

KOSMOS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY FORTNIGHT

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THE FORTNIGHT

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THE MISTAKE

I had already finished my letters for the post office, when Claude Dare, who was inside my office, interrupted me with laughter.

“Aren’t you afraid of getting lost in these papers?” he asked.

“Why? I’m used to it,” I replied.

“It is true that these things happen to the very... prudent. Consider my luck. I made a mistake once in my life and this mistake changed my life.”

And he followed:

“I was thirty years old. Life as a single began to weigh on me. I was tired, having thrown myself with zeal into my work, unable to endure the struggle. Nature urged me to get married, to build my own hearth and gather all my scattered forces. This notice was like an order that I had to follow.

You know what kind of person I am. I am independent and capricious, I avoid socializing, so as not to meet friends of both sexes. From my circle, I only knew two young women to whom I could offer myself without fear of rejection. I liked both for different reasons and they were equally suitable for me.

The first was my childhood friend. Her mother, the widow of a rich factory owner, was brought up in the same monastery as my mother. We grew up together, and she never stopped coming to see me despite all the changes of Parisian life. Apparently, Teresa was my destiny. One could understand this from the family atmosphere of the house where I was accepted as a son and brother. It had now become a wish, a reality about which one doesn’t speak, knowing that it would be realized naturally in due time. On the other hand, all I had to do was to see and hear Miss Lucia Sartin, in order to immediately bridge the abyss that separated love from friendship, and to put Teresa in an honorable but secondary position.

Who was the prettiest? I do not know. I am not a judge to grant the laurel. It was perhaps very difficult to choose between the two. Apart from that, beauty is fortunately not the only thing in a woman. She should submit to us in response to our whims. However long we may dispute it, we remain insensible to a woman’s charms until she embodies the image of Fortune. Then we lapse and submit.

But here was the crux of the matter: Although I loved Teresa very much, I loved Lucia passionately.

Miss Lucia was the daughter of a poor army officer. She lived with her mother in a quiet place in Passy, helping in various ways to maintain a splendid little house. I wasn’t rich. Thanks to the great economy and the avoidance of youthful deviations, I managed to maintain my independence and my decent maintenance. My income, which was sufficient for a frugal

bachelor, would not be enough to support even one loved one, even if that loved one was a mistress turning into a wife. Financial comfort is a necessary condition for happiness. Better to live alone than to bring unhappiness to an attractive maiden.

I found myself between two fires, hiding in my corner, and not daring to stick my nose out for fear of some calamity. A whole month passed like this. In the end I was forced to make a decision.

Mrs. Dareaux, Teresa's mother, was surprised at my silence. Her daughter, as she wrote to me, was twenty-five years old. Army officer Mauriac, a dashing cavalier whom they had met last summer at Cherbourg, came often to their house. So, rational thought told me that tomorrow it might be too late. What should I have done? It was impossible to wait.

I was then a young lawyer with no hope of improving my financial position in the very near future. I loved Teresa very much, she has always been my friend, my good little classmate. She was connected to all my memories, as a child, as a student and as a person. I imagined her in short dresses and with a big rose-colored hat playing on the roof of our mansion in Turin, hunting for crayfish on the sand in Biarritz, or climbing the trees in the forest of Fontainebleau. And this child had now become a beautiful and attractive maiden, remaining faithful to her first partner. It would be a sin, an infidelity to leave her. The other one, I had known during the last two years. What was the use of pursuing a dangerous fortune, since happiness was within my grasp?

The next morning –it was Christmas Eve– I wrote to Mrs. Dareaux. I apologized for my long silence. Important work was keeping me at home. I would definitely come the next day at 5 o'clock to have tea with her.

We would look into the past and the future and she would tell me if I was capable of taking care of the future of the one person which was so dear to both of us. In short, I didn't have any doubts.

As a result, I decided to write to Mrs. Sartin too, because I wished to have both matters settled.

My profession, I wrote her, led me suddenly to Naples, and I hoped by this fortunate event to visit a great part of Italy. My absence was supposed to last about two or three months. While saying goodbye, I wrote that I hoped that her attractive daughter might find in a suitable marriage the happiness which my hesitant behavior prevented me from offering it to her myself.

As soon as I had finished, with real emotion, this second letter, the bell rang and my friend Leonard the painter entered my room. You know him. A good-hearted man, but noisy, curious and indiscreet.

– What are you doing? he asked.

– Nothing. I was writing.

– To a lady, I suppose?

– Perhaps.

– Well, get dressed and come with me. I want to take you to the opening of the Exhibition at the National Gallery. They have a big painting of mine there and I need your opinion.

I immediately put the letters in their envelopes and mailed them.

The next day –Christmas Day–, dressed as decently as possible, I rang the bell of Mrs. Dareaux’s house on Rue La Tour. Although I was sure of the outcome of my message, I was nevertheless troubled by the idea that, in a few words, I was going to settle my fate definitively. And I was thinking a lot about the other dear maiden, who believed that I had departed.

Pierre, the ancient servant, appeared at the edge of the door step.

– Good morning. Are the ladies in? I asked.

He beheld me with surprise. “No, sir, the young ladies have gone out.”

– Really? When?

– Immediately after breakfast.

– Well, I’ll wait for them.

– The young ladies will not return today, sir. They will dine tonight in town with Major de Mauriac, the army officer’s father.

It seemed to me that my heart had suddenly stopped beating. I exclaimed: “But I announced my visit! I sent them a letter. This is strange!”

The servant bowed down and said to me: “I did not receive any instructions on this matter. The gentleman was not expected today.”

There was silence.

– It doesn’t matter, I said, but tell the ladies that I came exactly at 5 and I was very sorry that I didn’t see them. Did you understand? I was very sorry.

And with that I left.

I do not want to tell you that I swayed like a drunkard, nor that a cold sweat ran on my temples. Suffice it to say that I was looking thoughtful and my steps were hesitant, and that I took a little less care than usual to avoid obstacles in the way. These alone betrayed my inner turmoil.

Unconsciously I had reached the Murette mansion. Madame Sartin lived a few yards away in the Rue Mozart. Was it fate that led me to this place? I don’t know. I only know this, that I was seized with a passionate desire to see Miss Lucia, to speak to her, to hear her words.

A paradoxical deceit of the heart! What prompted me to seek consolation from this innocent creature, the very one I had caused to suffer?

I slowed my pace and looked carefully at my watch as if the pointers, as happens in compasses, could show me the exact direction. But clocks show us the hours and minutes, not how to use them.

Besides, I knew very well where I was going and it was for my individual pleasure, so I did not regard my move as a struggle. My pointless visit would not bother me at all. I just wanted to tell them that I did not wish to leave Paris without a farewell visit. Such a thought seemed very right. By providence, like a man coming to my senses, I climbed the door steps.

The little maid welcomed me with her happiest smile. She was wearing her embroidered apron that she kept for holidays and was not surprised to see me.

"The ladies?" I asked.

She opened the door to the reception room. Miss Lucia got up quickly. She suddenly blushed while her soft neck trembled.

"What beauty!" I exclaimed standing on the threshold. In honor of whom have you put on your elegant muslin dress? You are a real dream."

She looked at me perplexed. "Stop making fun of me. Please, sit down."

She was trembling. I have never seen her face, which was usually so calm, shaking with emotion. I asked: "And where is your mother?"

"She went out to buy sweets."

"Sweets! What's the reason?"

"For the dinner."

"For the dinner! Are you expecting guests tonight?"

She smiled slightly. "Guests? No. Just a gentleman."

I jumped up. What did this mean? "Do I know this gentleman?"

"Indeed."

"Is he young?"

"At your age."

"Handsome?"

"That depends on one's taste."

"Do you like him?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You are intolerable with your questions. I don't understand you. You, who are so serious, so noble, so sensitive, spending so much time with jokes. You're an hour late and you're teasing me about my dress. This is very bad, very very bad."

I felt I had lost my head. "So you were waiting for me?"

"Of course."

"Did you think I wouldn't dare to leave for Italy without coming to say goodbye?"

"Italy? Are you thinking of leaving?"

“Indeed, business travel. Why, did you not receive my letter?”

“Of course.”

“Well?”

“Well, we’ve been waiting for you.”

“But I did not announce my visit.”

She got up and took a letter from her work basket. “Do you know how to read? Was I notified or not?”

I grabbed the sheet of paper. It was the letter I had intended for Mrs. Dareaux. I had made a mistake with the envelopes. Suddenly, everything was explained.

The beautiful head of Lucia, gilded by the setting sun, seemed to me –if the expression is not too commonplace– like the head of a saint in a painted glass window. I could barely make out her fine features, her straight nose, her expressive blue eyes, and her delicate arched eyebrows. She was visible and invisible at the same time, existent and non-existent. She was a reality and a dream at the same time. She was alluring, silent, and great – a fortune. A few moments passed in complete silence – that heavenly silence, which is the only language between souls.

Finally she said to me: “What is this all about? You look burdened.”

I answered in a voice, which was a true whisper and which seemed to belong to someone else: “You are full of joy. I do not know. I love you, Lucia.”

Three months later I married Mademoiselle Sartin, and since then I have never ceased to bless the mistake which had brought me unwittingly face to face with my fortune.

I doubled and tripled my annuities. The improvement in my social position is due to her. I had bought the large painting of Leonard.

Madame Theresa Dareaux is now the Comtesse de Mauriac.

(Translated from the English)

MICH. H. SAMIOS

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

FOR CHRISTMAS

Silent desolation lies upon the earth. All darkness!...
Souls in the thickets run aloof. Wolves
in the woods scream, fire down on Hades!
Fright! Mayhem! Destruction! Horror everywhere!
In a small house, where they walk around silently
Angels suddenly run and speak with grace,
how Christ was born, how the door of heaven
was opened to everyone. Angelic horsemen ride
on white horses and into a cave they go,
where they find two women tightly chained,
Freedom and Honor, and after they resurrect them
"rejoice now, they tell them, you unhappy ones!"
The gloom scattered beyond the woods.
The screams stopped! The day dawned.
In the foliage, nightingales sing mate to mate
Christmas! The wind spreads all the fragrance!

Smyrna

K. A. ATHANASOULAS

PAINTINGS FROM LIFE
A CHRISTMAS NIGHT

I.

Inside the great hall, bathed in lights and glittering with the gold and silver jewels, the couples dance lively, inconceivably, to the harmonious sounds of music.

Here you see faces sparkling with beauty, there lips smiling their sweetest, most majestic smile, yonder eyes lively and radiant, throwing lively, cute gleams around. And the hall hums with shouts of joy, with raucous laughter, with lively waltzing couples and with the sweet rhythm of music.

All is joy, all is life here.

II.

In a garden under tall trees, a maiden as beautiful as a Greek goddess wanders alone.

From time to time she approaches the fence and watches intently from outside, attentive to even the slightest murmur of leaves.

How worried and how agitated is she, while she does not see and hear what she desires?

And as time passes, her anxiety grows...

But suddenly she explodes!

Her heart, that previously showed impatience and despair, beats sweetly now.

What has happened?

There on the fence stands a youth, handsome as Narcissus.

He holds a guitar in his hands and plays sweetly, and from his lips emerge longing verses, singing of love.

The maiden now rests her head on his, their gazes directed to each other full of warm adoration, and their lips whisper:

– Love!

III.

In a small, empty and cold room, dimly lighted by a weak candle, a woman, or rather a shadow of a woman, half-turned towards a wretched straw mattress, looks full of affection and pain at her consumptive child, who lies near her. She strives to warm the cold and lifeless hands of her child with her own bony, trembling hands. At the same time, her husband, in the pub, in front of the dirty table, insatiably sucks the poison of life.

IIII.

Three brothers, each huddled in a corner of their bare room, labor despite the unbearable cold, because they are deprived of all the necessities of life.

One is a poet, the second a painter and the third a writer.

The first looks out of the window, trying to get inspired to write verses.

The second paints a picture to sell in the market during the Christmas period, and the third hastily scribbles a scene that fits his novel so that it does not escape him.

Suddenly, two of them drop the pens, the other the brush.

Their fingers are frozen and they can't work anymore.

The poet and the writer, in their desperation, decide to burn some manuscripts to keep warm. But the sickly flame of the fire did not last long, and they were forced to return to their corners with half-warmed fingers, full of bitterness and harsh disappointment.

V.

The old miser walks lightly so as not to attract anyone's attention, and trembles at the slightest suspicious glance cast upon him.

Finally he reaches the place where his treasure is hidden.

He enters with a lot of precautions and closes the door firmly from the inside.

Then he drags from the depth of an iron-girdled box a large bag full of money that he collected by various cunning and diabolical means and begins to count it.

Oh! how his eyes sparkle in the gleam of so much gold, and with what love he beholds it!

And of course, in order to collect so much money, he did not hesitate to close his ears to the widow's cries and to chase the orphan away with bestial words.

And he sits there for many hours admiring his riches, pondering how to increase them more.

VI.

The city presents a night harsh from the reigning silence and darkness. Honest people have retreated to their homes from early on to celebrate Christmas Eve.

On a street corner stands a man, whose eyes flash wildly, a large knife nervously clenched in his closed hands.

He is a thief and a murderer.

He swears revenge against society and is ready for his grisly task...

VII.

A desperate and discouraged maiden wanders through the streets and seeks protection like a bird in winter.

But she can't find it anywhere.

She is an unfortunate one who, a few days ago, returned from the cemetery where she accompanied her mother, her only support in this world, to her last residence.

But suddenly a rich young man met her and lured her with splendid promises and sweet words to follow him.

But soon, precisely on the night of Christmas, the young man kicked her out after first depriving her of her most precious belonging.

Desperate and broken, the maiden goes to the river and from its high banks lets herself slide in, while these words leave her lips, full of bitterness and complaint:

– Farewell, world, you who were so mean to me!

Smyrna

ODYSSEUS E. CHRISTODOULOU

MIRIAM THE JEW

(An African Short Story)

I.

The brave and noble soul of the Jewish race, the one that won in the desert, the one that stroke like thunderbolt with the triumphant sword of the Maccabees, blazed in Miriam's black eyes among the long eyelashes, which sometimes carefully hid the two love-knives which Cupid had put into the black face of the maiden to enthrone his kingdom on earth.

When Miriam passed through the streets of the black city, the blacks followed with insatiable eyes the lithe walk of the Jewess, and stifled a sigh on their fiery black breasts, the hairy and strong.

II.

The sun of Africa, the blazing atmosphere, that air full of blinding flashes, so strong as to breathe light, never conquered the imperious calm of Miriam's black eyes.

But one day the rays of her eyes met other eyes full of passion, and they folded behind the thick curtain of her long eyelids dimmed, timid and defeated. For the first time, she felt that the victory did not belong to her.

III.

The winner was called David. Distinctive were the lines of his face which distinguished the pure Jewish blood from foreign admixture.

But there are victories that are the opposite. And David's victory cast him in one piece, with heart and will in chains, at Miriam's feet.

Hand in hand together, they strolled every evening in the fresh air until their feet sunk in the warm desert sand, and in a glorious evening with the sky clothed in vivid gleams like a majestic bridal cloak, in the poor interior of an uninhabited hut, near a stagnant water, Miriam and David swore eternal love.

IV.

It was David who provided for the king. When the insatiable hand of the frowning monarch reached out in search, he always found open –with strings untied– the full purse of David the Jew.

But God's wrath overturned the king's throne, revealing in the clouds of dawn a white robe flying wildly in the air on a horse that went away, and farther, much farther away, a bloody head nailed to a palace door.

And the rich David looked at the horizon and guessed the bad omen.

And the wise David hid his purse under the ground and, like a poor and bare man who has nothing, he took the road on foot and sweating under the African sun.

V.

Miriam's black eyes tirelessly search the dusty horizon. But to no avail. The shadows of the wayfarers passed one behind the other in the distance. And if they approached on the scorched ground, the bearings of the lover, his gait which she knew well, were never seen by the eyes of the enamored Jewess.

But one day, one of those wayfarers, cooling his parched vitals with Miriam's song, related the terrible news.

David the Jew, after his ruse was discovered, was incarcerated in the royal prisons, and his will was put to the terrible ordeal, to choose between destruction and death.

The black eyes of Miriam the Jewess exuded a terror of death. They were then closed, covered by the thick curtain of her eyelashes, and the poor maiden fell down as if dead, her heart oppressed with dangerous agony.

VI.

That day Miriam experienced terrible distress. With dry eyes, with a dried look, she spent many hours lying in front of the door of her house.

Finally, the night sowed brilliant gems in the sky. The earth, scorched by the pitiless sun, seemed to gather the cool shade with the longing of a body overcome by weariness gets it after a strenuous chase.

Like the earth, the pained Miriam seemed at last to come to life and she rose, pushing aside the braids of her black hair, revealing her black eyes resting between two green circles of sorrow.

Stiff, with a beneficial decision showing on her forehead, she entered the room, emptied into her cloak the bag that held the precious jewels that so often turned yellow with jealousy when compared to the cheeks of the beautiful Jewess, and then, crossing the threshold of the house she advanced alone and resolute until she disappeared into the shadows that filled the African soil with mystery and fear.

VII.

Panic reigned in the king's palace. In the great courtyard of the palace, fear drove the few who had remained loyal to the monarch, and the moon brought to light the terror of those hands that strove to close trunks, sharpen weapons and saddle the impatient horses. Only the camels kneeling in a straight line, let themselves being loaded them indifferently, their crooked necks held high.

Her beautiful body strained, held only by her active will, Miriam passed by the edge of the wall where it cast a shadow, like a mysterious ghost. But some eyes were watching her, and immediately a tough hand gripped Miriam's arm hard.

VIII.

After a while Miriam, shoved into the interior of the palace, fell before the sullen monarch and, opening her cloak wide and displaying all her beauty, let her jewels roll at the monarch's feet with a great clatter, offering them to him in exchange for the life of her beloved David.

The king made just a single gesture and just a single word was uttered in response to the Jewess's plea.

– Wait, he said.

And while a black slave knelt to pick up the fallen ornaments, two others led Miriam into a compartment, where she lay prostrate on the ground with her soul oppressed by awful visions, fleshing out in the darkness hurled into the room by the thick lowered curtains of the entrance.

IX.

Hours passed. Then Miriam heard the gallop of horses on the granite, the clang of guns, the sound of horsewhips, all in an indescribable confusion.

Soon all noise ceased. Miriam, frightened, raised the curtain, walked slowly into the courtyard, and a terrible cry escaped her lips. There, upon a stream of blood, lay the steaming body of her beloved David, decapitated by the barbarous sword of the wild African.

Miriam, falling on her knees, kissed the still warm lips of her adored one, and, stretched out as if in a trance, threatened pointing her fist at the dark horizon, towards the place where the cruel lord was departing, leaving behind him a river of blood and fire.

THE VIRGIN AND JESUS

X.

And the morning dawned, the morning that David's eyes had seen, and that which was a vision became reality. And the king, pursued by his enemies and with terror in his soul, forsaken by his last followers, sought a way to escape and be saved.

Then, a woman with her face veiled, leaving only large black eyes to be seen, appeared immediately out of the darkness, came forward to the horse and bowed in a great salute.

– What do you want from me? asked the fallen monarch angrily.

– I want, my king, to show you a way where your enemies cannot reach you.

– Do you care about my life?

– So much so that I would give my life to save yours... if necessary.

– May God reward you for your good deed.

And the woman, clutching the bridle of the weary horse, led it through wild bushes and rocks, until she brought it to a narrow road at the edge of an unfathomable cliff.

Suddenly, when she arrived where the precipice was most formidable, she hastily drew a knife from under her garment, and, holding the bridle so hard that the horse could not move, plunged it into his body to the bone.

It happened like lightning. Before the rider felt it, with a frightful rush, the wounded horse fell blinded into the terrible abyss.

The woman bent her chest to the edge of the precipice, and, tearing the veil so that she might see better, followed with a swift eye and a laugh of satisfied revenge the tumble of horse and rider, who fell clattering against the pointed rocks, tearing their flesh.

When the noise in the background died away, the woman got up stretched and, raising her large black eyes to the dark sky, and also her hands, one of which still held the vengeful knife, uttered one last cry.

– David, my beloved! Love of my soul! I avenged you!

(From the Spanish)

(Santiago de Chile)

E. PANTELIDIS

ELEGY AT A BATTLEFIELD WITH MANY DEAD

I.

Where are the flowers the grasses and the laden fruit trees?
Desiccated by the flames and drenched in blood,
and all the great, flowery valley has withered,
from the tender little flowers to the deep roots.

Dead bodies scattered, weapons, clothes thrown away,
and the blood has pooled, earth and forlorn bodies dyed,
and invisible Death drags the souls of the wounded,
when naked nature stumbles in her solitude.

And the darkness that deepens, pours more terror,
growls are heard somewhere, raging or fading,
vultures approaching fiercely to lick some blood
and trembling hands at their last struggle
trying – unjustly – to hide their wounds...

II.

Snowflakes fall lightly as flower leaves,
softer than the cotton in the bridal chambers,
and mercifully cover the bloody decay,
and they adorn the desolate earth in all-white.

III.

May your memory last forever, Soldiers, as by a sheet
lovingly covered by the white and pure snow,
which hid deep the horror of desolation, the blood,
as it hides the ideal of the love of the Fatherland
with its all-white veils, orphanhood and sorrow
from the soul's gaze

New York

M.T.

A DREAM IN THE STUDIO

Come, Anthi, come my daughter, it's nightfall, not dawn.

At the door of an all-white house appeared a fattish, rosy-red woman with her sleeves unbuttoned and raised up to her elbows.

– I'm coming, mother, a fresh girl's voice was heard from outside, together with a silver-tinkling sound, barely audible, coming from the silver bracelets she wore on her hands. She was arranging the flower pots on the white mantels that smelled nicely of fresh whitewash.

Everything around was white and clean, even the trunk of the sycamore tree in front of the door was whitened, up to a cubit from the root.

– Finish quickly and get dressed. The bells for vespers will soon ring.

Next day would be the day of the feast of the village church, and all the little houses perched on the hilltop, as clean as the souls of those they sheltered, circled in disorderly neatness around their beautiful little church which was surrounded by a large courtyard full of trees.

The maiden, after putting her flower pots right, gathered all the leaves that had fallen and turned to look towards the plain, where a tall and beautiful house stood out among the thickly leafed trees.

Her heartbeat sent a rosy wave covering her beautiful face to the roots of her golden hair.

One wonders, what thoughts were going through that blond little body?

Last year, her father had taken a job in the garden of the house that had remained closed for two summers, because the householders did not come to live there as usual. The garden had been left unkempt and Mr. Mitros labored to fix it.

In May, a lady dressed in black came for a holiday in the countryside with a young man about twenty three years old who would be her son.

Since she was younger than her other sisters, it was Anthi who went to their father's garden when needed, and she often met the black-clad lady, who, leaning on her son's arm, walked among the flower beds, full of flowers and continually tended by Mr. Mitros. She respectfully greeted the masters of the house and, to the various questions they asked her, she answered with a shy smile that endowed her fifteen years with more beauty.

– The most beautiful flower is your daughter, said the Lady one day, when the gardener had brought her some fresh roses, and she caressed the maiden's blond hair that was braided in two thick braids descending down her back. Then she turned to her son, who, being an artist, was also admiring that pure beauty of the girl, and said to him:

– Look, Kimon, a beautiful head for your "Spring".

– Yes, mother, I noticed it too and wanted to tell Mr. Mitros to let me paint Anthi.

Mr. Mitros could not refuse of course, and it was decided to proceed with the picture.

The next day Anthi came to the garden a little paler, since she had not slept all night because of her yearning. A maid led her to a chamber, on the walls of which hung some paintings. Kimon was there with his mother and they were arranging flowers of many colors that had been just cut.

Anthi admired those beautiful paintings all around her and her eyes took on a different expression, as if her soul saw those beauties come to life.

—Do you like these paintings, Anthi? the Lady asked her.

– They are all so beautiful!...

– Since you like them, Mr. Kimon will give you one.

– Let her choose for herself, said the artist with a smile, wanting to test the taste of his model.

The maiden thanked them for their kindness and her eyes were fixed on a small painting of an autumn sunset with lively lines and neat colors. On the sea that was flooded with violet, an evocation of the sun that was disappearing, boats with white sails were seen here and there.

In a little while the Lady put a white light dress on her and untangled her braids, and her wavy hair flowed and flooded her back with abundant gold. Then flowers were strewn on her apron, some entwined in her hair, some placed in her hands, and the artist stood still for a while to admire her. Flooded with flowers, Anthi was so beautiful, that they both looked at her with admiration and smiled at her with pleasure.

And she, intoxicated by the sea of scents that bathed her, bewildered by all those things that were new to her, thought she had suddenly been brought to one of the fairy-tale palaces full of princes and princesses.

And when the fine fingers of the artist put right a flower of her flowery crown, or spread a wave of her hair, she thought her soul would fly away together with the whiffs of the roses that suffocated her.

The project was progressing but, strangely, very slowly, and yet it seemed to Anthi that it would end very quickly and her dream life with it. What would she do when “Spring” would be finished, when she would no longer see the artist who captured her virginal soul in his eyes. She didn’t want to imagine it and she let her existence freshen at the edges of happiness, a happiness she didn’t dare to think would arrive.

When the young man spoke to her and she had to answer him, a rosy veil stubbornly covered her fresh face, as if to hide the feelings that embraced her soul. Alas, her innocent eyes mirrored her soul all the time.

Kimon admired her, like an artist admiring any beauty. Perhaps he could see the drama that was being woven in the maiden’s candid heart, but he wanted to convince himself that he was

mistaken. But when their eyes met, a harmony came out of those gazes, a song that can only be sung in the heavenly language of the eyes. Such a look tells as much as the sweetest music.

The painting was finished, and with it another one was engraved in Anthi's heart, painted with colors that will never fade.

All winter Anthi lived a life between dream and reality. When she was alone, she sent her soul to wander among the sweet memories that comforted her. There are some memories that can last a lifetime.

She lived among her flowers which she now loved even more. She cared for them and caressed them with her gaze, hoping to understand their flowery language.

And when she sat in the sunshine of her yard with an embroidery in her hands on fine winter days, her great melancholy eyes watched the feathery white little clouds that scattered along the road like silken frayed ends, and her thoughts flew away and were lost in their unknown way like these little clouds. And so she stayed put for hours, immersed in her other life, until the voice of her mother or one of her sisters extinguished her enchanted dream.

That summer her father's employers were late in coming. This morning it had only been a few days since they had come, and Anthi waited with secret craving for the moment when she would see again the young man who stole her thoughts and enchanted her soul.

She was so happy when looking at him.

Ting-tang, ting-tang! The bell rings merrily with a singing voice for the feast. Vespers is over and now arrive those who were late for the liturgy.

The old women sitting in the pews have taken their places and started the endless gossiping. It's the priestesses who will stay awake for her Grace.

In the church, women with babies in their arms, maidens and children having their best clothes on come in and out, light candles and pay their respect to the icons.

Outside, all along the street of the church, the "mashalas" [lanterns] were lit in a row down to the main road.

In the courtyard, the sellers have set up their wares. Small icons, bracelets, amulets and a thousand and two other small things that make the children stand around and look at them with admiration. Outside, at the gate, others with various sweets and cookies are advertising their wares and pocketing the little ones' pennies.

It is the village festival.

Anthi was also there, in a white dress and with her hair braided in two braids, each of which was tied with a blue ribbon knot.

The bells continued their ting-tang, always in the same pitch.

Suddenly two youngsters appeared among the crowd. Everyone recognized the Lady's son and stepped aside to let him pass. However, he did not have his mother on his arm like last year, but a very elegant, beautiful young woman. Anthi thought her soul was going to melt inside her.

It was him. She was seeing him again.

But who was she?

The maiden's heart didn't take long to guess. A dizziness came over her and she couldn't move from where she was.

And when Kimon, passing by, greeted her with a smile, her eyes were filled with an expression that showed all the pain of her soul and her mute complaint.

The young man had now understood the whole truth.

Anthi felt an unfamiliar storm being born inside her. Everything around her bothered her, she wanted to leave, to be far away, where those shouts of joy wouldn't reach her, and cry, cry a lot.

And at the moment when the two young people were leaving the church, they saw a white shadow fleeing between the trees, like a fairy being chased by the ghost of Despair.

– That little girl looked like your “Spring”, said the young woman.

– She was my model, he said and sighed involuntarily.

*

* *

Down at the moonlit road, two silhouettes, tightly bound by the invisible bonds of Eros, were slowly walking.

Around them and from within their hearts they heard the lively song of youth rising.

WINTER PICTURES

[\(See related short article in the Fortnight\)](#)

And at a high window of a small house, a white virgin, clutching a small painting in her arms, wept for the sunset of her Desire, and for her mad white dreams that were extinguished in a sea of immeasurable pain.

ZOE ANASTASIADOU

CHRISTMAS

Welcome, thousand times ornate Christmas
For the ignorant little ones and for the older ones,
Which, even if they coincide with snowy evenings,
Spread sweet-breathing smells as if from other worlds

Welcome, Christmas, which in their armful
Keep the foundation of our Faith as a castle.
So many souls had built their nest in it
Looking for the star nostalgically in the skies!

Smyrna

GR. MAÏDONIS

EDUCATIONAL CONSIDERATIONS

VI.

The influence that Rousseau's "Emile" had on his contemporaries could not but find a suitable ground for the promotion of social goals and their application in the soul of a man who, like no other, offered his life and his long-term social action for the accomplishment of a project, in which his great and philanthropic soul saw the only way for the true welfare of humanity and for which he sacrificed property, quiet family life and the last penny, which his authoring work offered him as compensation for so much suffering after bitter struggles at the end of his life. This man was Pestalozzi, and the project, which he dreamed of and for which he managed to lay the foundations and proclaim the beneficial and broad social benefit, was the popularization of education, so that it became the right of everyone and with which only the social unit, insignificant or significant, could find the verification of centuries-old dreams, which from the beginning to the end were distinguished by one wish and one desire: the social leveling achieved by social and spiritual and moral upliftment.

They were dreams indeed, which for centuries turned out to be nightmares and illusions and drew the sarcasms of those to whom one should have sought the main hindrance. If Fénelon, Montaigne, Locke, Comenius or Francke, and lastly Rousseau as the lawyer of wronged Humanity and Society, wrote or spoke in the language required by the times in which they lived, and of which they more or less were genuine children, this does not mean that they succeeded in attracting the attention of the powerful, on whose will depended the success of their programs and the continuation of their plans. But where the ground was not so stony, and where the sun of progress and true life shone, the tender saplings of new reforms were beginning to sprout and bear fruits of social happiness and spiritual advancement. The German lands were more amenable to the growth of such seed beds, and the German spiritual leaders, with the effective assistance of active offshoots of sovereign houses, competed in that noble rivalry, which was not to be milder after that, in the times of popular rebellion, which sought what was denied to her for a century: the provision of spiritual food, freedom, conscience, property and honor.

Pestalozzi, during the times of his youth in Zurich, could not remain indifferent to the social or educational desires of the child of Geneva [Rousseau] which were spread with such warmth, such passion and such mighty and vivid descriptiveness in the pages of "Emile". And like all his contemporaries, he too, as soon as that book appeared, was seized with the same enthusiasm with which the souls of already glorious philosophers and poets were filled, as if awakened by the audacity of doctrines and the sanctity of ultimate purposes. Even though towards the end of his life, in his "swan song", he criticizes himself for the unrestrained enthusiasm, which rushed into his heart and blinded his mind so that he could not discern the precariousness of the theories of the "dreamy book, deprived of any practicality", yet it is not possible for him to deny, nor for us along him, that this image of a vivid period of childhood and youth which evolves in "Emile", with all its didactic adventures, bold pedagogical suggestions and warmed by

Rousseau's inner recommendations and observations to the new generation, did not give impetus to the latent tendency to support the youth of his fatherland by strengthening the mind and the heart with pure spiritual gifts, which emanated from the liberal principles that brought about the change of social form. That book, which he characterized at the time as "fantasy", and which he nevertheless does not deny that it awakened his enthusiasm and multiplied his desire to show that he was a genuine child of the Swiss homeland, is none other than "Emile". All his subsequent philanthropic activity, which spread wherever misery arose from any disfavor of those troubled times, all his great educational work, which serves as a mirror of his kind and infinitely noble efforts in behalf of suffering humanity, all his vividness of plans and dreams, for the fulfillment of which –almost always marked by the stamp of tragic failure– he happened to have a consoling and active companion in his kind wife, he owes them to the man whose work he had characterized as "a dream" and in the doctrines of this same man, who dared to lift the curtain that hid for centuries from the eyes of mankind the true world and its high meaning, and to bestow upon it the enjoyment of its true allurements.

Pestalozzi was not a great creative mind. This, of course, neither diminishes the honor for which he is worthy on behalf of all the esteem, as it should be, by humanity for the importance of education, nor does it deprive him of the halo which it offered him with gratitude. He was not the great intellect which systematized its principles by examining matters coolly and with a steadfastness, which proceeded from well-founded ideas, unaltered without serious reason, that insisted on its former doctrines. His heart was bigger than his imagination. He did not possess to the desired degree that practical spirit, with which it is considered imperative that anyone who intends to carry out a struggle in the field of children's education and consequently that of social enlightenment be endowed. For this reason, and despite all his particularly warm love and devotion to his profession, he, with his sensitive nature, had often had the sad opportunity to see his plans wrecked and his labors disappear in quarrels. With his great soul, opening widely before poverty of the people and accepting with significant sympathy its relief, and his enthusiastic heart, which on every occasion was transformed into an altar where all charitable dispositions and all high tendencies were activated for the success of a purpose with multiple beneficent reflections on the social body, the magnanimous son of Zurich [Pestalozzi] imagined that he could hasten the success of his designs. He fancied that it was enough to pour out his rich pedagogic material, which was characterized by undisputed sincerity and most useful vigor, into a series of writings which were to become the companions of all who really thirsted to drink the healing water of the spirit, in order to say with certainty that he laid the foundations of a solid popular educational edifice, which is not afraid of the adverse events of the times and their uneasy outcome. He saw with the eye of a true folk-philosopher who drew his wisdom from the rugged folk-soul, which he had been called by divine providence to revive and support for future magnificent works. For that, this eye, although circumstances often gave birth to a fog in which one thought that labors, hopes and dreams would be lost, and the lights would go out, whose kindling only his own soul and that of his faithful wife knew how much it cost in inward sacrifices and endless hesitations, yet, to his last flare, it can hardly be said that he was completely blinded.

Pestalozzi was of a nature, that managed to leave traces of his passage on this planet, which were even more remarkable since he was not willing to claim the title of genius. When one reads the “Evening Hours of a Hermit” in which, with the deepest meanings, in the form of Aphorisms, he seeks to determine the destiny of man and the fundamental laws of his education, one repeatedly feels the pulse of that restless mind asking for something, which will reveal the true source from which man will draw the strength, to live marching towards an effective purpose, which is closely connected **only with the pursuit of Truth**. This alone bestows peace on the troubled human soul, this alone brightens life, and this alone will man find if he penetrates into his nature. So only by understanding his nature does man manage to reveal the truth, which serves him for his perfect education. Therefore, everyone must be educated (**general education**), because according to Pestalozzi, everyone has the same initial educational potency, which with a healthy direction and cultivation can bear the desired fruits. He therefore recommends the **subordination of professional education** found in Rousseau to the corresponding **general, humanistic** one, which strengthens the spiritual powers of man and arms the citizen with such reserves, so that he can boldly devote himself to any profession that his nature dictates. However, the relationship that should exist between will and energy must not alienate man from the outside world, but that it, with its wealth and teaching material, should serve him as a school of constant teaching and experience. He must appreciate society and home equally, giving each of them due respect and ensuring that **order** prevails by fulfilling **duty**. Those who are closest to man are also those who exert the greatest influence on his molding and “the paternal hearth is the basis of all genuine natural development of humanity, it is the School of Morals and of the State”.

Man alone will pave the way, which will give him a comfortable and honest social position, because within him lies the power to achieve the securement of his social relations. Certainly the world that surrounds him, facilitates or hinders him in achieving the goal of his moral life. But it would be the ultimate error if he abandoned the heavy and arduous work of elevating his soul to higher spiritual realms and he left the improvement of his social condition of others. Alone, he will place before his soul an ideal, even if it is distant and difficult to obtain, but towards which he will have his eyes fixed with patience and yearning. And when everyone labors to approach his distant Sun, his ideal, in which he will feel with conviction the cause of the fulfillment of duty, like another Chanteclair, and labors for its perfection, then striving without being perceived for his self-elevation, he participates in general social progress and is a model of man and citizen.

These thoughts of the “father of the orphans” show us the manifold forms of society, the gradation of the human race from the lowest to the highest social stratum, the true meaning of his mission, of which former times had absolutely no knowledge, and they shed beneficial light on the “social pedagogics” which was dreamed up by the mind of this great friend of the weak and sealed by his life and his actions. Pestalozzi always rejected individualistic ideas. He emphasized the indescribable happiness (here, but also two years later in the book “Christopher and Else”) of the parental home “where one knows the others and understands them, where everything is directed to the heart, indeed where everyone feels love for the other , since after

all he cannot be loved anywhere else in the world” (“Christopher and Else”). He defined the principle of home education, from where it can be transmitted to the broad social strata. He preached faith in God, which is not a consequence of **wisdom** but buried deep inside humanity. And finally, exhorting to faith, he strew rays of hope for **immortality** and **divine justice** to the poor and oppressed. All these words, which sound softly like a prayer in the heart of every poor person, came from that great soul, which would fight in later years the good but at the same time hard fight, and constitute according to Q. von Raumer “the program and the key to his pedagogical actions”, which of course greatly benefited the schools, society, and Humanity.

(next follows)

DR ORESTIS E. I. CHRISTIDIS

ITALIAN PHILHELLENES

XVI.

GIUSEPPE REGALDI

He [Ioannis Kapodistrias, first Governor of Greece] suppressed civil dissensions and received the most important citizens of any political party and asked their opinion about the decisions of those most responsible for the recession. He got as advisors the wise Moustoxidis for public education and the honest Sikelianos for justice, but in other offices too he employed the eminent Ypsilantis, Spiliadis, Kolokotronis, Kanaris, Nikitas, Miaoulis, in short all those who were distinguished for their virtuousness and heroism. He founded the Orphanage in Aegina, where seven hundred poor children were cared for, and a Museum for the precious objects of antiquity, and he opened coeducational schools in various places. He organized the judicial system, and established a military school, and without difficulty organized an army of fourteen thousand men. He exterminated piracy and banditry, and commerce and the arts were also enlivened. But the help from Europe was not enough for the needs of the State, and in addition to satisfy the many who had helped Greece during the war and wanted to reap the benefits in time of peace. However, concerning the three foreign powers [Great Britain, France and Russia] which, obeying the voice of philanthropy, intervened in the waters of Pylos, their bravery was decreasing and they were arguing with the Governor about the loan opportunity and about the boundaries he had drawn of the new Greece.

While he behaved prudently in every way to restore the country, malicious parties rose up against his reputation. And it wouldn't suffice for the Assembly of Argos to destroy them, while praising the supremely exquisite ruler and confirmed him in the difficult office by granting him great power. New obstacles to the Governor were instigated by a faction, headed in Mani by the old man Petros Mavromichalis and widespread in Hydra, in the volcano of the rebellion, and, as it was said, aided by French agents after the fall of Charles X., along with evident and covert deeds by the English, because both, being jealous, resented the fact that a former minister from the court of St. Petersburg [i.e. Kapodistrias] directed the fortunes of Greece. It was declared in pomp that Kapodistrias was a conceited despot who imposed a yoke harder than the one he had shaken off, that he burdened the nation with intolerable and unusual taxes, that he imposed laws according to his disposition and without consulting the people, that he ignored the services of true patriots and granted offices to foreigners. A machination, which they also use on us [i.e. Italy], so that freedom is lost and the Government falls! The brave Miaoulis tarnished his reputation and, being ill-advised, he joined the factionists, and at Poros he destroyed the Greek flotilla, believing he was depriving the Governor of the proper means to suppress the insurrection. Kapodistrias, severely discomfited, imprisoned the rebel Petros Mavromichalis in the Fortress of Nauplia, but released his son Georgios and his brother Konstantinos under police surveillance in that city, since they were not so guilty. Good men advised the Count [Kapodistrias] to be careful, and to be always accompanied by faithful and mighty guards, to

avoid the danger of an attack stemming from this faction, which from day to day grew more insolent.

A patriotic Greek lady, Mrs. Mavrogenous, became aware, and it's not known in what way, of the scheming conspiracy and immediately informed the Governor of the plots being prepared against his life. Mrs. Mavrogenous was reliable. In the prime of her life, after having brought together the best part of her property, she deposited it at the altar of the fatherland. She fought the good fight so well, that she touched the heart of Dimitrios Ypsilantis, who admired her virtues. Mrs. Mavrogenous lived in Nauplia in a house that was granted to her by the Government, and after so many sacrifices for the fatherland, as she did not have sufficient means of living, she rented some rooms of her house. Perhaps she had heard about the conspiracy from some tenant and, knowing that the deliverance of Greece depended on the life of Kapodistrias, she notified that the Mavromichalis clan was preparing to ambush the Count next to the church of St. Spyridon, where he heard mass on feast days. Also that after murdering him the conspirators would release the elder Petros Mavromichalis from the fortress of Nauplia, declaring him Governor of Greece, that the French general Gérard, the commander-in-chief of the Greek army, and a French squadron would facilitate the revolt of the conspirators hoping that the Greek crown would be given to some prince of France. This information, with many details, was made known by Mrs. Mavrogenous, and most of it actually happened.

ON THE BRITISH FLAGSHIP

[\(See related small article in the Fortnight\)](#)

The Governor was not at all afraid because he had confidence in the goodness of the nation. And to the prudent, who reminded him of the impending danger, he answered calmly: **“There is not one Greek capable of contemplating the cowardly intention of insulting me, or even betraying me, because in abandoning my quiet life in Switzerland I did not descend to Greece motivated by the greed of wealth or power, but to labor for the Greeks and live among them as among my own family. It is impossible for a Greek to think of eliminating a life completely dedicated to the common good.”** This is how Kapodistrias thought, without considering that the Greeks, along with the ancient virtues, also inherited the weaknesses of their ancestors.

Although he was wise and insightful, in those hard times it may not have occurred to him that the imprisoned Miltiades died of the wounds he received when freeing the magistrates from slavery, Aristides was ostracized because the fatherland was tired of hearing him called “The Just”, Themistocles after saving the fatherland was expelled and sought refuge with the enemies, Kimon was exiled because he was loved by the crowd and Socrates was sentenced to death because he taught the existence of one and only God.

The 27th of September 1831, a Sunday, dawned when Georgios and Konstantinos Mavromichalis attacked the Governor while he was calmly entering the church of St. Spyridon, to hear mass and to pray to God for the peace and prosperity of the unfortunate Hellenism. Konstantinos shot him with a pistol in the head and Georgios stuck a knife in his belly. The Governor fell dead in front of the church the door. The murderers fled, but in vain. Georgios Kokkonis, a brave Cretan and faithful guard of the Governor, ran to pursue them and, although

he had his right arm cut off, lost while fighting for the fatherland, with his left arm he wounded Konstantinos with his pistol. The other assassin, faster at escaping, fled to the home of the French chairman Mr. De Rouen. But his escape was in vain, because he soon fell into the hands of Greek Justice. Konstantinos on the other hand died after half an hour of great agony, and the people noisily dragged the corpse through the streets, and with mockery threw it from the rocks in a deserted place behind the fortress of **Arvanitia**, where for some days the sea waves beat upon it, until a favorable hand, perhaps one of the conspirators, released it from such shame. While a large part of the people blew off steam rising up with holy indignation to avenge this audacious act, the rest of the citizens accompanied the glorious martyr's body from the church of St. Spyridon to the mansion where he resided, and everyone, like children in despair around their deceased father, tearfully recounted the great benefits he had conferred on the reborn fatherland.

It was observed that on the 27th of September the French frigate, commanded by Captain Laland, was at anchor under the gun battery named "**Five Brothers**", where no ships ever anchored, also that two or three hours before daybreak the frigate, taking up anchor, approached the city, that General Gérard went to the afore mentioned gun battery "**Five Brothers**" to see if the army under his command was in place, that after the assassination Gérard ordered Colonel Pollion to render extraordinary services to the Senate to maintain order, by providing him with extraordinary powers, but the Senate, after thanking him, rejected these dangerous offers.

From these and other similar details observed we conclude that Mrs. Mavrogenous was well informed when she mentioned that French agents had taken part in the conspiracy, which for the most part remained a mystery. Michael Sikelianos, as the minister of justice, tried to bring the details into light. In a conversation with Mrs. Mavrogenous he told her: "**Madam, I know how much you labored to save the governor's life and the fatherland. Please complete the holy job. The Governor is gone, but the fatherland is still here. Let's save her. You, who know about the plot, do clear up everything, so that I can act with prudence to prevent greater harm.**" But Mrs. Mavrogenous replied: "**When I saw that the Governor and the independence of the fatherland were in danger, I notified the Government. The Governor is dead. After the failure of the enemies' plots, the homeland was secured. Now, all disclosures would be in vain, or would only be to my detriment. Let me be silent.**"

And here I put the pen down, and I will be happy if these pages dedicated to the excellent Kapodistrias will serve as an admonition to my fellow citizens. I thank Michael Sikelianos for the valuable information I received from him. Some of it is perhaps now published for the first time. I also thank Count Augustinos Kapodistrias, who donated to me the diplomatic correspondence, in four volumes, of his brother the Governor, which is preceded by biographical information that greatly benefited my studies.

Whoever wants to know Count Ioannis Kapodistrias, let him look for him in his correspondence, and he will see how just, prudent and patriotic he was, and how well he knew how to ennoble the most obscure arguments of politics with a grace inherited from the ancients. In his writings,

diplomacy is not a cunning and dark woman, but honest as the truth and clear as the sky of his fatherland.

(Next follows)

SP. DE BIAGGI

SACRIFICE

BY AGAPITOS N. LEONTIDIS

(continuation and end)

II

Antigoni suddenly took a turn for the worse. She was now lying down and could not get up.

They had been left without company that day in the village. Both Anna and Antigoni's mother had gone to Smyrna and she was distressed.

It was almost noon. Antigoni was lying down and her big eyes were staring intently out of the window.

Pavlos was sitting in an armchair near the window and was reading a bunch of business letters, which had been brought to him from Smyrna. From time to time he was taking a half-look at Antigoni, who didn't even turn to look back at him. Then he would follow her glance and he would also fix his gaze towards the mountain across and stare towards the eternally green olive groves which, silently and mute, endured the humiliations of autumn. Then he shuddered. It seemed to him that Yorgos appeared in full view from among the trees. He understood that it was Yorgos that Antigoni would dream of and jump up. Then he would be quiet again and cast his eyes on the letters he was reading. But finally he couldn't stand it and got up. He started to go towards the sick woman, but then he immediately turned and went towards the door that connected this chamber with the one next to it. Antigoni didn't pay attention to him at all. He returned to the table in the middle of the room. He picked up a glass matchbox, put it back in its place, and said, looking askance at his wife:

– Phew, when will this season pass! Already I'm thinking that we should go on a big trip in April. We'll go around countries and villages, I'll take you to places you can't imagine. Get well, well, well! You are so much better. Hey, how about that?

She turned, looked at him for a brief moment, grimaced, and again fixed her gaze on the mountain.

Pavlos became rougher. He came closer now and spoke to her, this time a little brusquely:

– You know. This trip will take place only if Yorgos wants to accompany us. I can't trust you to another doctor.

Antigoni's eyes suddenly sparkled. She smiled and said:

– How kind you are, you poor thing.

Although Pavlos tried to restrain himself, he looked at her a bit spitefully.

– But, he continued, this story of the trip makes you sad, so let's leave it at that.

Antigoni seemed worried since Pavlos had uttered these words with both bitterness and spite. Tears welled up in her eyes.

– Poor thing, she said to him, you fret with me. With me, when just a shadow remains of myself now?

Pavlos shuddered.

– What are you talking about? What nonsense is this?

Antigoni smiled sadly.

– I have become a child, she said. I'm naught now. I don't even feel like talking. I'm lost.

Pavlos grabbed her hands and kissed them fervently.

– My Antigoni, he said, I am a wretch if I spoke ill of you. Forgive me. Forgive me. Forgive me.

Then she stroked his forehead and said:

– You are a perfect person, but I could never reach up to you.

And he answered:

– I am naught. One thing I always wanted, your love...

Then something seemed to occur to him. He leaned towards Antigoni and opened his mouth to speak, whereupon she took his hand and said:

– Look at this dresser, how badly it gets on my nerves. Can't we get it out of here?

– Does it bother you? Why haven't you mentioned it all this time, so that we would get rid of it right away?

– Let's get rid of it, but what should we put in its place? Something is always needed between the two beds...

... Ah, you know what I thought? Let's bring here my little desk, the one we have in our dark chamber. It's going to fit in perfectly.

Pavlos stood up. Antigoni was looking into his eyes, she couldn't hold back any longer. He felt that she was asking him for mercy. He closed his eyes and rang the bell. A maid came up.

– Listen, he said to her, come help me to get this dresser out of here and bring your lady's little desk out of the dark chamber.

THE HOLY FAMILY

Antigoni's face lit up. And when the desk was in its place, she called Pavlos and said to him:

– Let me kiss you, Pavlos. And she kissed him.

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* *

In the evening, everyone came from Smyrna by train: Antigoni's mother, Anna, Angelos and the doctor. When Antigoni saw them, she was delighted. Especially with Angelos, whom she hadn't seen for days. She began to complain that he is carefree, that he does not care about other

people, that he neglects to pay his debts. Smiling, he defended himself by saying that he was busy and had had many troubles.

Then Antigoni got angry with Christina, the doctor's sister, who never came to see her, who completely forgot her and disavowed her. Mrs. Anthi, Antigoni's mother, defended Christina, who had an entire household and a home to look after, and everyone started praising her. Only the doctor did not speak, but smiled instead.

While they were chatting quietly and nicely like this, suddenly a southern breeze, which had started to blow earlier without being perceived, began now to grow stronger. Antigoni was afraid and her mother tried to calm her down. She was sitting next to her headrest and looking at her as if she were a small child.

– We have gone twenty years back, said Mrs. Anthi.

– Only that you don't have to lull her now, added Anna.

– Ah, how this weather irritates me, Antigoni kept saying. You can go crazy. In this mountain of crows. Far away from every living soul. As if everything is fighting against us. As if everything is our enemy. The rain, the wind, then lightning, clouds. Ah, I can't anymore, I can't. And she was crying like a baby, she was sobbing uncontrollably and she was shaking all over.

She had had a seizure.

Her mother, terrified, tried to look calm. She was kissing her forehead, her lips, as if she wanted to imbue her with courage, or rather life. The doctor was also by her side. He took her pulse. Then he pulled himself up and slowly got out. Without anyone noticing him, he went downstairs. Only Pavlos took notice and soon followed him.

When Pavlos came downstairs and entered the living room to meet the doctor, it was pitch black. Pavlos was walking noiselessly and the doctor just managed to notice him. Pavlos of course did not see him.

– Is that you, Angelos? said the doctor, thinking it was Angelos.

– No, it's me, said Pavlos, but what are you doing there?

Then Pavlos lit the lamp. He saw the doctor lying on the couch with his hands on his head.

– What happened to you? he asked him coarsely. You have been crying. He glared at him.

– I can't anymore, he answered, and got up. I'm a doctor, that is, heartless. But take into account that me and this girl are connected since we were little children. We have lived our entire lives early on almost together. And now I see her struggle in this mess and I, the scientist, am not being able to give her the slightest help...

– This is not an excuse, said Pavlos then. Only women are allowed to do this. If it's permitted to you to be faint hearted, to you who are just a friend, and I don't say acquaintance, but yet if you consider it seriously, you are just a stranger to her, then what should I do, who am absolutely connected with her!

Pavlos started walking. He reached in front of the window and pulled down the blind that was open. A thousand thoughts went through his mind. On the one hand, he wanted to go to the doctor and humiliate him, tell him that he is dishonest and a thief. That if he himself was now patient and didn't speak, he was doing it for her, who is sick and lost, who needs his mercy and his magnanimity. But that didn't mean that if he wouldn't raise a war with a corpse, that he also tolerated to have him in front of himself. He clenched his fist then and pursed his lips. Then he became meeker. He also wondered what would happen if he insulted the doctor. And he saw before him Antigoni being shattered and he was horrified and stood up. He then went entirely out, into the kitchen, and called to the servant to get a light and let them go check the cows in the barn, in case the wind had disturbed them.

When he got out into the open air and cooled down, he came to himself a little and blew off some steam.

All was quiet in the barn. Just the dog, who was also holed up in there, jumped up to scare them when he heard the noise they made to open the gate. But when he smelled them and understood who they were, he calmed down, approached Pavlos and licked him. In the barn, the cow was sleeping carefree and her little calf was lying next to her. She was happy and contented all her life. In perfect serenity. And a scorn towards the raging winds outside.

Then the village bell rang eight times.

– How the days have grown, Sir, said the servant then. It's only eight, and it seems as if it's ten.

The maid came just in time.

– Sir, they are calling you, she said.

– All right, I'm coming, answered Pavlos and went out.

He got upstairs. Antigoni had calmed down by then. She had gotten up in bed.

– We were worried, Anthi said to Pavlos when he entered. We didn't know what happened to you.

Anna, Angelos and the doctor had surrounded Antigoni and joked with her. She was laughing, but it was as if unconsciously, as if tired.

Pavlos said:

– I suppose, Antigoni, that it's time for you to rest now.

– Not yet, complained Antigoni, although the need to rest was evident on her face.

The doctor looked at his watch, took Antigoni's pulse, and then he too said:

– And yet, you should rest now. Think about our belly, too. It's past eight.

– You egoists, she said sadly, why don't you admit you're bored with me and want to sit an hour earlier at the poker table. All right, all right, go away. It's better for me to be alone now. To punish you.

Angelos smiled.

– What a whiner you are towards us, he told her and pulled at her ear caressingly. She closed her eyes.

– All right, she said, I'm not angry. I won't keep you here anymore. Good night.

They all got up and went slowly downstairs. Only Mrs. Anthi and Pavlos remained to help her calm down.

After helping her, they also got out. Pavlos stopped at the next room, pretending to search for something. And when his mother-in-law had left, he closed the hall door and went to look through the door lock.

A gas light without asbestos was left half-lit in Antigoni's room, because she was afraid to be alone in the dark. So, a dim light was flickering in there. Antigoni had not yet laid down. She sat on the bed and, religious as she always was, said her prayer. Then with an inward impulse she reached out her hand, that remnant of her white-lily-like beauty, which the Black Evil was now wasting away. She reached out to the desk which her husband had brought her that afternoon, and tried to open the drawer, the one where she kept her love letters. But the drawer was locked and she no longer knew where her keys were.

Then she despaired. Pavlos saw with his own eyes the despair covering her ideal face. She grabbed her head. She looked again. She stopped as if to shout. She closed her eyes. She lifted her covers. Then came the weakness, which was her companion and her servant. Her head fell on the headrest as if she suddenly blacked out.

Pavlos saw all this and his heart sank. Then he went downstairs to the dining room, where they were waiting for him for dinner.

III

Antigoni then fell into a slumber. Two nights already they stayed with her all night, but her soul wouldn't leave her yet.

Lying down, lost, melted. A shadow, a ghost. Her beauty quashed, and only her all-blond hair, only her flowery eyelashes stayed always the same, at the touch of the Great Hour of Sunset that was shaking her and tormenting her and would not liberate her. One of her hands was hanging out of the covers and was holding the sheet tightly. Her mouth was incessantly chattering. Oh, the horrible agony! The agony of the final moments!

Horrible is the time when man
Is struggling with Death!

Broken, incomprehensible phrases, complaints and sobs, at the partition wall of the two Lives!

It's the third night tonight. A nurse is looking after her. None of her relatives dare to go upstairs to her. Her mother is tucked into one end of a couch and doesn't want to hear anything either. She doesn't even think about anything. Her father rests his head in his hands and seems to have

fallen asleep. A little further away, Anna, her sister, mourns, while Angelos tries to calm her. Some acquaintances and friends also just sit and do not talk, but there are just a few left anymore, since most of them tired and went away.

The doctor is also absent this evening.

Pavlos comes and goes and is the most restless of them all. He smokes continuously.

Sometimes he goes out and then he comes back. He hasn't eaten or drunk anything for twenty-four whole hours. He literally doesn't know what he's doing. He doesn't pay attention anywhere. He often bites his fingers and sometimes he throws himself suddenly into an armchair, only to get up immediately in a moment.

The talking of those around him, those tired and exhausted beings, echoes as unintelligible phrases in his ears. Everything rustles as if blacked out and he doesn't even want to feel it.

It's close to midnight. He goes upstairs slowly and weary to their bedroom. Before he enters, he is already enthralled by the horrible moans of his dying wife. The nurse sits at one corner, curled up in front of a brazier whose fire has already died down. Tragically vigilant is this awful guardian of the coming death. She opens her eyes, small and blurry, blurry as the waters of cloudy evenings. Her hair unkempt, some tufts falling on her forehead and others on her neck.

Pavlos doesn't even turn to look at her. He goes towards Antigoni's bed. Then he says hoarsely and quickly to the nurse:

– Go and rest if you want. I'll look after her.

The woman gets up and leaves.

Pavlos is left alone. Next to Antigoni, who struggles and flounders but does not die. His eyes blur and he can barely keep to his feet. Spontaneous sobs choke him. He moans. Everything comes to his mind. He closes his eyes and drowns in an Ocean of black and horrible tussles. He speaks without feeling it.

– That's how everything comes to an end, he tells her. You fade away, my joy and my misfortune. You gave me my whole life and you took it away from me. You strengthened all my hopes and then you froze them.

In my soul, however, you reign. You were a star without an evening, without a sunset, oh eternal one!

You came once like spring, rich and fragrant. Flowers and roses and birds surrounded me in abundance. But behind your spring you hid our calamity from me. We had secured our calamity.

You flowed bound to your dream, your ideal. I was living raised in my ideal, in my dream. Your joy was then stuck in an obstacle, and that obstacle was me. And it didn't take long for me to find myself a castaway in the Ocean that was taking me away from you. Fatal is my calamity, and you were leaden then. Should I then stand up and strike you, I who was the stronger one, and hit you, you being the weaker one? I had mercy on you. You were forgiven. My mercy, my sacrifice. And my dream extinguished!

THE MASSACRE OF THE INFANTS

... But why these complaints? Why your incessant moaning? Unstoppable. Eternal. It has us all defeated, crushed.

What did we miss out? Your poor parents gave you everything. The priest walked alone and came and read you the prayers for the dying. He threw lemon leaves at you with his hands to perfume your soul and so that it ascends to the heavens more gently. But you continue with the same complaint, the same incessant moaning. See, we are all turned to you, dedicated to you.

So rest easy now. Sleep the dreamless sleep, at peace, atoned.

What do you want me to offer you further, besides my deadened soul? What greater sacrifice? What incense? ... Ah, I see what you expect... The letters, the letters. The romance of your soul. Your life! We'll find them and laugh at them and make fun of you. We the ungodly and the humble, the sacrilegious. And we will drag your pure love into the depths of ridicule.

And my baser instincts will awaken within me, and I will seek to reclaim my lost honor, perhaps cursing your memory.

But no! Keep calm. But also accept the final sacrifice you expect from me. It's yours, yours.

And he leans into her ear and says quickly and hissing.

– Don't forget how I loved you, how I loved you!

Then he gets up. He walks over to the desk drawer and pulls it open. He takes out the letter box. He goes towards the bed and the brazier. He throws the letters in and starts burning them one by one. A smell arose, like that of valerian essence. It is from the perfume, the precious perfume, that scented them for so long. It rises and completely fills the room, and intoxicates Pavlos himself. The last letter is burning. The flame started softly, and suddenly it roared and grew and consummated the final letter.

Pavlos turns back to Antigoni, dazzled. She's smiling now. Her lips are pursed. Now they open, then they close. Now they are reopening. And then they are finally closed.

Pavlos falls upon her, and a wail shakes the house that has fallen asleep in that horrible November night.

TONIS CHRISTIDIS

THE LONDON CONFERENCE

The representatives of Turkey and the allied states who met together at the St. James's Palace to conclude a peace agreement, today hold in their hands the golden thread of the Balkan labyrinth, in the center of which stands the Minotaur of war.

If the disputing parties finally agree, united they will kill him and thus the entire East will be freed forever from the nightmare of the continuation of the war, and Europe from the threat of an outbreak of a pan-European clash.

But if, against all wishes and all expectations, they disagree, then the Minotaur will find many victims to satisfy his thirst for blood.

Certainly no prudent and benevolent person is wishing for the repetition of war, since in every war both victors and vanquished suffer its consequences, the most important of which is the economic anomaly. For regardless of the moral motives which cause conflicts between states and the moral results which are issued from them, there can be no doubt that the economic distress created by the state of war is a gangrenous wound so deep, that it is difficult to heal, and, because it also threatens to be transmitted to healthy limbs, everyone has a direct or indirect interest in healing it.

However, as is always the case, although peace is desirable to everyone and all sovereigns and statesmen without exception speak highly of it, so great is the power of the moral motives which drive the people to revolt on the one hand, and so irresistible is it on the other the power of material interests, which is the only lever that moves world diplomacy, so that this cheerful - faced goddess, who with her smiles dispenses all the goods of prosperity to countries over which she reigns undisturbed, often has to flee before bloodthirsty Ares.

This is why the scruples expressed by the pessimists about the outcome of the doings at the London conference are understandable. These scruples are reinforced by the menacing lightning, which from time to time illuminates with its awful brilliance the clouds that accumulate in the depths of the political horizon and heralds a storm in all of its parts.

The mobilization of the Austrian troops which had been going on for some time, and the announcement of the latest movements of the French and English fleets, unrelated as they may appear on the surface, are signs which indicate to the political meteorologists that although the barometer at St. James's Palace shows fair weather, the captains of the political "ships" take all measures to face the eventual storm. The most pessimistic even believe that the outcome of this very peace conference will not just be the continuation of the Balkan war, but also the clash of the two Triple combinations, the Alliance and the Entente. In other words, they consider that its convening was done with ulterior motives by the Powers concerned on both sides, in order to regulate matters in the East according to the particular interests of each one of them.

Fortunately, the predictions of the pessimists do not always come true and often good will and compromise prevail over the difficulties, with which it has been possible until now to avoid the biggest reefs on which the boat of peace was often in danger of crashing.

The representatives of Turkey and the Balkan states have such an important mission, that we are convinced that they will make the greatest efforts to smooth out any difficulties arising from time to time in the negotiations, since not only the final cessation of the war in the East depends on their outcome, but also the maintenance of world peace.

ON THE BRITISH FLAGSHIP

Owing to the situation arising from the war, many battleships were assembled in the harbor not long ago. Among them were those which constituted the British naval squadron under the command of Vice-Admiral C. Thursby.

On board the flagship "Hibernia" of this squadron, a few days before it set sail, the Most Reverend Metropolitan of Smyrna, Mr. Chrysostomos, the Most Reverend Bishop of Tralleis [Aydın], Mr. Chrysostomos and the editor-in-chief of "Kosmos", Mr. Stilpon Pittakis, in addition to being invited for dinner where they enjoyed a hearty reception and received most honorable treatment, were photographed in turn by the senior officer Mr. M. Ainslie and by the squadron chaplain Reverend F. Woods.

We have published the said photographs on pages 480-481 as visible symbols of the reciprocity of friendly feelings which bind the ministers of the Eastern Orthodox to those of the Anglican Church, whose fraternal rapprochement every true Christian ardently desires.

WINTER PICTURES

After having many summer days throughout autumn, we imperceptibly entered winter, which, for the time being at least, did not turn up with its usual severity. On the contrary, in fact, it approached us with a mild and gentle air, which, however, does deceive us and we unsuspectingly fall into the trap. We see every day the victims of the deceitfulness of the treacherous old man. Some cough constantly, others run to warm up in their homes with teary eyes, not from emotion but from catarrh, others end up ill in bed and some –fortunately few– say goodbye to us forever.

There is no doubt that winter has its good moments, but these are so few and are obtained with so many sacrifices that the people rightly say that "winter is only for the rich".

This truth is vividly represented by the two winter pictures, which we have published on pages 476-477 of this leaflet.

In one of them one sees a girl of the affluent class "wrapped up" gracefully, enjoying the warmth of the family hearth, which is so large as to allow her to leave half exposed a part of her still childish breast, which hasn't yet felt the bites of the icy wind, nor the blows of the arrows of Aphrodite's son.

On her fresh form is painted all the bliss of her age and her social position, but also all the innate coquetry of her sex, which is aided by wealth and opulence.

On the other hand, one sees in the other picture a poor girl of the common folk, who has her head covered with a scanty cloth and strives with her pleading air to attract the attention and sympathy of those who can help her to face the hardships of poverty and winter.

What a difference in expression between the two pictures! What a contrast between the calm that is spread over the face of the rich girl, and the worry that is painted in the eyes of the sympathetic poor girl!

She says with her air: "I am the one favored of fortune! Get on your knees! Worship me!" And the other with her look: "I am the victim of Destiny! Take pity on me! Help me!"

And the spectator admires on the one hand the brilliance of the wealth of the first girl, but sympathizes with and likes the other one, and inwardly wishes to meet such a truly unhappy creature and help her to spend the holidays of Christmas and New Year more happily.

COMPLETION OF THE FOURTH YEAR OF "KOSMOS"

With the current leaflet, the fourth year of the publication of "Kosmos" is completed.

Its Direction, fulfilling a necessary duty, expresses its thanks to its subscribers, contributors, and readers, as well as to all who have hitherto offered it their support in any way, and encouraged thereby it will hopefully continue its difficult task, gradually bringing about all possible improvements and reforms.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

It is with great pleasure that we announce the marriage that took place these days between our well-known and worthy fellow citizen Mr. Periklis Karydis and most graceful Miss Chrysiis P. Tamvakis, daughter of our dear fellow citizen Mr. Pan. Tamvakis.

The Direction of "Kosmos" wishes the newlyweds a very happy life.

PUBLICATIONS

COMING SOON

FROM THE "LAYMAN" AND THE "OTHER"

"THE INDISCREET"

Annual Caricature and Satire

Revue

Subscription octets 2 [= 4 piasters]

Responsible: VAS. VITALIS