

bayonets of the latter pointed towards him. Did he shrink? Never a shrink. He raised his hand "smartly to the salute", as the R. S. M. would say, pushed an obtrusive bayonet aside gracefully—and walked on! His men followed at his heels. The Greek sentries let their riflebutts fall with a thump, and gathering into one animated group, heads close together, began to jabber their opinions and convictions to each other. One could clearly see they considered that the officer was not playing the game.

Meanwhile the officer and his men had marched into the parade ground, circled the fort, and was marching out again by another road! It was a famous victory; and Little Karaburnou murmured not a word.

The climax, however, came soon afterwards when half a battalion of French infantry appeared. They made no bones about their mission. They had come to take over the little fort: and

they simply marched in and took it over. Nothing could have been simpler.

Seeing that the French and their allies really meant to take Little Karaburnou the Greeks went away in a huff: but some of the garrison had become so attached to the place — WE could understand their emotion at the thought of parting with it—that they joined the Venizelists rather than pack their kits. After all it was rather a hot day.

And that is how Little Karaburnou was taken from the Royalist Greeks. The one great comfort about it for us was that the little fort might be captured, but it could not be removed. We sometimes stand and look across at its pretty, homely walls. It is so unlike a real fort. It is just a baby fort that has never grown up to be battered by a strong, relentless world. It is a Peter Pan among forts.

It stands today, with its new occupants, our fort before all else; our LITTLE Karaburnou! OUR Little Karaburnou!

