The

"With pick and shovel."

"Which had been a Pasha's house."

officer could not see the difference between friendly criticism and condemnation.

In the cool of the evening Kitso and I jogged back home, he thinking of the barley in his stable and I enjoying the sunset on Olympus. Kitso had never had big rations before, and sometimes I thought that I saw a broad grin on his face. When there were no more frontier posts to visit we rode from village to village and from shepherd's fold to shepherd's fold in the late afternoon, like the lords of olden times inspecting their property. We saw women sitting in the doorways of squat little houses, plodding shepherds crook in hand, shepherds' sons gazing awe-struck at the movement of a battery, and ugly shepherds' dogs which gave chase whenever their masters were out of sight, nipping at the heels of my boots and making Kitso dash across the fields like mad. The peasants sometimes stopped us at the folds and offered us sheep's milk to drink, which is much better than the strong-tasting milk of the occasional cow that leads a dreary, hampered existence in Greece.

Mornings were the dreamiest part of the whole day. You might try to write, you might sprinkle your couch with Keating's powder and lie down

to read; whatever you did you eventually drifted out to the cafés.

It was while lounging thus that Dumlos came my way. He was a tall, lean Macedonian, with deviltry written on his ragged outfit, in his countenance and in his manner of rolling a cigarette. At the moment that Castopis introduced him to me as a miracle-worker who had killed a hundred Turks, Dumlos was gesticulating over a café table to the mayor and a fat Greek merchant from Constantinople.

"Thou art witness, O worthy Mayor, that I am no lamb to wear tinkle bells and eat grass," Dumlos said. "Did I learn all the paths of the mountains to wear trousers, to put my gun up and put it down again at the word of some city officer? My band is waiting. It is hungry and it needs clothes and arms. Should I go to the Pasha for these or to you, O worthy Mayor? Thou knowest that every man of my men will kill his hundred Turks and I will kill my thousand, or else Dumlos is dirt under your feet. He will turn brigand on Olympus, and that would be worse for Dumlos than going to hell.

"My blood leapt in my veins when I heard that thou wert to make war, O worthy Mayor.

"The Citizen Defenders."

"Gazing, awe-struck."

Straightway, I got all the good men and true together under the Pasha's nose. Be thou my witness that I had just won the last brave man in the region to my band, and he had run away with the others to the mountains to come to thy aid, when I turned around in the village street to look into ten rifle barrels. It is plain, O worthy Mayor, that mine enemies feared me too much to try to take me face to face.

"'Thou art wanted by the Pasha,' said their leader, trembling at the sight of me.

"My words were like honey, worthy Mayor. 'Let us hasten,' I said. 'I die waiting to be of service to my worthy master.'

"Alas! The Pasha saw in me one to whom he had unexpectedly loaned a little money on a dark night. For what can an honest Greek under a Pasha do except to live the life of a free man in the mountains?

"'I recognize thee! Thou art a villain!' cried the Pasha.

"'Nay, thou art mistaken, my lord. It was my brother, who resembles me much, that robbed you,' I replied.

"'Then I have taken only one of two villains!' he said.

"'Nay, nay, worthy ruler,' I replied, 'kill thy slave if thou wilt, but I have not two brothers.'

"The squatting infidel smiled and sent five infidel hirelings away with me to the mountain side, where they need not bend their backs to make a hole for my carcass.

"'Thy will is my pleasure, O master!' I said.

"And I thought: 'Dumlos, thou art a wise man, and a wise man is worth more than five fools!'

"So, as we were going to the mountains, I stumbled on a stone and fell.

"'I have broken my limb and cannot rise!' I said.

"'Up, you infidel!' cried the hirelings, and seized hold of me.

"A good Mohammedan must obey his masters, must he not, O worthy Mayor?

"'Poor, wounded Dumlos, you must rise though it kills thee,' I thought.

"I sprang up with all my might, so obedient was I. So suddenly did I rise that his rifle flew out of one of the infidel's hands into mine. I sent a bayonet through the throat of the one on the right and a bayonet through the heart of the one on the left. The others fired at me. But,

O worthy Mayor, Dumlos did not drink his mother's milk for nothing! I lifted up their rifle barrels, thus, and their bullets passed over my head, while I bayoneted both of them.

"'Ah, Dumlos,' I thought, 'the Pasha is unkind. He gives thee too small a guard. Thou hast no chance to show thy talents.'

"The infidel whose gun I had taken ran away, wailing in fright like a lamb strayed from the fold.

"'Tis well!' I thought. 'I will not kill him, but make him prisoner, and take him as a gift to the worthy mayor.'

"I ran after him, gaining on him. Bullets began to whistle about my ears, and I saw that five more of the infidels were following me.

"'It is too bad, too bad!' I thought. 'I can take no gift to the worthy mayor.'

"Then with six bullets I killed the remaining six of mine enemies. Only ten altogether, I know, worthy Mayor; but there were no more. And then I came to thee who art brave and great-minded, O worthy Mayor, to ask thee and thy great friend, the mighty merchant of Constantinople, not to let my loyal band go hungry and die of sorrow for the want of cartridges."

So moved was the Greek merchant that he gave Dumlos a huge package of Greek paper money on the spot.

"You will not know me in an hour," said Dumlos.

He hurried away to the shops and returned most unconventionally swagger in a silk cap, new tasseled shoes, milk-white fustinella, embroidered jacket, and wearing an old-fashioned Greek sword in a battered, brass scabbard.

The Greek merchant was one of the representatives of the Greek Ethnike Haeteria Society at the front. Like the National Society, the Ethnike Haeteria labored for the extension of the Hellenic Kingdom, but by more radical methods. The National Society footed most of the bills for the regulation preparations for war. It was composed of well-to-do Greek merchants in all parts of the world who were willing to spend their money on the homeland with a rashness that was in striking contrast to their business habits.

Many of these merchants were members of both societies. The Ethniki Haeteria was a secret organization, supposed to be an adjunct of the National Society, whose cardinal faith

"'You will not know me in an hour,' Dumlos said."

"The big, bearded child who acted as his lieutenant."

was an offensive war at all hazards. The directors, shrewd, self-made traders of the most cosmopolitan kind who had haggled over prices in all parts of the world, with pathetic guilelessness accepted the word of the untrained Dumloses that they could cut an orange off a tree with a rifle shot at a distance of a thousand yards and vanquish ten times their number of Turks.

"When the Greek sets out to become a trader," said one of the merchants, "he becomes the greatest of traders; and when he sets out to become a fighter he becomes the greatest of fighters." It did not occur to him that the Greek gift for talk so needful in the mart was quite useless on the battlefield. If you suggested to him that Greece had prejudiced herself in the eyes of Europe by defaulting the interest on her national debt, he would reply in a burst of anger: "What matters a country's debts when a country's honor is at stake?"

The plans of the Ethnike Haeteria were magnificent. Two or three hundred Dumloses were to arm ten thousand of the Greek population over the frontier in Macedonia and Epirus. Other Dumloses were to organize five thousand

Irregulars in Greek territory and when these crossed the frontier the ten thousand were to rise and join them in excursions from mountain fastnesses to harass the flank and the rear of the Turkish army. Kalabaka in the mountains at the terminus of a branch of the Thessalian railway was the rendezvous of the Irregulars and at Kalabaka Dumlos's band of braves awaited him.

At the time of my meeting with Dumlos I had just heard the news that the first division of Irregulars had crossed the frontier at an unguarded point in the early morning, had taken two Turkish stations, and was still moving on victoriously. Here, at least, was an opportunity to see some action, and I concluded to accept Dumlos's invitation to go to Kalabaka and then, perhaps, across the frontier with the second division of Irregulars. Kalabaka was a short two days' journey distant on horseback. At Trikkala, where we halted over night, we heard an indefinite rumor that the Irregulars had encountered opposition. On our way from Trikkala to Kalabaka the next morning we met straggling figures with rifles. From them we learned that a thousand Irregulars in fine new petticoats and carrying the outrageous weight of two hundred

and fifty cartridges each had, indeed, taken two Turkish stations garrisoned with perhaps a dozen soldiers, and then, after going without food for thirty-six hours, had met a Turkish company and had scattered, each limp petticoat returning to Greek soil as best it might.

Either the Greeks over the frontier were satisfied with Turkish rule or else they considered rebellion impracticable. Not one of the Dumloses who had gone to Macedonia and Epirus with the Haeteria's money in their pockets materialized at the critical moment, and the Greek peasants even refused to give the invaders bread.

Dumlos was waiting for us under the shade of a mulberry grove just out of Kalabaka. With him were his men, some forty in number, looking as swagger as himself.

"I made them out of nothing," Dumlos explained. "They came to me hungry and were fed. They came to me ragged and were clothed. Then I gave them fine rifles and wrapped a bandolier of cartridges around their loins and threw one over each shoulder—and they were men! You shall see how bravely we can march up to the café."

Saying, "Come on, my heroes!" he started off

with his breast puffed out like a pouter pigeon's, but not one of his followers stirred. The big, bearded child who acted as his lieutenant said that they had concluded not to march unless they received three leptas apiece.

"True Greeks!" observed Castopis.

The bribe being produced from under Dumlos's jacket, Dumlos and his men went up the path out of step with the pomposity of comic opera villains.

Kalabaka proved to be quite the filthiest of all the Greek towns I had yet visited. Castopis found an odorous little room for me over the restaurant and a stable for Kitso near the public well where the whole town drew its drinking water. As Dumlos's guest, I ate with him in the restaurant. The Greeks consider the head the choicest part of a lamb and the eye the choicest morsel of the head. Having good reason to believe that Dumlos shunned the wash-basin day after day, I never had the courage to look at his hands as he tore a lamb's head to pieces or gouged out an eye with his forefinger and offered it to me with a smile of satisfied self-sacrifice.

Dumlos was expecting orders to start with his band for the frontier at any hour and I had

"I made them out of nothing."

"A stable for Kitso near the public well."

already partly promised to go with him. Four days passed and still he and his men were lounging about Kalabaka. His money was fast going. Only by bribes was he able to keep his band together. They were wasting their cartridges shooting at rocks and the insulators on Government telegraph wires, and their general conduct was becoming worse and worse.

The captain of the unsuccessful band which took two Turkish stations and then remembered that he had no commissariat, came down the mountain side one afternoon with three followers, his fustinella brown with dirt, and all Kalabaka gathered around him in the café to hear his explanation. He drank a coffee and rolled a cigarette and said he came back not on account of Turkish opposition, but because he found that there were several cowards in his band. He had concluded to weed out these and then start afresh for Constantinople. The merchants believed him and continued their preparations for another raid. The police officer in charge at Kalabaka told me that the government was not cognizant of the raid. In the next breath he said he was going to requisition the rifles of all the Irregulars who had shown the white

feather across the frontier, inasmuch as they were enemies of order. There were sage discussions of strategy out on the slope beyond the café, in which the merchants, the petticoat chieftains, and sometimes the police officer himself took part. Dumlos always returned from these discussions saying, "We shall go to-morrow!"

A visit to the monks who dwell on the summits of the sugar-loaf rocks which overhang the town of Kalabaka was a pleasant diversion while awaiting a turn of events. It was a long trudge up the mountain path before we reached the grateful shade of a little chasm at the doorstep of the largest monastery. Our eyes followed a heavy, dangling rope up a hundred and fifty feet to an opening in a ramshackle, old stone building which seemed to have grown upon the rock like a toadstool out of a fallen tree. In answer to our calls a little white head with a little white beard was thrust out of the window of its house up in the clouds.

"What do you want?" cried a distant, squeaky little voice.

"We want to come up and pay our respects," we cried back.

"The walking is not good," said the squeaky little voice. "We'll have to pull you up."

A net was lowered and a young monk came down a hanging ladder to gather strands of the net about us and fasten them to the rope. A windlass creaked up in the clouds, the meshes of the net began to draw tightly on our flesh, and we were lifted from the great rock on which we had been sitting. At a height of fifty feet the windlass gave an unusually loud creak and we shot down—but only for a foot. Then we stopped with an uncomfortable, but a grateful, chug. I was so fast bound that I could not look up, but I imagined the white-bearded little man was grinning over his favorite joke.

When we were swung in at the door by half a dozen strong hands, landing in an undignified sprawl on the floor, I looked up to see that the white-bearded little man was the tall Father Superior. He took us at once to the contribution box, inside of the church which had been crudely Italian three hundred years ago. In the Middle Ages, years of labor and infinite patience built the monasteries of Meteora to be secure from assault. To this day the ladder is always pulled up when a monk ascends or descends.

Now only three of the monasteries are occupied and nothing is done to keep even these from going to ruin. The largest one has pasturage for a few sheep. From eight to a dozen monks live there, enjoying the laziest of existences in buildings with room for a hundred. That good churchman, the Father Superior, said that he preferred Turkish to Grecian rule; for the Turks allowed them all the income from the monastic estates, whereas the Greek government took a portion of it. The Father Superior made a quaint figure as he walked about the little court; but the oldest of the monks, wrinkled and bent Pothakes, at ninety was even more quaint. In the summer time Pothakes sits from sunrise to sunset under a flowering tree, and he moves only with its shadow.

The next day Dumlos received orders to start, and at almost the same moment I received definite news that the war had begun in earnest. While Kitso was being saddled I walked with Dumlos and his band to the edge of the village, whence they started off gaily on a full stomach to make war without a commissariat. He threw his arms around my neck suddenly and kissed me, and I believe there were tears in the great

"Seemed to have grown upon the rock."

"The Father Superior."

child's eyes. After I had wet my handkerchief at the well and wiped my face I tried to forgive him.

I rode with all haste to Trikkala, where I found officers mounting the tables in cafés to read bulletins of victories. I left Castopis to bring tired Kitso on in the early morning, while I was crowded into a rambling old carriage with officers hurrying to different stations along the frontier. Thus we hoped to be on hand for a promised battle the next day. But the carriage broke down after going at a snail's pace all night and I was forced to walk until late in the afternoon before I arrived at Ravenni, just after the last gun of an unimportant artillery fusillade had been fired.

## CHAPTER VI.

AT last the Turks made war, the Sultan assuming not the annexation of Crete but the raid of the Irregulars as a direct reason for asserting his dignity. M. Delyannis, the Greek prime minister, had invited his rabid countrymen to laugh with him when he asked the Turkish ambassador at Athens, "How can you expect us to do better than your whole army? Has it not failed to keep the Irregulars out of Turkey?" The ambassador replied meekly that he could not consider this answer an explanation of the worst possible violation of international amity, much less a guarantee that such a violation would not be repeated; and accordingly with the politest of bows he withdrew from Athens.

While preparing for war the Sultan had welcomed such incidents as would hold the bloodthirsty Turk up to European gaze as a martyr

who had borne uncomplainingly ever-increasing wrongs inflicted by the violent Greek. When his preparations were complete the raid of the Irregulars pleasantly surprised him with the finest of excuses for action. Even then the first contact of Turkish and Greek regular troops was so managed as to make the Greeks the offenders. On Saturday, April 17th, the Turks moved forward on to some neutral ground at the frontier station of Analipsis, whereupon the Greeks fired upon them and they retreated, leaving the contested position to be occupied temporarily by their enemy.

From first to last, indeed, events had played into the Sultan's cunning hands. Incensed by the invasion of the Irregulars, the Turkish soldiers were chafing for their prey like hounds in leash. Already the Greek peasant Reserves, who like something new as well as the Athenian, ancient or modern, had become a little tired of the business of soldiering. Without increasing in numbers the Army of the Café had idled and grown flabby. Its officers who had shouted "*Vive la guerre! Toute l'armée est prête pour le combat*," found themselves dumfounded and not prepared at all in the actual presence of war.

Our Headquarters Staff knew nothing about the disposition of the Turkish forces and were hazy about the disposition of their own. The Crown Prince having no plan of campaign, either of defense or of offense, Edhem Pasha was kind enough to make one for him.

Any invasion of Greek territory must be by one of three passes: that of Ravenni, some fifteen miles to the west of Larissa; of Meluna, some ten miles almost directly north of Larissa; and of Nezero, some eight miles to the south and six miles to the east of Larissa through the Vale of Tempe. Ravenni being the most open, the Greek commanders could not believe that Edhem Pasha would attempt to come through by either of the other passes. Accordingly, without watching the movements of the enemy's troops with a view to learning his point of concentration, they placed the flower of the Greek artillery at Ravenni under the direction of Colonel Smollenske, the ablest Greek artillery officer. That only a sub-lieutenant and two soldiers had been in the Turkish watch-house at Meluna Pass for two months seemed to convince the Greeks of the superfluity of a strong Greek force there.

When I arrived at the little cluster of tents in

the mouth of the valley which sheltered Colonel Smollenske, his officers, and such of his men as there was room for, I learned that all of the news thus far received by him was favorable. The whole frontier from Ravenni to Nezero had gradually blazed up after the first shots at Analipsis on Saturday, until by Monday all was in a flame; a leisurely, oriental flame. The opposing sides had lain behind ridges or in their watch-houses and fired intermittently at each other with slight losses. We had taken a few watch-houses and here and there had gained more little points of vantage than the Turks—unless no news from Meluna Pass was bad news. The possibilities of a Meluna Pass without any news was so attractive that, tired and sleepy as I was, I was inclined to set out for Meluna that night. But I accepted Colonel Smollenske's offer of a blanket in his tent and a share of his dinner of mutton, eggs and one orange.

"You need not worry," he said in his clear, cheery voice. "You will see some fighting to-morrow. Our friends of the Turkish artillery always begin firing at sunrise. This has been their practice for centuries, I am told, and I suppose that their intention is to take the enemy by

surprise. Be assured that the noise of their guns will awaken you in the morning, and I trust that any accidents which may befall you will be as amusing and as harmless as the experience of General Mavromichalis and his staff yesterday. A shell struck a tumbledown shepherd's hut which the general was passing and knocked most of the mud roof on to the heads of himself and staff, without doing them the slightest injury."

As we ate and as we chatted over our coffee, orderlies and staff officers were constantly coming in and the colonel gave orders to them with a directness and self-confidence noticeably lacking in most Greek officers of high rank.

Quite in keeping with the colonel's prophecy, I was awakened at four o'clock the next morning by the booming of guns in the distance. Flashes of fire five miles away, high up on our left, showed the position of the Turkish guns, and for all I could see oriental precedent was hammering away aimlessly at the cold mist which hid the Greek positions in the valley. I started toward the Turkish battery along the slopes at the left which Kitso and I had traversed only a few days before. In half an hour the mist had lifted and our positions were visible. The redoubt of Vigli

where the Turkish Krupps were placed was a high, rocky mountain spur. Our own field guns were skilfully distributed over the plains and outnumbered the guns on Vigli, though inferior to them in calibre. Soon we responded to the early salutation of the enemy and immediately the fire grew brisk on both sides. Sometimes the Turks seemed to be aiming at our batteries, and again they shot quite at random.

I had thought myself quite out of the line of fire when two half-spent five-inch shells, black streaks ricochetting over the ground, almost jumped into my pocket. A moment later a time shell burst well over my head, though there was nothing within fifty rods of me except some orderlies and water carriers. Going out into the nearest Greek battery, I found the gunners working snappily, while the officers exchanged jokes, and everybody cheered when a Greek shell landed well. In answer there came a hoarse yell from the Turkish gunners hidden behind the gray rocks of Vigli who threw shells all about us but never put one into our battery itself, which showed the everlasting advantage in warfare of being the bull's eye rather than the rings around it. Many of the Turkish shells failed to ex-

plode, thus becoming as ineffective as so many ancient round shot sent flying and ricochetting over the valley. In a lull a lieutenant called my attention to the absence of his revolver and said laughingly that the little round visitor which had carried it away the day before had, on account of its nationality, refused to respond to percussion.

The morning spent in this battery was to me the brightest page in the story of the war. Then only did the Greeks seem superior to the Turks, for our marksmanship was certainly better than theirs and we showed a spirit equal to checking a considerable advance. It was fascinating to watch for the effect of our shells. If the dust of explosion were gray we knew that the shell had fallen far short, on the rocks, without execution; if the dust were red we knew that it had fallen in the earthwork itself. We must have done a deal of damage, but we had not, as our enthusiastic artillerymen believed, silenced some of the Turkish guns which had ceased firing.

Rather, I am inclined to think that the Mohammedan gunners were only having a siesta or a cup of coffee and prayers; and it was most fortunate that Colonel Smollenske did not act on the advice of the enthusiasts to try to take Vigli

by storm in front. The only way to take Vigli, the colonel said, was on the side or the rear. On the previous day as well some of the guns of Vigli had appeared to be silenced, and the Turks had given up the watch-houses with little resistance as a further enticement to a suicidal movement by the Greek infantry.

When I left the battery and sought shelter behind a mountain spur I took out my field glasses again and looked in the direction of the musketry which had been rattling on the other side of the valley ever since daybreak. The blue lines of the Greeks standing out sharply against the gray mountain side were in the same position as when I had first observed them five hours before, still hammering away at, to me, an invisible foe. One could not help thinking, as he looked from little height to little height along the horizon which, with earthworks as cushions for bullets and shells, could have been made the finest of redoubts, of how the regular army had wasted its time, and of the pity of spending a sum in arming irregular "petticoat men" which would have purchased several mountain guns or Maxims.

There seemed no likelihood of any decisive

conflict at Ravenni. My fear that no news from Meluna might mean great news increased, and I determined to return to Larissa.

Castopis had been told to wait for me at a small village some five miles in the rear of Ravenni, which was a long enough tramp at midday when one had been up since four o'clock with no breakfast except the half of a small cup of revoltingly thick, strong, black coffee and a piece of soldiers' bread. As I swung along I was cheered by the recollection of the good things in my traveling bags and by the prospect of reaching Larissa from the village in an hour and a half on Kitso's back. But I found that Kitso had been taken ill on the road; and the army veterinary surgeon who happened to be present said that it would be most unwise to ride him for two or three hours. Several horseless cavalry officers posted at the village furnished bread and mutton while I furnished sardines, and we made a grand banquet in the shadow of the shepherd's hut which the officers were occupying, with horseless cavalrymen to serve us.

Four companies of Reserves were lounging on the hillside and at the riverside near by. The captain of cavalry who carved the mutton with

"Moving only with its shadow."

"The Army of Desolation."

a pocket-knife said that they were waiting for orders. And so, I learned, were many other companies of Reserves scattered four miles out of action along the road from Larissa to Trikkala, their officers in a state of general perplexity as to geographic details and buttonholing every passerby for news.

It was four o'clock before I bade good-bye to the officer who had carved the mutton with a pocket-knife. I was not to see him again until the dismal business on the road to Thermopylæ. Then he was sitting in a café ten miles to the rear of the army and another cavalry officer was saying to him: "Who told you to leave your post of duty? Get out of here! Get back to the army, you —— —— ——!"

The white dust of the road seemed to blaze like the sun overhead as we rode toward Larissa. To lose Kitso at that moment would be the greatest hardship that could befall me. As I allowed him to choose his pace, we did not arrive until dusk. Women were speaking with one another in the streets and in the doorways of the little courtyards which are the Grecian women's world in times of peace. The City Hall was empty, and only a few civilians loitered in the

cafés. Surfeited shop-keepers gazed as curiously as unsophisticated shepherds at a mounted passerby. Larissa was hushed like the sick room of a fever patient at the crisis. It dared not ask the latest news, for the general air of gravity seemed to portend an unfavorable answer. At Headquarters, aides-de-camp with gestures and sighs said there was no news from Meluna Pass. The officers who came in from nearby posts to the café in the evening, however, communicated their lightness of manner to the general public, and Larissa became gay again.

"*Comme ci, comme ça*, with now and then a watch-house in our hands," they said gaily. "To-morrow Colonel Smollenske will take Vigli."

But they had no news from Meluna Pass. No correspondent, no one of the foreign military attachés had been to Meluna or was wanted there. At the telegraph office you were told that you might send no telegram about Meluna, and then you knew that no news from Meluna was, indeed, great news and immensely bad news.

Indisputable evidence of disaster appeared in the streets the next (Wednesday) morning. The advance of the Army of Desolation which hence-

forth was to precede the Army of the Café in all of its marches had begun. Whole families with their simple household goods packed on donkeys and on rude slab-wheeled ox-carts were moving in a sad caravan across the plain. An officer whom I met on the road explained that the Greeks had had to give up Liguria at the mouth of the pass and Karatsali, another village near by, for strategic purposes and the refugees that I saw were their inhabitants.

Now and then I passed a galloping orderly with the news of his dispatch written on his face. At Turnavo, some five miles to the west of Meluna Pass, I saw more orderlies waiting in the crooked streets as if perplexed. They were covered with dust and showed the effect of a hard night's work. Peasants with their families and goods were choking up the little square. Every civilian, I learned, had been ordered to leave the town.

As I drove along the road at the foot of the mountains toward Liguria I heard the same lackadaisical rattle of musketry all along the mountain ridges and occasionally a spent bullet went over my head. Soon I came upon donkeys laden with ammunition, bread carts, stragglers,

sick soldiers resting by the wayside, and other evidences of the rear of a battle line.

The exchange of hundreds of shells and the two hours' sharp infantry work which were to constitute the action of the next three days has been called the Battle of Mati, and that name will be retained, though other names are as applicable. If you will imagine Meluna Pass a river and the sub-plain of Mati a delta, you will best understand the triangular shape of the battle-field. A right-angled mountain spur is at either angle at the base of the triangle.

The Greeks had built fine military roads along the plain, and also from Pharsala to Domoko and from Domoko to Lamia over the Fourka Pass to Thermopylæ, but none up Meluna Pass, and it would seem that with all of their boasting the officers were unconsciously preparing for defeat, for they said a road over the pass would be an advantage to the Turks; quite a needless anxiety, however, considering the destructive power of a little dynamite. Paths up the ridges for the donkeys with mountain guns could have been easily made.

A country determined first of all upon a policy of land defense, its only logical policy after the

"An orderly waiting in a crooked street."

"Evsoni . . . indifferent to shell fire."

taking of Crete, could have fortified the pass and its surrounding heights with enough mountain and rapid fire guns to have made the air on the Turkish side of the defile so thick with projectiles that an advance up the defile itself would have meant the building of a breastwork for the Turks out of their own flesh. But we had not even defenses within the defile proper where we might have constructed a redoubt at little expense. Our field artillery was at Ravenni where we expected the invasion of an enemy who had not brought his field artillery near Ravenni. In all, I believe he had little more artillery than we, but he had more at the essential point. The ridges along the frontier offered as good natural breastworks for the Turks as for the Greeks. It was not difficult, when we had no spies or scouts, for Edhem Pasha to keep superior numbers busy in the long line from Meluna to Ravenni while he collected a main force superior to any force opposite it.

With this main force he suddenly dashed up Meluna Pass. Once he gained the other side the Greeks would have to concentrate in the open and their mountain barrier would fall into the hands of the enemy. So surprised were

some of our few artillerymen whose guns commanded the Turkish advance that they ran away without firing a shot, to the astonishment of the enemy already a little chilled at the prospect of shell fire at short range. The outnumbered regular "petticoat men" in the pass at first fought courageously and gave the enemy its strongest opposition in reaching the plain. On the same day of their success in Meluna the Turks attempted, or seemed to attempt, to draw the Greeks on to the disaster of an attack by storm at Ravenni. If Edhem Pasha had no plan of campaign, as some have said, he had an instinctive method which, in the face of Greek generalship, was an excellent substitute for it.

A rumor was circulated from Headquarters that the "evacuation" of Liguria at the mouth of the pass without a struggle was due to the misinterpretation of an order by the officer in command there; but it is hard to withstand the impression that the force at Liguria simply "funked." Early Wednesday morning the Greeks started to "retake" Liguria; but, without coming into contact with the enemy at any point, marched back again to form in line of battle across the breadth of the triangle, where they waited with great

generosity until the Turks should be ready to attack on their own conditions.

Red fezzes in solid masses streamed down the narrow defile unmolested by artillery or sharpshooters' fire, one battalion going one way and one another to form the right and the left wings of the Turkish battle line. Their right marched to the cover of the brow of a hill, followed by their artillery which appreciated the military road left intact by the Greeks. Bunches of fezzes in the Turkish left stopped in the middle of the plain to form a centre, but the main body kept on moving out in a red streak on our right toward Larissa and soon had occupied a village almost on a line with Turnavo. Greek officers on the rocky bluff shaped like a camel's back just at the right of the Greek batteries watched this spectacle as if entranced, and were moved to little gestures of despair when a great burst of smoke showed that the Greek church in Liguria had been mined.

Again Edhem Pasha was following a simple plan of strategy. His right remained like a great red blot behind the brow of the hill in a purely defensive position on our left, while his left advanced with increasing strength. Our guns and

our reserves were all placed on our left and left centre. Our right was not being strengthened. General Macris, in charge of the field, was behind the camel's hump rock in a state of seeming paralytic perplexity. A correspondent told him about the rapid movement on our right, and he was so grateful for information that he sent out some scouts on our centre who rode back unharmed with nothing to tell except that they had heard the sound of bullets.

Manifestly, if Edhem Pasha tried to drive in our left we could put his right under heavy punishment by converging lines of fire, and should he succeed in this movement, our retreat to Larissa in good form was easy; and manifestly, an attack on our centre was equally impracticable. But if he could flank our right, we would be caught in a crux in trying to retreat around the Turkish left to Larissa which would likely mean our undoing. It was easy enough to guess that the artillery which had moved over to the Turkish right would pass back to their left under the cover of the hill at the right and a line of trees at the centre—as they did.

Late in the afternoon a squadron of Turkish cavalry advanced on our centre, drew the fire of

our guns, and retreated in order without any loss, so far as I could see. Edhem Pasha was in no hurry now that he knew the location of our masked batteries, and this incident closed the first day's spectacle. In Larissa that evening the populace gloated over the story of the whole Turkish cavalry wiped out by our shell fire, and the artillery officers themselves seemed to think they had won a veritable victory.

Wednesday night was a night to sleep in one's boots if one slept at all. Having proved to my own satisfaction by one o'clock in the morning that no press telegram or private telegram could be sent out of Larissa, I nodded in front of the café while horses were being hitched to the cast-off Parisian carriage, which I had chartered indefinitely, to take me back to Mati. The plain of Thessaly was still ours and the camps of the Army of Desolation along the road to Turnavo were safe until daybreak at least. According to reports from Turkish sources as printed in European papers, Turnavo was taken on Tuesday; but on Thursday morning I was driving through Turnavo and engaged peacefully enough, two miles in the rear of the Greek army, in bolting a breakfast of black bread, cold boiled eggs and

water. When we came to a point which was certain to be out of the line of fire and yet accessible, I bade the driver, under the direst of penalties, to picket his horses and not to leave the carriage until I returned. My luncheon and dinner were in the carriage, moreover, and, if we should have the promised decisive battle I intended to drive at top speed to Larissa, where I should find Kitso perfectly fresh to bear me toward a point of communication with New York by telegraph.

Just before daybreak I sat down on the camel's hump among the Evzoni who with characteristic, gentle politeness made a place for me in their nature's rifle-pit and offered me a share of their mites of black bread and of the oozoo in their flasks. They remembered me from yesterday and now considered me more or less of a comrade. Disappointment at the failure of the expected early attack to materialize was mitigated by the spectacle of the sun bursting over Pelion and on to the snowy top of Olympus outlined clearly above the mist which lay over the plain.

Dissipation of the mist revealed no sign of activity except many curling little columns of

smoke over the Turkish lines. Mine enemy in the fez and baggy trousers was boiling water. He would like a little bread for breakfast, though bread was not positively essential; but the small cup of black coffee he must have. Afterward, and not until afterward, he would gladly die for his Prophet. Our soldiers had no fires. Their fine brass kettles, even their coffee-pots, were in Larissa where they were to fall into the hands of the Turks. With plenty of biscuits and bread and coffee in Larissa, Headquarters had made as yet only the scantiest arrangements for their transportation to Mati.

A glance at the positions showed that the Turkish left had crept up a little on our right which had received few if any of the reinforcements that had come up over night. Most of them along with four additional guns had been placed on our left at the left of the camel's hump, while the Turkish right which opposed it remained where it was the day before.

Coffee over, the Turkish guns sent one shell at the polite distance of twenty yards beyond the Greek batteries which seemed to say: "Good morning, gentlemen of the opposition! Have you had your breakfast, too, and are you ready

to begin?" Three or four companies of Turkish infantry advanced toward our centre in skirmish order, whereupon the Evzoni made sure that the mechanism of their rifles was in working order and shifted their bandoliers. When two Turkish batteries opened up with a salvo the Evzoni dodged at first, but observing the nonchalance of the foreign military attachés, they showed, by becoming indifferent to the shells which shrieked over their heads to tear up the ploughed ground in the rear of our batteries, that they needed only good handling to make fine regulars.

The chance the Evzoni longed for was anticipated by two Greek shells placed so well into the advancing skirmish line of Turks that it promptly flew to cover; it did not appear again, having finished a movement which was plainly a feint. The fire of the Turkish batteries diminished and soon ceased altogether and our batteries followed their example. Apparently, Edhem Pasha was hardly inclined to attack that day, and the Crown Prince, who had now pitched his tent well in the rear, said that he certainly was not. Correspondents waited in vain until dark for something to turn up and were rewarded only by the sound of intermittent firing along the mountain ridges at our left.

There were good reasons why Edhem Pasha should prefer to postpone a pitched battle. He had more artillery coming through Meluna; furthermore, that portion of his army which was at this time forcing the pass at Nezeros was expected to make a junction with his flanking left wing. Our only hope of keeping the Turks out of the Thessalian plain was a real battle at Mati. Had we brought up guns and men which could have been spared from other points on the frontier, had we surprised the Turkish left at daybreak and attacked it with determination and skill—but ours was ever the Army of the Café.

On Friday the Turk fired a morning salutation of a few shells after his coffee and then took a siesta from which he awakened suddenly with a salvo from four batteries. One of the officers who was lounging at the little church at the far side of the camel's hump was struck by two fragments from one of the cluster of shells that came so unexpectedly. He expired instantly in the arms of a comrade with the words "It is nothing!" on his lips. It was several minutes before the artillerymen were mustered and could return Edhem Pasha's greeting.

The lapses in the booming of a heavy artillery

fusillade brought to our ears the rattle of musketry on our right, from which Edhem Pasha's gunners had diverted our attention. A sharp infantry attack drove our right in, and it was not late in the afternoon when the flames from the village of Dheleria which had been a mile to the rear of our right on Wednesday told us that it was in the hands of the enemy. Meanwhile, the Crown Prince had ridden through percussion shell fire, which is not dangerous to a man on horseback on ploughed ground, and then had returned to his tent with the air of one who had done his duty; meanwhile, the Greek cavalry had moved back and forth some two miles in the rear, tiring out its horses. It was variously reported that the Crown Prince and General Mavromichalis and General Macris was each in command of the field. All three were, I think. I saw General Macris behind the bluff mumbling orders to my old escort, the lieutenant of cavalry, with suggestions from a colonel, for he was still the Crown Prince's mouthpiece.

Having flanked us, the Turkish artillery ceased firing and the Turks rested themselves from the labors of the day with another cup of coffee. Allah would take care of the morrow.

"General Macris mumbling orders."

"Stacked high with barley."

After dark, while those wounded by shell fire, by the musketry from the ridges, or in the infantry attack on our right, were being joggled in bread carts across the bridge over the Peneios into Larissa, the roughly built cathedral on the Acropolis sent out a blaze of light which shimmered over the surface of the river. Some stragglers who had drifted into the public square said that they had come from a terrible defeat at Nezero which left the Vale of Tempe open to the force which was to form a junction with the Turkish left. For their trouble the stragglers were loudly denounced by the police as cowards and liars, and were locked up. An hour later officers in the cafés were tapped on the shoulder by an orderly and departed in a hurry; but this was not very unusual in these trying times.

I strolled up to the cathedral and entering bought the regulation two candles, gluing one of them to a little table and keeping the other to carry in the procession which was already formed outside. Only a few days before the cathedral had rung with cries of, "Long live the war!" while all the priests grouped around the bishop had said "Amen!" to his prayer that the Crown Prince should hasten forth to deliver his fellow-

Christians in Macedonia and Epirus from bondage. This Friday was the last day of the Greek Lent and the blaze of the candles was the counterpart of the blooming flowers on our Easter morning. The procession moved slowly through the principal streets. Returning by way of the public square, Christian after Christian dropped out of line and blew out his candle to listen to the tales of the vanquished stragglers from Nezero, now too numerous for the police to suppress, until the priests alone, bearing aloft in darkness their insignia of Christianity, went up the hill to the church which was soon to be the booty of the False Prophet.

Our soldiers, who were lying on their arms at Mati, had had the scantiest of rations on Wednesday and Thursday. On Friday they had fasted. The Reserves had found that war in deed was not the war of the talk of the café. Comrades sent to the well in the rear for water came back with tales of their general's duplicity and of Turkish horrors. A corporal of Reserves, weak for want of food, expressed the feeling of an army which had so ridiculously underestimated its opponents when he said at the well: "I heard a bullet go over my head. They are killing Greeks.

I have seen dead men myself." Greek officers had without reason circulated the tale of wounded Greeks burnt alive in a church by the Turks. This instead of arousing the peasants to the mania of revenge made them quake with fear of a similar fate. All the Irregulars who had been beaten back from the frontier had now wandered from Kalabaka to the principal scene of action. They went up the mountain side, moved around to the right, fired a shot at the enemy well out of range, and then ran away. The peasant soldiers had looked on these mountaineer boasters with a taste for brigandage, who were ever telling of their prowess in the village cafés, as the embodiment of physical courage. When the Irregulars showed the white feather the simple Reservist felt that some calamity must be at hand. Thus was the saying of Von Moltke that an untrained soldier meant a loss of three soldiers, for it took three trained soldiers to care for him, illustrated again.

As his limbs grew stiff from lying on the ground, the simple Reservist's imagination became vivid. For three days he had been inactive within range of the enemy's guns, compelled to see the ploughed ground around him tossed up in

columns of dust; to listen to the "uh-kung" of bursting shrapnel and the consequent "thr-r-ip" of its fragments as they struck the earth, the sighs of dying bullets which came from the intermittent firing on the ridges at the left, and the buzz of an occasional bullet near at hand—all needlessly. The soil at the rear of our batteries was as thick with fragments of iron as a German cake with caraway seed, though we had not lost a dozen men all told. At a trying moment on Friday the folly of an officer on the ridges at the left was responsible for the spectacle of a dead Evzoni with dangling arms and legs thrown over a plodding ass which passed along the whole line of Reserves. Any one of the few Reserves who was wounded made far more in the imaginations of the peasant boys than ten deaths would had the Reserves been in action. A beating sun on Friday helped their empty stomachs to weaken still further brain and body. In the evening they had no camp fires to cheer their spirits. No rollicking soldiers' song was ever heard on the battle field of Mati. Our downhearted Reservist had ceased even to chatter.

It was too cold for him to sleep on Friday night. He lay on his rifle nervously wakeful

and listening. Stragglers from Nezero had told him the news and then, taking advantage of the privilege of defeat, had hurried on to Larissa, leaving him, shivering and hungry, to face the oncoming reinforcements—thousands upon thousands, as stragglers always say to excuse their flight—for the already victorious left wing of the enemy which was to massacre him then and there.

The officer, whose presence kept him from carrying out his instinctive desire at once, was probably thinking of the same thing as he was. A word or a sign would be enough to make both of them fly, and this came from Headquarters in the order for the guns and certain portions of the Reserves to draw off, as the first movement of a retreat to Larissa. Only the Evzoni and the Foreign Legion remained at their posts. The remainder of the front lines, seeing the movements in the rear, did not wait for instructions, but hurried on toward the road to Larissa in increasingly tumultuous disorder. On reaching the road there was a crux: companies disintegrated; officers forgot their responsibilities; and the fear of each struggling man was increased by the community of fear in which he found him-

self, his inertia of the last few days reacting in spasmodic strength.

When the Greek cavalry, still wandering aimlessly over the face of the earth, attempted to pass the chaotic column at the sides of the road, someone raised the cry, "The Turks have come! They are upon us! Massacre! Massacre!" which, flying along the line, was followed by universal firing intended for the Circassian horsemen who were, no doubt, sound asleep five miles away. The bullets went whistling up and down the road, across the plain, and into the air when not dealing death to Greeks. Those officers who did not use their revolvers with equal recklessness were powerless to resist such a torrent. The cavalry started into a gallop; artillerymen cut traces and tried to ride away, intensifying the general belief of the foot soldiers that they were Turks and thus increasing their own danger. A part of the many soldiers of Greece who fell under foot had been shot; others had fainted or had sunk down from the incapacity of fright, perhaps to be trampled to death.

A reaction began when the Greek cavalry passed out of sight. Weakness from fasting combined with an inherent lack of forcefulness be-

came the helpmeet of discipline. Gradually the tumult subsided. There was another but not a suicidal crux at the bridge at Larissa. Here the Army of Desolation with its crying children, donkeys and ox-carts met the Army of the Café and for a moment they became an army of desperation.

At dawn the spectacle in the streets of Larissa told dramatically the story of six days' war in Greece. A majority of the officers for the time being stood about in the streets helplessly inactive. A puissant minority, angered and strengthened by shame, set about getting the soldiers up out of the gutter. The Reserves now were like so many sick sheep, and they were easily driven off toward Pharsala in disorder but in a mass by suggesting to them the prospect of five thousand Turkish cavalry sweeping across the plain. Our stores, much of our ammunition, and at least three of the big Krupps on the Acropolis, which had never fired a shot in the defense of Larissa, were lost. We did not burn our bridges, cut our telegraph wires or tear up sections of railroad track, but left all intact for the assistance of the enemy.

As surprised as the phlegmatic Turk must

have been at the evidences of disaster that lay on the plain in the morning, he did not take advantage of his opportunity to end the war by an immediate attack, or even to cut up our retreat from Larissa with a cavalry charge. Mine enemy in the fez and baggy trousers enjoyed several cups of coffee and several siestas before he followed up his victory.

An hour after midnight the versatile police who had locked up the stragglers from Nezero had run from house to house, saying: "The Turk is upon us! The Crown Prince says to fly for your lives with all haste!" Probably this order as given out by Headquarters was scarcely so abrupt or so urgent, considering that the Greek army stood at a distance of eight miles between Larissa and the Turks, with the six hours before daybreak in its favor; and it is to be presumed that the policeman, Greek fashion, amended his instructions to suit his own taste and the inspiration of the moment. As a result, all of the people of Larissa became frantic in their desire for the safety of themselves and their belongings. Sharper than the din of the streets were the moans of the women. All the fear of a subject people who believed their now incensed masters to be

incapable of no horror was pictured in the faces that I saw by the light of the street lamps as I made my way with difficulty to my lodgings.

Castopis, who said that he did not dare to go so near temptation as a battle, had remained behind to superintend the grooms who cared for my pony. On my table I found a note from him: "Honorable Sir: I am called to Volo on personal business. If you do not come to Volo in a day or two I hope to return soon. True to my duty, I have never once had a rifle in my hands."

The carriage that I had hired could never have been more useful than now, but the driver said that he needed it for his family. There was not room for all of my baggage in my traveling bags at best, and I was not inclined to weigh down my brave Kitso with much else besides myself and the important news which he must bear with all possible speed. So I deliberately left many things, including my canned goods, for the delectation of such of Edhem Pasha's soldiery as should ransack the houses in our street.

Again and again I congratulated myself that I had kept Kitso fresh by not riding him to the front. I had saddled and bridled him and had my hand on the pommel of the saddle when my

landlady rushed up to me, and screaming "Turcos!" ran her hand suggestively across her throat. "No! No!" I said. But unfortunately at the same time I shook my head, which in Greece means "Yes." The poor woman fell on her knees, moaning and praying. I nodded my head up and down in a Greek "No!" like an automatic doll and with all the Greek and all the gestures at my command tried to undo the wrong I had done her.

Then, in springing into the saddle, I ripped my Athenian-made riding-breeches the whole length of the inner seam, just at the moment when my eye discovered that the only piece of household property which my landlady had thus far brought out to her cart was the battered wash-tub in which I had taken my baths. This chaotic coincidence, despite the horror around me, made a laugh irresistible.

Kitso's path of duty and mine now lay in the direction of Volo. I knew that I could not send my telegram from there, but I trusted that the news of defeat would not reach Volo with sufficient force in time to upset the departure at two o'clock of the regular steamer to Athens, where I could find telegraphic facilities, or transporta-

tion to some neutral port in the event of a clash with the government censor. In each little village that we passed through I found a repetition of the tumult of Larissa surging around the priest in the public square. He was bidding his people to start at once with whatever goods they had on their carts or donkeys. Instead of a repast of the colored Easter eggs which lay on the table of every shepherd's hut and a day of rejoicing over their faith, they had been awakened by the cries of a messenger on horseback dashing over the plain, to feed on fear and to join the Army of Desolation in its long march under the hot sun.

I knew the distance to Volo and how many hours we had in which to make the run. If I were to push Kitso to his greatest speed in the early stages of the journey he might fail me just as we came to the pass leading from Velestino to Volo which proved to be the downfall of more than one horse on that day. So I rode, as it were, with my watch in one hand and the other hand on Kitso's pulse.

At the foot of the pass I alighted and Kitso and I walked up it like the good comrades that we were. Once at the summit I mounted him

again and spurred and coaxed out every inch of speed in the willing little fellow until completely winded (and foundered I thought) he stopped at the door of the hotel in Volo.

I thrust the reins into the hands of the astonished landlord, and crying out to him to take good care of my hero, I rushed on board the steamer, which was crowded with wounded, and with the leading lights of Larissa, including the mayor, who had come on the special train for the wounded at daylight, leaving their constituents to care for themselves.

"It was a great downfall," said the mayor in French, with assumed gaiety.

Pre-empting a vacant place among the groaning soldiers stretched out on deck, and pulling off my boots, for the first time in four days I lay down to sleep. Some chatter disturbed me and I rose with a complaint on my lips to learn that the chatterers were friends of the man at my elbow who had just died. The next morning I awakened to look out upon the wine-dark sea below Chalcis and to recollect my callousness of the previous night as an event in wartime.

In Athens I was able to avoid the censor, and a month later when I saw the foreign papers, it

was pleasant for brave Kitso's sake, at least, to find that no direct report of the true nature of the retreat from Mati except Kitso's, and none copied from the London papers, had reached New York until two days after his, when all that I had said was fully confirmed by other correspondents, who had then reached Athens by means of sailing vessels.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE Café de la Constitution in Athens, which had forced the war, grasped the situation of defeat so neatly that it became more popular and influential than ever. "Yonder in the palace," it said, "is the cause of our misery. Against our wills the King and his ministers led us into war to betray us for Turkish and Russian gold."

The King and the ministry endeavored to cover the disaster with the old ruse of an orderly retreat for strategic purposes, and not until the arrival of the refugees and the wounded on the steamer from Volo did the Athenian public know of the panic on the road from Mati. So likely did violence to the King seem then that I promptly secured a room in the hotel overlooking the palace steps, an arrangement warranted, indeed, by preparations which the King had made to leave his back door in a carriage and fly

to a British man-of-war in the Piræus, in case of necessity.

But the mob, never before so merry, was not too greedy of pleasure. It contented itself with the mild *coup* of forcing the King to make one of its leading spirits premier while it waited threateningly on the palace steps. The late premier, M. Delyannis, in taking his leave amid groans, said that he had been greatly misunderstood. He wanted his fellow-citizens to know that he had used all his talent and influence to prevent the war. Whatever wrong he had done had been forced upon him by the King, the white-haired politician declared, with all of the arrogance of an ancient Athenian demagogue.

Before I met M. Ralli, the new premier, in Athens, I had seen him carrying a rifle about at Turnavo after the manner of the Irregulars. He had been one of the promoters of the Ethnike Hæteria, which had started the war, and having returned to Athens before the retreat, he now became the leader of the successful opposition to M. Delyannis's forward policy. In the first place, he asked for the intercession of the Powers, and in the next place, as an Ethnike Hæteria man with a knowledge of military affairs, he

started at once for the new line of defense from Volo to Pharsala to learn whether or not the position was tenable.

On the day after his election two or three speakers from the parliament house steps said he was as bad as Delyannis. Those who came out to hear them found the sun too hot for comfort and returned to the café. A dozen of the wildest element broke into a gunshop; whereupon merchants pulled down their shutters, a number of stalwart citizens began to parade the streets in armed squads, and pillage was at an end. Greece having had its Sedan, Athens improved upon Paris, her ideal, with an imaginary commune carried on with great comfort in the cafés on warm days, when the demolition of buildings would have been most tiresome work.

The café settled down to discuss news of defeat as it came from civilians returned from the front or from the imagination of city idlers. Our mayor of Larissa sat down at the tables to be a hero much in demand again. Wits painted word-pictures of the Crown Prince running away in his nightshirt, followed by a servant carrying his rubber bathtub filled with plans for the invest-

ment of Constantinople. One rumor said that Constantin was hiding in the cellar of his father's country house, some twenty miles from Athens, and another that he had run away to the mountains and was crying for his papa to come and save him. The Athenian comic papers were full of jokes of an opera bouffe nature on "Our Great Downfall."

But of all the anecdotes from the front the café thought that quite the choicest was about Captain Hadjipatras, one of the Crown Prince's aides-de-camp. The captain drove some women refugees out of the early train that left Larissa for Volo on the morning of the retreat to make room for a crate of live geese intended for the Prince's table. When he replied haughtily to the little station master who remonstrated with him, the station master struck him in the face. He retreated and the geese were thrown out of the car.

"Is Hadjipatras a brave man?" the café asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "He saved the *batterie de cuisine!*"

"Will Hadjipatras come back to Athens?"

"Oh yes, like this," and the jokers of the café would cross their wrists and chuckle.

If the café grew serious its hangers-on talked about the rifles and cartridges which they had bought to keep the Turk at bay when he arrived outside of Athens. A realization of the sufferings of the peasants, of the cost of the disaster to an already bankrupt country, of the shame of defeat, of racial honor, the café never had. If a week before it had asked that Greece be left alone to fight out her own destiny, it now in the same breath continued its abuse of Europe as the cause of all her miseries, while it expected Europe to stay the hand of the Turk.

Some talked of the annexation of Macedonia and Epirus as well as the reversion of Thessaly as the penalty the Powers would exact from the Sultan. For the café was not alone the spoiled child of the Greek people, whom it ruled with whatsoever foolishness it might devise and label democracy. It had succeeded on a broader scale also by labeling the foreign policy of Greece with the Parthenon. When the café had complained, the extent of the Hellenic kingdom had been increased.

"We have only to stir up a row and the Powers will give us more territory," said a Greek politician, little thinking that this policy would de-

stroy the national self reliance of a people which has many excellent qualities.

Considering the issue at stake in a war of race and religious hatred, the small loss of life thus far was almost ridiculous. Excepting the tragedies in the panic, the Crown Prince's army of forty-five or fifty thousand men in six days' warfare had lost but sixty or seventy killed outright and five hundred wounded. Four-fifths of the wounds were of a peculiarly superficial character. Our soldier of the café had no temper at all for fighting in the open, and he always lay behind the mountain ridges. If a bullet hit a piece of rock the splinters thrown up might cause an abrasion of the face or the scalp which, no matter how slight it was, sufficed to send him to the rear.

Half of the wounded on the transport from Volo in which I came to Athens were as good as well. I saw a number of them permanently remove their bandages, revealing only small scabs. Most of the body wounds had been received by men in flight. When the Turks ran down from their ridge toward the ridge occupied by the Greeks, the Greeks usually bolted before the Turks reached the hollow between the two ridges.

Had the Greeks stood their ground such Turks as were not killed in clambering up the incline would have been too short of breath to have handled a bayonet with any force when the opportunity for using it came. Sometimes the pursuers ran a little faster than the pursued, reaching the position occupied by the Greeks before the Greeks reached the ridge beyond, and then they had a moment's opportunity to hit the Greeks in their backs.

Up to the battle of Domoko our surgeons met with no bayonet wounds and with not more than a score of gunshot wounds. The enemy's bullet was so easily extracted, it made such a clean, small wound which healed so quickly, and all wounds resembled one another so closely, that surgeons who had come from France, Germany and England to gain experience soon found their work a grind far more commonplace than the routine of accidents in hospitals at home. There was a general scramble among them for the favor of attending any soldier who had a gunshot wound, and a private with a jagged piece of shell still in his thigh alone of all the wounded that I saw in the Athenian hospitals seemed to be suffering acutely.

Grizzled shepherds, who had tramped many miles to Athens, came to the bulletins outside the hospitals and falteringly spelled out the names of their sons. Then they went inside to kiss their sons, and if the doctor bade them not to chatter both father and son would look at each other in silence and thumb their beads. The shuck, shuck of the beads was the only sound to be heard in the room for serious wounds, where all the faces were as white as the sheets and all of the bodies lay stretched out flat on the cots.

Through an interpreter I asked a little Evzoni with a bullet hole in his leg how it felt to be wounded.

"Something stung me," he said. "I put my hand to the spot and then I held it up quick, like that, and it was covered with blood. Then I was very much frightened for fear I was going to die, but soon I found I wasn't going to die. It didn't hurt much, after all, and I am glad I was wounded. The doctor took the bullet out and gave it to me and I'll take it home to show to all my friends in the café."

Over each cot was hung a small lithograph of the Virgin Mary, a present from the Queen.

Her Majesty came to the hospital day after day to go away in tears caused by the open reproaches, even insults of the soldiers, who believed with the Café de la Constitution that the royal family had betrayed their country—which they never considered as being hers also. As a Russian she was hated even more bitterly than her easy-going Danish husband.

## CHAPTER VIII.

UPON returning, after three days, to the Volo which was so lately in a violent panic, I found it gay and flippant. If Colonel Smollenske's rifle-pits and batteries, as far away as five miles, failed to keep the Turks off it could fall back upon the Greek fleet which had arrived in the harbor and cleared decks for action, ready to put a girdle of shell fire around the town whenever the admiral said the word. It was reported in well-informed circles, however, that the fleet had no ammunition, and for the sake of its reputation it is to be hoped that this rumor was true.

Before the war the fleet had promised equally great things with the invasion of Epirus by the division of the army under Colonel Manos at Arta. Manos was back again at Arta whence he had started, and the fleet which had lain idle, when, unopposed by the Sultan's navy that would

not float, it might have bombarded Salonica or occupied Turkish islands, now gained dubious importance as a weapon of defense.

Foreign men-of-war had sailed into the harbor behind it to protect foreigners and their property, and the officers and men must be entertained. Hotels reopened for the busiest time of their existences. Wounded Turkish prisoners were placed on a cart drawn by unwounded Turkish prisoners and escorted about the streets by the rabble of the quays. At night a Greek battleship threw a searchlight over the mountain sides to spy out any movement by the enemy under cover of darkness; gilt braid added more color to the quaint little cafés; the oars of the men-of-war's boats lighted the bay with a brilliant phosphorescence; and there was even talk of organizing a vaudeville out of the material at hand.

My own great interest in Volo was the recovery of my pony, Kitso. The landlord of the hotel had given him into the charge of another man who had lent him to a priest who preferred not to carry out his inspection of the army on foot. I followed the priest by inquiry all day and finally overtook him just as he reached Volo on his

return. I hugged Kitso, who pounded the earth with his forefoot and rubbed his nose against my arm, meaning to say, I thought: "You didn't throw me over after all, old pal. By hooky! I'll get a big pail of barley and have my back rubbed with a currycomb, now."

Our new battle line extended along some twenty-five miles of mountain ridges overlooking the southern side of the upper plain of Thessaly. Colonel Smollenske was in command of the troops immediately about Velestino, a village at the edge of the plain some three miles from the mouth of the pass leading to Volo. The Crown Prince had his headquarters at Pharsala and the bulk of the troops was under his immediate command. Smollenske had had no difficulty in bringing off all of his guns. His troops were in every respect in better condition than those of the main division. At Pharsala for the first two or three days there existed a sort of anarchy tempered by a general inertia. Once the Crown Prince's carriage was surrounded by angry soldiers who demanded food. For a moment assassination was feared, but the staff officer with a political future gave the leading malcontents a gentle push and they fell back. Many of the in-

fantrymen had thrown away their rifles and water bottles in the panic, besides their blankets which were sadly needed for the cold, damp nights.

A businesslike commissariat could have provided the Crown Prince's army immediately with mutton and cheese, and with bread in a few hours. Pharsala was connected with Volo by the branch of the Thessalian railway running from Velestino to Kalabaka, just in the rear of our new lines. Volo being still the self-evident base of supplies, as soon as the Crown Prince had decided to retreat, arrangements could easily have been made for their transportation. Indeed, I am not loth to say that the space occupied in the trains by the prime minister, his friends and numerous other hangers-on who went out to inspect the army, might better have been used for their weight in loaves of bread. However, the army was not in a starving condition, as reported. After the first two days, though the food was not plentiful or hygienic, it was sufficient to subsist upon.

The enemy came on very slowly. He first appeared in front of Pharsala, engaging the Evzoni and the Foreign Legion, which had remained on

the plain of Mati true to their duty. Conducting themselves with courage equal to that of the Foreign Legion, the Evzoni suffered even greater loss. The Crown Prince must have seen this little force fighting its way to the cover of the mountains under the heavy fire of vastly superior numbers, which were gaining on it because it had neither the aid of Red Cross men nor of stretchers to carry its increasing number of wounded; but he sent out no succor whatsoever.

Later events made me very glad that I had chosen to be with Colonel Smollenske's rather than the Crown Prince's division. First, reconnoitering parties of Turkish cavalry appeared in the neighborhood of Velestino; then, advancing in a leisurely manner, so large a force appeared on Smollenske's right as to leave no doubt of Edhem Pasha's intention to force his way through to Volo. From Volo his troops could have moved along the seashore and around the mountains to our rear. Then, by flanking the Crown Prince's left, he might even have hoped to force the army of Greece to capitulate.

But the determined and unskillful attempt of his infantry to take our rifle-pits near the pass completely failed, and the more determined and

more unskillful attempt to take a battery in the rear by a cavalry charge proved to be as merciless and costly as the charge of the Light Brigade. Two or three of the Turkish infantrymen actually succeeded in reaching the pits, where they were bayoneted and tossed out. For a few moments the advance halted, hanging grimly to the ground which it had taken; but a steady stream of bullets pouring from the concealed Greeks was more than even Turkish courage could stand and it retreated with a loss of probably a fourth of its numbers.

That the men in the rifle-pits held their ground was testimony to the superior spirit of Smollenske's troops, though the number of dead, considering the Greeks' opportunity, was no compliment to their marksmanship. The comparative ease with which the Turks were driven back was a sufficient exemplification of the absurdity of trying to take earthworks by storm in front under modern conditions unless a general is willing to crowd in reserves at the rear until butchery gains his object.

As for the cavalry charge, it gave the impression that Edhem Pasha's bloodthirsty Circassian horsemen, chafing under the exactions of moun-

tain warfare, had prevailed upon him to give them a task of a downright hazardous nature, which would show the rest of the army the stuff that real Circassians are made of; and that Edhem in an accommodating spirit had told them to take in the rear our battery on a high knoll to the left and rear of Velestino. This battery, as our batteries often were, was planted in a field of barley which had just headed. Velestino was in our hands and we had some infantry in front of it, though we had withdrawn from two villages a little farther out. Up on the mountain side to the left of the barley field battery was a two gun battery, while to the rear of it were still two more guns. These as well as six or seven hundred rifles could play upon any object advancing within two thousand yards of the object of attack.

The first intimation that the spectator had of the charge was a dark, snakelike streak approaching Velestino, which field glasses revealed as two squadrons of cavalry. At the distance of a mile they burst into a dead gallop, and we played on them with all the force of guns and musketry that could be brought to bear, and the effect was soon evident. The Circassians replied by spur-

ring their horses straight up the hillside and rising in their saddles and shooting as they rode. Despite their boasts of remarkable marksmanship, in this style of practice it had practically no effect upon our gunners and rifle-pits when a critical test came.

Before the battalion was half way up the knoll the failure of the charge was apparent, but those cavalrymen with unimpeded and unwounded horses still held to their purpose with a grand courage and coolness. The cross fire and the narrowing of the direct course to the object of attack brought the horses too close together for practical purposes. A wounded horse that fell checked the career of horses behind him, and their rearing and plunging forced horses and men together in a tumult which was a wriggling, dark target (when not obscured by the dust and smoke caused by bursting shells) for the Greek riflemen, little harassed by wild Turkish artillery fire, who fired as fast as they could. Wounded Circassians with wounded horses tried to climb upon riderless horses. Some riderless horses bolted right up to the battery itself. For a moment the battalion stopped in a crux as if one living being in its death agonies, and then every man

with a sound horse under him turned and rode back as fast as he could, perhaps to fall by the fire that followed fiendishly after him.

With a mighty cheer the Greek riflemen swarmed like ants out of their earthworks toward the knoll. "This is what we thought war would be like!" they exclaimed in their glee. Smollenske in half an hour had become the national hero, and his eyes might well twinkle as, with his accustomed smiling calm, he received a little red flag with a white crescent and a white star and a silk embroidered cap of a Circassian captain as trophies of his success. A highly-colored story of the action was telegraphed to Athens and as soon as possible his portrait was hung up in the shop windows and pictures of the glorious victory as drawn by an Athenian artist were for sale in the streets. When I saw the colonel in his tent on a hill to the rear of Velestino he divided an orange with me as of yore and said that he thought the Circassians had lost half of their number, which is considered an overestimate, I believe.

The wounded Circassians left on the knoll looked down in shame, uttered no groans and meekly obeyed the commands of their captors.

Some of the killed had been struck in vital spots both by fragments of shells and by bullets. Such of the wounded cavalry horses wandering about in dumb agony as were injured past recovery were shot. One took up his position in the succulent barley fields which was a hospital bed and soup to him, until, after three days of convalescence, he dashed off to the Turkish line. When the Greeks went out to bury the Turkish dead the enemy at first fired on them by mistake.

In bloodshed the rest of the fighting along the line from Pharsala to Velestino was comparatively child's play. The rifle-pits at the left of Velestino fired desultorily at the Turkish rifle-pits and the Turkish rifle-pits answered when they were in the mood. Edhem Pasha was playing us with shell fire in the same eccentric manner as he had when he wished to hold the attention of our right and centre at Mati, only experience had made him economical and he was using less ammunition. Turkish gunnery had not improved. Artillerymen were in danger only when the enemy aimed at the rifle-pits, and the rifle-pits were in danger only when the enemy aimed at the battery. Water carriers and loiterers who might be in the outer rings of the target had the most reason for fear.

Watching this mimic warfare which sent no wounded or dead to the rear soon ceased to be as interesting as the stork on the minaret of the ruined mosque at Velestino. In all of the Thessalian villages storks had taken possession of the fast tumbling minarets, and the stork at Velestino was a most phlegmatic fellow. No booming of guns or rattle of musketry disturbed the perfect equanimity with which he poised himself on one long, slim leg, his neck drawn down so far that his great beak seemed to be fastened between his wings. As a philosophic tenant who did not pay rent, in the event of Thessaly falling again under Turkish rule, he could simply transfer his nest to the steeple of a Greek church which in its turn would then be going to ruin.

The ridges from Velestino to Pharsala instead of running parallel with the plain as on the late frontier, for the most part ran at right angles to the plain, thus offering the hollows as a purchase for a quick surprise movement which, once it gained possession of a ridge, would have the enemy on the flank forcing him to reform his line of battle. Some five miles west of Velestino were hollows and ridges better suited than any

others along the range for capture by storm. Colonel Smollenske, who was not fond of exercise, never rode along the mountain path over this part of his position. There was no adequate map of it and the officers made none. The line of troops that had been placed there was thinner than at any other point between Velestino and Pharsala. Edhem Pasha took these ridges not suddenly by moonlight, but by one of his customary daylight surprises which always deceived the Greek generals.

After his disasters Edhem Pasha, changing his plan of attack, withdrew all of his forces from our right and centre, giving up a village on the plain just beyond Velestino, which we then unnecessarily occupied by a force that must retreat directly we were attacked again either on the centre or on the right. Owing to absolutely no cover on the plain to the right of Velestino, where military operations were bounded by lake Karla, ten miles distant, it was easily ascertainable that the enemy in his new position could engage us on the right only after a march of ten or fifteen miles. But Colonel Smollenske removed no guns and scarcely any troops from his right and centre to protect his left, which had

been much weaker from the first on account of the expected struggle at the mouth of the pass. Had he feared another and a surprise movement on the pass, a system of signals or of cavalry scouts could have almost instantly apprised him of it.

While here as elsewhere there was a good road for a retreat, but no lateral roads, yet the mountain passes allowed of a fairly rapid movement from one part of the line to another. Endurance and marching were the qualities most boasted of by the Greek officers in comparing their privates with the soldiers of other armies. Had not two untrained peasant boys from the fields, beaten by the Western trained athletes in all tests of momentary strength, easily beaten them in turn in the long race from Marathon?

At all events, it was better for Smollenske at a trying moment in defensive operations to run a little risk of being flanked on his right than to leave his left in such a condition that it was certain to be flanked—for Smollenske may be seriously criticised because he has too much ability to be treated with that whimsicality which in general best suits an account of the doings of the Army of the Café. His leadership inculcated

some measure of spirit among his troops. He could apply the knowledge he had acquired at school in France in forming a battle line. But being by nature oriental, he could not see the necessity of changing his plan of battle in certain details in accordance with the change of conditions or of rapid or sudden movements. Being an European trained oriental, he had not studied his orient well enough to know that the oriental is not given to night attacks or any other form of surprise. He had failed to remember that while the Russo-Turkish war had shown the Turk to be the most tenacious of face-to-face fighters, it had also shown him to be incurable of a prejudice against a night picket service, and therefore subject to surprises by very simple ruses. Edhem Pasha was a Turk, but withal an individual; and no Greek commander studied the characteristics of method peculiar to the general opposed to him.

For these reasons Colonel Smollenske may not justly lay all of the blame on the Crown Prince because the army of Greece retreated again on May 6th, the date which Edhem Pasha had decided upon.

After coffee on the morning of the sixth the

desultory firing on the immediate left of Velestino gained in volume, and a large force of Turks followed by the Turkish cavalry was seen moving toward the weak point of our lines until they disappeared behind a mountain spur. Our rifle-pit which had been so effectual in checking the mad horsemen who had tried to take a battery in the rear began to fire volleys at the Turkish rifle-pits, and the Turkish riflemen answered in an indirect and rather supercilious manner by devoting all their attention to the gunners on the height a little farther to the left. In a short time the firing from the extreme left became much heavier than that in the vicinity of Velestino; but no movement of reserves to the left was noticeable.

Attracted by this activity, invisible to us on account of the intervening ridges, with two companions, Mr. Wright, an artist of the *Illustrated London News*, and Mr. H. W. Blundell, who was purely a spectator, I rode off in that direction. Gradually the zigzag bridle path led us to the rear as we passed over ridge after ridge, bringing nearer and nearer the rattle of musketry which always exasperatingly continued to be hidden by the crest of some spur just in front of us. When

water carriers had been turning back for the last mile, we were convinced that the crest of the next ridge would surely afford the view that we sought; but from its summit we saw only several bands of Irregulars swarming in retreat along the path and over the mountain sides. Some of them took hold of the bridles of our ponies and crying "Turcos!" pointed to the ridge just beyond.

While my companions were to make sandwiches out of the bread and meat in our saddle-bags, I volunteered to go up the ridge mentioned by the Irregulars. The ascent made, I could see no sign of life on the next crest. For the last ten minutes all of the firing had seemed to come from the ridges below nearer the plain, where we had already seen some Reserves straggling along toward Velestino. We thought they had been scared by the retreat of the Irregulars and had slipped out of their officers' hands. The spot where I was standing was a mile to the rear of an imaginary straight line drawn from Velestino.

My conclusion that the ridge just in front of me was unoccupied was shattered a few seconds after it was reached by puffs of smoke blown out

from the little clumps of bushes on the ridge, followed by four or five bumblebees coming uncomfortably near to my ears. It is folly to allow skilful sharpshooters the opportunity to draw a bead on one. But in the face of a number of rifle barrels in front of red fezzes even at a hundred yards it is unwise to move about. If you do you stand a chance of being hit by some of the bullets which may go approximately near to the target. So stepping directly back I stooped, and was well covered just at the moment when mine enemy sent a volley buzz-buzzing over my head, probably meant for the band of Irregulars that he thought must be under my command. Investigation of the source of a bullet coming from behind which went splip against a rock at my side revealed a band of Irregulars on the hill beyond firing directly over my ridge at the invisible Turks on the opposite ridge. Apparently my companions and I had made this long ride for the purpose of getting between the advancing enemy and the retreating Greeks, without gaining any view of the extraordinary movement which had flanked Colonel Smollenske.

But in a land of uncertainty the unexpected is always to be expected. Looking at the ridges

toward the plain I saw a vivid tableau of the Army of the Café making war. The Greeks in disorder were skurrying down one side of a ridge and the Turks were climbing up the other side in hot pursuit. A yell directly in front reminded me of the fellows who had sent me a swarm of bees, but no honey. Fezzes and baggy trousers had sprung from their hiding-places with a yell and they were clambering down the slope toward my ridge like so many rêd-headed turtles, making me feel forcibly the lack of facilities which might confront a correspondent who was taken prisoner.

My companions had postponed their preparations for luncheon until they should be more certain of their position. When I reached them they had the ponies ready to mount. We hesitated to follow the regular path lest it should lead us into the open arms of the Turk, and accordingly laid out a course of our own straight over the mountains. As we were passing over the next ridge a bullet or two splashing at our ponies' feet, as well as the echo of a yell, reminded us that the Turks had taken the ridge under whose kindly protection we had intended to eat a sandwich in peace. Mr. Wright dismounted

and went back for a better view and was shot at for his trouble.

It was then about one o'clock and at two o'clock the Crown Prince had telegraphed orders to Colonel Smollenske to fall back on Armyro, which was some fifteen miles to the rear near the sea. Colonel Smollenske in his report protested against this order, saying that there was no necessity for his retreat when his lines were in an excellent position to wage battle. To this day, I believe the Greek people accept this, their hero's, view. But the experience of my friends and myself convinces me that if the colonel's intention was not to retreat of his own accord, then the Crown Prince's order came just in time to save the army from a calamity.

With all gratitude for the oranges he has divided with me, I confess that the colonel has some talent for politics.

One hour before he received the order to fall back, as we had such an excellent opportunity for knowing, only the flying Irregulars remained between the Turks, who were more than even with his own headquarters, and their possession of the railroad between Velestino and Pharsala. Edhem Pasha had cut the Greek lines in two,

separating the forces of the Crown Prince and Colonel Smollenske for good and all, and flanking both. As on the other mountain range, he had engaged our whole force with a nominal attack while he had hammered with all the men that he could spare on a certain position.

The slight opposition of two mountain guns, a few riflemen and five hundred Irregulars (whose incapacity was already well demonstrated) had made this success the least costly of any that the Turks had gained. It is said that the Crown Prince and Colonel Smollenske each thought that the other ought to defend this weak point, with which neither was familiar either by report or by personal examination. Three days previous, a foreign military attaché had drawn three simple lines—a straight line, then a straight line bent back on the left, and a line to the rear—illustrating Edhem Pasha's second scheme of attack, and the correspondents and attachés who saw it at the time had agreed with him.

Before two o'clock my companions and I were back on one of the highest ridges overlooking the village of Velestino, and at this late hour we saw reserves being moved over toward the advancing enemy. Some of this reinforcement en-

gaged the enemy for a brief period, which was followed by silence and then the heavy yell of the Turks who had taken another ridge well around to our rear.

I became interested for the moment in an officer on one of the farthermost ridges, a dwarf, as seen through the field glasses, outlined clearly against the sky and gesticulating feverishly toward the rear. But the mule driver, allowed too much freedom, did not come to take away the one mountain gun which constituted the officer's sacred honor, and the officer remained bravely at his post until he disappeared in the swarm of Turks that came over the hill, while we who looked on listened for the yell of triumph which we knew was floating over the ridges and hollows.

Smollenske's retreat was skilfully made and unfolded itself like a panorama from the heights where we were standing. We saw the first movement, which was the drawing off of those Reserves and guns on his right which had been so unfortunately inactive. Then followed such other guns and troops as were obscured from the enemy's view behind a line of ammunition and commissariat donkeys, whose slow, melancholy pace now seemed a part of the sad busi-

ness. Reserves who had been moved forward to the left came scrambling down over the rocks to the path to form into company order. Company joined company, moving on in the obscurity of the valley until they formed a long blue line winding over the path toward Armyro. As the lines on the foremost ridges in contact with the enemy fell back companies on the ridge behind covered their retreat.

We pitied the gray-haired officer whose company came up to the crest which thus far had been our own province. He had lost his lieutenants, either by death or by desertion. His men stopped in the valley to argue with him. When he seemed to have persuaded them of the necessity of obeying his orders, he started up the ascent. After he had gone a dozen steps he realized that they had not stirred and that he was quite alone. He went back again to argue with a command every man of which considered himself a strategist by the right invested in him by the generous rule of the Café de la Constitution in Athens. Eventually, a third of them refused to follow him at all. On reaching the crest it took several minutes to convince the two-thirds that one big rock was not the best breastworks for the lot,

though at the time not so much as the singing of a spent bullet was heard.

Experience had taught our own little party the advisability of a traveling base of supplies of our own, and this was a small tug with a crew of characteristic Athenians waiting in the bay at Stakasi near Armyro. For the sake of speed we did not take the road of the regular retreat but that followed by some straggling Reserves, who had thrown away their guns and were weakly stumbling along, and by the petticoat Irregulars, who stopped and fired their rifles under our ponies' noses at some imaginary object which they must have thought to be a Turk. We reached the shore opposite the tug without any other of the inconveniences of the retreat from Mati, and the next morning were in Athens with our telegrams.

## CHAPTER IX.

GAY and trustful Volo had seen all of its much boasted precautions for defense pass away in a day. The evening after Smollenske's retreat from the mouth of the pass the foreign consuls, I am told, went out, lanterns in hand, to hold a parley with Edhem Pasha. He promised to occupy the town without damage to property, particularly to foreign property, provided that the Greek fleet withdrew from the bay. As the fleet was still short of ammunition and only too glad to be accommodating the consuls could easily agree to this condition, and the next day the fleet steamed down to Armyro to make a show of protecting Smollenske's force.

Stylida and Lamia succeeded to Volo's position as the base of supplies for the Crown Prince's army, which, having been flanked on its left at the same time as on its right wing, had retreated across the plain from Pharsala to the heights of Domoko. Stylida is a small port on

the Gulf of Lamia across from Thermopylæ, connected with the town of Lamia by a very narrow gauge railway and by a five mile ride along a pleasant highway. Lamia is beyond the head of the gulf between the mountain barrier in which Leonidas placed his trust and another mountain barrier which separates it from Domoko, and on the direct road from Domoko to Thermopylæ.

On entering the Gulf of Lamia attention was first attracted to Stylida by a huge German flag floating over a German hospital tent with all modern appliances which, having just arrived from Berlin, now waited almost impatiently for wounded from the next battle. In the Gulf of Lamia as in the Gulf of Volo, government transports found themselves in the company of the flotilla of the Army of Desolation. Caiques filled with refugees, caiques stacked high with barley which had been gathered green to save it from the Turks, small sailing-boats with all the household effects they could carry, and all manner of boats were leaving or preparing to leave for the neighboring islands where already thousands of their fellow-sufferers were at the point of starvation.

At Lamia I saw the carriage which had taken me to Liguria on my way to Meluna Pass. The driver was in a cheerful frame of mind, having followed the rear of the army with a comfortable method of retreating for well-to-do officers at commensurate charges. My companions and myself secured it as a base of supplies by the day for an indefinite period. With their baggage and tinned meats piled around them and even on them, the *London Times*, the *Manchester Guardian* and Mr. Blundell started for Domoko.

Both the *Times* and the *Guardian* had had two ponies at the beginning of the campaign, but had lost them through appropriation by the government or by a more direct and less responsible form of theft. When I had reached the shore at Stakasi where our tug was anchored after the retreat from Velestino, I had been in doubt whether it would not be better to shoot my pony rather than to allow him to fall into the hands of some itinerant master who would treat him to kicks and curses instead of barley. With some misgivings I had sent him on to await me at Stylida in charge of a servant. Now I was on his back again, and despite the hollows between his ribs, for which I knew the remedy, he

"All the household effects that they could carry."

"With their baggage and tinned meats."

was not lame and was the same reliable old comrade not to be exchanged for any place in a rickety, cast-off Parisian carriage.

There is a fine military road lately made from Lamia to Domoko, over the Phourka Pass, which has been the main artery of commerce between Thessaly and Greece proper and the resort of brigands since the dawn of history. Camels, which have been bred and used in small numbers in Lamia for many years, were appropriated for transportation purposes by the Government. They, and the carts which Lamia and the army could muster, followed the military road. But the heavy-laden donkeys went by the old mountain path along with the Reserves and the red-shirted Garibaldian volunteers fresh from Italy, who toiled on and on at midday and were disappointed again and again at not seeing at the next turn of the path the one well in the pass with its shade and cool water, which finally appeared suddenly like a fairy with an urn of water in hand springing up in front of a thirsty traveler on a desert.

On the other side of the pass is a little plain to be crossed before reaching the heights of Domoko. Here was encamped the travel-stained

Army of Desolation, the peasants tending their herds which they had driven for so many miles, and the women cooking, or washing their clothes at the brookside with the stone slabs at the base of the mountain ridge for washboards. They were more fortunate than their comrades on the islands in that they had food.

Domoko, a small collection of houses on a hillside under an acropolis with a crumbling old citadel, was called "wonder city" by the ancients on account of its beautiful situation. Nature does all that she can to make Domoko healthy, and man all that he can to make it unhealthy. An army with no sanitary regulations flocking in quite turned the scale against Nature. The little public square was deep with mud, sewage and the debris from the butchery of sheep. In its dirty little café, thick with smoke which could not effectually cover up other smells, unshaved officers in frayed, bespattered uniforms were now talking as gaily of an armistice, which was about to be signed preparatory to peace negotiations, as they had talked of war in Larissa.

Soon information came from the Crown Prince in so direct a manner that the armistice became a settled fact in the mind of the whole army.

"Garibaldians . . . toiled on and on at midday."

"Shade and cool water."

Correspondents already down with dysentery or threatened with it, or finding the revulsion of their stomachs against the fare at Domoko unbearable, returned to Lamia and to Athens, the *London Times* and Mr. Blundell being among them. So the *Manchester Guardian* and I found ourselves in undisputed possession of the field, which, as we successfully defied dysentery and as we had Carlos, proved to be fairly comfortable.

When I became acquainted with the merits of Carlos, easily the foremost dragoman in Greece, I confess to having felt at once a growing fondness for his employer, the *Manchester Guardian.* Since the flight of Castopis, the *Guardian* and I had pooled commissariats, with Carlos as chief steward and my new dragoman, Aristocles, an odd and not unentertaining Greek from Constantinople, as assistant. Carlos had secured for us well up on the hillside a private house with a balcony, whose owner had joined the Army of Desolation. Here we set up housekeeping with two plates and two cups and entertained the Foreign Legion and other friends with mutton and bread and a foreign cheese which dwindled and dwindled until not another piece could be

cut out of it. One day while Carlos was away at Lamia, where he succeeded in recovering one of the *Guardian's* ponies, we nearly starved. Aristocles announced gravely that there was no bread, no mutton and no salt to be found in the town. In half an hour after his return, Carlos secured all these things; also a chicken, which he broiled over a charcoal fire while he gave Aristocles advice on the use of diplomacy and threats in catering. The salt, he said, had come from the Crown Prince's own commissariat.

Among those who ate with us at our wooden table was a little Reservist, weak for want of food. He had just passed his examination for the Greek diplomatic service, and out of love of his country was now suffering the hardships of other privates who slept on the hillside. He insisted that he was not at all hungry, but once we convinced him that we had more mutton and bread than we could consume he was able to muster a ravenous appetite.

That wonderful man, the Swedish lieutenant, occasionally burst in upon us like a dash of sunshine. He was one of seven Swedish military attachés who had come to Greece in search of professional information, which he had gained

"Washing their clothes at the brookside."

"On leave."

by means of a great deal of professional experience. Unlike the others he was not in uniform, but wore a civilian's suit with a black coat of the German military style buttoned up tightly under his chin. Their uniforms were bespattered; they had given up shaving, and they were jaded, as it seemed that anybody at Domoko ought to be, and as the lieutenant was not.

The lieutenant had a notebook containing information about every position along our lines which he had gained on foot under a broiling sun. At Larissa his infinite politeness and wide knowledge had made us think him a Miss Nancy. But we soon learned that all night on foot would not bend his straight back, which never failed to bend when he bowed; that in walking over ploughed ground in a hailstorm of bullets he was more interested in keeping his boots clean than in anything else. In the panic on the road from Mati, though he could not speak a word of Greek, he had drawn his revolver and brought order out of disorder in his immediate vicinity. Again, after bringing in a wounded Evzoni under a galling fire which no one else would face, his first act was to fleck the dust from his clothes. As he perched himself upon an oasis in

the slime of Domoko—clean shaven, moustache brushed up, spotless clothes, looking fit for a ball—and asked you if you did not think that the Greeks were making many mistakes, he seemed, despite his cleverness, just a little exasperating.

While riding over the positions to the left of Domoko one day, the *Guardian* and I met a London doctor who was a graduate of Oxford and an ex-Tommy Atkins who had served in the Soudan, both being members of the Foreign Legion. They stood up very straight, except for wavering knees, saying that they were not hungry and not done up at all. But not heeding their protests we put them on our ponies and took them back to town, where Carlos fed them well; and this was the beginning of our friendship with the Legion.

I think the apotheosis of the Legion was a brief conversation between Tommy and one of his fellow volunteers, a Scotch professor of Greek.

"Wot is this bloomin' old Parthenon I 'ear so much abowt?" Tommy asked.

"It's a—it's a historical building!" replied the professor.

But they continued to be good comrades.

With the exception of three or four Armenians

the Legion was entirely composed of Europeans. After distinguishing themselves by begging to have a Turkish peasant who was taken prisoner on suspicion burned alive, the Armenians ran away for good and all the first time they were under fire. All social classes were represented in the little body of a hundred men, which included ages from sixteen to fifty. Some of them had come to Greece for the fun of the thing and some were inspired by the high ideals of the professor of Greek. The great majority were either French or English. I recall only one German, and him because he received a bullet through his clothes for trying to steal a pony, a fact which he related as a charming experience mingled with regret that he had still to walk. A number of young Danes at first found real pleasure in volunteering in the cause of the son of their King and afterward determined to be "game" like their comrades.

Affecting to despise the Legion, the Crown Prince had, nevertheless, always placed it in the most dangerous position in his lines. A staff officer was heard to remark that nobody would mind if all of the foreigners were killed. At Mati the Legion, left alone on the plain under

the moonlight, because it would not run without orders, heard the rumor that the Turkish cavalry was about to descend upon it.

"Then the proper thing to do is to fix bayonets, I have read," said the Scotch professor of Greek.

"*Helas!* Yes," said a beardless student of the Sorbonne. "No horse will run upon one, I have read, if you hold it steady."

Thus the picturesque little band with its colors uplifted made ready to receive the whole Turkish horse with none the less courage because the Turkish horse, contrary to rumor, was fast asleep.

Now, having stationed the Legion in front of a break in the mountains which he expected the Turks would try to force, the Crown Prince sent to it, instead of food, an order forbidding the appropriation of any stray beast or fowl, which it disobeyed whenever possible. Whatever delicacies the phlegmatic Englishman enjoyed were the bounty of the Frenchman, duplicating the experience of the allied forces in the Crimea. There is no forager so gay or so ingenious as a Frenchman, who is always able to spy out a chicken and grab it by the leg, anticipating any squawks that would attract attention. Then he

will easily make a fire out of wet twigs, cooking it to a beautiful brown, and perhaps implicate the officer in the crime by tempting him to accept a succulent wing.

When the Legion and the Swedish lieutenant were not entertaining us it was gratifying to know that the gray-bearded telegrapher, who had run away from Larissa and Pharsala at the last moment with a bundle of antedated press telegrams under his arm, had reached Domoko unharmed. Early in the ante-bellum days at Larissa he would always say on being questioned that he had sent our telegrams, and he was believed until roundabout inquiry revealed that he meant that they had gone to Athens by mail after they had lain in his office for several days. The vehemence then poured upon his head by many angry correspondents made him thereafter absolutely noncommittal. If you finally asked him, "Is this really a telegraph office?" he shook his head and waggled his trembling hands as he said softly, "I don't know!" You could go no further for you could not justly even swear at such a pitifully bent, little old man who had suddenly found himself in the midst of such a chaotic world of responsibilities. But if you patted

him on the back and sympathized with him his mind seemed to clarify, and in this way he and I struck up a friendship.

One London correspondent who was supposed to have the right of way over all other correspondents because he represented a paper of extreme Phil-Hellenic sympathies, on reaching Athens after a month's hard work, including a tramp over Pindos in snow up to his thighs, telegraphed to his editor, "I have sent fifteen telegrams and ten articles by mail. How many have you received?" The answer was: "None. Come home!"

The old telegrapher might have defended himself by saying that the telegraph service was as good as the postal service. At Domoko the pile of letters deposited in the dark little room called the post-office grew and grew, for none of them were ever sent away. If a Greek mail carrier became excited in discussing politics he was likely to toss his mail bags into the sea. To such irregularities I owe the loss of some of the best of my photographic films. As a further vexation, my first camera had been smashed at Mati and I was not able to get another until I left Athens for Domoko.

But the Army of the Café itself? It was the same old Army of the Café, only very much jaded, as anything of tinsel was bound to be after being trailed in humiliation and the dust all the way from Meluna Pass to Thermopylæ, a distance of only forty miles, but made most difficult by the army's inherent weaknesses. In saying that we had lost no guns the Crown Prince, who accepted the word of officers who wished to cover their shame, may have been sincere enough. His force still had about thirty field and mountain guns, exclusive of three of the Krupps bought for the defense of Larissa.

General Macris now occupied a small room in a village house, which, however, was not in as sharp contrast to his former quarters as was the latest apartment of the Crown Prince to the palace in Larissa, where, I believe, Edhem Pasha found the doors open and many table delicacies to welcome him as its new tenant. The general was still the Crown Prince's chief adviser. He did not show the effects of defeat as much as his superior, who had aged perceptibly in a month. Both kept to their quarters. The Crown Prince, whose pale face seemed oddly out of place in a land where everybody was tanned,

never rode out, either because of fear of violence or from a disinclination for physical exercise which the branch of the Danish royal family occupying the throne of Greece seems to have absorbed along with other traits not conducive to intellectual force from the people whom it nominally governs. I was interested in speaking with him after "the great downfall," as the officers, determined to be grand at all events, called their defeat. He received me in his room, its furniture consisting of a cot, two chairs and a table and its only ornament a photograph of his wife and children in a little standard on the table.

"I am very unpopular now," were almost his first words. "But I have suffered myself. I went without food for twenty-four hours. My servants ran away and I lost my baggage. We were forced to retreat by superior numbers, but we can hold Domoko unless the superior numbers become overwhelming. The lack of discipline is in part due to the fact that I am not allowed to punish deserters. I was opposed to the war and I feared this result."

Again and again spectators had remarked upon the great suitability of rifle-calibre machine guns for the kind of warfare of this campaign.

A dozen of them on the front ridges at the weak point in our Pharsala-Velestino lines could have driven back the attack which forced the second retreat. When you noticed a new Maxim with its nose pointing out of a window in the Crown Prince's quarters, naturally you became curious.

"We have just received it as a present," he said. "It uses a lot of ammunition, doesn't it?"

"It will not waste more than the Irregulars," I suggested.

"Yes, the Irregulars have been a great nuisance. Unfortunately, our officers do not know how to operate the Maxim, but I suppose they might learn. We have thought of giving it to some of the Englishmen in the Foreign Legion who do know how to use it. I am uncertain as to what we shall do with it." (As a result, it never fired a shot in the battle of Domoko.)

There is an old-time prophecy, often on the tongues of modern Greeks, that when Greece should have a king by the name of Constantin the Byzantine Empire would be reestablished through his efforts. Prince Constantin, the future King Constantin, at the age of twenty-nine as commander-in-chief of forty thousand men who

had twice been defeated, was now the object of all his people's hatred. His father had not come to the front as expected, but had remained at home in summer lassitude, escaping as much of the blame as he could. Constantin was tired of the business of soldiering. Not made of the stern stuff necessary for a good officer, he also lacked the training and the mind of a general. He longed to return from the angry glances of the soldiers to his family in Athens and from living on mutton, bread and cheese and dressing without a valet to a life to which he was better suited. It was wrong to put one so unfit in such a position of responsibility; but we could sympathize with him better if he had shown a braver spirit. Longing for the end of the campaign, he lay back idly like a fatalist and allowed the Army of the Café to drift on in a chaotic state.

"We have our men placed all along the ridges," said General Macris, who seemed to think that nothing more was necessary.

Only the artillerymen awoke from their lassitude for an hour or two each day to do what they considered a work of superfluity because there was an armistice. They tore away the

stone wall of the mediæval fort, occupied by many cannon in its day of usefulness, and substituted the more practicable defense of earth and brush. Here they placed one of three big Krupps which had been saved from Larissa, and on surrounding heights they placed the other two. Our field and mountain guns were put mostly on the ridges directly in front of Domoko, to protect the ravine which leads up to the town from the plain. If the Turks did not try to force their way through at this point they surely would at another pass some ten miles out on the left, where the Evzoni and the Foreign Legion were stationed. The generals, disagreeing in this with the military attachés, believed it to be quite impossible that the Turks would attempt to scale the far more difficult ridges at the right, and accordingly made it their weakest line. From the citadel the whole stretch of some twenty miles of our position was visible, excepting the extreme right.

For ten days the Turks showed no signs of movement. With field glasses you could see faintly figures pottering about in the neighborhood of the villages and in the morning the fires for boiling coffee. Two or three fezzes creep-

ing up every day so near to our lines as to be killed or taken prisoners suggested that either certain of the enemy were tired of inaction or else were playing the spy. If you heard at the café that the Turks were celebrating the Feast of Beiram or might be waiting to complete preparations for their plan of attack, the suggestion was drowned in the talk that the armistice having been declared for ten or twenty or thirty days—what mattered a little disagreement about details?—meant that the war was over; and, why should not the Turks be quiet?

Our Irregulars were still with us, helping on the chaos. They sauntered about, wasting cartridges as they pleased. If they jammed the mechanism of their rifles by neglect they took them to the sidewalk shoemaker, who, for a drachma, oiled them until they worked again. He had picked up guns thrown away by deserters who wandered unmolested over the hills, and sold them at a reasonable figure to any Greek who wished to start a band of braves of his own to help demoralize his country's army. Official talk of disarming the Irregulars ended in the return of the dozen rifles, which staff officers had taken in a burst of energy, to glib "petticoat

"Reserves . . . choked the streets."

"Took them to the sidewalk shoemaker."

men" who enlisted the support of political hangers-on in a protest against this gross infringement of the rights of property.

"Why put ourselves to the trouble? Let them have the rifles," said the staff officers. "What matters it when there is an armistice?"

The vindicated Irregulars soon found a new diversion in robbery, and Reserves were of necessity assigned to protect the herds and the household goods of the Army of Desolation.

So certain of the armistice were most of the officers that they began to swagger around in their soiled uniforms with some of their old-time bravado, saying: "We have not had a true battle. Ah! we have been betrayed. We have been forced to retreat against our wills. Had we been given a chance to fight the result would have been different."

They could have found basis for a faint hope for the opportunity they longed for had they gone to the telegraph office where all news was received. The little old man did not make the wish the father of the fact with the ease of the Crown Prince and General Macris. He shook his head and said: "An armistice is expected, but it is not yet certain." From this one could

only surmise that the Powers were pressing the Sultan for an armistice to which he had not yet agreed. In the face of ten days of inactivity and reiteration of an armistice by the whole world of Domoko there remained the fact that the Turks, who had been thus far an army of offense forever carrying redoubts, and thereby suffering far greater losses than their hated Christian enemies, would strain a point for the privilege of a little more blood-letting.

"When there is an armistice," cried the officers, "what does it matter if there is no regular commissariat arranged; if the bread carts wait in the streets of Lamia until their drivers have finished their political discussions at the café before starting for Domoko?"

Our soldiers had suffered steadily for lack of sufficient bread and cheese, which they preferred to mutton. But the mutton need not come from Lamia. The Army of Desolation would still honor a paper drachma. It had in its herds enough meat to supply the Army of the Café for many weeks, if arrangements for its purchase and distribution had been made. With the nights so cold that I shivered under my own heavy coverings, scarcely half the soldiers had

"If the bread carts wait in the streets of Lamia—"

"Looking down disdainfully on the Reserves."

blankets. Four or five of them would curl up together after dark and share what blankets they had between them. The Evzoni showed the effects of discipline by having retained their heavy native coats, their knapsacks and water bottles.

But how the Evzoni had changed, I thought as I saw a company of them moving along the road into the town. Their blue coats were faded, their leggings brown with dirt. Their old accuracy of marching had been supplanted by the self-sufficient style of trained mountaineers. They stood erect, scornful of the Reserves about them. Having been bathed in fire, they were no longer the King's show soldiers but devil-may-care veterans, jaunty in a spirit of defiant fatalism. It was a pity that they had not had a better chance.

What did it matter when there was an armistice? The engineers talked politics instead of building needful roads and earthworks. The opticon-telegraph had ceased to be of enough interest to be used with any thoroughness. Cavalrymen wore out horses on rocky inclines in a half-hearted attempt at orderly service when a system of signals would have done the work much better. No one minded if a private added

his weight to the ammunition on a donkey whose back bled profusely as it toiled up the mountain path.

"What does it matter when there is an armistice?" asked the officers out on the ridges. Even volunteers fresh from Athens were not drilled. Soldiers on leave from the ridges choked the streets of the town.

## CHAPTER X.

IN our little household Monday morning, May 10th, began in the routine manner of the nine other mornings of Domoko's inactive confidence which had preceded it. If you might have stepped out on to our balcony, looking down you would have seen the everlasting two or three tired Reservists straggling into town. Near by them was one of the slim-snouted, semi-wild village hogs enjoying a piece of army refuse; and a few yards beyond, at a well, were two more Reservists washing lamb's entrails which they were going to roast on a stick.

But looking down was down, indeed; and looking up was up, indeed. For the trouble of a glance over the shoulder you could see the sun rise on the Thessalian plain. While breakfast was being prepared, forgetful of neglected sanitation, you would have enjoyed this enchanting picture to the full as one takes in a breath of fresh air when he emerges from an unventilated bedroom.

General Macris was chatting with a colonel and looking at the wall when at nine o'clock I entered his room expecting to be told for the sixth or seventh time that he had no news except that the armistice was as good as signed. He rose as deliberately as ever to receive me, and bowed and spoke with his usual politeness. After we had lighted cigarettes, he said:

"Three battalions of Turks are advancing on our left, monsieur. If you will come back in an hour I shall be delighted to tell you if there is to be an attack. We had expected the enemy to try to force in our left, as you know, monsieur. Consequently, we are quite prepared to receive him."

As the report of the advance had first come from the citadel it had not yet reached the square or the broad road at the right of the town which was always filled with gossiping stragglers. At the house opposite the Crown Prince's headquarters were the usual number of bread carts, baggage mules and loungers, in disorder. On the hillside above the road was an even more motley gathering of the odds and ends of an army's rear.

Once the great news started it traveled as fast

"Reserves straggling in."

"Beyond, at a well . . . two more Reservists."

as a shadow on the plain. All stragglers, whether officers or privates, suddenly gave up gossiping to look in the direction of the villages in the distance which were supposed to be occupied by the enemy. Most of them could see nothing. Those with sharper eyes saw faintly dark lines and dark masses which could not be trees or bushes. All surrounded their officers to ask excited questions. The self-sufficient officers replied:

"They are going away!"

"They are celebrating a feast!"

"They must be going away or must be celebrating a feast because there is an armistice!"

Riding down the military road, which dips and bends around the corners of crest after crest until it merges into the plain, I was soon able to see distinctly with my glasses that the general's three battalions of half an hour ago were the Turkish army being thrown out in a line of battle seven miles long.

A colonel of artillery with glasses in hand, returning from a position nearer the plain, lifted his cap and drew rein to say in French:

"Are you going to see the Turk, gentlemen? It is nothing, gentlemen, I assure you, nothing."

"Do you mean that what we see yonder is——"

"Nothing, gentlemen, nothing!" he cried back as he rode away.

How long Headquarters believed that it had only three battalions to deal with I do not know. It was not until ten o'clock that a glimmer of the truth lighted up the minds of loitering officers, who became gesticulatory and chattering, and then speechless, as they looked beseechingly from the plain to their friends and then beseechingly back to the plain.

Never again do I expect to see so grand a spectacle as that of the Turkish advance to the attack and the three hours' steady and grim musketry and artillery fire which followed. The ridges were as a gallery and the plain below as a stage. But it was not mimic warfare that we were to see. When a man fell he was not to rise with the fall of the curtain. In the rifle-pits or in the batteries a correspondent could have seen only part of the battle. This time it became his duty to remain outside of the line of fire. From our seats, which we selected with due care, we could see whatever action might take place except behind the brown mountain five or six miles

"The broad road at the right of the town."

"Bread carts, baggage mules and loungers."

to the right. We were directly in line with the ravine which constituted our centre. The splendor but not the power of the scene which we beheld might have been heightened if the Turks had been clad in the brilliant silk turbans, the vast flowing trousers and adorned with the broad, ornamented, ineffectual swords which inconvenienced the Janizaries in the days when they were beginning to lose their virility and their country its military supremacy.

What we saw instead were dark blocks and columns and lines of that same fighting race now clad in the practical marching costume of the regenerate Turkish host, armed with unornamented and terrible modern weapons and not advancing with grandiose irregularity but in scientific order. There was something in the very movement of this oncoming force which said that it thirsted for more bloodletting; while the action of all the soldiers on the ridges and the loiterers on the roads out of Domoko said that they had seen more than enough of war.

When, finally, the Greeks had awakened to the truth, officers and men on leave to a number to put a blush upon the cheek of discipline began to bustle one another, some rushing off to their

companies and some, I fear, making straight for the rear; while the remainder, too cowardly to perform their duty, too shameless to hide their faces, loitered on to enjoy the battle as illegitimate spectators.

It was apparent before noon that the Turks were going to attack our centre and our right. Already they had swung in two miles this side of the pass at our extreme left, where the flower of our soldiery, the Evzoni, was stationed. But looking over toward the mountain path on our left I saw a long line of Reserves moving away from the scene of the coming battle. General Macris was still determined that any conflict must follow the plans that he had laid down for Edhem Pasha.

From the mouth of the ravine the military road runs on across the plain like a gray river until it disappears altogether with two or three gleaming streaks, resembling flecks of foam on the crest of a bronze sea, which mark its distant windings toward Pharsala. Up to a mountain spur some four miles out, however, it is perfectly straight. This spur bounds a semi-circular branch of the plain, our side of which constituted our right. Thousands of Turks had now made this

gray river black with uniforms and red with fezzes for a distance of two miles. Many red and black streams flowed into it beyond the spur, while on the hither side of the spur the main stream spread out into a broad, studied delta with channel splitting into channel. This delta began significantly half a mile out of the range of our three big Krupps. Here, the infantry marched off by battalions, the battalions broke into companies, and the companies deployed in skirmish order; while the field artillery galloped forward on our right of the road, swinging into line.

The largest stream of the delta ran out at a right angle to the course of the river. Evidently its line of red fezzes was going to join the figures, which our glasses had revealed on the mountain beyond, in an attack upon our right.

For three hours we had watched the preparations without once hearing the boom of a gun or the crack of a rifle. Neither song nor cheer arose from the ridges where our infantry was stationed. If the movements along the military road were perplexed they were not noisy. The soldiers of the Café were not shouting defiant and scornful challenges to the enemy; rather, they

were noting every rod of his advance as if he were a rising tide that lapped their bodies which were pinioned by the uniforms that they wore and the presence of their officers.

Vast at all times as silence on a great plain is, it had now become heavy, ominous and chilling. Softly, and at noon, it was broken by two distant booms, bearing with the speed of sound the surprising information that Edhem Pasha had scaled the heights on the far right with two mountain guns. These he could scarcely have brought up in a single morning. Unknown to our generals he must have been preparing for some days to overcome the greater natural obstacles offered to a turning movement on our right wing. Until the far bloodier attack on our centre completely drowned it, we continued to hear desultory firing from this direction. What progress the Turks were making we might not know then, as all the action was invisible.

At noon the plain was entirely under shadow. The suggestion that the indisposition of the Turks to fight in a rainstorm might prevent a battle after all passed away with flying clouds. By one o'clock the sunlight was again bewitching the landscape with colors.

The form of the impending attack upon the ravine which was the key to our centre became more and more wedge-shaped. At one it had seemed as if our outposts would be engaged by three o'clock. But the enemy was taking his time. For an hour his front lines of skirmishers remained practically stationary. They were being arranged in better order for securing a maximum of execution with a minimum of loss ; more battalions were being stretched out on their rear to push them forward if they should waver. It was quite proper, in the meantime, that all fellows in fezzes and baggy trousers should rest legs tired by marching, should eat a piece of bread and enjoy a deep draught from their water bottles before they made the supreme effort of the lives which many of them were about to sacrifice.

This ravine which merges into the plain in front of the town of Domoko is shaped like the letter V, the ridges that form its sides extending along to the right and to the left as boundaries to the plain. On the crests of these ridges were a dozen mountain guns and on the immediate heights behind them were still other mountain guns and also field guns. At the base of the

front ridges, extending along the plain either to the right or to the left of the prongs of the V, was a mile of rifle-pits which were continued half way down the prongs where they joined a heavy line of riflemen stretched across the ravine from one side to the other. Lying between the crest of the ridges and the rifle-pits, behind whatever rocks or undergrowth they could find for cover, were the seven or eight hundred Garibaldians and also a number of Reserves. Any force which reached the line that stretched across the middle of the ravine must advance for a half mile under a continuous cross-fire.

Moreover, a line of riflemen spanned the broadest part of the V, they being expected to fall back on the line to their rear. Six hundred yards farther out, two or three companies rested in a circular breastwork, while half a mile beyond that was a battalion strung out on a long strip of ploughed ground to engage the enemy. The ends of this line persisted in huddling in close order, showing that the troops did not relish being separated when they faced the whole Turkish army. Their officers trusted that they would be able to spread them out at the last moment, but were deceived.

In a half hour after the firing on the extreme right had begun there was a heavy earthshaking report which announced that at last one of our Krupps which were intended originally for the defense of Larissa was in action. It never rose to such importance again, and sank into the insignificance of the third violin in a concert when, three and a half hours later, the battle began in earnest. None of its shells did less harm than the first, which exploded some twenty yards in front of an advancing battery. We waited and we almost longed for a reply from some of the field guns which we knew Edhem Pasha had stretched out on the right of the road behind his skirmishers. When he did reply he replied languidly with an occasional random shot, despite the fairly regular fire of our Krupps and field guns which appeared to be doing considerable damage.

At half past three the little black, red-topped figures of the Turkish skirmish line, in order as regular as the trees of a young orchard, were already so near to the forward line of Greeks, which was kept steady with difficulty, that the first exchange of shots was momentarily expected.

But it was almost four o'clock when a roll of smoke arose from the foremost Greek line. A

few seconds later we heard the rattle of this volley, though not until after we had seen little puffs of smoke in front of the leading Turkish skirmishers. Instantly the right of the Greek line caved in some ten men from the end, and in three minutes every man was in retreat. As soon as they were out of the way the earthwork opened with a volley and had only begun an irregular fire when we noticed that the circular blue line which marked it so plainly on the field was already broken by brown patches.

In just four minutes the earthwork was emptied of all except the dead. To the naked eye its defenders seemed to be coming in on a dog trot. Through the glasses, however, the blue figures, leaving now and then a prostrate comrade behind, were hastening toward the ridges as eagerly as so many bearers of news from Marathon, some hobbling with wounds in the foot or leg; a few, crawling. Only an occasional one properly loaded his rifle as he ran and then turned to fire.

All made for the rifle-pits at the base of the ridges; or for the line across the broad end of the V which lasted five or six minutes before its fragments hastened back to the other cross

line half way down the ravine. Such paltry opposition as had been offered thus far had not delayed the Turks in the least; and a swarm of bees might have done more to oppose their skirmishing order. The ease with which they had cleared their path must have emboldened them for the final effort. Knowledge of his character only increased one's anxiety as to the effect of so precipitate a retreat upon the Greek Reservist.

The Turkish artillery still continued to fire only occasional random shots. Obviously Edhem Pasha was waiting until his skirmishers were well up to the ridges before he played his batteries in earnest.

With their rifle barrels resting on the soft earth while they crouched as low as they could, only a cap, a patch of black hair and a bronzed forehead exposed, the Reserves waited for their fleeing comrades to pass out of their line of fire. Nearer and nearer came the thousands of little puff-balls blown out of Turkish rifles like soap bubbles out of a pipe, until the point of the wedge was within the prongs of the V.

Our guns began to play with all their capacity. The rifle-pits at the base of the ridges and the

line across the ravine blossomed with volleys which seemed to cause no hesitation in the advance. Simultaneously, twenty-one great balls of smoke rolled out of as many dark blotches in line on the plain ; and after twenty-one shells had been scattered over the rifle-pits and the front ridges, we heard the booming of a salvo from Edhem Pasha's batteries when they set out to cover an infantry attack in their best style.

The number of irregular shots quickly following warranted the reckoning that Edhem had between forty and fifty fieldpieces within range of the ravine. Immediately he began to advance split batteries. Galloping horses swinging a gun into position made a beautiful picture under the patchy sunlight.

"It is like a field day," said a foreign military attaché at my elbow.

Most of the puff balls were now mingled in a cloud of smoke. Its steadily advancing front ranks seemed to be drawing the Turkish wedge after them, like fishermen pulling in a net on a foggy morning.

"But if it were truly a sham, and in Western Europe," the attaché added, "the commander-in-chief, in high dudgeon, would have ordered the

Turks in the cross fire off the field as being nominally dead."

For a quarter of an hour half of the enemy's guns were trained on our three gun battery—for brevity's sake I shall call it the end battery—occupying the foremost ridge and nearest to the right of the ravine which it commanded at a murderously short range.

You remembered the gunners of this battery in the easy-going days of the "armistice" as burrowing out snug places in the mountain side to keep off the wind at night; as clumsily sewing up rents in their clothes instead of gossiping in the streets; as seemingly superior beings, with gunners' pride, who looked down upon the infantrymen lolling on the hills beyond.

Would they now come up to expectations? Or, would they desert their guns and scamper down the ridges? Plainly, their business was to pound the advancing Turkish wedge, while the heavier guns on the ridges at their rear dealt with the Turkish batteries. They were the backbone of the rifle-pits and the line across the ravine; and, once their support was missed, all the Greek infantrymen in and near the ravine would seek safety with the instinct of one man ham-

pered by the devices and legs of many crowded into that neck of a bottle, the mouth of the ravine, with the Turks at their heels.

Simultaneously, a cluster of five trails of blue smoke seemed to leap out of the sky just over the hardest-hit gun of all, the one nearest to the ravine, sending down a shower of iron, which, strange to say, knocked over only one man. Coming through a cloud of dust which was laden with splinters of rocks and fragments from a shell that had burst by percussion, you saw an artilleryman running away from the second gun of the end battery, and almost involuntarily you said: "His comrades will follow." But the little fellow was only going to the limber after another shell. He returned with it as fast as he could scramble over the rocks, and a minute or two later it had exploded among the Turkish infantry.

Suddenly a burst of yellow smoke flew up to the rear of the gun nearest the ravine just as the artilleryman who brought its shells was about to lay his hands on another. The limber had been blown to pieces and the shell-carrier was the object of a miracle. He rose like one from the dead, and, at the beck of a hastening officer, hur-

ried off to get a loan from his neighbor's limber. Once the shell was brought, the officer himself slipped it into the breech and the bearer with the other artillerymen of the end battery, superciliously unmindful of the Turkish batteries, went on throwing iron into the Turkish infantry where it was needed but not wanted; went on, in the midst of a rain of flying fragments, being covered with dust, blood and glory. You knew now that the men in the end battery would stand their ground until they were killed off to a man. You knew that they had learned to love that living, speaking piece of steel, a gun, and therefore they would not desert her for love of God or fear of death.

Soon the Turks themselves were convinced that at a moment when shells were so valuable the end battery must be silenced in another way. On previous occasions they had found our infantry more easily frightened than our artillery, and they now shifted their fire from the ridge to the line across the ravine which, in turn, became the critical point of the battle. The wedge was moving more slowly, its front ranks being thinned so rapidly that they might have stopped but for the impetus of the reserves being crowded in from

the rear. An occasional Turk who longed to be the first to bathe his bayonet in Greek blood that day, rushing on ahead, would almost reach a rifle-pit before he fell dead or wounded. When only wounded he continued to fire.

If either side of the wedge, *en masse*, should reach the rifle-pits, many, though less than the number of its dead, would force that test of cold steel for which the Greeks had so little stomach. Some of the Greek riflemen had become so nervous that they lay gasping, and aimlessly working the mechanism of their rifles, without having placed cartridges in them. That chilling buzz-buzz-buzz of the storm of bullets above their heads would no longer deter them from rising once the line across the ravine broke.

The steps of the front ranks of the Turkish skirmishers became shorter and less frequent. On the right side of the wedge they were little more than a shuffle of pretense. Finally, the Turkish field guns, which had been shooting wildly, seemed to find the range of the line across the ravine. Two shells burst at the same moment plump in its right end. The ten or dozen men who must have been killed and wounded had no place in your thoughts. Would the

score that had scattered, which fast became two, three and four score, be whipped back into position? The Turkish wedge seemed almost to be swinging its huge body as it made ready to spring upon its prey immediately its prey turned tail. The break extending from the right of the line, where the shells had exploded, finally reached a point where three or four blue figures stood their ground, and there it stopped. A few well-chosen words and the courage of a lieutenant or even of a private may have turned the tide. Those who had strayed from the fold were gradually brought back to their places by officers who were vigorously swinging their swords, until there was again a line of blue stretching from spur to spur, once more eloquent with a raking rifle fire.

The right side of the Turkish wedge which had given and received lead so steadfastly, which had been the especial object of favors from the end battery, showed through the smoke a doggedly wavering bend in its line whose ends slowly fell back four or five grudging steps even with the bend, steadily firing. A string of bodies marked clearly where it had stood a moment before. From instinctive realization of superior

force which he could not overcome the Turkish skirmisher continued to recede. The point of the wedge had also ceased to advance. All were too tenacious to fall back rapidly, as indeed they might not have done had they tried to, on account of the reserves which were still being pushed into the rear of the wedge. Shortly after five o'clock it was clear enough that the attack was a failure.

You breathed freely again. You put down your field-glasses and lifted your eyes from the ravine to see the sunlight playing on that part of the plain, in the neighborhood of Pharsala, the serenity of which was undisturbed by the killing of a thousand or more men a few miles away. Suddenly, you almost jumped to your feet as the ground shook under you, concurrent with a mighty burst of sound just over your head, which merely announced that the citadel gun was sending another shell into the Turkish batteries. It was followed by all the rattle and roar of battle, which awakened you to the fact that for the bad quarter of an hour for the artillerymen in the end battery and for the bad quarter of an hour that followed for the infantrymen in the line across the ravine, your sense of hearing

had been robbed of its function by your sense of sight.

The Krupps on the citadel and on the heights behind the citadel were quite out of reach of the Turkish field guns. As you saw the gunners of the citadel Krupp dancing about joyously after every successful shot, you felt a devilish desire that at least one shell might be dropped near enough to give them a taste of what the gunners in the end battery had suffered for their sake. Their marksmanship was generally excellent as it ought to have been, because it is one thing to take aim when you are out of danger, and quite another when your eyes are blinded with dust and there may be a drop of a comrade's blood on the end of your nose.

In their haste to reenforce the wedge the Turks brought a solid battalion within range of the citadel Krupp, which promptly transferred its attentions from the Turkish batteries to this more enticing mark. There was a broad grin on the face of the lieutenant at the range-finder as he adjusted his aim with great coolness and care. Your heart was beating with the same fiendish hope as his when he finally stepped back, and a second later your eardrums seemed to crack and

you watched a dark streak flying over six miles of ridges and plain. The shell landed in the middle of that battalion, and must have killed more men than any other shell fired in the campaign. The lieutenant swung his cap and cheered as if he were mad. You hoped that the artillerymen on the front ridge at the right had seen this bit of destruction, too; for you knew how much good it would do them. The battalion was brought quickly back into line and then was deployed with all speed. If our lieutenant had spent less time in celebrating his feat he might have had another shot at it in closed form. His next try was for an advancing battery, which he missed by a good twenty yards.

Gradually falling away from the right ridges, where the fire against them was much heavier, the Turks moved over to the left prong of the V where the ridges were lower and less precipitous. The left prong of the V was also at a broader angle to the line across the ravine, with a considerable bend, and could not offer so broad a cross fire. Edhem continued to advance some of his batteries on the right in the teeth of the heavy fire from our field guns and Krupps, while he brought five or six of his pieces around to the left of the military road.

As the skirmishers advanced toward the left side of the V, the Greek riflemen there kept up a steady succession of volleys, which finally made the enemy halt with the same reluctance that he had halted on the right, this time on the edge of a piece of ploughed ground. A few venturesome fanatics went farther, but not the mass. The places of those who were killed in the front ranks were taken by those who came forward from the ranks behind.

When the curtain of darkness fell upon the scene of butchery at seven o'clock and we who had had seats in the gallery for the spectacle arose, this front line of the Turks was still hanging doggedly on to the patch of ploughed ground, at a needless loss of life, as much as to say:

"Edhem Pasha, we cannot go farther; but, in the name of the Prophet, we will hold every inch that we have."

## CHAPTER XI.

THE world, already surfeited with Greek defeats, as soon as it knew that the Army of the Café had been defeated again, had little interest to spare for the one real fight of the war; but, I pray you, do not forget the artillerymen in the end battery. If you have heard that they bore themselves with small credit in the first seven days' fighting, remember that they were only peasant boys then and not veterans; imagine the misery in their hearts, in their empty stomachs and aching limbs, when they had to draw off their guns in the darkness, carrying their wounded comrades as best they might.

For, that night, we were to fall back for the third time in thirty days. Domoko, which on Monday morning had swarmed with officers believing in an armistice, on Monday evening at dusk was deserted and uncannily silent, was to be pillaged at midnight by the Greek Irregulars

and to be occupied on Tuesday morning by the Turks, who wondered how and why the Greeks had departed so suddenly.

The reasons for the Crown Prince's decision to retreat, made at a later hour, became evident as at eight o'clock one walked along the road at the right of the town after leaving the telegraph office. In the distance, on the mountain side at the right where the opening gun of the battle had been fired at noon, were plainly visible the lights of burning shepherds' huts which marked just how far the enemy, who unwittingly carried beacons, had advanced.

Occasional flashes of fire still to be seen near the mouth of the ravine were mostly from the rifles of wounded Turks of unconquerable spirit who thus blindly endeavored to wreak vengeance on their invisible enemies. Along the military road which runs around the ridges down to the plain the jaded Greek cavalry came at a tired trot. Late in the afternoon the cavalry had been ordered to hurry to the ravine, though what they were to charge, unless the Greek infantry, was not exactly clear. Arriving at the ravine some minutes after the crisis had passed, the cavalry turned around and came back in the

company of the wounded who were being transported in the arms of comrades and in the few jolting carts which the medical corps had been able to muster. The total number of stretchers on hand the day before the battle was three. When the one foreign doctor at Domoko overheard the corps bemoaning the fact, he suggested that hammer, nails, cloth and boards were to be had. The corps replied, with a shrugging of shoulders: "Never mind! It is not necessary. For there is an armistice, and the war is finished." A few of the doctors, however, when necessity pressed so suddenly and so hard upon them, had done their duty under heavy fire. One of these I saw lying by the roadside, moaning piteously, with a piece of shell in his abdomen.

Our carriage was waiting at the rear near a peasant's hut which was occupied by a number of the seriously wounded. Such of these as were actually dying usually bore an expression of stupefaction, while an expression of horror, which suggested fear of death, was more often to be seen on the faces of those whose wounds were less serious. An opiate had eased the departure of the mortally wounded, and pain had awakened the imagination of the others.

Joining the procession of wounded we drove on at its halting pace, forewarned every few minutes of a rut in the road by the groans of the limp figures in the cart ahead of us, until we reached the other side of the little plain which lies between the heights of Domoko and the entrance to Phourka Pass. Here, going some distance to one side of the road in a sheltered spot, we staked our horses for the night; a precaution warranted by the general principle that a correspondent's eyes were of more value than his ears in ascertaining the intentions of the Army of the Café. If there were to be a retreat we should not be caught in another such crush as that on the road from Mati, and if the fighting continued on the morrow we should be within a short distance of the field of action.

For the moment our own commissariat was of vital and preponderant interest. You may gorge your stomach, but the food will disappear like tinder in a furnace when you are watching a battle; and the attack on the ravine was enough to digest three or four dinners. The ever resourceful and cheerful Carlos found, grouped around a fire in a hut, some deserters who had roast lamb to sell. We already had bread; and,

with a chunk of one of these great staples in each hand and a bottle of the bitter native wine between my knees, I soon reached the summit of human happiness.

When our dinner was finished we seated ourselves in the carriage to write an account of the battle by the light of a candle, while Carlos lay outside on the ground rolled up in a blanket. I remember that we finally blew out the candle, and then Carlos awakened us with a severe shaking as he shouted: "Those Greeks are retreating again!" (Since the panic at Mati Carlos had never referred to himself as a Greek.)

It was then about one o'clock, and Carlos told us that we had slept scarcely ten minutes. As we rubbed our eyes and walked over toward the road we heard the rumble and jolting of carts and the tremolo of the voices of the Army of Desolation which was in the excitement of gathering up its chattels and girding its loins for another march. Dimly outlined at a right angle to the road just at the entrance to the pass was the Greek cavalry, presumably there to reassure the peasants.

From a military point of view the necessity of the retreat is an open question. If five thousand men, which we could easily have spared from our

other positions, had made a daybreak attack on the right, our line might have been straightened and we might have held Domoko for days, provided that the Crown Prince had kept in touch by a system of signals with Smollenske's force, which had not been engaged at all on Monday, and both had thrown detachments among the mountains intervening between their positions. But I fear that jealousy stood in the way of such coöperation. The repulse of the Turkish wedge in front of the ravine made it unlikely that Edhem Pasha, oriental, would attack on the second day. If his attempt to carry the ravine by storm in front was only a feint to cover his attack on our right, then either his men got out of his hands or he did not mind having them needlessly butchered. His loss must have been three or four times ours, which was about a thousand. The order to retreat was telegraphed from Athens, where the signing of the armistice by the Sultan was hourly expected and must, it would seem, be forced by the Powers before the Turks would be ready to attack the Greeks in their new position before Thermopylæ. It may be added that the Constantinople correspondent of a London paper, who telegraphed that Domoko was in the posses-

sion of the Turks on Monday three hours before our citadel gun fired its first shot, received the credit for a news victory.

Dawn found our carriage still moving at a snail's pace, clogged in the glum procession of the Army of Desolation, half way up the pass. A grizzled shepherd driving his flock along the ravine was the only energetic person in sight. He was a Wallachian—that is, a Roumanian emigrant—and, therefore, had more reason for claiming a direct descent from the Roman conquerors than the modern Greek from the ancient Hellenes. His flock, it would seem, he had kept in hiding for fear it should become the prey of the soldiers of either army. I had seen him, when he was obliged to drive it to the Greek rear under shell fire, as unmindful of flying fragments of iron as if they were butterflies, and as mindful as ever lest a lamb should escape. Suddenly one of his lambs left his flock and ran into the road. He darted after it, in and out among the carts and donkeys, crying:

"Wouldst thou be meat for the wolves, thou silly one?"

"No, he would be meat for a soldier," said our smiling—still smiling—Carlos.

The shepherd had no time for answering jests. Just at that moment he stuck out his crook and caught the hind leg of the erring one in time to save it from being crushed by a cart. Then, picking it up, he tossed it head foremost among its hungry, frightened, bleating fellows and hurried off after another stray which had gone in an opposite direction. There was no sign of his night's labor in his face. For any tale that its carved, wooden lines told he might have been starving or gorged with food, broken hearted or joyous. His thick, uncovered gray hair grew down over his low, bronzed forehead like a thatch. His nose was such as we fancy that a Roman centurion had. He was a grim and natural man, the master of his flock.

If he alone of that exodus of Biblical coloring was energetic, the fuzzy baby donkeys—ambling along on stilt-like legs which appeared to be too weak to bear even those irresistible handles, their huge, furry ears—alone were fresh and sprightly. They were neither more gentle nor helpless than the children strapped on the backs of the maternal and the paternal donkeys; than the women who carried the youngest of their offspring in their arms; than even the bearded

children who were so important as to have a pair of oxen. The bearded children had gone north after the occupation of Thessaly by Greece to make a home. They were the only Greeks opposed to the war. Now they had to give up their partly made homes. Far worthier sufferers than the Armenians, in starving thousands on the islands of the Ægean Sea and in the rear of the army, they had been unnoticed by the humanitarian sentiment of Western Europe because an army supported by them for their defence had so tardily responded to the demands of duty, gratitude and chivalry.

The Army of Desolation went its way of disaster and of suffering with the meekness of a subject race going under the yoke of its latest conqueror. If there were any struggles in its eddies, resulting from simple causes, they were merely pantomimic, lacking the necessary force to do any one physical injury. You heard ever in varying pitch the tremolo of the women and now and then loud cries when the reason for the halt was near at hand; when part or all of some donkey's pack was about to slide off his back on to the ground. Then the baby donkeys ran to their mothers' sides only to have their meals de-

ferred again as the women tightened a rope and rearranged their household goods; and once more the helpless procession moved on, the baby donkeys putting all of their trust in their mothers, and the helpless deserters from the Army of the the Café, side by side with the helpless peasants, putting all of their trust in the road which was now their common mother.

In a little ravine near the summit of the pass we saw a road wagon with yellow trimmings, the fine pair of bays hitched to it being tied to a bush. Among the heavy-laden asses and the slab-wheeled ox-carts a woman in a ball gown could scarcely have seemed more out of place. It had brought on the Crown Prince and three members of his staff before any part of his army had begun to fall back. He was lying on the ground, while his aides-de-camp were cutting brush to make a fire to boil coffee. The Army of Desolation passed in silence him whom only prophecy had made a conqueror.

Coming to a bridle path which enabled us to save two or three miles we took the cut, rejoining the winding, graded, military road just beyond the head of the procession: which was two Turkish prisoners in charge of four Reserves

who seemed to advance with the air of having a paltry excuse to offer for what was to follow.

We might now travel for the rest of the way to Lamia at reasonable speed. By eleven o'clock we were in front of Lamia's principal café. While waiting for coffee and for our horses to rest, our attention was diverted by an aged priest who came riding into the town square with considerable pomp on a very small ass. He was immediately surrounded by hangers-on to whom he told an exciting tale of disaster.

A minute later, I felt a rough hand against my cheek and an arm around my neck. Dumlos apparently had sprung out of the earth. The last time that I had seen the rascal, he was hurrying out of all danger at Velestino,—but he had not seen me.

"Did you kill your hundred Turks?" I asked.

"I did, O worthy sir, and many more."

"And yet the Greeks were defeated. How do you explain that, Dumlos?"

"The infidels came on in their millions. There was only one Dumlos to face them. I killed my hundred and my two hundred, it is true, O worthy sir. But why shouldst thou wonder? Canst thou stop the rainstorm by catching

"The odds and ends of an army's rear."

"To whom he told an exciting tale."

a hundred drops in thine outstretched hand? If thou wilt give a cup of coffee to a friend who has not eaten for two days I will tell thee all of my adventures."

While he chattered the Army of Desolation, ever the Army of Desolation and finally the Army of Desolation passed through the square, stopping neither for drink nor for food. Between two detachments of it, as it were, came the remnants of the Greek cavalry. When we left Lamia for Stylida the glum procession was still coming, as if endless.

At Stylida we were fortunate enough to send our telegrams to Athens on a transport which was carrying all that it could of the wounded whom we had accompanied on the previous evening as far as the entrance to Phourka. Garibaldians and Reserves, with dust-begrimed, reddish spots around tiny holes in some part of their clothing or blood-stained bandages on their heads, continued to arrive by the little railroad from Lamia as fast as its rolling stock of one locomotive and four or five flat cars could bring them. The Garibaldians had suffered severely, and the devotion of such of them as were not wounded to those who were was touching.

After ten days of tedious waiting the German hospital with the huge flag had reached the height of its ambition. Its tent being full, first one and then another peasant's house had been occupied, while rows of stretchers on the shore awaited accommodation. A fair-haired surgeon, as spick and span as if on review before his emperor, decided in a moment's examination of a patient what ought to be done and performed operations with seemingly brutal, but truly Christian, rapidity.

"It is as I expected," he said with the latter-day self-confidence of his race. "Everything was ready and everything is going on as we had planned."

In Greece, at that moment, he seemed very wonderful to sleepy eyes, though in Western Europe at any time he would have seemed very commonplace.

Fair-haired nurses, spick and span, too, sent loiterers, who started to disturb a dangerously wounded man with questions, on about their business, and then recalled them with rugged gestures to move a cot, scolding them roundly in a language which they did not understand, if they did not place it on the ground gently.

"The Army of Desolation, again."

"And, again, the Army of Desolation."

One nurse was vigorously stirring the contents of a great pot over a fine field hospital stove, making all of the soldiers of the café who were well enough to be hungry sniff and sniff again and pass the good word around from stretcher to stretcher with suggestive glances. I know of two correspondents who longed for a bowl of this soup, though they might not ask for it under the circumstances. If you have been in a battle and ridden all night without food you can realize how well it tasted to a plain Reservist who had only a flesh wound.

For us, Carlos found some delicious fresh fish —conjured them up out of the sea with a diving rod, along with a man who had a skillet and a charcoal fire, I suppose. He did not care to have us ask him questions about his methods.

"I know! I know these Greeks," he would say. "You leave all to me and you will always live like pashas."

After dinner, treating us like helpless children as he ever did, he prepared to put us to bed. He tied some blankets across from one pile of unused railroad ties to another, making a veritable canopy. Underneath it he spread a quantity of unthreshed barley straw, appropriated

from a huge stack which vainly awaited shipment to the islands where it would be out of reach of the Turk. Some soldiers who were chattering near by he drove away for fear they might disturb us. What a luxury it was to pull off our boots, to bury our toes deep in the straw, to arrange our blankets, and then to fall asleep instantly from sheer physical exhaustion!

The next day brought Stylida a little panic of its own. Peasants gathered on the shore and screamed for boats to save them from the Turks who, some one had said, were only two or three miles away. The big flag floated defiantly over the German hospital while the imperturable surgeon and nurses went on with their work.

Personally, we were more interested in the exact location of the Army of the Café than anything else—information not procurable from rumors but from personal investigation, as experience had taught us. We sent our ponies around by land to Molo, while we crossed the gulf to this village, a few miles to the rear of Thermopylæ, which must be the base of supplies for the army's next stand. Stragglers were already coming into Molo with tales of a massacre in Phourka Pass and a terrible panic at Lamia.


"The remnants of the cavalry."

"And, finally, the Army of Desolation."

Our ponies arriving dead beat after dark, we had to postpone the ride to Thermopylæ.

The next morning saw the Greek navy and two or three transports in the gulf just in front of Molo. Colonel Vassos's troops, which had been recalled from Crete to be sent to the front, having been landed at daylight, were wandering about on the shore and into the town as they pleased. Vassos himself was sitting near the pier surrounded by his staff, while a big Cretan bodyguard swaggered up and down in front of them. In reply to a question the colonel said that the Crown Prince's army was at Thermopylæ already, and Smollenske was hurrying to Thermopylæ around the gulf by way of Lamia. He seemed glum and scarcely self-contained.

"There will be a terrible massacre at Thermopylæ—a terrible massacre, indeed," he declared, as he looked helplessly at his straggling men.

Rowing out to the royal yacht (which was in the harbor) we learned, in truth, that on the morning after the battle the Foreign Legion and the troops covering the retreat had been hotly engaged; Smollenske was still at Armyro; the Crown Prince's army was in disordered fragments strung from Phourka to Thermopylæ; and the

Army of Desolation was encamped in its thousands beyond Molo. Greek officers had gone out to confer with Edhem Pasha. A member of the cabinet was also at Phourka. We waited for his return to the yacht an hour later, when he announced that the armistice had been definitely arranged in time to save the Greeks from annihilation.

The war was at an end, having lasted a month.