

the music, or better said the racket. But the dancers, who were so exuberant and joyous at the tables a moment before, now seem to be performing some sacred rite. At the end of the hall the results of the election in the Seventh District of Alabama and the Third District of Ohio are projected on the screen, giving the Republicans votes which ordinarily go to the Democrats. Although dancing continues uninterrupted and the band even intensifies its discord of rattles, whistles, gongs, and other barbarous devices, the people on the floor simultaneously add their applause to the general clamor. Altogether it is a startling vision of movement and madness, of alternating gauzy toilettes, sparkling jewels, dark dress suits, variegated confetti and streamers, and above all brutish noise combining in a veritable Walpurgis Night pandemonium.

We encounter the same atmosphere, if not exactly the same manifestations of it, not far from the Plaza, at 511 Fifth Avenue, in the low building with its comfortable, dignified furniture and general air of opulence characteristic of American clubs, where the Republican Club is serving as temporary headquarters for that party. Here the leaders are gathered; presidents of banks and railway companies and firms known throughout two hemispheres, representatives of the largest fortunes in New York and in the world. In spite of a certain aristocratic calm, one catches a quality of tenseness in the conversation and in the applause or expression of satisfaction as the favorable results pour in. Enormous wagers, whole fortunes, have been staked by these gentlemen, who exchange congratulations as they chew the ends of their cigars. It is not the money itself that worries them. Their eager anxiety is due to larger interests; to the object to which they

have bent all their energies and efforts for eight years, still more during the last four years, and above all during the last four months; a partisan triumph, an assured Republican government for four or for twelve years, crushing for good and all *l'odieux régime*.

When some time after midnight the success of Senator Harding is assured, we see here, as on the streets, exhibitions of brief folly, which even the previous enthusiasm had not elicited. A bank president, elderly and somewhat gouty, grabs a famous and eminent lawyer, and the two gentlemen with the most serious air in the world tread a few measures of the fox trot.

By this time a throng of elegantly clad people has emerged from party headquarters, restaurants, and clubs along Fifth Avenue, and gathered in the street, where the infernal din is multiplied and intensified. Whistles, horns, the explosion of backfires, bells, sirens, and anything that can make a racket is used to contribute to the confusion. Searchlights sweep the heavens. The whole populace surrenders to a mad delirium, as the nation learns that a change of administration has become a fact.

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## ELECTION IN ATHENS

BY PIERRE DE LACRETELLE

PEOPLE who have watched the election campaign here at Athens for a month, feel that the utter defeat of the Liberal Party is almost inexplicable, and are tempted to lose confidence in the Greek people.

Late in November Venizelos made a triumphal journey throughout the principal strongholds of the opposition,

and was received everywhere with such excessive manifestations of enthusiasm and adoration that they seemed even to embarrass him. The whole population crowded about him, bending over when he passed to kiss his hands and his garments. At Patras, a reactionary stronghold, and Syra, Corinth, Saloniki, Chalkis, and Volos, similar incidents occurred as late as November 11. All Athens flocked around the balconies when Venizelos delivered his terrible indictment of Constantine. His discourse was punctuated at almost every word by friendly applause and solemn protestations. A hundred thousand men marched through the city afterward, singing hymns glorifying their liberator. Gounaris, the leader of the opposition, and his partisans were discouraged. The moderates acknowledged their defeat, and reconciled themselves to a policy of rebuilding their party after the election. Venizelos himself, ordinarily so reserved, admitted publicly that the manifestations of support surpassed his hopes; and in a private conversation on November 17, he estimated that the opposition would win but seventy-five seats in Parliament.

Only a few days later the Liberals were crushed and ceased to exist as a party. Venizelos was beaten in Athens, and deserted by half of Crete and eastern Macedonia. In a word, the situation completely reversed itself, and Venizelos' party will have hardly as many representatives in Parliament as they conceded to the former opposition.

Painful scenes have accompanied the shattering of the former government here at Athens; but they must be described if we are to understand the hopeless capriciousness of this nation.

During the morning of the fourteenth, a rumor circulated that the opposition was discouraged and had decided to refrain from voting; and as a matter of fact very few who were not

Liberals presented themselves at the polls up to three o'clock in the afternoon. Thinking that they had won the election, the Venizelists, in the happy-go-lucky manner of Orientals, chose to parade through the city in cheering groups instead of watching and remaining about the polling places. Balloting here is a very long and complicated process. Every voter has to listen in succession to one hundred and seven speeches of instruction and to deposit that number of ballots in as many different ballot boxes.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon the opposition began to flock to the polls in throngs which could not be counted; for they had hitherto pretended to be Liberals of the most enthusiastic kind.

Still no one doubted the victory of the Venizelists until about ten o'clock that night, when a friend of the Premier's arrived at full speed at Hotel Great Britain, where his party had its headquarters. Pale as death and trembling, this man blurted out that the first returns uniformly showed a majority for the opposition. An indescribable panic immediately seized this little group and spread into the town. A crowd speedily gathered in front of the Liberal Club demanding the returns. It wavered between hope and despair for two hours before receiving this statement:

The returns give a slight advantage to the opposition, but when the soldiers' votes come in we hope to recover our majority.

Immediately the most prominent members of the party gathered about Venizelos, and tried to prevail upon him to proclaim a military dictatorship. However, the Premier, who was the only one to keep his head, resolutely refused. He wanted an honest election and intended to obey the wishes of the people. He calmed the

panic, but declared that he would not accept office if his majority was due to the votes of the soldiers. His friends objected to this that it had been useless, then, to allow the soldiers to vote, if their wishes were to be disregarded. After a long debate, which at times was very violent, the Premier yielded to their persuasion on this point.

First and foremost, however, was the duty of maintaining order and preventing violence during the crisis. He feared that the soldiers might make trouble, fancying that they were still loyal to him, and telegraphed to the commanding officers at Smyrna and Thrace, appealing to them to remain at their posts for the honor of the country and the army.

When Athens timidly awoke next morning, you would have hunted in vain in the windows or elsewhere for a single portrait of Venizelos, thousands of which had been displayed the day before. His partisans had prudently removed them. News from outside the city left no hope. Nevertheless, the prestige of Venizelos was still so great, his authority so dominated the timid masses, that he certainly could have bent the situation to his will, had he desired to supersede the law. You could see that the city still hesitated, waiting to know who was master, and ready to applaud the man who won.

This atmosphere of uncertainty and distrust still prevailed when the first disorders occurred, and resulted in several deaths at various points in the city. The Liberals made no resistance, whereupon Royalist olive branches began to be displayed in public. Venizelos, desiring to prevent more serious disturbances, summoned the ambassadors of France and Great Britain and informed them of his final decision. A convinced democrat, he had no intention of maintaining himself in power by bayonets.

He still hesitated to leave Greece; but an intercepted telephone message alarmed his friends lest he be assassinated; and they persuaded him to leave the country. By this time he had been abandoned not only by all Greece, but by his own party, which seemed to have vanished instantaneously in thin air. Most of the prominent leaders had already fled, and the only men who remained with the Premier were a few faithful friends, who were determined to hasten his departure.

On Wednesday, November 17, about noon, an automobile took him to Piræus, where he boarded a steamer for France. This time, however, no soldiers were needed to protect him from the enthusiastic demonstrations of the populace. A few curious spectators tauntingly waved Royalist olive branches as he passed. Not a hat was raised when a leader of whom Greece was unworthy quit his fatherland a voluntary exile, driven from it by an ingratitude unexampled in his nation's history. His last words, addressed to a Frenchman, were an attempt to excuse his people: 'Tell them in France,' he said, 'that my people have been misled by foreign agents. Do not be offended with them.' In moments like that, one can only bow in respect before the dignity and the almost religious veneration for his country and race, which this humiliated patriot still maintained. Perhaps his opinion would have changed, if he could have seen what happened at Athens a few hours later.

As soon as Gounaris and his friends, who had not dared to do anything before, were informed of the departure of their still feared adversary, they breathed more freely. They realized that they had really won a victory. The news spread quickly through the city and Athens, happy to have no longer to choose its master, surrendered itself joyously to its new rulers.

First of all, every one tried to get a portrait of Constantine. That was the Palladium to be seen on every hand. Still the intention of the army remained doubtful. However, most of the Venizelist officers immediately resigned; so that Constantine's agents had only to visit the barracks with well-filled purses to transform the well-disciplined divisions into a howling mob. The troops immediately scattered throughout the city, cheered by the crowds, and removing the last remaining source of disquietude.

Spontaneous processions formed, carrying aloft in triumph pictures of Constantine, of Sophia, and even of the Kaiser. People pelted each other with flowers across the streets. Effigies of Venizelos attached to the end of a broom were a great success. But the centre of attraction was a group of common criminals who were liberated under the mistaken impression that they were political prisoners. Some sixty Turkish and Bulgarian war prisoners marched in a procession, crowned with olive branches, fraternizing with the soldiers, and cheering Constantine. A young Bulgarian non-commissioned officer carried aloft a portrait of the former king, hastily sketched for the occasion; its expression was at the same time benevolent and sad, a black band of crepe was around the arm in memory of the death of his son, the usurper chastised by destiny.

By four o'clock the carnival had developed into an Oriental orgy. The soldiers who had deserted their barracks with arms and ammunition, manifested their exhilaration by firing volleys into the air. About one hundred and fifty thousand people crowded into Constitution Square. Suddenly a great shout rose from the crowd, at the sight of an incredible procession which circled madly around its outskirts. This consisted of firemen and police-

men, who only the day before were maintaining public order. At first they had prudently kept in the background fearing reprisals, but now they rallied to the popular cause. Some in red automobiles, others on bicycles, sped madly through the crowd, firing revolvers in the air, clanging gongs, tooting horns, and shouting the cry taken up by the whole city: *The King returns!*

By evening, under the glorious cloudless sky which bent over the Acropolis, you could hardly move through the streets on account of the encumberment of olive branches. Athens had become a vast market place, where the air was so heavy with dust, smoke, and the odor of the mob, that it was scarcely respirable. Incessant shouting and cheering and the reports of thousands of firearms combined in a deafening din. As the aim of the excited soldiers grew careless one began to hear the crash of breaking windows.

Amid the general rejoicing and tumult ugly charges against France were bandied about. One of the street speakers, the editor of a Loyalist journal, shouted: 'We are a free nation. Foreigners have pulled us about by the nose long enough. Long live Constantine!'

Finally late in the evening the excitement gradually died away. Little altars were erected in front of the pictures of Constantine posted along the streets, where Easter candles were burned. The crowd would kneel in passing these, and many exchanged the kiss of peace with their neighbors, repeating the ritual phrase, 'He is risen.'

Such scenes continued until one o'clock in the morning when people began to retire to their homes. Soon peace reigned over the slumbering city, and its streets were deserted except at Constitution Square, where a few dozen soldiers were sleeping heavily at the edge of the pavement. Now and

then one would awake, yawn, slip a cartridge clip into his rifle and lazily fire four or five times before lying down again and resuming his slumbers.

Thus was passed a day by which every citizen of Athens honestly fancied he had demonstrated his dignity and good judgment.

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## FLEEING FROM CRIMEA

BY F. DE BAILLCHACHE

I AM still suffering from the shock at what I have seen during the last few days — worse things than it has ever before been my experience to witness. Early in the morning of November 10, startling news arrived from Sebastopol. The Reds had rolled up the White army, and M. de Martel, the French High Commissioner, sent urgent dispatches calling for transports. We left at once.

On the 11th, we are already before Sebastopol. It is a beautiful day, recalling our own delightful Provence. We are in the back sweep of a battle, surrounded by French, English, and American torpedo boats. Nothing is to be seen. A deep, dull, agonizing silence rests over the bay.

On the morning of the 12th, General Wrangel comes on board the Waldeck-Rousseau. He says that his six divisions, although they fought superbly, were not able to withstand twenty-seven Bolshevik divisions commanded by German officers. To-morrow those twenty-seven divisions will be at Sebastopol.

At one o'clock P.M., several Frenchmen, including myself, land. A Russian pilots us to the city. Everything is calm. People are reading the newspapers as fast as they leave the press. These report the Reds already near by.

Dense, picturesque groups are clustered here and there. Old bearded Russians in garments made of hides; Cossacks in tall sheepskin caps or red shakos. The latter wear poniards and curved sabers with jeweled handles at their belts. Here and there are women refugees, very Oriental in appearance with their heavy veils. All we see of their features are their magnificent blue eyes, still dilated with the terror of their flight.

All shops and hotels are closed. The ruble continues to fall. Yesterday, a franc would buy 10,000; to-day, 20,000. A box of matches costs 1500 rubles. The banks have no money in their vaults.

We ascend Malakoff Tower, which the Reds will possibly destroy tomorrow with all the memories it preserves for France. Night is falling when we get back. The wharves are packed with a countless silent throng. Many a face is wet with tears, but there is no noise.

We embark, finding General Brusard, M. de Martel and his Cossack guard, secretaries, dignitaries, and princes in ragged boots, already aboard the vessel. Their clothing is in rags. They are wearing no collars and their faces are pale and lined with fatigue. They are introduced to us by famous names, those of former nobles and grandees.

No blood and thunder romance, no sensational film, could reproduce what is now occurring every day in Russia. Princes of the highest lineage, noble ladies and their families, a whole world of people with strained, emaciated faces, dilapidated clothing, makeshift garb, who speak the most cultivated French and possess the breeding and manners of the most courtly and refined society, are crowded here.

A little girl, almost a child, showed