

truthfully say that I enjoyed my stay in Saloniki.

Greek history is responsible for my disappointment upon beholding the manhood and womanhood of the race which I saw in Saloniki. The Grecian athlete was decidedly non est in this locality.

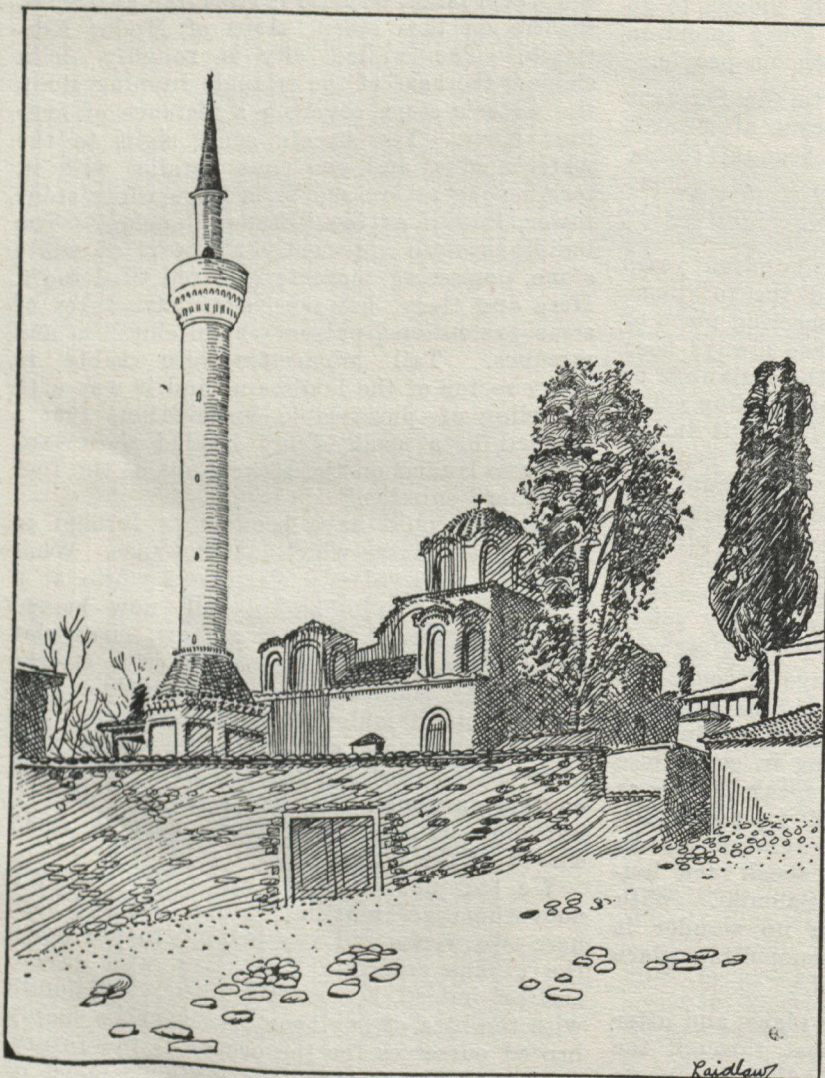
The officers parading the streets with their

such that I finally made my way into a restaurant and secured a seat. Fully 200 people were having dinner in a room that would have been crowded with a single 100 in it. Greece was neutral at this time, and the German consul still held his post in the city and Germans were running all over the place. My eye encountered the hateful glare of many

of these swine. I had to content myself with listening to the music they made as they gargled their soup, because the meal was positively repulsive to me, consisting of soup, rice as a vegetable, and goat's meat; the latter was terrible. Every window was studiously closed, and had it not been for the fact that the beer was rather good I should have fainted. As it was I contented myself with chasing the cockroaches from my side of the table, and was thankful when others had finished and allowed me to make my exit, still hungry and desperately warm.

In my wanderings around the town I made a point of looking up the oldest things. The gem of the whole place was the arch of Galerine, which was in bad repair, but, nevertheless, interesting. The crude carvings on parts of this were an index to its great age and differences in material showed when it had been repaired from time to time through different generations.

Probably nothing astonished me more than the ancient bath house in the centre of the town. It was so old that Egyptian hieroglyphics were still discernable on the stones forming the basin to the fountain at the main entrance. The structure and completeness of this public bath could assist us in building one to this day. The Tour Blanche was the fortress built by the Venetians, and is an interesting structure, being in good repair. It has



Mosque over 400 years old

pompous strides, compared with French officers, reminded one of toy soldiers. Their stature did not come up to the French and they lacked the alertness and dash. The women, for the most part, were also disappointing, and in no instance did I see one of either sex which would justify the raptures into which ancient history plunges one.

Even in Saloniki the pangs of hunger were