

THIEVES AND GREEK PATRIOTS

BRAVE, ROMANTIC CUTTHROATS, INTO
WHOSE HANDS MISS STONE
HAS FALLEN.



PARIS, Nov. 12.—The affair of Miss Stone, whose fate as I write still hangs in the balance, recalls to mind some personal experiences of brigands of the type of her captors, gleaned and jotted down in a far-off corner of Europe.

They are far-wandering fellows, these bandits; now prowling among the mountain fastnesses of Bulgaria, again sunning themselves in the soft air of Southern Greece. Of many bloods are they; but wherever one finds them or of whatever nationality or mixture of nationalities they may be, essentially the bands are much alike.

It was in the northeast end of Greece, in the smiling valley that marks the Greco-Turkey frontier, by the sacred spot famous for the memory of Leonidas and his gallant Spartan laddies, that I had my first confidential talk with a band of genuine brigands of the brave old school. They were nearly 30 in number, magnificently armed (most of them) in costume, splendidly armed with the richly chased weapons

that the Eastern races love; handsome, too, in appearance, for the greater part, and all charming companions. In qualification of this last statement I must mention that I did not meet them in their professional capacity; I was a guest, not a victim, and they were off duty for the nonce, or, rather, they had temporarily changed their allegiance, instead of playing their daily business of forcible abduction of moneyed travelers. They were enrolled as irregular combatants under the Greek flag in the war then raging against Turkey.

Fought for the Greeks.

As soon as the war broke out their chief, Mavroyeni, who had for years "covered" the mountainous district between Lamia and Dhonokos, hastened without any disguise to Athens, and offered the Minister of War the services of his band of 30 picked "Kleptoi," the terror of the rich Turks who still ride camels and pray in mosques in that border territory. The Minister accepted gladly. These men knew the ground, wild regions of mountains and forest, and deserted plain, where no mapmakers have

yet penetrated. They were hardy and enduring beyond belief. Clad in the traditional fustanella like the kilts of the Scots, and carrying slung loosely over their shoulders an unsecured sheepskin, they could march for days without tents or other shelter, without any of the cumbersome baggage and commissariat which regular troops require, and of which the Greek War Office was so entirely destitute.

They were splendid marksmen and wonderfully deft in wielding the formidable yataghan; "a very distinct acquisition," said the Minister, and so, with the assent of General Smolenski, Mavroyeni received full plenary absolution of all his peccadilloes and a warrant entitling him to the title of Kapetanios, with authority to form a firing brigade of Kleptoi to harry the enemy's flanks. To him were joined two Cretans, Karakiton and Christopoulos, who had just arrived with their bands in Athens on the same patriotic mission. The three Kapetanios were stripped of the too melodramatic items of their costume, clad somewhat after the semblance of the regulars of the Hellenic army, and sent by boat to Agia Marina, the nearest port to their chosen region. In a week they had formed a corps of splendid patriotic ruffians, numbering some days 200 or 300, falling off sometimes to 50 or 60, as the chances of spoil or the whim of the moment dictated.

It was curious to notice in their conversation, in the long evening talks round the camp fires, how absolutely they blended the two apparently contradictory sentiments, a burning love of country and intense desire of booty.

They were as proud of being Greeks, or, as they preferred to say, "Hellenes," as an American is of his proud citizenship of the great republic; yet they were equally proud of being "Kleptoi"—i. e., "thieves," for the word means nothing else, as witness our derivative "kleptomaniac."

"Zeto Hellas" (Long live Greece!) they would cry with superb enthusiasm, waving their terrible yataghans in the red light of the fires; and "Zeto hot Kleptoi!" (Long live the Thieves!) they would yell with the same fervor, making the mountains echo with the reports of their rifles, or the cracking of their jeweled pistols. And they saw no difference.

When I remarked this inconsistency of sentiment in a laughing way to Mavroyeni he smiled charmingly over the little cup of coffee he held in his hand and said: "What do you wish, my brother? It is our life, our trade. We ennoble it by glorying in it. If we were ashamed of it, it would be base." He further explained that he looked on himself as a kind of prince without a definite throne or capital, and the people that fell into his hands and carried away were simply a kind of taxpayers; he never took more than they or their families could afford. He never molested poor people, except for a little passing hospitality, which he paid was gladly given. His band, he begged me to believe, was much esteemed in the district.

Always Among Friends.

This remarkable statement, strange though it may seem, is literally true. The Chorkoi, or small peasants in the valleys of Thessaly, do absolutely respect and admire the Kleptoi, looking upon their life as entirely dignified and as proving great courage and a romantic spirit of adventure greatly to the credit of the possessors. This it is that makes any attempt to capture these bandits so difficult. Whenever they may be, they are among friends. When the Archon of Larissa was captured some six years ago by the terrible band of Chief Pappakritopoulos, and carried away to his secret lair, he was rescued by his secretary to Mount Othrys, the whole peasantry of the district became

spies in the interest of the brigands, carrying information by night of the movements of the small army sent to rescue the officials. The fate of the Archon bled ill for Miss Stone, for, although the Archon himself sent a written request that the soldiers cease to attempt his rescue, they persisted and did finally surprise the camp, only to find the two captives dead, stabbed by the ferocious chief himself just as the Greek soldiers swarmed into the brigands' fastness. The victims were amply avenged, for every single one of the Kleptoi was killed in the dreadful struggle that followed.

Mavroyeni himself is not, I believe, guileless of blood. It is rather hard to put so delicate a question to a generous and charming host, whose tobacco and lamb's flesh one has shared, and with whom one has taken the risks of war-time on the enemy's border for many days. But once when we lay on our sheepskins at the rocky foot of Olympus, watching the Kleptoi dancing hand in hand the solemn grave dance to the accompaniment of the curious wailing Eastern chant that from time immemorial goes with the dance, I ventured near the subject of his personal deeds.

"You yourself, Karakiton, have you not had to be severe?" The Kapetanios took the tube of his narghile from between his teeth, pointed it at the brigands dancing between the fires and the scrub sparsely scattered over the grim sides of the mountain, and said very gravely:

"They tell me, effendi, that this dance is from the time of Homer."

"You smoked in silence, watching the Romak, and said no more about it. Though a very young man, Mavroyeni's presence was very impressive; he had immense natural dignity and the powerful gaze of a man accustomed to command. I have seen grizzled old veterans look as sheepish as children caught in some petty crime when their young Kapetanios delivered his mind to them on some breach of discipline, or some strategic indiscretion.

One day an Armenian of the Foreign Legion who had, by the chance of war, lost his company and attached himself temporarily to Mavroyeni's band, incurred

the Kapetanios' wrath by firing a shot against orders while we were lurking in the neighborhood of a pass down which it was thought the Turks might try to enter. Never had I dreamed that such fury was possible. The Kapetanios, usually so grave and dignified, became like a wild beast, roaring, raging, his eyes like blazing coals, his voice terrible with passion. The Armenian, who could not understand a word of the fiery invective, was abject with terror. The whole company stood round absolutely cowed; we were like a lot of whipped curs. It was an unforgettable experience. I remember that, hours after the storm, the boy that had charge of the Kapetanios' only luxury, his evening narghile, had to be shoved into his presence by five or six of the men, so scared he was to approach his terrible master.

The other "chiefs," though duly applauded by the movement, were ciphers by the side of Mavroyeni. Calmly and without dispute he settled everything. The Cretan captain had only to say "yes" and transmit his orders to their men. Mavroyeni had a kind of contempt for them, as being what he called "Slave-Greeks," that is, Greeks from a Turkish possession, while he was a "free-Greek"—left-er—and Kapetanios of a band of Kleptoi, let alone, they too.

During the week or ten days I was with the Kleptoi I never saw him spend five minutes in talk with either Karakiton or Christopoulos; they kept among their men, he among his. His followers, however, were on the best of good terms with the Cretans, and when food or tobacco was scarce, the Thessalians always stood aside, rough "thieves" though they were, to allow the Cretans to have the

pick of the stores. Karakiton and Christopoulos had both for years led their bands of guerrilla fighters, the one near Suda, the other in the interior from the Capea, and had veritably kept alive the passion for freedom in a whole country inflamed by the constant tale of their exploits against the Turks. Their methods may often have been questionable, for they frankly called themselves Kleptoi and practiced "kleptomaniac" quite openly; but their courage was beyond question and their course was not ignoble in itself. It was not easy to talk freely with the Cretans; their Greek is peculiar, provincial, even archaic, and they, also, seemed suspicious of the stranger, massing their noble tongue of Plato. But they were extraordinarily polite, in a curious, cold way, making pretty, quasi-oriental gestures of deference and salaaming with their hand half way to the earth when one offered them a cigarette or a glass of ouzo.

Take it for all in all, it was a wonderfully interesting week, that week among the brigands in the mountain passes, watching for the Turk that never came, scouting in the van of the army that, had we but known it, was already smashed at Dhonokos and suing for the armistice that inaugurated the dismal peace. A wild life, and hard, but sweetened by picturesque surroundings and gladdened by good comradeship. In times of peace one regrets one's war days, and there is at least one more of less respectable citizen who pines sometimes for the blanket on the ground he shared with a horde of lawless brigands.

STEPHEN AUSTIN.
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INTERESTING FEATURES of MEDICINE

GERMS OF DISEASES
By GEORGE THOMAS PALMER, M. D.

The Sunday Oregonian begins today a series of popular articles on "Interesting Features of Medicine," by Dr. George Thomas Palmer, of Chicago. He is the editor of the Chicago Clinic, medical director of Trinity Day Hospital for Infants, and instructor in the diseases of children at the Chicago Clinical School. This series of articles makes up the leisure hour writings of an active physician and editor, and are designed to show the most interesting phases of the profession from the physician's point of view.

During the past decade the ideas regarding the causes or the etiology of diseases have been entirely revolutionized. Formerly diseases were charged by our predecessors to innumerable vague sources; to wind, to storm, to heat, to cold, to dryness, to moisture, to inflammation, to humors, to skin affections driven in and to causes so intangible and so remote as to make the logical student hesitate before accepting the teachings.

Today, along most lines and in most diseases we have a fairly comprehensive idea of etiology, and in many cases we are able absolutely to point out and demonstrate an actual specific cause in the characteristic disease germ—the seed from which the disease process springs. We know that consumption is the fruit of the tubercle bacillus, and that pneumonia arises from the pneumococcus. Now how do we know these things? We know that consumption is the fruit of the tubercle bacillus because in every

case of consumption the tubercle bacillus is found, because tubercle bacilli are found only in such conditions, because the disease can be caused by the artificial introduction of these germs into animals. If we find the same germ in every case of a disease, and if we can cause the disease by the artificial introduction of the germ we are comparatively certain that we have discovered the characteristic germ of the disease.

The bacteriologist studies these little animals, if such we may call them, under the field of his microscope and learns their physical characteristics and habits, and thereby is able to recognize them when he comes in contact with them at other times.

Physical Characteristics of Bacteria.

The physical characteristics are shown in various forms in which bacteria are found. There are the elongated rod-shaped germs called bacilli, to which the germs of typhoid fever and tuberculosis belong; there are the round or spherical germs known as micrococci, of which class the germs of erysipelas and ordinary pus infection are types; there are the curved or S-shaped germs, like those of these forms some of the bacteria are provided with whip-like processes known as flagellae, which aid them in moving about like the tail of a fish, and under the high power microscope may sometimes

be seen a whitish spot on the center of the germ which is the spore or the egg. The habits of the different bacteria are as characteristic as their forms. Some go in chains, many arrayed in perfect regular lines; some in clusters like a bunch of grapes, while others are in pairs so close together that their surfaces are flattened out against the other, making them look like a breakfast roll. Still others are found isolated and alone. Some of these germs grow best in the presence of fresh air, and these are called aerobic bacteria, while others, which cannot grow in the presence of oxygen, are called anaerobic. Some are cultivated best on the surface of a cut Irish potato, others grow best on beef bouillon, which has been made to the consistency of a jelly by the addition of gelatine; others thrive best on agar-agar, a sort of gelatinous sea moss, while others are known to thrive only in blood serum. The growth upon these culture media differ very materially, according to the germs which produce them. One may appear thick and white, another blue, another lemon color, another red, another orange.

So it is easily seen that there are many ways in which the bacteriologist can differentiate between the various germs, and so it is seen that he can often make a diagnosis of the disease though he has never seen the patient or heard anything of the history of the case. In the great public bacteriological laboratories the bacteriologist will study the culture under his microscope, and with absolute certainty arrive at his diagnosis, which he communicates to the family physician, who

is waiting impatiently for the scientific man's opinion.

The value of bacteriology may be estimated when it is known that the physician who has seen the patient studied him carefully, considered every detail of the case and who has every change under his observation, places every dependence and conforms entirely to the findings of the bacteriologist, who has never seen the case, never read the history, and who probably knows very little about the diagnosis or the treatment of the disease.

It is well to impress upon the casual reader, however, that while the germ is "the key to the condition," the germ is not the disease. It will be borne in mind that the germ of diphtheria is often found in the mouth of a healthy child. The disease consists of the germ plus a lower resistance of the tissues of the body; the disease consists of the germ attacking tissues which are so reduced that they are not able to overcome the germ life.

Now that we have discussed germs and their habits and characteristics, let us inquire into what they are, what place they hold in the animal kingdom, and something of their actual size, individually.

Bacteria are either the lowest form of animal life or the highest form of vegetable life. There is some doubt as to their place in either the animal or vegetable kingdom. In size they are remarkably small, and Cohn has endeavored to make their size clear to us by saying that "the germ compares to a man as a grain of sand does to Mount Blanc." Such a

comparison is, of course, beyond the comprehension of the most imaginative, but it serves to illustrate the fact that these little mites are inexpressibly small. Naegele has carefully and conscientiously estimated the weight of a germ. His conclusion is that the average weight of a germ is "one-tenth-thousandth millionth part of a milligram." It would be interesting to figure this into a fraction of a pound. It must not be regarded that all bacteria are harmful to life, for it is only the so-called pathogenic bacteria that are productive of disease. Of the non-pathogenic there are hundreds which we take with our food, which we breathe in the air and with which we come in contact every hour of our lives. In fact, many of our foods depend upon bacterial action to become fit for consumption. Vinegar is the result of germ life; as is the curdling of milk to make cheese, the ripening of cheese, the raising of bread and so on.

But in the consideration of germs of diseases these do not have a place. The diseases which we are certain are due to germ life are many, and yet there are a great many which we can not determine accurately until our technique is improved and our knowledge is widened.

We know that high and abscesses are caused by the pus cocci, and one experimenter having secured some pus from a boil, rubbed it vigorously upon his forearm with the result of causing a large number of small boils to appear in that region. Erysipelas is caused by practically the same germs which confine themselves to invading the deeper layers of the skin.

Lockjaw or tetanus is a certain germ disease, the bacillus being found in certain garden earth and most commonly introduced by means of a rusty and dirty nail. The tubercle bacillus not only causes consumption (tuberculosis of the lungs), but it is the cause of scrofula (tuberculosis of the glands of the neck) and of tuberculosis of the skin or lupus. Glanders is a germ disease which is occasionally contracted by man from the lower animals. Asiatic cholera and leprosy are both conditions in which the characteristic bacteria have been discovered and carefully described, while in diphtheria the discovery of the germ has led to the production of the cure of the condition which is the most satisfactory the world has ever known—anti-toxine. It is to be remarked that diphtheria anti-toxine, the product of the germs of diphtheria themselves.

It is well known that typhoid fever is usually caused by drinking water containing the typhoid bacilli and an interesting case is cited in which in a certain city in a mountain valley no case of typhoid had occurred during a certain winter. Up on the mountain, however, a case had occurred after the first fall of snow. The sewage from this house was cast to the mountain snow banks. In the Spring with the melting of the snow, this refuse was carried to the streams supplying water for the valley below. In this town formerly free from typhoid over 100 cases occurred that Spring in the form of an epidemic. It was afterwards found that every case had been infected from the water coming from the mountain.

One of the most wonderful of the epidemic diseases due to germ life is influenza, which has been known to spread from the remote parts of Asia through Europe and into the United States in the course of a few weeks. There can be no doubt of its highly contagious characteristics or of its germ origin. So we might go on indefinitely describing the relations of germ life to disease; but this much is enough in this character of article.

The development of bacteriology has made diagnosis possible where it was often so obscure as to baffle every means at the physician's command. Malaria was often confused with typhoid, with the result that even competent physicians hid behind the false and mongrel diagnosis of "typhoid malaria." Today the bacteriologist tells us that it is either malaria simulating typhoid or typhoid simulating malaria. Hundreds of persons have died from apparent meningitis when the bacteriologist could have told us it was typhoid, and thousands have died in wasting for the abscesses of scrofula to break and discharge, not realizing that they were consumed by the deadly germ of consumption.

The bacteriologist can do more. By understanding bacteriology and the specific germ of disease we have already been able to produce some very potent curative factors. Among these are diphtheria anti-toxin. There have also been devised upon the same anti-toxin principles small "tubular" serums, erysipelas serums and so on. There will be a day when the perfection of these serums will greatly simplify and aid in the relief of suffering humanity.

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