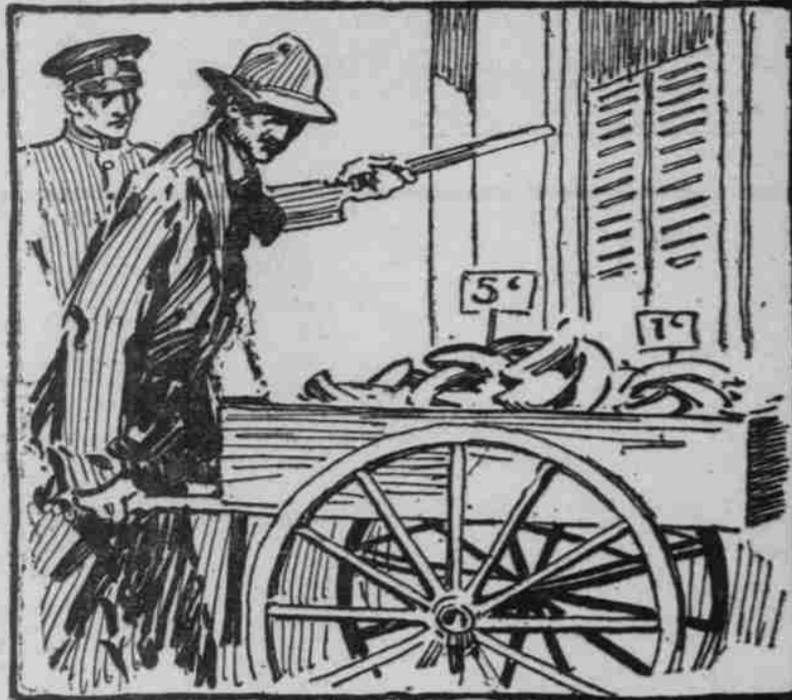


# The Push Cart Peddler Who Made Good

How Nick Kronies, Greek Fruit Vender Who Had Been "Moved On" by the Police, Proved by Splendid Heroism in Battle What America Will Owe to Her Foreign Born



### Nick Kronies Was Just a New York Banana Peddler Before He Enlisted.

BY W. B. SEABROOK. Of the American Field Ambulance Service in France.

The story of how America's foreign born people have rallied to the cause of freedom in the great war has not yet been written.

Eventually it will form a glorious page in history. It will tell how Greeks, Slavs, Hebrews, who had found safe sanctuaries in the New World, rushed back into the European conflagration, even before the United States declared war, to fight, and die if need be, for the brethren they had left behind.

It will tell how they later stood shoulder-to-shoulder with khaki-clad Anglo-Saxons in the volunteer and draft army, and how, in the final great melting pot test, they came out pure gold.

Meanwhile it is only through stories of individual achievement that the public can glimpse the racial epics that will be written later.

Word has just come from France of how Nick Kronies, a little pushcart peddler from Twenty-third street, New York, has become one of the immortal heroes of Verdun.

The humble Greek fruit vender whom the traffic cops used to hustle across the street under the Third avenue "L" has been kissed on both cheeks by an admiring French general, and now wears on his breast the "croix de guerre" with the palm leaves that mean citation in the presence of an entire army.

### Humble Career of Nick Kronies.

Nick's full name is Nicholas John Karasiakapoulou, but that doesn't make any difference. The name that will go down to fame is plain Nick Kronies.

He was born in Mistra, Sparta, about 20 years ago, in a neighborhood made famous by the heroes of Thermopylae and Marathon.

His father and mother, Spartans both, came to America with their little son a number of years ago, to struggle for a living.

Nick was a shy, dark-haired boy, who played with the other children in the streets of the East Side. At night his mother read to him the old legends of Agamemnon and Hector, so that he grew up with a warrior's heart.

Although he had to leave school to help support his family, taking any humble sort of job until he finally got a little banana cart of his own, his mother never let him forget he was a Spartan.

He knew, much better than any American-born schoolboy, the story of how Leonidas and his immortal 300 held the pass against the Persian hordes, and how his followers died to a man because they were Spartans, though it was counted no disgrace for the other Greek troops to retreat.

And so, when the great war came, it found Nick Kronies selling bananas on the East Side, but it also found him dreaming of Sparta and the old heroes.

Way back in 1914, long before America awakened to the call, his heart sensed that France was fighting the battles of humanity and freedom.

Did his parents try to discourage him? Did they talk of the so-called practical things of life and try to persuade him to continue selling bananas? Did they remind him that he might be killed and leave them desolate in their old age?

They, too, were Spartans. They kissed his curly head and helped him raise the money to go to France, and when he sailed away there was a light in their eyes that tears could not dim.

Nick enlisted in the Foreign Legion. For three years he fought bravely, but he was still one of the unknown millions.

Then his great chance came. His legion had been thrown into one of the most desperate sectors at Verdun to win back terrain that had been taken by the Germans.

As his regiment charged toward the German trenches, enemy re-inforcements were brought into play and the French troops, outnumbered ten to one, were forced back.

When a "sausage" ralph went over our heads the other day an old lady was heard to remark contentedly that the men must have a nice lot of room in that one. On questioning it appeared that she imagined the men occupied roomy quarters in the gas bag! When she heard that they had to be satisfied to ride in the basket she was quite disgusted.

Another dear old lady of 82, who lives in an almshouse, walked two and a half miles in to town to put a shilling in the tank to help on the war funds. Some sensible official added enough to her shilling to get her a bond, and she went home delighted. The shilling was all she could afford to give.

Some old ladies are very up to date. One told me with gusto the other day that she was out with a friend for a walk and a man in an airplane let down a telephone to them and said: "How do you do?" She felt she ought to say something, so she nonchalantly called back, "Can I come up and have

tea with you?" She was greatly amused because the airman promptly replied: "Yes, you bring your own sugar with you."

I went over the Red Cross work-rooms here last week and was really surprised to see how much the workers accomplish. They make all sorts of hospital supplies, from bandages to slippers for trench feet.

One evening a weak the scout boys go there to clean and resole the worn hospital slippers, and do it beautifully.

All the workers wear white overalls and head veils, just as I expect they do in America.

When they asked me to give them any hints or suggestions, I advised them not to pin the ends of the bandages with safety pins, as they are apt to go rusty and ruin the bandages as well as become useless themselves.

This is because sometimes the stores are in a damp place or go to a damp climate.

This hint may be of value to other workers unless they are sure the safety pins are rustless.

It is not that we do not appreciate safety pins. No nurse ever did, will or can own enough safety pins or matches. I regret to say that a nurse will even beg safety pins from her patients' comfort bags.

I also begged them, to be sure, and make the sleeping suits out of pretty materials, because the men do like nice colors. Pals blue and lavender seemed to be the popular colors in the navy. Pink came a bad third.

no one knows, but an instant afterward, with a shout that was heard above the din of battle, the young Greek leaped from cover and rushed toward the German trenches.

His three companions followed at his heels.

Another moment and the remnants of the entire company were behind them.

And then, for 1500 yards, up and

down the lines, other members of the Foreign Legion, seeing what was about to happen, dashed after their comrades.

They thought they were all going to certain death, but the fortunes of war are always with the brave.

Here, in the language of the official army report, is what happened: "Kronies (Nick), Legionnaire, Elev-

ant company de Marche, Foreign Legion—elite grenadier; 20th August, 1917, won the admiration of all his comrades by his courage and contempt for danger. Led his comrades to the conquest of a trench which was defended with energy and which was captured along a distance of 1500 yards after several hours of bloody hand-to-hand

combat; took, single-handed, numerous prisoners. Already twice cited in army orders."

It takes personal news a long time to travel to America from the Foreign Legion, and it was only this Spring that Mama and Papa Kronies, still conducting their little fruit store on the East Side, received from the postman

apron pocket to get something out in a hurry, my finger caught on the end of a rolled up narrow bandage concealed there, and out it came with my hand, yard and yards and yards of it, all over the place. I got thoroughly tangled up in it and it looked just like the paper ribbons coming out of a conferee's hat. The others looked as if they would not have been surprised to see a white rabbit or some goldfish appearing next.

As soon as a child understands the meaning of numbers he can begin to measure accurately; and he likes to do it. Playing store is the ideal way of leading a child to an understanding often lacking in a grown-up person. Concerns which sell school supplies provide, at popular prices, a balance scale weighing up to four pounds, a dry measure set such as hucksters use, a set of bright tins for measuring liquids, and a box of toy money. Add to this a fresh-cut grass for spinach. A 4-year-old can handle as much as a bushel basket of this because it is so light. Use sand for sugar, blocks or pebbles for potatoes, water for vinegar, and so on. Colored string or paper ribbon can be sold by the yard, and colored paper by the square foot.

After the play store comes the real store. Thoughtful mothers will plan errands for the children with a view to their carrying home the articles purchased and producing the proper change. This is a joy to the child and an excellent method of co-operating with the school teacher—Maude Barnes Miller in the Mother's Magazine for June.

the food question excepting that we are to be allowed to buy five pounds of ham for two meat coupons, but are to be allowed less butcher's meat.

As each person is to be allowed the privilege of storing up 50 eggs for Winter use (if they can secure them), the big guns the Hun use on Paris.

That ordinary bought jam combined with an equal weight of fresh cooked rhubarb and cooked together for 10 minutes will make a very edible jam without the addition of an extra grain of precious sugar is our latest discovery.

There is a rumor that we are to be rationed on dogs next. I do not mean that we are to be fed on them in the form of sausages, but that people are not to be allowed to keep so many.

The rule is to be "One house one dog." Dog biscuits are scarce and it is now against the law to feed dogs on food fit for humans. There is to be an effort made to preserve the lives of pedigreed dogs whenever possible.

I have had several letters from the U. S. troops in France. The universal opinion seems to be that Uncle Sam's men have everything they need at present.

The chaplain from Portland, speaking of woolies, sensibly remarks: "It is neither possible nor desirable to lay up against a cold or rainy day."

I have already alluded to "rust" and no doubt "moch" would be only too glad to corrupt our nice knitted things if they got half a chance. So I will keep the surplus ones under my personal supervision until they are needed.

In the meantime, I am replacing amongst our own men the things destroyed in the recent fighting by mud, blood and shrapnel.

One of the men who was badly wounded is now home on leave and I am giving him another Portland sweater to replace the one he had before, which was destroyed in action.

My leading torpedoman, grateful patient, has got somewhere at last,

Nick Kronies, One of the Real Heroes of the War, Wearing the Badge of His Glory.



## SPRING ARRIVES AND BIRDS CAROL IN ENGLAND AS THOUGH PEACE RULED ALL

Perfume of Growing Things Seems Sweeter Than Before Fratricidal Struggle Engaged Europe—Lusty Voices of Birds Outrived by Drone of Airplanes.

BY EDITH E. LANYON. SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. May 10.—(Special.)—Spring is here in earnest and the scent of the air is delicious with the perfume of young buds and the tender green of the trees.

When I opened the front door to go to the hospital yesterday morning a delightful whiff of this scented air greeted me. Never before have I noticed that it was so sweet.

The birds sing lustily as soon as it is light, trying to outrival the noise of the airplane engines, but the big battle planes can outdo the birds.

When a "sausage" ralph went over our heads the other day an old lady was heard to remark contentedly that the men must have a nice lot of room in that one. On questioning it appeared that she imagined the men occupied roomy quarters in the gas bag!

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Pure block sugar or maple sugar is a more wholesome form of sweets than candy.