

were at a concert in the hospital hall, came to the rescue of the military police. There was a struggle, in which crutches and sticks were freely used, and pots and pans were flying about. The police were reinforced and order was restored.

Unfortunately, Nurse McShane, while helping another girl, named White, a laundress, who had fainted, was caught in the rush of men. She was carried off her feet against a door that became unhinged, and was knocked down. She suffered from shock, but no severe injuries. Pneumonia developed, and she died four days later.

After hearing medical evidence the jury returned a verdict of "Death through misadventure"

THE ODYSSEY OF FRANCESCA.

PART III.

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Francesca was nothing if not intelligent. She had had the foresight to arrange to have an uncle on the British Headquarter Staff, and as she was not continuing her long journey up to the Serbian front till the evening, it was clearly her uncle's duty to take her out and show her what he could of Salonika.

Francesca, like everyone else, had heard of the Great Fire at Salonika, but she had not realised that the whole of the centre of the city, down to the very quays, had been destroyed. No doubt a finer and more sanitary city will rise on its ruins one day, but in the meantime little temporary booths or bazaars have been erected everywhere, and merchants who are for the most part Spanish Jews do a roaring trade at prices which only a millionaire or an up-country officer on two days' leave from the front could stand. Francesca particularly admired the colossal impudence of some of these ricketty little booths. For instance, a little wooden shanty with just room for one customer inside called itself "Galleries de la Fayette," and exhibited in its tiny lattice window three appalling hats at prices which would make even Paris stare.

Nevertheless, Francesca decided that Salonika is one of the Seven Sights of the world. No one who has not seen it can ever imagine the kaleidoscope it is of people of every nationality, jostling one another just like a crowd on the opera stage.

Francesca's uncle took her first to the White Tower, which is the place to have tea, hear music and see the world.

They found seats up in the gallery, and looked down on a great hall with hundreds of little tables occupied by representatives from every Allied Army who were consuming every known variety of drinks. There were Serb officers, tall, slim and good-looking, in khaki or *bleu d'horizon* and most magnificent shining top-boots; French of every type, from the big blonde son of Normandy to the deep bronze of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and in

every kind of uniform, as, for some reason known only to themselves, no two French officers ever wear the same dress. Red-tabbed British staff-officers abounded, Italians in grey green, French and English sailors, Colonial troops of every description, Albanian soldiers with khaki coats; British-looking khaki caps; dark blue breeches, long white stockings, finishing off at the feet with native shoes having long curled-up points. Women were conspicuous by their absence. The fair sex was represented by a few Sisters and other workers from the various hospitals, a fat Jewess dressed in a white piqué skirt, purple-brown boots and a mauve flowered silk dressing jacket; and some frail beauties from the half world.

After tea they strolled along the quay and watched picturesque processions out of the "Arabian Nights" passing slowly up and down for our inspection. First came a grave Turkish gentleman in a blue dressing-gown and a red fez, riding on a donkey; a Greek woman followed him in a gorgeous dress of blue velvet powdered with gold stars and edged with fur, and a bright green silk headdress lined with puce.

Two ambulances came tearing past, the first bearing the inscription "Presented to the B.R.C.S. by the British Residents in the Hawaiian Islands."

Greek sailors were unloading casks of wine from Samos out of the gaily painted boats moored right up to the quay side, and slinging them on to the backs of poor little overloaded mules staggering under their weight; ox-carts grinded slowly along the road piled high with evil-smelling hides. Then came a Greek funeral, the hearse going first, with the coffin open, showing an old man, yellow as wax, dressed in a black woollen cardigan coat and his bowler hat laid at the bottom of the coffin, a little open carriage, with five mourners, in deep crape, followed the hearse; and behind them, another carriage contained three Greek popes in white surplices and tall black hats, who were going to perform the burial service.

After the funeral, the wedding. In a few minutes another little carriage appeared, in which a British "Tommy," grinning from ear to ear and looking more than a little sheepish, sat with a blushing Serbian bride beside him, a gipsy piper sitting on the box playing a native dance. Francesca wondered what they would do after the war. Would Tommy stay out in this country and present Serbia with little Anglo-Serbs to add to the *macédoine* of races already here, or would he take her back to England, where the customs, religion, speech and food are all strange to her? And would it be a success? What a toss-up a mixed marriage is, she thought—or any other marriage for that matter.

Francesca had only just time to get down to the station for the night train. And such a train! Up to now she had travelled *de luxe*; for the first time she began to realise that she was getting near the front.

V. T.

(To be concluded.)

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