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one get so vivid an impression of the vital relation of the old Greece and the new. The magnificent house is thoroughly modern, but it is adorned with old Greek gnomes and enriched with treasures of art, ornaments, jewels, trinkets, pottery and other fruits of the labor of the remarkable explorer who with a faith and perseverance not excelled by Columbus uncovered an old world as Columbus discovered the new.

The other home, which during my winter in Athens, as for many previous years, was the continual centre of hospitality, was that of the Prime Minister, the late Charilaos Trikoupes. In the salon, a veritable garden of flowers, Miss Sophia Trikoupes, the accomplished sister of the Prime Minister, was the gracious smiling presence who with supreme tact and courtesy received the innumerable guests that thronged her receptions and relieved her brother, overburdened with the cares of state, from the added pressure of the social ritual. In the bereavement which fell upon her and the country in the death of Mr. Trikoupes she had the sympathy of many who admired the genius of her brother and who had enjoyed her own kindly hospitality. I cannot forget the home of Pater Anthimos, the faithful archimandrite, — a wise, broad-minded and admirable shepherd for his flock; nor the charming home of a lady who has helped to lead the women of Athens into new privileges and new duties, — the editor of the *Athens Woman's Journal*, Madame Callirhoe Parren. No one can read that paper without feeling that the new woman of Athens, with her finer and larger culture, is to be better than ever equipped for her duties as mother and wife.