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CERTAIN SAMARITANS



ESTHER POHL LOVEJOY

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La Ferté Milon
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Blois

* Marks work
in cooperation with
AMER. COMM. for
DEVASTATED FRANCE

Drawn by
Isabella Farr Brockway



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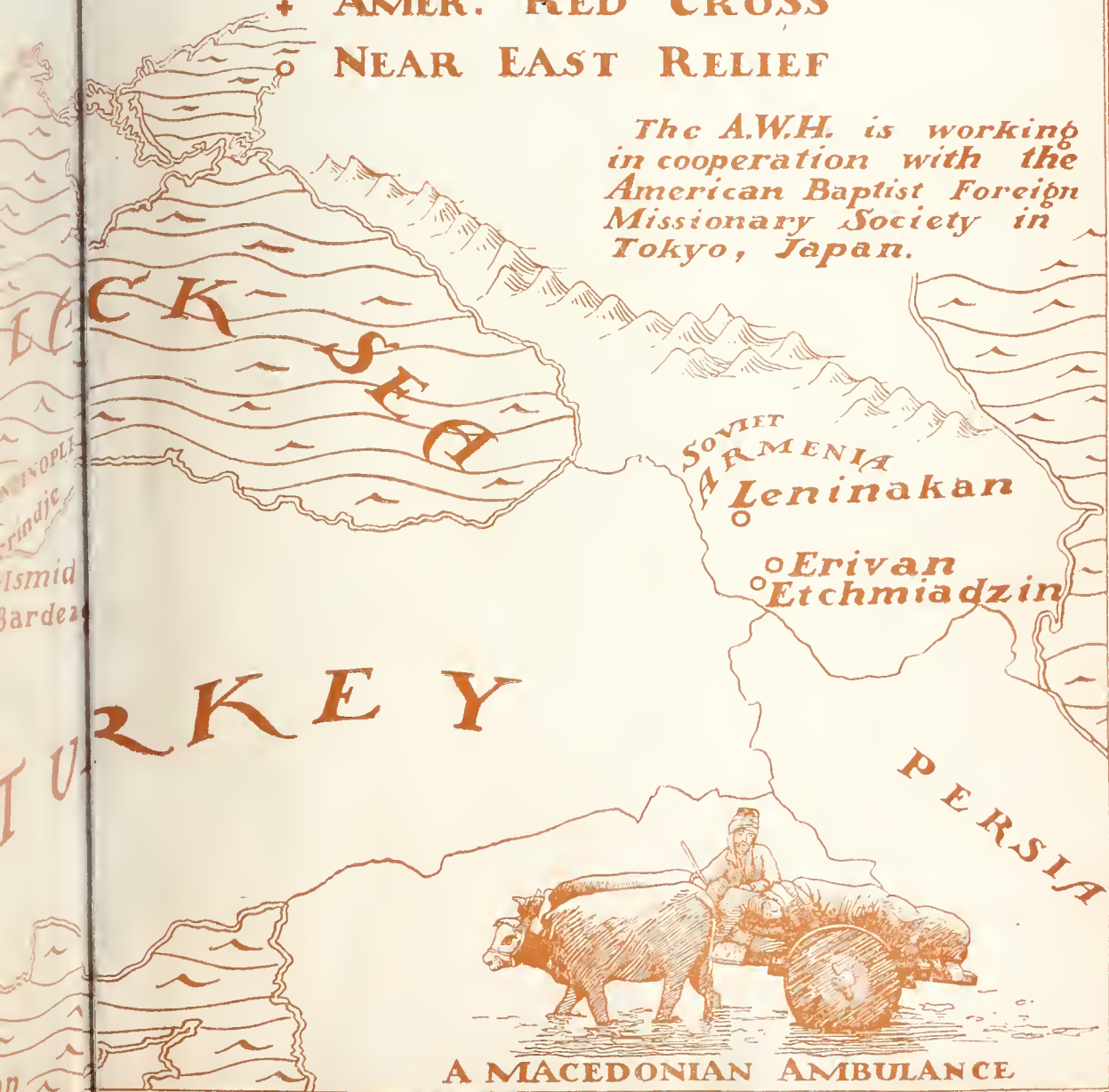
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CERTAIN SAMARITANS

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To The American Women's Hospitals. *W. G. G. 1918*

The Greek Community and the Board of Directors of the
 Greek Hospital, Constantinople, send their heartfelt thanks and
 eternal gratitude for saving the lives of our poor sick people at
 the most difficult period in our history. No help ever so
 greater than this. *W. G. G. 1918*

CERTAIN SAMARITANS

BY
ESTHER POHL LOVEJOY

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1927

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1940

Many of the photographs used in this book have been contributed by different persons to whom we wish to express appreciation. The illustration on the jacket was done by a refugee artist in Constantinople; the frontispiece was also painted by a refugee in Constantinople. On account of his talent, he was afterward sent to Paris where his work has already won recognition.



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CERTAIN SAMARITANS



CERTAIN SAMARITANS

CHAPTER I

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF—IN THE BEGINNING
THERE WAS LIGHT BUT NO FUNDS—THE AGE LIMIT FOR
WOMEN

THE Balkan Peninsula lies between the devil and the deep sea. It is the natural path between Europe and Asia; the trail of invaders from both directions, dark Tartars and "white Huns"; the highway of the western push of the Turks for hundreds of years, and the eastern pressure of the Germans during this day and age; a rich poaching ground for neighboring nations, and a handy pawn for the great powers at times of negotiation.

Bound on the north by the Magyars, *et al*, on the south by the Turks, on the east by the Tartars and the "Reds," on the west by the Pope, on the southwest by the Caliph, in the center by the Patriarch and the Macedonian Comitadjis, and in every direction by disturbers of the peace, this stretch of territory is, and always has been, geographically, politically, and religiously adapted to the development of history-making episodes.

Political and religious crimes are common in the Balkans and adjacent countries round about the Black Sea, across the Bosphorus, and along the coast of Asia Minor. Incidents, which would be classed as epochal in Western Europe, pass without notice in these bad lands, unless outsiders are involved. The dramatic unities would have been violated if fate had sent the Grand Duke Ferdinand in any other direction to start the World War, and the chances are the explosion would have held fire until some "incident"

in the Balkans, or the Near East, could be used to set it off.

In a general way, the history of this part of the earth's surface may be divided into three periods: before the Turk, under the Turk, and after the Turk. Long, long before the Turk, the spiritual and intellectual life which survives in our present day western world, divinely planted in the minds of men, developed in the southern section of the Balkan Peninsula, the Ægean Islands, and along the coast of Asia Minor. This is the glory that was—and *is* Greece.

The goal of the Ancient Greeks was a dominant world culture, and, with the help of their enemies in different ages, this goal has been realized in large measure. Efforts to stamp out Hellenism in the land of its nativity spread it broadcast over the western world. Uprooted by Turkish whirlwinds and scattered over fertile fields, it took root and became a vital part of the civilization under which we live.

At the dawn of the Renaissance, the Balkans caught the gleam of the rising sun, which was almost immediately eclipsed by the spreading power of Islam. During the centuries of this relapse, the dark age south of the Danube seemed darker by contrast with the light and life of western Europe. Wherever the Turk ruled, the status of the unbeliever was reduced to the lowest possible point. Those of conquerable soul accepted the "Faith" and joined the governing class, while those of unconquerable soul watched, waited, hoped, prayed, and fought like devils for the day of deliverance and the glory of God.

During the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth centuries, the conquering hordes of the Sultan carried the Crescent steadily toward the northwest, subjugating country after country. If the defenders of the Cross, the Pope and Patriarch, had combined their forces, they might have stopped this movement at any stage. But the prayers of the "Faithful" seemed as potent then as they are now: "Allah unite not the Giaours!"

The Christian church was a house divided against itself. The Roman Catholic countries of Europe were not worrying about the Orthodox Catholic countries of the Balkans, which the Turks were conquering. There was an element of retribution in their subjugation. But when Hungary fell into the hands of the infidels, Hungary, the undefiled, and fair Austria and Poland stood next in line, there was howling and gnashing of teeth and calling to arms throughout all Europe.

At the gates of Vienna, John Sobieski, the Polish King of blessed memory, turned the Turks backward toward Asia. As soon as they were south of the Danube in the domain of the Patriarch, the western world rejoiced and began to discern some justification in their occupation of that territory, at least until it became convenient for the more enlightened nations of the North to take over the responsibility.

But the Serbians, Roumanians, Greeks and other Balkan peoples wanted to be free. Generation after generation, their children were born and dedicated to the task of liberating the land. United they might easily have accomplished this end, but they were naturally incompatible, and their enemies fostered internal quarrels, pointing with diplomatic deprecation to the "cock-pit of Europe," while doing their utmost to keep the fight going. In spite of all these handicaps and difficulties, the invaders were gradually dislodged during the past hundred years. In 1912, those little countries got together for a final drive and would have finished the job by the Balkan War, but separate national interests were hard to adjust, and again a division was effected by outside influences operating in favor of Turkey, for the purpose of maintaining the "balance of power."

Then came the World War and Turkey joined the Central Empires. While the great Christian nations were engaged in the barbarous business of killing each other on a colossal scale, they could hardly protest against the Turks

participating in the general carnage within their own borders. In accordance with the policy of Turkification, a monstrous scheme for the extermination of Armenians was put into practice during the early years of the war. Turkey doubtless anticipated a rich reward and large territory to Turkify if the Central Powers won; but they lost, and the surviving Christian minorities thought the day of deliverance from Turkish rule was at hand. It was—but not in the way they had hoped and anticipated. The Allies failed of their promises. The Bolshevik Revolution in Russia destroyed the protective influence of the Russian Orthodox Church, and the defeat of the Greek Army in Anatolia in 1922 left the Christian population at the mercy of their Turkish masters.

The holocaust at Smyrna was the spectacular finale of the general Christian clean-up in Turkey. "Giaour Ismir," the Infidel City, went up in flames, and the Christian people fled for their lives from every part of the country. With this fact accomplished, the Turks sat down with the Allies at Lausanne, a few months later, to negotiate terms of peace, and probably did as well for themselves as they would have done if they had been negotiating with the triumphant Central Powers.

The exodus of the Children of Israel has recently been shown throughout the United States in a moving picture, the theme of which is the eternal application of the Ten Commandments. And even while this picture was being filmed in America, the Exodus of the Children of Christianity from Turkey, the greatest migration in the history of mankind, was actually taking place.

I was on the railroad pier at Smyrna during most of the daylight hours from September 24-30, 1922, the week of the great evacuation. Bent with the weight of all their worldly possessions which they carried on their backs, approximately three hundred thousand Christian people, mostly women and children, walked the plank—the long



AN ALBANIAN HODJA ON MARKET DAY.



Dr. Elfie Richards Graff, examining a lovely child at the "Well Babies Clinic," Kokinia, Greece, 1927.



CHILDREN'S WARD, KOKINIA HOSPITAL.



THREE REFUGEES—PHYSICIAN, NURSE AND PATIENT.



"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

These three women, who were almost blind, were led by different children from their neighborhood to the A. W. H. Eye Clinic for treatment.



Miss Mabelle Phillips, Dr. Elfie R. Graff and Dr. Ruth Parmelee, at the Temple of Æsculapius, Epidaurus, Greece.



DR. LULA HUNT PETERS IN ALBANIAN COSTUME.

plank pier, their Via Dolorosa, to the refugee ships on which they were transported from their native land to Greece.

The picture of the biblical exodus falls far short of the Smyrna spectacle, but in many respects the old story repeats itself—the suffering, murmuring, despair, death and failure of faith. In the light of the recent experience, it is easier to understand the statement: “But as for you, your carcasses, they shall fall in the wilderness. And your children shall wander in the wilderness for forty years.”

An uprooted nation cannot replant itself in less than one human season, a generation. The Children of Christianity from Turkey are still wandering in the “wilderness” of Greece, especially in the less accessible districts of Macedonia. The “carcasses” of an unnumbered multitude have already fallen in the “wilderness”; hundreds of thousands are gradually adjusting themselves to a new life, and hundreds of thousands are still shifting and seeking malaria-free places, where they can earn a living and establish new homes.

From the beginning of this great migration physicians and nurses of the American Women’s Hospitals moved with the outcasts from island to island and from shore to hinterland. Hospitals, clinics, food stations, a quarantine island and camps for pestilential diseases have been conducted, and a larger service for the sick, among these refugees in Greece, has been carried by our organization than that of all other American agencies combined. This work is still going on.

How did the American women in our service happen to be in the immediate field at the time of this epochal call? How did I happen to be on the railroad pier at Smyrna when the Christian population of that old city left the land of their fathers to take refuge in the only country which would receive them? The answer to these questions might involve the history of the feminist movement since Eve moved out of Eden, or it might be covered by the universal answer to

difficult questions, employed in France between 1914 and 1918, to wit, "C'est la Guerre."

C'est la Guerre. This was the beginning—the first reason why the American Women's Hospitals was established by the Medical Women's National Association in 1917, for the purpose of serving the sick in war-stricken countries. The plan expanded in answer to the needs, and medical relief work has been and is now being conducted in different parts of the world. This service has not been a bed of roses. Sometimes it has been a bed of straw in a box car, a rug on the deck of a sailing smack, or a cot in a typhus camp. Our hospitalers have endured discomforts, survived diseases and manifold dangers, but they have lived abundantly and stored up riches within themselves upon which they may draw as the years go by. They can never be poor though they die in the almshouse—the place would be enriched by their presence.

As a humanitarian achievement the American Women's Hospitals holds a unique place in the field of foreign relief. This service is best known by those who have been sick and in distress, and unfortunately, few such people write for newspapers and periodicals. We have never been rich enough to maintain a publicity department, at home or abroad, for the purpose of keeping the details of our work before the public, and hereby hangs many a tale untold—many a thrilling story of heroism, and many an interesting item, which might have been added to Associated Press dispatches and cabled around the world to our advantage.

This relief agency, which was inaugurated while the United States was mobilizing for war, is the outgrowth of the desire of American medical women for their share of the work they were qualified to perform. Our Government provided for the enlistment of nurses, but not for women physicians. This was a mistake. It is utterly impossible to leave a large number of well-trained women out of a

service in which they belong, for the reason that they won't stay out.

The men of the medical profession were called to the colors. The nation stood ready to provide transportation, buildings, medical and hospital supplies, rations, rank, salary, insurance and well-fitting shoes. We were grateful for the opportunity of service and concomitant blessings enjoyed by our professional brothers, and from the standpoint of our disadvantage, we rejoiced in their good fortune.

The women of the medical profession were not called to the colors, but they decided to go anyway. War Service Committees had been appointed by groups of medical women in different states for the purpose of organizing hospital units. Anticipating the course of the country, Dr. Josephine Walter and other New York medical women had organized the Woman's Army General Hospital Unit, for New York City, in July, 1916, almost a year before this nation joined the Allies. Preliminary work of a similar nature had been undertaken by the women physicians of Massachusetts and other states.

The Medical Women's National Association, which met in New York in June, 1917, adopted a naïve resolution calling upon the War Department for a square deal regardless of sex, color, or previous condition of servitude. This resolution was supplemented by the creation of a War Service Committee, after which we probably sang, "We won't come back, till it's over, over there." Actual warfare is over, over there, but we are concerned with the care of the sick, the healing of wounds and the rebuilding of human lives. Our work is not yet over, over there, and for this reason we have not come back.

Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen, who was president of the Medical Women's National Association in 1917, appointed Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton of New York City, chairman of the War Service Committee, in which capacity she served

for one year. At the first meeting called by the chairman on June 9, 1917, I was authorized to go to Europe as the official representative of the Medical Women's National Association, and instructed to confer with Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, who had just been appointed Chairman of the Women's Committee, National Council of Defense, by the War Department. This committee had been created for the purpose of coördinating the activities of the organized bodies of women in the United States.

A conference of the presidents and representatives of forty national, state and other associations of women, met in Washington, June 19, 1917. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw presided. Mr. Hoover urged the conservation of food and the support of the American Red Cross. Dr. Eliza M. Mosher of Brooklyn, N. Y., was delegate from the Medical Women's National Association. Her appointment was peculiarly fitting. The soul of the service represented was symbolized in her personality. Tall, straight, strong, unconscious of her threescore years and ten, her impressive figure might well have been chosen as a model for "The Woman Physician" and copied in bronze as an inspiration to future generations. With a background of almost half a century of service in the medical profession, she looked forward eagerly to the high duties of the immediate future, briefly and vividly stating the case of the American women physicians, calling attention to the handicaps under which they were working, reporting the appointment of the War Service Committee of the Medical Women's National Association, and bespeaking the coöperation of other organizations of women in plans for the relief of the sick and wounded at home and abroad.

The suffering of noncombatant populations, particularly women and children, in war-stricken countries, was discussed at length, and the following resolution, drafted by Ellis Meredith, and introduced by Dr. Mosher, was adopted:

PAST PRESIDENTS OF THE MEDICAL WOMEN'S NATIONAL
ASSOCIATION



Bertha VanHoosen, M.D.
1915-18



Angenette Parry, M.D.
1918-19



Etta Gray, M.D.
1919-20



Martha Tracy, M.D.
1920-21



Elizabeth Bass, M.D.
1921-22



Grace N. Kimball, M.D.
1922-23



Kate C. Mead, M.D.
1923-24



Katherine C. Manion, M.D.
1924-25



Anna B. Blount, M.D.
1925-26

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HOSPITALS



Eliza M. Mosher, M.D., Hon.
Pres. Medical Women's National
Association.



Frances Eastman Rose, M.D.,
Pres. Medical Women's National
Association, 1926-27.



Elizabeth B. Thelberg, M.D., Pres. Medical Women's Nat. Association,
1927-28, with one of her grandchildren.

MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE BOARD OF AMERICAN WOMEN'S
HOSPITALS



Esther Pohl Lovejoy, M.D.
Chmn. Ex. Bd. A. W. H., Pres. Med.
Women's International Association,
1919-24



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1917-18



Caroline M. Purnell, M.D.
1918



Sue Radcliff, M.D.
1922



Frances Cohen, M.D.
1919

A. W. H. COMMISSIONERS TO FRANCE



Evangeline Caven, M.D.
Serb. Child Welfare Asso.



Clara Williams, M.D.
Near East Relief



Louise Tayler-Jones, M.D.
Wellesley Unit

A. W. H. PHYSICIANS WORKING IN CO-OPERATION WITH
OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

WHEREAS the Red Cross has recently sent a Commission of seventeen men abroad to investigate needs, and

WHEREAS the Medical Women's National Association has asked Dr. Esther Lovejoy to go to France to investigate the condition of women, THEREFORE BE IT

RESOLVED, That we ask the Red Cross to add Dr. Lovejoy to their commission.

This resolution was not acted upon favorably by the American Red Cross, but it introduced the Medical Women's National Association at a time when plans for war relief work by different groups were in process of incubation, and was the forerunner of friendly relations which have been maintained for the past ten years. The Red Cross helped us from the beginning with good counsel at home and large quantities of supplies in the field of service. Dr. Morton, Dr. Mary M. Crawford, Dr. Caroline Purnell, Dr. Inez Bentley, Mrs. Charlotte Conger and other representatives of the American Women's Hospitals conferred with the Red Cross officials regarding all of our early plans, to the end that this service was arranged to fit into the general plan for the relief of suffering.

In the beginning there was light, but no funds. Our workers were all volunteers and paid for the privilege by financing, according to their means, part of the service in which they were engaged. The cost of travel, equipment, supplies, and general overhead was carried in this way. Week after week, month after month, the American Women's Hospitals grew, and naturally suffered growing pains. Active, honorary, and advisory committees were appointed, and an auxiliary board, of which Miss Emily O. Butler of New York was chairman, rendered valuable service in securing funds. Inspirational meetings were held and gifts of clothing, surgical instruments, ambulances, and other equipment were received. The following is quoted from the report of Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, first Chairman of the War Service Committee of the Medical Women's

National Association, at the end of her term of service, June, 1918.

To the President

The Medical Women's National Association

I have the honor to submit the following report:

The American Women's Hospitals was organized and put in operation in June, 1917, by the War Service Committee of the Medical Women's National Association. I was appointed chairman of the Executive Committee, and associated with me were Dr. Emily Dunning Barringer, vice-chairman; Dr. Mary Merrit Crawford, corresponding secretary; Dr. Frances Cohen, recording secretary; Dr. Belle Thomas, associate corresponding secretary; Dr. Sue Radcliff, treasurer. This committee has been gradually increased as the need of the work demanded, and the following names have been added: Dr. Mathilda K. Wallin, second vice-chairman; Dr. Caroline M. Purnell, third vice-chairman; Dr. Marie L. Chard, assistant treasurer; Dr. Gertrude A. Walker, chairman of Finance Committee; Mrs. Conger, executive secretary; Miss Bertha Rembaugh, Counselor.

Over a thousand women physicians registered with the American Women's Hospitals during the first year, and in accordance with the provisions of a special agreement, a large number of these were certified to the Red Cross for service in France, Italy, Poland and the Balkan States. The following cable regarding this matter was sent in March, 1918, by Henry P. Davison, American Red Cross:

Perkins, Harjes, Paris.

6880—2364,

Heartily favor accepting offer of American Women's Hospitals to organize personnel for hospitals or dispensaries to serve in any country under direction of American Red Cross. Dispensaries and hospitals to be known as American Women's Hospitals of American Red Cross, in charge women doctors, subject to general control and direction of Red Cross Commission. May be used for civil or military purposes under your direction. This plan meets with entire approval of Medical Advisory Board and War Council provided you recommend.

Advise whether you approve and if so how many such dispensaries or hospitals you can use to advantage and size of each unit.

DAVISON.

Possibilities for service were opening in different directions, but we were handicapped by lack of funds. In the language of an eager salesman, the American Women's Hospitals was a "selling proposition," but our leaders were physicians of the old school and loath to go into the business of getting money in a direct business way. During the first year from June, 1917, to June, 1918, only \$24,000 was raised, but a campaign committee had been appointed under the leadership of Dr. Gertrude A. Walker and during the second year over \$300,000 was received for the support of the American Women's Hospitals.

In August, 1917, I sailed for France on the old ship *Chicago*, with Dr. Alice Barlow Brown of Winnetka, Illinois. The chronological age of the *Chicago* is a matter of record regarding which I have no information, but actual age is physiological; it depends upon the quality of material in the beginning, and the wear, tear and repair of the years.

The age limit is a terrible thing. The Red Cross had notified our committee that the age limit for women acceptable for overseas service was, with special exceptions, between twenty-five and forty years. Therefore, we were all under forty. The official old age limit for men was fifty-five, in spite of the fact that women are better insurance risks at that age. This ruling had evidently been made by men who could qualify under it, but forty was our limit, and all the women on the *Chicago* were doing their best to conform to this requirement.

An atmosphere of hope and expectation pervaded the ship. None of us knew just what we were going to do, but we all entertained an inward and outward conviction that we had been appointed to live at this day and age for good

and sufficient reasons which would be revealed in due time. Dr. Alice Barlow Brown, with a nurse and interpreter, had been sent over by the American Fund for French Wounded. They were assigned for duty in the Meurthe-et-Moselle, and I joined the medical staff of the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross at Paris. My special job was to investigate and report on organizations applying for relief, and my duties took me into different parts of France, and offered unusual opportunities for making observations which were afterward embodied in a report to the Medical Women's National Association.

At the beginning of the second year of the American Women's Hospitals service, Dr. Mary M. Crawford of New York City, my predecessor, was appointed chairman of the Executive Board, and served until June, 1919. During her incumbency, medical women were sent to serve in different parts of Europe and Near Eastern countries, our coöperative work with other organizations was extended, and our independent work was established in France and undertaken in the Balkans.

CHAPTER II

MEDICAL SERVICE ON THE MARNE—ALL SOULS' DAY AT
LUZANCY—A. W. H. DENTISTRY—A GRAND PANDORA
BOX OF SURGICAL DISEASES—TWO HOME TOWNS

THE American Women's Hospital No. 1 was opened in the Village of Neufmoutiers, Seine et Marne, in July, 1918, under the direction of Dr. Barbara Hunt, of Bangor, Maine. A building was assigned for this purpose by the Sixth French Army with the understanding that the hospital should be available for both civil and military cases. This was the first hospital conducted and financed entirely by our committee. I should like to say that it ran like clockwork from the beginning, but this would not be the truth. As a matter of fact, it ran like most of the hospitals in the war zone, in a very uncertain fashion, but it stayed in the field, gaining strength as time went by. Within a few months, as the Germans evacuated territory, our hospital moved joyously toward the north, where the need was greater and the facilities for work much better.

The following account is taken largely, and sometimes quoted verbatim from the letters and reports of Dr. Hunt, Dr. M. Louise Hurrell, Dr. Ethel V. Fraser, Dr. Hazel D. Bonness and other medical women, who served with Hospital No. 1 in the field, and from the reports of Dr. Caroline M. Purnell and Dr. Frances Cohen, who visited France as special commissioners of the American Women's Hospitals.

History was being made rapidly during the summer months of 1918. France was holding her breath in expectation of the

renewed offensive, and the struggle for the possession of the Marne at Château-Thierry was still swaying back and forth in uncertainty. There were nightly raids on Paris, only twenty miles away, and at dawn we were wakened by the dull thunder of guns and flashes of light toward the northeast. Bombs were dropped on neighboring villages occasionally by the "Gothas," and the Allied Air Squadrons, great "V" shaped wedges, like flocks of geese 25 to 30 in number, with small scouting machines patrolling their flanks, swept overhead daily on their way to the front.

In the midst of this excitement, our hospital building was prepared for use as quickly as possible. The furniture was packed, carpets taken up by a squad of "poilus," and four large rooms converted into wards with a capacity of fifty beds. The servants' dining room, with painted walls, tiled floor and running water, was chosen for the operating room, and a small round tower room adjoining, reserved for the use of our radiologist.

The Allied counter drive, destined to end the war, was begun July eighteenth. For several days before this the gray-blue and khaki-clad soldiers had been disappearing from the district, and within a week our commanding officer ordered building repairs and preparations discontinued. The Army had moved back into the Aisne and our refugees were returning to their homes. A new location in the devastated region was to be assigned for our hospital, and in the meantime two physicians, with nurses, were to proceed at once to Meaux to assist in the treatment of wounded French soldiers arriving by ambulance from the front.

While waiting for the promised new location in the devastated region, medical dispensaries were opened and also a dental service established at Neufmoutiers. At this time, one of our doctors with an ambulance was making daily visits to villages in the Aisne, holding consultations and bringing the sick to the hospital. Most of the refugees were picking up their meager belongings and trudging back to their homes, and in September we, too, packed up our troubles, and moved to the village of Luzancy sur Marne, fifteen miles from Château-Thierry.

Our hospital was installed in the Luzancy Château. The building had been in almost constant use as a hospital since the beginning of the war, first by the Germans, then by the

French, and last by our own Americans. This was a dear old place, with a frontage on the bank of the Marne. Which bank? The Marne meanders up and down and around about regardless of geographic direction. The Luzancy Château and grounds occupied territory in one of the many loops of this winding stream. There was no compass in our equipment, but the A. W. H. workers got along very well without knowing their exact position in relation to one of the most famous rivers on the face of the earth.

From a purely picturesque standpoint, the Marne was lovely at Luzancy, and the park a wild and woodsy place where startled birds and pert little chipmunks darted here and there among the trees during daylight hours, and bats, owls and real fireflies came out at night. Sunlight or moonlight, these woods were enchanting; shifting beams of light were always breaking through the leafy foliage, casting elusive shadows, such as were caught on canvas by Corot, who at one time lived in a house overlooking these grounds.

While the general clean-up was in progress, and the different systems of the building were being restored to running conditions, and whitewashers were doing their utmost to make a ravishing but infected old château look like a clean new hospital, thirteen dispensaries were established in outlying districts to meet the immediate need for medical assistance. The passage of troops, and the occupation of villages by large numbers of soldiers in the spring and summer of 1918, had resulted in a scarcity of food and a very insanitary state of affairs. The returning refugees were in a run-down physical condition. The stage was set for epidemics. Diphtheria and scarlet fever appeared. These diseases were soon controlled, but typhoid and influenza, spreading over the district, reached the proportions of a disaster.

The installation of the American Women's Hospital No. 1, with village dispensaries and ambulance service, seemed heaven-sent at that critical time. Hundreds of people were

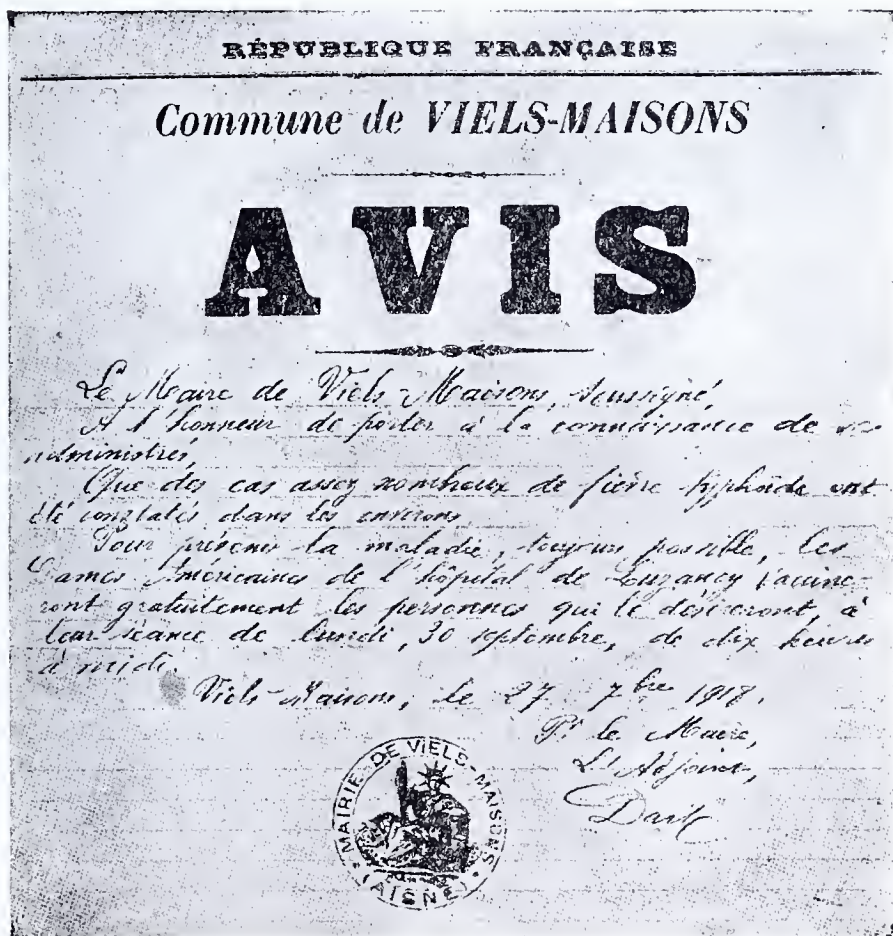
sick, and the district was practically without medical supplies or physicians, except the two women doctors with the American Committee for Devastated France who were working in association with our corps.

While the typhoid infection was widespread, it was more malignant in some places than in others. Twelve virulent cases developed in a nearby village, four of which were children belonging to the same family. The courtyard of this home was reeking with filth and swarming with flies. One after another the children sickened and died, and the poor mother was almost frantic when her last child was taken to our hospital. Fortunately, this little one recovered.

During the typhoid epidemic, which lasted three months, our medical staff became emergency health officers. Double shod with supplementary sabots, they shuffled through barnyard filth from one hovel to another. Streets and courtyards were cleaned, decaying débris dug out of holes and corners, and these disease breeding spots liberally sprinkled with disinfectants. Most of the villages were without drainage, and the members of our organization who served in France were personally familiar with such plumbing fixtures as existed in the war zone—but this is a subject for diplomats.

As a preventive measure, practically the entire population in infected areas was given anti-typhoid inoculations. Notices were posted and announcements made by the town crier regarding the time and place chosen for this work. Sometimes the village bell, which usually tolled for ceremonies or calamities, was rung. When the people assembled, which they always did promptly, to hear what new troubles impended, the official speaker explained that the Germans were not coming, but that typhoid fever in a virulent form had appeared in the community; that it was possible to prevent this disease by anti-typhoid inoculations, and that American women physicians were present, and prepared to give these treatments.

The following is a copy of an official notice regarding our anti-typhoid activities:



The town crier supplemented this announcement. The people assembled at the Town Hall where seventy-five were vaccinated by two of our doctors, who afterward went to the next commune to do similar work. A thorough anti-typhoid campaign was conducted throughout our district, with the result that this disease was on the decline when influenza appeared.

Shut off from the rest of the world, our workers did not know that influenza was sweeping over the earth like a

prairie fire, and the villagers wondered why they were afflicted with one scourge after another. Here again the American women doctors and nurses seemed heaven-sent, as they would have been in any part of the world where this death-dealing plague was raging.

Calls came from every direction. The French officials forgot their other duties in their anxiety for the sick. The cars and ambulances of the American Women's Hospitals were running day and night, and before the end of this epidemic we were caring for the sick in over a hundred villages.

These poor people were ill prepared for such a visitation. Twice during the war they had been driven from their homes, and for four years had lived from hand to mouth in strange places. In the fall of 1918 they had crept back behind the advancing American and French armies, and had taken refuge under any sort of shelter they could find near their ruined homes. Stricken with influenza in these cold, damp places, many of them developed pneumonia and died. Time after time the ambulances of the American Women's Hospitals were stopped on the highway by officials of different districts asking for help, and letters making similar requests were received daily. One of these letters was addressed to Monsieur le Directeur de l'Hôpital Militaire de Luzancy. The translation reads as follows:

Because of the epidemic of grippe, which actually exists in the Commune of Dhuisy and particularly in the Commune of Germigny Coulomb, First Lieutenant Escoffier, army doctor of the Cantonment at Germigny Coulomb, has the honor to ask that immediate succor (doctors and nurses) should be assured to the numerous sick whose condition is being aggravated, lacking medicine and other necessary care. With thanks in advance pray accept, Monsieur le Directeur, my respectful salutations.

This officer manifestly did not know that our work was conducted by women, but when help is needed in such emergencies, sex is immaterial. The influenza in the communes

mentioned above was of a malignant type and the death rate very high. Our physicians and nurses passed from house to house seeking the sick, and at one wretched place a family of six stricken with this disease was found and taken to the hospital.

Meanwhile, other branches of the American Women's Hospitals' service were developing, as the following excerpts, quoted from letters, clearly indicate:

Dr. Manwaring came in late last night, tired but contented, with sixty-five patients in a radius of thirty miles to her credit. From the opposite direction, Dr. Fraser and Miss Drummond appeared. They had been sent, several days before, to arrange for a hospital at La Ferte-Milon, and returned with tales of shell holes in their damp, fireless bedrooms, but happy and enthusiastic regarding the outlook. The hospital building is being repaired, and a dispensary service to outlying villages is already being operated from that center.

Our dispensary under Dr. Mary MacLachlan at Luzancy grows and grows. On Sunday, the place looked absolutely affluent. In addition to the usual crowd, which in spite of weakness from sickness, walks impossible distances, there were five conveyances lined up with patients from ever so far away. Yes, we work on Sundays! It is wicked, but there is no chance to go to church anyway, and as a choice of sins, under the circumstances, it would be more sinful to rest.

The American Women's Hospital at Luzancy was fully equipped for military service, when it was inspected and accepted by General LeMoine, director of the Medical Corps of the Fifth Division, as a French military hospital. It was known as "Hôpital No. 92 bis," and was to be used by the Sixth Army. The hospital for civilian relief was conducted in another part of the building. The work of this unit proved so satisfactory that the American Red Cross sent for six more units of the same kind. In October, 1918, the following cable regarding this matter was transmitted to our New York headquarters:

28051 Please communicate the following to H. P. Davison.

16010 8936 Send at once two American Women's Hospital units, and one per month hereafter until six are floated. These hospitals will be known as the American Women's Hospitals Units, Nos. 1 to 6 of the American Red Cross, and will be used under arrangements with the French Service de Santé in French Hospitals, where sick and wounded Americans may be received, or in French Hospitals caring for refugees. Believe arrangements concluded with French service will make for utilization of these units in such a manner as can render greatest amount of service.

Personnel should include ten medical officers and ten aids. We will supply nurses. Should bring hospital equipment and tentage of standard U. S. Army Bed Camp Hospital, and be paid as far as possible out of funds already collected by American Women's Hospitals.

Desirable that one truck, one camionette and one touring car, with chauffeurs, should be provided and accompany each unit.

Personnel will be held with unit if possible, but must come recognizing that they are part of general American Red Cross service and subject to rules and directions.

GIBSON.

HARGES—FINANCES.

This was a big order, but hundreds of well qualified medical women, registered from the different states, were anxious for service, and it was merely a matter of selection. The first two groups, the Chicago and California units, were organized and ready to sail when the armistice was signed.

All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day will never be forgotten by the American personnel who were serving at the Luzancy Hospital in 1918. In happier years these days may have been observed in an impersonal, ceremonial way. But All Souls' Day in 1918 was *All Souls' Day* in France.

The Luzancy Château, our hospital building, had formerly been used as an evacuation hospital for the American forces at Belleau Wood and Château-Thierry. In a lovely corner of the park were the graves of twelve American sol-



Dr. Barbara Hunt, first director,
American Women's Hospitals,
France.



Dr. Mary Evans, Hospital No. 1,
Luzancy, France.



Dr. M. Ethel V. Fraser, Director of Hospital No. 2, visiting the sick
in her district.



Executive Committee, American Women's Hospitals, Luzancy, France. Dr. M. Louise Hurrell, Director (*right*); Dr. Inez Bentley, Assistant Director (*center*); Mrs. Emilie Lehman, Commissary, 1919.



THE SURGERY.

diers who had died of their wounds at the hospital. Their families were far away across the ocean, but these dead were not forgotten. Led by the Mayor of Luzancy, the villagers for miles around, men, women, children and many old people who remembered 1870, marched in procession to the park and laid their flowers reverently on the graves of these Americans.

The preparations for military work at the Luzancy Hospital were easily adapted to civilian relief after the armistice. Dr. M. Louise Hurrell of Rochester, N. Y., succeeded Dr. Hunt as director. Under the French Service de Santé, our hospital was connected with the "Hôpital Mixte No. 2" at Coulommiers, which meant special privileges in securing surgical dressings, gasoline, fuel and other hospital necessities.

With the return of the refugees, our work increased enormously. People flocking into the devastated regions, eager to rebuild their homes, were living under conditions conducive to disease. Within a few weeks our circuit had expanded to the limit of our motor capacity, and in order to cover a larger field other centers with doctor, nurse, chauffeuse and ambulance, were established. The living quarters of our personnel in some of these places were far from luxurious. Barracks, ruined houses with paper windows and shelled roofs, were furnished with cots and packing-box dressers, and, strange as it may seem, these habitations immediately developed an American atmosphere. Where a Kansas woman keeps house, there is Kansas, and this holds for every state in the Union.

Medical relief was most needed in the districts where the devastation was greatest. The best available buildings for our centers were sometimes in the ruins of churches, cellars or houses with part of the roof gone the way of most things in the devastated regions. When a room could be found with a stove in working order and fuel great was the rejoicing, for there was *warmth*. This is a wonderful

word to those suffering from cold. It ranks with *food* to the hungry, and *relief* to those in pain.

Warmth in the winter feels like home to an American accustomed to warm houses, warm cars, and warm baths, and cold feels like France, Serbia and Russia. There are Americans who served in different warring countries who have decided to have their bodies cremated because they never want to be cold again, not even after they die.

The dental service of the American Women's Hospitals will be a joy forever in France—at least as long as our fillings last. The fair fame of American dentists in European capitol antedated the World War by several decades. The rich and powerful had employed American dentists for years, and the doings of the rich and powerful are emulated, if possible, by the poor. Doctors, midwives and undertakers were recognized necessities, but dentists were luxuries, and American dentists could be afforded by the opulent only. These favored beings kept bodyservants of all kinds—maids, valets, friseurs, masseurs—but the last word, the ultimate expression of physical and cosmetic conservation, was the employment of an American dentist.

The American Women's Hospital No. 1 had three dentists on the staff, Dr. Kate A. Doherty, Dr. Edna Ward, and Dr. DeLan Kinney of New York City. Dr. Doherty began work at Neufmoutiers, and served overtime from the beginning until the end of her stay in France. Most of her work was with children and young men. From Neufmoutiers, she was sent to Boullay-Thierry and thence to Viels Maisons, where she worked for the French soldiers. Meanwhile, Dr. Ward and Dr. Kinney were engaged at Luzancy. They were all too popular for their own good. When the day's work was done there was always somebody begging for attention, which was never refused.

The gratuitous service of American women dentists was a war privilege of real value. A woman dentist had never been seen in that section of France. They were rare crea-

tures, far more interesting than men dentists, their work was just as good, and they seemed to have a conscience regarding people's teeth. They did not extract them without considering the ultimate consequences to the victims. They treated the teeth of soldiers and refugees just as though they were their own teeth, and thereby hangs a feeling of gratitude, which will recur to the beneficiaries whenever they need a dentist, as the years go by.

The American Women's Hospital No. 2 was established at La Ferte-Milon in the arrondissement of Château-Thierry, Department of the Aisne, under Dr. Ethel V. Fraser of Denver, Colorado. This small hospital had a big motor dispensary route. With the help of one nurse, an ambulance and chauffeuse, Dr. Fraser cared for the sick in forty-eight villages, taking medical cases to her own hospital and sending the surgical cases to Luzancy for operation. Here is a characteristic message: "Tell Dr. Fairbanks that I have a grand Pandora Box for her, with appendices, gall bladders, hernias, tumors and a million, more or less, tonsils and adenoids needing operations in my villages."

Dr. Charlotte Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, was our chief surgeon and in a larger sense, the entire district, surgically considered, was one grand Pandora Box for her. She was operating from morning until night on all kinds of chronic surgical cases, which had accumulated during the four years when it was impossible for a poor civilian to have the care of a surgeon in that part of France. The grand Pandora Box contained 852 surgical cases, and the low death rate was due partly to the skill of the operator and partly to the devotion and efficiency of her assistant physicians and nurses.

At Luzancy, Dr. Fairbanks was the wonder of the world. The villagers had inherited a feeling of a personal relationship with whomsoever occupied their Château, and after the manner of relations, they loved, hated, or tolerated the

occupants. Such persons had always been subject to criticism, favorable or unfavorable, and the record of our chief surgeon was a record to boast about. They could not have been more proud of a native daughter if her ancestry had antedated the advent of Attila the Hun in that territory.

Luzancy was situated on the border of the bad lands. The destruction of house and home had not been so great as it had been in the Aisne and elsewhere. Therefore, it was easier for the returning residents of Luzancy to pick up the thread of community life, where it had been so suddenly broken four years before, than it was for those who belonged farther north. As the French Army demobilized, large numbers of men returned to their homes and villages. Among these were several physicians, who formerly practiced in this district. They were beginning anew with scant equipment, and it was important for them to build into the returning life of the community. Week after week, as conditions improved, the necessity for our work in that section decreased, but from the districts where the destruction had been greater, and the return to normal correspondingly retarded, we were receiving urgent requests to establish hospitals and dispensary centers.

The American Committee for Devastated France, with which we had worked in cordial coöperation from the beginning, was engaged in reconstruction work in the Department of the Aisne, and we had undertaken the medical end of this service. From Neufmoutiers we had moved to Luzancy, where the need for our work had been more urgent the year before, and in answer to this call from the Aisne in February, 1919, preparations were made for the removal of Hospital No. 1 to Blerancourt.

It was not so easy to get away from Luzancy, and in order to settle the matter definitely an official announcement was issued to the effect that no patients would be received after the end of March. A special "Thanksgiving Day" to be observed in honor of the American Women's

Hospitals was appointed, and at the request of the mayor a report of our work, giving the names of American personnel, was prepared for the town records. Early in March the following invitation was received by every member of our staff, from the mayor of Luzancy:

In the name of the people of these communes which you have attended with so much benefit and kindness, and in the name of the Municipal Council at Luzancy, I ask you to meet at two o'clock precisely, Sunday, March 30th, to be present at a meeting of our Municipal Council, at which a testimony will be made for you, showing our gratitude and sincere thankfulness.

There are great days in the lives of all human beings and communities. People who have never been dazzled by the bright lights of big cities, and little towns off the line of travel have thrilling experiences—the more thrilling, perhaps, because of an unjaded capacity for pleasurable thrills. March 30, 1919, was a great day for the members of the staff of Hospital No. 1, and the friends and patients they had known so intimately during a period of tribulation. The meeting was attended by the deputy of the Department, the *prefet*, consul general, the mayors of villages and representatives of adjacent communes where we had worked, and practically the entire population within walking distance. The town hall was not big enough for the demonstration, so the court of the hospital and one big ward were requisitioned.

The mayors of cities, great and small, have a lot of speeches to make, and many of them say the wrong things, but the mayor of Luzancy had established a reputation with our unit for saying the right thing. He usually said, "yes." His parting speech was longer and somewhat more flattering:

Our gratitude and our expression of admiration come quite alike to all [he remarked in closing], to Dr. Hurrell, who has charge of the hospital; to the other doctors, who have given

their services with so much grace; to the surgeon, Dr. Fairbanks, who has worked with a sureness of hand extraordinary; to the gestionnaire, Mrs. Emilie Lehman, who has carried a burden almost insurmountable; to the nurses, who have devoted themselves to the population, and to the chauffeuses, whose robustness surpasses the imagination.

Citizenship in the town of Luzancy was officially conferred upon the entire staff of the American Women's Hospital No. 1 and upon Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. A. M. Dike of the American Committee for Devastated France.

As we walked out of the town hall there were cameras and moving-picture machines, much hampered by the weather, trying to get our photographs [wrote one of the participants]. This seemed strange. We looked and felt just the same as we did when we walked into the town hall, but a ceremony had been performed which increased our news value. We had been officially adopted by a French municipality. We had two home towns, one in the United States and one in France.

As citizens of Luzancy we were greeted with great joy. We were congratulated and kissed, like brides, and for lack of flowers sprigs of evergreen, far more enduring, were thrust upon us by our French townsmen. All the officials participating in the ceremonies returned with us to the château, and there, in the big ward which had been prepared for the reception, spread out before our astonished eyes, were the gifts of the people of Luzancy. It seemed almost as though we had married that town, and these were the wedding presents. Of course we were thrilled, but from the standpoint of municipal relations we had a bigamous feeling.

The sous prefet, M. Duburcq, gave an eloquent address, after which the deputy, M. Lugel, announced that he had received the following telegram from the Secrétaire d'États du Service de Santé:

The eighteen decorations, Médailles de la Reconnaissance Française, requested by M. Chalamon, Mayor of Luzancy, for the American ladies have been accorded.

This news was received with enthusiastic acclamation by the entire assembly. M. Lugel tendered his congratulations

to the unit in French, which Dr. Hurrell acknowledged in English; the school children sang the Marseillaise, and the American Women's Hospital No. 1 had taken official leave of Luzancy, although it was several weeks before all of our equipment had been transferred to Blerancourt.

CHAPTER III

WE MOVE TO BLERANCOURT—WORK WITH THE COMMITTEE
FOR DEVASTATED FRANCE—THE “ROBUSTNESS” OF
OUR CHAUFFEUSES—A SKY PILOT’S GLOVE!—COÖPERA-
TION WITH COLLEGE RELIEF UNITS—LA RESIDENCE
SOCIALE

THE move to Blerancourt was an aggravating job. The French government had barracks to give away, and some of these barracks were given to the American Committee for Devastated France for the use of the American Women’s Hospitals. These buildings were to be delivered, erected, and ready for occupation by the first of April—an inauspicious day. Our large hospital equipment was moved from Luzancy during the month of April, and the period of waiting began.

The American Committee had an enormous reconstruction program in the Cantons of Soissons, Coucy-le-Château and Vic-sur-Aisne, and we were to carry the medical relief in this connection. A great many people were sick and in need of hospital care. Infectious diseases of children were prevalent, and an epidemic of scarlet fever had spread through the district. Under these circumstances, it was impossible to wait for barracks. Fortunately, one building had been erected. With this for a center and an operating room, the rest of the hospital was installed in army tents and the work started.

The usual accumulation of surgical cases was waiting for Dr. Fairbanks, and she operated day after day from dawn until dark. With the help of German prisoners,

the second barracks was soon finished. This was used for scarlet fever cases. It is amazing how well we are able to get along without the conveniences of modern life when we have to. In almost no time our little hospital of fifty beds was running at full capacity, in spite of difficulties, which included carrying water from the village fountain.

Within a few months the barracks compound was completed, and a very good hospital it made. Carrying water both ways for weeks emphasized the importance of plumbing, and we installed a good water and drainage system at considerable cost, which was far less than it was worth.

Great credit is due to the six chauffeuses of Hospital No. 1 whose "robustness," according to the written statement of the mayor of Luzancy, surpassed the imagination. As a matter of fact, they were lithe, strong, and withal, fair to look upon. The appearance of our chauffeuses was a valuable asset for the reason that men are men the world around, and all the gasoline in France was controlled by poor, easy man. Surely it was wise to have chauffeuses who found favor in his eyes. Doctors and nurses might be ever so skillful and devoted, but in a country without transportation our capacity for service depended largely upon cars, ambulances, drivers, and a supply of gasoline.

The chauffeuses were the youngest group in the unit, and manifestly ladies of the new school. They were not sitting in balconies, gazing at the sympathetic stars and longing for the hero to return. No, indeed, they were following him in a motor car. Bright-eyed, red-cheeked and beautiful, albeit a bit ruffled and mud-bedaubed, one of these ladies emerged from under her car, but not from under the eye of her chief, on a memorable occasion. Why did she emerge? Her work was not finished. Lying on her back in the mud under the car, looking for "trouble," she spied it in the sky, and out she came just in time to catch a glove that fell from a passing plane. A sky pilot's glove! Poor Romeo and Juliet! They lived too soon. Supplied with

motor cars and airplanes, their immortal story might have taken a less tragic turn.

Our hospital at Blerancourt was full at the time of the accidental explosion of munitions at St. Aubin. Naturally the people in the district thought the Germans were coming again, and without waiting for official notification started toward the south. This territory had been evacuated twice during the war, and those who had lingered before were the first to start on this occasion when the big shells began to explode. Disregarding the assurance that the uproar was due to accidental explosions, the sick jumped from their beds, several collapsing, while others ran about looking for their clothes, to the confusion of the entire compound. Children were crying for their parents, mothers were wildly seeking their children, old folks were running about helplessly, and one poor grandmother, carried in a chair, was left on our doorstep. Fortunately we had plenty of food, and our guests were used to sleeping wherever night overtook them, but nobody slept that night. Hour after hour the explosions continued, and after the evacuees stopped worrying about themselves they commenced worrying about the precious rabbits, chickens and geese, with which their little farms had recently been restocked by the American Committee.

The association of the American Women's Hospitals with different college relief units was highly satisfactory. This plan saved expense and facilitated work in the field. Dr. Louise Tayler-Jones of Washington negotiated an affiliation between the American Women's Hospitals and the Wellesley College Relief Unit, and both she and Dr. Mary W. Marvell of Fall River, Massachusetts, wore our uniforms and coöperated with our workers. We were always ready and anxious to receive patients from any of the college groups. The following paragraph is taken from a letter written by Dr. Anna M. Gove, who was serving with the Smith College Relief Unit at Grecourt, Somme:

DEAR DR. HURRELL:

It seems like taking an unfair advantage to arrive almost unheralded with six children for your surgical department, but your staff made me realize that the A. W. H. is here for service, and my pride in its spirit of gracious giving does away with any misgivings I may have had in regard to our little patients.

The medical work in the Blerancourt district was conducted by our organization until the spring of 1920. The central hospital was always full, but the outlying work gradually decreased with the resumption of community life and the return of local physicians. During the summer and autumn of 1919, Dr. Hurrell and twenty-two of her associates in service returned to the United States. Dr. Hazel D. Bonness succeeded Dr. Hurrell as directress, with a staff of five Americans and a corps of French assistants.

For almost two years the American Committee for Devastated France and the American Women's Hospitals worked together in the field, and the closing chapter of this story of coöperative service is touched upon in the following letter received from Miss Anne Morgan of the American Committee:

In conference with the mayor of Blerancourt just before leaving France, he asked me to convey to you the profound gratitude of himself and of the Municipal Council for the aid and assistance given to the inhabitants of that region during the very trying period after the return of the people to that destroyed area.

If agreeable to you and your Board, they would like to place a memorial tablet to the American Women's Hospitals in the town hall, which may possibly be reconstructed within the next year. The town hall has not been entirely destroyed, and still retains a vestige of its former beauty. The façade is extremely interesting and the Building Coöperative Society, of which the mayor is chairman, has decided to reconstruct it as it was before the war. There could be no better site in Blerancourt for the proposed memorial tablet.

Surely no two organizations ever worked for a given time, and came out of the period with such definite respect and admiration for each other as ours.

The sentiments expressed by Miss Morgan were shared by every member of our Executive Board and our personnel in the field. On withdrawing from the Aisne in the spring of 1920, we left a fully equipped hospital, which was afterward conducted with a French staff by the American Committee for Devastated France.

While we were conducting a hospital service in the devastated region, we were also participating in medical relief measures in other parts of France. In the old city of Blois, whose castles still echo the family quarrels of kings, their irregular love affairs and royal murders, we entered into a tripartite agreement for the development of a hospital center with separate buildings for the care of tubercular, maternity, and children's cases. The original plans, which were arranged by Dr. Bertha Stewart Dymont of Eugene, Oregon, were abandoned on account of the withdrawal of one of the parties to this pact, but our part of the plan, in a modified form, was carried out after the war.

From the standpoint of permanent value, our most important service in France was in connection with the Résidence Sociale at Levallois-Perret, a factory town on the outskirts of Paris. This place is a beehive of industry. The inhabitants do more than their share of the world's work. Kings and Emperors living above the law have never castled in Levallois, but no stronghold, when knight-hood was in flower, was ever more important to a nation than this town was to France during the war. The factories for the manufacture of perfumes and plowshares were turned into munition mills overnight, and in the first Battle of the Marne the Paris taxicabs from the great garages at Levallois transported troops behind the lines, to the confusion of the enemy.

My work with the American Red Cross in 1917 took me to different hospitals, crèches, and homes for the unfortunate. For several months I lived at the Résidence Sociale,



Dr. Charlotte Fairbanks in the Children's Ward,
Luzancy Hospital.

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Helen Douglas of Atlanta, Ga., and Florence Eadie,
two of the "chauffeuses whose robustness surpasses
the imagination."



Mlle. Marie-Jeanne Bassot (*inset*), head of the Residence Sociale, Levallois-Perret, France. French factory girls dancing at a fête in honor of the American Women's Hospitals.

Levallois-Perret. Gradually I came to realize that the group of Frenchwomen conducting that place were possessed of a corporate soul devoted to the service in which they were engaged, and this was the reason they accomplished so much with the small means available at the little house on Rue Antonin-Raynaud, where every inch of space did double duty.

Fate had foreseen the trials of Mlle. Marie Jeanne Bassot, the devoted leader of this dauntless band. Perhaps she was included in the promise: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna." Ten years of struggle had given them strength to work effectively during the war. They were not wasting time in useless motion. Their methods attracted attention and support. Help came from across the ocean. The American Red Cross and other organizations contributed to this center. The Frenchwomen who administered funds had a genius for keeping every franc circulating rapidly within the orbit of their own activities.

Dr. Caroline Purnell, Commissioner of the American Women's Hospitals, visited the *Résidence Sociale* in 1918, and recommended that we contribute to the development of the medical end of this health and social center. Time has more than justified her judgment.

During the fifteen years that the *Résidence Sociale* was conducted in cramped quarters, the workers occasionally peeped over the back fence into the spacious grounds their landlord, all unknowingly, was preparing for them. He had selected this double block of property in his youth, at least fifty years before, and had built and planted for the generations. With loving forethought he tended the trees in his private park, and when their spreading branches shaded the marble figures of music, poetry, literature and art embellishing the cornice of the house in which his fondest fancies were embodied, he slowly climbed the winding

stairs from the fourth story to the cupola and looked with pride over the beautiful home he had built for his children and his children's children.

Meanwhile, the factories rose on every hand, but the walls of his park and his soul were high, and he did not notice the change. Some of his children died; the war came, and his last grandson was killed. Gradually the life of the old man ebbed away. His estate descended to distant relatives and the lovely place was bought for a song by friends of the *Résidence Sociale*. With the help of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association we provided buildings for health work and headquarters for the Visiting Nurses of France at this important center.

At the official dedication of these buildings, Dr. Angenette Parry represented the American Women's Hospitals; Dr. Louis Guion, a distinguished French specialist, the medical staff, and Mlle. Marie Jeanne Bassot the *Résidence Sociale*. Count de Piessac spoke for the French government as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I am here to represent M. Brisac, head of the National Office of Social Hygiene; M. Durafour, Minister of Labour and of Health, who, like his predecessor, M. Justin Godard, takes the keenest interest in the *Résidence Sociale*. Finally I have the great honor to represent the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the President of the Cabinet, who desire me to offer in their name a welcome to Dr. Parry, the delegate of the American Women's Hospitals.

The Foreign Office and the War Office recognize the magnificent work that the American Women's Hospitals did for France during the war and which has been continued up to the present time.

As an expression of appreciation of the work done by the American Women's Hospitals in France, the members of our Executive Board were decorated on this occasion. "The medal of the 'Réconnaissance Française' tells clearly

what feelings have guided us in awarding it to you," said the French representative. "It is the gratitude of the government of the French Republic, the gratitude of the whole of France which I ask you to accept."

CHAPTER IV

A POPE WITH APPENDICITIS—A CIRCUIT RIDING SURGEON
—SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS, INCLUDING BEDSTEADS—
BOOTY BANDAGES—THE BURNING OF THE “ROYE”

THE beginning of the American Women's Hospitals in the Balkans was after the Turk, but not so long after. Five years, to be exact, in the Macedonian country to which we were assigned. Our first work was for Serbian refugees in Greece during the war, and at the present time (1927) we have hospitals and dispensaries in Thrace, Eastern and Western Macedonia, and other parts of Greece for the care of Christian refugees from Asia Minor.

The Red Cross Commission to Serbia sailed on the *Chicago*, and my traveling companion, Dr. Alice B. Brown, took care of some of the members who were sick. Women physicians have no better friends in the world than the men who have been their patients, and the chances are that the Serbian Commissioners were prepossessed in our favor before they left the ship, and when they reached Serbia they found the story of the Scottish Women's Hospitals written in service all over that unfortunate country. Mr. C. A. Severance, the head of this Commission, soon after reaching the Balkans in 1917, cabled for women physicians. Dr. Regina Flood Keyes of Buffalo, and her cousin, Dr. Frances M. Flood of Elmira, N. Y., were selected and equipped by our committee to answer this call. Funds were appropriated to cover part of the cost of a hospital service conducted at Voden, Greece, near the Serbian bor-

der, in coöperation with the American Red Cross. From the beginning there was difficulty in securing supplies, as the following cable indicates:

Amcross, Paris.

American Women's Hospitals of Amcross (American Red Cross), Vodena, Greece, Regina Keyes, Director, states unable to secure necessary supplies. We have fund received from American Women's Hospitals of \$25,000 available for this hospital. . . . Kindly investigate and draw on us for this fund if necessary, charging expenditures against R. S. 2.

(signed) DAVISON.

It was comparatively easy to work in France, where supplies could be secured, but in the Balkans no plan which involved transportation worked out according to schedule, and if supplies were not forthcoming it was necessary to improvise substitutes. Submarine activities in the Mediterranean prevented the delivery of equipment for the Vodena Hospital. Fortunately, Dr. Keyes was well supplied with instruments, and with the aid of carpenters, tinnerns, and whitewashers the hospital, which had been opened some time before in a Turkish schoolhouse, was renovated and put in working order.

Dispensaries were opened in connection with this hospital and Dr. Keyes, Dr. Flood, and their two American nurses, with a staff of native assistants, were kept busy from dawn until dark during the year 1918. About three thousand treatments monthly were given in these dispensaries, and the hospital was a haven of refuge for the desperately ill. The Balkans had never been well supplied with physicians, and many of those who had practiced in that country lost their lives during the Balkan and World Wars. For these reasons there was a large number of neglected surgical diseases, and great was the joy among those with bonifide operative disorders, because, with only fifty hospital beds, the preference was given to such cases. "There is some

soul of goodness in things evil," and a hernia, cured by an operation, which incidentally provided a patient with food and a bed for three weeks, or a month, was not altogether bad in a country where food and beds were daily problems of vital importance.

This was the only hospital in Vodená at that time where major operations were performed. There was a large variety of cases, and of nationalities—Albanians, Dalmatians, Greeks, Macedonians, Roumanians, Serbians and Turks. One Serbian pope of the Orthodox Church, with appendicitis, braved death for days before he would consent to be operated upon by a woman. Finally, when he was about finished, he committed his soul to his Maker, his body to the hospital, did his hair in a tight pug, paid proper respects to his beard, and in spite of these time-honored preparations for death recovered miraculously.

Ah! Here was food for meditation. If it pleased God to perform a miracle, the more unlikely the instrument, the greater the miracle. From time to time in the history of mankind these wonders were vouchsafed. After his miraculous recovery, the pope was strong for women surgeons. There was something supernatural about them.

On invitation of Col. Jourdan, medical officer of the Seventeenth Colonial Division, French Troops, Dr. Keyes, with all the supplies she could muster, served in the medical corps on the Salonica front during the offensive of the Allied forces in September, 1918. She worked in a hospital near Dogai Pójar. The heat was intense, and swarming blow-flies added to the suffering of soldiers waiting for surgical attention. Among the wounded were Germans and Bulgarians, as well as French and Serbians, all of whom were amazed to meet an American woman surgeon in the field.

When the Serbian refugees returned to their country after the armistice, the Vodená Hospital was transferred to Monastir, Serbia, where large numbers of war prisoners, returning from Bulgaria, were suffering from typhus fever.

An anti-insect campaign was conducted in this hospital with the result that insect-borne diseases were reduced to a minimum and the place became widely known as the Flyless Hospital of the Balkans.

While the typhus epidemic of 1914-15 was raging in the Balkans, the Scottish Women's Hospitals, under Dr. Elsie Inglis, sent units to different parts of Serbia to establish a medical service. Hospitals staffed entirely by women, providing for military and civil work, were opened at Vladanovatz and at other places.

During the final invasion by the military forces of the Central Powers, which precipitated the retreat of the Serbian Army, Dr. Inglis and her unit remained at Kragujevatz as prisoners of war, caring for the wounded, while the unit under Dr. MacGregor at Vladanovatz went over the top of the snow-covered Albanian range with king, government, army and part of the civil population.

For some reason not well understood by other nationals, Serbia celebrates her great retreats. Perhaps she has been obliged to retreat so often that she has developed a delicate appreciation of the feelings of the defeated and an understanding of the reactions produced by the celebration of military victories with blaring of trumpets, mocking and inciting the vanquished to further tests of strength.

Great national heroes are never permitted to sheathe their swords. Poor men! If they live in a spirit world of understanding with their earthly enemies, how tired they must be of the bronze misrepresentations of themselves standing forever on noisy corners in strained, unnatural attitudes with swords in their hands. The bloodiest battles are glorified in song, story and telephone exchanges. Millions of people in France are still yelling, Austerlitz 463, Jena 784, Wagram 572, and over the border in Germany millions are incessantly shouting in answer 9-0-9 Sedan! Nein! Nein! Nein! Waterloo!

During the war there were two sides to the world-

embracing question: the right side, and the wrong side, friend or foe. But after the war the sides subdivided into as many angles as there were national, religious, commercial or political interests, all of these angles finding advocates among Americans sojourning in foreign lands. In addition to the American women physicians serving in our own hospitals, a large number were certified for service with other organizations in the Balkans, Russia, Poland and elsewhere. These level-headed women left the United States as impartial as jurymen just impaneled, but within a few months most of them developed sympathies with the peoples among whom they were working, and in order to maintain an even balance it was necessary for them to move occasionally across the border to a neighboring state with an opposite point of view.

The tragic monotony of the medical reports received from these women was varied by humorous incidents of daily occurrence. Dr. Dora E. Bowman of Kansas City was sent to Montenegro, where she served as a circuit-riding surgeon. "I make the rounds between three hospitals regularly," she wrote, "and I have done over three hundred operations, including almost everything in general and special surgery.

"We find work at all times and places. On the train a few days ago, just after we had made coffee on our sterno stove and eaten our dinner of black bread and sardines, a woman in labor was found in the corridor of the car. It took only a few minutes to get her into our compartment, and at seven-thirty we had a fine baby boy for our trouble. Of course there were no baby clothes, but we did the best we could under the circumstances. We wrapped the infant in swaddling clothes and named him 'Theodore Roosevelt.' "

In the early part of 1919 the American Women's Hospitals equipped and provided the salaries of four women physicians and a dentist, who were assigned for service with



Physicians and nurses in the service of the American Women's Hospitals have received fifty-four decorations from foreign governments. Some of the badges of these orders are shown above. 1—Badge of the Legion of Honor (France). 2—Gold Cross of the Order of the Holy Sepulcher (Orthodox Jerusalem). 3—Order of the White Eagle (Serbia). 4—Medaille de la Reconnaissance Francaise. 5—War Cross of Greece. 6—Gold Cross of Saint George. 7—Grand Commander Order of the Redeemer (Greece). 8—Order of Saint Sava (Serbia).



The President of the Association of Unredeemed Greeks, Representatives of the Government, and Several Thousand Refugees, meeting the head of the American Women's Hospitals at Piraeus on her arrival at that Port in the summer of 1923.

the Serbian Child Welfare Association. Mr. William F. Doherty, Commissioner of the Association, made the following statement regarding their work on his return to the United States from Serbia in 1920:

When I went to Serbia to organize the work I found confronting me at Chachak, the section selected for our public health and child welfare demonstration, a very serious condition of affairs. The Serbian government had turned over to us a large building capable of housing some four or five hundred children, but the building was in a frightful shape—absolutely devoid of furniture and equipment. In fact there was nothing in it but dirt and filth, and yet we had to get things into shape quickly, for there was a crying need in the neighborhood for the care of thousands of orphan and sick children.

Immediately I sent orders to the South to Major Cressy to send me at once to Chachak doctors and nurses who could be counted upon to do things—and do them quickly. Major Cressy sent me Dr. Ridout, Dr. Caven and Miss Gregory, a nurse. I want to say now that he could not have made a better selection.

Short of an executive for our children's institute and urgently in need of a person who could clean up things and get the building quickly in shape, I put the proposition up to Dr. Ridout, and in spite of the fact that she was a physician and not a foreman of laborers she made good on the job. I have seen this woman at the head of a gang of Bulgarian war prisoners, scrubbing the floors and helping rid the building of filth, which was found in nearly every room, and after the day's work was over I have seen Dr. Ridout spending the night ministering to the sick children we had in care. Dr. Ridout is still on the job as executive in charge of our institution, and in addition she is the medical officer for two hundred children now inmates of the institution. And all this work she does cheerfully and uncomplainingly.

Dr. Caven was a "find," if ever I have seen one. She is a tireless worker, full of imagination and immensely interested in anything she tackles. When I organized our clearing bureau for children, to which we intended sending all of our newly received children for quarantine, observation, medical examination and treatment, I put Dr. Caven in charge of the work. Dr. Caven, in addition to being medical officer of the Clearing

Station, likewise was its organizer and its first housemother. She herself superintended the cleaning of the floors and the setting up and making of the beds, and the bathing and cleaning of the children. Later, when we had opened the first health center at Chachak and found ourselves short of a physician, Dr. Caven generously agreed to divide her work so that she could spend the morning at the health center and the afternoon and evening at the Clearing Station. She it was who organized our infant welfare work. She it was who personally volunteered to make emergency calls to poor children and women in Chachak and the surrounding hamlets. She has made a success of the clinics, the dispensaries, and the infant welfare station. In addition she has helped us organize classes for instruction of Serbian women in elementary hygiene and home nursing, and she has organized the women of Chachak into an auxiliary Public Health Association.

Dr. Bercea, the dentist sent from your Association, is doing an extremely fine piece of work at our Skoplje Health Center. Her services are in great demand for the reason that Serbia has few dentists, and in addition to her regular duties at our Health Center, Dr. Bercea goes out two afternoons each week to treat the sick soldiers at the military hospital. Dr. Bercea has had to work overtime, as is readily understood from the fact that during the first twelve days of her activities she examined and treated nearly five hundred patients.

Down at Skoplje Dr. Kleinman is doing a mighty fine piece of work. She has a hard job, but she works uncomplainingly.

Just before I left Belgrade to return to America I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Gray of your Association, and I told her of the splendid work the women physicians of your Association were doing for us. What I said to Dr. Gray I now repeat to you. I scarcely know what I would have done had I not had the loyal support and coöperation of the women physicians and nurses supplied by the American Women's Hospitals.

The reward of work is always more work, and we were requested to establish an independent medical service in Serbia. Dr. Etta Gray, of Los Angeles, President of the Medical Women's National Association, was sent to the Balkans as organizer and director of our work in that country. She was young, strong, a well-trained physician and

surgeon, with a gift of the uncommon quality known as common sense. Of western pioneer stock, she probably inherited a capacity for pioneering, and there must have been a Mistress of the Robes in her background somewhere to account for her keen appreciation of good clothes. The women on her staff were capable and they looked capable from cap to shoes. This was important in the Balkans, where the outstanding woman of this generation is the good-looking, well-dressed Queen of Roumania.

Dr. Gray made a careful survey of the country. The neediest seeming section was finally found in Macedonian Serbia, and the announcement of her intention to establish a medical service in the district, with a central hospital and headquarters at Veles, was received with pathetic expressions of gratitude and a very polite lack of confidence. Representatives of other organizations had surveyed that field, but had gone away and never returned.

The buildings for headquarters and a central hospital, granted by the local government, registered seven years' warfare. They were without windows, doors and woodwork, but the damage was not all due to explosives. Troops and refugees passing to and fro after military victories, or defeats, destroy all movable property. The doors and other woodwork of houses are used to keep their camp fires burning. This accounts for the thousands of skeletons of houses in the Balkans and near eastern countries.

When the matter of location was definitely decided, Dr. Gray went to Belgrade to complete arrangements. The government agreed to transport our hospital supplies and personnel, without charge, wherever trains were running. To expedite our work, different organizations with equipment at Belgrade, Salonica and other places made contributions. The American Red Cross gave large quantities of hospital supplies, the American Relief Administration gave food and clothing, the Czecho-Slavic Mission divided its war loot with us, and a generous share of the "booty"

taken from the enemy was allotted to our hospitals by the government.

With several carloads of such material, Dr. Gray returned to Veles about the middle of November, 1919, and with the help of Dr. Laura Myers and Miss Freda Frost our central hospital and headquarters for Serbia were opened at that town, in the heart of a desert of destitution and utter wretchedness. This place was rarely visited by travelers. Practically the only contacts for almost three years were contacts with the sick and hungry, and the variety of life was made up largely of variety in diseases, some of which were experienced personally by the head of our service and her assistants in that district.

Headquarters might have been opened in the nearest large city, or in the capital of the country, but Dr. Gray had a fine sense of the fitness of things, and from her standpoint it was not fit that the head of a hospital service should live in safety and comfort while her staff lived in danger and discomfort. Besides, the object of the American Women's Hospitals was to care for the sick among those in greatest need, incidentally to carry on a health educational service, and to do as much as possible with the funds contributed for the purpose. Headquarters at Belgrade would have been advantageous in some respects, but the cost would have reduced our work in the field.

Getting our headquarters and personnel house in order at Veles was no small job. The court was cleared of débris and cleaned to its bedrock of cobblestones. The building was scrubbed, fumigated and whitewashed, a water supply provided, and shower baths improvised by the ingenious use of Standard Oil cans. Iron beds were set up, prim as Priscilla, their four little feet resting in milk cans with an inch of Creso solution.

Weeks before the hospital was opened, the sick began to apply for admission. A temporary clinic and dressing station was arranged to care for those suffering from painful

minor ailments. The following is quoted from a report received from Dr. Gray, dated December 13, 1919:

Before we were moved into our house, the patients began to come and now they are coming in increasing numbers. . . . Such pitiful sights!—people with neglected sores and wounds who have had no treatment whatever for weeks. Terrible infections of all sorts and appalling eye diseases. It is terrible to look into the upturned faces of human beings who are sightless from neglect and to know that proper care at the right time would have saved them.

To-day a little boy came trudging in to ask if we could help his brother. We told him to bring his brother in and we would see. An hour later the little fellow came in leading his brother by the hand. He was totally blind. The pity of it is that so many of these cases could have been helped. But now it is too late.

There are a large number of tubercular cases, and many under-nourished children ready to develop the disease. We tell their parents to feed them, but they haven't the food. We shall put in a feeding station for these sick children and we shall soon have a large number of day boarders.

A great many surgical cases were seen at the clinic every day, but nothing could be done to help these people until the hospital was ready to receive them. The repair work was undertaken by three young Serbians who had lived in the United States and who were all anxious to demonstrate the "American Move" to their countrymen. Their performance was the talk of the town, and the building was ready in short order. The "shower" of equipment made it possible to open the first hospital at Veles without waiting for supplies shipped from France. There was a shortage of many necessities, including bedsteads, but after all bedsteads are not necessities. The few that had been donated were used for surgical cases, and the other patients felt quite luxurious with their straw-filled ticks on the floor.

Showers of blessings continued, month after month. One English lumberman with a big business in the Balkans donated large quantities of lumber and personally attended to its delivery. The Serbians were not to be outdone in generosity even if they were poor. The spoils of war were in their hands. In addition to the "booty" from Belgrade, the local military bureau contributed its quota of materials "made in Germany," and brought into Macedonia by Mackensen. Our nurses were peace-loving women, but they were glad the enemy lost his surgical dressings, and somehow a booty bandage had a thrill in it which made it roll easier than an honest strip of gauze.

After shipping equipment from France, Dr. Hazel D. Bonness and Dr. Ellen C. Cover, with nurses who had served with the French unit, went direct to Veles. They were amazed at the amount of work already accomplished in spite of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. A letter written by Dr. Bonness soon after her arrival contained the following paragraph:

The house we are in is as comfortable as it is possible to make any house in Veles, and we are well fed and cared for. I am surprised and delighted with what Dr. Gray has been able to accomplish here in the face of so many hardships and difficulties. She has simply done wonders and I am frank to say that I know of no person who could have accomplished half so much under the same conditions.

At last our ship arrived, the freighter *Roye*, with fifty thousand dollars' worth of equipment, and Miss Gertrude Lambert, who was sent to Salonica to arrange for transportation, stood on the quay overlooking the harbor while this ship and her precious cargo went up in smoke. Miss Lambert had bad luck that trip. She should have worn a blue bead. Somebody must have given her the evil eye, for she came back to Veles empty-handed, with a high fever from diphtheria she had picked up en route, and raved for days about the burning of the *Roye*.

This disaster was heartbreaking, for our hospital was full all the time, and so many people were waiting for admission that a large building situated on the hill overlooking the town was being repaired to be used for children exclusively. Again the Serbian government came to our help and gave us three hundred bedsteads. This gift, with assistance from other quarters, made it possible to carry on until the loss sustained by the burning of the *Roye* was made good.

CHAPTER V

INSECT LIFE IN THE VALLEY OF THE VARDAR—THE
SKOPLJE BEETLE—AN INFLUENTIAL FAMILY—SUPER-
MEN AND VERMIN—THE FATEFUL BITE OF A LOUSE

SKOPLJE, the old capital of the Serbian czars, where the famous code of Dushan the Mighty was presented to the Serbian Assembly in 1349, was the center of the "oblast" in which five of our hospitals and several clinics were conducted. The fame of Dushan the Mighty and his code is limited, for the most part, to those of Serbian ancestry. It has been transmitted from generation to generation by means of song and story, without the help of a written language. Much water and much blood had flowed down the Vardar since the Serbian Assembly met in 1349. For five hundred years Skoplje had worn a Turkish veil and her name had been called Uskub, but under her veil beat the heart of a Slav, and under her breath she chanted the glory of Dushan the Mighty and Marko the Martyr. Five centuries had not Turkified Skoplje, and after the Balkan Wars she threw open her lattice, pushed back her veil, discarded her tcharchaff and emerged a Slavian city.

The glory that was Greece still lives in literature and art; the glory which departed from Israel survives in religion and financial genius; but the glory which departed from Macedonia left no trace of its former existence in the different districts where we have conducted hospitals from 1917 to the present date.

During the dark age of Turkish occupation, Veles was

called Koprili, but the name didn't take, and when a name doesn't take in five hundred years it ought to be changed. For seven years, beginning with 1912, this town and the surrounding country had been the theatre of the military activities of three wars, and at the time our personnel arrived on the scene the town might more appropriately have been called *Ichabod*.

The first and second Balkan Wars were closely followed by the World War, and for this section of the earth's surface it was a World War in all the horror of actual experience. During the years of these three wars, soldiers from far and near, friend and foe, occupied this territory in turn. In alphabetical order there were Albanians, Americans, Australians, Austrians, British, Bulgarians, Cretans, Croatians, Dalmatians, French, Germans, Greeks, Senegalese, Turks, and Satan only knows how many others.

Wherever soldiers occupy a country they leave their blood not only on the battlefields but in the veins of the population for ultimate good or harm, according to its quality. In some of the Macedonian towns which were very completely occupied by the Central and other forces, the evidence of this occupation can be seen in ruined buildings and in striking types of fair children here and there.

Veles was named from the Slavic god of cattle, but there were few cattle left in the district when the armistice was signed. Cattle must have grass, and grass does not grow and herds are not bred during periods of invasion. The fauna and flora of disease, however, and all the forces of germ life which make for death and destruction flourish while these orgies of race suicide are at their height.

During the World War there was probably no place on the face of the earth with a larger variety of death-dealing insects than the Valley of the Vardar. A soldier is not so dangerous in himself as in the vermin and microbes he harbors. Generation after generation, century after century, he has been the host of all the different varieties,

transporting them from place to place. The armies of many of the conquering heroes, including the Crusaders, from B.C. backward to the beginning, and A.D. forward to date, have camped on the banks of the Vardar and made their contributions.

The climate is ideal for the development of insect life, and for thousands of years conditions have been conducive to the introduction of the hardier strains. Skoplje is said to be the original home, the Garden of Eden, of the Family Cimicidae. This looks like an influential family on paper. Appearances on paper are sometimes misleading, but the Family Cimicidae is highly influential.

A few years ago the use of the word *Cimicidae* might have been of doubtful expediency, and *Cimex lectularius* absolutely taboo except in scientific papers. But in this age of the crossword puzzle *Cimicidae* will promptly suggest insects of turtle-form outline, flat during periods of hibernation, night raiders of noisome odor and—well, Skoplje is said to be their original home. They are called Skoplje beetles. The largest and fiercest specimens inhabit the best hotels. I have traveled far, but have never seen anything that looked and acted just like the Skoplje beetle outside the Vardar Valley, except at Washington, where all nations meet.

The *Cimicidae* is a harmless family in the Balkans compared with the *Culicidae* and the *Pediculidae*. These are the bad ones. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but these vermin by their scientific names don't sound half as bad as they actually are. The following is quoted from the Encyclopedia Britannica:

By Dec. 14, Serbian soil was for the third time entirely free from invaders, and an enormous booty was captured. But the enemy left deadly infection behind him, and by the early spring of 1915 exhausted Serbia was immobilized by a typhus epidemic which is estimated to have caused 300,000 deaths among the civil population.

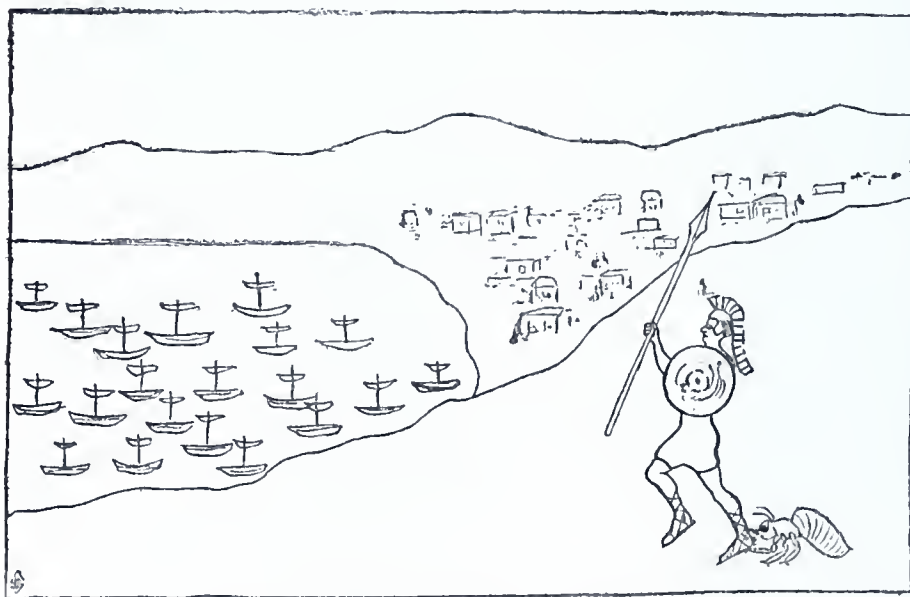
This is interesting information. Serbia had successfully resisted the Austro-Hungarian military forces, but was "immoblized" by an army of body lice. A practical person naturally wonders why the enemy did not have sense enough to save his men and booty by sending an army of typhus-loaded lice in the beginning. Night rains of these vermin would have been much cheaper, easier and more effective than bombs. The above implication regarding the enemy does him altogether too much credit. Poor blundering enemy! He would gladly have annihilated the country. But his head wasn't working to its fullest capacity. He was depending altogether too much on his hands and feet. He was lucky if he left all the deadly infection behind him. The chances are he took some of it home with him to mock his later years and plague his children.

The use of vermin and pestilence as a means of coercing an enemy has highly honorable precedent. Moses with divine sanction used this argument against Pharoah and lived to tell the tale. After a miraculous series of national calamities, including a plague of lice, and a plague of flies, Moses stood before Pharoah and as spokesman for the God of the Israelites delivered a terrible ultimatum including the following: "For now I will stretch out my hand, that I may smite thee and thy people with pestilence and thou shalt be cut off from the earth."

Insects have had an enormous influence in the history of the Balkans and other parts of the world. Flies, lice, fleas, gnats and mosquitoes are among the greatest enemies of mankind. They are allies of war and famine, retainers of pestilence, carrying typhoid, typhus, sand fly fever, tuberculosis, malaria and many other forms of disease.

Among the three most famous men connected with the history of the Balkans are Dushan the Mighty, Suleiman the Magnificent, and Alexander the Great. These were supermen lifted above the rank and file of humanity like the flowering century plant above the grass of the field.

Such types are seldom seen upon the earth, but they are mortal and die like common men. Dushan the Mighty, Czar of the Serbians, had conquered most of the Balkans and was marching on Constantinople with his army when he was taken sick and died. Suleiman the Magnificent extended the glory and dominion of Turkey to its farthest point, and died while conducting a siege in Hungary. These great warriors were not killed in battle. They died of disease, which was probably carried by insects.



Alexander the Great, starting from Babylon to explore the world, ingloriously nipped on the Tendo Achilles and cut off at the beginning of a promising career.

About nineteen centuries before this time, Alexander the Great had conquered the known world, after which he built a thousand ships for the purpose of exploring the waterways around his empire. If that dauntless son of Macedonia, longing for new worlds to conquer, had set sail on the waters which led to the Pacific, and had lived out his natural term of threescore years and ten, instead of dying at the age of thirty-three with his life work just begun, the star of empire

might have continued its way eastward. But just as he was about to embark on this voyage of exploration, it is recorded that he developed a fever and died on the eleventh day. A diagnosis from this distance is difficult, but death from fever on the eleventh day suggests typhus. The thought is a humiliation to all mankind. Could the fate of the world have hinged on the bite of a louse?

CHAPTER VI

THE HERNIA BROTHERHOOD—A BRIGAND CHIEF UNDER AN
ANÆSTHETIC—CASUALTIES ON MARKET DAY—THE
PLAYFUL KATCHAKS—HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT—THE
“HIGHDUK,” KARA GEORGE

OUR plans for the development of a chain of hospitals and dispensaries in Macedonian Serbia were subject to the rapidly changing conditions of a country recovering after years of warfare and enemy occupation. Permanent hospitals had been opened at Monastir by Serbian agencies, and the urgent need at that point had been relieved, but at Strumitza and Prelip no provision for the sick had been made. At the request of the Serbian Department of Health we consented to conduct hospitals at those points, with the understanding that the Serbian Ministry provide a small part of the budget. Again the Red Cross came to our help with supplies. The following excerpt is from a letter of instruction written by Dr. Kendall Emerson, at Paris, to Major Lyon at Belgrade:

I have had a satisfactory talk with Dr. Gray of the American Women's Hospitals regarding the property at the Monastir Hospital. As you know, this hospital was established and has been run as an American Women's Hospitals enterprise, with the coöperation of the American Red Cross. The exact status of the original equipment I have not strictly in mind, but the American Women's Hospitals certainly contributed largely to this equipment. With this fact in view, you are authorized to consult with Dr. Gray as to the disposition of equipment of the hospital, and any solution which you and Dr. Gray shall make will be acceptable here.

From the beginning to the end of our service in Serbia the American Red Cross was generous in gifts of supplies, in many instances delivering carloads of material at our headquarters, and relieving us of the cost and responsibility of transportation. Without this help, it would have been impossible for the American Women's Hospitals to have functioned so promptly and effectively. On May 14, 1920, Dr. Gray wrote as follows:

We have been in Veles six months, and in that time we have treated 16,000 persons in our clinic. We have opened a hospital and every bed has been full, and patients on the floor all the time. About 100 patients daily are received at the Pristina clinic, and at our station at Podujevo about 2,000 cases a month have been cared for since last January. We are also running a clinic at Gratchnitza. At Pristina we have a hospital and hope to be able to move into a new building before long. Lumber for the repairs of this building is being sent to-day. The Children's Hospital on the hill above Veles is ready for occupation, and before you get this letter it will be in full swing.

Our work in Southern Serbia increased rapidly, and by the end of 1920 thousands of cases were being reported monthly. Dr. Lilla Ridout had been placed in charge of the hospital at Prelip; Dr. Mary Elliott of Chicago was head of the Strumitza Hospital, and Dr. Irene Tognazzini was running the Pristina Hospital with the help of two American nurses.

Under the direction of Dr. Gray, assisted by Drs. Hazel D. Bonness, May T. Stout, Marguerite White, Mary N. Bercea and Miss Freda Frost, head nurse and general supervisor, with a corps of American nurses, Veles became an important medical center, especially for surgical work and children's diseases. Patients came from all directions, sometimes walking for miles and reaching the hospital in a state of complete exhaustion. We have a report of one boy who walked fifteen days slowly leading his sister, who could not see, to the eye clinic. Many of the sick and disabled

came in ox-carts, or on donkeys, and those who could not afford to pay for lodgings at the world's worst hotels sat outside the hospital walls and waited until beds were vacated.

Chronic surgical cases had been accumulating in that district for years. Such hernias! The country had been stripped of its horses, and men and women had become pack animals. Under the heavy weights which these burden bearers carried on their backs their abdominal walls gave way, and all kinds of hernias resulted, some of which were of enormous size, containing part of the abdominal viscera. Without treatment these unfortunate people got worse or died. If the rupture was small and an intestinal loop became strangulated, the victim suffered agony and died promptly. But where strangulation did not occur, the abdominal contents escaped, little by little, through the opening, and the hernia increased in size month after month and year after year.

Dr. Gray, in her surgical cap and gown, with a choice selection of scalpels, forceps, scissors, needles and thread, bandages and anæsthetics, was a popular lady with the hernia brotherhood. One after another they came to be operated upon and sometimes sat in the court for a week waiting for a bed.

A Comitadji chieftain from the mountains, a regular "he-man" with emphasis on the *he*, appeared at the hospital one fine morning. Everybody knew him and made way. With his band of brigands he had helped take the Bubuna Pass from the Bulgarians, and this service had glorified a criminal record of many years. Like Drake, Morgan and other dear old pirates and bandits of the past, whose natural gifts and initiative had been developed in active private practice, he was highly qualified when the time came to answer his country's call.

This nationally acknowledged dare-devil, and leader of dare-devils, looked the part as he walked among the com-

mon men in the hospital court. Times had been hard for several years, but he wasn't wearing any cast-off American clothes. The Macedonian costume was his native dress, and he was proud of its color and its cut. It had a style of its own. Every part of his picturesque suit, from cap to opankes (sandals), bristled with personality. His movements had grace and swank. In physical type he stood between Apollo and Hercules, with an "eye like Mars to threaten and command." The sound of his voice was known and feared in the Macedonian mountains, and great was the curiosity in the men's ward and the women's ward when it was whispered that he, too, had a weak spot, an Achilles' heel, as it were, in his groin.

Men, guns or governments had no terrors for our brigand chief. His life had been an open defiance of constituted authority, but the first whiff of ether in the distance and he was a changed man. He had heard about the stuff and he was afraid it would get him unaware. The hernia threatened his life, and worse, it would make him a physical weakling, therefore he had decided to take the chance, live or die. But he didn't want to die ingloriously breathing devil fumes. Milder than a lamb for the sacrifice, he allowed the assistants to strap him to the operating table. Fortunately, they strapped him well, for after the first few whiffs of ether he found himself in his fiercest mood, and if his arms had been free he might have reached out a giant hand and wrung somebody's neck. His language was not understood, but his tone and vehemence were piratical, strangely suggesting a North Pacific whaler of the old school, trained before the mast, in the first throes of an anæsthetic.

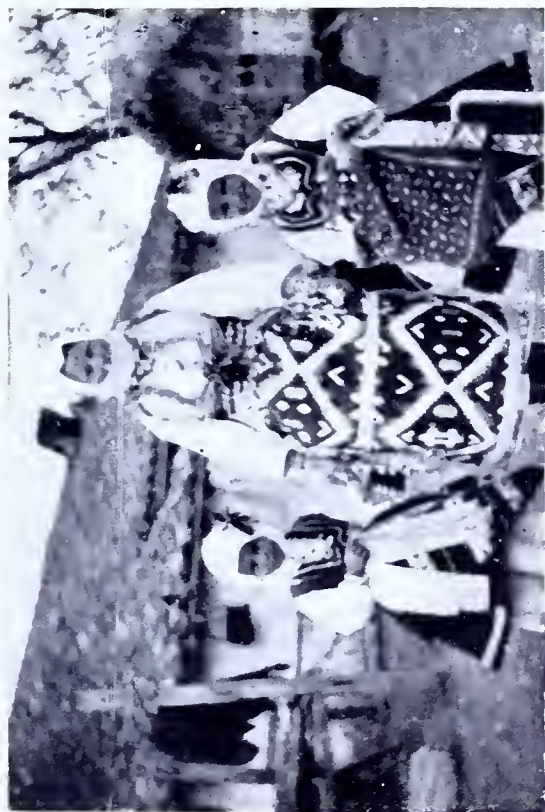
The American nurse giving the ether could not pronounce his Macedonian name, but Willie is a good name for all big men who are afraid in the dark, and over and over in a low mothering croon, she repeated: "Breathe it in, Willie, there's a good boy. Don't be afraid, take a long

breath." Gradually his violence subsided, his aspect changed and another dangerous personality emerged. This bad boy brigand turned good. There was method in his murmurs. He was going on a long journey through a strange country where there were evil spirits, werewolves and all kinds of unknown dangers. He was afraid to go alone. Perhaps he could coax one of these women to go with him. His voice became soft, cajoling, pleading and irresistible, as drop by drop the ether fell on the cone over his mouth. The little Macedonian nurse understood his language. After the manner of women, she felt sorry for this strong, weak man, so she slipped her hand into his and he held tight to this world while he floated away into oblivion—and when he came back he hadn't any hernia.

At the Pristina Hospital a few bandits, more or less, had ceased to create special remark by the time I visited the place in 1921. Pristina is near northern Albania in the Kosova country. This territory was formerly Albanian, and while it was ceded to the Serbs after the Balkan wars, a large proportion of the population had not declared their allegiance to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes without mental reservations.

The country was supposed to be at peace with the world, but every Thursday afternoon the surgery of the Pristina Hospital was prepared for casualties, like a dressing station behind the lines when troops go over the top. Thursday was market day, and those who had nothing to sell were wont to divide profits with those who brought their pigs to market by waylaying them on the highways when they were returning to their village homes with the proceeds of the day's sales.

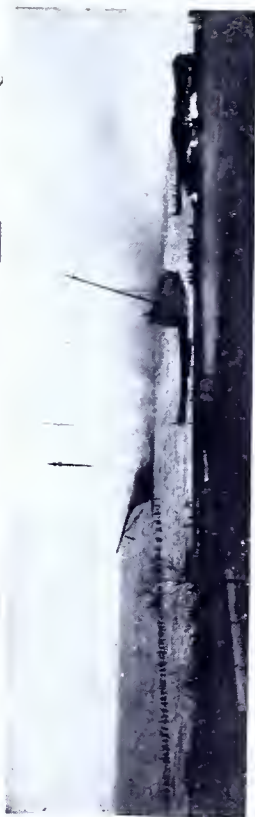
Bands of Albanian bandits called Katchaks were held responsible for these malefactions, but the chances are that many a good soldier out of a job took advantage of this smoke screen to secure a little pin money. After these skir-



SERBIAN WOMAN AND CHILDREN IN NATIONAL COSTUME.



A MACEDONIAN COMITADJI.



Burning of the *Roya*, with our hospital supplies in the Salonika Harbor, 1919.



A. W. H. CLOTHING STATION, SKOPLJE, SERBIA, 1922.
The Turkish women are heavily veiled.

mishes the wounded were sometimes brought to the Pristina Hospital, and it was strongly suspected that some of those who claimed to have been held up were in the hold-up game themselves. It was impossible for an American to differentiate between an Albanian Katchak and a descendant of a Serbian Highduk. In their picturesque native costumes there was no resemblance, but in hospital pajamas there was no distinguishing difference.

Honor and shame from no condition rise, they depend upon a point of view, and nothing is more honorable for a self-respecting Katchak than to hold up a Serb, rob him of his last stitch of clothes and leave him in naked humiliation upon the public highway.

Gentlemen driving automobiles have been held up by bandits in this territory, stripped of everything save the automobile and their skins, in which they have driven into town. An automobile would be absolutely useless in the mountain fastnesses where bandits are supposed to live, and an embarrassing possession to an honest peasant. Besides, some men have a strange sense of humor which they love to gratify. A band of Katchaks would roar with laughter at the sight of a traditional enemy, sans garments, at the wheel of an automobile ignominiously breaking the speed limit, with the encouragement of a few stray shots in the air. Albania and Arizona are not so far apart in spirit.

The evils attributed to border bandits did not seem to lessen the popularity of the Albanian tribal costume. No cowboy was ever prouder of his chaps and sombrero than these men are of their petticoats, pantaloons, caps and other articles of wearing apparel designating the tribes to which they belong. There is a difference in color, detail and ornamentation of the native Balkan costumes, but we were particularly interested in the pattern of the trousers with capacious seats, in which large quantities of loot could be conveniently stowed away.

The fiancé of a girl with typhoid fever in one of our

hospitals called frequently. The nurse in charge of the woman's ward noticed that after these visits there was a shortage of towels, and sometimes only one sheet was left on the patient's bed. It was also noticed that the baggy, sack-like seat of the visitor's trousers hung flat and pendant almost to his popliteal spaces when he came in, and presented a rounded, feminine outline when he left. The Serbian nurse was instructed to record her observations. A blanket disappeared, a small pillow laid out as a bait was quickly tucked away, and everybody waited to see what he would do about the mattress, but so far as we know he never so much as attempted to smuggle a mattress out of that ward.

When the patient was strong enough to bear the shock, she was accused of complicity in this crime, to which she confessed with copious tears. She acknowledged her guilt and took all the responsibility, admitting that she had no dowry, and therefore had suggested this means of acquiring household goods in order that they might get married as soon as she was able to leave the hospital. But grief and woe! Now that everything was ready, her sweetheart would be sent to prison and she wished she had died. Over and over again she declared, as though she feared we doubted the statement, that they had not been responsible for the war, but had suffered terribly, and that luck was always against them. For a week or more things had been going so well. They had acquired several towels, sheets and everything but a mattress, and the young man had a donkey which he got elsewhere. She was getting stronger every day, and life seemed so sweet and promising, but some talebearer, an accursed Bulgar, if the truth were known, had betrayed them, and all was lost. This incident in the history of the American Women's Hospitals was a tragedy, in which love, hope, fortune and all the joys of the world were involved. Needless to say, our patient was forgiven, and it has been whispered that a certain American

woman in the service added a mattress to the dowry of that home-making girl.

In connection with our hospitals, outlying clinics were conducted at Giljiane, Podujevo, Gratchnitsa, Frisovitch and Urasavitch by Dr. Ellen Cover and Miss Nora Hollway. They not only cared for the sick, but carefully refrained from assuming the duties of the secret police, and probing into the causes of wounds. When an injured person volunteered the information that he had been hooked by a bull, cut accidentally with a scythe, or kicked on the top of the head by a water-buffalo, these statements were accepted without comment and the proper treatment administered.

In the districts where robberies were the order of the day, our people were never molested. The popularity of our nurses was at first attributed to their charming personalities, but later we learned that it was a case of "safety first." On a journey through the mountains, an A. W. H. nurse was as good as a guard of gendarmes, and men of high and middle degree were always asking for the privilege of riding with our personnel. On one occasion our automobile was stopped in the dusk of the evening by armed men, who apologized, and disappeared without further explanation.

Brigands in the Balkans and Near Eastern countries have always had an honorable standing with those against the prevailing government. It is sometimes hard to tell whether these "irregulars" are outlaws or patriots. In any case, they are a convenient group to charge with particularly atrocious crimes, which are, in spite of all the post-war whitewashing, committed by soldiers of invading armies.

David, the anointed, had a queer crowd with him in the Cave of Adullum: "And every one that was in distress and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them." That was strange conduct for a law-abiding, psalm-singing citizen.

The suppression of brigandage in a country with 90 per cent peasant population, where the man with the hoe and the woman with the rake lighten their labors, while cultivating their ten acres, by singing the glories of unconquerable highduks who died in their opankes, is very difficult. These songs have no tunes. They are chanted in blank verse, absolutely blank, and after the first week they sound like the dirge of the dismal swamp to an outsider, but to those who know what it is all about, they are said to be soul-inspiring to the highest degree. The burden of some of these chants glorifying the questionable exploits of outlaws, in spirit and substance is as follows:

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will
The study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield.

During the Turkish occupation for five hundred years, the Ancient and Honorable Order of Highduks kept the flicker of liberty burning in the Balkan mountains. After each defeat the survivors took to the hills, from which they sallied forth to plunder the invading Turk, dig pits for his feet, harry his flank, van, rear, shoot up his villages, kill his janizaries, kidnap his pashas, lead insurrections against him, and to make things so generally hot for him that he finally got out. Naturally, the people sing, Glory be to the highduk, may he live long and prosper! And this encourages adventurous young men to stay at home, instead of leaving the country and joining the Foreign Legion.

Five hundred years are twenty generations, and the spirit of the last paragraph encouraged and cultivated for that length of time cannot suddenly be turned into paths of submission to the will of the majority, or the minority, as the case may be. Wise men say that history is inclined to repeat itself, and there certainly have been Davids in the Balkan mountains during every generation. Our David,

alias Willie, who had the hernia, is there now, and anybody who goes out to capture him should be armed with an anæsthetic.

My spelling of the word *highduk* is original. Some writers spell this word *haiduk* and *heyduk*, but *highduk* carries the American meaning and associates the term with other designations having the prefix *high*, two of which, *highbinder* and *highjacker*, are perhaps worthy to be classed with *highduk*.

In official circles, the *highduk* has lost his popularity, and is called a *comitadji*. He is a nuisance to the police, but what are they to do? The peaceful peasant following his furrow, comforts his soul by chanting the story of the *Highduk*, Kara George, under whose military leadership Serbia regained her freedom, over a hundred years ago. The Turks nicknamed this terror Kara George (Black George), and the name took. He founded the Kara-georgevich dynasty, was King Peter's grandfather, and great-grandfather of Alexander, the present King of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

CHAPTER VII

CHILDREN FIRST—BLACK HAIR AND WHITE EYES—NURSES'
TRAINING—THE TRADITIONAL “BABA”—MUSTAPHA
AND THE MINARET

THE story of the Children's Hospital at Veles is the best and brightest page of the history of our work in Serbia. When countries declare war, they declare war chiefly on their children. These little ones are not killed with shot and shell—nothing so merciful. Famine and pestilence are their portion. They die slowly from diseases incident to malnutrition. Maimed and suffering, many of those who were hard to kill came to the Children's Hospital on the hill with bone, joint and glandular disorders resulting from protracted undernourishment.

Our physicians had been trained in America, where most people have enough to eat all the time, and they were amazed to see children with seemingly incurable diseases begin to get well as soon as they got half a chance. The following is taken from a letter received from Dr. Gray in the spring of 1921:

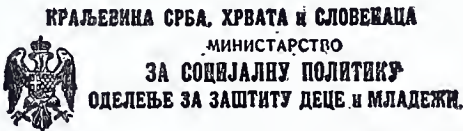
We have at present 160 children and shall be able to take at least 30 more. They come from all over Serbia, but most of them from Macedonia, where there is the greatest need. . . . It would be a pity to close, for we do not know what we would do with these pathetic little children. We have a lot of Pott's disease, and tuberculosis of the joints, and these cases are doing so well. They improve more rapidly than such cases do at home, and it is a great gratification to watch them day after day. The poorest, skinniest little things come in, and as soon as they get proper food and care, they gain so fast.

These little patients had all been kept in close quarters,

and at first their mothers strongly objected to their sleeping out of doors. It was useless to argue with them. The improved condition of the children soon silenced their objections. They had good food, clean beds, warm clothing, playthings, a wonderful sun court, and a Christmas tree with presents at the proper season.

Time after time it seemed as though we should be obliged to close our hospitals in Serbia for lack of funds, but saving angels hovered over this work, and made it possible to carry on. In January, 1921, the following letter from the Ministry of Social Politics of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, was received at our headquarters at Veles, translated, and sent to the home office :

Translation.



DOCTOR ETTA GRAY, MEDICAL DIRECTOR,
AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS,
VELES, SERBIA.

Dear Doctor Gray:

Your mission came to our country when relief was most needed, for the enemy had left on all sides devastation and ruins and our population famished, naked and destitute. As a result of this situation the children suffered mostly, for they were defenseless.

Your help, medical treatment and hospital service saved us a great number of our children's lives. For this our Ministry expresses our deepest gratitude and begs you to ask your friends at home—the philanthrops of our children—to make it possible for your mission to continue until our institutions are stronger and able to take over your well-organized hospitals and continue your work.

The Ministry thanks you once more for the relief and medical help given until the present time, and begs you to influence your organization to continue your work here.

By order of the Minister of Social Politics,

(Signed) V. PETROVITCH, *Chief*.

After inspecting our hospitals and dispensaries in the spring of 1921, a representative of the American Relief Administration recommended that clothing for 24,000 children be assigned to us. This order was reduced to 10,000 pairs of shoes and stockings, an ample supply of underclothing and materials out of which 20,000 suits for children were made at Skoplje. We employed a large number of women to do this work, and the clothing was distributed from our stations in the Skoplje Oblast.

Patients with appalling eye diseases were among the first to appeal for help when our clinics opened in Serbia. There had never been an oculist in the country, and cataract cases had accumulated. People do not die of cataract. They gradually go blind while remaining in good physical health. The fact that this condition is curable adds greatly to the tragedy of it when it is impossible to get proper treatment. One of the most tragic figures I ever met in a book had black hair and white eyes. In Macedonian Serbia, a large number of people had black hair and white eyes, and many of them sat in darkness day after day by the wayside begging like blind Bartimaeus. Ages of disappointment had not destroyed their hope and faith. They, too, believed in miracles, and their prayer was always the same: "Lord, that I might receive my sight."

And in the district round about Veles, this prayer was answered. A woman was sent from America who could give them back their sight. And the man with the greatest faith came first. A slight but skillful operation was performed, and after a few days, the light which had been shut away for so many years reached his center of vision and he could see. The story of this seeming miracle was passed from person to person. The blind came in increasing numbers, and over four hundred were operated upon and their sight restored.

The emergency nature of the American Women's Hospitals' service in different countries has precluded the pos-

sibility of keeping complete records. The available reports, covering about two-thirds of the work actually done in Serbia, show that 3,996 eye and ear cases were cared for, and that 1,068 operations were performed for the relief of eye diseases.

Dr. Mary N. Bercea was the head of our dental work. She was the only dentist in the Veles district. Children were preferred patients at the dental clinic, but young soldiers, especially officers, appreciated the value of good teeth, and there was always a waiting list of such men, and a long line of other people, including Turkish women wearing black tcharchaffs and heavy veils.

The country had been Turkish for centuries, and habits of mind and dress are not so quickly changed, especially among women. Progressive men are often very conservative regarding women's clothes. Whatever the reason may be, a great many women in Serbian Macedonia were wearing a mouth covering symbolizing modesty; not a dainty gauze yashmak, but a thick mouth mask, and behind this mask lurked pyorrhea.

From the beginning of our work in Southern Serbia, nurses were trained to care for the sick. This plan conserved our funds and gave the work a permanent value. A large number of young women applied for service in our hospitals, and the best educated and most intelligent were selected. Eight years of warfare had left most of them so poor that they were without shoes. These girls were grateful for food and clothing, and particularly for instruction. Nurses' training was an innovation. There was a strong prejudice against nursing, due to a Mohammedan point of view, and to the social status of women in that country who served in hospitals. This attitude was modified in regard to our hospitals for the reason that a measure of chaperonage was afforded which protected the reputations of the girls in our service, to the end that their matrimonial prospects were not jeopardized.

This part of Serbia was passing through a process of readjustment under a new government. As a result of the Balkan Wars a large section of Macedonia had been acquired from Turkey, but a state of war had been almost continuous since its acquisition. During its military occupation by the Central Powers, the people were naturally wondering whether they were Bulgarian or Turkish, and the majority of them were not yet sure that it was safe to be Serbian.

Many interesting angles—national, political, social, racial and religious—were exhibited in unexpected quarters. Tribal customs and superstitions were not without advocates. The gypsies exhibited the least anxiety. They didn't seem to care whether they were Serbian, Bulgarian, Greek or Albanian. In any case, they would eat, tell fortunes and furnish the music for the national dances and religious festivals.

In addition to the training of nurses, we were asked by the government to conduct classes for Serbian women in district nursing and child welfare, in coöperation with Serbian physicians, who were to instruct these women in obstetrics. On the surface, this program was all very fine, but there was an undercurrent of opposition made up of the forces which stand for things as they are, and the forces which stood for things as they were in Macedonia were weird-looking forces from our point of view.

The midwives held a paradoxical position, and were naturally opposed to the medical education of young women, which, in time, would put an end to their peculiar power. Some of them belonged to this day and age, and were fairly well qualified, but most of them were queer old "Babas" held in low esteem, but wielding enormous influence in the community. The Witch of Endor, with her various brews, had no less power for evil than some of these "Antikas."

Miss Lucy Morhous was the head of our first nurses'



Convalescent children dancing the kola.



Court of the Children's Hospital, Veles, Serbia. Dr. Etta Gray and Mrs. Marian P. Cruikshank.



Dr. Mary A. Bercea, head of
the A. W. H. dental service,
Veles, Serbia, 1919-22.



Ella W. Harrison, R. N., with
Serbian student nurses.



Dr. May T. Stout and a group of cataract patients. Over four hundred
operations were performed in our Serbian hospitals for the relief of blindness
due to cataract during the years 1920-22.

training class, which was started in Veles in January, 1920. The student nurses were not up to the standard of our present-day American student nurses, but they were up to the standard of our student nurses at the time of the beginning of nurses' training in the United States as a nationwide educational movement. Some of these young women displayed remarkable aptitude, and in a short time learned to take orders in English and to care for minor cases. Dr. Gray was enthusiastic about them as her letter of March 4, 1920, indicates:

We are sending you a picture of Miss Morhous and her class of nurses. There are fourteen of them and they look so well in their blue dresses and white aprons. They have been in training a little over a month, and they do practically all the routine work in the dispensary and hospital, under the supervision of American nurses.

The training class grew with the hospital and dispensary service. Mrs. Ella W. Harrison was sent to Veles in February 1921, as general supervisor, and Mrs. Marian P. Cruikshank went out as Dr. Gray's surgical nurse, and took over the surgical training of the student nurses. On account of exceptional ability, some of these girls were sent to Belgrade when the Government training school for nurses was established, and the first probationer accepted at our Veles Hospital without shoes on her feet, is one of the leading pioneer trained nurses in Serbia to-day.

Our hospitals, clinics, dispensaries, and distributing stations for clothing were in full swing when I visited Serbia in August, 1921. The government coöperated with us in every way, even to the point of assigning a pope to offer religious consolation to our patients, and a special cemetery in which to bury our dead. While passing through the men's ward of the Veles Hospital, the startling blare of a railway engine was heard in the distance, and the nurses sprang to the bedsides of patients recently operated upon

and held them down, while all the others jumped out of bed and rushed to the windows in the greatest excitement. My first thought was fire. Later I learned that one of the advantages of being operated upon at that hospital was seeing the "Americanski" railway engine when it went by about once a week.

An encouraging letter regarding the climate of Veles written by a wayfarer in a springtime mood described the place as, "a picturesque town nestling in the arms of green hills," but when I was there in August, it was sizzling in a caldron of granite. Of course, we slept out of doors, and at the break of the first day, I was awakened by a man's voice close above our heads saying: "*La ilaha illa-llahu, Muhammad rasul allahi.*"

It was Mustapha, the muezzin, on the minaret which overlooked our yard, announcing that there was no God but Allah and Mohammed was his prophet. Five times a day beginning at dawn and finishing after dark, he appeared on that balcony in the performance of his religious duties, and the rest of the time he worked as janitor at the Children's Hospital.

We were proud of our Mustapha, and he was ashamed of us sleeping out in the open with our bare faces under his very eyes, and proving to what lengths women will go if they get the chance. Alms to the poor was part of his creed, and in this particular he approved our plans, pointing out the true path in other respects to some of our personnel, but the Moslem religion is a man's religion, and he didn't make any converts.

Mustapha was a very poor janitor, but there wasn't a better muezzin in the Vardar Valley. Clear as a bell his voice rang out over the hills at dawn calling the faithful to prayer, incidentally indicating the daylight-saving time, and thereby regulating the activities of the district.

Immediately after his call on the first morning, the roos-

¹ There is no God, but God (Allah), Mahomet, is the apstole of God.

ters began to crow, the magpies in the big tree in the corner of our yard began to chatter, the sun rose and the town was stirring. A little later our gates were opened, the clinic patients began to arrive, and the work was started for the day. After observing this routine for a week, I realized who ordered the days and nights at Veles.

Mustapha cut a picturesque figure with mop and bucket. The first time I saw him he wore a high white fez, a union suit with auxiliary safety pins and a pair of slippers without socks. But on the minaret in the moonlight he was a different man—a revelation to the yard-sleepers. His silhouette in the bowl of night seemed part of that towering spire and all it represented. When the moon hung low this shadow of Islam was cast over our quarters, and to drowse in the dead of the night and watch it creeping stealthily among our sleeping figures was a weird experience.

"La ilaha illa-llahu, Muhammad rasul allahi." The muezzins were making this announcement from minarets in Veles two hundred years before the *Mayflower* arrived at Plymouth Rock, and the chances are this ceremony has rarely been omitted. According to Mustapha, when the Balkan Allies took Veles from the Turks, and all the evils from which the world has suffered since began, they shot the first muezzin who appeared on the minaret and began the call. Fortunately, this emergency had been anticipated. Another muezzin stepped out to continue the ceremony and was promptly shot, a third stepped out, took up the chant and met the same fate, and a fourth came out and finished the call. Faith had won. The infidels were defeated. At least they stopped shooting. Perhaps they were out of ammunition. More likely they lacked the nerve for a hundred per cent massacre, and nothing less would have served the purpose.

Surrounded by dangers of different kinds, the only imminent danger to our staff was from insects and this danger had been reduced to a minimum. Successful measures were

in operation against the crawling varieties, but it was not so easy to control the activities of winged insects. Every night we tucked the bottoms of our canopies well in under our mattresses, and with lighted candles, we crawled around on our hands and knees, hunting and killing every mosquito on the inside. Mustapha observing this strange behavior from the minaret probably thought we were engaged in some sort of a wicked religious rite, and was more than ever convinced that our system was all wrong.

Fear of a disease does not induce that disease in my case. Actuated by fear, I killed every mosquito that got under my canopy and I didn't get the malaria that time, but the sand flies got me. Most of the personnel had had sand fly fever, and one attack manifestly produces immunity. While the fever ran high, it seemed to me that the whole world was chanting. The Turks in a nearby café played on a queer instrument and chanted in a minor key. A poor woman whose son had died walked to and fro chanting her sorrow, much of which related to some clothes she had recently purchased for him. Peddlars moved along the streets chanting the qualities of the things they had to sell; the cook chanted about the onions and carrots in the soup while she worked; the turtle doves chanted; a great flock of magpies that slept in our big tree chanted every evening, and from out of the darkness, the dusk and the dawn there came a voice forever chanting: "*La ilaha illa-llahu, Muhammad rasul allahi.*"

CHAPTER VIII

THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE—TALK ABOUT MELTING POTS!
—SHEM, HAM, JAPHETH AND THE FOLKS FROM THE
LAND OF NOD—"A FLAMING SWORD WHICH TURNED
EVERY WAY"—PESTILENCE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN
—HOISTING THE RED FLAG

THE work of the American Women's Hospitals in Near Eastern countries began in a small way. The World War was over, at least we thought it was, and we were anxious to do our bit in salvaging the survivors. Medical service was sadly needed in countries where progress had been retarded for centuries by oppressive forms of government. But that was all in the past. A new day was dawning. The peace conference was in session, and we felt quite sure that we should find the world, including Russia and Turkey, ready and anxious to be made over in accordance with the plans and specifications of the experts at Versailles.

Eight women physicians, Gladys L. Carr of Brookline, Mass., Mabel E. Elliott of Benton Harbor, Mich., Elfie Richards Graff of Somerville, N. J., Emily Clark MacLeod of Boston, Mass., Blanche Norton of Weehawken, N. J., Caroline Rosenberg of San Francisco, Elsie R. Mitchell and Clara Williams of Berkley, California, were selected and equipped by our organization for service with the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, which later became the Near East Relief Committee. Five of these physicians sailed with a large group of relief workers on the *Leviathan* in February, 1919, and arrived at Constantinople in the early part of March.

This was the first appearance of the American Women's Hospitals in near eastern countries. The meaning of the letters A.W.H. was unknown in that part of the world, but this meaning has gradually been revealed in service to the sick, until it has become widely known, especially in Greece and the Islands of the Ægean Sea, since the exodus of the Christian people from Turkey.

More than a year before the armistice, in anticipation of the collapse of Russia, a Federation of Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan under a provisional government was proclaimed. This union was short-lived. All the forces which divided the Balkan States before, during and after the war, plus factors peculiar to the Caucasus, worked for dissolution, and after the signing of the Brest-Litovsk treaty between Germany and Russia, this tripartite federation divided into three separate republics, none of which was strong enough to stand alone.

During the period of uncertainty which immediately followed, Georgia accepted German assistance, and the Armenian Republic of Erivan was accorded *de facto* recognition by the Allied Powers, a gracious noncommittal gesture. The Russian Bolsheviks, Armenian Dashnakists, returning Caucasian soldiers released from the Russian Army, and other radicals, had established a government of their own at Baku, which controlled enormous oil supplies. And, with divers treaties, governments, religions, and groups inspired with a passion for self-determination all pulling in different directions, confusion worse confounded reigned in the Caucasus.

After the signing of the Armistice of Mudros on October 30, 1918, and the one we celebrate on November 11, peace was established on paper, but the fighting continued in that far away part of the world. Turkey was crushed, so the newspapers said, and the victorious nations were to free the Christian subjects of the Ottoman Empire at last. The sacrifices of two thousand years had not been in vain.

Thanksgiving prayers went up from churches and homes throughout the Caucasus and Asia Minor, while the Turkish Nationalists and the Caucasian and Russian Bolsheviks gathered strength for the final test.

There were doubting Thomases—there always are. They doubted the evidence of their own eyes. The Dardanelles and Bosphorus were open. The Allies occupied Constantinople, Trans-Caucasia, and other important territory in near eastern countries. The Allied ships moved to and fro upon the Black Sea. *Surely the day of deliverance was at hand!*

For at least a hundred years, the Christian people of the United States and other countries had encouraged their coreligionists in Turkey to keep the faith. As a final expression of sympathy, funds were gathered and representatives sent to care for the sick and helpless, while the new order decreed by the peacemakers was being established in these old lands.

The women physicians among the representatives of American compassions were assigned for service in different places. Dr. Carr, X-ray specialist, supervised the installation of apparatus in many hospitals in different parts of Turkey; Dr. Elliott was sent to Marash, Dr. MacLeod to Malatia, Dr. Norton to Trebizond, Dr. Graff was stationed at Constantinople, and Drs. Mitchell and Williams volunteered for service at Erivan, the capital of the new Armenian Republic where typhus fever was raging. Dr. Williams was afterward sent to Etchmiadzin, the seat of the Armenian Katholikos, head of the Gregorian Church, under the shadow of Mount Ararat.

Old Ararat, near the center of a line drawn from the Cape of Good Hope to the Behring Straits, was not placed in the middle of the Eastern Hemisphere for nothing. This mountain has been associated with the beginning of things since the beginning, traditionally and otherwise. It is easy to understand why a section of the earth's surface near the

headwaters of the Euphrates at the base of Ararat has been definitely designated as the birthplace of mankind. To the east was the Great Unknown, the Land of Nod, where Cain got his wife, and from whence terrible people appeared with increasing frequency and in increasing numbers as the ages passed. Century after century, the waves of war, trade and nomadism, washed this neck of land, leaving a heterogeneous mixture of antagonistic tribes, races, national and religious groups.

Talk about melting pots! Here is an ethnological crucible into which the metal of mankind had been thrown, age after age, since Noah came down from the mountain with his sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth. Blood mixture has occurred throughout the generations, but the flame of love has not been great enough to effect complete amalgamation.

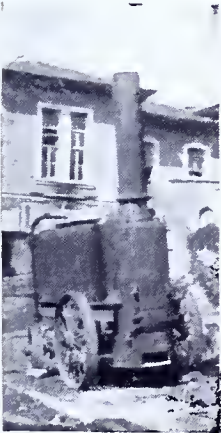
Shem, Ham, Japheth and the folks from the Land of Nod, don't want to become one people. Most of them have resisted fusion from the beginning, each group struggling for separate survival with the instinctive hope and expectation of inheriting the earth.

According to Armenian tradition, the Araxes Valley, at the base of Mount Ararat, is the site of the Garden of Eden. It was here that Adam and Eve ate of the tree of knowledge and brought the curse of God upon the earth: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. . . . So He drove out the man; and He placed on the east of the Garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." It is not hard to believe this story after seeing the place. Looking toward the east in the light of recorded history, it is easy to imagine the "flaming sword" which through all the ages, and never more than in this generation, has "turned every way."

The Erivan assignment presented many difficulties, but was especially interesting on account of the religious and historic associations of the country. From a clinical stand-



Dr. Elsie Reed Mitchell, director of the A. W. H. service,
Armenia, 1919-20.



(Left) The busy delouser. (Right) A barrel of sheep-dip for these lambs
might have facilitated this work, which was carried on at every station.



THE KATHOLICOS OF THE GREGORIAN CHURCH RECEIVING LITTLE CHILDREN AT ETCHMIADZIN.

point, it was one of the richest and most terrible fields in the world. The "flaming sword" had devastated the land and it was bringing forth "thorns and thistles" abundantly. All kinds of diseases were flowering in the valleys around Ararat, and the unburied dead lay in the streets of Erivan.

Undaunted by the magnitude of the task, Drs. Mitchell and Williams of the American Women's Hospitals, with the help of Miss Frances Witte and others serving with the Near East Relief Committee, which furnished supplies, started to clean up the town. They began in the gutters, and inspired with the idea that obstacles were made to be overcome, succeeded in their work.

Hospitals and clinics were opened at Erivan and Etchmiadzin, and a sanitary service inaugurated. Contagious diseases were cared for including typhus fever which Dr. Mitchell, herself, had the ill luck to contract, and the good luck to recover from, after which the typhus louse had no personal terrors for her. Typhus fever is a dangerous disease, but the victims die or get well promptly. Those who recover are rewarded by a lifelong immunity which enhances their value as physicians and nurses during typhus epidemics.

Americans shrink from loathsome skin and eye diseases more than they do from those affections more dangerous to life. Over and over again, the story of Job has been told in the clinics of the American Women's Hospitals by old men without so much as a potsherd wherewith to scratch themselves. "My flesh is clothed with worms and clots of dust; my skin is broken and become loathsome."

The following excerpts were taken from a report of Miss Frances Witte, superintendent of nurses at the State Manhattan Hospital, New York, who was assigned for service by the Near East Relief, with Drs. Mitchell and Williams of the American Women's Hospitals at Erivan, Armenia, where they served from 1919 to 1920.

The station assigned us was the Caucasus. Typhus was raging there and this assignment could be made from volunteers only. An old Roumanian coal boat was in the harbor, (Der-indje) so it was seized and loaded. . . . After four days we reached Batoum and started to unload the ship. We were the gang masters and we soon learned why the ship had not ridden well. Nurses are good for many things, but they cannot load a ship although they do fairly well unloading one. Such a time! Dr. Mitchell's post was at the hoisting outfit. Her "Haidai git" worked well, likewise her "my goodness" and "be careful!" She never need worry about a job. She can handle anything from a scalpel to a gang of hamals. We nurses in the hold laughed at her often and with her more often;—she was so earnest and brave. . . .

The following day our party, consisting of Drs. Mitchell and Williams, we two American nurses, and a group of Armenian girls, boarded our "side door pullman" (freight car) and began the trip to Erivan. The train was made up of eleven freight cars and one courier car in which some of the relief workers traveled. To travel on freight ships and freight cars living on canned food is no joke after the first week, but everybody made the best of things. We were short of water, but our trusty old sternos were working. With soup on one, and cocoa on the other we had nothing to complain about in that land of famine.

One morning we were riding along smoothly when the brakes were applied and the train stopped with a jerk. There was a man lying across the track. Dr. Mitchell and I went out to help him, but it was too late. He had died of starvation. The engineer was used to such sights. He simply pulled the body off the track and the train moved on toward Alexandrople which we reached the next day.

There we saw the dead and dying, starvation and disease in all forms. Arms were stretched out to us, mouths opened showing no tongues, eyelids parted showing no eyes, and the cries and appeals were dreadful. We nurses were sick, not physically, but mentally because we could do nothing. Erivan was our station, so we closed our eyes and went on. The engine puffed and pulled up the grade from Alexandrople to Erivan, the capital of Armenia. The sights were the same as at Alexandrople, but we felt a little better because we knew that we could soon roll up our sleeves and get busy.

We made our way to what was called the Medical House. The only thing medical connected with it was one Red Cross nurse. There had been two nurses, but God had just called one of them. This young woman had contracted typhus while sorting out refugees and picking up little children and carrying them to the ambulance. These people were alive with vermin, and to attend them and not become infested was impossible. We all had 'em but only five contracted typhus.

Erivan was in a state of chaos, and one hardly knew what to do first, so a refugee house was decided upon. This might be compared to an overcrowded stock yard with fifty per cent of the animals sick. The refugees came to this place during the day and night. They were fed, and each morning the nurse would sort them out, as one would sort out old rags, pick a living person off a dead one, or vice versa. In these cases, the living were too ill to know the conditions. I have picked up babies with protruded bowels covered with dirt and straw, and yet with care these poor little souls would brighten up.

Dr. Mitchell was in charge and the real work began. I stayed in Erivan about two weeks, and then Dr. Williams and I were sent to Etchmiadzin. The Armenians had a small hospital there. It really ought not to be called a hospital. It was simply a place better to die in than the streets. There were fourteen dead children in the morgue piled as you would pile cordwood. The cases in the ward ran like this: pneumonia, scarlet fever, measles, malaria, mumps, whooping cough, dysentery, etc. Favus and scabies were in full swing.

Can't you see Dr. Williams making her first rounds? I can see her now, and I can smile, but it wasn't a smiling matter then. Her staff consisted of one American nurse, four Armenian doctors (men), one felcher (medical student), one Russian nurse, five Armenian nurses, four sanatares (orderlies) and eight marabeds (ward maids). With this small force, plus workmen for outside jobs, we began to clean up the place. The first thing to do was to clear the streets of the dead for sanitary reasons. We buried eighty-five the first day in a trench. There were no tears and no prayers, just an urgent desire to get rid of the bodies. The hospital and orphanages had to be put in order.

The hospital building was made of wood with a straw roof. The place was alive with vermin. We whitewashed it three times and I used the Pyro fire extinguisher from the old Ford

van as a pump to spray a solution of bichloride of mercury and soap into all the cracks. This solution became hard when it got cold, so if we failed to kill the bugs we sealed them up in their nests. The hospital was lighted by lamps, and our water came from a well in the back yard.

In less than two months that place was running like a real hospital, and we had to open overflow buildings. All the infected cases were isolated; smallpox and typhus were in separate tents, favus and scabies were under control, and the children with whooping cough and other lung diseases slept on the porches.

Things were running nicely when Igdar was attacked by the Kurds and 800 children were sent to us from that place. There had been a few cases of gonorrheal ophthalmia at the hospital at Igdar, and in the excitement this disease was spread among the children and 150 cases developed. With our scant supplies, we worked with those children and only eight of them lost their sight. We hired girls to do nothing but irrigate eyes. Each girl had seven cases and by the time she reached the seventh, it was time to begin again on the first.

Cholera came in the summer. We inoculated all the children and workers and no more cases appeared. Out of about 5,000 inoculations, we had only two infected arms. With winter the green foods gave out, scurvy developed, and the mouths of the children began to "break down." Two fatal cases of noma occurred. We had no lemons or apples, nothing in fact to check this scourge. Dr. Williams thought of cauterizing some of the worst cases, but we had no cauterizer. With the aid of the stove and two screw drivers, we improvised a cauterizing apparatus, two nurses gave anaesthetics and Dr. Williams treated thirty cases with wonderful results.

In the clinics we treated every kind of skin and blood disease from scabies to leprosy. Never having seen a case of leprosy, I didn't recognize it, so I gave it the good old-fashioned treatment for syphilis, and I must say that mercurial ointment and potassium iodine are pretty good for leprosy.

During all this time Dr. Mitchell was at Erivan, where she carried a similar work on a much larger scale until she was taken down with typhus fever. The dear woman was very ill and her convalescence was slow.

A nurse, who has worked with many physicians, recognizes efficiency and worth, and Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Williams were

true physicians in every sense of the word. I worked with them for over a year, and in such an emergency, I should like to serve with them again.

The women physicians who went to Turkey and the Caucasus in the spring of 1919, all had contracts for one year. Some of them renewed their contracts and remained in the field, while others returned home. The coöperative plan of work between the Near East Relief and the American Women's Hospitals had proved so satisfactory that negotiations were opened for the expansion of this service and the following paragraphs appeared in letters received from Mr. H. C. Jaquith in this connection:

The Near East Relief Committee is deeply appreciative of the service which the American Women's Hospitals contributed to the Near East Relief during the last year, both in the financial support which has been given to Dr. Williams and Dr. Mitchell, and also in the selection of other women personnel for our relief work.

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The Near East Relief would like to lay before your organization a definite suggestion for further coöperation.

"We desire your organization to assume, if feasible, the medical responsibility in one of our large districts, namely Trebizond. The attached report from our managing director at Constantinople, covering the work of the station for December, will give you a more concrete idea of the extent of the need and the possibilities of service in this area.

During the summer of 1920, arrangements were made to take over the medical service of the Near East Relief at Trebizond, with the understanding that if complications arose another field would be assigned to us. Complications already existed and new ones were arising month after month in different quarters.

The White Russian Army under Deniken, including General Wrangel's Caucasian troops, had been defeated and the Russian people who had depended upon these forces for

protection, had fled to the Black Sea ports. Thousands had died, and thousands had been transported by the remnant of the Russian Black Sea fleet and foreign refugee ships to Constantinople, Prinkipo, Lemnos and other islands. Typhus fever broke out among the exiles and some of the ships, quarantined at anchor in the Sea of Marmora, became death traps from which the dead were cast into the deep.

Under the terms of the Treaty of Sevres, President Wilson had drawn the line including Trebizond in Armenian territory. France and England were occupying parts of the former Turkish Empire, and Greece, under Allied instructions, had taken possession of Eastern Thrace and the Smyrna District. The Turkish Nationalists did not like this any better than the Russian Bolsheviks liked the establishment of independent republics in the Caucasus which had formerly been Russian territory.

Whatever the attitude of old Turkey and old Russia might have been, new Turkey and new Russia were in a position to exchange favors. As a choice of treaties duly accepted by the Turkish Government, the Nationalists preferred the one made in Germany. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk between Germany and Soviet Russia was generous to Turkey, and the Treaty of Sevres, dictated by the Allies, was generous to Greece and Armenia. After paying their military respects to the French at Marash, and showing them the way out in February, 1920, the Turkish Nationalists joined hands with the Russian and Caucasian Bolsheviks, across the independent republics of Erivan, Georgia and Azerbaijan, and the crushing process began.

The victorious Turks advanced from the Southwest occupying city after city, while the equally victorious Bolsheviks advanced from the Northeast, and, caught in this vise, the new republics chose the evil they knew naught of, and hastily hoisted the red flag.

CHAPTER IX

“THE SMILE CLASS”—THE BATTLE OF BARDAZAG—AN
EXPATRIATED AMERICAN BATTLESHIP—THE LATEST
FALL OF NICOMEDIA—THE FLIGHT OF OUR NATIVE
NURSES—A NEW BABY IN THE MIDST—AN EMPTY
VICTORY—GLEANNING CHETAS—A CRUTCH WORTH
CARRYING—ANDROMEDA CHAINED TO A ROCK—OUR
TURKISH WATCHMAN

WHEN the Turkish Nationalists took Marash in February, 1920, Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Mabel Power who were serving in a hospital in that city retired with the French forces. Dr. Elliott returned to the United States and resumed the practice of medicine in Benton Harbor, Michigan. Meanwhile, the proposal of the Near East Relief Committee that the American Women's Hospitals assume the medical responsibility for a large district in Asia Minor had been favorably considered. Funds had been raised for this purpose and in the autumn of 1920, our Executive Board appointed Dr. Elliott head of the American Women's Hospitals' Service in near eastern countries and sent her to Constantinople, with other personnel, as director of our work.

Owing to the military activities of the Turkish Nationalists and the Russian Bolsheviks, the Trebizond plan was out of the question and arrangements were made by Dr. Elliott to take over the medical work of the Near East Relief at Ismid, Derindje and Bardazag, in accordance with a coöperative plan which was afterward followed in the Caucasus and Greece.

The Greco-Turkish War had been going on for several months and this new area was occupied by Greek military forces. Warships of Great Britain and Greece were in the harbor, and a large number of Christian refugees had crowded into the towns around the Gulf of Ismid. It was a good place to wait. If the Greeks won, these noncombatants could move back to their homes, and if the Turks were victorious, they could escape massacre or deportation, by crossing the Sea of Marmora to Thrace.

Health conditions were in a sad state when Dr. Elliott took charge of the medical service in that district. Large numbers of children were dying from deprivation and exposure in the refugee camps. Typhus, tuberculosis, smallpox and trachoma were prevalent. The beginning of our Turkish story may, perhaps, best be told in diary form, excerpting passages from letters and reports received from Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Mabel A. Nickerson, who were stationed at Ismid and Bardazag between January and August, 1921.

Ismid, Turkey.

January 5, 1921.

I hardly know where to turn first in this hospital. When I tell you that I found four typhus and one smallpox case in the same "isolation" room, you can have some kind of an idea what it is like. We have ten typhus cases now.

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Miss Stroger went out to distribute clothes the other day, in a camp on the outskirts where she had been just before the rain set in, and where she saw that when it did rain it was going to be awful, as the children were absolutely naked. She sent in her order for old clothes and there was some sort of a mix-up about it, and they did not come. In the meantime, the rain started and when she got out there, she got so cross because they didn't take the baby clothes. Finally, she said to her interpreter, "go out there and speak to the crowd and tell the mothers to come and get the clothes for the children." He talked to them and they told him there were no children left since the rain. They had all died.

March 14, 1921.

I wonder if the people in America realize what the magic words "American Women's Hospitals" mean to these people out here? . . . Many of the children are brought to us with their knees drawn up to their chins. They have lain such a long time in this position trying to keep or get warm, that it takes days of oil rubbing to loosen up the tendons sufficiently to draw their legs down straight. Many of them die within a few hours after their arrival, but usually if we can get them over the strain of the first two or three meals, they gradually begin to take a little interest in life and it is a wonderful satisfaction to see them slowly get a grip on life and learn to smile.

We have in our hospital what we call our "smile class." At first these children lie for days and just whimper like some little wild animal caught in a trap. We keep coaxing them to smile, until one day it comes. The great trouble is that the children need months and months of proper care and we can't keep them so long in the hospital, for there are always others to take their places. So I am planning a convalescent place across the gulf where the air is fine and they will have a lot of space.

March 31, 1921.

As you know, of course, the Greeks are advancing on this front, and for awhile the place was quite low as far as Greek soldiers were concerned, but reinforcements have come in so the place is pretty well filled up again. . . . We have refugees all the time from across the gulf where the Turks are up to their usual pastime of massacring the Christians. Twenty-six came in from a village the other day, and they were all who had escaped the knife. We watched the flames reach to the heavens as the poor little homes were laid in ashes.

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We have under treatment something like six hundred children for scabies. You can imagine what a job it is. For instance, to-morrow we start in with 220 here and 320 new ones were started in one of the outlying camps. They must all be treated three times. That means that for the next three days enough sulphur ointment has to be prepared to smear over 1620 bodies. All of these children get a bath first and their clothes are run through our delouser. Most of them need the delouser for its own sake, so it kills two birds with one stone, as it were.

To-morrow Mrs. Nickerson goes over to put the finishing

touches on the Children's Convalescent Camp. By the end of next week, we will have fifty kiddies in there. We are going to have a lovely place. Mrs. Nickerson is going to run it."

Meanwhile, the Allied nations were playing the international game according to established rules, catch as catch can, each group scoring every possible point by hook or crook. The stakes must have looked attractive in the distance. The beneficiaries under the Treaty of Sevres were not all satisfied, and therefore, the treaty had not been ratified by all the interested countries. The Nationalist movement in Turkey was growing stronger, and a policy of watchful waiting with an eye single to the main chance, was manifested by the different powers and commercial groups.

Greece was supported by the Allies when she went into the war, but this support got weaker and weaker. Lloyd George and Venizelos were out of office, and the great powers had had enough war for one generation. Finally a truce was arranged, a conference called at London, and recommendations made which were rejected by Greece. This was foolish. The weak should take their medicine lest they get something worse. But London, Paris and Athens are a long distance from Anatolia, and the men who accept or reject terms of peace usually sit in pleasant places. They do not feel the heat of the fires they light, or hear the groans of the wounded and the screams of women and children personally affected by their decisions.

After the London conference, hostilities in Anatolia were resumed on an increased scale. Victory perched on the banner of the Greeks for a time, but when different nations of the Allied group withheld approval of the Greek military program, Victory flew away and lighted on the banner of Kemal.

Refugees scurrying before the Turkish Nationalist forces, reached the coast cities in large numbers. The British ships left the harbor of Ismid and everybody understood that the



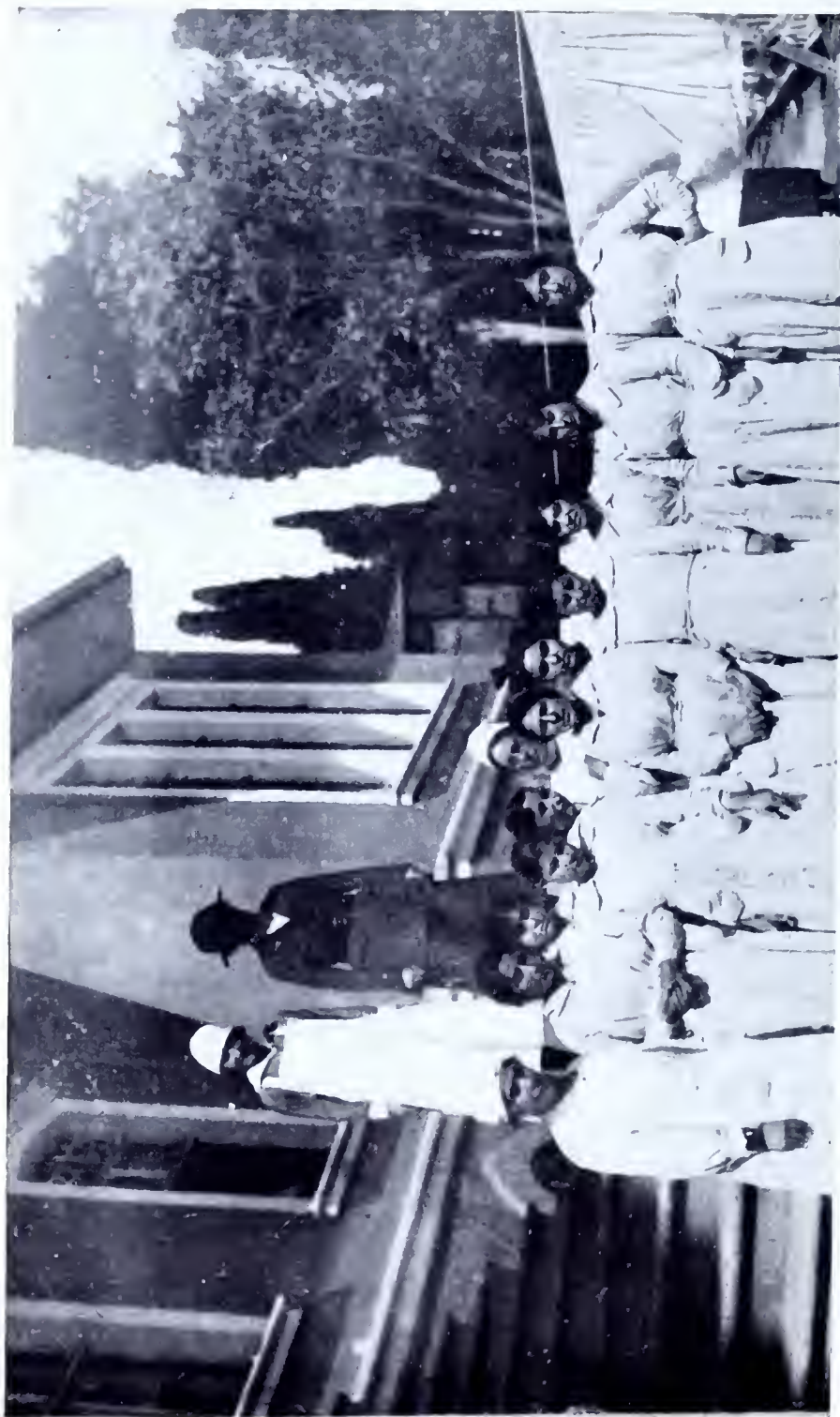
An expatriated warship—the *Kilkis*, formerly the *Mississippi*



Mrs. Mabel Nickerson, who kept a diary during the Battle of Bardazag.



Kemalist guards at the Ismid Hospital.



Some of the nurses who fled from our Ismid Hospital when the Kemalist Turks took the city.

protection of Great Britain was withdrawn. Letters written by Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Nickerson give a vivid picture of what actually followed. On April 9, 1921, Dr. Elliott wrote:

I have had a couple of anxious days. The Kemalists surrounded Bardazag yesterday and so far we have been unable to get in communication with Mrs. Nickerson.

We heard the big guns booming all day yesterday, last night and to-day. . . . Mr. Kyser from Derindje came over this morning and he and I attempted to land at the Bardazag dock. . . . As we approached the landing, however, we could hear the "crack, crack" of the rifles on all sides and the occasional "bang" of the big guns, and we could not persuade the boatman to go any farther. The captain of the boat said, "I have three children, why should I be shot?" So we laid off and listened to the battle for awhile, came back and sent word to Constantinople asking for a destroyer to come down and land one or two of us over there. . . . They must have all the orphans down in the cellars, and it must be a great job to keep the poor little things under cover.

It was a sight to see the fires burning last night. We counted seven villages burning all about Bardazag, and for three days the refugees from these villages have been pouring in. At least two thousand new refugees are here. The people from one village came in, and the place was not burned, so the Greek troops went out there with their machine guns, made trenches, and the refugees, thinking this a good protection, trailed back. The Turks, however, not dismayed, attacked and the people had to clear out again.

To-day I learn that the Greeks discovered a plan for the starting of fires in six places, one very near the hospital. I am sure all the Turks here are our friends, and our only worry is getting mixed in the *mêlée*.

Noon, Sunday, April 10th.

A heavy fog to-day and we can see nothing of Bardazag, but we can hear the guns. A Greek soldier was just here to tell me that they were unable to get a direct message from Mrs. Nickerson last night, but they would try to-day. Things are

not just at their best now. My two American nurses are sick in bed, and Mrs. Nickerson cut off from us by the Nationalists.

3:30 P. M. (same day). Enclosed find copy of Mrs. Nickerson's letter just received.

MRS. NICKERSON'S LETTER

Bardazag,
April 8, 1921.

Well, we are having lively times, bullets whistling! One hit the roof of the house when we were on the balcony. They seem to be shooting from every side. The native teachers seem to be very much frightened. The people in the town moved down to the dock at daybreak to go to Ismid. The Greeks won't allow them to do that, so this evening they moved back. The Greek gunboat fired about six shots over the hills about 8:30 A. M., then steamed off toward Constantiople. Here we are high and dry! The report is that the Greeks were getting ready to burn out the Turks, and the Turks "beat 'em to it."

I expect you can see the towns burning. The Bardazag people know that is what will happen here, so they're scared! We hear big guns over your way so deduce there must be something doing over there too.

While the bullets were so thick we had the kiddies in but now it has subsided for the time being. The citizens are armed. We saw many go up and join the Greek outposts this morning. They were fired on while going up the hill.

We can distinctly see the Turks directly in back of our buildings nearly to the top of the hill. They pass along a certain route, some leading horses, some mounted, but climb down quickly under fire.

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I just went out to listen to operations that seemed to have a fresh start and "bang" went a gun seemingly right at hand and the bullet came whistling right by me.

7:30 P. M.—The report is that the Greeks are going to place big guns here to our right and give it to the Turks to-morrow.

8:00 A. M. April 9—Many Turks killed at the dock. Heavy guns began at 4 A. M. We are all right. The Greeks seem to have things well in hand. . . . Everybody on the alert. The children seem happy.

6:30 P. M.—It has been a wild day, bullets flying through

the yard, the Greeks firing from behind the wall directly in front of the boys' building. The Turks answering just a short way up the hill. . . . The big gun down across the water has been shelling the place where we saw the Turks yesterday. For an hour it has been quiet. That has gotten to mean increased action later. There is one place on the road to the dock where everything that passes is fired on.

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This morning it was lovely at dawn. You should hear the birds. For a time all was still and it was hard to realize that death and destruction lurked in the peaceful quiet of these heavenly hills.

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Nobody knows what will happen to-night—the worst fear is fire. . . . I am just writing along as things happen. They can tell us nothing of when we can get messages through.

A man is taking our mail just now. We are all right.

During the months of May, June, and July, 1921, reports received from Dr. Elliott contained the following passages:

May 9, 1921.

As the time for the annual meeting of the Medical Women's National Association draws near, I am tempted to write you a rather concise letter in regard to our work and the importance of it, so that they may get a message from Turkey and perhaps a better idea of the importance of our work.

Mr. Jaquith, General Director of the Near East Relief in Turkey, told one of the workers in Constantinople that he considered the Ismid work one of the biggest and most important pieces of relief work now being done in Turkey, and, as you know, the American Women's Hospitals is paying the salaries and assuming the responsibility of all the medical work done in this area, which includes Derindje, Bardazag and Ismid regions. We have between 20,000 and 25,000 refugees in Ismid alone, a large boys' orphanage at Bardazag and a girls' orphanage at Ismid. There are five thousand refugees at Derindje.

Our work includes a 95 bed hospital, a 25 bed smallpox camp, a 50 bed childrens' preventorium (which was started at Bardazag and had to be discontinued because the Turks and Greeks came into our yard to fight, and which is now being reor-

ganized here), a weekly clinic at Derindje, a weekly clinic at Bardazag and a daily general clinic, children's clinic and tri-weekly women's clinic at Ismid.

We are in close coöperation with the Greek Army and the Turkish civil authorities. To-day I have a conference with the chief medical officer of the Greek division occupying Ismid, so that we may do more thorough sanitary work in the refugee camps, 80 in number. To-morrow I have a conference with the Turkish city doctor about the cleaning up of the city, which is one of the filthiest it has been my lot to see in the Near East. The American Women's Hospitals has undertaken the responsibility of cleaning it—it remains to be seen how successful we will be.

In connection with the hospital we have a class of 17 Armenian girls all of whom were refugees during the war, and we are beginning to be proud of them already. Unfortunately, while they are girls of good family and natural refinement, they have had very poor educational advantages because of the war. In addition to their regular nurses' classes we are giving them classes in reading, writing and arithmetic. We also have what I consider the most important work for a woman physician in this country, a class in midwifery. Women will not have men doctors and as a consequence they are forced, even the wealthiest, to employ the native midwife of Turkey, who is the product of the darkest of dark ages. Filthy in person and in habits, they are repulsive beyond measure.

If any one has a doubt of our usefulness here, one would only need to come to our general clinic and see the wretched creatures come crawling in more dead than alive. Now that there is active fighting on all sides of us between the Turks and Greeks, we get not only the wounded civilians, but many sick who have to wait their opportunity to come when the way is clear of fighting soldiers, or worse, the bandits who follow in their trail.

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May 16, 1921.

The hospital which we are now taking over, was a Turkish hospital, then a British barracks, then a Greek barracks. It was as near a wreck as anything could be and still be revived. I have had between fifty-five and sixty men working there for two weeks and we are just beginning to see daylight.

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June 1, 1921.

Ten Americans came down for Decoration Day, so they were all here and I had our little ceremony for the capping of our class of nurses. . . . The next day we had our regular opening. The day was glorious and there were about a hundred of Ismid's prominent people here. We had representatives from the Army and Navy (Greek), the Turkish mustesarif, the Turkish municipal doctor and members of the Turkish Committee. The Greek Church was represented by the Archbishop and the Armenian Church by the Bishop. . . . The height of my ambition was reached when I repeatedly heard from all sides the exclamation: "What cleanliness!" and many of them said "The Americans' first thought is cleanliness!"

June 23, 1921.

The Eleventh Greek Division left this morning early and evidently have met their enemy at our door for there is continuous heavy artillery firing all morning. A telephone from Mr. Kingsbury in Bardazag at four this morning asked for help to get his orphans out. Mr. Moffet went over and has not returned. I can't see how he can ever get through all this fighting, and I am very anxious I can tell you.

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The town is jammed with refugees. The cemetery at the foot of our hill is simply full and they are sleeping by the side of the road. Just now I have sent out my native doctor to pick up sickly looking children and bring them to the preventorium. The bath water is hot, and we are having hot soup made. He asked me how many to bring and I told him not to count the beds, we'd put them on the floor. There have been about 5000 new refugees in the last two days.

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We are bringing our smallpox camp up the hill to-day, which is quite a job on account of the necessary disinfection involved, but I don't think it safe to leave them down there with the soldiers gone.

July 4, 1921.

The plan was for the Eleventh Division to form the left wing of the Brousa Front, this division crossing straight over on the Bardazag, Brousa Road, but the Turks met them right there at Bardazag, met the whole division, artillery and everything from Adebazar, Sabange and the whole Ismid front. And

what's more, they held them so they didn't get by. There were eight gunboats in the harbor besides the *Kilkis*.¹ All day Saturday and Saturday night there were great fires between Bardazag and Dermanderine and the big guns, and all the rest of it, were going at a great rate.

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Sunday morning, our little game began as was to be expected with only three thousand soldiers in the place. It broke out on all sides of us. They were fighting between here and our water source and on the hill across from our picnic place. Soon the *Kilkis* began to shell and it shook things up I can tell you. They shelled on all sides and back of the town. The Turks had trenches at Ratched Bey's place where we were working our tractor, and the shells did more plowing in one hour than the tractor did in a week. Wounded were being brought every few minutes and we had our hands full. . . . Mrs. Power thought she was back at Marash.

About noon the Greeks landed three thousand marines to help out, and in the early evening the Commandant signalled the General across the Gulf that Ismid was falling and to send help. He came over with three regiments. Monday, we heard that Turks had been massacred and the General had given the refugees forty-eight hours to get out. By this time, we had refugees from Adebazar and Sabange. It looked like the whole world was refugees. You could hardly get through the streets. The cemetery and the road at the foot of the hill were jammed. The Turkish population was pouring down from the Turkish quarters, just as terrified as every one else.

July 6, 1921.

We have lived through the evacuation. All the Christians fled like rats. . . . Our nice girls have fled. . . . We hear they are at Rodosta. . . . We are running the hospital with little orphan girls from the American orphanage. At first they were to leave, too, but it was decided for them to stay on. We have these girls in the laundry, scrubbing the floors, nursing and doing everything else. . . . They are a dandy bunch, and pleased as Punch to be in the hospital.

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I am the only doctor left in the place. The Kemalists haven't

¹ Formerly the United States battleship *Mississippi*.

even got a military doctor here, so I have the soldiers to look after too. . . . We kept the clinic running until two men were stabbed to death in front of the building, and another shot. We brought the shot one up here and fixed him up, but he fled with the rest the next day. . . . We had an awful time with the smallpox camp to keep the convalescents from running away. A double guard was kept on day and night.

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We have the most courteous treatment from the military authorities (Turkish). They are trying to protect us as much as possible from the "irregulars." All our buildings on the outside, including the clinic buildings, have been looted, and the Commandant assured us that he will punish the offenders if he finds them. We have Nationalist guards on the place day and night, one of our destroyers lying in the harbor and a landing party up on the hill and at the orphanage, since the day of the evacuation.

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I am looking forward to your visit, but the picture will be different than what I expected to show you. You will not see our nice class of girls, and I shall not be able to show you what a lot they have learned in such a little while. Poor dears! They were so happy here and tried so hard to be a credit to us. It was wonderful to see what hospital discipline had done for them in carrying them through the crisis. These girls had fled before the Turks, times before this, but I know they never did it in such a dignified way before. I told them to stay on duty until I told them it was time to leave. And if you had stepped into this hospital at any time on that last day you wouldn't have known anything was wrong. I doubt if many American girls of seventeen, in fear of their lives and worse, would have done as well.

All was quiet at Ismid when I arrived in July, 1921. There were no fires, sounds of strife, or bombarding. Only one gunboat lay at anchor, and she was the U. S. Destroyer *Brooks*. The tumult and the screaming were over. The people were gone. If there was any loot left, it was buried so deep that no one would be likely to find it for awhile.

The Ismid massacre is said to have been an inadequate affair, in view of the opportunity and provocation. Some of

the noncombatant Christians had secured arms for self-protection and with the connivance or help of the Greek soldiers might have taken reprisals for the deportations and massacres which had been systematically carried out against their people for years. But there was little time or inclination for vicarious revenge. The Christian residents of Ismid fled for their lives carrying only their most precious possessions. One American woman, at considerable risk, saved her porcelain bath tub.

In the good old days when a prize like Ismid was taken the soldiers were allowed three days' looting, and old customs are not suddenly changed, although new articles may be written to prove to the outside world that the rules of modern warfare are being observed.

The "irregulars" (chetas, bandits), were not on the government payroll it was said, but military service offered great opportunities for privateering, and was far more lucrative than highway robbery in times of war. These chetas are interesting gentry. They accompany the army like jackals and vultures, gleaning along the way. From time immemorial refugees from falling cities have been suspected of swallowing the family jewels, and a thorough-going chetas goes through the entire length of the intestinal canal of his victim.

The Turkish regulars and "irregulars" had fought and bled for Ismid, but when they entered the city there wasn't an enemy left to loot, unless the Turkish residents, some of whom had promptly moved into the homes and shops of their former neighbors, might be regarded as enemies. From the standpoint of victorious "irregulars" it must have been an empty victory. There was nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and not a Christian woman in the town except Americans, guarded by a United States destroyer. Even the loot had been skimmed, and there was nothing to do but make the best of a profitless job, and hope for better pickings in the future.

Falling was no new experience for Ismid, old Nicomedia. Age after age, that history-making city had been falling and rising and the chances are it will continue to fall and rise. The site has been good through the centuries, and therefore, it has revived repeatedly under different governments, while many of its contemporaneous cities have disappeared from the earth. Diocletian had decided to remove the Eastern Capital of the Roman Empire to Nicomedia, but his successor, Constantine, held to the site of Byzantium on which he founded the Christian city of Constantinople, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Constantine lived part of the time at Nicomedia and died in the suburbs of that city where the chetas were operating in the summer of 1921.

With all these ups and downs, the latest fall of Ismid will not make much of an impression on her history chart. Compared with former experiences, it was not much of a debacle, but from the standpoint of the American Women's Hospitals, it was a disastrous fall. There stood the fine hospital, which we were running in coöperation with the Near East Relief, on the inside of the Turkish lines, and the people it had been established to serve were on the opposite shore of the Sea of Marmora, greatly in need of medical care.

For the first five months of 1921, we had conducted the medical end of the American relief work in the Ismid, Derindje and Bardazag regions, and, in spite of inadequate buildings and equipment, a large service had been carried for the relief of the sick. With the help of Miss Leila Priest, Miss Griselle McClaren, Mrs. Power and Mrs. Nickerson, Dr. Elliott had directed this work. A training class for nurses had been conducted, and although the people we were serving had fled from the country, our work was not entirely lost. In a way, it was spread broadcast by the disaster. The young women belonging to the nurses' training class did not suffer the usual fate of refugees. They were not obliged to live on charity in refugee

camps for long, or submit to even greater humiliation. Resources within themselves had been developed, and they were soon called to serve the sick in the districts where fate had placed them.

Medical service should be developed on a plane with the lives of the people it serves. If they are very poor people in a very poor country, their medical work should be run on a low financial scale. Hospitals serving unstable populations, subject to the fortunes of war, and likely to be deported or forced to flee from the wrath of victorious armies, should be conducted in temporary quarters and always ready to move. This lesson at Ismid proved of great value in our plans for the relief of the sick among the Christian refugees from Anatolia, after the disaster at Smyrna the following year.

The Ismid Hospital on the hill was well located and equipped, but somehow the picture suggested Andromeda Chained to a Rock. It was officially opened on May 31, 1921, and three weeks later the evacuation of the district began. On June 26, the Turkish military forces occupied the city. This hospital overlooked the harbor within sight and hearing of the confusion and carnage during the battle and evacuation, but in spirit it stood five thousand miles apart, an American refuge for the sick and injured regardless of race, religion or nationality.

There they were, Turks, Greeks, Armenians and chetas, perhaps, hobnobbing together as though they all belonged to the same fraternity—and they did: the fraternity of the wounded. Men who had been fighting each other to the death, were friendly and solicitous regarding the welfare of their wounded enemies. Glancing down the ward, the whole tragic business took on a comic aspect, and one of the nurses referred to a Mohammedan prophecy of dire calamity in store for certain unworthy brothers, who were to be punished by passing through generations of degradation, and sinking deeper into the abyss, until they reached

the uttermost depths, where they were to be ruled over by women. The culmination of this prophecy was seemingly fulfilled in that hospital. This brotherhood of the wounded was not only ruled over by women, but its members were so lost to the spirit of the prophecy that they actually liked the experience.

The flight of the Christian population had left the town without a carpenter, blacksmith, plumber, shoemaker, butcher, baker or any sort of an artisan. Community life was difficult. Dr. Elliott was the only physician left in the district. Assisted by three American nurses, and a score of children from 10 to 14 years of age, she kept the hospital running and cared for all kinds and conditions of sick and wounded. Most of these children had prominent abdomens due to improper food and malaria. This peculiarity, with their bare feet and smiling faces, made them look like a band of brownies.

The hospital grounds were guarded by Turkish soldiers ostensibly to protect the property, but probably to prevent Greek or Armenian patients from getting away. These convalescents registered weakness in the arms and the knees. It was *manifestly* hard for them to walk. They needed crutches, and some of the hand hooks used by *mutilles* in France, such as Long John Silver used to wear, might prove useful in this emergency.

Dressed in American pajamas, these men hobbled about with canes or crutches, and sometimes sat at the windows looking wistfully over the gulf toward Thrace. What were they thinking about? The width of the waters perhaps, or the dark of the moon. Leander swam the Hellespont at its narrowest point, but the Sea of Mamora was wide in front of Ismid. Constantinople by land might be possible, but soldiers surrounded the town; chetas lurked in the hills and for want of a better weapon a crutch might be worth carrying.

The strange Turkish soldiers guarding the place did not

inspire confidence, so a Turk, who had worked for the American Women's Hospitals for several months, was appointed special watchman to patrol the grounds during the night and watch the other Turks.

An oppressive silence brooded over the land. The night sounds were weird and intensified by the stillness. Our special watchman had a secret signal which couldn't possibly remain a secret for long. Walking slowly around the building he tapped twice on the stones with a metal-tipped cane every few steps, and after several hours this tapping was about as comforting to me as the tom-toms in the jungle were to the "Emperor Jones."

"Tap, tap!—tap, tap!" favorably interpreted, this meant, all is well, all is well. "Tap, tap!—tap, tap!—Tap tap!"—the watchman doth protest too much! In answer to this thought the carrion-fed jackals yelped in the hills.

The darkness and silence deepened. "Tap tap!—tap, tap!" Our Turkish watchman had just passed under the window when eight bells struck on the destroyer in the harbor giving assurance that all *was well for us*. The dawn was breaking, and from a distant minaret above the deserted city of Ismid came the call of the muezzin: "*La ilaha illa-llahu, Muhammad rasul allahi!*"

CHAPTER X

THE MANTLE OF MOSCOW—UNDER TWO FLAGS: THE AMERICAN AND COMMUNIST—"THE CZAR'S CIGARETTE CASE"—A NATIONALIZED CASINO

FORTUNATELY, our plan of work anticipated complications. This was the second complication within a year. Under Dr. Alfred Dewey, with reduced personnel, the hospital at Ismid was carried on for the care of the sick among the Turkish people. The service was small and the reduction in cost of operation made it possible for us to consider a larger field in the Caucasus. The following month, August, 1921, Dr. Elliott was sent to Erivan, Soviet Armenia, to take over the medical work of the Near East Relief in that district, and before the end of the year every person, American or native, connected with the medical or hospital end of this service was on the payroll of the American Women's Hospitals.

This was the district in which Dr. Elsie Mitchell and Dr. Clara Williams had started our medical work in coöperation with the Near East Relief in 1919. Meanwhile, the Armenian Republic of Erivan had been crushed by the Turkish Nationalists and Russian Communists operating together in 1920. The Turkish Army had occupied the country, and, as a last resort, a Soviet Republic had been proclaimed. The Russian goal in the Caucasus was reached, and with the help of Russia and other countries Turkey reached her goal two years later at Smyrna.

Health conditions in Armenia had improved somewhat

during the year 1919-1920, but following that brief respite, two foraging armies had overrun the country, massacres had occurred, and devastating tides of refugees had ebbed and flowed. A plague of refugees is worse than any plague, except the plague-creating plague of war responsible for the refugees. Absolutely destitute, these poor creatures must live on the country or starve. As they pass from place to place, they eat everything edible, burn everything combustible they can lay their hands on for fuel, and spread disease wherever they go. They are less welcome anywhere than a poor relation with the smallpox.

The crops which had been planted in the spring of 1920 by the Armenians were harvested in the fall by the Nationalist Turks—Kismet! The Armenians were used to this sort of thing. It is part of their history. The snow was creeping down the slopes of Ararat. Winter was coming. "God have mercy on my children," was the wail of the mothers throughout the land.

The Allies and Central Powers had proclaimed peace, but there was no peace. The people of Armenia knew nothing about the policies of the great nations, but they knew when their homes were wrecked, their families killed, their crops stolen, and their children were dying of starvation. These were strong arguments. Any change would be a change for the better. The sufferers did not care whether the flag was red, white or blue. What they prayed for was peace—*peace at any price!* "Give us this day our daily bread," has a meaning for people who are starving.

The proclamation of the Soviet Republic brought about a sudden change. The tattered mantle of Moscow was thrown around the Armenian people within the borders of the new state. New Turkey and New Russia had nothing further in common in that territory. The Turks evacuated. "God be praised!" There could be no greater blessing. And this religious people under an affirmatively irreligious government gave thanks in the name of their Saviour and

Redeemer. The Communist Army assisted in the establishment of the Soviet Government, and effectually quelled any political protests. From that time forward Moscow was the real capital of the country and ultimate source of authority, although the reorganization of the Russian Empire into the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics was not officially declared to the world until January, 1923.

After generations of cruel oppression under an absolute autocracy, the pendulum of government, loosed by war and revolution, naturally swung to the opposite extreme. An equally absolute oligarchy was organized, committed to the establishment of Socialist Soviet Republics, with a world-wide program expressed in the slogan, "Communism Knows No Border!"

When the American Women's Hospitals took over the medical work at Erivan in coöperation with the Near East Relief, in the fall of 1921, the country was under two flags, the American flag and the Communist flag. The first flag meant *food*, and the second meant *peace*. Word had gone out regarding the enormous food and clothing supplies of the Near East Relief, and people came from every direction like starving cattle on the plains to feeding places. With the establishment of the great orphanages at Leninakan (formerly Alexandrople) and Erivan, there followed a shortage of fathers and mothers and a corresponding increase of aunts, uncles and cousins. These destitute human beings brought large numbers of little children to the orphanages, and if there was no room for them on the inside, they were left crying at the doors. This was their best chance of survival.

The state of affairs at Erivan and Leninakan did not fairly represent the entire country. The sick and hungry flocked toward these centers of relief, while the strong and well remained in their own villages. In November, 1921, Dr. Mabel E. Elliott wrote from Erivan, Armenia, as follows:

I hardly know where to begin telling you about the work here. As I wrote you before, it is a mess, but it isn't going to be a mess six months from now if I live to tell the tale. I find that there are at least two hundred cases of trachoma mixed with the well children, and this means new cases developing daily. My two big problems just now are more buildings for hospitals, and sanitation. I am horror-stricken at the state of some of our places.

To-day is Sunday, and this afternoon we go to Kanukeuy, a village near here which is high, and where there are some lovely barracks buildings which I want for favus and trachoma hospitals. My great desire is to get these two scourges of the Armenian orphanages as far removed as possible from the rest. The chief of staff of the local Bolshevik Government is going with us, and I hope to interest him in my propositions.

My whole office force, including myself, have been in a mad rush ever since my arrival. Getting about looking up buildings takes a great deal of time. I am so anxious to get something that I can feel is permanent. . . . Miss Priest and Mrs. Power are up to their ears in work also, as you may imagine, and it is a great comfort to me to know that they are carrying on while I am in the mazes of the administrative part of it. If you had only come up here and seen things as they were, and then come next year and see the improvements.

I cannot begin to tell you, doctor, of the misery here in spite of the enormous work that is being done. Since I have been here 852 is the lowest number of cases we have had in our hospitals, and yet they are dying on all corners of the city. Sunday afternoon we passed a dead horse by the side of the road, and three wretched looking human beings were sitting on the ground tearing the flesh off with their hands. It was a most repulsive sight.

All day long we can hear the groans and wails of little children outside our office building in hopes we can and will pick them up. If the sun shines a little while they quiet down, and when it rains they begin again. One day the rain turned to snow, and it was awful to listen to them. The note of terror that came into the general wail was distinctly perceptible, although my office is upstairs and I had the windows closed.

They well knew what a night out in the snow would mean to them. We are picking them up as fast as possible. You can see by my report how many more patients we have than beds, and the same holds good in the orphanages. There is no use crowding them in so that they will all die. We have a bread line for those we cannot take in on account of lack of buildings.

Erivan, December 20, 1921.

We have our training class well under way. There are 28 girls to start with. They all go to one of Mrs. Power's hospitals for an English class, and Miss Priest and Mrs. Power each have classes in nurses' courses. Then from six to eight o'clock they go to the Near East Relief night school for their lessons in ordinary studies. All these girls are from the orphanages. They are so happy in their work. It is a pleasure to see them. Miss Priest and Mrs. Power are busy getting their uniforms in order. After three months, those who pass their examinations will be capped.

In my last letter I told you that I was about ready to move into two new buildings, that is, new to us. I just had them cleaned and looking lovely when 4,000 new troops came in and they were obliged to billet their soldiers in them. You can't imagine what they look like now. They have promised to turn them over to me soon, in fact one to-night and one in two days. Meanwhile I am about to put 315 cases of trachoma that we found in the orphanages into another building, and we have opened a hospital at Etchmiadzin for children who have been picked up off the streets in a frightful condition. It is rather a hit and miss affair, but it is better than having them die on the streets and in every corner.

The hospital referred to above was the same one which had been conducted by Dr. Clara Williams with the help of Miss Frances Witte in 1919-20, during the brief existence of the Republic of Erivan, the Armenian National Republic. This work was given up by the Americans just before the Turks took that district in the autumn of 1920. In December, 1921, after the establishment of the Armenian Soviet State, this hospital was opened again by Dr. Elliott. The

reports made to the New York office, over a year apart, by different persons, are strikingly similar. Under Dr. Williams the Etchmiadzin Hospital had become a place to live and get well in, but during the Turkish military occupation it had promptly reverted to its pre-American status, and had become a "place better to die in than the streets."

The rapid growth and development of the American Women's Hospitals' service in the Caucasus continued to be shown in letters received from Dr. Elliott, our director in that country.

January 5, 1922.

For a time you will see a great increase in the number of patients. This is because we are getting all the trachomas, scabies and favus out of the orphanages. . . . I am talking prevention a lot and hoping to get the orphanages in shape so that we won't have so much sickness.

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We have had ten cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis and not one drop of anti-meningococcus serum. . . . I have had to quarantine two of the orphanages on account of meningitis.

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Taking over the medical work for the whole of Armenia is certainly a thrilling thought. . . . If you cannot take on the whole work, the Alexandrople unit is much larger, and we might change another year and take that over.

Alexandrople, March 7, 1922.

I have had my talk with Captain Yarrow, and after two days to consider and do some figuring, have decided to accept his proposition, which is to give up the Erivan district and take on the Alexandrople area. He asked me to get off at Alexandrople on my way back from Tiflis, and look over things, and serve on a committee to consider the problem of trachoma for the whole Caucasus area. We have decided to make Alexandrople a trachoma center. All the trachoma-free children will be sent to other stations, and the trachoma cases brought here.

When I tell you, doctor, that we have at least 15,000 cases of trachoma under our care, you will see that the American

Women's Hospitals has undertaken a big job. We have here at the present time a trachoma specialist, Dr. Uhls, and a very good surgeon, Dr. Blythe, and I will do the medical work. There are three nurses (American) at this post (Seversky), one at Polygon Post and two at Kazachy Post. I will bring down both my nurses from Erivan and may transfer one from here if we find we don't need these. However, I will start immediately to establish our training school for nurses on a proper basis, and it will take all one nurse's time for the present. . . . Our Erivan class of nurses has just been capped.

Erivan, March 17, 1922.

The Alexandrople work will be tremendous when we get it organized; it is almost unbelievable the "medical factory" that will be in operation. . . . I am personally examining all the children's eyes for trachoma here, as we find the native doctor's tendency is to give the child the benefit of the doubt and call the case negative when the trachoma is slight. To-morrow I am going to Daratchitchak to examine the eyes of children and arrange the medical program, for we shall be sending children there soon, and I want to be sure that they are all trachoma-free.

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It is an awful job getting these children changed about. We have sent 400 trachoma cases to Alexandrople; cleaned and fumigated two buildings, and made them safe for trachoma-free children. . . . In this way we shall gradually get all the trachoma-free children out of Alexandrople and have only clean cases here. Then the terrific job will begin of getting enough personnel to treat thousands and thousands of eyes daily at Alexandrople.

Alexandrople, June 17, 1922.

I will make an attempt to get this out to you at Constantinople. I am sure your decision to come at this time is Heaven-sent. I have never needed you so badly. I do hope you will be along very soon. . . . Perhaps word can be gotten to me, and I can meet you at Batoum.

Yes, I was Heaven-sent at that time. The American Women's Hospitals was in need of a special service which I was equipped to render. At Constantinople I joined a

group of relief workers who were waiting to get into the Caucasus and rejoicing in the good fortune which had kept them waiting at such an interesting place. The delay was due to a recent ruling of the Soviet Federation of Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan, in accordance with which all the American personnel of relief organizations should be subject to search on entering and leaving Soviet territory. The Near East Relief was resisting this ruling, which canceled the privilege of coming and going without search which American workers enjoyed. Pending the decision regarding this question, Mrs. Marian P. Cruikshank, an A. W. H. nurse, and I, were requested to wait at Constantinople, although we belonged to another organization and had no objection whatever to being searched.

Twenty-five or thirty Americans from different states, the majority of whom were interested in the home end of the Near East Relief work, were also waiting. Some of these were inclined to defend the new ruling of the Soviet Government. Why should American personnel enjoy special privileges? All travelers entering the United States or passing any of the European borders are subject to search. My baggage had been searched by the custom officials of France, Switzerland, Italy, Yugo-Slavia, Bulgaria and Turkey. One search, more or less, did not matter in the least.

Mrs. Cruikshank had had a larger experience. For over a year she had been taking our hospital supplies across the Serbian border from Greece, and she knew something about the border business. There was nothing for us to fear. We were not carrying any political messages into the country, or expecting to bring out any of the crown jewels or other valuables interdicted by the laws of "Bololand."

Just as we had decided not to wait any longer, but to take the first ship crossing the Black Sea, a telegram announcing a favorable decision regarding the controversy was received, and everybody embarked for Batoum. The "Bolos" had

backed down. Hurrah for our side! The privilege of coming and going without search was not to be taken from American relief workers, and we began to reconsider the matter of the crown jewels.

The great days were over. The days when the first families of Russia were trading their heirlooms for bread, and Constantinople made *Treasure Island* look like a poor farm. Since those days, Sinbad and other sailors have been able to find real princesses in distress, selling wines in restaurants and other resorts, and in many instances actually dignifying *Mrs. Warren's Profession*.

The ethics, angles and phases of the complex business which had resulted in the decision of the Soviet Government to search American relief workers, were the chief topics of conversation during our trip across the Black Sea, and some of the visitors wondered why great philanthropic pawnshops had not been established by Americans in Constantinople to protect refugees from profiteers of all kinds.

Soviet money was cheap, but treasures of gold, platinum, precious stones, rugs, sables and Persian lamb, sold at par in the markets of the world. This was real wealth. Under the law, all persons leaving Soviet territory were required to declare their collections, lay them before a customs committee for valuation, and pay an export duty.

The right of search in this connection was manifestly a debatable question, and the debate was waxing warm one fine morning on the Black Sea, which was blue, when a little Greek gunboat that looked like a plaything came whizzing through the water, held up our big ship, and gave us a demonstration regarding the right of search in another connection. The Greco-Turkish war was going on and the Greeks wanted to know if there was any war material for the Turks in the cargo.

We had brought the *Arabian Nights* and the *Three Musketeers* to read en route, but these were dull, old-fashioned stories compared with those circulating on that

ship, especially the thrilling tale of the "Czar's Cigarette Case." The final chapter regarding the adventures of D'Artagnan, intrusted with the recovery of the missing jewel from the necklace of the Queen of France, had long since been written and read by the world, but the story of the "Czar's Cigarette Case" was current, and any person on our ship might be personally concerned with the next chapter.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, so the story ran, had given a platinum cigarette case studded with jewels, and bearing the Imperial monogram, to His Majesty the Czar during the days of his absolute power. This priceless treasure, which had been passed to a faithful attendant at the time of the exile of the Royal Family, was afterward brought to the Caucasus by a Russian refugee and bartered for food. Finally it fell into the fair hands of an American relief worker, and the Soviet police had been instructed to prevent its passage over the border.

The latest chapter of this unwritten romance had just reached Constantinople. An innocent looking package had been passed to an American girl leaving Tiflis to be delivered to an innocent seeming person at Constantinople. In repacking her handbag before reaching Batoum, this girl opened the package and was shocked to find herself in possession of the "Czar's Cigarette Case." She was utterly unequal to the situation. Visions of the cheka overwhelmed her, and instead of seizing the greatest opportunity of her life by the forelock, she wrapped up the treasure and sent it back to the person who had given it to her.

Such an anti-climax! The spirit of adventure groaned aloud on the deck of our Black Sea freighter, and several quiet souls began formulating plans in case a similar opportunity presented itself to them. Even Mrs. Cruikshank felt that her sister in service had exhibited a lamentable lack of enterprise in a great emergency.

In addition to her duties as surgical nurse at our Veles

Hospital in Southern Serbia, Mrs. Cruikshank had been acting as special transportation agent for the American Women's Hospitals, when large shipments of supplies were being brought from the port of Salonica, Greece, over the border to our district in Serbia. She had a genius for sociability which transcended the limitations of language. She couldn't speak Greek or Serbian, but her eyes, hands and entire muscular and nervous system were eloquent, and her suitcase was redolent of cigarettes. In the Balkans and near eastern countries the cigarette is the conventional symbol of good-fellowship, and this open sesame had facilitated the passage of freight cars full of hospital supplies across a border with a world record for unpleasant incidents.

"Look who's here!" the Miloshes, Alexanders, Xenophons and Aristotles would exclaim in their different languages on their respective sides of the border. "Clear the track!" and her cars would move through without the slightest difficulty, whereas, if we sent a Serb across the border into Greece to bring in our supplies, there was always the possibility of starting a war.

That woman's confidence in the socializing influence of the noxious weed was extremely disconcerting to a certain total abstainer of her intimate acquaintance. Mrs. Cruikshank had had no experience with the Bolsheviks, but she felt sure they would respond to rational treatment, and she declared that if she got her hands on the "Czar's Cigarette Case" she would fill it with good cigarettes and go out of the country passing them to the inspectors as she went up the gangplank.

He who laughs first is sure of his laugh and, fortunately, we had had our laugh before we reached Batoum. Yes, they had agreed to continue the exemption of American personnel from search, and had signed articles to that effect, but they had changed their minds. According to our standards this was outrageous, but our standards do not apply to

Eastern peoples, any more than their standards apply to Western peoples. Their customs are not our customs; their calendars are not our calendars; their religion is not our religion; their alphabet is not our alphabet and their language is not our language. We unconsciously violate their rules of behavior most honored by observance, and they unconsciously violate the customs by which we live and maintain order.

At Batoum we learned that everybody was to be thoroughly searched. In order to avoid complications, it was suggested that all written communications which might be interpreted as having a political bearing, and anything that could be considered contraband should be left on the ship and sent back to Constantinople.

For three years I had been receiving reports from the Caucasus regarding the effects of war, famine and pestilence upon the population; descriptions of diseases ravaging the country, together with plans for wholesale treatment, and projects for salvaging a generation of orphans. In my mind's eye, the country was a barren waste, and I was under the impression that the surviving population was living in complete helplessness, wretchedness and dependence upon American charity.

This picture was modified in some respects by my trip through the Caucasus. We did not travel on a freight train, or on the "Maxim Gorki" with the proletariat. People were not packed in the aisles like herrings, sitting on the top of the train, or on the steps. In the early days of the Russian revolution when Maxim Gorki was at the head of the National Transportation System, there had been a general proletariat picnic. In the first flush of ownership, the people naturally wanted to ride on their trains, and all they had to do was to get aboard. The system ran down rapidly and stopped. It was reorganized, but the name "Maxim Gorki" is forever identified with the world's best literature and worst transportation system. The most

dilapidated train in any part of Russia is waggishly dubbed the "Maxim Gorki," especially by the good folks who went a-traveling on *their trains* and had to get off in the snowy mountains and gather limbs of trees and other combustibles in order to create enough steam to get home.

The "special" American train was well appointed for that country. The private car of the Near East Relief general director, which had formerly been the private car of the Grand Duke Nicholas, bearing his coat of arms and his royal chef, was attached to the train and occupied by some of the leaders in the Near East Relief and their guests from the United States. The country through which we passed appeared barren in some parts, but wonderfully fertile and productive in others. We were greatly impressed by the ranges of hills, providing rich pasture, and by the beauty of the woods with wild hydrangeas blooming in thickets as the rhododendron blooms in our western mountains.

Most of the relief work which had been carried on at Tiflis in 1919-20 had been discontinued, but it was a convenient administrative center and half-way house for Americans en route to Leninakan and Erivan. Food and clothing were still being distributed, orphanage work done, and one physician, assisted by native nurses, was conducting clinics.

In the evening we visited an amusement park and had difficulty getting in on account of the crowd at the gate. This resort had been nationalized. The entrance fee was low, and the games of chance and other amusements in which human beings take delight were being conducted by the government with the object of gratifying the national taste for gambling, while preventing the evils which are inevitable when such places are conducted for private profit.

The entertainments were along the lines which had prevailed before the war. And in regard to music and dancing, either the proletariat government was not catering to popular taste, or popular taste was very high. A Georgian

ballet, wild, defiant and colorful as the country, was presented. The audience seemed enchanted and temperamentally in accord with the music and motion. We were amazed. How could people who had suffered so much exhibit such vitality and spirit? This was no new thing. Music and dancing was, perhaps, the greatest outlet for the sublimated spirit of freedom in all the Russias under the Czars.

The aims of New Russia are affirmatively different from the aims of Old Russia, but her methods of procedure and enforcement are much the same. New Russia and New Turkey are chips off the old blocks. They may be committed to the principles of progress, freedom and justice for all the world, but anybody with a plan differing in detail from the official formula had better express it in music.

Strange games of fortune were running under the trees. Stacks of money (rubles, about a billion to the dollar) were piled up in front of the players, who were demonstrating thrills theoretically typical of Monte Carlo, although they couldn't possibly lose more than thirty cents in real money if they played until morning.

We had heard of the physical perfection of the Georgians, and the people in that park were good-looking. The women dressed like women in any western European or American city, but with shoes so short that they looked horse-footed, were not so attractive as some of the men in Russian or Georgian costume. There was one particularly striking figure. Conscious of his grace and physical perfection, he moved from table to table, risking a few million rubles here and there, in a proper princely fashion.

"Is he a Georgian Prince or Cossack General?" I inquired in an undertone.

"Georgian, I believe," was the answer. "I think he came from Atlanta." "Say Jimmie, what State are you from, Georgia or Texas?"

"Neither, old man. I'm from St. Louis," he responded. So, after all, it was the clothes. Our conventional suit

for men has the best pocket system ever invented but as vesture for the human form divine, it cannot compare with the Cossack or Georgian costume. One of the American relief workers married a Georgian Prince, and bought him a new suit of clothes. He had no need for pockets, and when he took off his native costume and put on that suit of clothes, her disillusionment was complete.

CHAPTER XI

“PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS”—THE STRIKE—AN EXPERIMENT IN COMMUNISM—“REDS AND RADISHES”

AN amazing state of affairs existed at Leninakan at the time of our arrival. The native workers of the Near East Relief, who depended somewhat upon that organization for their lives and the lives of their children, were on a strike against the organization for the reason that five of their number had been discharged by one of the American directors, Mr. B. D. MacDonald. This was in direct contravention to the Soviet principle. Therefore, a strike had been called and was in full swing when we arrived. Under the Soviet scheme of things, the Union of Workers in different industries are supposed to run the industries. The Union of Workers (native) in the Near East Relief, backed by the government, was demanding that the five men who had been discharged be reinstated and the American director dismissed.

Conference after conference was held. The American personnel were intensely interested. It was not merely a matter of reinstating five Armenians and discharging an American director. There was a principle involved, upon which the world stands divided. It was a test case, which for a week or more was argued pro and con, not only by those with authority to settle it, but by the native and American personnel in private conversation. In the opinion of some of the workers, an American relief organization should have the right to “run its own show,” while others

argued that individuals and organizations, operating in foreign countries, should "play the game" in accordance with the laws of the land. Naturally, the Union of Workers and the Soviet authorities took much the same position as the Turks at Angora were taking regarding capitulations and foreign institutions in Turkey.

Finally terms were arrived at. The five men were reinstated, the American director resigned and the trouble was over. The Union of Workers were, of course, pleased with the outcome but the American personnel were far from satisfied. Some of them held that the first American Soviet had been, at least, partially established, while others said, "Pshaw! There are Soviets all over the United States. In many of the big industries and public service corporations the workers, including the managers, are organized for mutual benefit."

The Union of Workers, backed by the Government, had won, but not without concessions, in witness whereof a mandate had been signed—another covenant of Ararat for time to test. The Americans were doing a great work in child salvage, education, medical service, physical and industrial training, and scientific farming, including engineering. Public improvements, such as roads, bridges, streets and systems of irrigation, were being constructed in accordance with their plans, and laborers, people who would otherwise be hungry and naked, were being paid in American food and old clothing.

The Soviet Government had placed at the command of the Near East Relief four large systems of military barracks, containing approximately 250 substantial stone buildings, 36,000 acres of land, rent free, on which to develop agricultural colonies, and 16,000 acres of grazing land for the development of dairying and animal industry. Naturally the leaders in the government were anxious to have the Americans stay on the job, but not at the price of divided authority.

As a geographical expression, and to a large extent as a religious entity, Armenia has survived for almost two thousand years under one outside power after another. During the past century Persia, Turkey and Russia have misruled the country in turn. Following the great war came the tri-state federal republic, the Armenian National Republic, and finally, the Armenian Soviet State, a constituent part of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

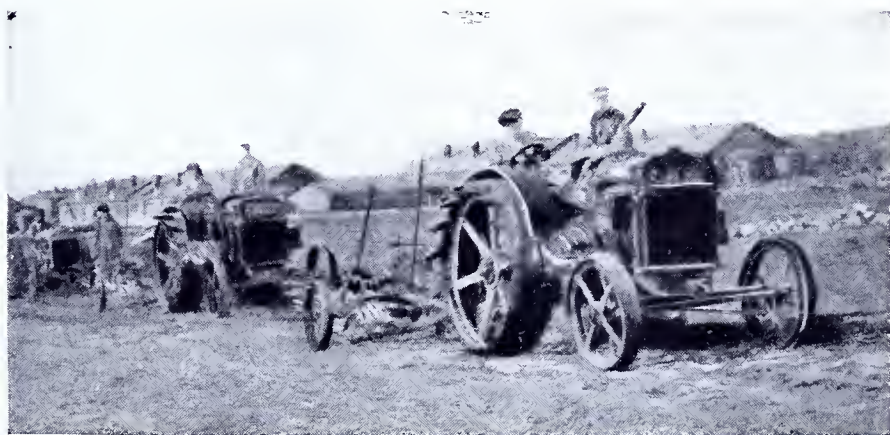
Shut away from the rest of the world, Armenia is enormously interesting as a social experiment station. To be sure, Moscow is the ultimate source of authority, but Moscow is so far away that she cannot meddle overmuch with local affairs. In 1919-20, Miss Witte and others reported wholesale starvation and death in Leninakan and Erivan; in 1921, Dr. Elliott and others reported similar conditions. A year later when I was in Armenia crops were being harvested, and although there was danger of hunger during the following winter, the Union of Workers and the local government felt strong enough to enforce their principles at the risk of losing what amounted to an enormous American subsidy.

The general state of affairs in Soviet Armenia was a revelation to me, although I had been receiving letters, reports and photographs from the country for three years. All of this material, received from physicians and nurses, dealt with famine, pestilence, disease and death. Taken together it constituted one of the most appalling stories of human suffering ever written. These letters and reports were irregular. Other reports were perhaps lost in the mail, or destroyed by the censors. In any case, no specific reference was ever made to the extraordinary experiment in communist government, including agriculture and child-raising, in which the Americans were participating on a large scale.

This was an ideal place for such an experiment; a sort of social laboratory, far removed from outside influence



Children are being raised like Spartans in the American orphanages of Soviet Armenia.



American tractors sent into Soviet Armenia by the Near East Relief.



Nationalized irrigation ditch, Soviet Armenia.



STREET IMPROVEMENTS, LENINAKAN.

The laborers shown in these pictures were paid in American food and old clothing.

and conducted under conditions especially conducive to success. The country was manifestly rich in natural resources; the young men at the head of the government were fanatical in their zeal. Communism was their religion, and they had but one God. A great American organization was carrying part of their natural burdens, supporting many of their children, providing food and clothing for adults, which was exchanged for labor on public utilities, and for the development of model farms and other nationalized industries.

Communism has always seemed to me an impossible dream, sure to defeat its own end by discouraging individual enterprise. Time after time it has failed in the United States and elsewhere when attempted on a small scale without subsidy, but its advocates have always argued that subject to extraneous influences, it has never been given a fair chance. This form of government is certainly being given a fair chance in Armenia, and fostered as no other new government has ever been fostered, if it does not make a conspicuous success, there must be something wrong with the system as applied to human life in its present stage of development.

The men at the head of the Armenian Soviet Government in 1922 were not the dreamy idealists we read about, but young Armenian university and business men, and Armenians are said to have a genius for business. There is an adage in near eastern countries to the effect that a Jew can out-trade a Turk, a Greek a Jew, an Armenian a Greek, and this may apply in the business of running one state in a Soviet Union, as well as in individual affairs.

There were two kinds of Bolsheviks in the Caucasus, "Reds and Radishes." The Reds were red all through and the radishes were red outside and white inside. The "radishes," currying favor among unconverted Americans with one hand and serving the Soviet with the other, did not hold the big jobs. The high officials served but one master, and

some of the Americans working with them frankly stated that, judged by results achieved in two years, Communism was the best form of government that country had ever had.

In the "New Near East" for November, 1922, an article appeared under the caption, "Repopulating the Garden of Eden," by Mr. William A. Biby, containing the following paragraphs:

Modern America using waters which fed the Garden of Eden sounds like another of those Arabian Nights yarns which originated around this fortieth meridian east, centuries ago, but I have seen the first dirt turned which will mean American reclamation of 120,000 acres of cotton, rice and grain land, with the aid of the Garden of Eden river.

The Near East Relief, which is backing this irrigation project, proposes not only to provide work for refugees with the construction, but has obtained government consent to the permanent partition later of the reclaimed land among the boys who are contemplating marriage and settling down to the agricultural development of the country.

The irrigation project will take water from the old Araxes River, the upper end of which, historians contend, was one of the borders and supply sources of the Garden of Eden prosperity. By rebuilding old irrigation canals and cutting some new life-giving streams, America will restore scores of abandoned fields. In addition she will reclaim virgin soil that, for want of water, is fast tending toward the same kind of desert which now separates Armenia and the Holy Land, once a populous, productive region. Refugees will do the work for ten cents' worth of grits, American dehydrated corn, a day, and a few American old clothes from time to time.

Dr. Elliott and I inspected the orphanages and hospitals together, and as the days passed I became more and more impressed with Armenia as a social experiment station, an isolated laboratory in which the Armenians and Americans were conducting an important experiment in the communistic scheme of life.

I have visited communistic homes for children in Moscow, but they were not like those in Leninakan and Erivan. The Moscow management lacked money and method. In the central health department of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, I saw an artistic health exhibit with plans, specifications and a fine program, *all on paper*. In the Armenian Soviet State such a program was being put into actual operation. American money and efficiency, and Armenian tenacity of life and purpose, is a strong combination. Give that combination one generation and the means to carry on, and we shall see what we shall see. But one thing is certain—there will be a lesson in communism to lay before the world.

CHAPTER XII

"THE MEDICAL FACTORY"—A CATTLE COUNTRY—BIG DEMON HARNESSSED

THE medical work in connection with the Near East Relief program was coöperative, and a wonderful work it was. The Government supplied the buildings, the Near East Relief repair service, equipment and supplies, and the American Women's Hospitals provided personnel, paying the salaries of all persons, native and American, working in the hospitals, or in any way connected with the medical end of this service. There were orphanage hospitals, isolation pavilions for contagious diseases, camps for tuberculosis and special hospitals for eye diseases, including the trachoma hospital at the "orphan city" of Leninakan under Dr. R. T. Uhls, a surgical service under Dr. R. O Blythe and a training class for nurses in which over a hundred students were enrolled.

Reports regarding the number of children in the orphanages and hospitals, for all of whom we were medically responsible at that time, are somewhat conflicting. The Near East Relief report to Congress for the year 1922 gives the number as approximately 25,000. In an article published in 1925, Dr. Uhls states that there were 40,000 children in the orphanages and hospitals of Armenia, and in the preface of "Beginning Again at Ararat," signed by Dr. Mabel E. Elliott, the following statement appears:

I went to Ismid for the American Women's Hospitals, with a staff chosen, equipped and paid by them, to open and manage

a hospital for which the Near East Relief furnished all supplies. Later the American Women's Hospitals sent me to the Caucasus to take over, for them, a larger share of the medical work of the Near East Relief. This association of the small, specialized organization, with the large general one, proved so satisfactory that before I left the Caucasus my organization, made entirely by American women and employing only women in all executive positions, was handling the whole medical work of the Near East Relief in the Caucasus, a work involving the care of 40,000 orphan children, all of whom were at one time patients.

My own observation leads me to believe that the lower figure was nearer right, but in any case, order had come out of chaos. Hospitals were conducted at Kazachy, Polygon and Seversky Posts and unbelievable numbers of treatments were given daily at the “medical factory,” which was running at capacity, regulated by the clock, calendar and bugle call.

Leninakan might better have been named the “trachoma city” than the “orphan city.” All the people in that country whose children had eye diseases tried to get them into the orphanages at Leninakan, where they would get food, education and proper treatment. It was not possible to tell whether a child was an orphan or not, but it was possible to diagnose trachoma, and practically all the children in the orphanages and hospitals of Leninakan had trachoma.

The eye work was under the direction of Dr. Uhls, and his system of wholesale treatment was nothing less than marvelous from the standpoint of efficiency. Reports showing hundreds of thousands of treatments were not typographical errors. Thousands of children with trachoma passed through the clinics daily, almost as fast as a line of people can pass through a subway registering gate. The work was partly automatic, each child picking up his applicator as he moved down the line toward the physician or nurse, by whom his eyelids were deftly turned back and treated. This process required only a few seconds for each



This is not a Russian peasant, but an expert American farmer, head of the animal industry and dairying center, Djalal-Oghli, Soviet Armenia.



Cattle on the plains of Armenia.

Djalal-Oghli, had formerly belonged to a member of the Russian royal family. The Ptolemys, Bourbons and Romanoffs did not count the cost of the things they wanted. This royal estate had been assigned by the Soviet Government to the Near East Relief for the development of a model dairying and animal industry center, and I doubt if there is a better place for this purpose in the whole world.

Labor was not a problem in connection with this undertaking. It was available at the Ptolemy and Romanoff rate, the rate that made the building of the pyramids possible, but there was a fundamental difference. The laborers were now supposed to be building up their common inheritance, and that of their children, instead of the inheritance of their kings and masters. Tractors and other farm machinery had been sent from the United States, fine cattle imported from Switzerland, modern dairy machinery was to be installed, and a power plant was being built in the depths of Big Demon Cañon—another wonder of that world.

Big Demon River named itself. It is a turbulent stream at the bottom of a narrow chasm, four hundred feet deep, cut in the level plateau. The brink of this cleft is apparent only at close range. Many lives have been sacrificed to the fury of Big Demon, snorting, tossing his white mane and pawing the boulders in the bed of the cañon. But his wild days were almost done. He was about to be harnessed and his great strength used to furnish light and power for his masters.

Our ride through the mountains and along the rim of Big Demon Cañon was a thrilling experience, but our special and particular thrill was meeting Dr. Graff with the A. W. H. insignia on the front of her hat, and seeing the little ones she was caring for in that out of the way corner of the earth. The American Women's Hospitals had gone far and done well in the few years of its existence.

CHAPTER XIII

SPARTANS—ARARAT AND HOLLYWOOD—PTOMAINS OF
FATIGUE—THE GOLDEN RULE AND THE “INTERNATIONALE”

“**U**NCLE America Sees It Through, or, Seeing Is Believing,” a remarkable photoplay, was being filmed in Soviet Armenia at the time of our visit. All the children from the orphanages were mobilized for this picture. In Leninakan there were perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand children housed at the three different posts, several miles apart, which had formerly been used as military barracks by Russian soldiers. The making of this picture was an exhausting task, even for those who rode in automobiles, and the children had to walk.

“Uncle America” was a Near East worker on the home service end. Had he been born two decades later, there might have been another star in the movie firmament. He never had been an actor, and he didn’t want to be one, but there wasn’t another man among the Americans available who could successfully register philanthropy. He looked the part, and I believe he was the part. There are good, bad and indifferent uncles, and “Uncle America” was a good uncle. For the sake of the children, he was willing to be an actor, or Santa Claus, and he didn’t care whether they were Armenian, Greek, Russian or Turkish children. Poor little kiddies! They didn’t select the part of the world into which they were to be born. That was their bad luck, and as soon as they were old enough to realize the mistake, they were all keen on correcting it, and getting to the United States without loss of time.

The moving picture corps motored from place to place in order to get the special features of the story, every detail of which was carefully pre-arranged. But the big job was done on the parade ground at Leninakan, formerly used for military drills. Day after day, the children were assembled for practice on this great square. There was a pulpit in front of the Russian Church facing the grounds, in which a priest, in picturesque vestments, was to be "shot" blessing the children. When the stage was finally set, and the children at attention, after days of intensive training, the priest ascended the pulpit and "registered" in accordance with instructions. "Shoot!" came the startling command, and it is a good thing the poor old man did not understand our language, for even those of us who knew what it was all about, were relieved to see him descending from the pulpit quite uninjured, with a childlike smile on his venerable face.

The endurance of the children was beyond understanding. About five thousand little boys, none of whom were more than eight years old, lived at Polygon Post, where I was staying. They were perfect little Spartans. Their rations were simple, containing the proper proportions of the different kinds of food necessary for normal development. Their lives were absolutely regular. They arose, ate, went to school, to work, and to bed by the sound of the bugle.

Polygon Post was five miles from the parade ground, and these little tikes walked in their bare feet, drilled most of the day in the hot sun, without food and with very little water, and marched back in the evening as chipper as though nothing had happened. I thought surely some of them would be sick, but they seemed to enjoy the experience, which had no bad effect whatever.

Groups of visitors were always watching the children assembled from the different posts drilling in preparation for the picture. Companies under their own leaders were so well trained that they marched and counter-marched,

forming the most intricate figures with little apparent effort. On one occasion, the question of what was to become of these children was discussed by a group of American spectators. They would, of course, be engaged in different industries, particularly the basic industry, farming, and they would undoubtedly exercise a safe and sane influence in an unsafe and insane environment. This was the stock argument, but some of the American personnel, who had lived in the country long enough to develop a pink tint, maintained that it was none of our business what the children did when they grew up. We had not asked what was to become of the French children we had cared for after the war, or the German or Austrian children. We were not asking why Turkish students in American schools in Asia Minor were so partial to engineering. Why should we ask what was to become of the children in Soviet Armenia?

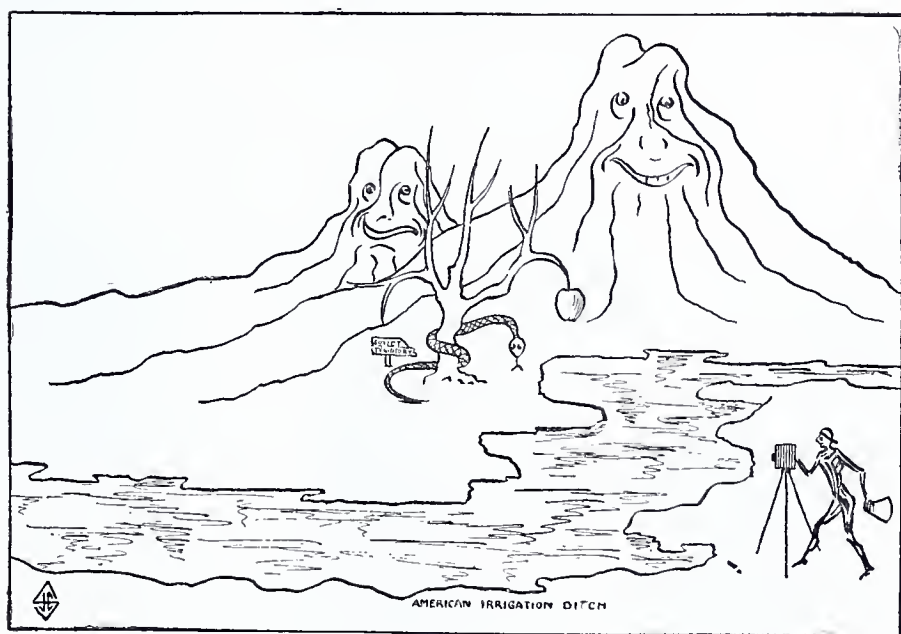
A few days later the orphanage boy scouts were reviewed at Erivan. They wore shoes and a good many of them shaved regularly. In perfect formation they marched down the street, and we understood instantly why the Turks did not favor Armenian boy scouts, and why they did favor Turkish boy scouts.

As the first few hundreds passed, we felt that they were a picked company. They were. Life had picked the most enduring. The others had died. On they came, and came, and still they came. They were manifestly proud of their performance, and well they might be. The question of their placement was raised again. The answer was obvious. Their future was bound up in the future of Russia. They were almost ready for service. All some of them needed was a red star on the front of their caps.

No group of children in the world are better prepared for communistic life than these children raised like Spartans in the American orphanages of Armenia. They have been communists ever since they began to eat three times

a day. Many of them remember no other life. In a land of illiteracy, they are well educated. They know the languages of the East and the West. Especially trained in industries conducted for the benefit of the group, these children are not only physically and mentally, but psychologically equipped for service in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

Mount Ararat is a grim, unsmiling mountain in a tragic setting, but through its connection with the story of the flood, it has helped to furnish more smiles for mankind than all the other mountains on the face of the earth. What would the smile makers do without Noah? A cartoonist without the ark and the animals would be sadly handicapped. The power of the funny page has somewhat overcome the majesty of this mountain so far as Americans are concerned, and its frowning aspect does not always check facetious comments, which are usually colored by the experiences of the commentators.



Old Ararat in a smiling mood.

But Ararat did not frown upon us. He was not in a frowning mood. Strangers from the north, south, east, and west and out of the Land of Nod, had usually come for damage. No wonder Ararat frowned. But this seed of Japheth returning to the original field from over the sea, and turning the Garden of Eden into a temporary Hollywood, had surely come for good. Looking out over the traditional holdings of Adam and Eve, where a plan to make the waters flow regardless of the weather, an American irrigation system was being installed for the Soviet State, this patriarchal old mountain seemed to smile at "Uncle America," and the rest of us registering our better selves in connection with a great work for the relief of suffering. Even little Ararat perked up out of the clouds, and seemed to be taking an interest in these strange things happening under the sun.

All the American visitors and personnel were entertained by the Government on the day before our departure. There was a reception at the "White House" followed by a theatrical performance and concert, and finally a dinner in the evening.

The President of the Federation of Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan, the members of the Economic Council, and other officers of the Soviet Government, received us in the official reception room, which had formerly been used by the representatives of the Russian Empire. The pictures of the Czar, Czarina, and members of the royal family, had been replaced by those of Lenin, Marx, Trotsky and other men, but I looked in vain for the picture of the martyr, Rosa—what was her name? I have forgotten already. I wonder if it pays to be a martyr.

The theatrical performance and concert was manifestly an exhibition of native culture for the benefit of the Americans, and it certainly was edifying. First they sang the *Internationale* and they put so much temperament into it,



BOY SCOUTS, SOVIET ARMENIA.



A "swimmin' hole" made by three water buffaloes damming a small stream on the plateau between Erivan and Leninakan.



ARMENIAN WOMEN.

that we could feel the meaning although we did not understand their language:

Arise you pris'ners of starvation! Arise ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation, a better world's in birth.

The children at the orphanages had sung the *Star Spangled Banner* for the American visitors and we were thrilled. They sang it in our language as a performance for our entertainment. But when those people sang the *Internationale* they sang it as the Germans sing, *Deutschland Über Alles*, and the French sing *The Marseillaise*.

The dinner was the crowning event of the day. There was plenty of good food, stirring speeches and an excellent interpreter. As an introduction, the band played the *Internationale* and we all stood at respectful attention, just as we would have done in any country while listening to the national hymn.

The President of the Economic Council, a youth consecrated to Communism, delivered an address of welcome supplemented by an impassioned exposition of the living principles of the U.S.S.R. (Union of Socialist Soviet Republics), after which the band played the *Internationale* and we all stood at respectful attention again. Mr. Charles E. Vickrey, the guest of honor, talked of universal brotherhood and the work of the Near East Relief, and the band repeated the *Internationale* while we all stood at attention as before. Taking their texts from Lenin, the Soviet representatives spoke with faith and fervor. Their attitude seemed paradoxical. Disavowing religion, their creed was the Golden Rule—the soul of Communism. With the help of God, it was intimated, this principle had been preached long enough. Without the help of God, the Communists proposed to put it into practice the world around.

After each speech, American or Soviet, the band played the *Internationale* and we all responded respectfully

whether we wanted to or not. The Bolsheviks were beaming. Their hymn had been practiced on local audiences and it had never failed to exalt the spirit of Communism. This was the first opportunity of trying it on so large a company of outsiders. At least fifty Americans were present. In addition to field personnel, there were Near East home workers from many of the states between New York and California, and to see them moving up and down to the tune of the *Internationale* was an inspiring spectacle to the Communists, symbolic of the Movement in the United States, Canada, Mexico, and all the mother countries, including England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and the Irish Free State.

Music hath charms. But I could not listen to *America* (tune, *God Save the King*) or to the hymn of the Sein Fein Republic, six times in succession without developing ptomains of fatigue. There were at least twelve speakers and I was the last. The Soviet representatives seemed particularly interested in what I had to say, although I was merely telling the story of the work of the American Women's Hospitals in their own territory. This was the only field in which we did not negotiate directly with government officials, and, for this and divers reasons, the work did not seem like our work in other countries.

"Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" cried the Bolsheviks, time after time, and especially when I sat down.—"Hope springs eternal in the human breast!" Surely those musicians would play the "Star Spangled Banner" for a change and as a farewell courtesy to their American visitors.—But "Communism knows no border." The band struck the *Internationale* and we all stood at respectful attention until the last note had died away, after which we departed in peace.

CHAPTER XIV

MIDAS, CRÆSUS AND THE QUEST OF THE "GOLDEN FLEECE"

A SHIP WITHOUT A COUNTRY—THE MARTYRED CITY—

A SUNDAY SCHOOL CRUISE—POLYCARP AND CHRYSOSTOM—HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION?

A FEW days later, Dr. Elliott and I left the Caucasus. We were both expecting to attend the Second General Conference of the Medical Women's International Association at Geneva, during the first week of September 1922. Representatives from seventeen countries answered the roll call at that convention. Among the delegates and officers from the United States were Dr. Esther P. Lovejoy, President of the Medical Women's International Association, Dr. Eliza M. Mosher, Honorary President of the Medical Women's National Association, Dr. Grace N. Kimball, President of the Medical Women's National Association, Dr. Elizabeth B. Thelberg of Vassar College and Dr. Sue Radcliff, all of whom were members of the Executive Board of the American Women's Hospitals.

A quorum of our Board was present at Geneva, and a special meeting was called at which Dr. Etta Gray and Dr. Mabel E. Elliott made reports regarding our work in their different fields. Conditions were improving in Serbia, and for this reason retrenchments were decided upon and a corresponding increase of activities elsewhere. Dr. Elliott was authorized to undertake special work in Constantinople and I was instructed to meet Dr. Graff at Moscow for the purpose of arranging the Russian program of the American Women's Hospitals, which we were

conducting in coöperation with the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers).

In spite of our experience in Erivan in 1920, and at Ismid in 1921, we reckoned without the Turk. We should have known better. The deportations and massacres of the Christian population of Turkey had been going on for years. The Turks had manifestly adopted a radical plan for settling the vexed question of the Christian minorities, by getting rid of these minorities during the confusion of the World War with its aftermath of lesser wars, and *oiling* the troubled waters later if necessary.

The League of Nations was in session at this time, and on September 5th, four days before the Turkish occupation of Smyrna, the Kemalist Government sent a note to the League alluding to the atrocities said to have been committed by the Greeks in Asia Minor, and disclaiming "all responsibility for consequences that may arise from these terrible provocations."

This official notification of the impending holocaust at Smyrna, made the nations of the earth, particularly the Great Powers with fleets in the Mediterranean, accessories before the crime. But we should not be hard on the Great Powers. They are not always great. As represented by mortal men or women, like the members of our board, for instance, their aftersight is apt to be better than their foresight.

A week later, the burning of Smyrna was reported and all our plans were changed. With the approval of Dr. Thelberg and Dr. Kimball, who had formerly been a missionary in Turkey, I left Paris for Constantinople. Dr. Elliott had gone from Geneva and I did not know where to reach her. She was waiting for me at the station when I arrived at Stamboul. We had both heard and answered the same call.

In this unprecedented emergency, the relief organizations promptly pooled their resources and operated under the

Disaster Relief Committee, Admiral Bristol, Chairman. The American Women's Hospitals contributed medical service and funds for medical supplies. Within a few hours of our meeting at Constantinople, arrangements had been made. Dr. Elliott and her nurse left for Rodosta, Eastern Thrace, where thousands of refugees had been landed from the Turkish side of the Sea of Marmora, and I caught a "tramp" the *Dotch*, just leaving for Smyrna with food supplies.

The *Dotch* was a queer old ship. There was something about her that suggested a checkered career. I don't know where she got her name. The chances are it was an alias. She savored of irregularity, tar and bilge water. If she had been a man instead of a ship, she would probably have been hanging around a sailor's boarding house doing the chores for food, drink and smoke, hoping to be shanghaied just once more. She had a Greek crew, and sailed under the flag of old Russia, an autocracy which no longer existed. Why she flew the old Russian flag was never explained, but two days' and nights' acquaintance with that vessel gave rise to suspicions that she could not be registered under any living government.

Constantinople was governed by the Inter-Allied Commission, British, French and Italian, and the Disaster Relief Committee must have gotten permission from the port authorities for the *Dotch* to sail. The Straits were controlled by the squadrons of the Allied nations. These were proud nations, and it is not likely that any of them would want to see their flag flying over a ship like the *Dotch*. Still, sailing through waters infested with piratical small fry, along a coast guarded by "irregulars," to a seaport city just taken by the Turks and practically wiped out, that vessel was sadly in need of colors, and old Russia, deceased, was not likely to make any trouble regarding the use of her flag in this emergency.

With a box of canned food, coffee, bread for two days,

and several sterno burners, another American and I went out in a caique to the ship, which was anchored in the Bosphorus. She was not licensed to carry passengers, and no provision was made for such persons. "How do you do" said the Greek captain in broken English as we climbed aboard, and turning, he fired a vocal volley at the crew, after which the capstan began to turn, the chains clanked, the anchor came up reluctantly and we steamed away toward Smyrna.

I did not know my companion's real name. It began with an Sch— and the finish was difficult for a person without the gift of tongues. To facilitate the hurried business of life during the war years, somebody had nicked him "Shorty." He was very tall and while I used his nickname, in my mental registry, it began with an Sch. He was a famous moving picture man. Photography was not only his profession, but his ruling passion. His tracks, wide apart, on account of his long legs and haste toward the scene of action, covered the battlefields of Europe. He was a real sport. Shooting men and harmless animals with bullets was not in his line. Such atrocities had no attraction for him, except as pictures, and there was no danger to *himself* he would not brave in order to shoot a great picture. Nothing in the way of a moving photograph that "Shorty" started out to get, had ever been known to escape. He afterward went into the interior of Asia Minor, the Taurus mountain country, where he made the remarkable film shown in the United States under the title, "Grass."

The trip to Smyrna was very distressing to "Shorty." He was torn, as it were, between two massacres. The one which had already taken place at Smyrna, and the one which might take place at Constantinople. We were the only Americans on the ship, and we told our troubles to each other. Time after time, as we walked the deck, "Shorty" paused, reflected and observed with manifest

anxiety: "Dr. Lovejoy, I am afraid I have made a mistake. If the Turks break loose at Constantinople, there will be the greatest massacre that has ever happened in the history of the world, and I shall not be there to get it."

Great Britain was on the verge of war with Turkey. But Great Britain is used to being on the verge of war, especially with Turkey. Filibustering in a harmless way holds the field and keeps the world guessing until time affects desired results. The verge of war is a perfectly safe place for a well-balanced nation able to stay on the verge. Turkey was either bluffing or really did want to cross the Dardanelles into Thrace, and this move, successful or unsuccessful, would create a new set of complications to be adjusted. Perhaps it was time to let well enough alone. In any case, a formidable array of British warships stood offshore in the Dardanelles, and the British land forces occupied Chanak. It had been reported that a battle was imminent, and "Shorty" went ashore with his entire armament prepared to "shoot" the Turkish and British forces in action, but he came back within an hour quite disappointed, and reported that there had been a little skirmishing, which could be worked up nicely for newspaper stories, but nothing of any value for pictures.

Smyrna from the harbor was a shocking sight. Scanning the smoldering ruins from the deck of the *Dotch*, memories of a former visit came back vividly. With the delegates to the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention, which met at Jerusalem in 1904, I cruised along the Mediterranean stopping at Smyrna and other ports, en route to the Holy Land. This pilgrimage was educational as well as religious. Sermons and lectures on the subjects of history, literature, art, and especially on the religious history of the lands we visited, were delivered by scholarly men among our delegates.

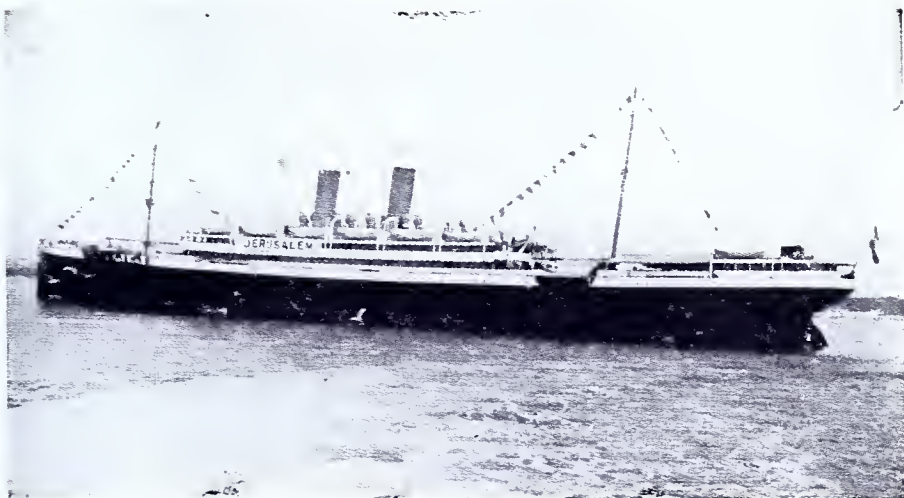
When the first historian made his first surviving record, Smyrna was standing at the head of a deep inlet on the

Ægean Coast of Asia Minor, partially protected from the dangers of the sea by a landlocked harbor. The wealth of the surrounding country has been her blessing and her bane since the beginning. Midas and Cræsus, whose names suggest fabulous riches, lived and ruled within a short distance of Smyrna. From Jason to Chester, from the time men began to paddle, to the time they crossed the ocean in oil-burning dreadnaughts, the quest of the *Golden Fleece* has brought them to the shores of Asia Minor.

Pirates and privateers came by water, and hordes of barbarians and others from Europe and Asia by land. Smyrna has been looted, burned and partially destroyed by conquering armies time after time in her long career. In self-protection, she has fought and bled throughout the centuries, but unlike her sister cities of old, she has never died of her wounds. Her bones have never been picked by vultures, gradually buried by the dust of time, and finally dug up by archæologists. Smyrna is one of the living wonders of the world. The wonder is that she has stayed on the surface of the earth, holding her place, name and commerce, reduced almost to the vanishing point at times, since the beginning of recorded history.

Smyrna, is a lovely name, from a mythical Amazon, beautiful of body and unconquerable of spirit, but on account of her predominantly Christian population, she has been known among the Turks for hundreds of years as *Giaour Ismir*, infidel Smyrna. There are twelve towns in the United States called Smyrna, probably sponsored by god-fathers, who knew the "tribulations" of the ancient city over which she has triumphed gloriously century after century.

The "Metropolis of the Levant" had intrigued my imagination, not only on account of her fine harbor, broad quay, and miles of attractive buildings along the curving shore line, but on account of her romantic life, changeless youth and early Christian associations.



Memorable Easter Services were held by the delegates to the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention, on the *Grosser Kurfürst*, steaming away from Smyrna toward the Holy Land, in April, 1904.



The Christian population on the Smyrna Quay, September, 1922.



Smyrna in flames. The *Iron Duke*, flagship of the British Mediterranean fleet, in the foreground.



The United States destroyer *Edsall* in the Smyrna Harbor after the fire.

There was inspiration in the religious history of Smyrna. John, the beloved disciple, Saint Paul, and the personal converts of the Apostles, worked as missionaries in that field, containing the sites of the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse. Polycarp, the first bishop and patron Saint of Smyrna, was burned for his faith in the year 155 A.D. He did not lose his life—he found it. The heroic death of this venerable man, crowning a long life of service, won converts to the new religion for which he lived and died.

Our “pilgrims” visited the spot where Polycarp laid down his life, and the story of his martyrdom was told over and over again in sermons and lectures. Polycarp was beloved in Smyrna and the officers of the law were loath to take his life. They urged him to recant, but he would not recant or equivocate. Perhaps he had nothing but his soul and the souls of his converts to save.

The *Grosser Kurfürst* was probably the largest ship on the Mediterranean in April, 1904, and along the side of the upper deck, the sign, “Jerusalem” in enormous letters indicated our destination and the nature of our mission. Although we were sailing in Turkish waters, we were not hiding our light under a bushel. The ship itself was a Sunday school, a bible school, and the passengers were eagerly studying bible lands and characters. Such a delegation! Committees from the missions came out in boats to meet us, and on every possible occasion we lifted up our voices and rejoiced together in that stronghold of the Christian Faith.

How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!

.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

This was the hymn actually sung by the delegates to the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention, over eight hundred Christian pilgrims, sailing away from Smyrna toward Jerusalem, on Easter Sunday, April 3, 1904. There were representatives of different denominations from every State in the Union, every province of Canada, from far and near countries of Europe, Asia and Africa, and from the islands of the sea.

An Episcopal clergyman from Manitoba led the responsive reading from the Easter Service; a Presbyterian missionary from Syria led in prayer; a Congregational minister from Ohio preached the sermon, and the Bishop of Macedonia, who was born in Smyrna pronounced the benediction. Christ had risen and the people of the earth were uniting in His name. The spirit of unity and strength was expressed in another hymn sung on that occasion:

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued."

But eighteen years had passed, ten of which had been devoted to warfare in that country. The navies of the nations, which had the largest representation at that Easter Service in 1904, were strongly in evidence in the Smyrna harbor in September, 1922. Their great ships were lying at anchor maintaining neutrality. The Turkish army was in control of the country, its warplanes circling over the harbor. The Christian part of the city had been practically wiped out, and the Archbishop Chrysostom, a gentle old man, who had succeeded Polycarp after seventy generations, had been brutally murdered by a Mohammedan mob during the holocaust which followed the Turkish occupation.

On the deck of the *Grosser Kurfürst* in April, 1904, with Smyrna standing as witness, there was no question regarding the value of the early Christian sacrifices. But on the deck of the refugee ship *Dotch* in September, 1922, the stench of dead Smyrna in our nostrils, the sight of the allied squadrons, American, English, French and Italian, under our eyes, and the sound of the Turkish airplanes over our heads inevitably suggested the question, was the martyrdom of Polycarp and his followers in vain?

Glory and Queen of the Island Sea *

Was Smyrna, the beautiful city,
And fairest pearl of the Orient she—

O Smyrna, the beautiful city!

Heiress of countless storied ages,

Mother of poets, saints and sages

Was Smyrna the beautiful city!

.

They crowned with a halo her bishop there,

In Smyrna, the martyred city,

Though dabbled with blood was his long white hair—

O Smyrna, the martyred city!

So she kept the faith in Christendom

From Polycarp to St. Chrysostom,

Did Smyrna, the glorified city!

* Written by George Horton, U. S. Consul-General, Smyrna.

CHAPTER XV

THE SMYRNA QUAY—ENGLISH-SPEAKING REFUGEES WITH AN AMERICAN ACCENT—NEUTRALITY—"DEPORTATION TO THE INTERIOR"—A MUDDLE OF NATIONALITY AND RELIGION—THE STRANGE CASE OF A MAN WITH TWO PASSPORTS BUT WITHOUT A COUNTRY—PRAYING FOR SHIPS—THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREECE

THE fire, which was started on September 13, 1922, was still smouldering when the *Dotch* crept into the harbor and it looked as though two-thirds of the city had been destroyed. The line of demarcation was significant. The Turkish quarter was uninjured, but the Christian section of the city was practically gone. The ruin somehow reminded me of trees I had seen in Belleau Wood with all the branches shot away save one stark limb, the Turkish. Along the quay for a mile or more, the destruction was complete, but near the railroad pier, a line of white buildings had been spared and these stood out like tombstones to the memory of the city I visited in 1904. It seemed almost as though I had met a beautiful woman, Smyrna the Amazon, strong and graceful of figure, and the charm of her living presence lingered in my consciousness during the inquest over her mutilated remains.

Time after time I had been told of the dire results of moving about in warring countries especially in Turkey, without official papers, but in the general excitement nobody was taking any notice of the *Dotch* and I landed without a military permit. It was suggested that I stay on board

until an official *vessica* could be secured from the Turks, but a *vessica* sounded uncertain and I preferred to get ashore and consider the permit afterward.

Several of the fine residences toward the pier end of the quay facing the harbor, had been the homes of wealthy Christians whose families had lived in Smyrna for generations. These people in their wisdom, had fled before the Turks took the city, leaving unguarded treasures in furniture, rugs, silver and paintings. The cellars of some of these homes were well-stocked with luxuries, such as are stored by the rich in different parts of the world for the entertainment of friends, and many a toast was drunk to the health of an absent host who had made such convivial provision for unexpected guests.

The American Consulate had been installed in one of the finest residences left standing on the Smyrna quay. The house next door served as headquarters for the Disaster Relief Committee. Here we were received and lived during the last week of September, 1922, which might well be called "Evacuation Week," for it was at this time that the majority of the outcasts, who had waited so long on that terrible quay, were taken away on ships sent by the Greek government.

This headquarters was the center for such work as was possible under the appalling conditions. Several members of the committee, men who had been connected with educational and other work in Smyrna, lived at that house and were assisted in their colossal task by English-speaking Christians, both men and women, many of whom had been educated in the mission schools.

American and British sailors, however, rendered the greatest assistance to the refugees during the evacuation, with the exception, of course, of the Greek government which coöperated with the Disaster Relief Committee, and furnished practically all the refugee ships. The presence of American naval men had a tendency to maintain order, and

there was nothing our boys were not willing to do to help those unfortunate people.

All the American women, who had been living in Smyrna prior to the Turkish occupation, embarked for Greece with the American Consul General on the night of September 13, while the fire was raging. At a later date, I understand, one or more American nurses came into the harbor on relief ships, but they did not land. Perhaps they waited for *vessicas*. In any case, I was the only American woman who witnessed the cruel spectacle of the evacuation of Smyrna, during the last week of September, 1922. An English newspaper woman, who was generally supposed to be an American, because she lived on a United States destroyer, came to the railroad pier several times during that week.

The retreating Greek army left Smyrna on September 8, 1922; the Turkish army occupied the city on September 9, and the fire was started on September 13. From that date, the Christian population, Turkish subjects of the Greek Orthodox religion, and Armenians, had been without shelter. During the fire with its attendant murders, robberies and other outrages, men, women and children swam from the quay, and every boat, raft and floating bit of timber was utilized in a desperate effort to reach the ships in the harbor.

The mothers with families were not able to swim and take their little ones on their backs, but the strong, who had the luck to board the ships in the beginning while the fire was raging, were not put ashore. They were taken away and saved from additional anguish and suffering experienced by those who remained on the quay, after the representatives of the different nations had been officially instructed to maintain neutrality.

There were approximately 300,000 people huddled together on the cobblestones of the Smyrna water front and hiding in the ruins, when we reached that port. For

ten days and nights, they had held their places. The quay, within views of the warships of the Allied nations in the harbor, and within range of their searchlights at night, was the zone of greatest safety, the least likely place for a wholesale massacre.

City dwelling human beings, suddenly deprived of the conveniences of civilized life, are utterly unable to care for themselves. They are far more offensive than animals can possibly be. The people squatting on that quay were filthy. They had no means of keeping clean. They dared not go back into the ruins of the city for any purpose, lest they lose their lives. In less than two weeks the quay had become a reeking sewer in which the refugees sat and waited for deliverance. When that crowd stirred, the stench was beyond belief.

Between Darages Point and the railroad pier there was a triangular water space in which an eddy had seemingly been created by the building of the pier. This space was filled with floatage made up largely of the carcasses of animals. As the mass washed to and fro with the waves against the stonework, a bloated human body occasionally appeared, and this sickening spectacle was augmented by the liberation of offensive gases peculiar to putrifying flesh.

Among the outcasts, there were a large number of English-speaking people. It is safe to say that during the World War there were not as many refugees in all Europe who spoke our language, as were assembled on that quay at Smyrna. Some of them had studied in British schools, but a large proportion had learned English somewhere, somehow from Americans. Many of them had lived in America and some of their children had been born here. Others had been educated in the American mission schools. They had known nothing but kindness from Americans, and in their great need they crowded as close as they could to the Consulate and the relief headquarters where two large American flags were displayed.

The faith of those unfortunate people in our flag was pathetic. Many of the mothers had secured shreds of red, white and blue cloth which they tied on their arms, and on the arms of their children for talismans, as some near eastern people wear blue beads to avert the "evil eye" and other dangers.

One young man who had served thirteen months in the American Army during the war and had his papers to prove it, stood in front of the consulate for that terrible week acting as interpreter for American sailors and relief workers. On September 29, he asked me if I would go with him to the vice-consul. He was hoping that his former connection with the American Army, from which he had been honorably discharged, might save him. In this he was disappointed. The vice-consul said that no provision was made for such persons and nothing could be done for him.

The people on that quay knew the old Turks. They had lived with them for generations. They anticipated trouble, but not such a ravage of fire and sword or they would have gotten out a month before it came. The cautious ones with fluid assets, did go away for a vacation, with the expectation of returning after things quieted down, but the majority were probably as hopeful as the people of Carthage had been before the destruction of that city, two thousand years ago. In addition to other difficulties, there was a law in Turkey by the provisions of which abandoned property accrued to the government, and this tended to keep the residents of Smyrna in their homes. Besides, while they had not openly participated in the war, it was generally known that they had aided and abetted the Allies in every possible way, and these victorious nations, whose ships were in the harbor, would surely protect them from the vengeance of the Turk.

After neutrality had been declared, announced and exemplified by sending men ashore who swam to the warships

at night, and in many other ways, the people of Smyrna still hoped that they would be protected and taken away to places of safety. The presence of allied ships in the harbor undoubtedly afforded a measure of protection by exercising a restraining influence upon the Turkish forces in control of the city. Judging from what actually happened under the eyes of other nationals, it is easy to imagine what would have happened if their ships had not been there.

Neutrality was a strange and terrible word to the people on that quay. It meant that the warships would not take any more of them away; that they were at the mercy of their traditional enemies, and it meant outrage, slavery and death.

The Turkish command had issued a proclamation to the effect that all refugees, with the exception of males between the ages of 17 and 45, would be "permitted" to depart, and on the solicitation of the Disaster Relief Committee, had agreed to allow Greek ships without Greek flags to dock at the end of the pier. A considerable fund had been collected from the refugees on the quay to pay for transportation, but afterward the Greek government on written guarantees that Greek vessels would not be seized, placed a fleet of freighters at the disposal of the committee.

These arrangements took time, and the Turks finally notified all concerned that males of military age (17-45) were to be detained and deported to the interior, and that all refugees regardless of age or sex, remaining in Smyrna after September 30, 1922, were to share this terrible fate. This notice was posted in conspicuous places, and scattered from an airplane among the wretched people huddled on the quay.

"Deportation to the interior" was regarded as a short life sentence to slavery under brutal masters, ended by mysterious death. Since conquerors began conquering the different parts of Asia Minor (Anatolia), "deportation to the interior" has been a favorite outdoor sport. The Lost

Tribes of Israel were "deported to the interior" by Sargon, the Conqueror, and not so much as their bones have ever been found. There was probably not a great difference between the humanities as practiced at the time of Sargon, the Conqueror, and the time of Kemal, the Conqueror. Thousands upon thousands of Armenians were "deported to the interior" during the World War, and many of them disappeared as completely as the "Lost Tribes." No one knows what became of them, but the flight of the buzzards and the cry of the jackals have a gruesome meaning for their widows and surviving children.

The people on the quay were panic-stricken. The Allies had forsaken them. The Turks were going to deport them to the interior on the thirtieth of September. What country would help them? Greece had signified her willingness to receive them, but how could they get there without ships? For twelve terrible days and nights they had watched, waited and prayed. The stones of the quay were hard, but not so hard as the hearts of nations! The sun was blistering during the daylight hours, and the nights were full of horror, but the time was passing so fast, so fast. Only five days more to the thirtieth of September and deportation.¹ Even if ships should come, how could they all embark in so short a time? Besides, Greece was poor and overcrowded, and since the strong countries, indirectly responsible for their suffering, had definitely refused to admit them, perhaps Greece would change her mind. Why should one nation accept all the Anatolian Christians fleeing for their lives, including the Armenians?

Most of them called themselves Greek, but were they Greek? They had never lived in Greece and many of them could not speak the Greek language. On the other hand, they were not Turks, it seemed, although they had lived under the Turkish Government, generation after generation, for five hundred years. They were people without a

¹ On Sept. 30, this time was extended but the refugees did not know it until that daet.

country, and the Armenians among them were sorry they had not turned toward Russia and joined the Soviet.

Nationality and religion to the people on that quay was a hopeless muddle. Two hundred years before the colonization of America the Turks had taken Smyrna, but *Turk* meant religion to most of the Christian people in Asia Minor. They had seen too many Christians *turn Turk* by accepting the Mohammedan faith. Before accepting the Faith they were Armenians or Greeks perhaps, and the next day they were Turks, with all the privileges of Turks.

This confusion of nationality and religion was very well shown in the strange case of a certain man who had been in the service of an American tobacco company for so many years that he looked, acted, talked and no doubt felt like an American. He told me quite simply that he was a man without a country, and that that was the status of most of the Christian people in Turkey. His father was German, his mother English, and he was born in Smyrna. Naturally, they were cosmopolitan in thought and language, but he had always considered himself of German nationality. He had married a German girl and he thought his children were Germans. They were all members of the Lutheran Church.

His attitude toward the Turkish people was friendly. He knew their problems and sympathized with them, but he also understood the problems of the Christian minorities and was vitally interested in them. Had he been born in Germany, England or America or had his citizenship been carefully guarded, he doubtless would have stood with those groups of sympathetic outsiders, who saw both sides of an impossible situation, and who leaned, perhaps unconsciously, toward the side in which they were personally interested. But he was born in Smyrna. Anatolia was his native land, the loveliest country in the world, he said, especially along the fertile valley of the Meandre River. Having lived there all his life and considered himself a

German, he had given little thought to proofs of citizenship. He held a high position with an American company, and while he did not say so, no doubt he had quietly kept out of the World War. But when the Turkish Army was marching on Smyrna and all the outsiders were getting their passports, he applied at the German Consulate and was told that he was not a German.

This was staggering information. If he was not a German, what was he? What was the nationality of his wife and children? Surely, they were not Turks! If so, he and his sons might be called to serve in the Turkish Army. Finally, through the influence of friends and *otherwise*, he secured a Portuguese passport, on which he was able to get his family out of the country. In this emergency, he had become a Portuguese, almost the last kind of a national he wanted to be.

Meanwhile, the Turks had taken the city, and quite by chance he met a lifelong friend, a Turkish officer, who told him that he had better come over to the Turkish headquarters and get papers to prove his German citizenship. This was an agreeable solution of the dilemma. The Turks issued papers certifying to the German citizenship of this man, which were perfectly good in Turkey.

"In my left pocket," he said, "I have a Portuguese passport, and in my right pocket I have Turkish papers to prove that I am a German, and I should certainly like to know what my nationality really is. There is no doubt about my race, religion and business. My father was German, my mother English, my business connections American, my religion Lutheran, and I would never serve in the Turkish Army."

In issuing these papers the Turks, of course, knew just what they were doing. This was a man of wide influence with powerful American, English and German connections. By involving him they would gain nothing, and might lose a great deal. Why further complicate an already compli-

cated situation by embarrassing such persons? As a friend he was worth while. Besides, they liked and respected him, personally. He belonged to the ruling class of human beings, to whom courtesies and privileges are extended as a sort of birthright.

The *Dotch* sailed to Greece with a cargo of refugees. She was a ship without a country, and that helped some in this emergency. There was no Russian representative to step forth with the power of life and death in his hand and say, "I forbid this ship to sail. We must maintain neutrality no matter what happens to these women and children. Pooh! What an odor! It makes me sick at the stomach. Come in to the Consulate, let's get a drink." And all this suggests the desirability of keeping a stock of the flags of dead nations on hand for such emergencies.

The first ships that took refugees from Smyrna after neutrality was being strictly observed, were paid for by the refugees themselves. Members of the Disaster Relief Committee collected money from the refugees on the quay to help defray the cost of such ships, and issued tickets to the people contributing to this enterprise. Some of the refugees gave large sums, but when the rush along the pier finally came, these tickets were worse than useless. The gates were guarded by Turkish soldiers, and the sight of one of those pink tickets merely meant that the holder had parted with real money, which they might have secured as part payment for taking Smyrna.

The night of September 25th had come. Eight ships sailed on the 24th, one on the 25th, and only four days remained until the 30th of September. That evening at dusk, I stood on the balcony of the Relief Headquarters with a native Christian woman, and looked out over the shoal of tragic faces on the quay. There was a strange murmur of many voices rising and falling along the water front. The sound was mournful, like the moaning of the sea, increasing in volume as the darkness deepened. The

language was unfamiliar, the tone minor and the effect weird and indescribably uncanny.

"What are they doing?" I asked this girl.

"Praying," she answered simply. "Praying for ships."

This girl and her sister, capable, well-educated young women, had been working among the refugees and keeping house for the Disaster Relief Committee, since the opening of the headquarters. I had urged them to take the first ship which they could reach lest they lose the opportunity. But their young brother was in hiding, and they refused to leave, because in saving themselves they would sentence him to certain deportation and probable death. By staying they could give him food, day after day, and they might be able to find someone, some American perhaps, who would help him get away.

That night when I went to my room, which I shared with this young woman, I found her kneeling by her bedside praying to God for mercy—praying for her people, for ships, and for her brother's life. She had been educated in a mission school, and she spoke my language. She asked me to pray with her, but my soul was dumb. As I listened to that strange woman pleading her case with God, so simply, so intimately, even as she might speak to her father, I sensed, in a vague, indefinite way, the meaning of "Our Father which art in heaven" and I realized that I was standing in the presence of the Faith which had sustained her people, age after age, unto this day.

The remnant of the race to which that woman belonged, after eight years of massacre and deportation under the Turks, had joined Soviet Russia in order to survive. She and her family had lost all their worldly possessions. They were facing deportation and perhaps death, but as soon as her prayer was finished she slept peacefully, while I, in perfect personal security, lay awake listening to the terrible sounds from the quay.

Night after night blood-curdling shrieks, such as Dante

never imagined in Hell, swept along that ghastly waterfront. From my roommate I knew what these cries meant. When the Turkish regulars or irregulars, under cover of darkness, came through the ruins to the quay for the purpose of robbing the refugees or abducting their girls, the women and children, a hundred thousand or more in concert, shrieked for light, until the warships in the harbor would throw their searchlights to and fro along the quay, and the robbers would slink back into the ruins.

Darkness and silence followed these outbursts, broken at times by the phonographs on the warships in the harbor, which, of course, suggested Nero playing the violin while Rome was burning. Poor old pagan! He was probably in the habit of playing the violin, and there was no reason why he should suddenly interrupt this comparatively harmless pastime. He didn't belong to the fire department. In any case, since Smyrna, we should let Nero and his violin rest. He has been outclassed. We have a better story. Time after time, the sweet strains of familiar records, including "Humoresque," and the swelling tones of Caruso in "Pagliacci," floating over the waters, were suddenly drowned in that frightful chorus of shrieks from the Smyrna quay.

Well after midnight I heard a sound on the stairs. It was Mr. Jacobs of the Y. M. C. A., bringing good news. Nineteen ships were coming into the harbor. Greece was not only receiving the refugees, but she was sending ships to save them. The Golden Age of Greece in art and literature was over two thousand years ago, but the *Golden Age of Greece* measured by the Golden Rule, is during the present decade.

CHAPTER XVI

AMERICAN AND BRITISH SAILORS HELP THE OUTCASTS—
INFERNAL GATES—WALKING THE PLANK—DAYLIGHT
ROBBERY—THE VIA DOLOROSA—BLOOD OF THE RAMS
—BIRTH AND DEATH—SWIMMING IN DARK WATERS—
THE STRENGTH OF THE WEAK

EARLY Tuesday morning, September 26, a terrible struggle to reach the ships docking at the end of the railroad pier began. The quay was separated from the pier by two iron picket fences about seventy yards apart. These fences had narrow gates. The pier extended a long distance out to deep water, and three more fences with narrow gates had been improvised by placing heavy timbers across the pier about two or three hundred yards apart. The purpose of these fences was to force the refugees to pass through the narrow gates, where they could be carefully scrutinized, and all men who appeared to be of military age detained for "deportation to the interior." The gates were guarded, and between the first and second gates at the north end of the quay leading to the pier there was a double line of Turkish soldiers, in addition to officers and other soldiers moving to and fro among the refugees.

The officers and crew of the American destroyers in the harbor were of the greatest assistance to the Disaster Relief Committee. The privilege of helping the refugees was a favor granted by the Turks to American and British naval men, and it goes without saying that the sailors of both countries were guilty of many unauthorized acts of humanity. Most of the American boys assigned to help

the outcasts were stationed near the center of the pier, and at the far end the British assisted the sick and weak to board the ships.

This was a boon to the unfortunate women, children and old people, who, without their able-bodied men and with all their worldly goods salvaged from the fire upon their backs, were going into a strange country to live or die. These precious bundles, containing bedding, clothing, cooking utensils, and perhaps a loaf of bread and bottle of water, impeded the progress of the refugees along the pier, but on the islands afterward these articles were in many cases the determining factors between death and survival.

The description of that frantic rush to reach the ships is beyond the possibility of language. Pain, anguish, fear, fright, despair and that dumb endurance beyond despair, cannot be expressed in words. Fortunately, there seems to be a point at which human beings become incapable of further suffering—a point where reason and sensation fail, and faith, coöperating with the instincts of self-preservation and race preservation, takes control, releasing sub-human and superhuman reservoirs of strength and endurance which are not called upon under civilized conditions of life.

For six hours on Tuesday, September 26, I stood near the land end of the pier, between the first and second gates, watching this inhuman spectacle. Thousands upon thousands of refugees, with heavy bundles upon their backs, pressed forward along the quay, struggling to reach and pass through the first gate. The Turkish soldiers beat them back with the butts of their guns to make them come more slowly, but they seemed insensible to pain, and their greatest fear in the daylight was the fear of not reaching the ships.

In a desperate effort to keep their families together, many of the women lost their bundles, and some of them were pushed off the quay into the shallow water near that

floating mass of carrion which washed against the stonework. No effort was made to help them out of the water. Such an effort would have necessitated the putting down of bundles, or children, and every person in that crowd strong enough to carry anything was carrying a pack or a child, or helping the sick and old of his own family. So these women stood in the water waist deep, holding up their little ones, until they were able to scramble out and join the crowd, with nothing in the world left to them but the wet rags on their backs.

The crush at the first gate was terrible. Many of the women lost one or both shoes, their clothing was torn and their hair hanging by the time they got through. One poor old grandmother, who had become separated from her group, was naked from her waist to her feet and apparently unconscious of this fact, as she ran about in the open space near where I was standing, calling pitifully for her family. Another woman, whose child passed the gate just as a halt was called, was beaten back by the soldiers, but the mother instinct is hard to control. With a wild expression of countenance she turned, dropped her bundle and went over that iron picket fence, which was at least seven feet high, like an orang-outang. A soldier was ordered to stop her, and he cornered her between the fence and a small building on the inside, beat her with the butt of his gun, and finally pinned her against the building with the muzzle of it, in an effort to make her listen to reason and obey orders. But that poor mother had reverted to the lower animals and was acting on instinct. She couldn't be controlled by a gun unless it was fired. With her eyes on her child, who was being pushed along with the crowd in the distance, she broke away, and the soldier shrugged his shoulders impotently, as much as to say, "What is the use of trying to manage such a crazy creature."

All along this fence there were women attempting to climb over and get their children over. Here and there

they were caught on the sharp pickets. A Turkish soldier, who had noticed that the gate receipts were worth while for those who had the luck to be stationed along the line of traffic, improvised a ladder by hooking a bed spring on the pickets, and did a profitable business helping women and children over the fence at this point.

Meanwhile, several thousand people had passed the first and second gates and were making their way painfully along the pier, carrying their heavy burdens and taking the test at each gate. *Some* of the roadway of this pier was built of heavy planks, about two inches apart, and the children's bare feet slipped through these spaces if they were not carefully watched. The difficulty of walking these planks was further enhanced by the broken glass of water bottles dropped by the overburdened refugees.

In the space between the first two fences many of the deportees were robbed. Individual soldiers would seize the more prosperous-appearing women, drag them out of the line and rob them in broad daylight. As the men of military age passed through with their families, they were sometimes arrested at once and placed with the group of prisoners for deportation, but frequently a man or his wife would whisper to the soldier making the arrest, after which they would pay tribute and the man would be released. Before he had gone far, he would be held up by another soldier and then another, the experience being repeated over and over again. At first I wondered why they temporized in this manner, but as the hours passed the motive became clear. It was evidently a plan of the common soldiers to secure their share of the loot, and to trick the women, who had money or other valuables secreted upon their persons, into buying their husband's or their son's freedom. These men would afterward be arrested at one of the gates farther down the pier, many of them reaching the last gate before they were finally placed with the prisoners for "deportation to the interior."

During that morning different people stood with me at different times, in the space between the first two fences, and I noticed that while American naval officers in their unmistakable uniforms were present, the outrages were less flagrant. But the Turkish soldiers did not seem to mind civilians, although things might have been worse if we hadn't been there. An American resident of Smyrna was with me for an hour or more, and the robberies went on under our eyes. For some reason I could not understand in the beginning, this man kept making excuses for this inexcusable conduct.

"If the Turkish officers were here, this would be stopped," he said, and just then an officer came along, spick and span in a new uniform, but for the color of which he might easily have passed for a Frenchman, or even an Italian—the Beau Brummell of military officialdom.

My companion spoke Turkish, and he complained to this officer, who acted promptly and demonstratively. With spectacular gestures he moved along the line threatening the offenders with his cane, which he sometimes brought down upon their backs with more show than force. The act was unconvincing, and I noticed that the profitable bed-spring hooked to the pickets was not removed. We could not hear what this officer said, and I do not understand Turkish anyway, but judging from results he probably said, "Don't rob anybody in the light of my presence; wait until I face the other way," for the minute his back was turned operations were promptly resumed. While deprecating these outrages, the man who had spoken to the officer continued to find excuses, and finally said plainly: "Dr. Lovejoy, please be careful what you say about all this in the United States. Remember, we have to live here."

I was interested in the aforementioned Turkish officer. He seemed too emphatic. While watching the evacuation I kept a special eye on him as he passed along the line with his menacing cane. Finally, my watchfulness was rewarded.



American marines helping the sick on the Smyrna Railroad Pier. A Turkish naval officer (*left*) looking at a refugee lying near the edge of the pier.



BRITISH MARINES HELPING THE REFUGEES WITH THEIR BUNDLES.



Family group ready for embarkation. Grandparents, mother and children, but no husband or grown sons.



Men separated from their families on the Smyrna Pier and held for deportation to the "Interior." (x) Turkish guards.



THE LAST BARRICADE ON THE SMYRNA PIER.
(x) Dr. Esther Pohl Lovejoy.

An old man, a promising prize, came through the gate just as this officer was passing, and reaching out casually he took the old man by the arm and led him away and robbed him, incidentally giving an impressive demonstration of a thorough job to his subordinates.

The people who pooh-pooh the idea of atrocities now that the war is over, seem as mistaken to me as those who formerly took the opposite position and increased, multiplied and exaggerated every story which impugned the honor and humanity of an enemy country, as reflected in its soldiers. War, itself, is the greatest of all atrocities, and it always has and always will be attended by lesser atrocities all down the line and along the way. There are a large number of men in prison in different countries, including the United States, for atrocities committed against women and children in times of peace. During periods of war, when brutal instincts, or rather hellish instincts (for brutes do not attack the females of their own species) are unleashed, it is not likely that anti-social types of men voluntarily reform.

The greatest crime against humanity with which I am personally familiar was committed on the Smyrna Railroad Pier during the last week of September, 1922, and consisted in the separation, by military force, of the members of all the Christian families. At every gate during the daylight hours, this atrocity was conducted systematically. As family after family passed those gates, the father of perhaps 42 years of age, carrying a sick child or other burden, or a young son, and sometimes both father and son, would be seized. This was the climax of the whole terrible experience for every family. In a frenzy of grief, the mother and children would cling to this father and son, weeping, begging and praying for mercy, but there was no mercy. With the butts of their guns, the Turkish soldiers beat these men backward into the prison groups and drove the women toward the ships, pushing them with their guns,

striking them with straps or canes, and urging them forward like a herd of animals, with the expression, "Haide! Haide!" which means begone! begone!

I shall never forget those women with their little children clinging to their skirts as they moved backward, step by step, gazing for the last time, perhaps, upon the faces of their husbands and sons. "Their wives shall be widows and their children orphans" is a prophecy which was fulfilled on the Smyrna Railroad Pier, the Via Dolorosa of those unfortunate people.

Deportation is a common practice during war, but this was not a common deportation. The men were going to the "interior," and the women, children and old people, were going to a strange country to begin life anew without the support of their natural protectors. Day after day the pitiful procession of mothers and their little children, the aged, sick and helpless, moved toward the ships. This was the most cruel, cowardly and unsportsmanlike spectacle that ever passed under the eyes of heaven.

"Haide! Haide!" Everybody was echoing this expression, and "Haide git" for special emphasis. The Americans and English took it up. They didn't know exactly what it meant. They only knew that it kept the crowd moving, and it was imperative to get these people away as quickly as possible. There are times when human beings must seem cruel to be kind, and many a man with a tender heart puts on an armor of hard-boiledness.

There was nothing the refugees seemed to dread more than to be overtaken by darkness on the pier, or in the curve at the north end of the quay beyond the reach of the searchlights. They were not allowed to remain on the pier during the night, and after struggling all day to reach that point, it was sometimes impossible to embark, or to get back to a place of comparative safety, within range of the searchlights, before darkness settled. A gate had been opened toward the rear end of the first fence, which routed the

procession farther into this dreaded angle, and here a growing pyramid of rejected clothing and other articles from the precious bundles belonging to the refugees mutely testified to the daily struggle and the nightly pillage.

Near this point of the quay one day a strange-looking caique pushed through the floating carrion, stirring the mass and accentuating the nauseating odor. It was a large Levantine boat with oars and a dull red sail, manned by a picturesque gang of cutthroats. This was Thanksgiving Day with them, and they had brought twelve rams as a sacrificial offering. The ceremony was creepy. A moving ring was formed with the poor sheep in the center, and after a weird performance all their throats were cut, the officiants wiping their knives and hands on the victims' wool. When this rite was finished, the carcasses of the animals were thrown into the caique and the worshipful crew rowed away, leaving the sacrificial blood of the rams on the stones of the quay.

There was a surgeon from the British Navy doing emergency work near the far end of the pier, and I was asked to walk up and down and watch for the sick, especially for women having labor pains. Such women and other refugees who were completely exhausted were taken out of line and helped aboard the ships by the American and British sailors. Many lives were saved in this way, or at least many of the sick were prevented from dying on the pier.

In a city with so large a population there were, of course, a great many expectant mothers, and these terrible experiences precipitated their labors in many instances. Children were born upon the quay and upon the pier, and one woman, who had been in the crush at the first gate for hours, finally staggered through holding her just-born child in her hands.

The sailors soon came to know me and call me in maternity cases. On one occasion a British boy took me aboard a ship almost ready to pull out, where there were three women in need of help. Down into the hold I followed

this young sailor, and there, literally packed in with such a mass of people that the place was humid with their breathing, was a poor woman in labor. With great difficulty we got her out and placed her on the deck behind a chicken coop. Her clothes were in rags, her hairpins gone and her long hair hanging loose. She had lost her shoes and her feet were bare and blistered. She was dirty like the rest of the refugees, but I noticed that her chemise was made of fine linen, hand embroidered. She spoke English, and when I asked her sister, who was with her, what they had to wrap the baby in, she opened a small bundle of baby clothes, which the young mother had clung to during the burning of Smyrna, and the subsequent two weeks on the quay. Daintily made by hand, edged with fine lace and tied with ribbons, these little things aboard that refugee ship testified to a home life which seemed as remote and impossible as the Elysian age—"the age of love, and innocence and joy."

At another time I was called to a woman in labor on the quay. There was a midwife in the crowd who promised to stay with the sick woman, if we would see that they were both put aboard a ship later. An American marine was with me, and we knocked insistently on the door of one of the few houses standing. Finally it was opened, the woman taken in and made as comfortable as possible. The place was full of frightened people. Just as I was leaving, a woman who spoke English detained me. She was in deep trouble like all the rest. Her sons and several other young men whose parents were in that house were hidden in the attic. Up a narrow stair she led the way to a low space at the top of the house, where these young men were lying flat on their chests looking out through peepholes under the eaves.

After the manner of mothers, this woman begged me to help these boys escape. The older members of the family would gladly die, she said, if only their young could live and

be free. These boys were watching the ships in the harbor, measuring the distance and planning to make a swim for life and liberty. But their mothers were afraid. Night after night, young men from the quay, who knew that they could not pass the gates on the pier, were silently slipping into the dark waters, and no one ever knew whether they succeeded or failed in their desperate attempts to escape. It was a long way to swim and hard to beat against the steel plates of a ship in the darkness, when the waves were high. The waters were smooth in the morning, and told no tales of the night, but sometimes on the flooding tide a body was seen floating in the distance, and hundreds of women on the quay whose men had made that swim, said prayers for the souls of the drowned.

The anguish of the mothers whose sons were planning to swim from the quay was easy to understand, for the night before, the only time during the week that refugees were embarked after dark, two men were observed swimming toward the British destroyers in the path of a searchlight thrown across the water from another warship. Turkish soldiers, ordered to shoot the swimmers, stood on the edge of the pier and shot time after time. The men were a long distance from shore, and the bullets would go beyond or fall short of the mark, and skip like flat stones on the water, which was very smooth that night. Everybody on the pier, refugees, sailors, officers and relief workers, stood still and watched the spectacle. There was no noise, no screaming as might have been expected. The silence was broken by the repeated reports of the rifles. The tension was ominous. The American boys were quiet, very quiet. Finally, one of the men ceased swimming. Perhaps he was hit. I do not know. At this point an American officer protested and offered to send out a boat and pick up the swimmers. This was done.

Then came the vital question of neutrality. According to the rules I was told, these men could not be put aboard

the British ship, although they might have been taken aboard, for humanity's sake, regardless of rules, if they had reached the ship unobserved. Beyond the path of the searchlight it was impossible to see, and I do not know from personal observation what happened after the light was turned in another direction and the launch passed into the darkness.

About a year later I was talking at the Young Women's Christian Association at Pittsburgh, and spoke of the boys of Smyrna swimming out to the ships in the harbor at night. At the back of the auditorium a young woman arose and said: "My name is Johnson. My husband is an American. I was born in Smyrna. My brother, fifteen years old, made that swim, and he is here at school in Pittsburgh."

Day after day there was a succession of harrowing incidents. Children fell off the pier and were drowned, young men committed suicide, old people died of exhaustion, and at the end of the pier, when two or three ships were loading at the same time, children were lost and their mothers ran to and fro frantically calling for their little ones, and great was the joy if the lost were found. But in many instances such children were already stowed away in the holds of outgoing ships, crying for their mothers, who were put aboard vessels bound for other ports.

Women whose husbands had been seized and whose sons had swum away into the unknown at night moved down that pier silently, and sometimes audibly praying for strength and mercy. With seemingly impossible loads on their backs and their little children by their sides, they passed those infernal gates. In view of their astounding strength and endurance, which was repeatedly remarked by strong men easing their burdens from time to time, who, with eyes and ears and understanding, can say that their prayers were not answered?

The flaming spirit of nationalism was the immediate cause of all this suffering, but behind it in Turkey was reli-

gion. The Anatolian Greeks and Armenians had been Christians for almost a thousand years before they were conquered by the Mohammedans, and the Faith by which they had lived sustained them in their suffering. No matter how imperfect they may have been as Christians and human beings (and on this point we should withhold judgment lest we be judged), they believed in the saving power of God through Jesus Christ, and this was their last refuge.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GIFTS OF LIFE—FINDING FAVOR—MY SHARE OF THE
SMYRNA LOOT—THE BOY I SHALL ASK SAINT PETER
ABOUT

EARLY one morning I walked along the pier with an officer of the American Navy. The separation of families was going on at every gate. At the last barrier two girls were begging for the life of their young brother, who had just been seized. He had passed four gates and his life had probably been bought and paid for several times. Almost within reach of the ships he had been finally arrested. Without avail, they had pleaded and tried to buy him off, and they were in despair when capricious fate suddenly intervened. The right man passed at the right moment. The American officer walking with me was that man. He had seen thousands of families separated and had heard thousands of women weeping. According to his own statement he was hard-boiled, but I had my doubts. These girls spoke his language. They knew he had great power and they begged for their brother's freedom, as only women can beg for the lives of those they love. After the manner of people of that country, they knelt and kissed his hands. He tried to shake them off, but they clung to him, one on each side, their dark, pleading eyes fixed upon his face. Orders were orders, and he had his orders indirectly from Washington, but he had higher orders directly from God Almighty, which are written in the soul of every manly man. These girls were very beautiful, and they had gotten

under his armor. They had found favor in his eyes. He was manifestly torn between a personal desire to help them and an official desire to maintain discipline!

"Look at him," they pleaded. "He is our only brother. You can save his life! For God's sake say the word! He is sick! He will die!"

"Yes, he's sick." Like a drowning man our American officer seized this straw of an excuse. "Anybody can see that that boy is sick."

Through an interpreter, the American officer explained to the Turkish officer in command that the boy was sick. Certainly he was sick. They agreed on the diagnosis. What was the ailment? Immaterial. What does the name of a necessary disease matter between officers and gentlemen? The Turk bowed to his fellow-officer, smiled at the lovely girls, issued an order in an undertone and the closing gates of the world opened to that boy.

Instantly a woman with a family of little children, whose husband had just been taken, seized my hand. I did not know her language, but I sensed her suffering. It was against the rules to interfere in any way, but I looked toward the Turkish officer and indicated that prisoner. This officer was in a gracious mood. Without the slightest hesitation, he set the man free. He did not need an excuse. This was merely a personal favor to an American woman—a small favor. Christian life was cheap that day on the Smyrna pier.

Two men were saved, but what about the other prisoners? They were all taken sick at once, and were displaying the evidence of their ailments. As a matter of fact, they were sick. Human beings cannot suffer as they had suffered for two weeks and remain in health. But the gifts of life were over for that group of prisoners, and a few minutes later they were marched away.

Finding favor was an important business in Smyrna during the evacuation. In many cases it meant the differ-

ence between life and death—"deportation to the interior" or freedom. One of the marines, who had witnessed the intervention of the American officer in favor of the boy above mentioned, told me later that he was glad the girls put it over. He was smarting under a reprimand for helping young girls instead of devoting his time to feeble old people.

"What do you think about it, lady?" he asked. "I think we ought to get the girls aboard the ships first. The Turks don't want the old people."

Another husky youngster, who had taken a pretty girl under his protection, was deeply distressed when his ship was ordered away. I had noticed this girl sitting in a niche of masonry near one of the windows of the relief house with this big American in front of her, and at such times she looked quite safe. Before leaving, he came in to see one of the committee about getting her aboard a refugee ship.

"She is my girl," he said. "I got her that place near the window and the blanket and pillow. I've kept her there and brought her food for nearly two weeks, and I don't want no Turk to get her now. Give me the God's truth. Promise you'll watch her and get her aboard a ship."

The girl who shared her room with me also found favor. Her prayer for her brother's life was heard and answered on earth. I heard it and "Shorty" answered it. This girl and her sister were cooking and keeping house for the Disaster Relief Committee and others at the headquarters, and I advised them confidentially to cultivate "Shorty," to wait on him and see that he had plenty to eat no matter who went hungry. Naturally they found favor in his eyes, and when I told him about their special trouble he stepped right out as though he expected to get a particularly fine picture, but he didn't take his camera. Within an hour he passed down the quay and along the pier assisting a sick person on a stretcher carried by a sailor, who led the way, and a new

relief worker with a cork hat well over his face. They boarded a refugee ship and left the sick person, and also the strange relief worker, in the hold.

As soon as these girls knew that their brother was safely away they started at once for the pier, and as they passed me in the crowd, one of them pulled off her bracelet and pressed it into my hand. I still have that bracelet, an exquisite trinket—my share of the Smyrna loot.

Several other members of the household staff left that day. These poor creatures did not want to leave the house in the lurch, as it were, but they were afraid of deportation. Dinner that evening was not a success. The cook was missed. People usually eat without much thought of the cook, but when there is nothing to eat worth eating the cook is remembered with regret. "Shorty" beamed over that disorderly board. It was a case of everyone for himself, and those with cafeteria training fared better than those accustomed to service. Confronted with this hardship, everybody registered cheerful endurance, but it was clear that some of the older men would have made very poor refugees.

On the night of September 29 I left Smyrna on the United States destroyer *Litchfield*. There were, perhaps, fifty thousand refugees still in Smyrna, and approximately a quarter of a million had gotten away. Pestilential diseases were inevitable among these people wherever they went, and our organization would be called upon to conduct hospitals for their care. Fortunately, we had a small fund, but it was necessary for me to reach the United States as quickly as possible in order to get more money for this service.

Several Americans were leaving, including the United States Commercial Attaché and the representative of the Baldwin Locomotive Company. I was detained on account of an accident to Mr. Jacobs of the Y. M. C. A., who had been working day and night since the beginning of the holo-

caust for the relief of the victims. It was dusk when I reached the small pier used by the launches of the warships, but I saw one of the sailors pass my suitcase to a young boy and I heard him whisper: "Take this suitcase aboard for the lady and don't come back. Listen! Don't come back."

Strange as it may seem, the conversation during dinner on the destroyer turned to the menace of Russia and the evils of the Soviet system, on which we were practically all agreed. One charitable, historically-minded person, however, remarked that the Russians had been on the job only five years, and, within view and hearing of the Smyrna demonstration after the advantages of almost two thousand years of Christian and Mohammedan culture, we should give the Russians at least a thousand years before passing judgment upon their system. By that time, with the help of the Turks and other Asiatics, there might be none of us left to pass judgment.

Dinner was over and the men had lighted their cigarettes when the captain turned to me and asked about the boy who came aboard with my suitcase. I told him that he was a stranger to me, but the captain seemed unsatisfied, so he sent for the boy and questioned him in the presence of everybody, including the vice-consul, who was a guest at dinner. This boy was small in stature, looked very young, not more than twenty, and spoke English well. He was pale and trembling, for it was a case of life or deportation and death, perhaps, to him, although but a light, unimportant matter to those used to this sort of thing from the other end of the game. Mr. Jacobs identified the boy as one of those who had been helping relief workers on the quay. Therefore, we knew that in saving others he had probably lost any chance to save himself.

He was a brave boy. Not a word did the captain get out of him about his friend the sailor who sent him aboard. I had not noticed him particularly, but standing before his judge in the bright light of the cabin, his thin, blanched

face contrasted strikingly with the older, harder faces of that company, and strangely suggested the "Judgment" upon which his religion was founded.

There was no fault in this boy except that he was an Orthodox Christian. My plea for him was of necessity denied. In the beginning the captain might have closed his eyes, but having called attention to the case he was bound by the rules and as helpless as "Pilate."

The captain of the *Litchfield* was an efficient officer. Wherever he appeared during the evacuation order was maintained. Day after day I met him on the quay and pier. He seemed like a man with a kind heart and a strong defense reaction against this weakness within himself. In the performance of their duties such men are apt to lean backward from their humane impulses.

The boy was sent ashore—two of them, for another had meanwhile reached the ship. This seemed very cruel, but orders are orders, and neutrality is neutrality.

Less than half an hour later, while I was leaning over the rail peering through the darkness at the last refugee ship of the day pulling out from the end of the wharf, a sailor told me that those boys had been put on the pier. The vessel was already well in the stream, and with the pier guarded by Turkish soldiers, it seemed unlikely that they could have gotten aboard—but perhaps they did. Seven months later I was told by a diplomat at Lausanne that those two boys had actually been put aboard that outgoing refugee ship. Strange, how that boy's pale face still lingers in my memory. If I ever meet Saint Peter I shall ask about him.

I was still leaning over the rail when the representative of the Baldwin Locomotive Company, who had been in Smyrna on business for several days, came along and stood with me for a few minutes. He said that he had been on the pier, but did not stay long, because he could not bear to witness the suffering of the children. "Besides," he

added, as he turned away, "my business is to sell locomotives."

That was the answer. That was the core of the whole wicked game. It was a case of every man for himself, and every company and country for that matter. The ships in the harbor were under instructions to protect the property of their own nationals and otherwise maintain neutrality. Their shadowy forms on the dark water suggested a herd of sea monsters with big bodies and no heads.

They had not saved the property of their nationals unless "futures" may be regarded as property. They had failed. The property had gone up in smoke. But, if in all the ages that men have lived upon the earth, they had found some simple plan of standing together for humanity's sake in times of great disaster, Smyrna would have been saved, and incidentally the precious property. Fire on the rampage is an impartial power. Regardless of the national status of insurance companies, it swept through Smyrna without pausing to salute the flags of the Consulates of the favored nations north of the Turkish quarter. With tongues of flame it lapped them up and wiped the city from the earth.

From the deck of the *Litchfield* after dark, the ruins of Smyrna seemed as spectral and fantastic as a nightmare. I could not see the people huddled at the north end of the quay in the angle they dreaded so terribly, but I knew they were there, and that later in the night they would shriek for searchlights.

An epochal fortnight had passed, and the memories of my visit with the delegates to the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention belonged to the era of past illusions. The destroyer was preparing to slip away quietly. No one was singing "How Firm a Foundation," but over the water, from a distant minaret, came the call of the muezzin: "*La ilaha illa-llahu, Muhammad rasul allahi!*"

CHAPTER XVIII

CARE OF THE SICK ON THE ISLANDS OF HOMER AND SAPPHO
—REFUGEES FROM ROCHESTER—A POOR LITTLE RICH
BOY—"MOVE ON! MOVE ON!"—THE WHITE HANDKER-
CHIEF

THE Greek Islands near the coast of Anatolia were convenient dumping grounds for retreating Greek soldiers and the Smyrna refugees. At least 200,000 deportees were marooned for a time on the Islands of Mitylene and Chios. The normal population was more than doubled and the suffering indescribable. There was little to eat, limited sleeping quarters, and the women and children were so reduced by weeks of hunger and horror at Smyrna, that thousands of them were sick.

Under the leadership of Colonel Plastiras, the Greek military, naval and air forces at Chios and Mitylene revolted. Like a great carrier pigeon, an airplane from Chios flew over Athens and other parts of Greece, scattering a manifesto and calling upon the Greek people to arise and save the country. This call was answered promptly. Constantine abdicated, George was proclaimed King and Plastiras returned to Athens as Dictator.

All this had happened before the *Litchfield* reached Constantinople on October 2, 1922. Dr. Elliott, who was Director of the American Women's Hospitals in that field, was waiting for me. After a conference I left for home to secure funds and she went to Mitylene to establish a medical relief service, including hospitals, clinics and milk depots.

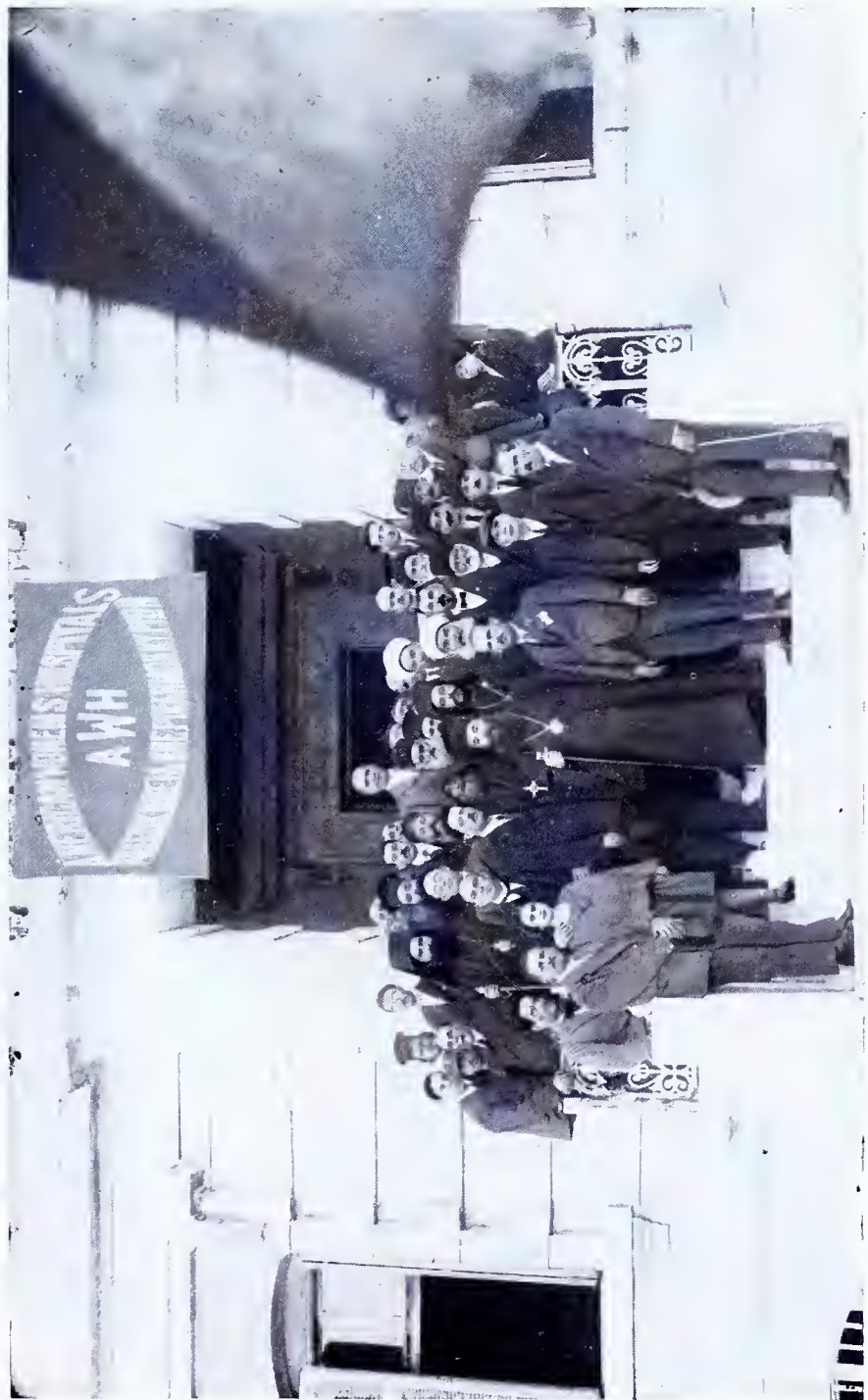
For a month or so the different American relief agencies continued to work under the Disaster Relief Committee. In addition to funds, each organization contributed such service as it was best equipped to render.

As a measure of order gradually emerged from necessarily chaotic beginnings, it was found that the American Women's Hospitals was carrying practically all of the American medical work conducted for the relief of the sick in this unprecedented emergency.

By a combination of unforeseen circumstances, we were in the field when the call came. On the islands of the Ægean Sea and along the shores of Greece, Christian women and children, driven from their homes in Asia Minor, were dying by thousands of hunger and disease. Shortage of water increased the suffering. There was no prophet with a divining rod to strike sweet water from the rocks, or bring down manna from the heavens.

The lives of the outcasts depended upon money—the almighty dollar, shilling or drachma. We dared not wait to count the cost of service in advance. Our small reserve was spent at once, and our prayers were for money, and more money! Our sole resource was the generosity of friends at home, and our faith was more than justified. Week after week, month after month, a stream of life-saving messages went out from our little headquarters at New York to our director in the field, reading in substance as follows: Ten thousand dollars more available—twenty-five—fifty—a hundred—two hundred and fifty thousand—half a million!—And we came to believe that Jesus loved the rich young man because he was worthy of the stewardship of great wealth.

Our first hospitals, with dispensaries and milk stations, were started during the early days of October, 1922, on the small Islands of Mitylene and Chios. Small?—Mitylene, old Lesbos, the island which produced Sappho, and where Aristotle passed his honeymoon:



THE A. W. H. APPEARS AT MITYLENE.

The Metropolitan of Mitylene presided at the official opening of our hospital on that island. The Governor, Bishops of Dardanelle and Philadelphia (both refugees), and representatives of the Greek, Armenian, Turkish and Circassian Committees were present.



REFUGEES IN TRANSIT ON THE ISLAND OF MITYLENE, WAITING TO BE TRANSFERRED TO OTHER PARTS OF GREECE.

Him rival to the Gods I place,
Him loftier yet if loftier be,
Who Lesbia, sits before thy face,
Who listens and who looks on thee.

Small?—Chios, the local habitation of Homer, the incorporate spirit of poetry? The “blind man who dwells on rocky Chios; his songs deserve the prize for all time to come.” The size of these islands depends upon our individual measures of magnitude. In area they are very small, but in cultural influence they are as wide as the civilized world.

It may be impossible to hurry the East, but it is possible to speed up a bit in near eastern countries, as the following material taken from letters of Dr. Elliott, written during the first weeks of October, 1922, seems to indicate:

Mitylene, October 3, 1922.

At 3 A. M. we arrived with our thirteen cases of food and medical supplies. It was a balmy night. The moon was shining so I tucked myself between the cases, while Mac¹ went out to reconnoitre. I was discovered by a refugee, who had been sleeping on the quay. He had three children with him and his seventy-year-old mother. All his children were born in Rochester, New York. His wife was dead. He had received one pound of bread that day for his entire family. Some days, he said, they didn't get anything to eat. He had owned his own farm near Smyrna, but had been robbed of everything. His two sisters had been killed at Smyrna, and his brothers had disappeared.

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We reached the American House² before daylight. There was not a sound. Only the odor, that unforgettable refugee odor, to tell the story. A hasty survey through the camps was made a few hours later. Many of the refugees were sick, and one poor woman in labor was out in the park, which was a mud puddle on account of the morning's rain.

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¹ B. D. MacDonald of the Red Cross.

² Disaster Relief.

Among the exiles I found Cornelius. He was my right hand man at the Ismid Hospital, whom I had not seen since that mad night when he fled with all the rest. He has married Araxia, one of our Ismid nurses. I told him to come down and get a job and bring Araxia. Such luck!—for them, and for us. We shall have at least two trained workers. We trained them ourselves last year.

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October 4.

The Governor-General has asked us to take charge of the refugee medical work. Buildings have been selected for refugee hospitals and clinics. Whitewashers are already on the job. Fifteen physicians, all refugees from Smyrna, have enrolled for service.

I spent the morning buying materials for mattresses, sheets, towels and nightgowns. . . . A committee of Greek ladies with sewing machines volunteered for work, and before night mattresses and sheets were ready for fifty beds.

Chios, October 5.

Thousands of people are sleeping in the streets and suffering for want of water as well as food. Still, health conditions are better than at Mitylene, because of a better local sanitary and medical service. A fine group of buildings, including a hospital, has been assigned by the government for refugee relief work.

A large number of little children, who were lost by their parents during the rush from Smyrna, have been taken into one of these buildings. . . . There is one group of six, the oldest of whom is a girl of twelve years. They belonged to a wealthy Smyrna family, and before they left their home their father, fearing that they might be separated in the struggle to escape from the burning city, concealed seven hundred Turkish pounds on each child. The parents were both killed, and all the children were robbed before they left Smyrna, save little Patricledes, four years of age, who reached Chios with his money, about five hundred dollars, safely tucked away in his underclothing.

October 9.

When we reached Mitylene practically nothing was being done for the care of the refugee sick. The wretched municipal hospital was crowded to the doors, and people on all sides beg-

ging and praying for help. The sick were lying in the streets, and women giving birth to babies in the open places without help or protection. Thank Goodness! To-day we have a hundred-bed hospital, where maternity cases are given first place.

I have never seen so many babies in my life, and all of them sick. Poor little things! They don't cry. They just whimper. For weeks these people have been hungry. Nursing mothers by the hundreds have gone three and four days straight without food, and now what do they get? Half a pound of bread daily.

We are carrying all the medical work of the Disaster Relief Committee, and we must limit ourselves to the medical end of this service. In connection with our baby clinic, as a medical measure, we have opened a milk depot where the babies get one feeding daily of warm, fresh milk. We also maintain a place where the nursing mothers of sick babies have a roof over their heads and get a little extra nourishment. . . . Let me impress upon you all that there are thousands of young mothers with families, whose husbands and brothers have been taken by the Turks. These women are utterly destitute and utterly helpless.

I saw some dreadful cases in the hospital to-day. Several young girls, the victims of Turkish outrage. One of them will probably die. They tell hideous, unprintable stories. . . . There is one little girl, ten years old, with an infected bayonet wound in her back, and a macerated arm from the blow of a gun butt. The Turk who attacked her killed her father and mother. She knew this man. He was from her own village. . . . I shall never get used to the look of these children when they are asked about their mothers. I have never seen children under ten cry while telling their tragic stories. Their eyes grow wide, their mouths twitch, and with a look more of wonder than of terror, they almost whisper, "I saw her killed and I ran away."

One of our doctors spends his full time going from camp to camp looking after the general sanitation and seeing the sick, who are bedridden. "Bedridden" is not the word, for these poor things have had no beds for weeks, and many of them no blankets. Our housekeeper was a woman of wealth a few weeks

ago. She had a home with ten bedrooms. Her family slept fifteen nights in the streets of Mitylene without so much as a blanket. Now they have a room where ten people sleep together. She is sleeping with us, of course, and we have finally managed to give her a bed. Yesterday she begged the privilege of giving her blanket to her sister, who is sick. We gave her a straw mattress and blanket for her sister, and to-day she told me that her sister was so happy and had slept so well last night. Poor things! A few weeks ago they had more wealth than I had ever thought of having, and there are hundreds, yes thousands, like them.

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There were three American destroyers in the harbor this morning. They didn't stay long. They are busy cruising up and down the Asiatic coast picking up refugees. . . . A horrible mess comes to us. There is an increasing number of sick. . . . With a 100-bed hospital, two clinics running full force all day, and our milk depots for babies, we feel that we can relieve a lot of suffering.

October 18.

No one in America can imagine the horror of things here. There are 300,000 refugees or more on the islands, and 600,000 trekking across Thrace in search of safety. It is tragic to put these poor things, who have been hungry so long, on a barren island, which hardly produces enough food for a goat. It will take all the relief organizations in the world to prevent wholesale death this winter. . . . Every bit of American medical work so far has been done by the American Women's Hospitals. . . . My boat stopped at Rodosta, Eastern Thrace. The refugees are leaving. They will all be out in a few days, so I told Dr. Babeekian to close our work and report to me at Athens.

Mrs. Byrtene Anderson, Superintendent, Public Health Nursing Service, Jacksonville, Florida, was our pioneer local director, organizer and worker at Mitylene, Chios and Crete, one place after another. Her personal devotion to the details of her job was an important factor in the prompt functioning of our hospitals, clinics and baby stations on these islands. In less than a week from the time our first worker set foot on Mitylene, we had a hospital of 100 beds running to capacity, two baby feeding stations, and two

clinics in the center of the town, where approximately four hundred patients were cared for daily.

The fame of this service spread to Chios, and resulted in a dramatic incident in connection with the opening of our first clinic and milk station on that island. There were thousands of sick and hungry little ones, and the mothers, crazed with grief, fearing that the milk and medicine would give out, rushed the clinic with their babies in their arms. This struggle was basic and terrible. The female of the species moved by the instinct of race preservation, fighting for her young. The Governor was notified and sent soldiers to restore order, establish lanes and maintain the line.

Another clinic and milk station was opened to divide the crowd and make it possible to get the day's work done. Within the week our hospital at Chios was functioning, and just then a frantic call for help was received from Crete by wire. About 35,000 people had been thrown on that island without any provision whatever being made for them. Shortly after the receipt of this message, a refugee ship loaded to the gunwales appeared at Chios, and a cry of protest went up from the island. Chios was already swamped. “Move on! Move on!”—The old, old order, and Crete was decided upon as the easiest dumping ground.

“Who is ready to go to Crete?” That was the question.

“I am!” answered Mrs. Anderson, and she dashed to the Red Cross to beg additional supplies. With 400 cases of milk, eight cases of medicines, 100 sacks of rice, 100 beds, 400 blankets and 91 bales of old clothes, she sailed away to Crete a few hours later.

Tucked in among two thousand human beings which blackened the deck of that ship, it might have been hard for her co-workers on shore waving good-by, and wishing Godspeed, to identify her in the distance. But there was an outstanding and distinguishing difference between this American woman and the refugees—she had a white handkerchief.

CHAPTER XIX

“THE QUICK OR THE DEAD”—TURKISH JUSTIFICATION—
“THE TERRIBLE MEEK”—A JOCLAR FATE—THE
TURKISH FAMILY TREE—A GENEALOGICAL JUNGLE—
MAHMUD, THE REFORMER—SURVIVAL OF THE CUN-
NING

THE holocaust at Smyrna marked the beginning of a general exodus of the Christian people from all parts of Turkey. With one accord, they fled to the nearest ports in a frenzy of fear. Men of military age, 17 to 45, were “detained,” but the women, children, aged and sick were “permitted” to depart. The word “permitted” in this connection is the grimmest jest in history. They did not wait to sell their homes or auction their household goods. In many instances it was a case of the “quick or the dead,” and the quick lived to tell the tale.

Immediately after the evacuation of Smyrna, the Council of Mudania was held, and the Turks demanded Eastern Thrace and other territory evacuated of its Christian population. This was straight to the point, and cleared up any doubts regarding the purpose of the new Turkish Government. Twenty-eight Christian deputies, representing Thrace in the Greek National Assembly, cabled the President of the United States and Congress on October 7, 1922, seeking protection for the Greek, Armenian and other Christian populations should that area be turned over to the Turks. Eastern Thrace was returned to the Turks. The

first article of the Convention of Mudania, October 8, 1922, provided for Greek evacuation within fifteen days, and the flood began. The Christian population of Eastern Thrace, about half a million, moved into old Greece.

All the world, including the elements, seemed leagued against these people. The rain poured in torrents while hundreds of thousands struggled through the mud with their few cattle, sheep, ox-carts and movable property. Roads and bridges were washed out and the country was swamped by this unprecedented downpour. Still the refugees dragged slowly and laboriously toward the border, their one thought being to cross the rising Maritza River before the Turkish troops reached Eastern Thrace.

The New Turkish Government was determined to rid the country of troublesome Christian minorities, and from a Turkish point of view, there was ample justification for this policy. During the World War, while Turkey was fighting on the side of the Central Powers, the Christian population within her borders, encouraged to believe that the success of the Allies would mean religious and national freedom for them, probably aided and abetted these forces whenever they got the chance—and little good it did them in the end.

If home, sweet home, is "God's country," and life on earth the greatest of all gifts, these poor creatures might better have turned Moslem and fought the Allies to a finish. The Emperor of Germany, at the time of his visit to Turkey several years before the World War, gave some significant advice in a public speech at the Tomb of Saladin, the great Mohammedan warrior who crushed the Crusaders. "Christians," he said, "should either embrace Islam or leave the country to the Moslems." Those who took this advice and served loyally on the side of Turkey and the Central Powers when "Der Tag" came, were saved, but those who did not were sacrificed.

These people may have contributed to the defeat of

Turkey during the World War. And, judged by our standards as applied to persons within our borders suspected of disloyalty while this country was at war, there is something to be said for the Turks, *but under the circumstances we are not the ones to say it.*

The Turks might truthfully say for themselves: Hundreds of years ago we conquered Asia Minor (Anatolia) and we have tried to persuade all the inhabitants to adopt our religion and become one with us. The Christian subjects of Turkey have always been untrustworthy. They are the very seed of sedition at the core of the country, and, but for their faithlessness, our standards might be waving over the world. Century after century, they have rejected our good offices. They have conspired against us. Their ruling passion is hatred of everything Turkish, and their actuating motive from generation to generation has been secession. They want a country of their own with a government and religion after their own image, which would be in a position to do us damage at all times.

Christians! They are the terrible meek! Under their mask of submission they are a stiff-necked, rebellious people. Gratitude is not in them. They have always been a menace to the Empire, and after five hundred years, we have decided to have done with them once for all, to exterminate them or drive them out and let the people of other nations have a taste of their quality.

This is what was done, and Turkey is not without sympathizers in her radical treatment of subjects with an inextinguishable devotion to their own national and religious ideals. But if any civilized country, Great Britain or the United States, for instance, should adopt this policy in regard to troublesome or unassimilable minorities, the world would see clearly and speak righteously.

Turkish patients in different countries have been popular with the personnel of the American Women's Hospitals. They wash their hands before they eat without being told

twice, and there is something agreeable about them which goes with generations of power. At Ismid the Turks had the power to close our doors, just as they have the power at present to close any American door in Turkey, but there was nothing they were not willing to do to make things pleasant. Our investment was comparatively small, but there is something psychologically binding and blinding in any investment. It was the province of our personnel to care for the sick regardless of nationality, and the good of such service in any country does not permit of a scrutinizing, critical attitude toward the government, no matter what that government may sanction or put into action.

The Turks are a courteous people to outsiders. What though their courtesy be tempered with pillage and massacre, so long as these evils are in another direction? It is hard to hate people for what they do to others while we enjoy their good will and good offices. Some of the Macedonians and Albanians along the new borders of Serbia were quick with their knives and guns. They helped to keep our surgical wards full, and they, no doubt, deserved to be hung, but chetas, comitadjis and highbinders of different varieties, have always enjoyed a certain popularity.

The Turks are good fighters and generous enemies, according to the reports of the American, English and French soldiers. These are men a Turk may look straight in the eye, or glance upward toward, without losing caste in his own soul. They have never been his subjects or his slaves. But woe to the Armenian or Anatolian of Greek blood, who wars against the Turk and falls into his hands!

The arrogance of Turkey following her conquests of highly civilized countries seems, at this distance, like the manifestation of a national inferiority complex. It is easy to call a subject people "cattle," but if the "cattle" are proud of their pedigrees and unwilling to mix blood with their drivers, there is a reflected insult in the name. The Anatolians would probably have been one people centuries

ago but for religious incompatibility. The difference in the religious status of the Christian and Mohammedan woman has played a big part in this drama of a thousand years. The religious status of the Christian woman has separated her from the Mohammedan Turk by the width of heaven, but the comparative lack of religious status of any woman from the standpoint of the Turk has made the Christian woman, who happened to be a Turkish subject, fair game. The Turk has probably felt morally justified in taking her perforce out of a life which he regarded as altogether wrong, and allowing her to share the blessings of a righteous institution under his own loving care and guidance.

From a racial standpoint, polygamy and fecund concubinage, voluntary or involuntary, has helped eliminate the old, original Turk. His face has changed. The chances are it has improved. His features testify against him. The blood of his fathers has been diluted almost to the vanishing point, but these victorious invaders have survived in spirit. A jocular fate has overtaken the Turk. Blood and bone, he is the man he most despises. Ethnologically, he has almost disappeared, and for this he should be thankful, if the Mongol types I saw among the Turkish soldiers at Smyrna are true survivals of the old originals from Central Asia. In any case, the appearance of the present day Turk in Constantinople, Crete, and along the coast of Anatolia, would indicate that the predominating strains in his circulation are Greek and Armenian.

Assuming that a corresponding number of male and female Turkish children have been born since the Turks invaded Asia Minor, and that the majority of Turks have had at least one Turkish wife, most of the plural wives must have been secured from subject peoples. The mother of Abdul Hamid is said to have been an Armenian, and this suggests that an Armenian mixture sometimes produces a terrible Turk or Kurd, as the case may be. According to Talcott Williams, in 1922 there were at least 100,000 Armenian



TREKING TO THE SEA.



BOUND FOR "SOMEWHERE" IN GREECE.



SACRIFICIAL LAMBS (THIS GENERATION).



DRIVEN FROM HOME, BEREFT OF HUSBANDS AND SONS, BUT NOT CONQUERED.



MOHAMMED.
THE FACE OF MOHAMMED IS SAD.



WHAT NEXT?



KEMAL THE CONQUEROR.
("The Great Ghazi")
This colossal *graven image* has been unveiled
on Seraglio Point, Constantipole.



THE AVENGER COMETH—
PERHAPS.



FLOATING HELLS.
"No food—no water—smallpox and typhus fever."

women held by the Kurds and bearing children to their Moslem masters. A formidable army of "irregulars" may easily be the outcome of this phase of the deportations.

In addition to this continuous maternal dilution, there has been a large number of converts to the Moslem religion from the Christian populations of conquered countries. "Accept the Faith, pay Tribute or Die." This was the slogan during the Moslem flood. Nobody wanted to die, and the men who believed in a business administration promptly accepted the Faith and collected tribute from the less adaptable. Anyone who has followed our newspaper reports on the subject of the reduction of taxes and surtaxes during the last few years can readily understand why so many men moved to the side that did not have to pay tribute.

Then there were the Janizaries. What a stream of good Christian blood, if religion gets into the blood, was poured into the veins of Turkey from this source. For three hundred years or more the standing army of the Sultan was recruited largely by a forced levy on the male children of Christian people in subjugated countries. These boys were selected for physical perfection, taken from their parents when they were very young, brought up in the Moslem faith, trained from the beginning in the arts of war, and the sword of Islam placed in their hands.

An invincible army was developed in this way, and men of Christian lineage carried the Crescent to the north, south, east and west. Under Suleiman the Magnificent, it looked as though they were destined to conquer the world, but in this supreme crisis the Christian nations stood together, the tide turned in the opposite direction, and ebbed steadily until the present decade. The Janizaries, undoubtedly recruited their harems with the most attractive Christian women from the lands they conquered, regardless of the rules concerning marriage, which were infringed with all other rules as they grew in power.

The Turks have no family names, and their family trees,

with promiscuous roots and branches, are genealogical jungles. Tracing a Turkish family tree from twig to root, one not infrequently finds oneself in Spain, Albania and sometimes in France, but far more often in Greece and Armenia.

"Kemal" is not the family name of the Great Ghazi, but a nickname given him by his teacher, at the military school which he attended, as a tribute to his ability. It is difficult to obtain authentic information regarding this Man of Destiny, who seems to have sprung full-armed like Minerva from a Greek storm cloud split by lightning. His father is said to have been a Turkish customs official at the port of Salonica, and beyond that is the dark age of the family. Where did he get his blue eyes, fair complexion, executive ability and general style? Nobody seems to know. Some of his forebears may have been Circassian, or more likely Balkan Christians. In any case, Turkey is to be congratulated upon having a leader of Kemal's caliber at the time of her desperate need—which may not have seemed so desperate to those familiar with the course of international politics.

But this Great Ghazi is not the first and only Turkish reformer. There was Selim the Grim, and Mahmud the Reformer, who was also known as the Shadow of God on Earth. He was part French. His mother, Aimee de Rivery, was a French Creole born on the Island of Martinique, captured by pirates, sold as a slave, and finally presented to the Sultan of Turkey. This Sultana and the Empress Josephine were children together on this side of the Atlantic, and their friendship became a link between Turkey and France in later years. Mahmud the Reformer was on the job during the Greek War of Independence, 1821-29, and the final clean-up in 1922 may be regarded as a centennial celebration and finish of his work, which was interrupted by outside interference.

The Turks had ruled over all of Greece for about four hundred years at that time, and they honestly thought it

was their country. The Turkish Commandant lived on the Acropolis in the Propylæa, the Erechtheion served as his harem, and with the addition of a redeeming minarette, the Parthenon made an acceptable mosque. The Maid of Athens was a sort of maid of all work in the Turkish domestic service, but she could never be trusted.

After the manner of patriots the world around, in all ages, the Greeks rose up one fine morning in 1821, and said, "Give us liberty or give us death," and they smote the oppressor hip and thigh and cut his collective throat, killing the Sheik-ul-Islam and many others in and out of authority. Their reward was a breath of liberty before the tide turned and the massacres in reprisal set in.

"Giaour!" groaned the Turk in despair, for there was not enough Greek blood in the whole world to wipe out this debt at the prevailing rate of exchange. A reform pogrom was decided upon. A thorough pruning and spraying of the imperial tree seemed necessary for the health of the empire. There was a massacre of the Christians at Constantinople; the Patriarch Gregorius was hanged in the doorway of the Patriarchate on Easter Sunday; several Bishops were hanged on the same day; the entire Christian population of the Island of Chios, rocky Chios where Homer sung, was killed or sold into slavery, and during this general reform the insubordinate Janizaries were opportunely wiped out.

Mahmud had the spirit, vision, and nerve, and with the help of Mehemet Ali of Egypt, the "exterminator of infidels," he might have antedated the work of this decade by a hundred years with a saving of large territory. But champions of Christianity and Liberty, including Daniel Webster, arose in other countries. Byron died fighting for Greece with pen and sword, and his pen was the mightier weapon. Finally, the Great Powers took a hand, and after four hundred years of national subjugation, Greece, reduced in size, was reëstablished upon the earth.

There were no oil scandals in connection with the Greek War of Independence a hundred years ago. Wind was the principal motive power of the world at that time, and there was no getting a corner on it. And the mistaken policies of the American missionaries were not responsible in any way for the massacres. On the contrary, these massacres attracted the first American missionaries to Turkey.

During the past hundred years, the English-speaking people of the world have spent a lot of money and fine talk on the Christian minorities of Turkey, but when it came to real protection it was the Bear that walked like a man who was there first with the ammunition. Peter the Great and his successors regarded themselves as the divinely appointed protectors of the Greek Orthodox Christians in Turkey. A vaguely defined protectorate was secured by Russia in 1774, but whenever the Bear put out his protective and prehensory paw in the direction of Turkey, the Lion rushed to the rescue, and between them the Christian minorities were preserved. With Russia engaged in the World War, followed by a revolution which overthrew the Government and the Church, the Christian minorities of Turkey were doomed.

France and England have mandates to fight for in Asia Minor now, and the Christian minorities have been dispersed. Some of these people lost faith, turned to Bolshevism, and are developing the Armenian Soviet State, while many of those who took refuge in Greece are still struggling for existence in the "wilderness" of Macedonia.

Much is made of the fact that the Greeks invaded Anatolia in 1919. There are two sides and many angles to this question. The Greeks contend that they were there first, and that the Turks from Asia invaded their country at a comparatively recent date, about a thousand years ago. The majority of the population of Smyrna was Greek Orthodox when the Greek army landed there in 1919 with Allied authority.

The Greeks certainly were in Asia Minor during the Golden Age of Greece and long before, but the French and British have no ancestral roots in the soil to justify their present occupation. The Anatolian Christians of Greek ancestry have never been able to forget that that was their fatherland, the birthplace of some of their greatest men, the kindergarten of the Christian religion, and here they stayed until the people of Smyrna were driven into the sea by the Turks, under Mustapha Kemal Pasha, while great nations with brand new mandates in Asia Minor maintained neutrality.

Imagination is said to be the highest intellectual faculty. Let us be intellectual for a moment. Let us imagine an alien race conquering our country a hundred years from now, tabooing our religion and making us over in its own image. A thousand years hence we shall still be fighting for the "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride," or our stock has no lasting quality.

The Caliph Haroun Alraschid of the Arabian Nights whose capital was at Bagdad, was a far less picturesque figure than the Great Ghazi of the present day, whose capital is at Angora. Alraschid was a real historical caliph who survives in a book of miracles, but he never attempted anything so miraculous as the modernization of Turkey overnight, after the model of Japan. This takes magic. The Church and State have been—well, not exactly divided. Kemal is the Church and State, a decided improvement on the old Church and State, according to the Kemalists, and a difference of opinion in this respect is keeping the hangman busy in Turkey.

A dictator is a dictator, and it doesn't matter much whether he is called a Sultan, Czar, King, President or Prime Minister, except that it is harder to dislodge a hereditary ruler with family roots in the job. Kemal is one of the most effective dictators in this day of dictators. He knows the strong and weak points of his people and how

to appeal to their prejudices. He is a good campaigner, military and political, and a ruthless autocrat. Dressed in a modern business suit, he goes from place to place telling the Turks to change their clothes as a sign of progress, and especially to discard their fezes, which, he says, are of Greek origin. This fetches them. But in order to get rid of every strain of Greek and Armenian they will have to change the marrow of their bones.

The difference in bearing and behavior of the Moslem and Christian peoples of Turkey so generally remarked may be the difference between hundreds of years of power and hundreds of years of a peculiar form of oppression, plus the influence of a dominant religion. Would the fact that the honest, outspoken, self-respecting youth rarely lived to transmit his characteristics, while the cunning, subservient strains were transmitted generation after generation, effect the traits of a people? If so, the criticisms of the Turkophile against the former Christian inhabitants of Anatolia, involves a more monstrous accusation against the Turks than is ordinarily made by their enemies.

The Russian exiles in Southeastern Europe and in China are demonstrating, year after year, the effect of power and lack thereof on the human spirit. During the past decade there have been millions of refugees of different classes from different countries, and Russia has provided the nobility. How brave they were in the beginning, those Russian exiles of noble birth! How debonair! How different they seemed from the common horde of refugees! With what grace they accepted their fate! "To the manner born," we murmured inanely, and lucky the ones who escaped to America, or died while the manner lasted.

"Death hath two hands to slay with," one for the body and the other for the spirit. During eight years of beggary in hungry countries, the manifest difference and nobility of the Russian exiles, as compared with other exiles, has been gradually passing away. They are no longer exiles. Most

of them are refugees in every sense of the word. "The manner born" was the unconscious indication of the power and privilege they had enjoyed for generations. A complete reversal of fortune has already broken the spirit of most of the survivors, and brought about a pitiful change in this overrated manner. Cold, hunger, and disease are dreadful levelers. They level down to the depths of the soul. It may take three generations to make a gentleman, but the vicissitudes of war and revolution have demonstrated that either a lady or a gentleman can be unmade in far less time.

CHAPTER XX

BEGINNING IN GREECE—ARMENIAN ORPHANS—FLOATING HELLS—A CALL FROM THE SEA

GREECE was paying a high price commercially and otherwise, for her humanity in receiving the outcast Christian subjects of Turkey, which other nations refused to harbor. Most of these people were called unredeemed Greeks, but they had never lived in Greece, and many of them could not speak the language. They came by the thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and pestilential diseases came with them. The Armenians came also and long after the saturation point had been passed, these unfortunate people poured into the country.

In November, 1922, the Near East Relief Committee began bringing Armenian children from Anatolian orphanages into Greece, and the American Women's Hospitals agreed to carry the medical end of this service in accordance with the proposals contained in the following letter, written by Mr. H. C. Jaquith, Managing Director of the Near East Relief in the field:

November 29, 1922.

Dr. Mabel Elliott,
The American Women's Hospitals,
Constantinople, Turkey.
Dear Dr. Elliott:

During the last few years the American Women's Hospitals has been closely affiliated with the Near East Relief. Its coöperation has been most helpful and much appreciated. Our contacts have been largely through Dr. Lovejoy and yourself, although we recognize that there is a large and interested con-

stituency in America who are carefully following your splendid work and assure you of continued support.

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We are faced with a new problem. The orphans which have been in Anatolia are finding a new home in Greece. The children still remain with the Committee, and we believe that the opportunity of self-expression and future development under conditions which have been offered in Greece, will arouse sufficient interest in America to furnish the Committee with funds and good will to complete its program.

We trust that you will share in this new opportunity in Greece and continue the full and unqualified support of the American Women's Hospitals in this area. I am led to make the following suggestions:

- 1st: The Near East Relief requests, through you, that the American Women's Hospitals assume the full medical responsibility for all the orphans and Near East Relief work that may be established in Greece.
- (a) Salaries and maintenance of American doctors and nurses necessary for the health and welfare of the children under our care.
- 2nd: The salaries and maintenance of the native doctors and nurses necessary to supplement the American doctors and nurses for the maintenance of health and welfare of the children under the care of the Near East.
- 3rd: The medicines and medical supplies necessary for the above mentioned purpose.

It being understood that the Near East Relief will continue the feeding and the housing of the children, and that the American Women's Hospitals will assume the full medical responsibility, we at the same time request that you personally become the medical director of our orphans and orphanages.

We trust that this request of the Near East Relief will be met with a warm and ready response on the part of the American Women's Hospitals, with whom our relations always have been most cordial.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. C. Jaquith,
Managing Director.

This plan was adopted and the infirmaries connected with the Near East Relief orphanages in Greece were organized

and conducted by the American Women's Hospitals. Buildings were provided by the Greek Government in most instances, rations by the Near East Relief, special sick diet and all expenses connected with the care of the sick were carried by our organization from November, 1922, until August, 1923. Dr. Mabel E. Elliott, who was the head of the American Women's Hospitals in Greece, was, of course, the head of this work, as well as of our independent hospital service and our coöperative work with other organizations. From August, 1920, until August, 1923, Dr. Elliott was in our employ and the budget for the work in which she was engaged, including her salary and all expenses, was provided by the American Women's Hospitals.

We were conducting twelve small orphanage hospitals for the care of the sick among approximately 10,000 children at the time of our final report to the Near East Relief Committee in August, 1923. The general health of the children was good, but a large number of them were infected with scabies, favus, and trachoma requiring daily treatments. These treatments were administered by refugee nurses in a systematic way, which made it possible to care for enormous numbers in a very short time. Malaria had developed among the orphans at Corinth and measures were adopted to stamp it out. The following is quoted from the last American Women's Hospitals' report made by Dr. Mabel E. Elliott:

Malaria at Corinth: One of the most difficult problems lately has been the malaria at Corinth. Hundreds of cases came down suddenly, including Miss Cushman. Investigation revealed tertian parasite in all cases. Examinations of blood of cases in villages found the same form, and swamp was located two kilometers from the orphanage and laundry water lying on the surface also contained larvæ. At first it was hoped that cleaning up the laundry water would do away with the breeding, but later when more and more cases developed and finally the æstivo-autumnal form was found as well as the tertian, it was decided

to drain the swamp and this is now under the process of accomplishment.

On page 34 of the Near East Relief report to Congress for the year 1922 the following paragraph appears:

In Greece the medical work of the Near East Relief is under the direction of the American Women's Hospitals, which provides personnel and supports the medical work under the supervision of Dr. Mabel Elliott. During the year under review, the American Women's Hospitals has also financed and directed the medical work in the Caucasus.

Dr. Ruth Parmelee of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who had been deported from Harpoot, Turkey, went to Salonica, Greece, in October, 1922, to help the outcasts from the country where she was born—the people among whom her father and mother had worked as missionaries for forty years. With the assistance of refugee physicians and nurses some of whom had served with her at Harpoot, Dr. Parmelee organized our medical work in the Salonica District, including camp service, clinics, and a hospital of a hundred beds, with a nurses' training class. The budget for this work, with the exception of Dr. Parmelee's salary, was provided by the American Women's Hospitals.

Dr. Olga Stasny of Omaha, a member of our French unit in 1918, was called from Prague to assist Dr. Elliott in organizing the work of the American Women's Hospitals in Athens, Piræus and neighboring districts. With these experienced women at the head of our service, order was soon established, and about the end of the year 1922, Dr. Elliott wrote:

Five thousand people receive medical aid daily, and a thousand sick people sleep between clean sheets in Greece because of our work here.

Week after week, health conditions were getting worse. Quarantine facilities were overtaxed at all ports, and malig-

nant diseases were developing in different localities. Many of the tourist companies had cut Athens off their schedules. A general quarantine against the country seemed imminent, and in self-protection, about the beginning of January, 1923, Greece temporarily closed her doors to refugees from the Pontus, whence came most of the pestilential diseases.

This was the crowning calamity. Thousands of people, packed deck and hold in cargo ships, short of food and water, and with typhus fever and smallpox among them, were already on the Ægean Sea when the last door of the world was closed in their faces. Greece had joined hands with the other nations and the only haven of refuge was shut. Action along this line had been anticipated by relief workers and representatives of countries, anxious to save face and fortune, by minimizing the disaster which had overtaken the Christian population of Turkey. What was to be done? If the refugees could only be gotten ashore and sent into the remote districts of Macedonia, where press agents, tourists and investigators never penetrated on account of the malarial mosquitoes and other dangers, they might quietly pass away without shocking the sensibilities of the world at large.

But there they were at the height of the tourist season on the surface of the beautiful, blue sea, flying signals of distress conveying with slight variation, the following information: "Three thousand refugees aboard. No food. No water. Smallpox and typhus fever."

As a climax to all their misfortunes, the old cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" was raised against the outcasts. There was no place for them, dead or alive. The land refused to receive the living and the sea refused to receive the dead. Bodies thrown overboard with lungs full of air and no lead on their heels would not sink. This was embarrassing. The form of a little child with hair floating like seaweed on the surface of the water is a witness hard to refute, and a small-

THREE ELLIOTTS, DIFFERENT FAMILIES, SERVED WITH THE A. W. H.



Dr. Mary H. Elliott
(Chicago, Ill.)
Serbia.



Dr. Mabel E. Elliott
(Benton Harbor, Mich.)
Turkey, Armenia, Greece.



Dr. Lucy M. Elliott
(Flint, Mich.)
Russia.



An A. W. H. nurse and refugee child talking with an Evzone,
Greek Highlander.



MISS FRANCES MACQUAIDE AND REFUGEE NURSES AT CORFU, 1923.



BREAKING QUARANTINE.
Isolation pen used for refugee children recovering from contagious diseases, Athens, 1923.

pox corpse on the crest of the waves is a horrible "sight" for a tourist.

From the beginning of the exodus of the Christian minorities from Turkish territory after the burning of Smyrna, the Greek government had carried the greater part of the burden, financially and otherwise. The refugees were not only received in Greece, but the government furnished ships for transportation, such housing as was possible, and a dole to thousands of utterly destitute people to help stave off starvation until assimilation could be effected. The achievements of Americans engaged in facilitating this unprecedented migration were made possible by the coöperation of the Greek government, and the fleet of cargo ships, plus cost of operation, provided for this purpose.

The Christian people of Northern Anatolia, including thousands of Armenians, fled from their homes to the Black Sea ports, and there they were, many of them sick and without food. Actuated by fear for their lives, they crowded aboard freight ships expecting to land *somewhere* in Greece. But the quarantine stations were glutted on account of these hordes arriving with pestilential diseases, and a halt had been called while ships were on the sea. Dante, himself, could not have imagined the horrors of these floating Hells, packed with children, short of food and water, with typhus fever and smallpox raging in their holds, and no place on the face of the earth to land.

Mr. Asa Jennings, who had been given the honorary title of "Admiral" on account of his service in connection with the transportation of refugees, was at his wit's end, and the members of the Revolutionary government of Greece were also in a difficult position. They had promised to receive these outcasts and had furnished ships upon which some of them had already embarked. Finally, the Greek government agreed to allow pest ships from the Pontus to land refugees on Macronissi Island, and to furnish water, fuel and transportation, *providing* some organization would

establish a quarantine station with isolation hospitals, assuming all further expense and responsibility in connection therewith.

Macronissi Island is a bleak, barren, uninhabited rock, seven miles long and less than two miles wide at any point, lying in the channel eight miles off the coast of Greece from the Port of Laurium. There is no water on this island, which is sometimes storm-bound for days. As a quarantine station it had one point only in its favor. Lacking outside coöperation, it was impossible for anybody to get away, who was unable to swim eight miles.

Naturally, it was difficult to get any American or English organization to undertake the running of a quarantine station at such a place. Besides, every organization was already overburdened. The American Red Cross and the Near East Relief had entered into an agreement by the terms of which the Red Cross was to provide food for refugees after they reached Greece, and the Near East Relief was to provide food for refugees in Turkey and en route to Greece. The deadlock was due to disease, and in this emergency we were called upon to establish a quarantine station at Macronissi Island, which would reopen the door to refugees from the Pontus, and make it possible for them to get into Greece. After making all arrangements, Dr. Elliott wrote as follows:

A few nights ago, Mr. Jennings rushed in and said, "Doctor, you've got to do something about this, you know you always help us out. *What can the American Women's Hospitals do about this?*"—And the next morning, we went over to the Island of Macronissi. . . . That afternoon, I decided to open a quarantine station, and that night I ordered the tents and blankets and got to work. The government through Dr. Doxiades, the Minister of Public Assistance, had written me a letter, after a talk the night before, copy of which find enclosed.

Sunday morning, at the invitation of our representative at the American Legation, I called and he said it was a great relief to him, that the American Women's Hospitals had taken

this up; that the State Department at Washington was much concerned, and he immediately sent a cable to Washington telling them of our move. . . . The Government (Greek) will supply all transportation, water and fuel. There are excellent disinfectant plants, baths and a hospital building on the place. We must buy tents, put up warehouses and roof over the kitchen.

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To-morrow morning, one of our staff, Dr. Poumpouras, will go to work out the details. This man is one of the leading experts in quarantine work of this country. . . . He is now a refugee from Smyrna and will prove, I am sure, a great help in time of need on the staff at our quarantine station.

The only trouble now is that I feel like a guilty housewife, who has been extravagant and finds herself nearing the end of the month, worrying about the bills that will soon be coming in. . . . In any case it simply *had* to be done. Could we bear the thought of that last few thousand waiting on the Black Sea coast, waiting in their desperate need for the famous ships of Mr. Jennings—the ships that would never come if we had not promised to free them from the menace of disease.

Practically all the American medical work for the relief of refugees in Greece was being carried by our organization. But this quarantine island was too costly a job for us to undertake in additon to existing obligations. Had the Executive Board in New York been consulted, the answer, on deliberation, would probably have been "impossible." Heroic decisions, however, are usually made without deliberation. Shiploads of human beings were calling from the sea for help. There was no time to count the cost.

Dr. Olga Stasny was appointed director of this new work. With the coöperation of the Greek government and the help of Drs. Poumpouras, Yereman and others, preparations for receiving eight thousand refugees were speedily made. Barracks buildings were erected, two thousand tents purchased, a delousing plant and water reservoir used during the World War put in order, and within ten days, pest ships from the Pontus were discharging their human cargoes at the American Women's Hospitals Quarantine Island.

CHAPTER XXI

AMAZONS ANCIENT AND MODERN—A VENERABLE MAN—
POOR LITTLE SHILI!—"TEARS, IDLE TEARS"—HATCH-
ING DODOS—AN OPTION ON KING SOLOMON'S MINES—
THE GRATEFUL TURK

MEANWHILE, Mrs. Marian Cruikshank was called from the Caucasus to take charge of our Island service. With the help of Mrs. Anderson, Miss Emily Petty and Miss Agnes Evon, this work was developed enormously—especially on the Island of Crete, where hospitals and clinics were conducted at Canea, Retimo and Herakleion.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile," is a 100 per cent American sentiment. Some Europeans say that we have no sense of tragedy and prove it to themselves by the attitude of our soldiers during the war, expressed in the leading line of this paragraph. "Strange people, these Americans," the soldiers of other countries sometimes observed. "They laugh when they should weep." Mrs. Cruikshank was an eighth generation American and she ran true to form in this respect. The following pages inadequately echo the spirit of her verbal and written communications.

Mitylene, November, 1922.

"I am wintering on the Ægean—literally. Much of my time is spent on ships. In foul and fair weather, my job is Odysseying up and down and round about the Islands of the Ægean Sea, where we are carrying all the American medical relief work for the Anatolian refugees that is being done on these islands to date.

"The Seven Wonders of the World were located on this

part of the globe—now there are eight: The American Women's Hospitals, and the wonder is that this organization is run by women. The Lesbians, Chioters, Cretans and other remnants of the glory that was Greece, are manifestly entertaining inspiring suspicions. Their curiosity is aroused. They are coöperative to the *n*th degree. There isn't anything on these islands we can't have. They watch our every move, and so long as we take orders from no man (especially from no Englishman, the highest authority) we can give orders to almost everybody.

"These Islanders are fine people with inquiring minds and habits of observation. They intend to get to the bottom of this mystery. They cannot believe the evidence of their own eyes when they see our women signing checks to pay for the A.W.H. service. They are not convinced. They smile and pretend to believe that the American Women's Hospitals are actually conducted by an organization of American women, just as I smile and pretend to believe their heroic stories of the Amazons.

"On second thought I do believe the stories of the Amazons. Why not? We are such doubting Doras. The Amazons certainly have a proud record in this country. Of all the tales told regarding the founding of Smyrna, Ephesus and other cities older than history, I prefer the one that gives all the credit to the Amazons. 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians' and the type she represents. Only gods and demi-gods were worthy of their steel. Theseus won his spurs in a battle against the Amazons. Steel? Spurs? Did they have steel and spurs in those heroic days? Anyway, I'm for the Amazons, strong, and I'm glad we're reverting to type.

"One of the Twelve Labors of Hercules was getting the girdle of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. Small business for a man of his stature. His previous labor had been cleaning the Augean stables and I can't help thinking he should have stayed on that job. But 'girdle' in this connec-

tion may have a subtle, symbolic meaning, which in the vulgar parlance of our native land is sometimes expressed by the word 'goat'.

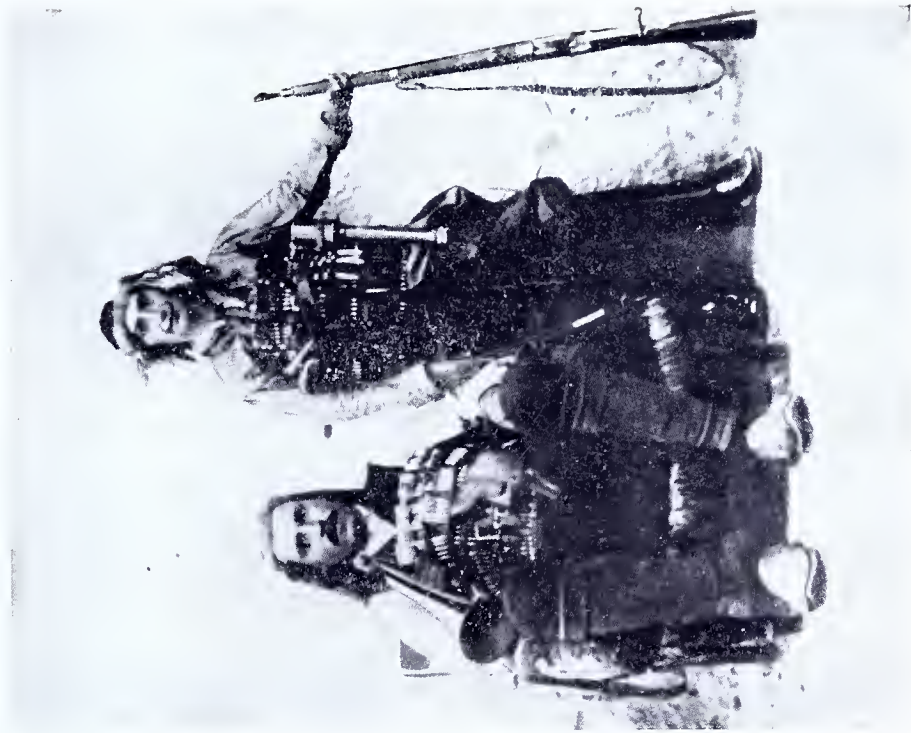
"On third thought I'm an Amazon myself in spirit, and I'm sorry that Hippolyta and all her forces were not guarding Smyrna with poison gas and black magic when the Turks came down from Angora. There are Amazons among the Kurds right now. Women who fight for the love of fighting. One of them, who was shot, came to our Ismid Hospital for treatment. She had a military swank, a modern rifle and other deadly weapons. Her man, "Hercules," acted as perambulating arsenal and general transportation system for the team. She was the sniper. This Kurdish woman warrior is worthy of the Amazonic traditions of her country—thrice worthy in a land where most women compete with donkeys as pack animals.

"During my recent visit to Constantinople, Caris Mills and I had luncheon at the Patriarchate. Long years ago when a phrenologist who came to Olympia, Wash., with a side show examined my head, he didn't find any bump of veneration.—Worse luck! But even to my blind understanding, the Patriarch Meletios is a venerable man—one of the few venerable beings it has been my good fortune to meet.

"Accompanied by a member of the Greek Refugee Commission and a guard in the dark blue uniform with the arms of the Patriarch, we visited some of the refugee quarters around Constantinople. One of the camps contained people from the village of Shili on the Black Sea, near the entrance of the Bosphorus. This village of about two thousand population was in the neutral zone and therefore considered safe. When the Turkish soldiers came, the people 'made a feast' and went out to receive them. But this pathetic gesture of friendliness was unavailing. Poor little Shili! Her case can be heard only behind closed doors.



QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS (Mythological).



PRESENT-DAY KURDISH AMAZON WEARING HER "GIRDLE."
This sniper was shot, but her life was saved by "Hercules."



THE WOMEN'S WARD IN THE CHIOS HOSPITAL, 1922-24.

"Miss Mills and I were on the *Charwood*, a British ship while she was being loaded with refugees at Constantinople. They were a pitiful looking lot. Fifteen hundred of them had been crowded into the old church of St. Nicholas in Galata. There had been some sort of difficulty. A Turkish policeman had shot three refugees and the rest had turned loose and killed him. Pandemonium followed; a general alarm was sounded and the British military police finally stopped the fight.

"Getting that crowd of refugees, mostly women and children, from the Church to the quay, afterward, was an almost impossible task. They had to be driven like a herd of cattle. Naturally, they were on the lookout for the shambles, and balked at the entrance of a huge building, four stories high with a central court and inside balconies, where they were to be parked for safe-keeping until the time of embarkation. Finally, they were gotten into this court. The poor things were dazed with fright and when they looked up and saw British soldiers on all the galleries surrounding the court, they became hysterical, laughing, crying, and chattering irrelevantly, like so many gibbering idiots.

"Tears, idle tears, unbecoming to an Amazon in good standing, who should be proof against such weakness. 'My word!' as the English say, you've got to be hard-boiled or die in this country. Fortunately, my folks were amphibious animals. They were hard-shelled Baptists, and six years as a surgical assistant, added to my hereditary gifts, has qualified me, in a measure, for this 'post'.

"According to the Anglophobes, all this trouble is due indirectly to British Imperialism, and according to the Anglophiles, the British are sane and saving angels hovering over the country. The Spirit of Imperialism broods in the embassies of the great nations hatching all kinds of dodos. For the past two years, I have been breathing this atmosphere and my system is saturated. The symptoms are like

the gold-rush fever set to martial music. Commercial imperialism appeals to me personally and patriotically. We, the American people, are not sustaining our record on these immediate shores of Europe, Asia and Africa. The English, French and Italians are grabbing everything. It is very embarrassing. Something ought to be done. I should like to reach out a prehensory paw and secure an option on King Solomon's Mines, in the belt beyond Smyrna where Midas and Cræsus used to operate, and sell it for a million pounds sterling.

"The defenders of the Turk dwell with insistence upon his truthfulness as compared with other natives, but in the interest of neutrality I must say that no nation or religion in the Eastern Hemisphere has a monopoly on truth. The Turks, Greeks and Armenians are intelligent people. They tell the truth when it serves their purpose best, and sometimes when it doesn't. The ex-governor of Chanak was moved to tell the truth regarding our refugee surgeon. This 'Sick Man of the East' was under an anaesthetic in the hands of an injured enemy wielding a scalpel, and when he came out and found himself, 'actually enumerated with the alive' he was so surprised and grateful that he wrote the following letter in Turkish, which was translated by an English-speaking Turk:

Mitylene, November 21, 1922.

Trichopoulos, Esq., Surgeon,
American Women's Hospitals,
Mitylene.

- (1) Suffering since years I entered the Hospital, and seeing that my surgical attendance which was made in accordance to my disease was a very success, and my health therefore rendered within a week's time, I cannot retain myself from expressing you my soul's gratitude.
- (2) I express not only my own thanks, but also those of other unfortunate patients who were salved by you without exception religious or national.

- (3) It is impossible to forget also the superhuman troubles which are daily rendered by the nurses.
- (6) Although I should make known through the press either of your politeness or your fine art, either the perfection and the huge work of the American Women's Hospital producing the very best efforts for this unfortunate humanity I have not been able to do so.
- (7) Several patients in the hospital they told me that even at the very last moment quite hopeless of their salvation entered the hospital and owing to the successful intervention they are actually enumerated with the alive.
- (8) I beg to forward full of holy emotion, greetings of gratitude to the various noble and charitable American ladies, who arriving from so far struggle superhumanly for the suffering humanity.

(signed) A. Pertev,
Ex-Sous-Gouverneur de Tzanak!

CHAPTER XXII

THE ODYSSEY OF AN OREGONIAN—HOMER A REFUGEE—
TREASURE ISLANDS—DREADFUL DREADNAUGHTS—THE
PREFIX “PAN”—CAUGHT IN CHIOS—“THE BALKIN
BAT”

Chios, November, 1922.

“Seven cities warred for Homer being dead;
Who living had no roof to shroud his head.”

.
“Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.”

“**V**ERY little is known regarding the origin and local habitation of Homer, but Chios is one of the seven towns and Smyrna is another. The evidence is in favor of these two places as against the other five. The data quoted above indicates that Homer was a refugee, and in view of the present state of affairs, it is reasonable to assume that he was a refugee from Smyrna, the Phœnix City, which is incinerated about once in five hundred years, and arises fresh and flourishing from her own ashes.

“This island has a habit of producing blind prodigies. There is one here now, a blind linen keeper at the relief center. She knows every nook and corner of the home and hospital, the linen of every description belonging to the place, and the highways and byways of Chios, as well as Nydia knew Pompeii.

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“In organizing medical and sanitary service for the refugees on these islands, we do whatever is most expedient. We establish hospitals and clinics in barracks and tents, or in buildings provided by the local governments. Some-

times, as at Chios, there are hospital buildings, but no money or supplies to run them. In such cases we take over the buildings, put in more equipment and auxiliary tents or barracks, and carry on with the understanding that in case the refugees are moved, we shall take our movable hospital equipment and go with them.

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 "In the tame old days when I lived in the wild west, I had my fortune told occasionally to relieve the monotony. But no matter how much I paid those unimaginative fakers, not one of them ever predicted anything half so wonderful to relate as my daily life in the service of the American Women's Hospitals on the Ægean Islands.

"It is rumored that a soothsayer told Josephine and the little French Sultana when they were children together on the Island of Martinique, one of the stepping-stones between North and South America, lying due west of the Sargasso Sea, that they were destined for greatness in the old world. But nobody ever foretold that I was destined to be medical dictator on strange islands, peopled in the consciousness of the world with mythological characters, and in reality with thousands of the most pitiful human beings that ever walked the earth without shoes.

"But here I am going down to the sea in ships. The same islands and the same sea connected with the misadventures of Ulysses, but different ships. It was here that Æolus, God of the Winds, gave that hero the storms confined in a bladder. The Pagan Gods certainly played favorites. I wish they would do as much for me, especially when I go down to the sea on one of these little Greek stingarees (destroyers) the favorite toys of Poseidon, in this day, age and water.

"The officers of the ships touching at the islands are more than good to us. They look after our freight and we are privileged passengers on refugee ships and cargo boats. Madam la Directress that's me in French, (in Greek I may

be something more exalted) goes from island to island like the aforementioned Ulysses on anything that floats. Sometimes she gets a lift on an American destroyer, after which her swelling pride is deflated by a trip on a Greek fishing smack.

" 'The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds.' She usually passes us proudly by on her way to Egypt or Constantinople. The proudest of all these proud ships is the British liner in the America tourist trade. With a thousand straight ticket tourists, she sweeps across *my* Ægean Sea, her brilliant lights, tier upon tier, challenging the constellations of the heavens. But my little islands are not entirely forgotten. Poetic passengers are always murmuring:

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

Burning Sappho is the favorite theme. They don't get close enough to see the refugees, cold, hungry and dying of typhus and smallpox. Like shining apparitions from another world, these great ships pass in the night. Their wakes wash the shores of Mitylene and break on the crags of Chios and Crete, while our nurses wait for the Messenger calling the souls of the sick.

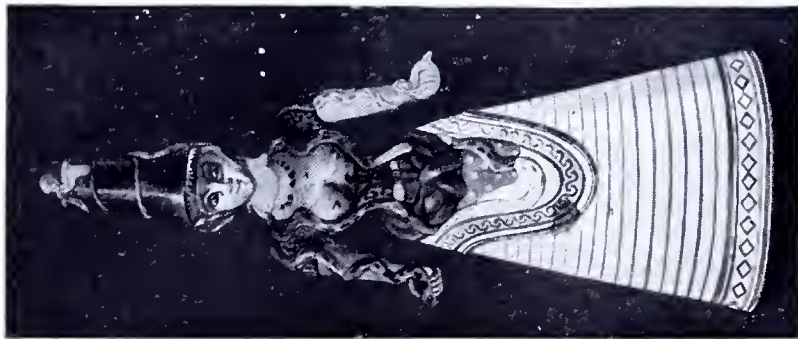
.
"The Ægean Sea, November, 1922.

"I am running back to Piræus on a Greek boat by a round-about route among my treasure islands, 'Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung,' whence France transported the 'Venus de Milo' and the 'Victory of Samathrace' to the Louvre, and from which the strong, young nations of the earth, with accomplices in the fields, are still picking up gems of art for their spacious galleries and museums. This is what comes, or goes, through the 'open door.'

"The maneuvers of the dreadful dreadnaughts of the European nations keep me in a state of nervous apprehension. Britannia rules the waves, but Italia and the others



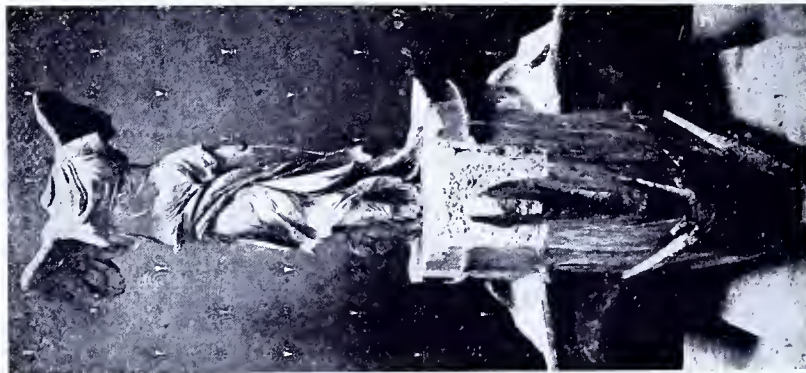
DREADFUL DREADNAUGHTS.



SNAKE GODDESS OF CRETE.
(Boston)



VENUS DE MILO.
(Louvre, Paris)



WINGED VICTORY.
(Louvre, Paris)

TREASURES FOUND ON "TREASURE ISLANDS."

are very much in evidence, and when I see a line of battle-ships ploughing through the waters of my archipelago, my protective instincts are aroused and I feel like going out and double-staking all the islands in the name of the American Women's Hospitals and the United States.

"The sea is lovely and I have been scanning the horizon with a glass in search of islands which may harbor refugees. There are plenty of them. They stand out of the deep in clusters between Crete and the mainland of Europe and Asia. Toward the east lies Skarpanto, Rhodes and the Sporades, but there are no refugees on these islands. They have recently been acquired by Italy (the islands, not the refugees) and according to current gossip, are merely stepping-stones in a great pan-Romanic revival, the first part of which involves the conversion of the Mediterranean into an Italian lake.

"The prefix 'pan' is a hard working syllable in this part of the world. The pan-Teutonic probabilities were nipped in the bud by the big parade, but nature, animal or vegetable, moves according to law, 'And 'ere one flowery season fades and dies, designs the blooming wonders of the next.'

"You should hear them talk about European and Asiatic combinations, pan-Turanian—Slavonic—Latinic—Hellenic—Fascistic—and Communistic movements. These ravings are all news to me, although they have been going on without abatement for hundreds of years. In my little old geography there was a picture of Balboa standing in the Pacific with his clothes on, seriously taking possession of the ocean and all its inlets, shores and rivers, condemning the future inhabitants thereof to peonage and a Spanish dialect, with one sweeping pan-Castilian gesture.

"My sentiments are pan-Awotal plus. Next to my passport, there is nothing so precious to me as my Awotal (cable name) job, and I shall never be satisfied until the A.W.H. puts a ring around the world and makes me sani-

tary dictator of all the islands. For sentimental reasons our influence should be extended to the Islands of Malta, and Rhodes where the Colussus used to be. The early Hospitalers operating in my territory, about a thousand years ago, established strongholds at Rhodes and Malta. These fighting monks were perfectly good Samaritans in the beginning, but they were misogynists of the old school. I can't imagine anything more tantalizing to their immortal souls than the standards of an organization of female hospitalers waving triumphantly over their historic stamping grounds.

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Chios, December, 1922.

"Caught in Chios!—'They also serve who only stand and wait'—perhaps. But I don't like the service, and I wish the Greek government would give me a hydroplane and a pilot so I could hop off from island to island without waiting for the irregular boats. This may seem unreasonable but it really is a modest wish compared with things my countrymen put over. Some of them have special ships and trains to carry them around and all I want is a little hydroplane with a Greek pilot at about thirty dollars a month.

"Too much power and grandeur sometimes has a bad effect upon us. We go to bed in a normal state of mind and arise with divine right complexes. This disorder, which has been named the 'Balkan Bat' by a natural born American alienist in the warehouse service of the Red Cross, is a by-product of the European upheaval. Kings and Emperors are down and out, and American relief workers and national Dictators have come into power. The Dictators look like death and castor oil, and the American relief workers look like nourishment to the hungry. The general adulation is a sweet but acid test. Those with a weakness for benevolent despotism develop delusions of grandeur and—my boat is coming—sorry I cannot finish this treatise on the 'Balkan Bat.' "

CHAPTER XXIII

PAUL WAS MISINFORMED—SIR ARTHUR'S PICK AND SHOVEL
—CRETE AND THE PALACE OF KING MINOS—ARMED
WITH PHAGOCYTES—THE DREADED ANOPHELES—A
MIRACLE—GOD IS GOOD

“Island of Crete,

“December, 1922.

“What do you know about Crete? Nothing! How fortunate! You can begin at the beginning with nothing to unlearn.

“Well, ‘Death Valley,’ at the base of Mount Ararat, where the Bolos sing the ‘Internationale’ before and after eating instead of saying grace, may be the site of the Garden of Eden, but Crete is the Elysian Island where men, themselves, first made life worth living.

“This island, 160 miles long by 35 wide at its widest point, is the largest and choicest tract of hills and dales in my archipelago. One isolated peak in these Cretan mountains is the memorial stone of Zeus, himself. This is the only statement made by the island boosters regarding prehistoric matters, which they lack the evidence to prove in part. Equi-distant from Europe, Asia and Africa, Crete was literally the center of the commercial world four thousand years ago, and this is a comparatively recent date, as dates go on the island. The excavations tell the story of prehistoric men, who lived in the great valley of the Mediterranean before the Atlantic Ocean beat through the neck of land joining Europe and Africa, and converted a fertile country into a great sea with islands sticking up here and there, one of which is Crete.

"Life on this island has been a series of ups and downs—usually downs for the Cretans. The sacking of Knossus and other cities and the clean sweep of the Minoan civilization, was the greatest crime of all. The barbarians, whoever they were, did a thorough job. 'Dead men tell no tales' must have been their principle of action, and for lack of evidence, no special group has been historically indicted for the final holocaust, which must have been similar in some respects to the recent disaster at Smyrna.

"I am not prepared to state definitely whether the early Cretan (Minoan) civilization, which was already on the down grade when Homer sung of Troy, antedated the ancient civilizations of Egypt and Assyria, but the Cretans say it did, and I am willing to take their word for it. The Apostle Paul was misinformed. The Cretans are *not* always liars. (Titus 1-12) They sometimes tell the truth, and they rarely short change us on supplies.

"A dark age followed the decline and fall of the Minoan civilization. During this eclipse of a thousand years, the traditions of Crete took on a mythical character. Then came the dawn of Greek civilization, fertilized by the Minoan and Mycenæan, and the stories of Crete, 'such stuff as dreams are made of,' were recorded in books on the subject of mythology.

"But the 'authorities' on history and mythology had written without a thought of such an imaginative man as my neighbor; Sir Arthur Evans, who came along about twenty-five years ago with a pick and shovel and changed the history of the world. Tomes upon tomes representing the work of savants for ages, were scrapped by this seeker after truth, who actually dug up from under an ordinary olive grove on the outskirts of Herakleion, the well-preserved remains of Knossus and the Palace of King Minos with its Labyrinth where the Minotaur used to be. These findings on the Island of Crete spread before the astonished eyes of the present generation, hundreds of thousands of whom

have followed the tourist trail around the ancient monuments of the world, made the Colosseum and other age-proud ruins look as modern as a New Year's edition of the Main Street Chronicle compared with the Old Testament.

"Fortunately, there was one rich possession which the invading hordes of antiquity could not transport from Crete, and that was the climate. With the help of the 'foodful glebe' (no longer so foodful) the salubrious climate preserved the human species, and man, soil, sunshine, and rain, working together century after century, made the island so attractive that every dominant Mediterranean power annexed it in turn.

"The yoke of the Greeks, Romans and Venetians was hard to bear, but when the Turks came along and, after the siege of Herakleion lasting 21 years (the longest siege on record), subjugated the island, the unconquerable minority among the Cretans took to the hills like the highduks of the Balkans under similar circumstances, and lived by exacting tribute from the invaders, and all of those who submitted to their authority.

"For 250 years these Cretan mountaineers were known as lawless brigands or heroic rebels, by Turkophiles and Turkophobes, respectively. They were proud, picturesque folks to read about. With swagger and personality expressed in details of dress, they were not unlike the comitadjis of the Macedonian mountains to-day, and they certainly did make life interesting for the law-abiding population of the lowlands.

"The Isles of Greece are inspirational in the highest degree. With the help of the gods and muses, nothing was impossible in the old days. Men and women were merely instruments for immortal manifestations. This influence still lingers here and there. The poorest germ of genius will hatch in this climate if given half a chance, and I am expecting a fine frenzy at any moment. In the Palace of King Minos when the moon is full, even my poor, inhib-

ited, medicated, and sterilized imagination runs amuck, and conjures up all sorts of fancies but nothing half so wonderful and actually far-fetched as the fact that I am here.

"Sir Arthur Evans and his associates are still prospecting the subsoil of the olive groves in this vicinity, digging, panning and sifting for the ninety cities described by Homer in the *Odyssey*. Prospecting in all its phases, including archæology, is a passion. The revelations of its devotees in Crete give me a feeling of 'Onward Christian Soldier,' there is infinitely more behind all this to be revealed and adjusted.

"The archæologists are not alone in this field. There is a paleoethnologist searching for the wisdom tooth of the missing link which may be found at any time. Even Mr. Dawkins, the British consul, is delving here and there and everywhere when he is not busy diplomating for his government, and day after day I am praying that they won't accidentally strike oil. If they do, all is lost.

"Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle;
Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians, dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelasgi boasts a native's due:
The Dorians, plumed amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share;
Cnossus, her capital of high command:
Where sceptred Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year,
By Jove received in council to confer,
His son Deucalion bore successive sway;
His son, who gave me first to view the day!
The royal bed an elder issue bless'd,
Idomeneus, whom Ilion fields attest
Of matchless deeds: untrain'd to martial toil,
I lived inglorious in my native isle,
Studious of peace, and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete the great Ulysses came:



THE END OF A NARROW STREET, RETIMO, CRETE.



Old Venetian Harbor, Herakleion (Candie), Crete, where Columbus may have called en route to Constantinople and Alexandria.



Refugee children in the Labyrinth of King Minos, shielding their faces from the "evil eye" of the camera.



THE METROPOLITAN OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH DEDICATED OUR HOSPITAL AT RETIMO, CRETE.

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The hero speeded to the Cnossian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd.
Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand
Since my brave brother, with his Cretan band,
Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
My honour'd roof received the royal guest:
Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign,
A public feast, with jars of generous wine.

"The doings of the prehistoric pioneers mentioned in the XIX book of the Odyssey as quoted above, have intrigued my budding imagination. The Palace of King Minos at Knossus has already been uncovered. What next? This is a treasure island. Deep buried beneath the matted roots of gnarled olive trees which stand in groves, are ancient cities lying tier on tier. The ground is rich in works of art coveted by the nations of the earth. Stories of the fabulous value of antiques are current, and the islanders are on the lookout for buried treasures which may be smuggled out of the country. The gold and ivory Snake Goddess of Crete (1500 B.C.), wearing an 18 corset and foreshadowing the fashionable models of the Victorian period, is in the Boston Museum. This Goddess was not in the quota, and her presence in a foreign land has never been explained to the satisfaction of the people in her own home town.

"As a special privilege, I would rather have a miner's license on this island than in the Klondike. Century after century people have buried their valuables to save them from invaders and have not lived to dig them up. Besides, this has been the favorite haven of pirates for ages, and there are coves, inlets, caves and undiscovered hiding places all around the island.

"The American Navy was born out here to the southwest toward the Barbary coast. Mohammedan corsairs were preying upon Christian trade at that time, and in the regular order of business had been seizing American merchant

ships and holding our seamen for ransom. We were in urgent need of a navy, so Stephen Decatur started one. He was from Sinnepuxent, Maryland, a far less likely place than Portland, Oregon, and I am pleased to imagine that he stopped at Crete after bearding the pirates in their stronghold at Tripoli and making his world renowned get-away, which has not yet been reproduced by Douglas Fairbanks. The activities of the Barbary pirates in these surrounding waters should be credited with the immortal outburst: 'Millions for defence but not one cent for tribute.'¹

"All these things and many others, even the story of Zeus, are easy to believe after living on the islands for awhile. But the great romance, the immediate wonder of wonders to the Cretans and other islanders, is the fact that a group of American women has come to help them in the last of a series of disasters covering several thousand years. The Cretans are interested in the personnel of the American Women's Hospitals. We furnish material for much of the conversation on the island. Our clothes, hats, shoes, stockings and lingerie hanging on the clothesline, are far more interesting to the public than the daily proceedings of the League of Nations.

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"Yes, I've met the Greek Governor, the Turkish Prefets, the Cretan Mayors, Deputies and Councilors and the island is ours—that is the part of the population with typhus, smallpox and scarlet fever. I have been immunized against bubonic plague, cholera, diphtheria, meningitis smallpox and typhoid in alphabetical order, and if all the refugees and other inhabitants develop these diseases, I shall be reigning autocrat with authority over the entire island. The original Minoan Throne is at the recently excavated Palace of Knossus, about three miles from our new clinic at Herakleion, and nobody is using it at present.

"My system is armed to the teeth with antibodies. Phago-

¹ Written before the production of *Old Ironsides*.

cytes guard every portal. My person is liberally sprinkled with sabadilla powder, fatal to typhus-bearing vermin. I don't miss the vermin; the powder produces exactly the same sensation. I sleep in a bug-proof bag, under a mosquito-proof canopy at night, and use oil of citronella, deadly to common mosquitoes, instead of cold cream, for my complexion.

"Malaria! this is the flaw in my armor. The refugees have brought a malignant form of this disease down from Samsoun and other parts of the Pontus, and Greece furnishes the anopheles. The country is a regular mosquito hatchery, and whenever I see a mosquito that I do not hear, I have a chill. Please find a serum for malaria and send it quick or I shall take to the sea in a submarine.

"Sunday week in the old English vernacular, we reached Canea visited the clinic and outfitted the hospital with supplementary supplies. On Wednesday, we left by motor for Retimo, and although we traveled like the wind the news by 'phone went faster with the gratifying result that we were met about a mile out of town by the local authorities including the Military Governor, Prefet, Mayor, Chief of Police and Bishop, who had formerly been Aide de Camp to Venizelos.

"In the early part of November, 1922, Mrs. Anderson started our clinics and baby stations at Canea, Retimo and Herakleion, and a large service has been carried at these three places. The local hospital at Canea is better than those conducted in other districts on the island, for the reason that Mrs. J. M. Dawkins, the American wife of the British consul, is a devoted friend of the sick in that town.

"Retimo was sadly in need of greater facilities for hospitalization, and after selecting buildings and arranging to have them repaired, I left for Herakleion by boat, for the reason that there was no land route but a bridle path. Herakleion has been hard hit. The population is normally about 25,000 and at least that number of refugees have

been landed here. Unfortunately, there was a huge, unoccupied building in the town, an old Turkish barracks about eight hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide, with one floor and a sort of a loft. Three thousand people were crowded into this building, which was constructed by the Turks for quartering soldiers about a century ago, and belongs to the Neolithic Age.

"No, I haven't got my dates mixed. The facts are written in blocks of stone at the Knossus excavation nearby, and in exquisite marble figures at the museum across the street. My job forces me to think in terms of sanitation. The civilization, four thousand years ago, which produced the Palace of King Minos with its perfect drainage, baths and other appointments, three miles from our present-day clinic, was about four thousand years in advance of that which produced this barracks building, a hundred years ago.

"Such a stew! King Minos would surely turn up his royal nose if he could return to his beloved island, the beautiful, highly civilized spot he helped to create, and get one sniff of this pestiferous barracks. Many of the people living in this place formerly had good homes. Now they stay together in constant dread of being sent to the foodless hinterland and forgotten by God and man. The minute I put my eye on this barracks, I saw trouble ahead. The place is a perfect incubator for contagious diseases and I promptly foretold an epidemic, thereby assuring myself of a footstool among the minor prophets at a later date when this nightmare will surely come true.

"Meanwhile repairs on our hospital buildings are going forward rapidly. We are getting ready for the inevitable epidemic and our clinic at Herakleion is running full force. Now hold your breath and make a mighty mental effort to grasp the full significance of a statement, which, to the best of my knowledge and belief is a statement of fact. The A. W.H. clinic at Herakleion is the biggest clinic in the world! I am terribly proud of this work and thankful that we are

able to carry it, albeit conscious of the wickedness of being proud, instead of just thankful and meek as a lowly Samaritan ought to be.

"Anyway, we have from six to eight hundred patients daily at the Herakleion clinic. This is due to the fact that a large percentage of the refugees are sick, especially the children. We employ a great many refugee physicians and nurses. The nurses are the best fitted girls we can find. They are without training, but they learn faster than any group I ever worked with. So long as they give satisfaction, they are able to secure food for themselves and are in a position to help their families a bit. Believe me, they pray for light in regard to their jobs.

"Crete, February, 1923.

"The last time I was at Chios I felt as though my child had grown up and got married. I was no longer needed. Miss Petty is running the hospital and clinics much better than I could run them if I stayed there and did my best. She is also keeping an eye on our work at Mitylene, and this leaves me free to spend most of my time at Crete.

"The American Red Cross is furnishing a thousand calories of food daily for every patient in our hospitals, in addition to milk, and some other supplies for our clinics. Somebody connected with the Red Cross seems to know that it is good business to help us with supplies. By giving us ten, twenty or thirty per cent of the food for our hospitals, they are more certain that these hospitals will stay open, and they save themselves the difference in cost to spend elsewhere.

"As part of our sanitary work, we are running delousers and baths. Among the ruins here, as well as at Rome and Pompeii, there are the remains of public baths, which testify to the habits of other days. Crete is off the 'tourist' trail and the old baths have no value as 'sights'. Therefore, we put pipes into them and restored them to their original purpose for the use of refugees. We furnish the soap as a medical measure, observing the letter of the unwritten law

and keeping strictly within our province, and the government supplies the water. 'No bath, no bread,' is the Red Cross ruling and these baths haven't had as many patrons since the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent.

"The first case admitted to the A.W.H. hospital at Herakleion was a little child of five years, who had been stabbed in the back at Smyrna and who had refused to die. The wound, which had pierced the chest wall, was followed by empyema and the mother of that child had carried him from place to place for almost three months. The endurance of this woman is beyond belief. With that child in her arms with a discharging wound, no dressings, no possibility of care and another little one at her side, she had gone into the holds of refugee ships, slept in the streets of Mitylene and finally reached the barracks at Herakleion on the Island of Crete. With proper care our first patient was well within ten days and at just that time a miracle occurred.

"These people believe in prayer and in miracles. The more they suffer, the more they pray for help, and no one was in greater need of help than that poor woman. Associated with terrible affliction, there is a corresponding possibility of great joy. The father of that child had been deported to the interior of Anatolia by the Turks. He escaped, made his way to the coast and swam to a ship on the sea. That ship might have been going to France, Italy, Morocco, Portugal or Spain, but strange to say it was going to Herakleion, Crete. Being a refugee, this young man was sent to the barracks, where he found his wife and children.

"The transcendent joy and thankfulness of this family contrasted strangely with their surroundings. God was good! They were the most fortunate people on earth. Three thousand refugees rejoiced and gave thanks with them, and I remembered my grandmother with her saws, sayings and psalms: 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

"The presence of this man raised the morale of the bar-

racks population enormously. The women, whose husbands and sons had been sent to the interior of Turkey, became more hopeful. Perhaps they would escape. Perhaps they had already escaped. After all, *God is good. They had a sign.* Here in their midst was a man who had been delivered from their enemies, and they looked out over the sea with hope renewed."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS' QUARANTINE ISLAND
—PEST-SHIPS FROM THE PONTUS—A MAN OF SORROWS
—OUR OUTDOOR CAFETERIA—EIGHT THOUSAND
GUESTS—"THE QUALITY OF MERCY"

OUR appeal for funds had been fairly successful, and four months after leaving Smyrna I returned to the field in Greece with additional American personnel.

After inspecting our hospitals and clinics at Piræus, Dirgouti, Kokinia, the Aerodrome, and the orphanage infirmaries at Athens, Oropos, Loutraki and elsewhere, which we were conducting at that time for the care of the sick among the Armenian orphans brought to Greece by the Near East Relief, we started one morning for Macronissi Island.

The weather at Athens was not bad, but thirty miles down the Attic Peninsula near the land's end off Laurium, the water was rough and the men running our tenders refused to take us to the island. The boat would surely be wrecked in the breakers, they said, if we attempted to land on that rock in such weather. The *Ionia* was lying between the coast and the island waiting for the storm to subside. She had arrived, a few days before, flying the usual signals of distress, reading in the language of the sea: "Four thousand refugees. No water. No food. Smallpox and typhus fever aboard."

This story of twelve words, or the first seven words with immaterial variation, was true of practically all the refugee ships. They came into the ports of Greece, including



Dr. Olga Stasny, director of the A. W. H. Quarantine Service, Macronissi Island, Greece, 1923.



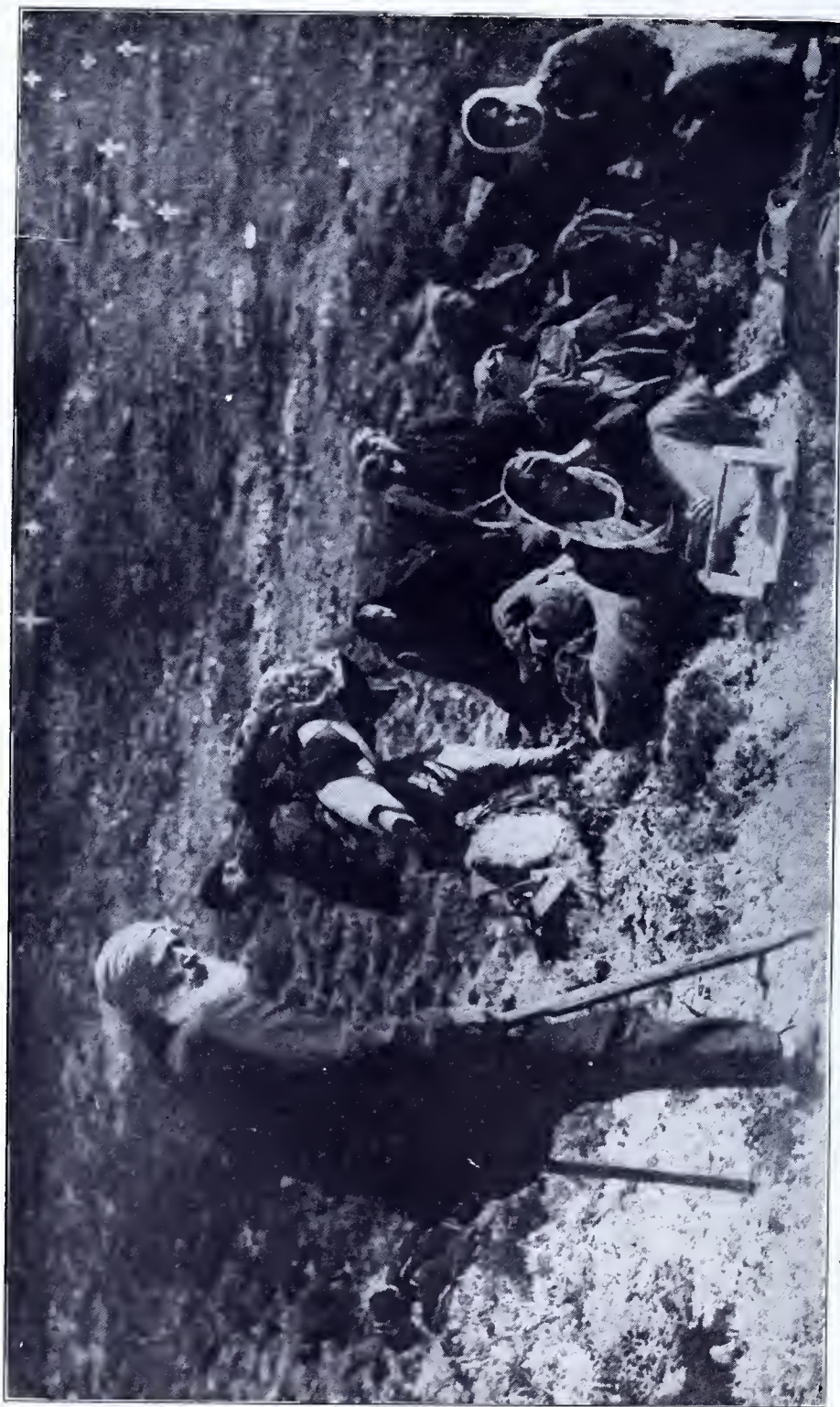
Tender provided by the Greek Government for the American Women's Hospitals, Quarantine Island.



Pest ship with human cargo (four thousand refugees) from Trebizond, lying off the A. W. H. Quarantine Island, flying signals of distress, meaning: no water—no food—smallpox—typhus.



Six thousand refugees waiting for food, A. W. H. Quarantine Island. At the time this photograph was taken the entire cost of feeding these people was borne by our organization. Later the American Red Cross came to our assistance and allowed a thousand calories of food daily for each person in quarantine.



A man of sorrows with a saintly face moving toward the last resting place on wind swept Macronissi.

Piræus, Salonica, Nauplia, Kalamata, Herakleion and many other places loaded to capacity with human freight, contagious diseases spreading in their holds, and thousands upon thousands of outcasts famished and frantic for water. Part of the human cargo of the *Ionia* had been unloaded before the storm, and the rest had to stay on the ship and wait for fair weather. Meanwhile the delousing, disinfecting and encamping of those ashore, moved forward with dispatch in spite of the difficulties to be overcome at every step.

The sea was smooth on the following day and debarkation was resumed. The refugees came ashore in great flat-bottomed scows, and Dr. Stasny, with the assistance of Dr. Sara E. Foulks and Dr. Owen H. Yereman inspected them, one after another, as they landed. The sick were given first attention. Some of them were insane. Those with contagious disorders were sent to the isolation hospitals, and the entire *Ionia* colony was located at a distance from the colonies arriving previously from different ports of the Pontus, with perhaps different kinds of diseases.

Mr. H. C. Moffett, Dr. Elliott and I, stood on an elevation above the cove where the tenders were landing, and watched that tragic procession made up of women, children, the aged, and a small proportion of able-bodied men, struggling through the sand with their bundles on their backs. Many of the old people were exhausted, and had to be helped to the camp of the "unclean," where all the newcomers were obliged to remain until they were deloused and their meager belongings disinfected. Bending beneath enormous loads, the refugees struggled up the hill, and here, as on the railroad pier at Smyrna, unusual personalities occasionally emerged.

In this procession of wretchedness I noticed an old gentleman, one of whose legs had been amputated. He was a man of sorrows with a saintly face. His crutches sank so deep into the sand that it was very hard for him to get along. With the help of a young girl who resembled him

strikingly, he finally reached the top of the first incline, and as he looked around, I noticed that he was going straight toward the cemetery with its white crosses—the last refuge on wind-swept Macronissi.

A woman with a family of children pushed forward and upward. Her husband had probably been “detained” by the Turks. There were no weaklings in this brood. Her strength, stride and cast of countenance compelled attention. She had increased and multiplied herself for the coming generations. Who was she? No one knew. What was she? Every one knew. A strong mother, an honor and an asset to her people. She was not resigned to her fate. Generations of hatred begotten of oppression lurked behind her eyes. Wait! Time and such families may reverse the fortunes of to-day. Her spirit was not crushed. Hagar, mother of Ishmael, might have had just such a proud, resentful face.

Hundreds followed hundreds through the shifting sand; then came a lovely child, carrying a baby sister, almost more than her strength could support, and tenderly leading her mother, who seemed to have lost her mind. The nondescript numbers streamed from the scows for perhaps another half an hour, when a boy appeared, unwashed for a month, like all the rest, with a fine dog straining at a leash. There was quality in that animal, the dog I mean, and probably in the boy, but he was at a disadvantage. Dogs are good refugees. Their needs are small. Who ever heard of a ragged, unwashed, barefoot dog? No such pathetic animal exists. Clothes may make the man, but pedigree *still* makes the dog.

There were three hospital pavilions, one for non-contagious cases, another for typhus fever and a third for smallpox at the smallpox camp. A great many people died soon after landing, most of them from exhaustion due to lack of food and water, and other hardships incident to this terrible migration.

Ten minutes' walk over another hill to the north brought us to the American Women's Hospitals' outdoor cafeteria. A photograph of this place, taken on this day appeared in the National Geographic Magazine, in November, 1925, over the following caption:

THE AMERICAN QUARANTINE STATION ON MACRONISSI ISLAND, GREECE, FEEDING SIX THOUSAND GREEK REFUGEES FROM TREBIZOND, BLACK SEA PORT, WHO HAVE JUST ARRIVED BY STEAMER.

This photograph was used to illustrate an article with the title, "History's Greatest Trek," in which the following statement appears:

To avert the horrors of a plague-swept Greece, a quarantine station for incoming refugee ships was established off the coast at Macronissi Island by an American organization.

The "American organization," the name of which was not mentioned, was the American Women's Hospitals. At that time we were carrying the entire cost of feeding the refugees, and all other costs in connection with this work, with the exception of the cost of water, fuel and transportation, which was borne by the Greek Government. A month later the American Red Cross came to our help and allowed us a thousand calories of food daily for every refugee on Macronissi.

There were probably not more than eight thousand outcasts on the entire island, including those landing from the *Ionian* at the time of my visit in February, 1923, but the line waiting for food *looked* like twenty thousand to me. Carrying all sorts of pots and pans in which to receive their portions, they moved slowly by our caldrons, where they were given their allotments of dark bread, and mush or beans, in accordance with the size of their families.

In those early days, before the work was organized, every woman was obliged to bring all of her children able to

walk, to the bread line in order to prove their number and prevent hoarding. This hardship was necessary because the universal habit of hoarding could not be checked in this emergency, among people where the need for hoarding was actually gnawing at the pit of their stomachs.

The poor are always with us, and so are the hoarders. They appeared among the Children of Israel during the Exodus from Egypt, three thousand years ago; they appeared in the United States during the war, and they appeared upon Macronissi Island during the Exodus of the Children of Christianity from Anatolia, day before yesterday. Therefore, every woman was obliged to bring all of her family to our flesh pots filled with beans or mush and stew once a week, in order that their mouths might be counted. There were six thousand waiting for food, and approximately two thousand more in the camp of the "unclean." I felt like a hostess with a very large number of guests and a mighty slim larder.

How long can we last? That was the unspoken question with which I was inwardly tormented as I walked along that line and noticed how hungry they all looked. For four years, I had been begging for the American Women's Hospitals, and I knew how hard it was to secure funds. Beans, meal, sugar, fats, and the cheapest kind of meat by the ton cost a lot of money.

Eight thousand guests, every one of whom had been exposed to typhus fever and smallpox—what a prospect! Even though they had been cleaned up yesterday, and their camps thoroughly disinfected, they would be coming down to-day, to-morrow, all next week and the week after, with these diseases. In the cases of new arrivals taking the places of those who could be safely removed to the mainland at a later date, this process would be repeated.

How long can we last? Many a ship had split on Macro-missi Island, and the good ship *Awotal* was close to the breakers. But financial disaster was not the only danger.

Mr. Moffett, who came from the Black Sea with the refugees on the *Ionia*, called me aside and warned me of the grave danger of leaving American women on that island. As I remember the words of his warning they were in substance as follows:

"This is a dangerous place, and these are dangerous people. They have suffered terribly. They have nothing to lose and they feel that the whole world is against them. Suppose this island is storm-bound for a week and the water runs out? They will blame everybody in control for keeping them here, and they may rise up and kill your women. Remember, that when this island is storm-bound, no help can come from the shore.

"While we stood offshore waiting for permission to come in, the officers had to use guns to control these people. When the bodies of their children were thrown overboard, and they floated around the ship, these mild looking women were like raving maniacs, threatening the lives of everybody in authority. Dr. Stasny is very confident and sympathetic. The refugees look like lambs to-day, but I've seen them in the other mood. When the time comes, they may turn tiger and tear her to pieces."

This appalling possibility added to our financial danger, dimmed the glory of a glorious work somewhat. It was fine for those who slept in the Hotel Grande Bretagne at Athens, but for those sleeping on the island during the impending equinoctial storms, braving the dangers of pestilential diseases and the frenzy of thousands of half-crazed people—well, this was the reverse of the Macronissi Medalion, the beautiful obverse of which had already been held up before my admiring eyes.

In search of a quiet spot, where I could be alone for a few minutes to try to think, I passed through one of the camps and the cemetery, on my way to the crest of the island. Whew! Living refugees have an odor as distinctive as the odor of violets, and different kinds of decompos-

ing organic matter, also gives off characteristic effluvia. At the edge of the cemetery, which already had a large number of graves, a few of them marked with crosses, I caught a familiar whiff and asked an English-speaking deportee who was digging a grave, for an explanation.

"It is not my fault, Madam, I assure you," he said. "We are not allowed to put our dead in the channel and the soil on this island is not deep enough for graves." He was standing half way out of the grave, and to convince me of the truth of his statement, he scraped his shovel discordantly along the granite bedrock, measured the depth with the handle and announced that it was less than a meter deep.

From the crest of Macronissi, which is also called Helena, because the lovely Helen is said to have paused here with Paris on her epoch-making elopement, I looked out over the main channel between the Port of Athens (Piræus) and the ports of the Ægean, Eastern Mediterranean, and Black Seas, then, turning on my twentieth century rubber heel, glanced back to the Attic Peninsula. Within a small radius of this island our most precious possessions were developed, for Western culture is peculiarly the child of Greek culture. From those immediate shores to the north, south, east and west, we have a priceless heritage in art, literature, science and philosophy, and here on the hillside under my eyes, was a remnant of the people who had made the greatest of all gifts to the world—the gift of a civilization.

They cast their bread upon the waters, and after many centuries the crumbs returned. Across the Gulf of Ægina, at Epidaurus, was the famous shrine of Æsculapius, the God of Healing, and his daughter, Hygeia, Goddess of Health. To the east beyond the Cyclades was the Island of Cos, where Hippocrates, "Father of Medicine" was born, and on the mainland within view from the crest of Macronissi he actually practiced the science, art and morals of medicine. His life, as expressed in his work, teachings and



Dr. Olga Stasny with a group of "clean" children. These children have been deloused, washed and provided with vermin-free clothing.



A FUNERAL ON "QUARANTINE ISLAND."
Disinfesting plant and barracks hospital in the background.



Looking over the sea from the A. W. H. Quarantine Island.



Refugee women on the "island" washing clothes in the sea.

writings, forms the cornerstone on which the profession of medicine rests to-day. This Moses left his Commandments, the Hippocratic Oath, which for centuries was part of the graduating ceremony of physicians in the Western world.

"The road to Learning leads through Faith," said Aristotle, twenty-two centuries ago, and he placed a gift on the altar of learning that has never been equaled. But why itemize our debts to Greece in the presence of the exiles from the land that was Greece at the time of her greatest glory. There they were, six thousand of them, on the hillside—families that had known the comforts of life, eating mush or beans out of one pan with the help of a bit of bread, for lack of a spoon wherewith to feed themselves.

Of course, I had to warn Dr. Stasny of the dangers of her position, which she recognized fully. She had counted the possible costs in advance, and she was on the island to stay.

"My children are grown and married," she said. "I have no duties which should take precedence of my duties here."

Her presence inspired confidence. She was six feet tall, very handsome, unconsciously commanding, and I somehow felt that she would make good on that job. A guard of two hundred and fifty soldiers was placed at her command, and later when the dire predictions of that day were fulfilled, the presence of Olga Stasny of Omaha had more influence in quelling trouble than the Greek military guard.

The population of the island increased until there were seven camps. Some of the nurses and physicians took the typhus fever. Dr. Stasny's chief assistant, Dr. Poupouras, died. But in spite of all the dangers and difficulties, she stayed on the island for five months, leaving her post but twice for a few hours during this time. The following is quoted verbatim from a report made by an American Committee, investigating relief organizations in Greece, regarding the work of the American Women's Hospitals on Macronissi Island.

On the bleak, rocky slopes of this Quarantine Island, there are rows upon rows of shallow graves in which are buried the victims of typhus and other diseases, and throughout the length and breadth of Greece there are thousands of Pontus refugees who are alive and well to-day as a result of this self-sacrificing, heroic effort on the part of this organization.

The sun was sinking when we left Macronissi. At a distance of a mile perhaps, I turned and scanned the island with a glass. There stood Olga Stasny on the shore, shading her eyes with her hand, while the last scow from the *Ionian* was pulling into the landing cove, and along the hillside in the background the refugees were moving, one after another, toward our caldrons—how long could we keep them full?

This disturbing thought was in my mind all the way to Athens, and when we reached the Hotel Grande Bretagne, dinner was being served. Corps of waiters were passing down the aisles with loads of food gathered from the land and the sea. Course after course was spread before the guests: hors d'oeuvres and cocktails to stimulate flagging appetites, followed by soup, fish, fowl, meat, desserts and all sorts of trimmings along the way, finished with coffee, cigarettes and liquor served in the lounge.

We are such wasters! I felt like getting a basket and gathering up the fragments which remained after each course. Why should we all pick, choose, and waste while the people off the coast on our island were suffering for food?

Fresh from Macronissi, the spell of that horrible place was on my spirit. The room seemed full of hungry children. Their living faces looked out of the clouds on the ceiling as real as the frescoes of great artists, and in my mind's eye, that long line of wretched human beings was moving down the rear wall of the dining room towards the mush pots of the American Women's Hospitals.

How long could we last? The question might easily have

been answered in that dining room, if some of those present had been rich and charitable. As Health Officer of a large city, it had formerly been my practice to observe people closely for signs of disease, but for several years past, I had been observing them for signs of wealth and human sympathy.

There is a subtle quality of gentleness, loveliness and carelessness of self, in the appearance of those who sympathize deeply with the suffering of mankind:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesses him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

The guests of the Grande Bretagne that evening at dinner were not a hope inspiring company. Most of them were dressed too richly and carefully. Put not your faith in the man who looks like a million dollars! There was enough jewelry displayed in that dining room (some of it secured from refugees) to have fed the outcasts on Macronissi Island for a month. But experience had taught me not to bother with women who hang large fortunes on their persons, flouting the Lord's Prayer, leading the weak into "temptation" and demanding police protection from the results of their own folly.

"Come out of it and eat your dinner," said a familiar voice at my elbow and out I came. A dinner party was passing our table on the way to the lounge. Among them was Rose Wilder Lane, a distinguished author, who was writing a book, a thrilling tale in which one of our women physicians appeared as the central heroic figure.

Heroism was a necessary quality among the A.W.H. physicians and nurses in the field, and the achievements of the organization, in the aggregate, were due to the devoted service of a large number who were stationed at remote and

dangerous posts at different times. The stories of Dr. Graff, Dr. Parmelee, Miss Mabelle C. Phillips, Mrs. Mabel Power, Miss Adah K. Butts, Miss Emily Petty, and many others of their type, are epical in character, but the heroine of that hour was Dr. Olga Stasny on Marconissi Island.

Sleep was out of the question, so I joined a party going to the Acropolis. The charm of this immortal hill by night should, "tease us out of thought as doth Eternity"—but the wind was blowing and our tent cities on Macronissi Island were insecure. The exquisite Temple of Athena Nike proclaimed the eternal joy and truth of beauty—but ugliness and pain are also truths eternal. The Caryatides are never more beautiful than in the pale light of the moon. For two thousand years they have been standing serenely in the portico of the Erechtheion and there they will remain through coming generations "in midst of other woes than ours."

Led by familiar strains of music, we followed a winding path among fallen columns and fragments of the ages, along the side of the Parthenon, and in the deep shadow at the base of a marble pillar, as large as an Oregon fir, we found a group of our countrymen playing the ukelele and singing, "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

Late that night, as a finish to the day, I sent the following cable to our Board:

Refugee conditions indescribable. People, mostly women and children, without a country, rejected of all the world; unable to speak Greek language; herded and driven like animals from place to place; crowded into damp holes and hovels; shortage of food, fuel, water, bedding and clothing; cold, hungry, sick. Mercy of immediate death withheld. Awotal conducting fourteen hospitals and large number of dispensaries in Greece and Ægean Islands, combating pestilence under great difficulties. At present moment Awotal feeding and housing in tents and caring for eight thousand people in quarantine on Macronissi Island.

CHAPTER XXV

AN ANGEL FROM "GOD'S COUNTRY"—LOST GRANDMOTHERS
—THE TURKISH-SPEAKING "GREEKS" AND THE GREEK-
SPEAKING "TURKS"—MEDICAL SCIENCE, CHRISTIANITY
AND THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR—A FEAST IN THE PALACE
OF KING MINOS

A WEEK later I left Athens for Crete and the Grand Bretagne forever. It was the only hotel in the city where the rates were not regulated by the government. At the time of arrival, I had been congratulated on my good fortune and told that the Grande Bretagne was so crowded that it was only the coincident departure of another relief worker that made it possible to secure accommodation for me. My stay had been short and far from sweet, and my daily account amounted to more than enough to feed thirty people on Macronissi Island. As an insurance against further extravagance I kept the bill in my pocketbook for almost two years, an ever present reminder of the importance of a bargaining attitude in strange countries.

Whenever I opened my purse I stopped and pondered the price, with the gratifying result that I learned to travel like the Greeks in Greece, the Romans in Rome, the French in France, the Germans in Germany and the Russians in Russia. It was a profitable change in more than one way, and I looked back regretfully upon my old tourist days, the lost opportunities and money wasted, when I passed along the same routes carefully protected from the normal con-

tacts of those countries, in special cars and steamships, like a lady tortoise moving very exclusively in a cabin de luxe, but not getting much out of the trip.

Traveling in Greek ships on the local run between Piræus and Crete is not a pleasure during the February storms. But I was overweight, and a brief period of seasickness will do more toward the restoration of a lithe and willowy figure than a diet of lettuce leaves and lemon juice for a month. A few days without the oily meals served on these vessels cannot be counted a hardship. One whiff of the dining room was enough, but the stateroom might have been worse. Pestilential diseases were prevalent at all the ports harboring refugees, and the berths in the ships were likely to be infested with carriers. The bedding had seen long, uninterrupted service, but protests on ships of this kind are worse than profitless, so I slipped into my vermin-proof bag, closed the inlet, leaving a small airhole, and retired for the voyage.

This health resort was pink in color, a detail which had escaped my notice, and slick on the outside affording no foothold for pulex or pediculi. These carriers of disease were shut off from their natural field, the only approach being through a well guarded pass, and in this way the danger from typhus fever and bubonic plague was reduced to a minimum.

The inside of that bag had a home-sweet-homey atmosphere. There was peace and security in its ample folds, and whenever I crept into it and closed the top, I felt like reaching out and turning on the bedtime stories. But I couldn't reach out for the reason that the bag was sewed up tight all around, the only opening being occupied by my nose.

Several hours passed before the room steward came to earn a few hundred drachmas if possible, but he was so startled when I put my head out of that pink bag, that he rushed away without pretending to perform any service.

Within a few minutes, the head steward came to see what he could do to make the voyage comfortable, and from that time forward there was no lack of attention. Most of the stewards and officers of the ship called, on one pretext or another, including the captain.

When Mrs. Marian Cruikshank came out in a rowboat to the ship at Canea, Crete, she seemed like an angel from "God's Country." The personnel of the American Women's Hospitals came from different states, and each one referred to her native state as "God's Country." We were both born on the Pacific Coast and had worked together in Portland, Oregon, for years, and her "God's Country" was my "God's Country"—the land of the big trees. She was full of talk and enthusiasm, and if there is anybody in the world an Oregonian can think out loud to, it is another Oregonian a long way from home.

For a week we thought out loud whenever we were alone together, and the gist of our talks is contained in the preceding and following pages, for which we are jointly responsible. It is impossible to unscramble and identify ideas which we hold in common, and it doesn't matter anyway—we are both from the same town away out west.

Crete had more than her quota of refugees, and those in Canea were faring better than those on other parts of the island. A hundred thousand drachmas had been raised by popular subscription, and to this amount M. Venizelos, a Caneote by birth, contributed an additional 70,000 drachmas to help the first influx of refugees. The foreign consulates and the headquarters of the American Red Cross were located at Canea, and this meant a closer supervision of food allotments and health conditions.

Retimo was in greater need of help. The refugees in this town exceeded the normal population in number. In addition to the "Greek" refugees from Asia Minor, all of whom spoke Turkish and whose forefathers had never set foot on Greek soil since Asia Minor was Greek, before the

Turkish invasion about a thousand years ago, there were the "Turkish" refugees from the interior of the island, who fled to the cities because of the danger of Greek reprisals.

The whole population of Crete, and other parts of Greece, was in a hectic state of military emotionalism. In view of the attitude in our own safe and placid country during the war, it is amazing that these people, who had suffered from Turkish oppression for centuries, did not seize upon this opportunity to wipe out everything Turkish within reach of fire and sword.

According to the report of the British vice-consul at Herakleion, twenty "Turks" had been killed by enraged Christian Cretans. Most of these "Turkish" refugees were of Greek and Cretan blood. They spoke Greek and had no knowledge of the Turkish language. It was religion, not race or nationality, which determined their allegiance. Christian or Moslem? That was the vital question. Most of the Turks on the Island of Crete were "Turks" merely because their forefathers had accepted the Mohammedan religion during the Turkish occupation, which lasted two and a half centuries, and came to an end, practically, in 1912, with the help of Venizelos, and the Cretan Declaration of Independence of Turkey and union with Greece.

The religion of the fathers had been instilled into the children from generation to generation, and the Turkish nationality went with it, although these "Turks" were Greek citizens, some of them holding high political offices. A great many Greek family names end with the suffix "akis," such as Papadakis and Spiradakis. The Turks have no family names, and an effort at adjustment was manifested on the part of many Cretan Turks by the voluntary addition of the above suffix to their given Turkish names, after which they read: Mohammedakis, Abdulakis, etc., and were used as family names.

Retimo had a large "Turkish" population. Several members of the City Council were "Turks," and this, perhaps,

is the reason why so many Cretan "Turks" flocked into that town. There was a motley crowd of Turkish-speaking "Greeks," and Greek-speaking "Turks," and the general confusion worse confounded by the presence of Armenian, Bulgarian and Russian refugees.

Housing was out of the question. It was a case of shelter from the wind and rain. All the old mosques, churches, school buildings and rookeries of every description were utilized. The "Turkish" population helped the Greek-speaking "Turks" from the interior of Crete; the Christian population helped the Turkish-speaking "Greeks" from Anatolia, and the American Red Cross and the American Women's Hospitals helped the sick and hungry, regardless of religion or nationality.

An effort was made to force these unfortunate people into the country districts, but they would not go if they could help it, for the reason that starvation is less likely in a town where people who eat regularly are obliged to suffer the sight of other human beings without food. Only those with strong stomachs can really enjoy a chicken dinner with a crowd of hungry children looking through the window.

The café keepers were distracted. The out-of-door spring business would surely be ruined by these hungry, barefooted little ragamuffins. They were driven away every few minutes, but the smell of the food brought them back, and thoughtless people encouraged them to hang around by occasionally throwing crusts and tag ends of mutton chops, for which they fought, tooth and nail, like the homeless dogs of Constantinople. They were far more disquieting to the dining public than the dogs of old Constantinople, because they had hands, dirty little outstretched hands, pleading brown eyes, sweet piping voices, and they had learned the English word: "Meat! Meat! Meat!"

"Zeus!" exclaimed Mrs. Cruikshank. "How I wish these kiddies could hang around the Parliament Terrace on

the Thames, the Capitol Restaurant at Washington, the cafés near the Chamber of Deputies at Paris and Rome, and particularly around the lake hotels near the Ouchy Quay, Lausanne!

"Oh, for an amplified wand of Circe and a long reach! I would not turn men inside and show their souls in bodily form. But talk about exchange of populations—presto! An instantaneous exchange of populations would be effected, and these refugees should take the places of all the people in the world whose personal and political schemes tend to create refugees. They should sit in the seats of the mighty, where there are different knives and forks for all the different kinds of food, and like the swine of Circe, they should remember their days before the transformation.

"In this exchange of population, the first should be last and the last should be first. There should be representatives of all the countries making up the League of Nations, from all nations represented officially or unofficially at Lausanne, from the governing bodies of all the great states of the world, members of commissions, a few relief workers and other missionaries. One 'exalted cyclops' of my personal acquaintance should be changed into a little refugee boy starved and shivering, with his pinched face pressed against the pane of the restaurant window at Retimo, and the hunger of all refugee children pleading for food through his famished eyes."

"Mercy! Mercy, what a Bolo!" I interrupted, stemming this flow of feeling, which was as a spark to the powder of my own Circeness. "Let us spare the exalted, man-devouring Cyclops. Perhaps he will reform."

"Perhaps," agreed the head of our island service, cheerfully. "But in the interest of safety and childhood, let us put out his eye. On second thought I wouldn't make a refugee, even if I had the wand of Circe and the necessary reach. Refugee makers ought to be refugees in Hell for all eternity—the good old camp-meeting Hell. Justice on earth

is a joke. Two months on these islands has convinced me that the world needs a Heaven and Hell hereafter, and I am strong for the restoration of these institutions.

The epidemic at Herakleion had not developed in accordance with Mrs. Cruikshank's prediction, and her reputation as a prophetess was on the decline. Still, she stuck to her prophecy, and for fear the blow would fall during her absence, took the first boat to the ill-starred station, and left me to follow at a later date.

A storm was raging when Mr. B. D. MacDonald of the Red Cross and I reached Herakleion on an Italian Lloyd liner, which touched at that port en route to Egypt. After standing offshore twelve hours waiting for the wind to subside, in order to land passengers, the captain calmly announced that he would take us to Suda Bay, about seventy miles from where we wanted to go, and ten miles from Canea, where we embarked, because at that point there was a fine harbor where the metropolis of Crete should have been located.

This decision affected a large number of passengers, including a Cretan prefet, and the Turkish sub-prefet of the Canea district, and naturally, created considerable protest. But captains are arbitrary men, and this one said we could either get off at the nearest bad weather harbor on the Island of Crete, or we could take a round trip to Egypt on a stormy sea at a cost of \$120, and he could promise us our money's worth of *mal de mer*. He strongly advised us to get off at Suda Bay, walk over the hill about ten miles back to Canea, and catch the next local boat to Herakleion. Could anything be easier? No, they would not return the fares we had already paid, for the reason that we had been to Herakleion, and it was not the fault of the company that we could not get ashore.

We tried to listen to the Italian captain with an open mind and Cretan point of view, through an interpreter who was manifestly modifying the spirit and letter of the cap-

tain's remarks for the sake of our feelings. After all, this misfortune, according to the classification of American insurance companies, was an act of God, for which no mortal man or corporation should be held responsible. Even Saint Paul experienced difficulties with the weather on the coast of Crete, which he accepted philosophically.

The captain was right. Suda Bay is a perfect harbor and a wonderful site for a city at this day and age. But the cities of Crete were not built during this day and age, and at the time they were built Suda Bay was altogether too easy a harbor for any city.

We telephoned to Canea for a conveyance, and while waiting tramped the hills overlooking the sea, which were flecked with anemones, red, white and blue, announcing an early spring. The road to Canea was hedged here and there with century plants, an occasional central stalk shooting upward to flower later in the season.

I had already inspected our work at this town, but we went over it again, after which we walked along the quay of the artificial harbor. The old stone galley-slips are still in good order, and it was not hard to imagine Ben Hur, a galley slave, and thousands of others resting on their oars as the galleys slid into their berths twenty centuries ago at this great naval and commercial center midway between Rome and Alexandria.

On a funny little Greek ship, which had also taken refuge in Suda Bay, we slipped into Herakleion unannounced a few days later, and learned that while we had waited outside the harbor on the liner for twelve hours, a large part of the population, including the city and church officers in regalia, had waited for us on the quay inside the old Venetian harbor, built for such ships as the *Santa Maria*.

A real Cretan reception had been arranged, and the disappointment was very great when the liner weighed anchor and sailed away toward Egypt. These people had Knossus at their door, but Knossus had been there for five thousand



ENTRANCE TO OUR HOSPITAL, RETIMO, CRETE, 1923.



THE KEY OF THE CITY.

Menalous Papadakis, Mayor of Retimo, and Dr. Lovejoy,
of the American Women's Hospitals.



"THEIR WIVES SHALL BE WIDOWS AND THEIR CHILDREN ORPHANS."



ONE OF THE LOST GRANDMOTHERS.



BUDDIES.



FUNERAL OF A GREEK-SPEAKING TURK.
Note the fez at the head of the coffin.



Interior of the barracks at Herakleion (Candie), Crete, where three thousand refugees were quarantined for typhus.

years, and the novelty had worn off. Besides, Mr. MacDonald and I were alive. We were the living, breathing representatives of the great country recently discovered by Columbus, a Mediterranean navigator who used to stop at Crete on his trips from Genoa to Chios and other Ægean ports.

"For to admire and for to see" we did not amount to much, personally, but we represented the American Red Cross and the American Women's Hospitals, and, in a larger sense, the organized compassion of the United States. Therefore, we had our little rôles in the legitimate drama of the generation. We were show people, and Demos is always show hungry, especially in out of the way places. Any sort of a spectacle is better than none at all, and the population of Herakleion, refugee and resident, expected us to arrive with the trappings, pomp, ceremony, and parade worthy of the great nation we represented on that small island.

Demos was disappointed, but a reception was afterward arranged at which we met the representatives of the ancient city. Glancing across the room on this occasion, I noticed the head of our insular service in solemn conclave with a group of Cretan officials. They were talking English, French and Greek with the aid of an interpreter and the original sign languages. Such a pantomime! I was manifestly the subject of this conference, for they were looking me over carefully from time to time. Finally, this lady from my own home town, masked in an absolutely inscrutable expression of countenance, came to me and said: "The gentlemen with whom I have been talking are all officials of this island. They take their duties seriously. They are deeply concerned regarding a report which has been circulated by the officers and crew of the steamship on which you came to this island from the Port of Piræus, and they have requested me to ascertain the facts, in order that they may officially deny or affirm this report. The truth, the

whole truth and nothing but the truth, must be told. Do you, or do you not, sleep in a pink bag?"

The fame of our Herakleion clinic, which was located at the end of the enormous refugee barracks, had reached the headquarters at Athens, but I was none the less astonished at the large number of patients cared for daily at that station. There were only about 20,000 refugees in the city, but most of them were sick as a result of exposure and deprivation, and thousands came to our clinic for treatment. At this time, February and March, 1923, the records show that 1840 visits daily were made by the sick to our clinics at Mitylene, Chios, Canea, Retimo and Herakleion.

The American Red Cross was doing an enormous work feeding and clothing the refugees on these islands. The following is taken from the Red Cross report regarding conditions at Crete in the early part of 1923:

The strictly medical side of the work on the Island of Crete has been cared for very effectively by the American Women's Hospitals, to which organization the Red Cross has given several thousand dollars' worth of supplies, in addition to a good-spirited coöperation. . . . There are two phases of the work of this organization—hospitalization and clinics for baby feeding and general medical treatment. . . . The municipal hospital at Canea, with a bed capacity of fifty, is a well-run institution. It is being enlarged to accommodate thirty more beds, and is so well-managed that the A. W. H. has thought it unnecessary to do more than to supplement the supply lists occasionally. At Retimo and Herakleion, however, the municipal hospitals were so poorly operated that the American Women's Hospitals took complete charge. The buildings were renovated by the Town Councils and turned over with existing equipment. The Herakleion Hospital accommodates one hundred, and the Retimo Hospital sixty patients. The A. W. H. employs sixty people to operate their institutions, and the Red Cross allows a thousand calories of food daily to each patient.

My reaction toward the refugee barracks at Herakleion was an echo of Mrs. Cruikshank's. It seemed impossible that three thousand human beings could have occupied the

place all winter without developing pestilential diseases. Many of the families attempted to preserve a semblance of privacy by hanging shawls or sacking around their few feet of space. The home instinct and art of housekeeping revealed itself in the arrangement of their pitiful belongings.

As we passed through this barracks and court, crowds of people flocked after us, some speaking English and others trying to make their wants known through interpreters. All the women voiced the same petition. Couldn't the Americans do something to help them get their husbands and sons, who were detained in Turkey? One group of women with a chosen spokesman barred our path. This was the "Soap and Water Committee." They realized the danger of diseases and the importance of cleanliness. The water supply was limited and the wretched, inadequate wooden troughs used as wash tubs were the greatest cause of trouble among the women of the barracks.

"Give us soap, water and tubs," they pleaded, "and we will keep the place clean." Mrs. Cruikshank promised soap, but water and tubs were not so easy to secure.

The most pathetic group of women in the barracks were the lost grandmothers. In the rush and confusion of embarkation at Smyrna, these poor old women, in many instances carrying grandchildren in their arms, became separated from their families, and were put on the wrong ships. Five months had passed and still they were hoping sometime, somewhere, to find their families. A sweet-faced old woman stayed close to my side as I passed through the barracks court. Time after time she laid her hand upon my arm and said something to me which I did not understand. At last I stopped and asked the interpreter what she wanted.

"She doesn't want anything," he said. "She is just telling you that she will ask God to take away her years, and add them to yours, because you can do so much for her people, and she is only a burden to them."

The next day a case of typhus fever was reported from

the barracks. The second day six cases, the third day fifteen cases, and Mrs. Cruikshank's reputation as a prophetess was established on the Island of Crete forever. All the noncontagious and surgical cases were removed from the hospital, the typhus cases sent there, and the whole place quarantined. With plenty of soap, water and adequate delousing facilities, typhus is an easy disease to control, but a shortage of these necessities constitutes a heavy handicap in the management of an epidemic.

Maintaining the quarantine at the hospital was easy, but at the barracks it was a difficult job. Fortunately, there was a stockade around part of the building, and the Government supplied us with soldiers who guarded the gates. Our physicians examined every person in the barracks daily, removing the infected to the hospital. A corps of orderlies were selected from among the refugees to fetch and carry for the three thousand inmates of the barracks, which was without sanitary conveniences of any kind.

"The day after you left we had a revolt at the barracks," wrote Mrs. Cruikshank. "The physicians came to me in a body and reported that they dared not go inside the stockade for the very good reason that the refugees, holding them responsible for the quarantine, had threatened to kill them. A guard of gendarmes was provided, but the doctors were wary and wouldn't go inside, saying that they knew those people and they would kill the gendarmes too.

"Something had to be done. With a guard of soldiers and four physicians who finally volunteered, I went down into the enclosure. Sullen-faced and ready for trouble, the rebels were standing around the inside walls of the stockade, with plenty of loose cobblestones at hand, waiting to receive the visiting physicians, who were also refugees, and whose authority was resented and resisted.

"Why should these doctors, whom they had known from childhood, be raised up and put in authority over them? They, too, were refugees. Why should they come and go

at will, saying 'Do this and do that' to their neighbors, who were prisoners in this horrible place because of the false and wicked words of these physicians.

"The situation was ticklish, and I could hardly keep a straight face while I told them that I was responsible for the quarantine, and if they coöperated they would soon be free, but if they resisted, they would be confined a long time and many of them might die. An instantaneous and unanimous change of front occurred. It was as though the Goddess of Liberty from the land where they all wanted to go had spoken.

"*'Zito! Zito!'* they cried, and the revolution was over without the incidence of cobblestones. The idea of voluntary coöperation appealed to their democratic aspirations. We were handicapped by lack of machinery, but mountains can be moved by hands if there are willing hands enough. The entire population of the barracks joined the health campaign that morning, and with means available, set to work delousing with a will.

"*'Double, double, toil and trouble!'* The Mayor and a Committee of Councilors were waiting in my office when I returned from the barracks stockade, and I knew from the way they were counting their amber beads that something unusual had occurred. These bead shock-absorbers never show which way the wind blows, but they indicate the velocity of the storm.

"Smallpox had been reported from a camp of refugees on the outskirts of Herakleion and also from Canea and Retimo. The island had been simultaneously invaded by the alien enemies, smallpox and typhus. Could anything be more terrible?

"Epidemics had swept over Crete time after time during the centuries, and their records read like the Black Plague of London. Earthquakes, fires, or pirates were preferable in the way of disasters. Plague is an invisible, death-dealing enemy, spreading like a blight and creeping upon its victims

unaware. There is no means of defense, nobody and nothing to shoot at. The situation was appalling, and the island officials were in a state of panic.

"MY standing as a prophetess had gone up, and for rational reasons, it was time for me to predict fair weather. The spring was coming, a stock of vaccine, a delouser overdue for months, and a large consignment of soap, had just been received. My attitude, therefore, became encouraging. Applied science provided an invulnerable defense against disease, I argued.

"The Cretan officials manifestly entertained doubts, but they said that they were glad to hear this good news, and they were perfectly willing to give the American Women's Hospitals a commission to fight typhus and smallpox to the death. Within half an hour we were headed for the camp from which smallpox had been reported with an ample supply of vaccine. After the manner of human beings, the refugees had kept quiet about the existence of this disease until Death had reported it for them. Meanwhile it had gotten a good start. There was an ill-equipped hospital with accessory cottages in the district which had been turned into a pest-house worthy of the name. Here the sick had been received without a diagnosis, and no one knew what was the matter with them until the eruption appeared, and at about the same time the disease broke out in the camps.

"Varioloid, my Oregon acquaintance, was a benign disorder with a few pustules here and there, but the confluent kind of smallpox I met in Crete is frightful. As I passed through those awful wards I could feel the loathsome, deadly hand of Old Smallpox at my throat, and I did not blame the local nurses and other employees for running away and leaving the unfortunate patients lying three and four in a bed, dressed just as they were when they staggered into the place. Some of them were wearing sheepskin coats with the dirty wool gummed up and sticking to their suppurating bodies. The floors, walls, beds, bedding, clothing,

and the poor sufferers themselves, in this hideous setting, constituted a sight such as we read about in old books on smallpox epidemics of two hundred years ago.

"This center was cleaned up immediately, and a smallpox pavilion opened near our typhus hospital in coöperation with local agencies. The American Women's Hospitals provided all employees and part of the equipment and supplies for both of these places. The American Red Cross furnished part of the equipment, and allowed a thousand calories of food daily for every patient received. Camps were inspected systematically. Over 20,000 people were vaccinated against smallpox, while approximately 15,000 were deloused in an effort to stamp out typhus, with the gratifying result that these epidemics were under control by the end of the period of incubation.

"Great was the rejoicing, official and unofficial. Medical science and Christianity, mobilized by means of the Almighty Dollar, had triumphed gloriously over the forces of evil. The Cretans were grateful. As an expression of appreciation the municipal fathers of the old city of Retimo, in extraordinary session assembled, changed the name of the street leading from the quay to the hospital, to Lovejoy Street, and hung a flattering portrait of me in the hospital which is to remain there forever unless somebody takes it down. This gesture was but a feeble indication of their sentiments. They would gladly have moved their historic island across the ocean and joined the Union."

At Herakleion a unique banquet was given in honor of the American relief workers in the summer of 1923. With the consent of Sir Arthur Evans, the ruins of the excavated Palace of King Minos were bedecked with bright colors, and festal tables spread in the royal banquet hall for the first time since the destruction of the Minoan civilization, which antedated the ancient Greek civilization.

The midsummer night had been carefully chosen. The moon was at its maximum, lighting the ruins and casting

a sheen over the undulating sea. The food was plain and the service simple, but the man in the moon had never looked down on a more dramatic setting.

The Prefet of Herakleion was a good speaker, but no one could measure up to such a background. Here was the beginning and the end, so far as we have been able to read, the first and the last chapter of the continued story of humanity. The obvious parallel between the destruction of the Minoan civilization and current events in Asia Minor was drawn by the Prefet. He spoke with deep feeling regarding the work of Americans for the relief of Christian outcasts on the Ægean Islands, indicating with an intimate gesture over the sea to the right, the site of Smyrna, and in the next breath dropping back two thousand years to Carthage, the metropolis, which once stood on the north coast of Africa to his left. Another thousand years, at least, were as quickly skimmed over, and he described the destruction of Knossus, the prehistoric capital of Crete, the ruins of which echoed and attested his words. This story of Smyrna, Carthage and Knossus seemed like a thrice told tale, with a change in names, time, place and one important detail. "Poor Minoans!" he said. "There were no Americans to help them in their last extremity."

Soft strains of music floated through the royal ruins and over the silvery sea, facilitating flights of the imagination:



The eternal love song suggested the whispering wraiths of Theseus and Ariadne in the weird shadows of the labyrinth. But man cannot live on love alone. He must have other

diversions. The orchestral theme suddenly changed and the din of the drums, horns and sounding brass might equally have heralded the beginning of the bull fight in Mexico City on Sunday afternoon, or the charge of the Minotaur at Knossus four thousand years ago.

CHAPTER XXVI

“HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN”—“FIVE HUNDRED
MILLIONAIRES!”—MY FAR-AWAY COUSIN

STEAMING in to Piræus, I had looked anxiously toward Macronissi Island, and my first questions on landing were for Dr. Stasny and her assistants, personally braving the dangers of that terrible place. The work was going well, but among those who had been stricken with typhus was a young American nurse whose life at that moment was in the balance. Smallpox at Crete was not reported until after my departure, but I might have known it was there. Typhus and smallpox were traveling together on most of the refugee ships, and by a strange coincidence they ran their course together at different places. One pest island was enough to worry about—now we had two. Over and over, I read the cables reporting the progress of the epidemics at Crete, which emphasized the insistent and sleep-disturbing question, “How long can we last?”

The answer to that question was my principal business in life. It was a question of money, and I was chief beggar for the organization. Calls were coming from all directions. Several appeals for hospital installations had been received during my absence in Crete, which could not be refused. God give us the Almighty Dollar—Thousands! Hundreds of thousands!! Millions!!!—This was my prayer.

There was a black-bordered letter with a crown in the upper left corner, addressed to me, in the accumulated mail, which read as follows:

March 3rd. 1923.

The lady in waiting to Her Majesty the Queen has the honor to inform you that her Majesty will receive you on Tuesday, March 6th, at 12¹/₄.

(signed) Effie T. Kalgie.

Her Majesty the Queen would receive me on March sixth. That was the following day, and I went to bed planning, scheming, thinking, not about what I should wear or say to the Queen, but how to get the money to care for the sick among her refugee subjects.

Just as I was leaving the hotel for the Royal Palace next morning, a publicity man from another organization came in and reported the arrival of the *Mauretania* on the cruise de luxe of the season. "There are five hundred millionaires aboard that ship," he said, and while mentally discounting this report, I realized the importance of sailing on the *Mauretania* with all those unprotected millionaires.

Perhaps this "Golden Special" was the answer to our prayers for money. There was wealth, millions of dollars, and a flood of human sympathy. There was life for thousands of Christian outcasts, and all that was lacking was the word, the genius, to release this life-saving power. The godliness of the enterprise transcended the possibilities of my spirit, and while I silently prayed for inspiration I laughed aloud at the little things along the way, including myself, in an effort to maintain an even mental keel in a sea of aberration.

Not a minute was to be lost. There was no telling when the "Golden Special" might speed away. Time seemed so precious. With "five hundred millionaires" slipping through my fingers, I was obliged to spend an hour calling on the Queen.

This unprecedented experience induced a new and harrowing sensation. On the horns of this dilemma, I was sitting in the royal anteroom when an American representative came in with Mrs. Gary, to whom he introduced me

with the casual but supremely comforting remark that she was from the *Mauretania*. Her presence seemed providential. I knew the ship wouldn't go without her, besides her pin money was more than enough to support our work on Macronissi Island.

How long can we last? By day and by night, waking or sleeping, talking or dreaming, these five words ran through all of my mental processes, and in the presence of a prospect, this ulterior *motif* seemed to speed up and become more insistent.

Mrs. Gary was there to visit the Queen, and she was manifestly interested in the fact that my call came first. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." This was the time, place and woman. That Shakesperian line was written for this occasion. But woe is me! Just as I was leading cautiously "on to fortune" the Lady in Waiting appeared and led me into the Royal Presence.

Elizabeth, Queen of Greece, was every inch a queen, and a very nice girl. She was deeply interested in the work of the American Women's Hospitals. That is why she sent for me. We were both engaged in the big business of saving human lives, and I should have suggested that Mrs. Gary be invited to our conference, with the hope of finding further support for the American Women's Hospitals.

Among the lost opportunities of my life, I count that audience with the Queen of Greece while Mrs. Gary waited in the anteroom. When I went out she went in, and the door closed fatefully. Passing along the corridor and down the blue-carpeted stairs, I exchanged perfunctory pleasantries with the American representative and others, but the only face I really saw was the sweet, reproachful face of an old woman who was not there—a lost grandmother quarantined in our barracks on the Island of Crete.

Within an hour I boarded the *Mauretania* and made the terrible mistake of announcing my presence to the

purser. I should have kept quiet until the ship was well on her way. Success hinges on such details.

A partial quarantine had existed against Greece for weeks. This should have been a complete quarantine so far as tourists were concerned, and it should have extended to Constantinople and adjacent ports on the Bosphorus, where pestilential diseases were prevalent. The danger at Constantinople was greater than at Piræus and Athens, for the reason that a false sense of security existed regarding that port. Through our own agents, we knew that the worst pest-hole in the world at that moment, was the old Selimieh Barracks at Scutari, the Asiatic section of Constantinople, where 10,000 refugees were in quarantine.

The passengers of the *Mauretania* were just returning from their sightseeing excursion in Athens when I went aboard. For several hours they had been riding in public conveyances with native drivers and guides. These conveyances were in use every day in the city of Athens and at the Port of Piræus, for the transportation of anybody and everybody, sick or well. Some of these automobiles were nicely upholstered, and might easily harbor typhus lice and bubonic fleas. The danger was very great, but the tourists didn't know it, and what we don't know, doesn't hurt us unless it happens.

I had been immunized against every quarantinable disease existing in the Mediterranean countries, except typhus fever. No immunizing serum for typhus was available, but I had taken every precaution possible against infection. From the standpoint of an intelligent health officer, I was one of the best risks on that ship—one of the persons least likely to carry a pestilential disease, and conscious of this fact, I was hoping that my profession might get me by any special quarantine rules.

This idea shocked the purser. "Orders are orders," he remarked, and an expression of apprehension spread over his face as he inwardly visualized the dire possibilities my

presence entailed. Still I argued that I belonged to a profession to which special privileges are extended in matters of quarantine. For years I had walked unhindered in and out of houses, hospitals and isolation camps, regardless of the yellow, green or red flags. Why shouldn't I travel on the *Mauretania*? I was convinced that I should, and the purser was clearly in doubt.

"We have been allowed to land tourists with the understanding that they go directly from the landing at Phaleron to the Acropolis and back to the ship in conveyances provided by the company," he said, "and with the further understanding that no other passengers be allowed to come aboard at this port. Your being a doctor may make a difference. Let us go and see the captain."

"Quashed!" said I to myself, for in judicial matters I had little confidence in captains. Besides, I was over forty, my hair was straight, I wore glasses, and although I had traveled extensively on all kinds of ships, I hadn't been invited for at least ten years to stand on the bridge at midnight.

"No!" barked the court of last resort belligerently, without reviewing the case, and an imp of insubordination which had slept for a generation, suddenly awakened in the depths of my being. Where had I heard that *word* before in just that tone of *voice*?

The captain looked and spoke like my English relations. The chances are he came from Kent and belonged to the "Klan Knute," the "heathen horde" from which my tribe originated. He was undoubtedly one of my far-away cousins. The family feeling was unmistakable. The minute I looked at his face I wanted to choke him.

"No!" From the time I could remember, that arbitrary word had blocked my way, and by virtue of inherited Kentishness, I had resisted with tenacity unbecoming a "little lady" and with many a good spanking in the bargain.

"Special orders just received from Liverpool to take no

passengers at this port," continued the tyrant of the high seas, addressing his remarks to the purser and ignoring my unimportant presence. "If any one comes aboard here, the ship may be quarantined at the next port. Put this lady ashore."

Worse and more of it! The word "lady" had a menacing sound. I was glad he didn't say "little lady." This expression of politeness had usually been followed by a tanning, and that timely treatment had resulted in a special psychological resistance, which saved my quaking spirit in this emergency, otherwise, I might have been crushed by being put ashore ignominiously by a present-day English sea captain at the very place where Xerxes reviewed his fleet and held his Council of Kings on September 27, 480 B.C.

The associations of this spot were peculiarly comforting from a feminist standpoint. Great Xerxes, King of Kings, ("this is Ahasuerus which reigned, from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces") who was afterward victimized by the wily Mordecai and fair Esther, presided at that memorable conference. The King of Sidon occupied first place in the Council, the King of Tyre second, but the one woman member, Artemisia, Queen of Halicarnassus, occupies first place in the history of that epochal day forever, simply because she realized the immortal power of the written word. She stood in with the scribes. Herodotus was a friend of hers. Besides, she cast the only vote against attacking the Greeks at Salamis, and laid before the Council a less spectacular project more likely to win.

At the battle of Salamis, Artemisia again exhibited that quality of judgment which would have saved the day before it began if Xerxes and his Council of Kings had taken her advice. She was one of the first to quit. Her galley had speed and tonnage, and in her haste to get away, she ran down smaller vessels, friend or foe, which had the ill luck to cross her course.

Artemisia's tactics made a hit with Xerxes. He was partial to ladies, and from his special throne on the cliff overlooking the Bay of Salamis, where he witnessed the defeat of his navy of a thousand ships, he recognized the towering galley of the Queen, but not the smaller vessels sinking under her keel. Naturally, he assumed that they were enemies, and marked Artemisia for future favor.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

Queen Artemisia and the other survivors were at the Persian naval base located at Phaleron, where the captain of the *Mauretania* put me ashore twenty-five centuries later.

Fancy the feelings of a poor American beggar, standing on that historic strand watching the *Mauretania* with "five hundred millionaires" disappearing in the distance. But the beggar didn't do that. She hadn't the time. From the unsuspecting purser, she had learned that there were no quarantine regulations against Constantinople, and it was up to her to reach that port in time to catch the *Mauretania* and sail with the millionaires for Egypt. With a hat pulled over her face, that purser would never recognize her. There would be plenty of time during the trip via Palestine to Egypt to get acquainted with the passengers and size up the situation. If the prospects warranted a complete change of plans, she might stay on the ship for the home voyage. All preliminary work could be done quietly and when the ship was away out in the ocean where there were no islands on which she might be marooned, she could take off her hat and campaign openly for funds.

The possibilities were dazzling. Perhaps she could get a million dollars for the American Women's Hospitals.

Besides, she hoped to meet that captain again about a hundred miles east of the quarantine station at the port of New York. She longed to tell him in a soft Oxford tone, which she sometimes used on Sundays, about her recent experiences smallpoxing on the Ægean Islands.

No quarantine regulations were being enforced against Greece in connection with ordinary travel. Ships were leaving the port of Piræus every day for different parts of the world. I had other business in Constantinople, and the possibility of killing two birds with one stone made a hasty departure imperative. My car broke the traffic regulations to the different steamship offices and before the *Mauretania* weighed anchor at Phaleron, I was off on a little Italian ship for the City of the Golden Horn.

That vessel was unworthy of Mussolini and the Fascists. She was too slow for this day and generation of Italians. She lost hours en route, and was further delayed by the leisurely methods of the port officials at Constantinople. Slowly, slowly, little by little, she edged toward the dock, and just as we were ready for debarkation, the *Mauretania* steamed swiftly out of the harbor, and was lost with all aboard to the American Women's Hospital.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CITY OF TWO CONTINENTS—NEW TURKS AND TURK-
ESSES—SCUTARI BARRACKS IN 1854 AND IN 1923—
LENT AND RAMADAN—"YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS!"

THE City of the Golden Horn had never looked so good to me. There she stood in all her beauty—Pera and Galata, as well as Stamboul. The great hotels, embassies, schools and hospitals were uninjured, and the peoples of all the world, including American tourists, were walking the streets in perfect safety. The massacre, which was daily expected at Constantinople at the time I left the city during the first week of October, 1922, had not materialized for the very reason which would have prevented the calamity at Smyrna. The time was ripe, the loot in sight, the spirit willing, but the strong arm of the Turk was not strong enough. The Great Powers protected Constantinople and she was saved from an immediate and violent finish, but doomed to gradual decline by a slow garroting process.

The Inter-Allied Commission, English, French and Italian, was still running the city in March, 1923, and Americans in large numbers were voluntarily umpiring the game. Warships galore, flying the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, Tri-color, and all sorts of colors, were in the stream. The Petit-Champs, where the officers of all nations met, was gay and festive by night, with Russian nobility furnishing the entertainment and waiting on the tables, and down the hill nearer the Barbary Coast, "Dinty Moore's

Place for American Sailors" was also doing a thriving business.

Soldiers, sailors and civilians from far countries elbowed each other on the Grand Rue, and on some of the petites rues. American and British officers, manifestly first cousins and terribly alike, tall and fair against the darker background of the peoples of Constantinople, contrasted strikingly in dark blue and khaki, with the French officers in gray blue, and the Italians in their sleek, olive uniforms.

Constantinople is a vampire city. Wicked, beautiful and fascinating, she has always been part and parcel of strife, suffering, romance, mystery and tragedy. Her setting and background create illusions. She is loved, not for what she actually is or has been, but for what she is capable of making men *feel* that she is and has been. The ghosts of old Stamboul are a thrilling host, and the flocks of strange, swift birds that skim the waves and never come to rest, are aptly called, "The lost souls of the Bosphorus."

Strange as it may seem, many good people, American, English, French, have preferred this "Mystery Babylon the Great," with her confusion of tongues, to their own home towns as a place of residence. Order is heaven's first law, and there is no country in the world more orderly than dear old England. This may be the reason so many Englishmen live in the East and go home to die.

During the continuous celebration following the victory of the Turkish Nationalists in Asia Minor, red was the dominant color in Constantinople. The country had not gone Communist, but the Turkish flag is red, marked with a star and crescent, and the city looked as though an epidemic of scarlet fever was raging. The general inflammation was subsiding somewhat, but large numbers of red flags were still to be seen waving proudly from the tops of buildings, hanging from doors, windows, balconies and peeping surreptitiously from the lattices of Stamboul.

Red flags and lights are danger signals in my native land,

indicating open manholes, ditches and other dangers: "Stop, look, listen!" is suggested by this color. There is something alarming and disturbing to the emotional equilibrium of men and animals in the flaunting of red bunting. This psychological weakness is exploited in bull fights and other demonstrations. The sun never sets on the red flag. Wild men and women the world around, naturally run to red, while tame ones prefer subdued colors, and wherever there is a flaming shirt, there is also a flaming shirtwaist although it may be worn beneath a tcharchaff.

On previous visits to Constantinople, I had met some of the leaders of the feminist movement, Turkish women of outstanding ability. Several of these were zealous nationalists, as eager to get into the currents of the world as prisoners are to get out of jail. At Angora, the woman movement is in the nature of a graceful, up-to-date, political gesture in the right direction. And here's hoping that the women of Anatolia will take this seriously, and rise up some fine morning, voluntarily burn their gags and veils, smile expansively, open their windows and let the blessed sunshine in.

The Nationalists did not start the feminist movement in Turkey. On the contrary, this ferment helped to start the Nationalists. "It is like a leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." And the "woman" was Flora Bowen, Frances Gage, Grace Kimball, Emily MacCallum, Minnie Mills, Mary Patrick and a score of others. Thousands of girls, Christian and Moslem, have been educated in the schools conducted by such women, American and British, who have lived and worked in Turkey during the past fifty years.

Dr. Safieh Ali, a Turkish woman physician who recently started to practice in Constantinople, is the educational product of the Constantinople College for Girls, plus a medical degree and post graduate work in different European countries. She was the delegate from Turkey to the



Kemalist soldiers in Constantinople after the Greco-Turkish War.



His Holiness, the Patriarch Meletios, leaving the Patriarchal Throne
at Constantinople.



"A LADY WITH A LAMP SHALL STAND."

Refugees leaving Asiatic Constantinople after being quarantined in Selimieh Barracks, the very building in which Florence Nightingale worked during the Crimean War.

Third General Conference of the Medical Women's International Association at London in 1924, and received an ovation on account of her charming personality.

There was a striking change in the conduct of young Turks and Turkesses in the public places of Constantinople, especially in Pera on the Christian side of the bridge. Mild-mannered suffragists, who had been holding meetings in semi-secrecy for years, were appearing with bare faces and declaring their principles openly, much to the distress of the ladies and gentlemen of the old school. But worse was yet to come. Within one year, or ere the "funeral baked meats" of the Sultanate were cold, these courageous leaders were back numbers. New Turkey favored the feminist movement, especially the fox-trot and the Charleston to jazz music. The Great Ghazi smiled indulgently, and in the light of his countenance these movements increased with leaps and bounds.

The lid is off in Constantinople. The veil is rent, the fez is in the dust. The incubator stands wide open, and fluffy little Turkish chicks, flapperettes in short skirts, are dancing all night till the broad daylight, while their elders talk in whispers of the good old days before the war, when Turks were Turks.

But after all Constantinople is not Turkey. It is an international city on the outskirts, and the behavior of Turkish people in the public places of that metropolis cannot be accepted as representing the conduct of Turkish people as a whole, any more than the behavior of Americans in the public places of New York can be accepted as a standard for our country at large. The rural districts of Kansas may be nearer to the heart of the nation.

The American Women's Hospitals had been asked to undertake medical work for the refugees in Constantinople, and I was looking for the place where the greatest good to the largest number of sick refugees could be done at lowest cost. Efforts were being made to keep the Anatolian

refugees out of European Constantinople, but thousands of them had seeped in and were living in the Greek and Armenian sections of the city. On account of inadequate quarantine facilities in Greece, the stream of refugees from the Pontus had been temporarily halted, and this produced a congestion on the shores of the Bosphorus. Camps had been established to keep these unfortunate people in transit segregated, and in all my pilgrimages to pest-holes, the worst I ever saw, and undoubtedly the worst in the world at that time, was the Selimieh Barracks and stables at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

On March 12, 1923, the following cable was sent by Mr. H. C. Jaquith, head of the Near East Relief in the field, to the New York headquarters:

Constantinople March 12, 1923.

Vickrey, New York

To-day's shipload of exiles from Asiatic Turkey increased to 32,000, the total number of refugees now in Constantinople. Sick, destitute and without food, clothing or homes to go to, they present a tremendous relief problem calling for prompt, energetic action if they are not all to perish.

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In the harbor crowded with twenty-one warships of seven different nations, are four refugee ships crammed with deportees from Asia Minor, who have waited for days to be landed. Ashore, at eleven different places along the Bosphorus, earlier arrivals are huddled together in windowless, doorless, leaky buildings under conditions beyond description. Afloat and ashore, smallpox, typhus, dysentery and pneumonia are unchecked. . . . Weakened by days of travel, by wagon and foot from interior Anatolian or Black Sea ports, Trebizond and Samsoun, these wretched people fall easy victims to disease. Many of those who survived their march of terror to the sea died on ship-board and 60 per cent of those who lived through the voyage on filthy, crowded ships, were diseased on arrival here.

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At Scutari where the worst conditions prevail, 10,000 deportees are existing in the Selimieh Barracks and stables. . . . Dr.

Post on one of his rounds counted a hundred dead bodies. Wrapped in rags, death had come days before the living knew it. One room contained 53 dead. Three thousand people who a few weeks ago were prosperous farmers in Anatolia, live on the mud floors of stables where many of them become staring skeletons from undernourishment. Children are brought into the world near where village priests pray over the dead.

Jaquith.

Destiny marks ships and houses as well as men, and this barracks must have been the predestined pest-house of all history. It was the very building in which Florence Nightingale started the nursing service of the world in 1854, during the Crimean War. Time after time it has been described, and the following three paragraphs are quoted from three different writers, Tooley, Strachey and Nolan—

The first and chief scene of Miss Nightingale's personal ministrations, however, was the great Barrack Hospital at Scutari, lent to the British Government by the Turkish authorities. It was beautifully situated on a hill overlooking the glittering waters of the Bosphorus, and commanded a view of the fair city of Constantinople, with its castellated walls, marble palaces, and domes, rising picturesquely on the horizon. . . . The Barrack Hospital was a fine handsome building, forming an immense quadrangle with a tower at each corner. An idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that each side of the quadrangle was nearly a quarter of a mile long. It was estimated that twelve thousand men could be exercised in the central court. Galleries and corridors, rising story above story, surrounded three sides of the building, and, taken continuously, were four miles in extent. (Tooley.)

Lasciate Ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate: the delusive doors bore no such inscription; and yet behind them Hell yawned. Want, neglect, confusion, misery—in every shape and in every degree of intensity—filled the endless corridors and the vast apartments of the gigantic barrack-house, which without forethought or preparation, had been hurriedly set aside as the chief shelter for the victims of the war. The very building itself was radically defective. Huge sewers underlay it, and

cess-pools loaded with filth wafted their poison into the upper rooms. The floors were in so rotten a condition that many of them could not be scrubbed; the walls were thick with dirt; incredible multitudes of vermin swarmed everywhere. And, enormous as the building was, it was yet too small. It contained four miles of beds, crushed together so close that there was but just room to pass between them. (Strachey.)

There were no vessels for water or utensils of any kind; no soap, towels, or cloths, no hospital clothes; the men lying in their uniforms, stiff with gore and covered with filth to a degree and of a kind no one could write about; their persons covered with vermin, which crawled about the floors and walls of the dreadful den of dirt, pestilence, and death to which they were consigned. (Nolan.)

Could anything be worse? Yes! The same building in which 10,000 refugees were quarantined for typhus fever and smallpox sixty-nine years later was infinitely worse. The sick and wounded in that barracks building during the Crimean War had beds—"Four miles of beds" and such food and care as the most civilized nations had provided for soldiers up to that time. But for weeks the refugees had no beds or care, and only such food as they, themselves, could buy through the Turkish guards, or was brought in pity's name and distributed irregularly.

The building was very like our Turkish barracks building on the Island of Crete, but much larger. The stone walls were well preserved, but the interior had fallen into decay. The place was a colossal incubator of pestilence. The sick and well were sleeping on the reeking floors with disease breeding among them and Death gathering in the sheaves.

On the day of my visit in March, 1923, about a month after this barracks and its stables had been quarantined, the process of separating the sick from the well had just begun. A plan to delouse the barracks and everybody in it had been formulated, and a gleam of hope from the European side of the Bosphorus was filtering through the darkness to the festering mass of humanity within.

Picking our way carefully among the sufferers squatting or lying in that dank and fetid barracks and stables, it was hard to imagine that the nursing service of the world, in its large and practical application, had originated within those walls, and that "The Lady with the Lamp" herself, answering the calls of the sick, had glided noiselessly through those reeking corridors. The flame of her lamp had burned brighter as the years had passed in other countries, but it had flickered and gone out at Scutari, leaving the old barracks in total darkness.

The sweet sister stories written around Florence Nightingale do not explain her achievements. Thank goodness, for the other side of her character revealed in a recent book. She was a ministering angel, yes—driven by a demon, a straight-thinking demon of energy and intelligence in the service of the sick.

This "Angel of Deliverance" was welcomed with thanks to God by the sick and wounded, but the representatives of the established order, whose berths were comfortable, entertained grave misgivings regarding the innovation. They did not enjoy adverse criticism. Who does? War was war, they said in substance. This was the business of men; they were used to it. Conditions in the field were normal under the circumstances. There was nothing to complain about—and these were honorable men, sincere in their opinions. Their official successors of this day, whose opinions are as unconsciously fathered by their own desires, might as sincerely affirm that a state of normalcy exists in the Near East, and the suffering incident to the forced exodus of the Christian population from Anatolia, is merely part of the game in that country.

My father served in the British Navy during the Crimean War. He was a young boy then, and strong for the "angel band," but many of his superiors said that the Lady-in-Chief at Scutari was distressing herself and the world at large unduly. Being of the feminine gender, she naturally

had "nerves," poor thing. But they soon found out that what she really had was *nerve*.

. . . Honest Colonels relieved their spleen by the cracking of heavy jokes about 'the bird'; while poor Dr. Hall, a rough terrier of a man, who had worried his way to the top of his profession, was struck speechless with astonishment, and at last observed that Miss Nightingale's appointment was extremely droll. . . . At first some of the surgeons would have nothing to say to her, and, though she was welcomed by others, the majority were hostile and suspicious. But gradually she gained ground. Her good will could not be denied, and her capacity could not be disregarded.

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To the wounded soldier on his couch of agony she might well appear in the guise of a gracious angel of mercy; but the military surgeons, and the orderlies, and her own nurses, and the "Purveyor," and Dr. Hall, and even Lord Stratford himself could tell a different story. It was not by gentle sweetness and womanly self-abnegation that she had brought order out of chaos in the Scutari Hospitals, that, from her own resources, she had clothed the British Army, that she had spread her dominion over the serried and reluctant powers of the official world; it was by strict method, by stern discipline, by rigid attention to detail, by ceaseless labour, by the fixed determination of an indomitable will. Beneath her cool and calm demeanour lurked fierce and passionate fires. . . . There was humour in the face; but the curious watcher might wonder whether it was humour of a very pleasant kind; might ask himself, even as he heard the laughter and marked the jokes with which she cheered the spirits of her patients, what sort of sardonic merriment this same lady might not give vent to, in the privacy of her chamber.

Late at night, when the long miles of beds lay wrapped in darkness, Miss Nightingale would sit at work in her little room, over her correspondence. . . . There were hundreds of letters to be written to the friends and relations of soldiers; there was the enormous mass of official documents to be dealt with; . . . and, most important of all, there was the composition of her long and confidential reports to Sidney Herbert. These were by no means official communications. Her soul, pent up all day in the restraint and reserve of a vast responsi-

bility, now poured itself out in these letters with all its natural vehemence, like a swollen torrent through an open sluice. Here, at least, she did not mince matters. Here she painted in her darkest colours the hideous scenes which surrounded her; here she tore away remorselessly the last veils still shrouding the abominable truth. . . . Her sarcasm searched the ranks of the officials with the deadly and unsparing precision of a machine gun. Her nicknames were terrible. . . . The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her like a nightmare, and she gnashed her teeth against it.*

These letters and reports referred to by Strachey were written by Florence Nightingale at Scutari Barracks during the mild Victorian age, when women were supposed to be seen and not heard. What would she have written if she had lived in these days of free speech, witnessed the horrors of Smyrna, and worked among the Christian refugees uprooted and driven from their homes in Anatolia? Perhaps she would have individualized this crime against children, and said: "‘Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.’" What would she have written if she had actually seen the outcasts from the Pontus quarantined for typhus fever and smallpox in *her* old barracks at Scutari? What would she have called the men who try to save their faces by whitewashing the greatest crime in the history of mankind? Lytton Strachey should have published those nicknames. They were never needed more than now.

Among the places which had appealed to us for help, was the Greek Hospital at Yedi Koule (Seven Towers) outside the Byzantine walls where the most tragic part of the history of the old city is writ in stone. This was the largest hospital in Constantinople. Founded in 1753, it had grown slowly with the support of wealthy Greeks and the Orthodox Church. Departments for the different branches of medical service had been developed, including separate sec-

* Strachey.

tions with pavilions, cottages, and gardens for the care of tuberculosis and other transmissible diseases. Special provision had been made for the insane, and there was a home for the aged and an orphanage for children.

At the time of our visit, the place was swamped with typhus fever. Unfortunately, the disastrous state of affairs which filled the wards, deprived the institution of a large part of its financial support. There was a shortage of all supplies, including ordinary equipment for preventing the spread of infection. Several physicians and nurses had been stricken with typhus, and some of them had died. But even the typhus wards were not so depressing as the psychopathic section. There was hope for the fever cases.—They would either get well or die, but the people whose minds had failed, particularly the insane Russian refugees, were a hopeless group.

This hospital was undoubtedly the place where the greatest good to the largest number of sick refugees could be done at lowest cost in Constantinople. A coöperative plan for the care of those in quarantine at Selimieh Barracks had already been undertaken by other relief agencies. Besides, these people were to be sent to Greece as soon as arrangements could be made. The Christian people in Constantinople were not to be sent to Greece, and for less than it would cost to establish and conduct a refugee hospital of a hundred beds in that city, we could keep this well established hospital of a thousand beds from closing its doors. By supplementing other resources, we could care for the refugee sick, both Anatolian and Russian, and help this historic institution carry on until, perhaps, adjustment could be made to changed conditions.

Finally, we decided to support a refugee service in coöperation with this hospital, and while we do not maintain American personnel there, our work is done under the General Director of the American Women's Hospitals in Southeastern Europe, and funds are transmitted through

our representative at Constantinople, who keeps a watchful eye on this work.

Official Constantinople was gay and festive during that week in March, 1923. Lent was not being strictly observed. But Ramadan and Lent, and different calendars of time, are confusing in near eastern countries. In the spring of the year, young men crave the sight of their own kind of girls, and there was a flutter among the American and British officers on account of the tourist ships coming and going with the loveliest creations from the United States that ever gladdened the eye of man. There were balls, parties and dinner dances, ashore and aboard, and caiques hanging around those big ships regardless of the treacherous current.

Late in the evening of the day I visited Selimieh Barracks, I joined a party going out to the *Rotterdam*, where a dance was in full swing. The girls from home were lovely in their dainty evening dresses, silk stockings and American shoes, and their hearts seemed as light as their feet. Some of the older folks were dancing, too, tripping the light fantastic fairly well considering their years. But most of them were loafing on deck and talking about the wonders they had seen during the day. They had seen the mosques, palaces, museums, the Whirling Dervishes, and the place where the Sultan went to prayer; they had visited the bazaars, glanced into the Sublime Porte, touched jeweled scimitars with their own hands, and sipped Turkish coffee out of small cups served by a tall, black eunuch, in a Prince Albert coat.

But, among the things they had not seen or heard about were the Yedi Koule Hospital, and the Selimieh Barracks in plain view by daylight from the deck of the *Rotterdam* and other vessels lying in the stream between Stamboul and Scutari. They did not know that behind the stone walls of that enormous old building on the Asiatic side of the City of two continents, 10,000 human beings, mostly women

and children, were suffering the tortures of the damned. But those wretched people knew about the visitors from America. They saw the big ships during the day tended by hundreds of caiques, and after dark they heard the mocking music from the brilliantly lighted decks, where thousands of God's favored people danced the hours away. They, too, had their part in these festivities. In the dead of the night, when Death came reaping along the corridors of their prison house, he came on the orchestral waves of these liners from New York, and frequently to the rollicking tune of "Yes! We have no bananas, we have no bananas to-day."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CHRISTIAN EXODUS—DIG IN OR DIE—SURVIVAL
OF QUALITY—WOMEN BUILDERS—POVERTY STRICKEN
BOOM TOWNS—THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG
—TREADING THE GRAPES—AN AMERICAN DEPORTEE—
REFUGEE NURSES' TRAINING

THE exodus of the Christian population from Turkey constitutes the greatest migration in the history of mankind. On this the world agrees. It was also the most unnatural migration that has ever occurred. These people were not nomads. They were home people. Their ancestral homes had been in Asia Minor for centuries before Paul and John went among them as missionaries and started the trouble which ended in their being driven out of the country. It was Paul and John, and Jesus, Himself, who made the trouble, not the modern missionaries, as is all too frequently asserted.

The Christian exodus was an exodus of the weak. There was no Moses to divide the waters and save them from their enemies—no pillar of cloud to lead them by day, or pillar of fire to guide them by night. They were not led by their strong men. Their strong men had been "deported to the interior." After ages of occupation, this people was suddenly uprooted from the fertile soil of Anatolia and cast upon the barren islands and shores of Greece.

The outstanding phase of the colossal task of replanting a nation within a nation, was the part taken by women. It was a case of dig in or die. The majority of the able-bodied adults among the refugees were women, the mothers of

little children, and the mothers of children cannot give up the ghost and die. With the selfless spirit of race-preservation they cling to life, and many a woman who left Smyrna with soft hands and tender feet was growing stronger in the struggle for survival.

Women who had been cared for and protected all their lives were suddenly called upon to take up the burden of both father and mother to their families. With nothing but the bare earth upon which fate had thrown them and the free breath of life in their nostrils, they gathered their children around them and started to build from the ground up.

Such a lesson! Over a million people thrown overboard economically, were sinking or coming to the surface in accordance with their social qualities. The help of foreign relief associations and the element of luck (largely, health or disease) were strong influences in the new state of affairs, but the actual quality of individuals was, and is, the prime factor in the reestablishment of these people. Survival was sometimes a thing of the spirit, and the will to live a determining cause. Under this terrible test, the strong physically, weakened and died, in many instances, and the weak grew strong and lived.

The majority of the refugees were of good social quality. There were a great many expert workers among them, and this equipment for life was the salvation of their family groups. The unadaptable woman, accustomed to indulgence and self-appointed periods of indisposition, was a nuisance until she learned to carry her own weight on the lowest possible economic plane in a new world.

While the inrush of refugees was at its height, a ship arrived at Piræus and dumped three thousand ashore. Nobody knew what to do with them. It was merely a case of three thousand more of the same kind. There happened to be a piece of unoccupied ground between Phaleron and Athens, upon which they were told to camp. The soil was unproductive. That is why it was not in use. It was sterile

but sticky, and mixed with chaff and droppings gleaned from the highway and country round about it made poor bricks.

Winter was coming on. There was no time to lose. Primitive implements were secured, the ground dug up, bricks made and dried in the sun. Everybody worked, and within a few months there was a town, Dirgouti, built mostly by women and children. In addition to family huts there were shops, school barracks, and a building made of mud bricks, erected by the refugees for the American Women's Hospitals. This townsite was chosen by chance, and the wonderful ruin on the hill in the distance to which these busy builders raised their eyes from time to time, was the Acropolis—the greatest inspiration of the builders of the world. The Parthenon, in its purity and beauty built of marble from the mountains, 2300 years ago, literally looks down upon this poor little town made of mud in the winter of 1922-23.

Dirgouti was run on the lowest possible commercial scale. But after the manner of town dwellers, the residents pointed with pride to their civic achievements. When I was there in September, 1923, they showed me their streets, houses, school and our own hospital, which they had built of mud bricks. This hospital had two tent annexes to accommodate the overflow.

A town government had already been established, and in spite of difficulties, it was functioning. Business was being conducted. There were miniature grocery stores with beans, wheat and rice for pilaff, strings of onions and other supplies; shoemakers were at work at benches in front of their huts, and their materials were scraps of leather from old shoes sent into Greece by the relief organizations of America and England. The people of this little town were all living below the hunger line, and the Mayor, Council and "Ways and Means Committee" were not overlooking any possibility of outside assistance.

The American Women's Hospital Compound was one of the first groups of buildings constructed by the Greek government at the refugee city of Kokinia, part of Piræus, in 1923. Our hospital covers a block of perhaps two hundred feet square with a central court surrounded by pavilions. The town was well planned. Thousands of two-roomed refugee homes, wide streets and sanitary conveniences were provided for. On account of the digging and débris, it was difficult to reach the hospital. I shall always remember a street, where small trees had been set out, and away in the distance there was one in full bloom. In order to find out just what kind of flowers grew so quickly in such a place, I walked through that street. The bright scarlet blossoms were made of paper, and evidently replaced from time to time to keep them fresh, but the poor little tree looked as though it was going to die for lack of water.

Water! Water! That was the cry of the refugees everywhere. They came from a land with plenty of water, but Greece is always in a state of drought. In Kokinia and other refugee towns there was no water supply. All the water was brought in water wagons and had to be bought by the bucket and paid for—still the people appeared neat and clean.

While most of the outcasts were billeted in one way or another upon established communities, these special refugee centers, poverty-stricken "boom" towns, sprang up like toadstools in different parts of Greece and ran on an inconceivably low financial plane. By the autumn of 1924 there were 60,000 refugees in Kokinia. The community was organizing for social life, with shops, workrooms developing into small factories, and other industries conducted by refugees who were doing an active business on what might be called a penny basis, with every penny, or rather lepta, circulating at the highest possible speed.

The looms appearing in the huts and rookeries of refugees were a hopeful indication in the midst of misery, the



WOMEN BUILDERS

This little church on the Marathon Road was built by women and children from a refugee camp nearby.



Dr. Sara E. Foulks, Medical Director American Women's Hospitals, Greece, 1923-26.



The water system at Lipasma, a refugee town.



View of Kokinia Refugee Settlement from the entrance to the A. W. H. compound. Seventy thousand refugees live in this town.



Mud schoolhouse with a canvas roof for refugee children, Dirgouti, Greece.



Patients waiting for treatment at the Lipasma Hospital Clinic,

forerunner of looms on a larger scale in the factories of the future. At one place, where we peered into a mud hut, the woman and her three children, who had built the hut, were working on a beautiful "Smyrna rug." Her family had been expert rug makers in Smyrna, but they had lost everything, she said. This was not exactly true. They had lost their homes, fortunes and supply of rugs, but they had saved the cunning patterns in their brains and trained fingers, without which the looms and plants left behind were worthless. The industries of Turkey, which had been conducted by the Christian population, were incidentally transferred to Greece. The outcasts left their buildings, flocks and herds in Asia Minor, but the goose that laid the golden egg, sadly in need of fat and feathers, swam across the Ægean Sea with them.

Nations are usually willing to allow strangers to come in and redeem waste lands in malarial districts at the expense of their spleens and red blood corpuscles, but the new people in Greece quickly infiltrated every industry and soon became a competitive force to be reckoned with. Before they were through the quarantine station, some of them began buying and selling on a low scale, and within two years they were operating on the Bourse as well as cleaning the streets.

With the help of their children, women went into business in a primitive way, saving rent and increasing trade by displaying their goods on pushcarts and soliciting patronage along the streets. Greece is a grape-producing country and wine-making a family industry. During the late summer months refugees were to be seen at times along the highways, between the miles of vineyards, buying grapes, which were thrown into grooved carts drawn by donkeys and trodden as they moved along. The children, with or without scabies, seemed to enjoy this work. Their feet and legs were wet with wine as they ran along the roads jumping in and out of these portable presses with buckets hanging

along the rear to catch the precious vintage. Some of the finer brands of delicate bouquet, so prized by connoisseurs, are made in this good old-fashioned way. The flavor of machine-pressed wine is injured by the crushing of the grape seeds.

The Islands of Mitylene and Chios, only a few miles from Smyrna, were the first dumping grounds for refugee ships. Our personnel met the outcasts when they reached these islands, and also at Macronissi, Piræus and Salonica, moving from these ports with them to Athens, Crete, Xanthi, Prosochani, Djuma, Tchaldjilar, Grevena and other districts. We dug in with them at Dirgouti, Kokinia and Lipasma.

When I visited Salonica in April, 1923, a stream of refugees was pouring through that port and seeking places of permanent residence all over Macedonia. Approximately four hundred thousand had already been received. The work of the American Women's Hospitals in that district was under the direction of Dr. Ruth Parmelee. Our grounds and buildings were loaned to us by a religious association connected with the Greek Orthodox Church. There was a hospital of a hundred beds with provision for overflow, clinics, dispensaries, out-patient service and a nurses' training class. In September, 1923, the Governor-General of Macedonia sent the following cable to the American Women's Hospitals:

Thousands additional refugees landing—Health Department unable meet desperate medical sanitary situation—beg American Women's Hospitals enlarge clinical hospital facilities to decrease high death rate. Lambros.

Dr. Parmelee was one of the deportees. Her parents had been missionaries in Turkey, where she was born and had spent most of her life. She was sent to America to college, returned as a medical missionary, and had served several years before the Greco-Turkish War. Deported

from Turkey on account of her sympathies, she was placed at the head of the American Women's Hospitals at Salonica, and did an enormous work caring for the sick, many of whom were from the districts where her family had lived and worked for forty years.

The Salonica Hospital was a refuge for expectant mothers without so much as a manger at the time of their confinements. During the first few months over five hundred babies were born there. This place was a center to which thousands of the sick from refugee camps came for help. In addition to the general hospital, with its crowded children's ward, a daily clinic and dispensary were conducted.

Dr. Parmelee knows the Near East, its people and languages. She realized in the beginning that it would take years, a generation at least, for refugees, moving from a large fertile country to a smaller, less productive one handicapped with malignant malaria, to become established. A training class for nurses was started at the Salonica Hospital in January, 1923, which, as the months and years have passed, has supplied well-trained nurses for our refugee hospitals in other parts of Macedonia.

The following letter was received from the Greek Minister of Hygiene and Public Assistance at the end of our first six months of service:

Ministry of Hygiene and Public Assistance,
Ministers Bureau,
March 9th, 1923.

Executive Board,
American Women's Hospitals,
New York.

Honorable Ladies:

I have the honor to express to you by this letter the gratitude of the Greek Government and the Greek Nation as well as the thanks of more than a million refugees for your admirable effort in medical and hospital work in favor of those suffering crowds driven away from their homes.

Your organization, represented in Greece by Dr. Esther

Lovejoy and Dr. Mabel Elliott, has really been at the height of a very difficult situation. The great help which you offer to the Greek Nation in this critical period, when we had to accept into our country hundreds of thousands of unhappy refugees driven away from their homes by the Turks, will remain for ever engraved in the heart of us all. Your country has shown by such actions as that of your organization a wonderful spirit of International solidarity which will remain as an example to the civilized world. The action of the American Women's Hospitals has also proved what splendid results can achieve a woman's organization when it is inspired by high philanthropic feelings.

Greece owes a debt of gratitude to the American Women's Hospitals who crossed the ocean to put the spirit of method and organization as well as the generous heart of the great American women at the service of more than a million distressed refugees.

With the assurance of my profound respect, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) D. Doxiades,

MINISTER OF HYGIENE AND PUBLIC ASSISTANCE.

CHAPTER XXIX

ELYSIUM FOR DIPLOMATS—A PORTENTOUS DOCUMENT—
VIEWING OUR PLANET—AN AIRPLANE WITH HEART
DISEASE—A CLOSE CALL—GOAT FARMING IN DOUGLAS
COUNTY—THE ADVANTAGES OF STEERAGE TRAVEL

LAUSANNE was heavenly after the hell of Smyrna, Scutari, Macronissi, Salonica and other refugee centers. The Peace Conference was in session at Ouchy, on the lake-side. The grounds of the great hotels nearby seemed like the wildwoods of Elysium, with spreading trees, shrubs of exquisite foliage, fragrance of mignonette, faint music of stringed instruments and stately swans moving upon a crystal lake.

The subtle influence of this earthly paradise would surely facilitate peace parleys. The conferences were held behind closed doors, but I met some of the American observers and delegates from other countries, including M. Venizelos. The "Convention Concerning the Exchange of Greek and Turkish Populations" had already been arranged, but nothing could be done under its provisions until the Treaty of Peace was signed.

In the interest of historical truth, the exodus of the Christian people from Turkey should not be confused with what is known as the "Exchange of Populations." This was a plan of adjustment arranged at Lausanne afterward to mitigate the distressing conditions in Greece and Turkey,

resulting from the enormous dislocation of population. With the exception of the men of military age, who had been "detained" in Anatolia by the Turkish Command, the expulsion of the Christian minorities from Turkey was practically accomplished months before the machinery for the "compulsory exchange" was put into action.

Greece was swamped with refugees and in need of space—besides, she was anxious to get the surviving young men belonging to the refugee families, who were still "detained" in Anatolia. Turkey was depopulated and in need of people. The land had been left tenantless by the flight of the Christian population following the holocaust at Smyrna and the Conference at Mudania in the early part of October, 1922, at which time the determination of the new Turkish government to be rid of the troublesome Christian minorities was given world-wide publicity.

The desperate needs of both countries resulting from this unprecedented exodus brought about the "Convention Concerning the Exchange of Greek and Turkish Populations," which was signed at Lausanne on January 30, 1923. This "exchange" was to begin on May 1, but the Treaty of Peace was not signed until July 24, 1923, and the plan was not in operation much before the beginning of 1924. The American Red Cross did an enormous work feeding the outcasts from Anatolia during the maximum stage of the refugee emergency, and that organization withdrew from the field on June 30, 1923, at which date the American Women's Hospitals closed Macronissi Island Quarantine Station, for the reason that the influx was practically over.

The "Convention Concerning the Exchange of Greek and Turkish Populations" covers a multitude of sins. This misleading instrument has been used extensively, even in churches, to smooth over the tragic end of the Christian minorities in Turkey, and make it appear that a peaceful exchange of populations has been effected. Here are a few of the provisions of this portentous document:

Article 1

As from the 1st May, 1923, there shall take place a compulsory exchange of Turkish nationals of the Greek Orthodox religion established in Turkish territory, and of Greek nationals of the Moslem religion established in Greek territory.

These persons shall not return to live in Turkey or Greece, respectively, without the authorization of the Turkish Government or of the Greek Government, respectively.

Article 3

Those Greeks and Moslems who have already, and since the 18th of October, 1912, left the territories the Greek and Turkish inhabitants of which are to be respectively exchanged, shall be considered as included in the exchange provided for in Article 1.

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Article 4

All able-bodied men belonging to the Greek population whose families have already left Turkish territory, and who are now detained in Turkey, shall constitute the first installment of Greeks sent to Greece in accordance with the present Convention.

Article 7

The emigrants as have already left one or other of the two countries and have not yet acquired their new nationality, shall acquire that nationality on the date of the signature of the present Convention.

To a reader unacquainted with the facts, these articles would indicate that a peaceful exchange had been effected. Article 4 was easy to write in Lausanne, but putting it in practice in Turkey was quite another matter. Article 3 provides that the Greeks and Moslems who have already left the territories affected by the exchange shall be considered as included in the first article of the convention. These few mild words disposed of the Christian minorities (1,500,000) who fled from Turkey after the burning of Smyrna. One step farther in that direction and this article might have been provided that those who died (estimated at about 300,000) should be considered alive and well.

The benign tone of this instrument in view of what it *covers*, is an astounding achievement. The only fault to be found with the retroactive provisions for the liquidation of immovable property and the reimbursement of refugees for losses sustained, is that the plan doesn't work. More people were affected by this "exchange" than the combined populations of Oregon, Idaho and Montana. The Turkish nationals belonging to the Orthodox Church were frequently referred to as "Unredeemed Greeks." About 1,500,000 of these people, who fled from Turkey, were "redeemed" and became citizens of Greece, without their knowledge or consent, on the signing of the Treaty of Lausanne.

This "compulsory exchange" of populations based on religion, is a startling precedent in international procedure. A great many people, not personally affected, are enthusiastic over the outlook for both Greece and Turkey with "homogeneous" populations, which make for the peace of the world. Time will prove the value of the plan, and if it works well, perhaps it can be applied to other countries with unassimilable populations and incompatible religions.

Approximately 450,000 Mohammedans were evicted from Greece under the terms of the "Convention Concerning the Exchange of Greek and Turkish Populations." Many of these people were loath to quit their native country, with the mother tongue, the land of their forefathers. It was hard to leave their homes, where they had lived all their lives with friendly Christian neighbors, and go to a strange place where they would be obliged to make new connections and learn another language in their declining years. However, the lure of a fertile country mitigated the hardship somewhat. "A Land Flowing with Milk and Honey" never fails to catch the imagination of man—besides, was it not written in the "Convention" that they should not lose by the "Exchange"? Turkey is a fertile country, with great natural resources, five times larger than Greece, and has a smaller population. Therefore, with fair treatment, the



REFUGEES.

Steinham
1915



THIS IS HOW IT SEEMED AT LAUSANNE.



THIS IS HOW IT WAS IN EVERY PART OF GREECE.



AND THIS



AND THIS

DETAIL OF THE BREAD LINE ON THE A. W. H. QUARANTINE ISLAND.



Times World Wide Photo

A NEW CURVE IN THE "GOLDEN HORSESHOE."
Refugee families billeted in the boxes of the Grand Opera House, Athens.

Moslem people moving from Greece were bound to be benefited in the end.

Reports to the effect that the "Exchange" would begin on May 1, 1923, resulted in large agricultural losses in Greece, for the reason that the Moslem population did not cultivate their fields with the usual care that year. Valuable property had been abandoned in Turkey by the Christian refugees, and many of the Mohammedans in Greece affected by the "Exchange," after liquidating their holdings as far as was possible, moved to Salonica or other ports in order to catch the first ships and stake the first claims in the promised land. Thousands of them were ready and waiting by April, 1923, and under the ægis of the Mixed Commission, appointed to facilitate the "Exchange," the movement of the Moslem people from Greece into Turkey began the following November and finished about a year later.

Basking on the shore of Lake Geneva, under the budding trees, on May 1, 1923, the very day nominated in the bond for the "Exchange of Populations" to begin, the mild-reading provisions of this "Convention" suggested a pleasant excursion from Ouchy to Montreux on the passing steamers. The day was delightful. Swans were gliding over the water, doves cooing on the greensward, birds twittering overhead, and it was hard to realize what the "Exchange of Populations" really meant.

Better a day on Lake Geneva than a cycle at the haunts of misery, where some of my associates in the service of the American Women's Hospitals were stationed. Lausanne was a haven of rest and delight. Such a temptation! Under the circumstances, lusting after the place was an evil to be resisted. My begging ground was in the United States, and it was necessary to move fast in order to cover my Eastern schedule and reach San Francisco in time for the meeting of the Medical Women's National Association. By cutting my Lausanne visit to one day, I could run over to Prague, complete my business there, catch the *Berengaria*

at Cherbourg, and loaf and *indulge* my soul by dreaming of Lake Geneva during the voyage across the ocean.

It was easy to get into Prague, but hard to get out. An international conference was in session, and all outbound sleeping compartments engaged for a week in advance. It was a case of sitting up for over thirty hours or flying to Paris, and I was glad of an excuse to fly.

Away we sailed over the city of Prague, and the fields, hills, dales, forests, mountains, lakes and rivers of the country beyond. Springtime! The morning sun was flooding the earth, awakening life in the seeded fields and wild places under our eyes. The prevailing colors were green and brown, plowed land, pastures, the dark expanse of the Bohmer Wald, and the red-roofed cities, towns and villages—Nuremberg, Stuttgart and many others, all of which, even the largest, seemed like small red flower beds on the great brown and green plain of the world.

Strassburg, on the Rhine, where we came down for a change of planes and pilots, is an impressive city from above on account of its highways and waterways. My first impression on landing was that the Gold Dust twins had preceded me, and my second thought was that most of the cities of the world would be benefited by a thorough cleaning under the direction of the force which had done so much for Strassburg. If order is heaven's first law, and cleanliness is next to Godliness, Strassburg was nothing less than heavenly.

With a new plane and pilot, we arose spirally out of Strassburg an hour later and turned toward Paris. There was something vital the matter with that machine. I have no knowledge whatever of man-made motors, but I had studied the functional action of the heart, the best machine ever made, and I knew that there was something wrong with the heart of that airplane. Its pulse seemed labored, tense and irregular from the beginning, strongly indicating the immediate need of a hypodermic stimulant. When we

were up about five or ten thousand feet, the heart of the thing stopped beating altogether and, guided by the hand of the pilot, it began circling earthward, grazed the red top of a house and landed in the field from which we started.

The passengers breathed a sigh of relief. Our lives were saved. After a careful examination, it was announced that the plane needed repairing and would not be ready for some time.

"Same plane?" I inquired solicitously.

"Oui," answered the man in charge.

"No, thank you!!!"

Accompanied by a fellow-passenger, who was also a fellow-countryman, I took the next train to Paris, and when that plane went up the second time it fell and killed everybody aboard.

Having escaped with our lives, we rejoiced exceedingly, and both claimed exclusive credit for knowing when to quit. The gentleman's clothes were checkered and pronouncedly English in more than one way, but his head tones were homey and comforting in time of trouble. According to his card, he hailed from Burma.

"Burma?" I questioned, involuntarily, "you didn't get that tone of voice in Burma."

"No," said he, "I got it in Oregon. I used to run a goat farm down in Douglas County, near Drain."—And our mutual adventures in the unprofitable business of goat farming in Douglas County immediately took precedence of our thrilling air glide over Strassburg as a subject of conversation.

The *Berengaria*, minimum rate first class, was sold out. Accommodation was available from three hundred dollars up, first class, or second class, inside room with another passenger.

"How about third class?" I inquired. Fair sailing followed this question.

"You can have an outside room alone for eighty-five

dollars," answered the third-class agent cordially, "with the privilege of attending religious services in the first class saloon on Saturdays or Sundays."

My bargain counter instincts were aroused. I doubted the quality of the goods. There was a trick in the deal somewhere.

"Show me the steerage," I countered casually, after the manner of a lawyer who once examined me on the witness stand and asked seemingly irrelevant questions carefully calculated to elicit the truth.

"This is the steerage," admitted the salesman with a caught-in-the-act expression, "but we call it third-class on account of the feelings of passengers."

The psychology of selling tickets was involved in this remark. The population of our country is based upon "steerage." It is a hateful word, and the nearer we stand to it lineally, the worse it seems. In a revulsion of feeling, I was almost stampeded into paying over two hundred dollars for the use of the compound word "first-class" for six days. Fortunately, I analyzed this impulse and found that it was due to an inferiority complex in time to save the money.

Many a time and oft I had crossed the ocean as a first-class passenger, but never had I received such service. Wires were sent and letters written to the steamship representative at Cherbourg, to insure my every comfort. When I arrived at the station, an agent was waiting to receive me. This gentleman looked after the details connected with embarkation and personally conducted me aboard the ship, while the first and second-class passengers stood in line waiting to attend to their own baggage and passports.

Innocent of information regarding the effect of recent immigration laws on third-class travel, I was amazed and delighted. These unexpected courtesies were accepted as personal tributes. Later I learned that it was merely a

case of supply and demand. The first and second-class sections of the ship were overcrowded, but in the third-class they were glad to get a passenger. I had a comfortable outside stateroom, which had formerly accommodated at least four persons on west-bound trips.

When the immigration law limiting the quota of immigrants went into effect, "third" became a liability, a byword and a hissing at the meetings of the stockholders of the great liners. All the members of the staff employed to serve that unremunerative class were anxious about their jobs, and on learning that I had voluntarily chosen "third," their gratitude was boundless, bountiful, and expressed in tit-bits which must have been cribbed from the diet kitchen maintained for affluent invalids.

That trip was a success in several respects. My conscience was comforted when I thought of Dr. Parmelee with her refugees in Salonica, and Dr. Stasny in that pest-hole on Macronissi Island. I was also mindful of the discouraging effect of inexpensive travel upon the few persons in our service, unashamed of extravagant expense accounts. My baggage was passed without inspection, on the assumption, perhaps, that a third-class passenger could not possibly have any loot.

But the great reward was yet to come. Speaking at a meeting in Brooklyn, a few days later, about the work of the American Women's Hospitals for the mitigation of suffering among refugees, I mentioned the trip across the ocean. A newspaper woman came in hot haste for the story of that "steerage" trip. She was so insistent on a tale of martyrdom that in self-defense I made the best of a pleasant experience. Her story, with a flattering photograph, got a prominent place, and the next day it appeared as telegraphic news in many parts of the United States. Economy is appreciated by contributors. Kindly letters and generous checks flowed into our little headquarters for weeks. That

"steerage" trip was worth thousands of dollars to the American Women's Hospitals, and there is a twinge of chagrin in the reflection that its greatest possibility did not occur to me in advance. This was a Simon-pure stroke of luck!

CHAPTER XXX

EAST OF THE VOLGA—OIL TO BURN—ON THE STEPPES—
THE HUNGER STRIKE—BREAKING THE TENTH COM-
MANDMENT—COMMUNISM IN A RAILWAY COMPART-
MENT—"IVAN THE TERRIBLE"—FEET BY JOWL—THE
TRUSTFUL QUAKER—A WAYFARER ON THE BORDER-
LAND OF DELIRIUM TREMENS

THE American Women's Hospitals conducted a medical relief service in Russia in coöperation with the American Friends Service Committee from 1922 to 1926. Dr. Lucy MacMillan Elliott of Flint, Michigan, was at the head of this work in the beginning, but owing to ill health she was obliged to return to the United States. She was replaced by Dr. Elsie Richards Graff, assisted by Dr. Katherine Dodd and Miss Mabelle Phillips of Plainfield, New Jersey.

For four years, Dr. Graff and Miss Phillips had worked together in Constantinople and the Caucasus. They were natural born pioneers and seasoned workers with no white feathers in their crests. The famine districts of Russia "called" them insistently. Typhus, smallpox, cholera and cannibalism on a large scale had been reported and they were "dying" to get into the country.

Dr. Elliott's illness was their opportunity. They were sent to Sorochinskoe, Buzuluk district, Province of Samara, the worse place on the famine map. At the time of my visit in October, 1923, they were all smiles but a little hard to understand. In less than one year they had seemingly forgotten all about dollars, bushels, districts, boards and

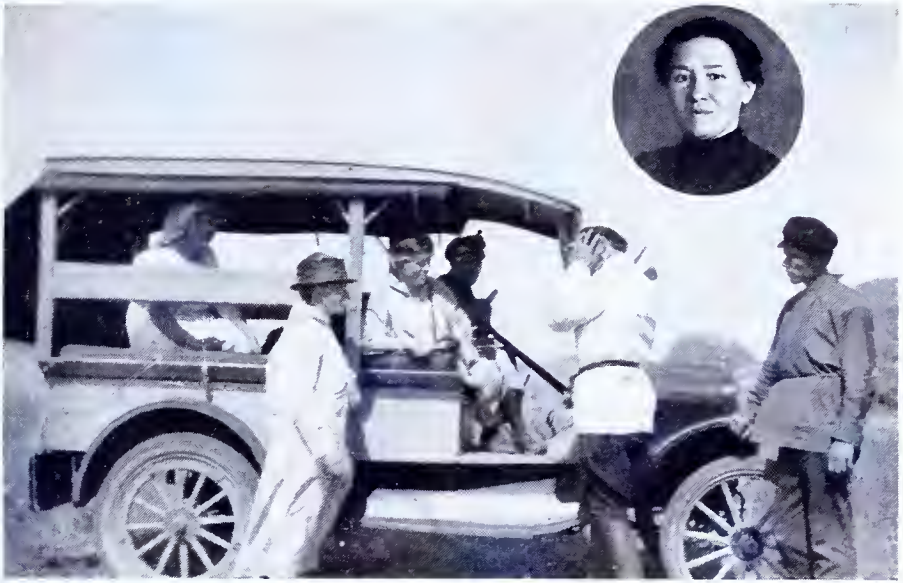
committees, and were talking quite naturally about chervonets, poods, uzdravs, ooyezds and narkomzdravs.

Buzuluk and Sorochinskoe have a far-away sound, but the people who live there are not nearly so "foreign" in appearance and spirit, as our neighbors in Mexico and some of our neighbors in New York City. Perhaps we all wandered together in the wilderness of Asiatic Russia a long time ago, and our immediate forebears migrated to the countries of western Europe and theirs remained in the East. It takes three days on the International Train from Moscow to reach these districts lying one day's travel beyond the Volga River, whence come the Volga songs and Russian caviare.

With the exception of a narrow strip on the western border, the Baku Oil Fields on the Caspian Sea, and Vladovostock on the eastern coast, Russia is an undiscovered country of enormous extent stretching across Europe and Asia from salt water on the Atlantic side to salt water on the Pacific side. There are all kinds and shades of people within its borders, 130,000,000 of them, just awakening to the possibilities of life, and wealth beyond dreams of avarice waiting to be released.

The rich steppes of Russia cultivated in the most primitive manner provided the barbaric splendor and extravagance of ante-revolutionary generations. The ruling classes enslaved the peasants, but they did not rob their national banks—they did not exploit the natural resources of the country and waste its substance, because they did not know how. Therefore, the future generations of Russians have these resources to draw upon. The chances are that they will have oil to burn within their own borders, when the present masters, lords and rulers of the earth are scurrying around the world looking for new energy to drive their motors.

Fortunately, we had oil from Baku to burn, for our clinics were conducted at widely separated villages, which we visited by automobile. Along the way there were great



ON THE STEPPE.

Dr. Elfie Richards Graff and Miss Mabelle Phillips, of the American Women's Hospitals, in the Wellesley Camion near Buzuluk, Russia, 1923. (Inset) Dr. Lebedeva, head of the Department for the Protection of Motherhood and Childhood for all the Russians.



SOME OF THEIR PATIENTS.

Family of Russian peasants, famine district, Buzuluk, Russia.



AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

深川會館診療部

診察科目

△ 婦人科
△ 小兒科
△ 内科

其他一般

時間 每日 午前九時
午後三時
日曜 祭日 休業



Japanese women physicians in the service of the American Women's Hospitals, Tokio, Japan.

patches of wild mushrooms. Boxes, buckets and pans were filled in short order, and the next morning when we passed the same places, there the mushrooms were again, like manna falling or rising over night.

The wolves and jackals of the Russian steppes have scented and followed travelers, with or without horses, until it has become a habit with them. They don't understand the smell of the Ford, but they follow it betimes instinctively until their tongues hang out from exhaustion. After dark in the evening, we sometimes had canine traveling companions, their glowing eyes appearing and disappearing in the low growth at the side of the road.

Dr. Graff had a staff of Russian physicians, felchers (medical students) and nurses, and worked under the authority of the Moscow Health Bureau in close association with Dr. Lebedeva, the woman physician at the head of the Department for the Protection of Motherhood and Childhood. The following data is taken from the 1924-25 report of Dr. Graff and Miss Phillips:

1. There are 25 Malaria Clinics caring for 3033 people. During April, 1924, 16,348 patients were treated.
2. In the clinics for the protection of motherhood and childhood, 200 expectant mothers and 1363 children were under supervision.
3. Thirteen centers for mothers and children registered 10,383 examinations. 25,226 people called at these centers for help and 195 clinics were conducted. All personnel connected with the medical service, both American and Russian, are on the payroll of the American Women's Hospitals."

My visit in Russia was cut short by an emergency call from another field. The weekly International Train had just passed, but I caught the "Maxim Gorki" which took four days and nights to Moscow, and tried out Communism on a small and intimate scale en route. The sleeping car was full, save one compartment for four persons. There

was a reason why this compartment was empty, which I did not recognize at once. The window, when open, glided downward behind the woodwork out of sight. The glass of this window had been broken out, thin boards nailed on the frame, and when the window was closed, the compartment was in utter darkness.

Naturally, I thanked my lucky stars, and set my compartment in order, depending upon the fresh breeze from the steppe to maintain special privilege and privacy. A draft in Russia is nothing less than a national abomination, and nobody came into that compartment until every other place was taken. Then two men came and took the bunks, one above the other on the opposite side of the coop. There were no real seats in the sleeping car. The passengers sat on these stationary bunks, upper or lower, which were sold as "soft seats" or "hard seats" according to whether they were bare boards or cushioned. The newcomers promptly closed the window shutting out the breeze, light and landscape. I needed air and wanted to see the country, so I opened the window after a few minutes, and this was the beginning of a game of opening and closing that window, carried on politely with many smiles and bows for about four hours, when petty capitalism won.

It was time to eat. Those men looked famished. They had tea and black bread without butter—no wonder they shivered, while I had a basketful of chicken, cheese and other luxuries. Foreign plutocrats naturally traveled on the International Train and my companions had been unable to place me up to that moment. By my food they knew me. I was the kind of a person they most despised. The gross abundance revealed when I raised the lid of that basket was bad form in Russia, and very embarrassing in the presence of malnutrition. Scorn and covetousness struggled in their hungry eyes, but they declined to accept favors from the enemy. They spoke together in a low tone, conspired against me, and went on a hunger strike.

In vain I passed the tempting basket. There they sat with their mouths watering, resolutely sticking to their standard, while coveting my chicken and breaking the Tenth Commandment. Something had to be done. With the ignominious cunning of a strike breaker, I sized up the situation. I could not speak a word of Russian, but I was not without a smattering of the histrionic art. By registering deep distress, I finally made them understand that I was dying of thirst and desperately in need of some of their tea. Ah, that was different. They had failed in hospitality to a stranger in their midst. They would make amends. I should have fresh tea. And they rushed out at the station, where samovars of hot water are always kept for the convenience of travelers, and came back with their pot of steaming tea.

From that moment the government of our compartment was communistic. We ate everything in my basket within a few hours, and at each station my comrades hustled for food, the best available in Russia, and I paid for it. In addition to this service, they left the window open, and furnished tea, hot and fresh, for every meal.

When I took my after dinner quinine, they held out their hands and I noticed for the first time that one of them needed it a great deal worse than I did, so I divided my supply between them, keeping just enough to last me to Moscow, where I could get more and they could not because of the price. Malaria was a new bond between us. They were good comrades and added enormously to the pleasure and educational value of that trip. We understood one another's sign language and entered into an uncommunistic conspiracy to keep the window open and discourage newcomers in order that we might avoid sharing the advantages of that compartment with the traveling public.

This scheme of life was too good to last. During the dark hours of the second night, our lodge was invaded by two persons and there they were in the morning on the bunk

above my head. They must have closed the window when they came in. When I opened it at the break of day, they lifted their heads simultaneously at the opposite ends of the bunk, sat up, and hung their feet over the edge. From that time on whenever they were awake their feet were dangling down by my face—the hairy man's on one side, and his mate's on the other. He had evidently been in the habit of hibernating on the top of the oven during the winter months. Naturally, he insisted upon keeping the window closed, but when I tapped upon his boots and turned my face away in deep distress, he smiled comprehensively, took off his boots and hung his bare feet down instead.

Our party was ruined. The communistic, give and take, scheme of life in that compartment did not work with "Ivan the Terrible." He shared our chicken, but Bruin himself could not have been more averse to letting light and air into his den. "Ivan" had a well shaped head and a benign expression of countenance, but his feet were hopelessly proletarian. Both he and his spouse were overweight. They had evidently been hoarding and eating on the sly during the famine years in spite of the Soviet. After thirty-one stifling hours of darkness, with brief respite now and then, they reached their destination, took their feet out of my face, bowed peasantly and departed. My comrades across the way had opened the window to capacity and we all drew a deep breath and heaved a heartfelt sigh of relief.

That was the most oppressive thirty-one hours of my life. The Cheka could not have been much worse. Sitting on the edge of my bunk, hour after hour, feet by jowl, finally affected my mind and I began to mumble broken snatches of *The Man with the Hoe*.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!

. . . what to him

Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

But this poem did not exactly fit the case of "Ivan the Terrible." Staring into the darkness of that compartment, and holding tight to my handbag, he appeared to me in a vision over and over again, but not with a hoe—that delightful implement of recreation. As I visualized "Ivan" he was always yoked with a water-buffalo pulling a plow. He was the product of generations of darkest Russia. His father had probably been a serf, and under the old regime he, himself, as securely bound to the land as the other farm animals. Why was he so far from home? Where was he going? He was not quite sure of the way. As he crossed the station square, he paused, lifted his head and gazed around. A gleam of light and color touched the sky—"the rift of dawn" in Russia.

That journey from Buzuluk to Moscow was rich in original experiences and thoroughly enjoyable except for "Ivan" and the nights. I am a slave to the habit of undressing for bed, and four nights in full dress was a hardship. I had been advised to keep my clothes on and watch my step while traveling on that train, and my comrades never left me to forage for food without pointing a warning finger at the bag where I kept the money to pay for our daily chicken. Before going to sleep I concealed my handbag on my person, put my suitcase under my head for a pillow, and fastened my shoes on my feet securely. This plan was far from comfortable, but I arrived at Moscow without loss, while a trustful Quaker from another car reached headquarters in his bare feet, sans garments save a blanket and a thin pair of B.V.D's, with his faith in mankind unshaken.

The details of that trip grow brighter and better in memory as the months go by, especially when compared with the tiresome journey from the Russian border to Warsaw on the luxurious International Train, a few days later. The weak sister who occupied the other sleeper in the coupe to which I was assigned, was addicted to strong drink. He was a convivial soul. Every time he took a

drink, he offered me one, and between drinks he counted the pink rats, in German, running around the compartment which were wholly invisible to me: "ein, zwei, drei"—donnerwetter! It seemed like old times in the ward for alcoholic mania. There was no other space in the car, so I stayed awake and served as special nurse to this wayfarer on the borderland of delirium tremens.

CHAPTER XXXI

FOLLOWING REFUGEES TO THRACE—TOBACCO OF GREAT
PRICE—STARVATION—LOW COST OF REVOLUTIONS—
HIGH COST OF QUININE—THE MACEDONIAN CRY:
“MALARIA!”

IN September, 1924, Dr. Parmelee and I visited the refugee camps of Salonica and the American Women's Hospitals' stations in other parts of Macedonia and Thrace. Thousands of Moslem people were still waiting to be transferred to Turkey and the last of the Christian refugees from that country, the few who had lingered in their Anatolian homes because of favorable local conditions, were coming through the quarantine station at Salonica, on their way to the interior of Macedonia. These people, mostly women and children, were carrying enormous loads on their backs and their chief reliance against further misfortune was some sort of talisman, probably a blue bead.

We were conducting several hospitals and a large number of clinics for the care of the sick among refugees in remote districts, where American travelers were rarely seen. Salonica is the outpost for most people visiting Macedonia, and even those who make “surveys” and write intimately about these out-of-the-way places, usually base their stories upon second hand information. After visiting our hospital at Prosochani, we drove along the Kavala Road to the Doxato clinic and Pravi Hospital, passing the ruins of Philippi, the old Macedonian city where Paul first preached the Christian religion in Europe, and was beaten, imprisoned, and put in the stocks for his freedom of speech.

When our work was discontinued on the Islands of Chios and Mitylene in the early part of 1924, Miss Emily Petty of Berwick, Pennsylvania, head of the Chios Hospital, shipped her equipment on a sailing vessel, a Levantine freighter, and followed her refugees to Thrace. At the request of the Government, she established our hospital at Xanthi with outlying clinics and child welfare service at Yenidje and other villages.

Who ever heard of Xanthi and Yenidje? Darius, Philip of Macedon, Alexander the Great, and all modern tobacco men. Yenidje was an ancient town when Xerxes invaded Greece. These places were forgotten for about two thousand years and rediscovered by the modern world after the introduction of tobacco from America into European countries, including Macedonia. If pearls of great price were found occasionally on a remote reef in the Mediterranean, all the jewelers in the world would know about that reef. And all the well informed tobacco dealers in the world know about Xanthi, because in a limited district around about this old town, the sun casts an ardent glance upon a peculiar soil, and produces tobacco of great price. The Yenidje tobacco is the very attar of roses, the choicest leaf that grows in the way of the noxious weed.

The Xanthi tobacco crop is secured by the great tobacco companies, sent to Egypt and other countries, where a flavoring of this precious foliage is mixed with the common garden varieties, and used in the manufacture of the most expensive brands of "Turkish" and "Egyptian" cigarettes. This fine leaf grows only in favored spots, but the country is covered with the ordinary weed. We were in Eastern Macedonia and Western Thrace during the harvest season, and wherever we went to visit sick refugees, many of whom were suffering from tuberculosis and malaria, we found their wretched hovels, sometimes in old khans, festooned with tobacco leaves strung on strings to season and develop the famous Yenidje flavor.



American nurse with group of refugee nurses at the entrance to Kokinia Hospital. All the buildings of this compound are provided by the Greek Government, save the one at the left, which was built by the Refugee Settlement Commission for the American Women's Hospitals.



Dr. Ruth Parmelee (American Board Foreign Missions) with a refugee mother and child. Dr. Parmelee was head of the A. W. H. service in the Salonika District from 1922 to 1925, when she was transferred to our Kokinia Hospital.



Sister Sarra, a refugee from Harpoot, head nurse, maternity department, Salonika Hospital.



Two lucky refugees—Xanthi Hospital.



"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."
Note the Yenitza tobacco drying on the wall



Miss Edith Wood, R.N., assigned for service in Albania, 1927.



Miss Emily Petty, R.N., director A. W. H., Xanthi Area, decorated by the Greek Government.

The great need of medical service in Macedonia during the winter of 1924-25 was indicated in the following cables sent to the united States from that country:

There is much slow starvation. One cannot walk through the refugee camps without seeing hundreds, whose pale, pinched faces show lack of nourishment. Such as these are in physical condition to catch any form of disease. Cabled words cannot describe the real downright misery and terrible suffering that daily confronts those of us who are in the midst of it.

DANA K. GETCHELL,
Chairman, American Mission Relief.

I would say that one-third are slowly starving. The relief need in Salonica and Macedonia is more urgent than I have ever seen before during my thirty years residence in the Near East. They are without adequate food, clothing, shelter or employment; are anæmic and easy prey to disease.

GEORGE WHITE,
American Mission Board.

Our personal inspection refugee situation reveals most distressing conditions. . . . Scores of thousands, mostly women and children, undernourished, malarial, living in indescribably crowded unsanitary barracks, hovels and shacks. Greatest need we have seen in any country since World War.

PROF. PAUL MONROE,
Teachers College, Columbia University.
DR. R. R. REEDER,
Director, Serbian Child Welfare Association.

Similar cables testifying to suffering due to undernourishment and sickness were sent by Morgenthau, *Refugee Settlement Commission*; Lambros, *Governor-General*; Treloar, *League of Nations*; Milward, *Save the Children Fund*; Oerts, *Danish Industrial School*; House, *Thessalonika Institute* and by Dr. Ruth Parmelee, head of the American Women's Hospitals, Salonica, Greece.

At that time, ours was the only American organization conducting a general medical relief service and maintaining general hospitals for housing, feeding and caring for the

sick among the refugees to which all of these cables referred. Specific reports were received month after month from our representatives in outlying districts: "Maternity cases are infrequent, fortunately, and the few babies born during the past six months have not lived long." This came from Parga in January, 1925, where we were distributing food, and in November, 1925, the following was received from the physician at our hospital at Grevena: "No one knows how many are dying singly in these villages, but in one place named Pinar eleven persons died lately from hunger and it was found upon investigation that the whole village had been living for days on wild pears."

The Refugee Settlement Commission with over a million acres of land placed at its disposal by the Greek Government, and a loan of ten million pounds (English) guaranteed by Greek assets, began to work about the end of 1923, and has succeeded beyond all expectations in settling refugees in Macedonia. Thousands of families have been placed on sections of land; thousands of houses have been built, wells drilled and water secured for communities; thousands of acres of land have been plowed by tractors; seed and farm implements have been distributed; vines introduced from America; refugee towns have been built and industries fostered, but it will take at least one generation and the helping hand of Death to complete the task.

Goats, sheep and donkeys have been supplied by the Commission to some of the refugee families on long period loans. These animals represent a small investment and survive where cattle and horses starve and die. Ages of torture has manifestly immunized the donkey against cruelty. Apparently, he has no sensory nervous system. Regardless of ill treatment, he pursues the even tenor of his ways, and his agonizing, bronchocavernous heehaw seems like a habit left over from the ages when donkeys were sensible to pain. Goats are animals with personality—dual personality. They have a solemn cast of countenance, but the



THE OPEN DOOR.

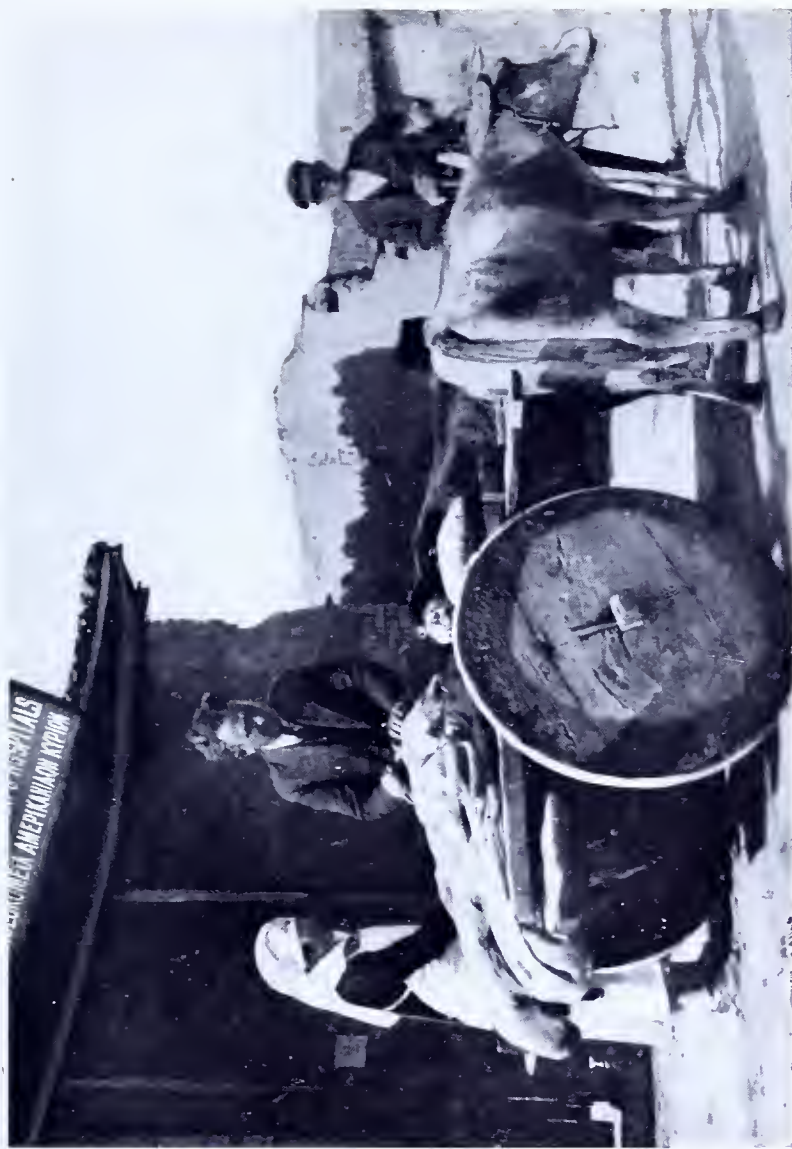
Entrance to A. W. H. compound, Djuma, Western Macedonia.



WOMEN'S WARD, AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, KOKINIA, GREECE.



Mrs. Mabel Power, R.N., director
A.W.H., Tchaldjilar District,
Western Macedonia.



Admitting a patient at Tchaldjilar Hospital, Western Macedonia.



Miss Adah Butts, R.N., director A. W. H., Djuma, Macedonia, crossing the plain in an uncovered wagon with a load of American old clothes for refugees,



MALARIA!

- The Macedonian cry at present is for help against the enemies of mankind—Malaria and Tuberculosis.

tilt of their tails give a cheerful expression to the hard, unyielding face of the Macedonian landscape. They laugh at tuberculosis and other scourges, and temper their confidence in man with intelligent suspicion. All farm animals are milked, and the mixed flavor of Macedonian butter strongly indicates that sheep, donkeys, goats and water-buffalos have contributed to its production.

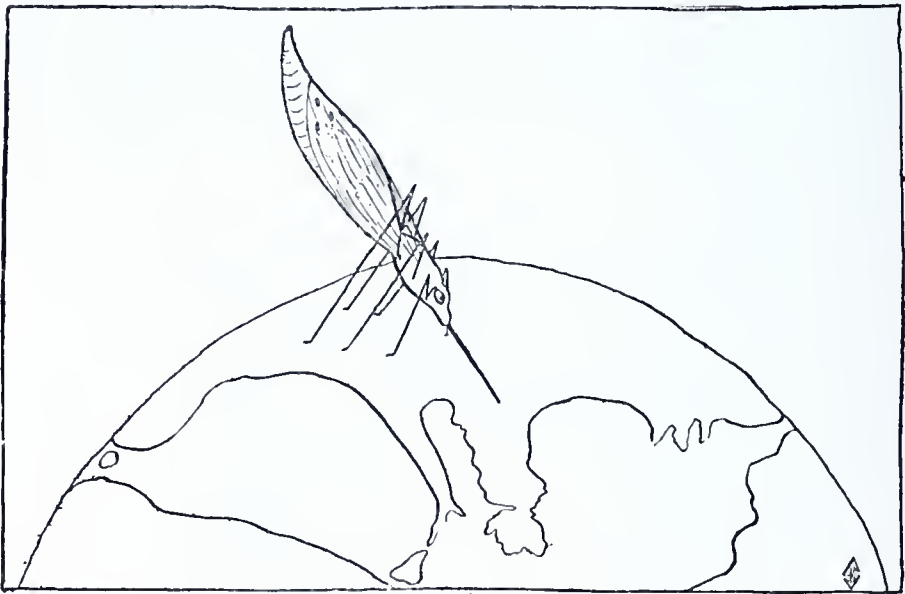
Since the beginning of the Christian exodus from Turkey, our organization has conducted 37 hospitals with outlying clinics in Greece and the Ægean Islands. Much of the work has been done by refugee physicians and nurses, under American supervision. A great many well qualified medical men, who otherwise would have been in the bread line with their families, have been employed to care for the sick among their fellow-refugees.

Dr. Sara E. Foulks, head of the American Women's Hospitals at Corfu, was appointed medical director for Greece at the end of July, 1923, and served in that capacity until February, 1926. She was assisted by Mrs. Cruikshank, Miss Frances MacQuaide, and a committee including Dr. Mary Kalopothakis, whose mother was an American, and who has practiced medicine in Athens for many years.

Smallpox and typhus fever were terrible scourges during the height of the exodus, but drought and malaria are the greatest obstacles to the settlement of refugees in Macedonia, and in other infected areas of Greece. Tons of quinine have been provided by the American Red Cross, and the Refugee Settlement Commission has done an enormous antimalarial work in spite of the difficulties peculiar to the country. Water is so precious. Every ditch is regarded as a blessing because it promises fertility, and a curse because it breeds mosquitoes and spreads malaria. During the year 1924, some of the refugee colonies on the Chalcidice Peninsula lost a fifth of their population from malaria. The Allied and Central Armies occupied Macedonian territory for about four years, and for every man

killed by bombs, bullets and poison gas it is reported that twenty died from the bite of the deadly anopheles. Since the Great Powers, with all their resources, failed to save their soldiers from Macedonian mosquitoes, is it likely that Greece alone can save the refugees?

Greece is not suffering much from revolutions. She is suffering from mosquitoes. The revolutions we read about are merely the Hellenic way of changing the government



Greece is not suffering much from revolutions, but from mosquitoes.

without loss of time or use of corruption funds. The Greeks are poor. At the prevailing rate of mortality they could keep on with their revolutions for five hundred years without killing as many people as are murdered every year in these United States. The farmer in Macedonia goes right on milking his goat, if he has the luck to have one, regardless of revolutions, but quinine costs money, and if the wrong mosquito bites him, he lies down and dies.

Dr. Elfie Richards Graff and her associate, Miss Mabelle Phillips, were sent to Greece in the winter of 1925-26. Before taking charge of the field, they visited every station

in order to acquaint themselves with the work. According to their letters, the suffering among the refugees in outlying areas of Greece is greater than among the people in the remote districts of Russia, where they served for three years.

When the Turks drove the Christian minorities out of their fatherland and afterward arranged under the "compulsory exchange of populations" to receive the Moslem people from Greece, they incidentally settled the Macedonian Question—perhaps. A "voluntary exchange," based upon nationality, was arranged between Greece and Bulgaria, and now the population of Macedonian Greece is overwhelmingly Greek.

Under the sweltering summer sun or during the terrible months of winter, it is hard to believe that Macedonia was once covered with forests, which tempered the climate, and that the destruction of these forests was followed by seasonal extremes of heat and cold. And in the presence of a hungry people, shifted without their consent into wretched malarial districts to live or die, it is harder to believe that Macedonia was once the dominant power of the world; that Aristotle was born at Stagira, a few miles from the location of our New Mudania Hospital, and Alexander the Great at Pella, a ruin near our Tchaldjilar Hospital; that Ptolemy, a Macedonian soldier, founded the dynasty, which ruled Egypt for three hundred years and ended with Cleopatra; but the hardest task of all is to admit to myself and acknowledge to others, that those among the Christian minorities of Turkey, who put their faith in the Allied Powers and finally found themselves refugees in the rural districts of Macedonia, are worse off than those who crossed the Russian line and joined the Soviet.

Macedonia has not been born again, but the country is in travail and the forces of rebirth are in action. Malaria is the curse of the land, and the cry of the refugee is for help against this scourge. The glory of old Macedonia was

forgotten by most of the world long ago. For the past five hundred years, the pall of Turkish rule obscured the light, and the very name has been remembered chiefly because of one verse in the New Testament, which has been used as a text, generation after generation, wherever the Christian religion has been preached:

And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying: Come over into Macedonia and help us.

The Fate of Christiandom was in the balance. Paul, the Apostle, crossed the Ægean Sea from Asia Minor to Europe in answer to this call—and Luke, the Beloved Physician went with him.



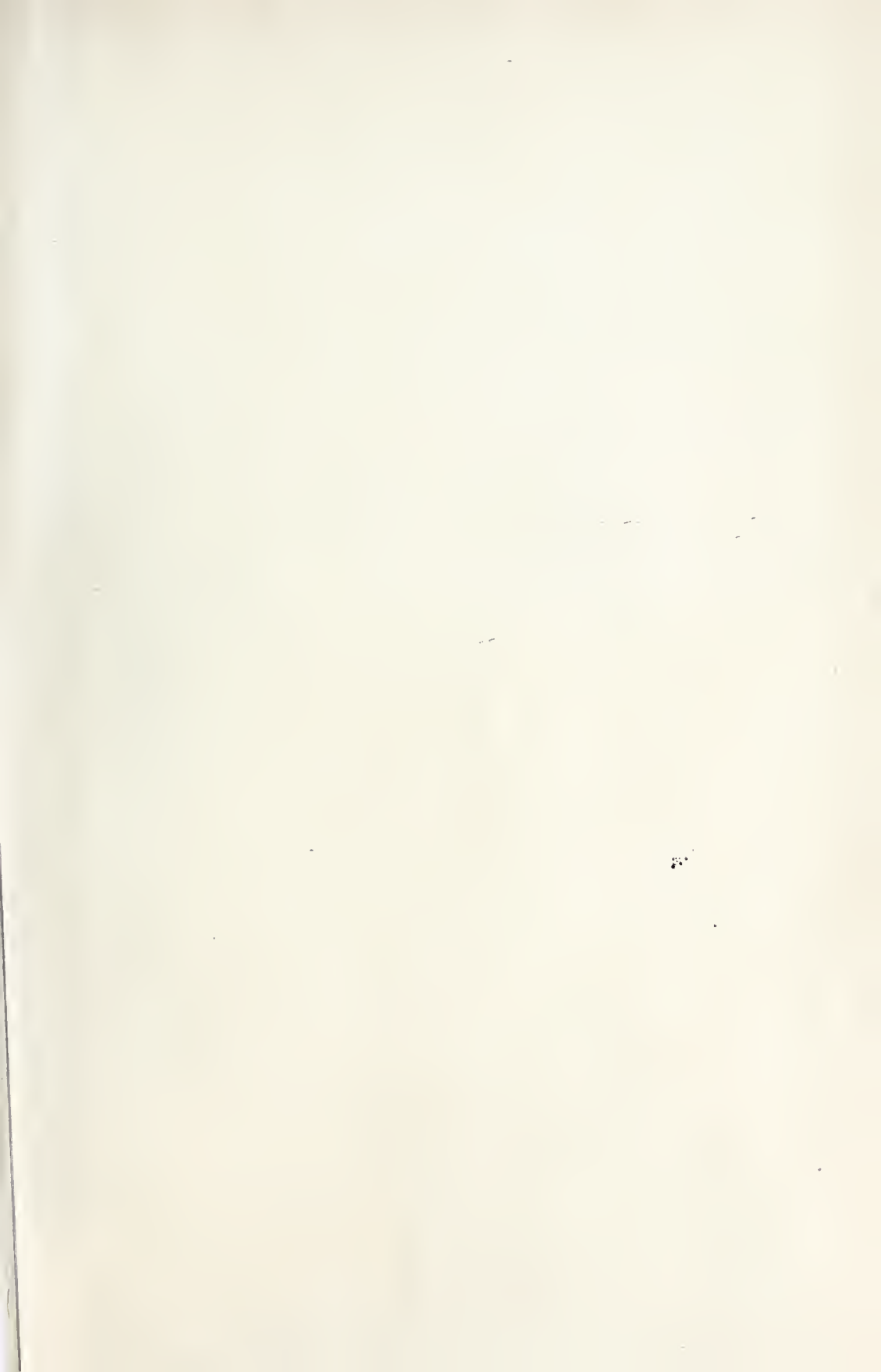
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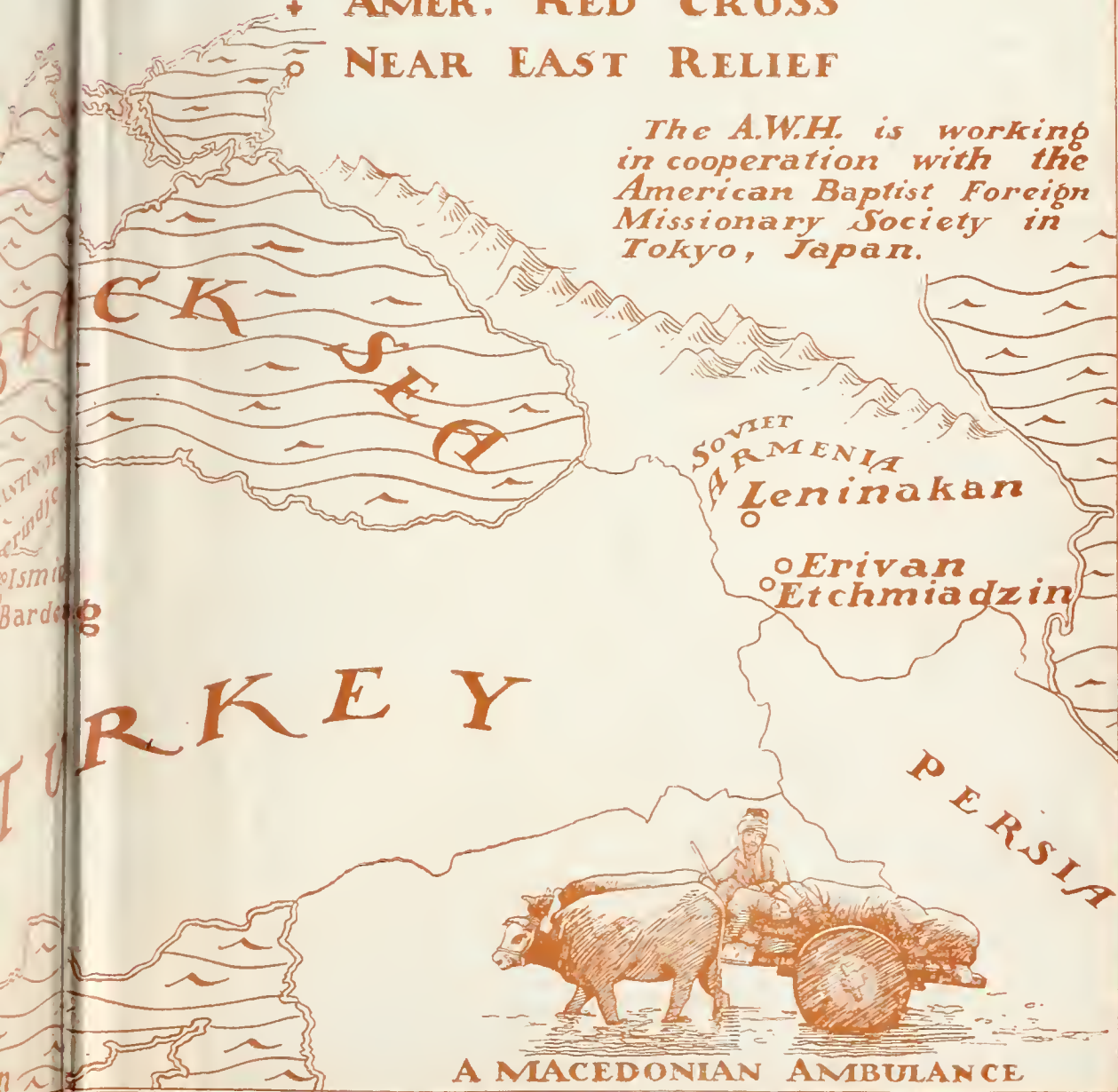
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A MACEDONIAN AMBULANCE

