

walls of solid stone fifteen feet thick or more. Although eighty odd feet high it has a winding roadway on the interior up to its top along which a native one-horse cart could be drawn. The tower is surrounded by a promenade and next to it is a huge beer garden, the centre of gaiety for the whole city. Here band concerts and open air concerts are given every night. It is here that Eastern dances and Russian dances are performed for the benefit of those visiting in the city from those parts. They are wonderful performances.

The church of St. Sophia is one of the largest churches and is built much like the missions one sees in Southern California but with this difference. It has a tall minarette on one side and a decidedly low Turkish looking tower on the other. It is supposedly the prototype of the church of the same name in Constantinople.

The town is fortified; has a citadel, huge walls and several forts. In places the wall is thick enough for a wagon road. The battlements on top are about five feet in height. The upper part of the town where the wall is most perfect is the Turkish quarter. Here the streets are very narrow and irregular. The homes are mere hovels, and if recent fire has cleaned these out it could have done little evil. It is off the main thoroughfares that we come in contact with curious streets, cobbled roads with the sewers running down their centres and walks built with the thin brick so much used by the ancient Romans. Then, too, here and there we see the remnants of a bygone civilization. At one time the town possessed a wonderful waterworks system and many of the arched public fountains are still in existence. Great pillars of stone, half buried in the debris of the ages mark where a former colonnade, built under Nero, once stood, and at one place where the contour of the ground evoked a question from me, I learned that I was standing on the site of an old circus or hippodrome of great antiquity. The church of St. Demetrius, despoiled by the Turks, was inlaid with porphyry and jasper. Truly time has changed Saloniki. The many vicissitudes of its peoples have warped their

energies and what should be the gateway or port for the hemmed in countries of Serbia and Bulgaria is now simply, in peace times, a centre for tobacco, wine, silk and wool. What should be a thriving healthy city has been ruined by war, lack of enterprise and politico-religious dissensions among its cosmopolitan peoples. The town has been "bled white" by heavy taxes all through the ages. None of the rulers were sure they could hold it and hence they made money while they had the place in their grasp. When one wanted a concession under Turkish rule he could get it by bribery, but under the king of Greece some Greeks maintain they can get nothing in Saloniki.

Let us hope that the close contact into which this war has brought the many peoples of this part of the world will have a beneficial effect making all more tolerant of other religions than their own.

The possibilities of the town: 1st, as to climate, are excellent if the place were cleaned up properly; 2nd, as to location, it is ideal, being on the seventy-mile railroad joining it up with Belgrade on the Danube, thus connecting it by land and water roads in the valley of the Danube with Smyrna and the coasts of Asia Minor, and its location on its own wonderful natural harbour facilitates easy shipping; 3rd, as to production of silk, corn, cotton, wool, hides and tobacco as well as all kinds of fruit, grapes, figs, dates, apples, lemons and olives, has been fully proven, but the natives prefer to carry on their agriculture much after the fashion of the agriculturist eighteen hundred years ago. They have no experimental farms and modern machinery and methods seem to be entirely lacking. Flour is still crudely ground by windmills. They do know how to grow grapes to perfection and how to make wine. With the ingress of Englishmen and Americans who can see at a glance how this beautiful place is going to waste I fully expect some enterprising spirits will endeavor to arouse the Thessalonians from their lethargy and teach them how to make their old town hum with prosperity.

