



HUMOUR IN TRAGEDY



"How much?" a Sister asks, holding up a cushion-top which seems worth half an hour's bargaining.

"Sixty drachmae." The Sister drops it in disgust having valued it at ten, but the Turk holds up his hands in consternation.

"Dat antique, ten drachmae!"

"How much for the rug?"

"Tree hundred drachmae."

"Much too dear," says the Sister on principle, making rapid mental calculations to ascertain what amount has been named.

"No, cheap, ver' cheap," urges the Turk. "Dat rug ver' old." The Sister picks up a cup, "Real antique," repeats the Turk. "Tourk cup ver' good." A firm in Texas is advertised above the words "Come and see for yourself."

"English?" asks the Sister, pointing to the words.

"No, Tourk," insists the Turk, failing to grasp the significance. The Sister's eyes return to the cushion-top and the Turk's to Sister.

"Fifteen drachmae."

"Sixty."

"Twenty."

"Sixty." A light of mysterious benevolence steals into the Sister's face.

"Give this for twenty-five. I tell my friends. You make money."

"Forty drachmae."

"I tell all my friends," repeats the Sister, as though taking on a contract to fill his coffer with gold.

"Tirty-five," pleads the Turk.

The Sister seizes the cushion-top and walks to the stairs, followed by the gesticulating Turk. "Twenty-five drachmae," she declares on each step.

"Tirty-five," cries the Turk in a continuous flow. The Sister picks up a bell. "Ver' sweet, how much you give for two?"

"Thirty."

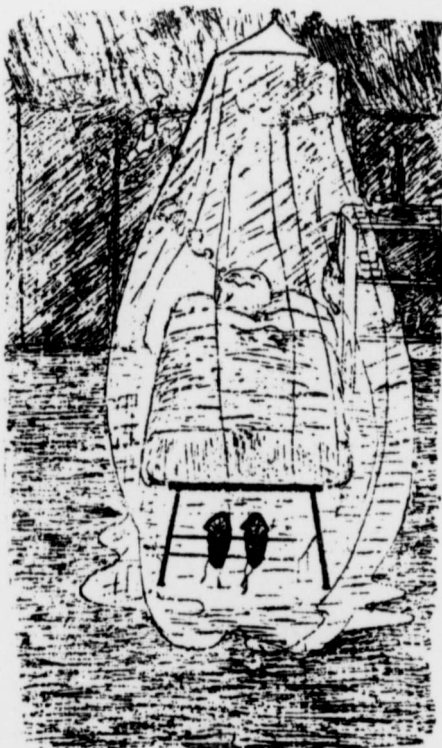
But the man is horrified beyond measure. "Feenesh," he announces, clasping his treasures to his breast.

"All right," says the Sister, holding thirty drachmae well in view, as she moves slowly towards the door. "Good things in other shops very cheap."

She reaches the next window—no, not quite, for the Turk comes hurrying after her.

"Tirty drachmae, all right; give money," he grunts disgustedly and the Sister feels rewarded for her tenacity.

There are several cafés at the foot of Venizelos Street, but the most popular with the allied troops flourishes under the name of *Flocca Freres*. Small tables fill the room, overflowing past the path into



A malarial day-dream.