

*regle*—gloves, veil, and other female fripperies must, or must not, be worn; and then he ushers us into a small room, where the Queen receives us, and we kiss the beautiful hand of one of the most beautiful, as she is one of the best of women, in the world. Tall, graceful, supremely dignified in manner, is this daughter of the Romanoffs, a shapely head, very steady true grey eyes, and a beautiful mouth, curved into somewhat tremulous lines, as she makes enquiries as to the suffering of the wounded.

"Is it true that these poor men have been operated on without chloroform? Oh! it is too horrible!"

One cannot deny that this has been done—has not everything been abandoned in the stampede from Larissa, medical stores, and, moreover for the time, being, the nation's honour?

But we assure her that amongst our stores is a very ample supply of

anæsthetics, more than will be required for hundreds of operations, for which she expresses warm approval and gratitude.

"Oh! these poor, poor men—what they must suffer! How I am grieved for them!"

And, indeed, this is no affectation of sympathy. This queenly woman has gained for herself the

beautiful title of "Our Sainted Queen" amongst the Greek people, and her whole life is given up to works of charity. She has founded a very fine hospital in Athens, the Evangelismos, which she visits almost daily, and which is called "The Queen's Hospital." Here she visits the sick, sits on their beds, and talks with them as a

mother with her children, and presents an admirable example to the Greek women, who are only now emerging from their semi-oriental life of seclusion. During the war, this hospital, even the corridors, were filled with wounded men, who received good care from the Greek and Russian nurses deputed to attend upon them.

It was the Queen who gave us the lovely Milotopoulo Villa, at the Piræus, on the very edge of the blue, blue sea, to fit up as the base hospital of the National Fund, and here she

came to visit our patients several times in the most informal manner.

Her first visit was, indeed, amusing. We had received an intimation that she might drive down from Athens with Princess Marie, on a certain day, and a lovely bouquet was procured for her. She did not come, and on another day, in the



OLGA, QUEEN OF THE HELLENES.

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