

done what lies in his power for a countrywoman, makes his adieu and retires. A court official, brisk and courteous, takes me in charge.

"His Majesty is ready." A moment's walk brings us to the royal study. The eozanal opens the door; the grand equerry bows and retires. A big, sunlit room, book lined, furnished in strong, dark colors, several deep, low, leather chairs, an immense may tralling across a table, all about a rigidly limited collection of marble fragments, signed photographs, military souvenirs. I pause by the door to make the first courtesy. The king strides from his table desk to shake hands!

And I note the king in his study is more simply uniformed than any man in HIS palace!

Constantine of Greece, now at the vigorous age of forty-five, is tall as a lance and as straight. His long head and gray eyes indicate his Danish blood, his womanly lower lip and unexpected dimples are an inheritance from his Russian mother. His English is salted with the idioms of an American collegian, rapped out in the curt enunciation of one accustomed to command.

"You want me to talk of our war? Mademoiselle, I am a soldier—not an orator," he began. "But I can say this: We Greeks have won our recent glorious victory because each soldier believed victory, or defeat, depended on him! None fought for hire. Greeks came from Attica and Thermopylae, from the Caucasus and America.

"Each loved our little Greece with all his heart! Every man knew he was needed. Compared with the beefy Bulgarians, they seemed to me small, of light weight, immature, only they were old in endurance. Bizani, for instance, was taken by waiting—lying on mountain tops, with snow to drink and corn to gnaw, while salt fish, curdled milk, hard bread and a few cloves of garlic—that was a feast!

"My men are soldiers. But not

like the Turks or the Bulgars! No Greek has it in him to commit atrocities—to slay and pillage—or worse.

"At Nigrita my soldiers dug forty victims from a pit, old men and women, some of them half alive! Near Doxato, Bulgar troops surrounded a hill where Capt. Cordale later found babies' bodies lanced through and through.

"It is estimated that Bulgarians have massacred in one year between 450,000 and 500,000 peaceful non-combatants—men, women and children. Not a village through which they passed but was looted and partially burned!"

The king's jaw squared. His closed fist smote the table nervously as if he hesitated to voice a horrid memory. His majesty's easy courtesy tempted me to speak. Every soldier knows that when the royal commander-in-chief sent his men into a desperate cul-de-sac life crown prince of Greece went with them. I mentioned the incident. The mobile lips were firm, but the gray eyes smiled.

"My sons, being officers, belonged to the army. They are Greeks and nothing else," commented the king.

"My eldest son was nearly killed at Yanina. An exploding shell broke his wrist watch—also nipped his ear. By the mercy of God he was not wounded. His brother did very well, too. The third stayed at home. His mother thought him too young for the field." The father heaved a sigh of retrospection.

"How old is Prince Paul?"

Again that honest, self-accusing smile: "Eleven," confessed his Majesty!

• • •

"They tell me you went to Russia for the eBillis case. Well, I think that ritual murder charge a shame—yes, ridiculous. Public opinion will not stand for it. It is too late in the day for such superstition. We Greeks want no such 'news.' I have forbid-