Classic Myths

Retold by Mary Catherine Judd

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Retold By

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ILLUSTRATED BY

ANGUS MAC DONALL with drawings entirely from classic sources

PREFACE

The very cordial reception given this little book by teachers and children, both in school and out of school, has tempted me carefully to revise the stories, omitting some and adding others, in the hope of making the book still more welcome and more helpful. The illustrations in the present edition are all from classic sources, and reproduce for the reader something of the classic idea and the classic art.

The book was originally prepared as an aid in Nature Study, and this thought has been retained in the present edition. By reading these myths the child will gain in interest and sympathy for the life of beast, bird, and tree; he will learn to recognize those constellations which have been as friends to the wise men of many ages. Such an acquaintance will broaden the child's life and make him see more quickly the true, the good, and the beautiful in the world about him.

MARY CATHERINE JUDD.

Minneapolis, October, 1901.

[Illustration: THOR, WITH HIS RED−HOT HAMMER]

HOW THE HORSES OF THE SUN RAN AWAY

Greek

Phaeton was the child of the Sun−god, Apollo.

“Mother Clymene,” said the boy one day, “I am going to visit my father's palace.”

“It is well,” she answered. “The land where the Sun rises is not far from this. Go and ask a gift from him.”

That night Phaeton bound his sandals more tightly, and, wrapping a thicker silken robe about him, started for the land of Sunrise, sometimes called India by mankind.

Many nights and many days he traveled, but his sandals never wore out nor did his robe make him too hot or too cold.

At last, as he climbed the highest mountain peak of all the earth, he saw the glittering columns of his father's palace. As he came nearer he found that they were covered with millions of precious stones and inlaid with gold. When he started to climb the numberless stairs, the silver doors of the palace flew open, and he saw the

wonderful ivory ceiling and the walls of the long hall.

He was glad that the steps were many and he looked long at the pictures carved on the walls by an immortal artist.

There were pictures of both land and sea. On the right was earth with its towns, forests, and rivers, and the beings that live in each. On the left was the ocean with its mermaids sporting among the waves, riding on the backs of fishes, or sitting on the rocks drying their sea−green hair. Their faces were alike, yet not alike, as sisters ought to be.

Up, up the hundreds of steps he climbed, never wearied. On the ceiling of this marvelous hall he could see carved the stars of heaven. On the silver doors were the twelve strange beings of the sky, formed of stars; six on each door.

The last step was reached. Outside the sky was dark, but at the doorway Phaeton stopped, for the light from his father was more than he could bear. There sat Apollo, dressed in crimson, on a throne which glittered with diamonds. On his right hand and on his left stood the Days, bright with hope; and the Months, hand in hand with the Days, seemed listening to what the Years were whispering to them.

Phaeton saw there the four seasons. Spring, young and lovely, came first, her head crowned with flowers. Next came Summer, with her robe of roses thrown loosely about her and a garland of ripe wheat upon her head. Then came merry Autumn, his feet stained with grape juice; and last, icy Winter, with frosty beard and hair, and Phaeton shivered as he looked at him. Dazzled by the light, and startled to find himself in such a presence, he stood still.

The Sun, seeing him with the eye that sees everything, asked:

“Why are you here?”

“Apollo, my father, grant me one request, that I may prove to mortals that you are my father.”

Apollo laid aside his dazzling crown of rays, clasped Phaeton in his arms and said:

“Brave son, ask what you will, the gift is yours.”

Quicker than a flash from his father's crown came the question from Phaeton:

“Will you let me for one day drive your chariot?”

Foolish father, foolish son! Apollo shook his head three times in warning.

“I have spoken rashly. This one thing no mortal can achieve. Nor can any immortal save myself hold in the horses that draw the fiery car of day. It is not honor, but death you ask. Change your wish.”

Phaeton answered:

“My mother taught me that my father always kept his promises.”

“It is even so, rash boy. If you do not change, neither can I. Bring the chariot of the Sun.”

The daring child stood beside the glorious car that was higher than his head. His eyes flashed bright as the diamonds that studded the back of the golden chariot. The golden axle gleamed through the silver spokes, for the chariot was made of naught but gold and silver and precious stones.

Then Early Dawn threw open the purple doors of the eastern sky. The stars, answering the signal of the Day Star, slowly passed from sight, followed by their marshal.

The Hours obeyed Apollo's orders, and, harnessing the horses, led out the wondrous creatures and fastened them to the chariot.

Apollo bathed Phaeton's face with ointment, and taking up the crown of shining rays, fastened it on the rash boy's head.

With a sigh, he said:

“My son, you will at least take my advice in one thing: spare the whip and hold tight the lines. You will see the marks of the wheels where I have gone before, and they will guide. Go not too high or you will burn the heavens, nor too low or you will set your mother's home, the earth, on fire. The middle course is best. Take the reins, or, if even now you will change your wish, abide here, and yield the car to me.”

Phaeton leaped into the golden chariot, and with a proud smile thanked his father. Then he gave the word to the horses.

They darted forward through the morning clouds with the fury of a tempest. Men on the earth thought it was noonday and tried to do double their daily work. The fiery horses soon found their load was light, and that the hands on the reins were frail. They dashed aside from their path, until the fierce heat made the Great and the Little Bear long to plunge into the sea.

Poor Phaeton, looking down on the earth, grew pale and shook with terror. He wished that he had never seen these shining steeds, had never sought the palace of the Sun, and that he had never held his father to that rash promise.

Diana, who drives the chariot of the Moon, heard the mad racket in the sky, and shooting her arrows at the frightened horses, turned them aside in time to prevent them from dashing her own silver car to pieces.

Earth cried for clouds and rain. The people of Africa became black because of the terrible heat. Streams dried up, mountains burned, and the River Nile hid his head forever in a desert. At last Earth cried in a husky voice to Jupiter, the ruler of the gods:

“What have I done that this punishment should come? Slay me, or save my people from this burning!”

[Illustration: PHAETON FALLING FROM THE CHARIOT]

Jupiter, from his seat in the thunderclouds, saw the danger the heavens and the earth were in, and hurled his lightnings at the rash driver. Phaeton fell dead from the chariot. From morning till night, and from that night till morning, he fell like a shooting star, and sank at last into an Italian river. His sisters trembled so at his fall and wept so bitterly that they changed into poplar trees upon the river banks. Even to this day they mourn for him and tremble at the least breeze from heaven. Apollo's horses, calmed by Jupiter's voice, finally found the track. When evening came they entered the western gates of the sky and were taken back, by way of the north, to their stalls near Apollo's palace.

WODEN, GOD OF THE NORTHERN SKY

Norse

Little Hilda Peterson sat by a table in her mother's room studying her spelling lesson. Suddenly she startled her mother by giving the table a sharp rap with her pencil and saying:

“What a queer name for a day! Why didn't the people who named the days give them numbers instead of names? I can never remember how to spell Wednesday. What is the use of the third letter in it?”

“My little girl, when you have finished your lesson I will tell you a story; then I think you will always remember where the fourth day got its name.”

It did not take Hilda many minutes to finish her studying, with the promise of a story before her.

This is the old Norse tale her mother told:

“Long years ago, before our fatherland, Norway, became a Christian country, our people were taught that they must worship many gods. Nearly all of these they feared; a very few they loved. The greatest was Woden. When little children looked at the moon and stars, they were told that Woden made them. When they asked about the clouds, everyone said, 'Woden made them.'

[Illustration: WODEN]

“In the spring they were told that Woden made the leaves come and the flowers open. No one knew the true God then. Everyone said that Woden lived in a beautiful city in the sky, north of our own Northland. All the houses there were gold and silver, and the most splendid one was Woden's royal palace. This was called Valhalla. To reach it one had to ride or walk the whole length of the rainbow, as it arched from land to land. But there was a sharp−eyed watchman at the gate who stopped anyone who had no right to cross that seven−hued bridge.

“In Valhalla, Woden's people were always happy. They were never sick; they never died. There were no little girls and no little boys in this golden palace, only soldiers; and some of these were women! Woden often sent his shield−maidens, as they were called, to battlefields to carry to Valhalla the souls of brave men. When the choosers of the slain rode through the air, their glittering, shining robes and spears, and their swift horses made a strange, bright light in the North. People called it Northern Lights, but Woden knew it was his Valkyrias. Did you ever see them?

“In another palace of gold in this beautiful city of the northern sky were Woden's wife and family. This palace was called Fensalir. Woden's wife was Frigga and his eldest son was Thor. I must tell you about this son. Thor owned three precious things. Can you guess what they were?

“One was a red−hot iron hammer. When he threw it at a mountain the rocks split open wide and all the Frost Giants who lived within the rocks and upon the mountain were killed.

“The second thing was a wonderful belt. When he put it on he was twice as strong as before.

“The third was a pair of iron gloves. When he put these on he could throw his hammer twice as far.

“There is a story told of how Thor once threw his hammer so far that it could not return as it had always done. It fell near an immense giant who seized it and hid it half a mile deep under the rocks. Thor sent the God of

Fire to win it back, but the cruel giant would not give it up unless Thor would bring Freya, the loveliest of the goddesses, to marry him. But Freya refused to go and live with a fierce giant.

“Thor wanted his hammer. At last the God of Fire, who had seen this giant, told Thor to dress himself like Freya and to put on a heavy veil. He did this and the two gods rode far away, on the rays of the setting sun, to recover the lost hammer.

“When the giant saw them he took them to his house. At supper time he wondered how a goddess could eat so much, for Thor devoured eight great salmon and a whole roasted ox. Then he wondered how she could drink so much, for Thor drank three hogsheads of honey wine. Then the giant pulled the heavy veil aside and wondered what made her eyes like fireballs. The God of Fire explained everything, for Thor would not speak. Then the hammer was asked for. It was laid in the mock bride's lap. As soon as Thor had it in his hand he stood up, slew all the giants and utterly destroyed the wicked town. Then he went back to Fensalir and told Frigga, his mother, how he had recovered his hammer.

“Frigga was as powerful as Woden or Thor. All things which Woden had made obeyed her, nor dared harm anything when she forbade them. It may be she did not know of the lost hammer or she would have saved Thor his long journey.

“Frigga was one of the most beautiful creatures the world has ever known. No picture was ever so perfect and beautiful as she. Her robes were lovelier than those of any other goddess. Sometimes they were of gold and scarlet, sometimes of purest white, and many times of modest green. She loved to spin, and no spider ever spun so fine a thread as she on her spinning wheel. She worked so faithfully that Woden changed the wheel into shining stars, and when you look up at Orion again remember that the Norse people called that constellation Frigga's distaff.

“And now, Hilda, these three, Woden, Thor, and Frigga, still live upon our earth and are bound by loving ties. Strange to say, however, they can never meet again, for only one comes to earth at a time. At midnight, Woden, the father, leaves, and Thor, his son, stays with us till another midnight. Then Frigga, the mother, comes for a single day, but she never can see again her son nor her husband.

[Illustration: FRIGGA, THE MOTHER OF THE GODS]

“Does Hilda guess what my story means?”

“I am not quite sure, mother; help me a little bit.”

“In my story, Hilda, I told for whom three days of our week are named. Can you tell which days?”

“Why, mother, is that it? I know one, that is Woden's day, or Wednesday. Yes, there is Thor's day, or Thursday, but what is the other?”

“Didn't I tell you the mother never could see again her son or her husband? Do you see the meaning now?”

“Oh, I know! Friday is beautiful Frigga's day.”

“Yes, you have guessed the three, Hilda. Now, do you see that Thor's day comes when Woden's day goes? And as soon as Thor's day is over, then comes Frigga's day. They come to earth, but never meet.”

“Why, how queer it all is! When I say the names of the days of the week, it will seem as if you were telling me the story again.”

“And now a little more, Hilda. Do you remember the colors of the robes that Frigga wore?”

“You said she wore green or white robes, or sometimes scarlet and gold. Her dresses must have been very beautiful.”

“Look out of the window Hilda. What color is the lawn?”

“Why, the grass makes it green.”

“What color will it be in winter?”

“Why, white with snow, of course.”

“And in the fall, Hilda?”

“Oh, I know now what you mean by Frigga is the ground, isn't she?”

“Not the ground, but the earth. Woden, with his one all−seeing eye and his mantle of blue and gray, is the sky, and Thor, with his streaming red beard and his crashing hammer, is the thunder.”

“Oh, mother, how strange it is that such a story should come just from the word Wednesday! I am glad that I am a Norwegian.”

JUPITER, GOD OF THE SOUTHERN SKY

Roman

“Why do they call the eagle Jupiter's bird, Miss Folsom?”

“Where did you ever hear it called that, Mary?”

“It was in a book from which our teacher was reading a story to−day. She let me take the book and there was a fine picture of an eagle on the first page and it was marked 'Jupiter's bird.' I never knew exactly who Jupiter was. Was he a real person, Miss Folsom?”

“He was one of the three great gods whom the Romans used to believe in, Mary. They thought he ruled the sky and everything in it, and all living things on earth, both the gods and the men. His bird was the eagle, which carried the lightning in its claws. At Jupiter's command thunderbolts dashed against the hardest rocks and broke them into powder. No one dared to disobey him but his wife, Juno, and sometimes even she had to suffer for doing so.

“Jupiter's father was Saturn, who was kind and good in every way but one. He did not love his children, and, at the end of each year, one went away never to return. Jupiter, in some way, was stronger than the rest and refused to go when the order came. He even fought with the messenger and made him beg for mercy.

[Illustration: JUPITER AND HIS EAGLE]

[Illustration: THE HEAD OF JUPITER. From a Greek Coin of about 280 B.C.]

Then Jupiter sent this messenger to Saturn, who agreed to bring back to life Jupiter's brothers and sisters. They all rose up and sent Saturn away forever, and gave the kingdom to the three bravest sons. Neptune took

the ocean, Pluto the center of the earth, and Jupiter the skies. They reigned until men had learned wisdom and had become too wise to be ruled by so many gods.

“Now Jupiter is the name of the largest planet, and when you see a great beautiful star in the sky, shining almost like the moon, you may be sure it is Jupiter. You can fancy he is looking down to see if Neptune is holding his unruly winds and waves in check, or if Pluto is still keeping guard over the watch−fires in the center of the earth.

“So Jupiter still reigns, but no one now is afraid of his power.”

“How wicked of Saturn to put away his children! How could he?”

“Saturn is the same as old Father Time, Mary. Doesn't he put away one of his children every twelve months?”

“Oh, is that what it means?”

“Year after year goes away, never to return.”

“How could Saturn bring them back, then?”

“I don't know what that part of the story means. Maybe we will find out sometime. But can you think of any day of the week that might be named after Saturn?”

“Why, Saturday! surely that is the one, isn't it?”

“Yes, and the weeks never return either, do they, Mary?”

DIANA, QUEEN OF THE MOON

Greek

“When we were at grandpa's last summer, we used to stay out so long, playing under the trees in the dooryard, that nearly every night we saw the moon.

“Sometimes it was big and round, and sometimes it looked like grandpa's sickle, only it had no handle.

“And you ought to have heard the queer stories aunt Hattie told about the moon. Some of the stories were very funny, and some were very beautiful.

“Let's find a window where we can see the moon and then tell stories about it. Come, boys,” and little Jack led the way.

“Here is a grand place to sit, Charlie. Right here, all of us together on this sofa, and you must tell us a story.”

So Charlie began:

“This is one of the stories I like best; maybe you won't, though.

“Apollo, the god of the sun, had a twin sister named Diana. Apollo liked to hunt with his golden bow and arrow, and his sister loved him so much that she was always with him. He taught her how to use the bow and arrow as well as he could himself. Sometimes their mother would set up a target for them, and she was just as

proud of Diana's quick eyes as of Apollo's strong hand, for no matter what they aimed at, Diana could shoot as well as Apollo. By and by, when Apollo had grown too old for idle sport, he was given the sun to rule over, and Diana begged for something just as grand to do. 'Such work is too hard for my brave girl,' her mother would say, but at last Apollo said he would help her, and so she was given the moon to rule over."

[Illustration: DIANA. From a statue in the Louvre, Paris]

"Why, Charlie, how queer that sounds, for you know the sun does help the moon to shine," said Jack.

"Keep still, Jack; it is almost nine o'clock, and I can't stop to talk about the queer part; you must just watch for that," and Charlie went on with the story.

"Diana was as grand and proud, driving the silver chariot of the moon, as Apollo in his gold chariot of the sun. Sometimes, when her work was over, she left the moon and came to earth again to hunt. She would call her friends, the maidens she used to play with, and away they would go, each with a silver bow in hand and a quiver full of arrows fastened at their backs.

"One day, while they were hunting, they heard strange dogs in the woods. Each one of the girl hunters hid behind a tree and waited. Diana ran from her tree to a cave so that she could not be found. At last a foolish hunter came in sight. He seemed to act as if he knew he ought not to be there, and he wandered from left to right, as if he had never hunted before. Then he started for the very cave where Diana was hiding, for he knew by the willows a spring was there."

"Oh, my!" said Jack.

"Yes, he started for Diana's cave, but the minute he was near enough he felt a splash of water that seemed to cover him from head to foot and he heard Diana say:

"'Now go and tell, if you can, that you have seen Diana.'

"Poor fellow! He could not move. As he stood there he found his arms were changing to the straight fore legs of a deer. Horns came out of his head, his brown eyes grew bigger, and so did his ears, and in a few minutes even his own dogs did not know him. He bounded away, but his pet hounds sprang at him and caught him.

"Diana and her friends were miles away, and no one could save the poor fellow from the fate of a hunted deer."

"Oh, I think Diana was cruel," said Jack.

"I thought it served him right, when I heard it," Charlie said. "He knew he had no right in Diana's forest, and she can't hunt in the moon, for they say there are neither trees nor animals there."

JACK AND JILL ON THE MOON MOUNTAINS

Norse

"Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown

And Jill came tumbling after."

That is what your father and mother used to say when they were children. So did your grandfather and grandmother when they were little, and for hundreds of years children have laughed at poor Jack and Jill's mishaps. Now, I will tell you how the story first began.

In Norway, people used to believe that the chariot of the moon was driven by a glorious youth, Mani. He was lonely in heaven. One night a little boy on earth was sent by his parents to a well to get a pail of water. This boy's name was Hjuki. He asked his sister Bil to go with him. They had to carry with them the big bucket fastened to a long pole, for there was no well−sweep. They thrust the pole, with the bucket at the end of it, into the water, and, as they were both busy straining every muscle to raise the bucket, Mani stood beside them and helped them.

To the children he looked like a friendly lad and they were glad of his help.

Bil balanced the pail on the pole and together they started to carry the water home.

The weight was so great on Hjuki's shoulder, for he tried to take the heavier end, that he stumbled and down they both went.

Mani wanted the children's company and so picked them up and carried them through the sky to the mountains of the moon. There you can see them when the moon is full, wandering about, seeking to return, falling and going out of sight, just as they did on earth.

They still carry the bucket and the pole, hoping yet dreading to meet their parents. They fear that their parents think they ran away from their task. But try as hard as they can, Mani keeps them from finding the way back to earth.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

German

More than a thousand years ago, on a Sunday morning in the early fall, an old German woodman told his wife, Gretchen, that he was going after fagots. She begged him not to go, for it was Sunday and they did not need the wood. The old man only laughed at her, and trudged away into the forest where no one could see him.

[Illustration: THE MAN IN THE MOON. From an old painting.]

He cut his bundle of fagots, piled them together, tied them with a stout band, and throwing them over his shoulder, started homeward. Then he noticed that the wild creatures, that had never stirred as he entered the woods before, were now afraid of him. The birds fluttered away with a whirring noise, and an old mother hare, which he knew very well, made wonderful leaps to get herself and family out of his sight. Even a bear ran from him, instead of attacking him.

Soon he met a stranger with a sad, stern face, who stopped him.

"Don't you know that this is Sunday on earth, when all must rest from work?"

"Whether it is Sunday on earth or Monday in heaven, it is all the same to me," laughed the old man.

“Then carry your bundle forever, and as you do not care for Sunday on earth, you shall have a long Monday in heaven, where you shall be a warning to all Sabbath−breakers evermore.”

Then the old man found himself swiftly rising in the air. Quick as a thought he was landed in the moon, where his wife saw him as she stood outside her door that night to watch for his coming. There he still stands bearing his fagots, and as all days are Mondays in the moon, he can never Break Sunday Again.

[Illustration: THE MAN IN THE MOON. From a seal dated 1335. The legend says “I will teach thee, Walter, why I carry thorns in the moon"]

A STORY OF AN EVENING STAR

Greek

“Every night, mother, I see a beautiful star in the sky so different from the others. It comes first and shines so bright that it seems as if it were the loveliest star in the whole sky. Won't you watch for it to−night with me?”

The mother smiled, for she thought she knew which one of the stars Mamie would point out. Sure enough, that night as they both sat in the hammock watching the sunset, out came the very star she expected. In a moment Mamie saw it and nearly fell out of the hammock as she screamed and clapped her hands.

“There it is, mamma! There it is! I know it because it looks straight at me. It knows me, I believe, for it never trembles a bit, like the other stars! Did you ever see such a lovely one?”

Her mother smiled an odd little smile.

“What makes you laugh at me, mother? I know you are laughing, by the corners of your mouth; they go up so queerly. Tell me.”

“Why, Mamie, that is Venus you are watching. I have watched her every year since I first found her long ago.”

“Venus? Who is Venus, mother? And what makes you call a star *her* ? I didn't know a star could have a name. Who named her? Did you, mother? What made you call her Venus?”

“Seems to me you ask a great many questions, little girl. Which one shall I answer first?”

“Did you name my star yourself?”

“No, Mamie, it was named hundreds of years ago when many stars had names given them. You know people have watched and studied the stars almost since the world began.”

“And was Venus a little girl or a woman? I know she must have been lovely or they would never have given her name to my star.”

“Your star, as you call it, Mamie, is at present the evening star. By and by it will be the morning star. I will tell you where it got its name.

“Venus was a lovely woman, but she never was a little girl. The old, old story books say that one day as some people were walking by the sea they saw a rose−tinted shell rise on the crest of the wave. This great shell opened, and beautiful Venus, clothed in raiment like sea−foam when the sun shines on it, stepped out upon the

waters. The people watching were not surprised when they saw a sunset cloud sail down and take her to the edge of the western sky, where the ruby gates opened and she passed through to the world of the gods. That was her home. Whenever she wished to return to earth she came in a silver chariot drawn by snow−white swans. Her head was always wreathed with roses and myrtles. White doves carried her messages. Her dress is of the finest silk, the color of the pink sea−shell."

"Why, mamma, you say *is*! Do you mean Venus is still alive?"

[Illustration: VENUS. From the statue in the Louvre, Paris]

"No, dear, she never was alive. It is only one of the many beautiful myths that people used to believe two thousand years ago. But artists love to paint pictures as beautiful as Venus was thought to be, and there are many lovely statues of her. Sometimes it almost seems as if she must have been alive. When we go to the art gallery, see if you can find a Venus.

"But say good−night to your star, for it is late. Some time you will miss her and find another in her place. Tell me, dear, when the new star comes."

"Oh, I am going to watch every night, mamma. Will the new one have a name?"

"Yes, but I'm not going to tell you its name or its story till it comes."

THE GIANT WITH A BELT OF STARS

Greek

It is an easy matter for any one to find the three great stars in the sky that are arranged in a row, like three great diamonds sparkling on the front of a mammoth crown. They shine out, clear and bright, whenever Diana takes her silver bow, which we call the moon, and goes to hunt in her secret fields or forests. These three stars have been called Orion's Belt for thousands of years, and for ages children and grown people have watched for their coming after the sun has gone below the horizon.

The story told of Orion by the ancient Greeks has been repeated by some of our poets, and Henry W. Longfellow has written in his own beautiful way of this same famous Greek hunter who never knew fear. Perhaps you will be more interested in his poem after you have read this short account of the mighty giant whose belt of stars is longer than other giants were tall.

Orion was the son of Neptune, the god of the sea. His father gave him power to walk upon the water or to wade in the deepest ocean without drowning. You know that if he had the power of walking in such places, he did not need to swim, and his steps were so long that he could walk much faster than his swiftest enemy could run.

[Illustration: ORION WITH HIS CLUB]

Orion was very fond of hunting, and wore, as his mantle or robe, the tawny skin of a huge lion he had slain. His club and his sword were his only weapons, and he needed no others, for his long arms helped him to strike before he himself could be hurt. Once he was made blind, but as he wandered by the seashore the music of the singing waves which were his father's home gave him comfort and led him to a friend who guided him to Apollo. One bright sunbeam from Apollo's crown touched Orion's eyes and they saw more clearly than ever before. Nearly everything was Orion's friend, for with his great strength he was always ready to help those who could not help themselves. But he was so huge that many who did not know him were afraid, and one

day the Pleiads, daughters of Atlas, saw him coming and they fled away so fast that they were changed into doves. You can find the place where they alighted in the sky, just ahead of Orion. He still follows them, and his dog Sirius, who carries the famous dog star, is close at his side; but the Pleiads never allow Orion to overtake them in their long journey through the regions of the sky. The Pleiads are so beautiful that you must learn to find them, and this cluster of six twinkling stars, “a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid,” will guide you in finding the belt of the mighty hunter Orion, the giant of the heavens. Four other very brilliant stars mark his shoulders and his knees.

THE GREAT BEAR IN THE SKY

Greek

“Oh mother, what do you think? Last night that English boy, Charlie Thornton, asked me if I knew where Charles' Wain was, and when I said I didn't know, what do you suppose he showed me? Why, nothing but the Big Dipper up there among the stars. I told him he was mistaken and that nobody ever called it the odd name he had for it. But he said his mother called it that, and he wouldn't give it up. Wasn't that queer?”

“Why, no, Ralph, I don't think it was strange that he called it as his mother had taught him. That is exactly what you do. Many English people call it Charles' Wain. Wain means wagon, and it does look a little like a cart or wagon.”

“I don't think it does, not the least bit. It looks just like a big dipper, and like nothing else.”

“Why, you silly boy! What would you think if I should tell you that ever so many people call it the Great Bear?”

“Why, that is queerer yet. Can you see a bear up there in the sky? Maybe when it thunders it is the Great Bear growling!” and Ralph jumped off the porch and rolled on the grass, laughing at his discovery.

[Illustration: THE GREAT BEAR IN THE SKY]

In a moment a thought seemed to come to him, and springing up, he ran to his mother's chair on the porch and said: “Mother, is there any story about the Great Bear? How did it get up there among the stars? Is the North Star the Bear's eye? Does his nose always point to the North Star, the same as the two pointers in the Big Dipper?”

“Now, my boy, you will be surprised again when I tell you that there are two bears in the sky, the Great Bear and the Little Bear. The wonderful North Star is in the tip of the tail of the Little Bear.”

“Now, I know there is a story about them, just as there was about those three beautiful ones you showed me in Orion's belt. You told me about Orion, now you will tell me about the two bears, won't you?”

“It is a sad story, Ralph, and you know you don't like sad stories. But I will tell it to you, and sometime, in the years to come, you may read it in a language that is as old as the story.

“Near a beautiful city on the other side of the world was a large forest. The trees in this forest were very tall, and their branches so thick that they made a roof over the ground below. One could wander for miles and miles in the shade of this forest and never find a house, or any living creatures but the birds and wild animals.

“Once on a time some hunters came back, after having been gone many days, and said that away in the heart of the forest they had had a glimpse of a beautiful snow−white bear. Not one of them had been able to get a

shot at it with his arrows, and some thought it was only a dream. The story spread throughout the city, and all the boys and young hunters were anxious for a chance to win so fine a prize as the snow−white skin. Not for himself, oh, no, for whoever brought it home must hang it in the temple.

“One brave young hunter said, 'I am going into the heart of the forest. I will take only the bravest with me, and I will never return without the prize.'

“This young man was dearly loved by everyone. His mother had left him when he was only a few years old, and gone, no one knew where. He was cared for by his uncle, and grew up, hoping each year his mother would return. He took long journeys trying to learn if she were still alive, but no one could ever tell him a word about her. These journeys had made him very bold and brave, and there was no cave so dark, nor mountain so high, but that he would search it in the hope of finding his mother.

“He found six young hunters ready to go with him into the heart of the forest. They looked very fine in their bright, shining hunting−suits, with their bows and arrows, and every one wished them success.

“They wasted no time in the pleasant fields outside, but started for the dark, sunless forest. It was slow work picking their way through the tangled bushes growing under the trees, and it took many days to reach the place described by the hunters who had told them the story of the strange white bear.

“'Whoever sees it first must call to the others. It may be that this is enchanted ground, and something dreadful will happen to the one who is alone,' said the leader of the hunting party.

“'It is well said,' they all agreed. In the heart of this wild forest they wandered, shooting the strange birds they saw there, and saving the long feathers and wings, to bring home after the hunt was over.

“One day the leader of the hunt chased a wonderful bird for hours from tree to tree, riding beneath the branches, trying to get a shot.

“At last, just as he had his arrow in his bow, ready to aim, his horse reared and nearly threw him backward to the ground. There, beside him, stood the snow−white bear.

“Its two fore paws were stretched out to meet him, and its eyes seemed full of the love he used to see in his mother's eyes. It was a beautiful sight, and the arrow meant for the bird shot upward into the sky, harming no one, but bearing the next words of the hunter as a message to the great Jupiter.

“'O, my mother, let me live forever with you!' exclaimed the hunter, as his strong arms were clasped about the white bear's neck.

“'My mother is found!' he shouted, and Echo repeated over and over, 'Found! Found!' until the six fellow hunters came to where the mother and her son were standing, gazing with loving eyes toward Mount Olympus, the home of their gods.

“The winged arrow had taken its flight to Jupiter and the son's prayer was answered.

[Illustration: THE GREAT BEAR AND THE LITTLE BEAR. From an old wood cut.]

“Jupiter's lightnings flashed and the six hunters saw their strong leader change into the Great Bear, and gently guide his mother, the Little Bear, to her home in the sky. He took his place near her, at Jupiter's command, and now follows wherever she leads. He points forever to her and to the North Star which she keeps. Those who watch this unchanging beacon among the stars sometimes remember that the people of long ago thought

that it was placed there to tell them of the unchanging love of mothers.”

“Oh, I knew there was a story. It came out all right at last, and that takes the sad part away.”

Then Ralph whispered, “We know it was only a myth, don't we?”

CASTOR AND POLLUX, THE STARRY TWINS

Greek

Among the star pictures in the sky may be found one called Gemini, or the Twins. The ancient Greeks used to believe that twin brothers named Castor and Pollux had been really placed in the sky. They once lived in Sparta; their mother was the lovely Leda, and one of their sisters was the beautiful Helen, whose capture caused the famous Trojan war.

These brothers were as devoted to each other as twins are said to be, and one was never seen without the other being near. Their love for their sisters was very great, and once when Helen was captured by two noted warriors, these twin brothers of hers found her and brought her safely back to their mother's house.

[Illustration: CASTOR AND POLLUX]

Castor was very fond of horses. He could tame the wildest one that was ever caught, and lead it about like a pet dog as soon as his magic touch had taught its fiery spirit that he was its master. He could ride better than any one in the kingdom, for no horse had ever thrown him.

Pollux was just as famous in boxing and wrestling. He taught young men many tricks with the hand and foot, and was the leader in all games.

The two brothers were proud to be allowed to go with the other heroes in quest of the golden fleece. When the sweet music of Orpheus stilled the wild storm that arose on the sea and threatened to wreck the Argo, stars appeared upon the heads of Castor and Pollux, for their great love for each other was known to the Olympian gods who had sent the storm.

When the curious flames, that sometimes during storms play about the masts and sails of a ship, were seen on other ships after this voyage of the Argo, the sailors would always cry out, “See the stars of Castor and Pollux!”

Their love for each other made them more famous than anything else. When at last Castor was slain in a great battle, Pollux prayed Jupiter to let them be again united. The prayer was granted. Not long after this, the poets tell us, the star picture of the Twins was discovered in the sky, and there the two loving brothers stay forever watching the earth to see if they may help others to be faithful to the end.

THE MILKY WAY

Russian

Soon after the world was made, God created a beautiful maiden and gave her charge of all the birds beneath the heavens. Her name was Lindu. Her father's name was Uko. She knew all the birds of passage, and where they should go in autumn, and she sent each flock on its way.

Lindu cared for the birds tenderly, like a mother for her children, and gave them help whenever it was possible. She sent the stormy wind to blow dust into the eyes of the fierce hunters when they were seeking to slay her pets. It was not surprising that all the world loved her, and those who dwelt in the sky most of all.

The North Star wished to make her his wife. He drove up to Uko's palace with a dusky coach drawn by six black horses, and in the coach were ten fine presents. But Lindu did not love him.

“You always stay in one place, and cannot stir from it,” said she. “Go back to your watch−tower.”

Then came the Moon drawn in a silver coach by ten gray horses, and the Moon brought twenty presents. But Lindu did not love the Moon.

“You change your face too often and not your path, and that will never suit me,” she said.

So the Moon drove away wearing his saddest face. Scarcely had the Moon gone before the Sun drove up. He rode in a golden coach drawn by twenty gold−red horses, and he brought thirty presents with him. But all his grandeur went for nothing with Lindu, for she said:

“I do not love you. You follow the same track day by day, just like the Moon. I love the changing seasons, the changing winds, anything that changes.”

At that the gold−red horses leaped away and Lindu was alone with her birds.

At length the Northern Light came from his home in the midnight land in a diamond coach drawn by a thousand white horses. He was so grand that Lindu went to the door to meet him. His servants carried a whole coach−load of gold and silver, pearls and jewels into her house. She loved this bright suitor at once.

“You do not travel the same path all the time like the others. You set out when you wish and rest when it pleases you. Each time you wear a new robe, and each time you ride in a new coach with new horses. You shall be my bridegroom.”

And Lindu's choice was made.

The news was sent throughout the world, and guests came from the four sides of the sky and of the earth to greet Lindu and the Northern Light. It was agreed that the wedding should be when the birds flew south. Back to his home in the midnight land went the Northern Light, knowing that Lindu loved him best.

The torrent which fell half a thousand feet over the mountain side sent Lindu her bridal veil. The Frost King sent her laces so fine that a breath of summer air would have destroyed them, and they were stored away in a block of ice for safe keeping. The birds brought her robes of butterfly wings softer than silk and more beautiful than velvet. Her sandals were from the wings of the honey bee, stronger than reindeer skin, and fleeter than a chamois' foot.

Spring passed away. Summer came and went. The birds flew south, and Lindu waited for the Northern Light's return. Snow sparkled on the earth, but no hoof−beat of his thousand white horses broke the stillness of the midnight air. Spring came, but never the Northern Light.

Then Lindu began to weep, and from her tears sprang the little brooks in the valleys of Earth. The birds flew about her head and rested on her shoulders. They tried to caress her in a hundred ways, but Lindu did not heed them. Then they flew away and wandered in strange places, building nests where no nests were ever seen before. Many an egg was lost and many a nestling stolen because Lindu was not near to help her birds.

At last Uko heard their sad songs and then saw his daughter's grief. Uko's heart was always merry and his hands so full of work that he had not noticed Lindu's trouble. He ordered the Four Winds to lift her gently and bring her to him in his sky palace.

She dressed herself in her bridal veil, her frosted laces, and robes of butterfly wings, and the four strong Winds lifted her from the ground. The song−birds of Earth gathered about her and sang their sweetest songs. With her white bridal veil streaming far out on the air and a happy smile on her lips, Lindu sailed across the sky to Uko's palace. There she lives now, happy as her father Uko. Her white veil spreads from one end of the heavens to the other, and whoever lifts his eyes to the Milky Way beholds the maiden in her bridal robes.

From there she directs her birds. From there she waves her white hand in greeting to the Northern Light as his thousand horses leap through the sky. She has forgotten his unkindness and her sorrow. The Northern Light still loves her, but is so changeful that he can never keep a promise. Uko has given Lindu her station in the heavens and her work. Forever beautiful and forever young, never changing, she forever smiles at the changeful Northern Light.

HOW FIRE CAME TO EARTH

Greek

Once the earth was but a ball of dead, cold rock and barren sand. Once the waters were nothing but a mass of icy waves.

Two great giants, Titans the Greeks called them, were given the task of making the earth what it had been planned to be.

Epimetheus and Prometheus were the names of these giants. Epimetheus took upon himself the task of making the lower animals and man. Prometheus overlooked the work and gave hints if he saw that anything was lacking.

Epimetheus made the fishes. He set them afloat in the water, and taught them to swim. He made the lion and gave it courage. He gave wings to the bird and showed it how to fly swiftly through the air. He covered the crab with its shell and taught it how to creep.

Man came last. Epimetheus had nothing to give him. Claws, wings, shelly covering, fur, everything had been bestowed on the creatures which he had made first. Epimetheus saw how weak man was with all the fierce animals around him. He went to Prometheus for help, and said:

“I have clothed this last creature which I have made with robes from the garments the immortals have cast aside. The thorns cannot tear him, but the wild beast can take his life in a moment. Help me to make him conqueror of everything in earth and sea and sky.”

[Illustration: MINERVA]

Prometheus sought Minerva for wisdom. She gave him a golden torch, whose wood was cut from the pines that grew nearest heaven on the earth's highest peak, and said:

“Follow what this branch of pine is seeking. It will take and hold the gift reserved for man.”

When Prometheus grasped the torch, it leaped upward through the sky past the pale, cold moon; past flashing stars; upward, till the torch and its bearer stood in the high heavens by the burning chariot of the sun.

The pine kissed the leaping flames and a fire was kindled in its own heart. Prometheus sprang backward from the sun chariot, and, bearing the flaming torch in his hands, brought down to man, from the sun, the gift of fire.

No creature but man can possess or use this gift. Man would not part with it for all the treasures below the earth's surface, nor for all the gifts that birds, beasts, and fishes can boast.

With fire, weapons are made that can subdue the strongest beast that ever fought for its life. Tools with which man tills the earth and blasts the rock are made with the aid of fire. With fire man warms his dwelling. While the wild creatures shiver in the ice and snow man makes summer within the four walls of his home.

Man walks the earth a conqueror, but should the gift of fire be taken from him, how would he then teach the lower animals that he is their master? Having this gift he excels all other creatures. Without it he would be poor indeed.

Go where you will, the gift Prometheus brought is known to the race to whom it was given. There is no savage so ignorant but that he has the art of making fire.

Fire gleams from the eyeballs of the beasts when they are in anger, but this fire is cold compared with the burning blaze of wood and coal.

No beast will attack mankind when protected by a blazing torch. The gift of Prometheus shows the wisdom of Minerva.

BEYOND THE FIRE ISLAND

Russian

Once there was a man who decided to take a journey to the uttermost end of the world where it touches the sky. He thought he could reach that point only by sea, but being tired of the water decided to travel on the wings of an eagle. A raven told him better, however, for the nights are months long in the far Northland and the eagle loves the sunlight.

Then this man, who was a king, gave orders to fell the greatest oak tree in his three kingdoms. Olaf the Brave undertook this task. The oak tree was very large and neither sun, moon, nor stars could shine between its leaves, they were so close together. The king commanded that deep−sea sailing ships should be made from its trunk, warships from its crown, merchant ships from its branches, children's boats from the splinters, and maidens' rowing boats from the chips.

But the wise men of Norway and Finland assembled and gave the king advice. They told him that it was no use building a wooden ship, for the spirits of the Northern Lights would set it on fire. Then the king made a ship of silver. The whole of the ship—planking, deck, masts, and chains—was of silver, and he named his vessel “The Flyer.”

Then—for this was ages ago—he provided golden armor for himself, silver armor for his nobles, iron for the crew, copper for the old men, and steel for the wise men.

When everything was ready, he and his sailors set out for Finland. But they soon turned and headed “The Flyer” to the far north. The Great Bear in the sky guided them.

At the helm of the ship was a wise pilot who knew all languages and the speech of birds and beasts. The winds of Finland were angry because he slighted their country, and a great storm arose and blew the ship out of her course. The birds sang to the helmsman and told him by their song that his ship was being driven on the bleak and desolate coast of Lapland.

The king and his bold comrades succeeded in landing in Lapland, but could find no people. At last a sailor discovered a house. In it dwelt a wise man and his daughter. The king asked the wise man the way to the end of the world. The wise man answered that he had asked a vain question.

“The sea has no end, and those who go westward have found their death in the Fire Island. Turn homeward and live,” said the wise man.

The king only answered by asking the wise Lapp if he would be their guide to the Fire Island. He consented and went aboard the ship. His name was Varrak.

He steered the boat due north for thirty days and thirty nights. The first danger they met was a great whirlpool, whose center was a vast hole into which had been drawn many a brave ship. Varrak threw overboard a small barrel wrapped in red cloth and trimmed with many red streamers, but with a rope attached to it. A whale swallowed this bait and then tried to escape as he felt the rope pulling him. In his flight he towed the ship to a safe place in the open sea.

This brought them far westward and at last they came within sight of the Island of Fire. Iceland, men call it now, but surely it has as much fire as ice. From the middle of this Iceland they could see great pillars of flame and vast clouds of smoke ascending into the air.

Varrak warned the king of his danger, but was commanded to run the boat ashore. Those who explored the land found a vast mountain casting up flames and another mountain pouring out smoke. Soon the party came across great spouting fountains of boiling water, and they found the ground beneath their feet to be burning lava.

The son of Sulev, who was leading this exploring party, wandered through snow−fields covered with ashes. A shower of red−hot stones warned him that he was near the volcano. Going too close to this burning mountain, his hair and eyebrows were singed and his clothing took fire. He rolled in the snow and saved himself.

Then the son of Sulev thought it best to go back to the ship. Calling his party together, he found that the youngest, the yellow−haired boy who was cupbearer to the king, was gone. The birds told the helmsman, the wise Lapp, that the lad had made friends with the water−sprites beyond the snow mountains and would never return.

The winds drove the ship about for many days till she grounded again on a strange shore.

Another party of nobles and sailors went to search this country. Being tired, they lay down under an ash tree and fell asleep. The people in this land were giants, and a giant's daughter found them. They were so very small to the giant child that she picked them up and put them in her apron, and carried them home to her father.

“Look at these strange creatures, father,” she said. “I found them asleep under a head of cabbage in our garden. What are they?”

The giant knew them to be men from the east. Now the east has always been noted for its wisdom, so he questioned these men with riddles.

“What walks along the grass, steps on the edge of the fence, and walks along the sides of the reeds?” he asked.

“The bee,” answered the wise man of the party.

“What drinks from the brooks and wells, and from the stones on the bank?”

“The rainbow,” replied the wise man.

Then the giant told his little daughter to put the strangers back exactly where she had found them. But the wise man asked her to carry them to the ship just for fun. She leaned over the vessel like a vast cloud and shook them out of her white apron upon the deck. Then with one long breath she blew the ship four miles out to sea. The king shouted back his thanks.

But that wind blew northwest instead of north. The cold was intense and they watched from midnight to midnight the combats in the air between the spirits of the Northern Lights. The sailors were frightened, but the king was pleased. He was farther north than ever before.

The helmsman warned them that they were approaching another shore. No birds welcomed them or sang them the name of the country. Men dressed in the skins of dogs and bears met them as they landed, and took them to their homes on sledges of ice drawn by dogs. Their houses were of blocks of ice and snow, and their talk sounded like dogs barking.

The king did not like these people, for their land was cold. The wise man told him again that his search was an idle one. The end of the world was not for mortal eyes to see. At last the king believed him and sailed homeward. No man to this day has been able to find the far north, the end of the world.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH WIND

Norse

North Wind likes a bit of fun as dearly as a boy does, and it is with boys he likes best to romp and play.

One day North Wind saw a brave little fellow eating his lunch under a tree. Just as he went to bite his bread, North Wind blew it out of his hand and swept away everything else that he had brought for his lunch.

“You hateful North Wind!” cried the little fellow. “Give me back my supper. I'm so hungry.”

[Illustration: BOREAS, THE GOD OF THE NORTH WIND]

Now North Wind, like all brave beings, is noble, and so he tried to make up for the mischief he had done.

“Here, take this tablecloth,” said North Wind, “and, in whatever house you stay, spread it on the table; then wish, and you shall have everything you wish for to eat.”

“All right!” said the boy, and he took the tablecloth and ran as fast as he could to the first house, which proved to be an inn.

“I have enough to pay for lodging, so I'll stay all night,” he said to himself.

“Bring me a table,” he ordered the innkeeper, as he went to his room.

“Ha! ha!” laughed the innkeeper. “You mean bring me a supper.”

“No, I don't. I want only a table and that right quick. I'm hungry.”

The innkeeper brought the table, but, after the door was shut, he watched through the keyhole to see what would happen.

“Beans, bread, and bacon,” ordered the boy, as he spread out his tablecloth. On came beans, bread, and bacon through the open window, whirled in by North Wind. Smoking hot they all were, too, for the dishes were tightly covered. After supper was over, the boy went sound asleep.

North Wind did not waken him as the innkeeper took the table and the table−cloth and carried them down−stairs. Next morning the boy was hungry again, but there was no tablecloth and so no breakfast.

“You are a cheat, North Wind; you have taken back your tablecloth.”

[Illustration: TOWER OF THE WINDS AT ATHENS]

“No,” said North Wind, “that is not the way I do.” But the boy did not get his tablecloth.

After a time North Wind met him again out under the trees.

“This time I will give you a sheep,” he said. “Each time that you rub his wool, out will drop a gold piece. Take care of him.”

The boy ran back and found the sheep at the door of the stable, behind the inn. He caught the sheep by a strap which was around its neck, and led it slowly up the stairs of the inn, to the room from which the tablecloth had disappeared the night before.

As the boy was hungry for his breakfast, he obeyed North Wind's command and patted the sheep upon its back. A gold piece fell out of its fleece upon the floor.

“Good old North Wind!” said the boy. “Here's my breakfast and some hay for my sheep. Come breakfast, come hay,” and through the open window came first a bundle of hay, and then a fine breakfast for the hungry boy. After breakfast the boy paid for a week's lodging with the gold piece.

He slept soundly that night with his sheep for his pillow, and the next night also, but the third morning when the boy awoke, his head lay upon the floor and the sheep was gone.

Perhaps too many gold pieces had been seen in the boy's hand, for he had patted his sheep very often.

He accused North Wind again. “You have taken back your sheep. I don't like you. You are as cold−hearted as you can be.”

But North Wind said nothing. He put a queer stick into a bag and gave it to the boy and told him to go back and lock his door as tightly as before.

“Talk to the bag,” he said, “and guard it as carefully as if there was a jewel in it.”

That night the boy was wakened out of his soundest sleep by screams for help in his room. There was the innkeeper running about, and that queer stick was pounding him, first on the head, then on the feet, then on his

back, then in his face.

“Help! help!” he cried.

“Give me back my sheep,” said the boy.

“Get it; it is hidden in the barn,” said the innkeeper.

The boy went out and found his sheep in the barn and drove it away as fast as he could, but he forgot about the innkeeper, and, maybe, that stick is pounding him to this day.

ORPHEUS, THE SOUTH WIND

Greek

In the land of Thrace there lived, years ago, one who was called Orpheus. He was the sweetest singer ever known. His voice was low and soft.

When men heard this voice all anger ceased, and their thoughts were thoughts of peace. Even wild animals were tamed.

Orpheus went into the woods one day and took nothing but his harp with him.

No quiver of arrows was on his back, nor hunting spear at his side.

He sang and sang till the birds flew down on the ground about him, and seemed to think that a creature with such a voice must be merely another kind of bird.

[Illustration: ORPHEUS. Showing his broken harp]

A wild cat came creeping slyly between the trees, trying to catch the little feathered listeners. Orpheus took his lute and played upon it, and the wild cat became as tame as the birds. They all followed Orpheus farther into the forest.

Soon, from behind a rock, a tiger sprang to attack the wild cat. The birds and the wild cat called to Orpheus. When he saw the trouble he took his harp again, and while he sang the tiger came trembling and purring to his feet and the birds, the wild cat, and the tiger followed Orpheus still farther into the forest.

He sat down by a tree to rest and the bees came and showed him where their honey was hidden in the tree. He fed his friends, and then he and the tiger led the way to a river where there was the purest water.

Tall trees bent low before him, and young trees tore themselves from the ground and followed in his train.

Foul waters parted so that Orpheus and his band might pass through unharmed; they knew no longer any evil thing.

Before they reached the river of pure water, to which the tiger was leading them, a lion, fierce with anger, sprang madly at his old enemy. Orpheus took his harp and played so wonderfully that the pine trees sighed with sorrow, and the lion, loosing his hold on the tiger, followed the sweet singer of Thrace. At the river the birds, the wild cat, the tiger, and the lion drank together with Orpheus, with not one thought of hurting one another.

"We are tired," said the birds. "Let us stay here by this river," and Orpheus agreed. The birds flew to the trees, while the others tried to rest on the huge rocks by the shore, but these were jagged and rough. They would give no rest to any one.

Then Orpheus began to play, and the hardest rocks were stirred. They rolled over and over into the river, and in their places the softest beds of white sand were ready for all. Orpheus rested, with the lion and the tiger for his night−watchers, and the wild cat asleep in the tree with the birds.

In the morning the harp sounded again, and the strange company wandered away, happy to be near the music. The three wild beasts fed together on the river grasses and forgot that they had been life−long enemies.

Orpheus had said, before he came into the wood, that he was tired of men and their quarrels; that wild beasts were easier to tame than angry men; and so he found it during these two days in the forest.

He took his harp and played and sang a sweet, wild song of love and peace, and overhead the leaves and branches of the oaks danced for joy of living. Not one growl, not one quarrel was heard where even the echoes of the music went. The very rocks answered the voice of Orpheus, and everything was at peace.

Then came the sound of the hunting dogs. The lion raised his shaggy head, but put it down again. Savage light came again into the eyes of the tiger and of the wild cat. The dogs came nearer. Orpheus played on his lute and the dogs came and lay down at his feet, and the hunters went home without their prey.

That night Orpheus led the birds and beasts all back to the places where he had found them, and went home to live once more in his cave in Thrace.

For years hunters told, over their camp−fires, strange stories of a tiger and a lion who lived together in the deep forest; of a wild cat with eyes like a pet fawn; and of birds whose songs were so sweet that wild beasts grew tame as they listened.

Sometimes, even in these days, it seems as if Orpheus were singing again.

When the wind stirs, there comes sweet music. The pine trees sigh, the leaves and branches of the forest trees dance as in the days when Orpheus first went into the woods of Thrace.

When the south wind blows, earth's voices become low and sweet, and the birds sing soft melodies to greet its coming.

Old books tell us that Orpheus was really the south wind itself.

THE LITTLE WIND−GOD

Greek

"What is it in the thermometer that shines so, mother?"

"Oh, that is quicksilver, Ethel. See the line of silver run up the tube while I hold it in my hand."

"Quicksilver? I should think it was quick! See it run back, now the tube is cool. But father called it something else the other night. What was it?"

“Oh, yes; he called it mercury, my dear. It is named after one of the gods the Greeks used to worship, their swift wind−god, Mercury. We read of him in many old stories. He was so quick that he became a messenger boy for the other gods.”

“Oh, I like those old myths. Tell me about Mercury. I am going to name my dove after him, for it takes messages for me. Tell me a long one, please.”

“Well, my dear, Mercury is also the name of the planet that will soon be our evening star. And, Ethel, if I tell you this story now, you must tell it to me sometime when we watch his beautiful namesake in the sky. Will you try to remember it?”

“Oh, yes, indeed, I'll remember. I love the stories about the stars. It makes them seem so real. I know Venus and Jupiter, and Mars with his red eye, and now I am going to have another friend among them. Oh, I am glad I asked about that quicksilver,” and Ethel settled down on a footstool at her mother's feet.

This is the story Mrs. Brown told Ethel:

“In the days when the earth was young, a little baby lay alone in its cradle in a beautiful cave in a mountain side. This baby was Mercury. His mother had left him because someone had called her away for a moment, but for some reason she stayed an hour.

“As soon as she had gone, this wee baby turned over, lifted his head, and, seeing the door of the cave ajar, put out his hand. Touching the sides of the cradle, he sprang out like a boy ten years old. Slipping through the doorway, Mercury ran quickly down to the river bank near his home. A river tortoise was in his way. His tiny toes tripped over it and he fell. Vexed to be stopped by such a slow, clumsy creature, Mercury dashed it on a rock and killed it. Then he threw it into the river and watched the fish feed on its flesh. It seemed but a minute before the empty shell drifted to his feet. Mercury picked it up and felt sorry for what he had done.

“'I will make this shell live forever,' he said. 'I do not mean to be cruel to earth's creatures.'

“Quick as a thought he bored nine holes in each side, and taking the lacings from his tiny sandals, he split them and strung them into the holes in the shell.

“Drawing his little hand across the strings, there came the sweetest sounds, and the first harp on earth was made. He was so pleased that he hid it under his white dress until he came to some thick reeds by the river, and there he laid it safely away.

“Running swiftly homeward, he came softly through the narrow opening, back into his own room, and, creeping into his cradle, he cuddled down and went to sleep.”

“Why, mother, he was so little! Only a baby; how could he?”

“The old myth says he was only three days old when he did this, but remember, this is like a fairy story, and Mercury was the son of the great Jupiter. But let me tell the rest. When his mother came back, she was frightened to think he had been alone an hour, but he was sleeping so sweetly when she looked at him that she felt he had not been harmed. The mother never dreamed when she saw the open sandals that he had been away.”

“But the harp, mother; didn't she ever find that?”

“No, you know the little rogue had hidden the harp in the reeds by the river. Another day he ran away and got into worse trouble than he expected, for he dared to steal some of Apollo's cattle. They were beautiful snow−white creatures, feeding in the violet meadows of the sky. As he saw them drifting slowly toward him, the mischief in him made him drive these gentle creatures into the sea, and, being tired and hungry, he tore the last one to pieces and fed on it.

“Though this mischief−maker walked backward to his home, trying to deceive any who would hunt for him, Apollo found him out. When the sun−god saw him lying there, a helpless baby in a cradle, Mercury almost made him think that he had not done the wrong. But at last even Mercury's mother believed him guilty, for the proofs brought were many, and Apollo came to take him away. Then the little wind−god took from under his cradle−clothes the harp which he had hidden there, and breathed upon it. Apollo was charmed by the melody and could only say:

“'Give me that, and I will not ask for my stolen cattle.'

[Illustration: MERCURY. From a statue in Florence, Italy.]

“That was just what Mercury wished. He quickly handed him the tortoise shell. In Apollo's hands it made still sweeter music, for everything Apollo did was best.

“So nimble Mercury was free. When the child was a few months older, Apollo chose him for his messenger. He gave him a cap with wings at either side, and winged sandals. In his hands he always carried a winged wand with two serpents crossed and recrossed upon it. You have surely seen his picture, Ethel?”

“Oh, yes. Down at the art store there is a little statue of him. I can remember, this story always.”

THE VOICES OF NATURE

Finnish

Vanemuine, the god of song, dwelt on the Hill of Taara. But he grew tired of living in Finland and of his beautiful hill, so he sent word for all things to come to him to receive the language they were to speak before he went away to his palace in the sky. As they gathered around him, he opened his lips and sang so sweetly, so softly, that the murmur of his harp strings seemed almost harsh as compared with the music of his rich voice.

The wandering winds who listened afar off caught and remembered only the loudest tones. The sacred stream that flows so softly around the Hill of Taara chose for its language the rustling of the silken garments which moved upon his shoulders as he played.

The listening trees of the forest heard the rushing of his flowing mantle as he descended from his throne on the crest of the hill; and ever since, this has been the language of the tree−tops. If one will sit on the mossy bank of a little brook near by a full−leaved forest, he may even now fancy that Vanemuine is come again to earth.

Some of the larger creatures took up the deeper tones of the heavy harp strings, and their language is now full of these sounds. Others loved the melody of the lighter strings, and this softer music is ever in their voices.

In his great joy Vanemuine sang songs never before heard on the earth, and the listening nightingale caught their meaning, never to forget. When you hear the nightingale pour out its song in the dusk of evening hours, you hear an echo of the song the nightingale heard upon the Hill of Taara.

Vanemuine sang of love and of the beautiful springtime. The happy lark heard and understood, and the sweetest tones of the song she sings over and over with each returning morning. As she soars higher and higher into the clear air, she sings her song, trying to tell the whole world of the love and beauty of which she heard so long ago.

While everything else was being made so happy, the poor fishes were having a sad time. They could not leave the water to go to the Hill of Taara, but they stretched their heads out of the brooks and rivers to their very eyes, yet kept their ears under. So they saw Vanemuine, the song−god, move his lips, but heard nothing, and they did as he did and made no sound. To this day the poor, dumb fishes move their lips, but speak no language.

Only the men and women who stood close around the Hill of Taara understood everything that was sung. That is why human voices more than any others can thrill us and make us see the beautiful and true.

Vanemuine sang of the glory of heaven and of the beauty of earth. He sang of the flowing waters and of the rustling leaves. He sang of the joys and the sorrows that come to all people, to children and parents, to the rich and to the poor. If we listen to the songs sung to−day, with open ears and expectant hearts, we may hear all that Vanemuine sang so long ago upon the Hill of Taara.

When Vanemuine's songs had been heard by all the world, he rose on the wings of the winds and went far into cloudland to his golden palace in the sky. There he still sings his wonderful songs for those who are greater than mankind.

To this very day the people of Finland think they can sometimes hear Vanemuine's voice when the forest trees sigh in the wind, or the water in the river softly laps against its rocky shore. Perhaps—who knows?—we may hear him, too, if we listen well!

A BAG OF WINDS

Greek

“Oh, Grace, do see that man with all those little balloons! Don't they look like a bunch of big cherries?”

“Yes, they do, Carrie, but cherries are all of one color, and some of his balloons are red and some are blue. Oh, here is one that has burst. See, it is only a little rubber sack that was once full of air.”

“That makes me think, Carrie, of a story I read the other day about a bag of winds. It was about the King of the Winds and his kindness. It was this way:

“Once a man named Ulysses was sailing over a great sea, and he came to an island. He and his sailors were so tired and hungry that they stopped for food and rest. The King of the Winds—his name was Aeolus—was very kind to them, and they feasted for fifteen days; then they had to go forward on their journey again. King Aeolus thought so much of Ulysses that he told him that he would see that he had good sailing weather all the way home, if Ulysses would promise to take charge of what he would give him.

[Illustration: ULYSSES. Making an offering of wine.]

“King Aeolus went alone to the great cave in the mountains where he kept the four strong winds and some of the weaker ones. He pounded on the door with his heavy key to let them know he was there, and that they must wait his call. Then he unlocked the door and let out the strong East Wind, but caught the others in a great bag made of a whole ox−hide. This he tied with a stout cord, and the East Wind took it on his shoulders and

carried it to the boat that was about to sail.

“Then King Aeolus told Ulysses how to fasten it to the mast, and the East Wind had great frolics with the queer bag in which were his brothers.

“King Aeolus told Ulysses never to sleep unless his faithful watchman was guarding this treasure. Ulysses thanked him and promised faithfully. Such beautiful weather had never been known before for so long a time. The East Wind had no one to quarrel with, and the boat flew like a bird for nine long days.

“The captain grew weary the tenth night and went to sleep while his watchman was off duty. That was just the chance the sailors wanted. Slyly up to the mast crept a strong sailor, thinking he would cut down this treasure which he thought was gold. As soon as the string snapped, he found out his mistake, and so did everyone in the boat.

“The mighty North Wind felt the loosening strings and rising from the corner of the ox−hide bag, into which he had been thrust, rushed past his brothers and escaped first into the open air. The West Wind came after, screaming hoarsely, while the South Wind, roused to anger by such rough treatment, whistled fiercely as his brother, North Wind, grappled with him. The clouds were twisted into curious shapes as the winds wrestled above the sea. The strong East Wind strove to drive back the West Wind, but found that nine days of rest had given his brother great strength, and the waves rose like mountains under their feet. For seven hours the winds fought, while the waters were black, for not one star dared to watch the battle. The boat of Ulysses was tossed like a seaweed, and the sailors longed for the sunlight that they might see if the storm had taken anyone from the ship. When the light came and the fury of the winds grew less, it was found that not one sailor had been lost; not even the traitor who had cut down the bag. His punishment was to live.

“The boat drifted back to the land of King Aeolus, and Ulysses begged for help. 'I cannot help you,' he said. 'You have done this by your carelessness, and you must now toil at the oars, as before, while I seek my lost winds.'

“When the winds were tired with their roaming, they came back and were willing to be led to their cave, but the stout ox−hide bag was lost, and King Aeolus never made another.”

ECHO, THE AIR MAIDEN

Greek

“Grace, you should not try to have the last word. It is a bad habit to get into. Shut your lips and run into another room if you can't stop yourself by any other means.”

“Why, auntie, what a funny way to cure me! But I don't see that I need any such thing. Johnny was in the wrong and he knows it.”

“You see, you are having the last word now. Do you remember what you heard out by the great rocks the day of the picnic?”

“Oh, that echo! Wasn't it perfect! I said, 'come here,' and it answered, 'here,' just as plainly as one of the girls, and we talked with it ever so long.”

“Can you call it answering, Grace? Think what it really did.”

“Oh, I know now, but I don't like to tell, because—because it seems a little as you say I do.”

“Yes, Grace, and I am going to tell you a story about the very first echo. Please try to remember it and shut your lips and run away whenever you feel like having the last word. Will you, dear?”

“I'll remember the story, anyway,” said Grace, as she cuddled down on a footstool at the feet of her aunt.

“This is a sad little story,” said her Aunt Kate to her, “and I'm glad it is only a story.

“The first echo was a pretty girl who had only one fault—she would talk too much. She not only talked too much and sometimes, I fear, too loud, but when others tried to say a word, she would begin again and try to outdo them. She loved to tease and to vex people. Still, she was so beautiful that no one could bear to punish her.

“One day Queen Juno came down to earth (you see, Grace, this is one of the old myths) and saucy Echo dared to torment even her. Juno had left her throne in the sky to search for someone Echo knew.

“'Where is he, Echo?' Juno asked.

“'Is he Echo? Oh, no, I am Echo. Did you want me?' the saucy girl answered.

“'How dare you do it?' Juno said.

“'Dare you do it? Oh, yes, I dare do anything. Tell me what to do.'

“'You have dared too much already, silly child, and for punishment you shall lose the use of that tongue of yours, except for the one purpose of answering back. You shall still have the last word, but never again shall you speak first.'

“Just then Iris, Juno's maid of honor, came with a shining car drawn by two peacocks, and away they both went over the rainbow bridge back to Juno's throne.

“Echo in her sorrow ran and hid herself in a cavern.

[Illustration: From the cover of a drinking cup. Echo is seen in the branches. Pan is sitting on the rock.]

“She wandered from cave to cave and rock to rock, always answering back when those who tried to find her called, but never able to tell where she was. She grew thinner and thinner, till at last nothing was left of her but her voice.

“That she will always keep, and try as hard as you may, you can never have the last word with Echo.”

IRIS, THE RAINBOW PRINCESS

Greek

Queen Juno was the wife of Jupiter, the great king. She lived with her husband in one of the cloud palaces of the sky, lighted by the moon and stars at night and the sun by day.

Juno had many followers who were ready to do her bidding, but she loved best of all her beautiful maid of honor, the princess Iris. No one dared to use the rainbow but Iris, to whom it had been given by Jupiter. Whenever Iris was in haste to obey Queen Juno's orders, down from the palace she would sail in a chariot drawn by two peacocks, and if she wished she might ride all the way over the rainbow.

[Illustration: IRIS. From an ancient fresco.]

Think of the beautiful Iris, wrapped in a fleecy cloud, gliding over this wonderful path in the heavens! Wouldn't it have been a lovely sight to see?

Once Juno sent her all the way to Dreamland to bring to Halcyone, the daughter of Aeolus, a dream of her husband, who was far away on the ocean.

Iris loved to help poor mortals, and tears filled her eyes when she heard how this lonely woman longed to see the one she loved so well.

The clouds caught the tears from the eyes of Iris, and quickly made ready for her the glorious rainbow bridge, reaching from Dreamland to the wonderful Garden of the Gods.

She wrapped herself in a cloud chosen from the sunset and, stepping into her chariot, gave the signal to her birds and drove swiftly down, down to the dim country of the King of Sleep.

Before she could reach the entrance to his palace, she had to drive through field after field of poppies, red as the sunset she had just left in the sky, for poppies give sleep to the people of Dreamland.

Somnus, the King of Sleep, lived in a deep, still cave, so dark that he had never seen the rainbow or the sun. There was no gate; soft black plumes and curtains served as doors. Here in the heart of Dreamland Iris saw all about her strange, beautiful dreams.

There were dreams for children of toys and candies and plays; dreams for men and women of all that they had ever wished for; dreams, dreams, everywhere. But Iris did not like darkness any better than you and I do, and she quickly gave an order for the King of Sleep to send the best dream possible to the anxious Halcyone. Then back she drove over the rainbow bridge, up, up to the bright palace in the clouds.

[Illustration: THE HEAD OF IRIS. From a frieze on the Parthenon.]

As soon as she had left the rainbow's track it faded away, but, even before it was out of sight, a dream of her husband had come to Halcyone, and Iris was happy.

Iris loved the water best of all things on earth. She always wore a chain of raindrops for pearls, and a cloud for a robe. She had an army of soldiers by each river bank. Men called the soldiers plants, but their swords were always drawn for Iris, and their stately heads were adorned with her favorite colors.

When you see a group of plants clustered at the water's edge, with their sword−like leaves pointing to the sky, and their great blue flowers looking like a crown, remember that is the flower Iris loved.

THE THUNDER−GOD AND HIS BROTHER

Norse

Tiu, Ziu, or Tyr, were three names for one of Woden's sons. Tiu was the brother of Thor, and his mother, Frigga, was always proud of his courage in war and of his skill and strength in battle. The soldiers of the Northland cried to him for help as often as they did to his father, Woden.

Tiu's sign was a sword, and the brave old kings of Norway and their followers used to engrave his name upon their bright steel blades that they might please the great warrior who lived in Asgard. It was thought that if Tiu

saw his name written in the strange Runic letters he would give his help to the man who honored that name and keep his good sword sharp.

Thor and Tiu went, in the olden time, to the house of a giant to secure a large kettle which was in the giant's house.

Thor's goats drew with magic swiftness the chariot in which the two rode, and Thor and Tiu arrived at the house in a few moments.

The giant's wife hid the two huge visitors under one of the many caldrons she had in her kitchen. When her husband came he broke all the kettles but one by just glancing at them. He welcomed his visitors in a very grim way and ordered them to be seated at the table with him. Thor ate so much that the giant grew angry, but Thor told him he would repay all by bringing him fish from the sea the next day.

Thor caught two whales and carried them to the giant's house, as he had promised. The giant laughingly said that he would give him one of the kettles if he could carry it. Tin tried twice and failed, but Thor, putting on his magic belt, lifted the kettle and set it on his head like a cap.

Then the goats took the two sons of Woden back to their home in Asgard.

If anyone should tell you that the giant was winter, and his kettles the strangely shaped icebergs of the arctic North, would you believe it? Thor was the god of thunder riding in the clouds with his brother, the god of bravery and of the strong winds.

Tiu's name has been given to the day before Woden's day, and when Tuesday comes, try to be as true, brave, and swift as Tiu, the son of Woden.

NEPTUNE, KING OF THE SEAS

Greek

“Mother, when papa came back from South America, he told us a queer story about the sailors dressing up in masks. What holiday was it? And what did they do it for?”

“That must have been, Charlie, when the ship crossed the line, or the equator, as you call it in the geography class. I remember his telling about King Neptune and his trident.”

[Illustration: NEPTUNE]

“What did the sailors do, mother?”

“Why, one dressed to represent Neptune, a famous ocean god, and the rest masked as his followers. They were given presents by the passengers on the ship, and it was a grand holiday.”

“But who is King Neptune, and where does this ocean god live, mother?”

“People used to believe that Neptune was really king of all the waters on the earth, Charlie. Doesn't that seem strange? I'll tell you a story that I heard about Neptune and some of the other gods whom the Greeks used to worship. Perhaps you will find more stories about him sometime.”

“Wait a minute, mother, till I get that easy chair for you. Now we are ready to begin.”

“Once on a time, Juno, the wife of Jupiter, while watching from the sky, saw some ships on the sea beneath her.

“After looking closely, she found they were the seven ships of Aeneas, who was trying to reach the land of Italy and was now only a few miles from its shore.

“Juno, for reasons of her own, did not want Aeneas to reach the land. Knowing something must be done in the shortest possible time she went to King Aeolus and asked his help. She promised him all manner of beautiful gifts if he would only send his winds against the ships of Aeneas.

“King Aeolus knew he was doing wrong, but he would not refuse Juno. He went to the mountain cave where he kept the storm winds, and, taking his heavy war spear, burst open the massive door of the cavern and let all the mad crew out at once.

“The storm they made was terrible. Great waves like mountains came sweeping over the land, carrying trees and everything away.

“The ships of Aeneas were only playthings in such a hurricane, and the winds seemed to know for what they had been let loose.

“The great cables that fastened heavy anchors to the ships were snapped like stalks of corn. The winds roared like wild animals. The sky was as black as night, and great waterspouts went whirling by like huge tops set spinning by the blasts.

“One fierce wind blew against the ship of Aeneas and overturned it.

“A whirlwind caught three other ships and tossed them lightly on the great rocks, on the shore. Another whirlwind sent three more ships into the terrible quicksands and they were swallowed up.

“Aeneas, swimming in the water, saw around him his trusty sailors clinging, like himself, to broken planks and pieces of timber. All about them floated concave shields, outspread mantles, and overturned helmets. Treasures, too, in the shape of precious home gifts, and robes covered with jewels, drifted past them.

“But the only thing anyone wanted then was life, and it seemed as if the winds and waters were ready and able to destroy every man of them.

“Aeneas called to Neptune, king of the seas, and Neptune heard him and came riding up out of the bottom of the ocean.

“He held his golden−maned horses firmly in check, while his voice roared over the waters, asking:

“'What is this, you winds, that you dare to trouble earth and sky without leave from me? Who let you free from your rock prison?'

“The waves were afraid and quieted down. The clouds scattered like naughty children caught in mischief. The winds flew home and, hurrying back into their cave, blew the door tight−shut with a bang. Then everybody waited to see what King Neptune would do.

“He ordered some of his ocean train to pry the three ships off the rocks, but they could not, and he had to help them with his trident, or three−pointed spear. Then King Neptune opened the quicksands and the other three ships sailed out on the water again.

“Neptune knew Aeneas was a brave man and always quick to answer a call for help, so the boat of Aeneas had been taken care of first, and he and his men were put back safely into it.

[Illustration: A GREEK COIN. Made about 510 B.C. representing Neptune, or Poseidon, as the Greeks called him]

“King Neptune, seeing everything was quiet again, showed Aeneas a beautiful harbor where he and his sailors could rest. The brazen−hoofed steeds that drew Neptune's chariot were tossing their heads and growing restive. So Neptune called his followers, and in a flash they all disappeared into the depths of the sea.

“Jupiter, ruler of the sky, praised Neptune for his skill in checking the furious winds and maddened waves, and Pluto, ruler of the center of the earth, said he was proud to call him brother.”

“Well, that must have made King Aeolus ashamed of himself. Don't you think so, mother?”

WHY RIVERS HAVE GOLDEN SANDS

Greek

Once a poor peasant named Gordius thought he would give himself and his family a holiday in the city. He had no horses, but his yoke of oxen could draw the heavy wagon very well. He fastened them to his cart and, putting in his wife and boy, climbed in himself.

When near the city, the capital of Phrygia, he thought it would look better for him to walk and drive his oxen. This he did. As he approached the city he heard a great noise in the marketplace. He hurried his oxen to find out what it was all about. He had to jump into his wagon to avoid the crowd that was following him, and so drove to a great oak in the public square.

Such a welcome as this poor countryman had!

“Here comes our king!” was the cry from everyone. “We were told he should come this day in a wagon drawn by oxen, and here he is!”

Gordius could not believe what he heard. But the chief men brought the crown and put it on his head and declared him king, and he agreed to do his best to deserve the honor.

The oak near which he had stopped was in front of a temple. Gordius gave away his oxen and, taking a heavy rope, tied his wagon with a tremendous knot to the oak. The priest came out and declared that whoever in times to come should be able to untie that knot would be king of all Asia. No one ever did untie it. But Alexander the Great came to Phrygia many years after and, failing to untie it, he took his sword and dealt the rope such a blow that one stroke cut through the magic knot.

A short time after he left Phrygia all Asia owned Alexander the Great as king, and maybe that was the way the knot was to be undone. Anyway, he did not give it up, and that is a good thing for us to remember. Cut the Gordian knots if they will not be untied.

The little boy who rode in the wagon with Gordius was Midas. After his father Gordius died, Midas was chosen King of Phrygia. He was kind and just to the people, as Gordius must have been, or they would not have chosen his son Midas to be their king.

[Illustration: Silenus Holding Bacchus. From a statue in Rome]

One day while Midas was king some peasants found an old man wandering about in the woods. The forest was strange to him and he had lost his way. Midas knew him as soon as the peasants had brought him to the king's palace. It was Silenus, a teacher whose fame had gone through all the world. Midas treated Silenus with the greatest respect. For ten days there was feasting and games in the palace in honor of Silenus. On the eleventh day Midas took him back to the house of his greatest pupil. This pupil was more than mortal, so the story goes. His name was Bacchus. Midas told him all about the finding of Silenus, and Silenus told all about the pleasant time he had at the king's palace. Then the wonderful Bacchus told Midas he might have anything he should wish for as a reward.

Now Gordius, his father, had always wished for more money, though he had been made king and there was more gold for him and his good queen to spend than you would think he could manage. Midas, too, had wished for money. Yet all his life, since that lucky wagon ride, Midas had seen riches and jewels enough to make him grow tired of such things. But, no; when Bacchus asked him what he would have, Midas said, “Let everything I touch turn into gold.”

If you had been there and could have had your choice, what would you have wished for? Can you tell? Never wish for anything quite so foolish as King Midas did, for see what trouble it made him.

After making the wish, King Midas leaped into his chariot to return home. As soon as his feet touched the chariot floor, it turned into solid gold. The reins in his hands became gold. He returned to his palace and the people thought it must be Apollo come to earth, everything was so glorious. His wife met him in the palace halls. One touch and she was turned into a golden statue. No help, no rescue! Midas went out into his garden and reached for the fruit that hung on the trees. Nothing but gold after he had touched it. Gold, gold, gold! How he hated the sight of it! His food and drink were gold. His friends, his home, even his pillow was cold hard gold.

In a few hours he raised his arms, glittering with cloth of gold, in prayer, beseeching Bacchus to take his gift away. Bacchus was kind and said:

“Go to the river Pactolus, find its fountain head, plunge in, and when your body is covered your fault will be washed away.”

Poor King Midas did just as he was told. When he touched the water the strange power went into the river. The river sands changed into gold, and to this day grains of gold are found by the river Pactolus.

After that, Midas lived in the country and dressed as plainly as the poorest peasant. He was so thankful to be free from his terrible gift that he never wanted anyone to remind him of the time when everything he touched turned to gold. But even in the country, the yellow plums, pears, and apples reminded Midas of the fruit he had touched in his own garden.

In autumn, when golden leaves are falling everywhere and the grain is waving in the field, one may fancy King Midas is in our own land.

OLD GRASSHOPPER GRAY

Greek

“O, grasshopper, grasshopper gray,
Give me molasses and then hop away.”

That is what Bessie Allen said to the little creature she held between her thumb and fingers. Did you ever say that rhyme? I should not wonder if you had said it an hundred times.

The grasshopper in Bessie's fingers seemed very ready to give her brown molasses from his little mouth and then she let him hop away while she went to catch another. She did not want that molasses; all she wanted was the fun of catching the little “hoppity−hops,” as she sometimes called them.

“Come, catch me! I'm a hopper,” called her five−year−old brother Willie. And she saw the little fellow hopping through the grass.

Bessie had so much fun trying to catch this new “grasshopper gray,” that she forgot all about the little creatures she had been pinching.

At last she had her arms around her brother Willie.

“Now you are caught,” she said. “Give me some molasses.”

And then they both laughed so hard that their mother heard as she came to the door to look for them.

That night their mother said to their father:

“I have a new name for Willie.”

“What is it?” asked their father.

“Tithonus,” said their mother.

[Illustration: AURORA, THE GODDESS OF THE DAWN. From a painting on an old vase.]

“When I was in school one of my lessons was about the beautiful goddess Aurora. She was said to open the rosy gates of dawn with her own fingers, so that the wonderful horses of Apollo might pass through to follow their shining track through the sky. She was so beautiful that Tithonus, who lived on the earth, always watched for the sunrise, that he might see Aurora. After a while she began to watch for him, too. She looked down every morning on the wakening world and found that he was almost the only one among mortals who enjoyed the glorious colors Apollo painted in the sky with his arrows of light. One morning she dared to sing to him, and then he answered that it was Aurora, and not Apollo, for whom he was watching each morning at sunrise. She loved him for this and became his wife.

“Being a goddess, she could live for ever, and she wanted Tithonus to live forever, too. The gods and goddesses never drink wine or water, but ambrosia from golden goblets. She brought a golden goblet of ambrosia to Tithonus on the earth, and, after he had taken a drink, told him the happy news that now he should live forever. But she had forgotten to ask of the gods for him the gift of eternal youth.

“For many years they loved each other dearly. Then Aurora saw that Tithonus was growing into a little old man.

“When he was one hundred years old he was shrunken to the size of a boy of ten.

“When he was two hundred years old he was no larger than a baby, only he was very lively, and could run as fast as a man.

“When he was three hundred years old Aurora could scarcely find him, save as his song told her where he was. With his head bent down to the ground he did not look like a man, and he made his home by the dusty roadside. But every sunrise he sat upon the tallest spear of grass he could find and chirped to Aurora as she opened the gates of dawn for Apollo. After years and years Aurora forgot all about the little gray grasshopper, but I don't think Tithonus has forgotten her, for he and all his grasshopper friends chirp the same song as when he first came to live among them.”

“Poor old Tithonus!” said Bessie.

“Why, no,” said her father; “mother said he could never die. Maybe it was Tithonus who gave you molasses to−day. Yes, perhaps that was ambrosia instead of molasses that the gray grasshopper dropped from his lips.”

“Oh, don't tell any more!” laughed both Willie and Bessie. “We won't catch another grasshopper.”

WHERE THE FROGS CAME FROM

Roman

You see the sun every bright day, don't you?

And you see the moon every moonshiny night.

Now, listen, and I'll tell you a story about their mother. No, not about their mother, but about the mother of the god of the sun, and of the goddess of the moon, whose names were Apollo and Diana.

It is about Apollo's and Diana's mother this story is to be.

Once when they were little twin babies their mother was in great trouble. She had to wander around and around, and get food and drink wherever she could find them.

One day she went to a pond for water, for the people in the houses were cross and would not give her any.

And just think of it! These people, careless about soiling their green coats and white vests, ran down to the pond ahead of her, jumped in and stirred the water so that it was black with mud.

And they called out, “Come and drink, Latona! Come and drink water, pure and sweet, Latona!”

[Illustration: LATONA. Fleeing with her children]

This the cruel people did until Latona and her babies were so tired and thirsty they could wait no longer.

“Why do you abuse us?” she said; “you have plenty of water in your wells. Can you not see how these poor babies reach out their hands to you?”

But the rude people were jealous of the beautiful woman and her lovely twins, and only stirred the water till it was blacker, and cried the more, until they were fairly hoarse:

“Come and drink! Come and drink!”

Latona put her two babies down on the warm grass. Then she looked straight into the blue sky, and raising her hands said:

“May you never quit that pond in all your lives, neither you nor your children!”

The story is that Jupiter heard her, and that these cruel people never came out of the water again. They grew very small; their green coats and white vests turned into skin, and their children wear to−day the same kind of suits their parents wore that day they waded into the pool. Though they have the whole pond to themselves, they croak away until their mouths have grown wide and ugly, as mockingly as did their forefathers at Latona.

“Come and drink!” But who wants to drink out of a frog pond?

Little heathen boys, who believed this story, used to pelt frogs with stones, and there are some boys now who act just like those foolish little heathen.

THE BIRDS WITH ARROW FEATHERS

Greek

There is an old story that tells how a man named Jason went on a long journey in search of a golden fleece.

He fitted up a great boat, and the bravest and strongest men of his country offered to go with him.

[Illustration: JASON. Putting on his sandals. From a Greek statue.]

They had no ships like ours, in those days, and when the sails were not filled with wind, every man took an oar, and, with twenty oars or more on each side, the boat was made to move through the waves very swiftly.

The heroes in Jason's boat had all won fame before they started out on this voyage, and many were already warm friends. There was the great Hercules, and Orpheus, the sweet singer; Castor, who could tame the wildest horses, and his twin brother Pollux, who was the greatest boxer the world has ever seen, or perhaps ever will see.

[Illustration: CASTOR, THE HORSE−TAMER; POLLUX, THE MASTER OF THE ART OF BOXING. From a Greek coin.]

These and many others sat side by side in this boat, which Jason called the Argo. Many strange things happened to them on their voyage after the golden fleece. One was when they were attacked by birds. They saw many new countries also, and one day the Argo sailed by a very strange island where nearly all the people lived underground. These people never plowed their land with the strong oxen, nor planted seed, nor reaped harvests. They had no flocks of woolly sheep, nor herds of cattle.

All day long they worked away under the surface of the earth, digging and digging at great black stones they found there. Then they sold these stones or rocks to people in other countries, and so bought bread for themselves.

These people, with their black faces and grimy hands, left their work for a little while when someone told them of the beautiful boat that was in sight. They looked very strange to those in the ship, for no one in the land from which the Argo came worked under the ground. In that happy realm everyone lived in the sunshine and worked in the open fields. But after a while the Argo sailed away from this home of the underground people and on beyond. Suddenly the sky was darkened and great flocks of giant birds flew thick and fast above them. Then the wind changed and the frightened rowers had to take the oars.

The sky grew black as night. Down shot a feather from one of the birds. It struck one of the rowers on the left shoulder and he dropped his oar, for the pain was like a spear−thrust. Down sped another arrow feather, so pointed and sharp that another rower who was hit had to drop his oar. Thicker and faster came these arrow feathers upon the bare heads and naked shoulders of the men at the oars.

The best archers shot back at the birds with their sharpest−pointed arrows, but not a bird was harmed.

“What shall we do?” shouted the men still at the oars.

“You will never kill those birds,” said one who had seen their feather arrows before. “All that you can do is to cover your heads and let us, who are too badly hurt for rowing, help cover your shoulders with our shields.”

Then those at the oars put on their shining helmets; those who did not row held up the great war shields over them. The boat looked as if it had a roof. Down on the helmets came the feathers, so sharp that many of them made holes in the shining metal. Down on the shields they pelted, till it seemed as if the sky was raining drops of lead. The birds themselves came no nearer. But oh, their feather arrows were enough to frighten even these bravest of men.

The rowers worked as hard and as steadily as they could, and after a while they were out of reach of the terrible feathers.

The strange part of it all was that they never could find one of those sharp−pointed arrows with which the birds had shot them.

When the sun came out they were in a safe harbor. They looked and looked, but not a feather was to be found. One man declared that he knew the feathers were white.

“But the birds were black,” said all the rest. “How could the arrows be white when even the sun was darkened by the black−winged creatures?”

How the dispute was settled I do not know, for the sharp−pointed feathers had melted all away, like hailstones from dark storm−clouds. It is certain, however, that the men never found any of the arrows with which they had been shot.

WHY THE PARTRIDGE STAYS NEAR THE GROUND

Greek

Daedalus was a skillful workman in many ways. One of the first things he did to make himself famous was to build a maze. It had so many winding walks and crooked paths that anyone who walked in ten steps without a guide never could get out unaided.

He built this maze for his king, but before many years he offended the king in some way and was locked up in a high tower. In the roof of the tower were hundreds of doves, and as they flew back and forth, Daedalus said:

“My king rules the land and the sea, but not the air. I will try that way of escape.”

So he set to work to make wings for himself. He shaped two great frames and covered them with feathers. The largest plumes he sewed on with thread, and the smaller ones he fastened with wax.

Icarus, his son, stood and looked on, catching any of the feathers the wind tried to blow away. He troubled his father much, however, by taking the wax and making little balls, which he tossed about the room.

The keeper of the tower thought the wise man very silly to spend his time making blankets of feathers, Daedalus never let the keeper of the tower see how he curved and pointed the corners of his frames. The keeper told how foolish the wise man had grown from being shut up so long; how he spent his time gathering feathers to make great blankets. The people pitied him, not knowing that this very punishment was giving Daedalus another chance to make himself famous.

One dark night Daedalus fastened the broad wings to his shoulders, and jumping from the window found he could sail like a dove, but he could not carry his boy. Back he flew and, folding his wings, slipped into the window. Now he must make a pair for Icarus.

[Illustration: DAEDALUS AND ICARUS MAKING THEIR WINGS. From a bas−relief in Rome.]

Soon this second pair was done, but the little fellow had to be taught like a young bird how to use them. Many a time if Daedalus had not caught him on his own great wings, Icarus would have gone tumbling heels over head, down, down to the foot of the tower.

Finally, Icarus, too, could sail like a pigeon, and if the night had not been so dark it would have been great fun to see these two new birds fly out of that tower window.

Keeping their wings so close to each other that they almost touched, they flew away over houses and fields. Before the sun came out, Daedalus told his boy to be careful to keep near him. “Don't fly too near the sun, for the heat will melt the wax, nor too low, for the damp will wet the feathers. Keep close to me.”

When the morning dawned they saw the men plowing in the fields stop work to look at them. Shepherds left their flocks and ran miles to see where those strange birds were going. No one could tell who they were. It was grand to be so free and to fly so swiftly.

An eagle saw them and flew near. They felt the breeze from his powerful wings, and swifter went their own. The eagle, frightened, turned and mounted toward the sun. Icarus forgot his father's warning and followed. Daedalus flew on and on, thinking his boy was beside him. Up, up went Icarus swifter than the eagle and swept proudly past him toward the sun. The next instant he felt his wings loosen and droop.

Just then, Daedalus, who was miles away, turned his head, for he heard the boy call him.

“Icarus, Icarus, where are you?” his father shouted. There was no answer, but the mass of feathers in the blue sea below told the story. Flying down, Daedalus searched till he found the body, and, tenderly laying it in the earth he wept that he had ever thought of wings.

The land where this happened was wild, and only savage beasts lived in it, so Daedalus flew away to Sicily. There he built a temple and on its walls hung up his wings forever.

He became so proud of his own success that he believed no one else could invent anything. He was willing, though, to teach others all he knew, and sister, living near, sent her son, Perdix, to him to learn what he could.

This boy was quick to see, to hear, and to learn, and he could invent things himself.

One day when Daedalus was slowly cutting through a log with an ax, the boy showed him how much quicker he could do it with a saw he had made. No one had ever heard of a saw before, and Daedalus was angry.

“Who told you how to make this?” he asked.

“I brought home yesterday the backbone of a great fish cast up by the sea, and I made this like it, but of iron; that is all,” said Perdix.

Another time Daedalus was trying to draw a perfect circle. Thirteen times he tried and failed.

“Take my irons, if you will not be angry with me,” said Perdix, and he handed him a pair of compasses.

Here again was something no man had ever seen. But Daedalus, instead of being proud of his nephew, was angrier than before.

“You will be claiming that you are greater than Daedalus, who first sailed through the air, ungrateful boy,” said his uncle.

“I have only tried to help you,” answered Perdix.

Not long after this, when the two were in a tall building, Daedalus gave Perdix a push that sent him headlong toward the ground. The goddess Minerva, who loves learning, saw him falling and changed him into a partridge before he touched the earth. Unlike Daedalus, he has always kept his wings.

Perdix, the partridge, builds his nest low on the ground and stays in low branches. Perhaps he is afraid he may not be saved from another fall if he goes again into high places.

JUNO'S BIRD, THE PEACOCK

Roman

“Oh, isn't it a pity the peacock doesn't know that he can't sing? Why doesn't he stop that fearful screeching?”

Little Katie put her hands over her ears to keep out the sound.

[Illustration: JUNO AND HER PEACOCK. From an ancient fresco]

“You know the peacock was once an animal that hasn't a very sweet voice,” said Jack.

“No, I don't know, but Charlie Green's pet donkey makes a better noise than this bird. There, I am glad he has stopped.”

“Shall I tell you a story?” asked Jack.

“Once upon a time a donkey felt that he was much abused just because his coat was rough and his face and shape were so homely; so he begged of Jupiter to make him into something beautiful. In a short time he was changed into a peacock and, looking down upon his fine feathers, began to sing. But, oh, the trouble he was in then! He had forgotten to have his voice changed, too, and it was the same old donkey voice that he had always had.”

“That's a funny story, Jack. It seems to me that mother told us that a long time ago.”

“Then I know another story of how the eyes came into the peacock's feathers.”

“You are a queer boy, Jack. Those eyes were always there.”

“Oh, no, they were not, Kate. You watch the young peacock chickens, and I'll prove my story, or part of it, anyway. Don't you remember that at first they are a dull brown, and then, when they are about a year old, they begin to show a little green? They are three years old before the eyes begin to show in the feathers. You are a queer girl to forget that.”

“Well, tell your story, and I will see if it is a good one.” So Jack began:

“Argus was a watchman. His great eyes were like green balls, but with fifty little eyes in each. Yes, he had a hundred eyes, and never more than two went to sleep at once. He could see even better in the night than in the daytime, so he was a fine watchman.

“Once Argus was told to watch a certain prisoner who could not be shut in a room, but had to be left in a field. Not once was he to lose sight of this prisoner. If he did, every one of his hundred eyes would be taken from him.

“Day and night Argus watched, never sleeping except with two eyes at a time. He was as faithful as fifty soldiers.

“But he loved music, and the friends of the prisoner knew it. So they sent some one to him who could play upon the harp and sing, thinking that perhaps Argus might be charmed to sleep.

“This player's name was Mercury, and he was so quick that some thought he wore wings on his feet. If he did wear them, he could take them off when he liked, for he was just a plain shepherd in a sheepskin coat and sheepskin sandals when Argus saw him.

“If he had come with a spear, or with bow and arrow, Argus would have been ready to keep him out, but Mercury was too bright for that.

“No, he was just a plain shepherd, and he sat down in a field near the one Argus was in, to watch his sheep. While he sat there, he played such sweet music that Argus said, 'Bring your sheep into my field and we will watch together.'

“That was just what Mercury had planned. So he was not very long in getting his sheep into the field with Argus. There the two lay in the shade of the trees and told stories, and Mercury played and watched the green eyes of Argus, while Argus watched the prisoner.

“One night Mercury played so softly, so sweetly, that for one minute every one of the hundred green eyes of Argus closed, the watchman nodded, and in that minute Mercury struck him on the neck and cut off his head. Then the prisoner was free. Juno took the green eyes of Argus and put them on her pet bird, the peacock.”

“Oh, Jack, I don't believe a word of it.”

“I don't, either,” said Jack, “but these stories are both more than two thousand years old, and I shouldn't wonder if some one did believe them a long time ago.”

THE GIFT OF THE OLIVE TREE

Greek

“Has everything a name, father?” asked a wide−awake boy one day.

“Everything I know of has a name,” answered the father.

“What is the name of this stone, then?”

“The name of the stone you have just picked up happens to be granite.”

“I believe you made that up, father, just because I asked you so quickly. Really is it granite? Has a rock a name?”

“Why, certainly, my boy. It seems strange that a boy of ten does not know granite when he sees it.”

“But you lived in the country, father, when you were a boy, and I have been here hardly a month. Oh, here is another kind of stone; what is this?”

The father cracked the bit of rock so as to get a fresh surface and then answered:

“Common white quartz, Harold. You are giving me easy specimens, which is lucky for both of us.”

“Why, father, where did you learn all their names?”

“I don't know all their names. I know only the most common ones. To find the names of some kinds of rock or stone I should need quite an outfit, such as you may have seen in the high−school laboratory.”

“Do all the flowers have names, too, father?”

“Harold, if you could find a flower that has not been named you would become quite famous. The flower probably would be named after you. Think of that! There is something to work for; and you were wishing only last night that you could be a famous man.”

“Where did all the flowers get their names? Did the teachers name them?”

“Oh, I suspect the teachers named some, and many people helped them. I don't believe I ever stopped to think that it is curious that everything on the earth and in the sea and in the sky is named. You are a very thoughtful boy, Harold. Ask all the questions you please.”

This praise from his quiet father made Harold happier than anything in the world. He was silent a moment, but then asked:

“Have the stars names, too, father? I mean all of them. I know those large ones have, for you told me.”

“Yes, Harold, every star has a name of some kind. Some of them have only a letter or a number. But that answers for a name, you know.”

“And all the animals, and all the birds, and all the beetles, and all the—everything! I'll have to go to school just all my life!”

And then Mr. Hadley laughed aloud.

“To−day, father, in the geography class, I learned about many cities, and there are more in the large geography. Do you know how any of the cities got their names?”

“What country were you studying about to−day, Harold?”

“It was about Greece, and some of the cities had such long hard names that I can't remember them. Oh, yes, now I remember Athens. Why, father, you were there once, for I have heard you tell about Greece; and one of the pictures in the parlor is named 'In Athens.' Do tell me something about the place, for I can't make it seem like a real city like New York or Chicago.”

“Do you like olives, Harold?”

“Yes, indeed, I do, and you like olive oil. Oh, of course, olives grow in Greece. I couldn't think what made you ask such a queer question. Now tell me about Greece, won't you, please? Is it a beautiful country?”

“Yes, and I'll tell you a tale of the sea, of olives, and of Athens, all in one. You remember that beautiful head of Minerva, which is near my book−shelf, do you not? Minerva has another name. She is often called Athena. She was known to the ancient people of Greece as the goddess of wisdom and learning. Can you remember the name of the king of the sea?”

[Illustration: ATHENA. From a Greek statue.]

“Neptune, father. You have his picture, too, haven't you?”

“Yes, Harold, but now you must learn the name by which the Greeks called him. It was Poseidon. The story goes that Athena and Poseidon were each very anxious to name a certain city in Greece.

“Jupiter said that he would let the one who brought the greatest gift to the people have the honor of naming the place. And then such strife began as you can hardly imagine. Poseidon put his wits at work and called together all his friends for counsel. At last his gift was ready for the day on which they were to appear before Jupiter.

“Minerva, as she was the goddess of wisdom, needed no such help as Poseidon had asked and received. Her plans were ready in a moment and she was waiting for the great day.

“When that day came all the people of the nameless city gathered together to see what was to be brought them. As they were seated on the side of mountain, on the top of which stood Jupiter, King Poseidon appeared on the plain before them, leading a wonderful black horse. It was covered with gold armor. It pawed the ground and stamped with its hoofs, and looked like the leader of a grand army. The people shouted and would have declared for Poseidon without waiting for his rival, but Jupiter quieted them.

[Illustration: MINERVA. From a Roman statue.]

“Then the goddess came forward on the plain. She was beautiful, tall, stately. She seemed to be holding something very small in her hand. She opened her hand before the people and commanded a gardener to dig a hole in the earth at her feet. Into this hole she dropped the small something which was in her hand. As soon as the earth was over it, tiny leaves came out. Then it grew instantly into a tree covered with silver−gray leaves. Its trunk grew larger and larger. It seemed to touch the skies It was filled with fruit. She showed them how to extract the oil. She showed them how to use the fruit.

“The horse neighed and pawed, and Poseidon laughed at the woman's gift. 'Here is war, glory, and power!' he cried.

“'Here is life, peace, and plenty!' said the goddess.

“'The city shall be named Athena' came from Jupiter on the mountain top.

“And so the city of Athens was named and the people loved Athena for her gift of the olive tree.”

THE LINDEN AND THE OAK

Greek

Two grand trees stood on a hill near a lake. One was an oak with wide branches. The other was a linden.

“Man and wife,” the people called them, and when asked why, said, “Because it is true. Once they could walk around and talk. Now they stand there side by side forever. But you can hear them whisper to each other sometimes.”

And if asked, “Who were they?” even the little children would say, “Why, Philemon and Baucis.”

Many children had these names in those days, and knew the story of the two trees well, for there were none like them anywhere else in the land.

It was said that these two people who lived in such strange form were once a poor old couple, and their home was a wretched house in the valley. Simple, honest, and quiet, they had little to do with their bustling neighbors.

One evening two strangers walked into the village, and stopping at the first house to ask for food, were sent away in a hurry.

“We work for a living and have nothing for those who don't. Go away.”

They were told the same at the next house, and at the next, all down the street. Tired and hungry, they neared the cottage where Philemon and Baucis lived.

“I will try here,” said the shorter of the two strangers. The other was silent.

But before they reached the door, Philemon came to meet them. And Baucis placed the best chairs for them as they entered, first spreading over the chairs pieces of cloth she had woven.

“You are hungry,” she said, and she went to the fire−place and uncovered the few coals she had saved in the ashes for her morning fire. On these she put sticks and dry bark, and with all her little strength, blew hard on them, and the fire began to burn.

On a hook over the fire she hung a small iron kettle, and getting ready the beans her husband had brought in from their little garden, she put them in to stew. All this she did eagerly, as if the strangers were invited friends. While his wife set the table, Philemon brought a bowl of water for the guests to bathe their hands. As one leg of the table was too short, Baucis put a flat shell under to make it level with the rest. Tired and trembling, she set out a few rude dishes. They were her best. She added the pitcher of milk Philemon had bought for their own meal, and when the beans were cooked, everything was ready. For dessert, she had

apples and wild honey.

Drawing a bench to the table, she laid on it a thin cushion made soft with dried seaweed, and then called the strangers. The smiles and gentle welcome of the two old people made the meal seem like a feast.

The strangers were very thirsty, but each time Baucis poured out a cup of milk the pitcher filled again.

“You are people from the skies, and not men!” the old couple cried, and fell on their knees and begged the strangers to forgive them for their poor meal.

“Why did you come to us? Others could have done so much better.”

“You have done the best you could; who could do better than that?” said the tall one. “Come with us,” and he led them to the top of the hill.

Then he stretched out his hand toward the village, and they saw it sink down, down out of sight, and the river came rushing in, and the place was a lake. Nothing could be seen but the house they had just left. It stood on the shore of the lake. Its timbers were growing higher and higher, and the yellow straw that thatched the roof changed to shining gold. It was now a beautiful temple.

“Ask of me anything you wish and I will give it to you,” said the tall one.

“I know now you are Jupiter,” said Philemon. “Let us take care of your temple while we live, and when it is time for us to leave it let us go together. Let not one be taken and the other left.”

Philemon and Baucis cared for the beautiful temple for years. Feeling old and weary, they went to the top of the hill one day to say good−by to all things. As they stood there they saw each other change, one into this oak and the other into this linden.

“Good−by,” they said together, as the bark grew up over their lips.

No tree has so strong and true a heart as the oak, and in the leafy linden hundreds of birds sing and are happy.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN WHO BECAME A LAUREL TREE

Greek

Cupid was a beautiful little boy. Between the wings on his shoulders he always carried a quiver full of tiny arrows. Bow in hand, he started out every morning ready, like any boy, for mischief. One day he came to drink from a fountain with some thirsty doves who were his friends.

Apollo saw the little fellow and, to tease him, asked:

“What do you carry arrows for, saucy boy? It is for great gods like myself to do that. My arrow shot the terrible python, the serpent of darkness. What can *you* do?”

“Apollo may hit serpents, but I will hit Apollo,” said Cupid, and taking out two tiny arrows, one of gold and one of lead, he touched their points together and then shot the golden one straight into Apollo.

Quick as a flash of Apollo's sun−crown, Cupid shot the other, the leaden one, into a river cloud he saw floating by. In it he knew Daphne, the daughter of the river, was hidden. The leaden arrow hit her true, but she

drifted away on the swift breeze.

Apollo, the sun−god, can see through everything except fog and mist, but as Daphne fled he caught one glimpse of her face, and Cupid laughed to see how his arrow did its work. His arrows never kill; sometimes, indeed, they make life happier. Apollo now loved Daphne more than anything else on earth. Daphne was more afraid of him than of anything else in the sky.

On flew Daphne, hoping her misty cloud would hide her till she could reach her river home. On flew Apollo, begging her to stop for fear his arrows might hurt her. His great arrows of sunlight must do their work even if his friends should perish by them.

As they neared the river he saw her face again. She sank on the river bank. She was faint and he would comfort her but she cried to her father, the river, “O father, help!” The earth opened, and before Apollo could reach her he saw her waving hair change into glistening leaves. Her arms became branches. Her skin changed to dainty bark, and her face to a tree−top whose pink flowers show, even yet, the beauty of Daphne's cheek. Apollo reached out and gathered the leaves and made them into a crown.

[Illustration: DAPHNE. Changing into a laurel tree. From an old painting]

“This tree shall be called laurel, and it shall be mine,” he said. “I cannot grow old and the leaves of this tree shall be always green. Daphne has won the race against Apollo, the wreath of these leaves shall be her gift and mine to the bravest in every race. Kings and captains shall be proud to wear it.”

Apollo hid his face for days behind dark clouds. Heavy rains fell. The immortal gods cannot weep, but these great drops seemed like tears for lost Daphne.

Even saucy Cupid mourned, and he did not dare go out till the storms were over, for fear Apollo's grief would spoil his wings.

In cold northern lands you can find Daphne's tree in greenhouses among the roses and lilies. And if you ask for Daphne, the gardener will point her out, for he calls the tree by her name.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES

Roman

In a cave by the seashore lived an old, old woman. This very old woman was also very wise.

She remembered everything that had ever happened and she knew almost everything that was going to happen in her country.

She lived in Italy and was called the Sibyl.

One day a man named Aeneas came to her cave to question her. She was very kind to him. She even took him far down into the center of the earth, Pluto's kingdom, to see those whom Pluto had carried away.

When they came back, Aeneas said he would build a temple to her and have gifts brought to her. She had so much power and was so wise he felt sure she must be more than mortal. But she would not let Aeneas build the temple. Instead she told him her story. It was this:

“Apollo saw me when I was young, and told me to ask him for any gift I would have. We were standing on the seashore. I stooped down and filled my hand with the white sand at our feet.

“'Give me as many birthdays as there are grains of sand in my hand, O Apollo!' I said.

“'It is granted,' said Apollo. But, in my foolishness, I forgot to ask for everlasting youth.

“When one hundred grains of sand had slipped away from the glass in which I placed them all, I was old. My youth was gone.

“Seven hundred grains have slipped through now. I have counted the rest. I shall yet see three hundred springs and three hundred harvests; then the Sibyl will be no more. My body has shriveled. Soon I shall be only a warning voice to the children of men, but I shall live till the grains are gone from that glade. While my voice lasts men will respect my sayings. As long as I live, I will strive to help the human race.”

Aeneas went with her into the cave. The leaves were thick on the floor. The Sibyl picked them up and wrote with an eagle's quill on each.

She let him read as many as he wished. He found some of them were warnings to his friends. Some were for people he had never seen. The Sibyl placed them in rows on the ledges of rock inside the cavern.

A fierce wind blew into the cave and carried the written leaves away.

“Save them, O Sibyl!” cried Aeneas.

[Illustration: A SIBYL. From a Roman statue.]

“My work is to write, Aeneas. I am no man's slave. If he wishes his leaf, he must come for it before the wind takes it away. There are thousands of leaves not written upon yet. But no man may have a second leaf. He must be here on time.”

“One leaf, one life!” said Aeneas. “I see your meaning, O Sibyl, and go about my work. My ship shall sail to−day. Each day shall bring me nearer my journey's end, and when I reach my home the leaves on my forest trees shall teach me your lesson over again. I will rise early each day and be the first in all things. Even the winds shall not be quicker than I am in the work it is my duty to do. Farewell.”

Here is another story which is told of the Sibyl. It shows that she could write on something beside leaves.

She appeared one day at the king's palace gate with a heavy burden on her back. The keeper let her in.

With a guard on either side the Sibyl was shown into the presence of the king.

The burden proved to be nine large books closely written. She offered them for sale at an enormous price. The king refused to pay it. The Sibyl only smiled and threw three of the books into the open fire. The king had wished to own those three, for he knew that future events were written in them.

“I have now six books and the price is the same as for the nine. Does the king want them?” The king hesitated. While he was thinking what to do, the little old woman threw three more into the fire.

“I have now three books and the price is the same as for the nine. Does the king want them?” And the king said, “Yes,” without a minute's waiting, and took the books.

The little old woman vanished. Her thousand years were nearly gone, but her voice was still heard when people visited her cave.

The king searched the three books and found that all things concerning his city, Rome, were foretold in them for hundreds of years. Perhaps many wars and troubles would have been saved if he had bought all the books instead of only three.

It is usually best to decide a matter quickly when one knows that nothing can be gained by waiting.

THE LEGEND OF THE SEED

Greek

Once upon a time the earth was so very young and the people upon it so pure and good that they could hear the morning stars as they sang together. It was during the Golden Age, as it is now called, that one morning in the early springtime a little group of girls were playing together and gathering wild flowers.

One of these girls was named Proserpina. She was the merriest of them all, though her dress was of the plainest brown. Her little feet danced everywhere and her little fingers seemed to touch the flowers as lightly as the butterfly that flitted by her.

Carelessly she danced close to a great opening in the ground. Looking down she saw a yellow daffodil growing on the edge. Leaning over to pick it, she felt herself caught by her dress, and the next minute found herself sailing far down into the earth through the great crevice. She was in a chariot drawn by black horses, which were driven by a driver who seemed to be both deaf and dumb. He neither answered when she pleaded with him to take her back, nor even seemed to hear her.

The girls who were left gathering wild flowers had missed Proserpina almost the moment she was out of sight, but no one knew what had happened.

“Come back! come back!” the girls called, but no answer came up from the great opening or from the forest near them. Only Echo marked their cry of “Proserpina, oh, Proserpina, come back!” “She has vanished,” the girls whispered. “I always felt as though she had wings beneath that plain brown dress she wore,” said one.

“But who can tell Queen Ceres, her mother?” they asked one another.

No one could go alone, so they all went together to Queen Ceres and told her what had happened.

[Illustration: CERES. From a painting in Pompeii.]

The good queen wept bitterly. That day she laid aside her regal robes and began her search for Proserpina. Up and down the world went this royal mother seeking for her lost daughter. At last she came to the land of King Celeus. When Ceres reached his land she was so ragged and poor that she was glad to earn money by taking care of the king's baby son. As nurse to the little prince, Queen Ceres was almost comforted.

Because she was the goddess of the wheat and the fruits, the crops upon the land of King Celeus, while she was there, were very wonderful. In the land near Mount Aetna, where Proserpina had been lost, no rain fell and no corn nor apples grew.

Juno sent Iris down to earth to beg of Ceres to give rain to the suffering people of her own home. Ceres said no rain should fall till Proserpina came back to her mother. One day as Ceres was weeping by a fountain her

tears fell into the springing water, and, as they did so, she heard a silvery voice:

“Why do you grieve, Queen Ceres?” said the water sprite or nymph.

“Proserpina, my beautiful daughter, is gone from me,” said Ceres. “I have sought everywhere on the earth for her. I cannot find my daughter.”

“Listen to me,” said the voice from the fountain. “I have seen her. She is not on the earth; she is in the earth. She is in the palace of King Pluto, who rules below. I saw her as I ran with a river through Pluto's kingdom. She longs to come back to you.”

Queen Ceres was like a stone for a time after she heard the story told by the murmuring waters of the fountain.

Proserpina alive and longing for her! It did not seem true, but she would know soon. Taking back the little prince to his mother, she hid herself in a forest, called for her chariot, and, when it came, drove straight to the top of Mount Olympus, where Jupiter sat on his shining throne.

She begged of him to command his brother Pluto to return her daughter to her.

“It is granted on one condition; that is, that Proserpina has never tasted food nor drink since she has been beneath the earth.”

Mercury, the wing−footed messenger, and Flora, the goddess of Spring, sought the center of the earth to bring back Proserpina to Ceres.

Pluto loved his stolen prize as much as Queen Ceres did; and, being unhappy because she refused to eat, succeeded at last in making her taste one of the beautiful pomegranates that are both food and drink.

Even while she was tasting it Mercury and Flora stood at Pluto's gate with the command to return her to Ceres. What was to be done? Mercury, quick−witted as well as quick−footed, decided that if she dwelt with Ceres for half the year and with Pluto the other half, Jupiter's commands would be satisfied. This proved to be as Jupiter wished.

So, arrayed in shining green, Proserpina swiftly set out with Flora and Mercury to find Queen Ceres. Ceres saw her the minute her bright head appeared above the brown earth and knew her through her disguise. You remember when Proserpina was taken she wore a plain brown suit.

They lived together, the mother and daughter, through the bright spring days and the warm summer weather. When autumn came Proserpina donned her brown suit again and Pluto claimed her. There, in his underground realm, she reigns all the cold winter months. She is happy now because Queen Ceres is happy. The mother knows that when spring breathes over the earth again Proserpina will come back to her.

Can you guess who Proserpina is? You have seen her a thousand times. Yes, and when you see her next you will say how strange that the Greeks could tell such a story of only a little brown seed.

THE GIRL WHO WAS CHANGED INTO A SUNFLOWER

Greek

Years ago there was a beautiful girl who lived near a large garden. This girl's name was Clytie. She had wonderful golden hair and big brown eyes, and she was tall and slender.

Clytie stood in this large garden one day, watching her pet doves as they flew about in the sky, when she caught a glimpse of the sun chariot of Apollo. She even had a glimpse of Apollo himself, as he guided his wonderful horses along their course, which was the circle of the heavens. There were many fleecy clouds in the sky, and one had veiled the burning sunlight from the eyes of Clytie, or she would never have been able to see the sight, which only the eyes of Jupiter's eagle may endure and not become blind.

After this the foolish girl went every day into the garden and, staring up into the sky, tried to see Apollo once more. Every day for more than thirty days she went into the garden. Her mother often told her that she would make Apollo angry, for he shines brightly so as to hide himself from people on the earth.

“Clytie! Clytie!” her mother would call, “come in and take your sewing.”

[Illustration: APOLLO. From a statue in Rome.]

But Clytie never would obey. Sometimes she would answer:

“Oh, mother, let me stay. He was so beautiful. I have no heart for work.”

Apollo saw the foolish girl day after day and he became out of patience with her.

“Mortal maidens must obey their mothers,” he said, and a burning sun−arrow fell on Clytie's bright head.

Such a strange change came upon Clytie from that moment. Her brown eyes grew larger. Her golden hair stood straight out around them, and her pretty clothing changed into great heart−shaped leaves which clung to a stiff stalk. Her feet grew firmly into the ground, and the ten little toes changed into ten strong roots that went creeping everywhere for water.

When Clytie's mother called again no answer came and she found, in going into the garden, a flower in place of her child.

And now Clytie always stares at the sun all day long. In the morning her face is toward the east, and at night it is toward the west.

Did you ever think that the sunflower was once a lovely girl?

WHY THE NARCISSUS GROWS BY THE WATER

Greek

Down in the heart of the woods there was a clear spring with water like silver. No shepherds ever brought their flocks there to drink, no lions nor other wild beasts came in the night time. No leaves nor branches fell into it, but the green grass grew around it all the year, and the rocks kept it from the sun.

One day a boy hunter found it, and, being thirsty, he stooped down to drink. As he bent he saw, for the first time in his life, his own fair face, and did not know who it was.

He thought it must be a water fairy, and he put his lips to the water, but as soon as their touch disturbed the surface, away went the shadow−face from out of his sight.

“Nothing has escaped me yet, and here I shall stay till this curly−haired creature comes out of the water,” he said. “See its shining eyes and smiling mouth!”

He forgot his hunt, he forgot everything but to watch for this water sprite. When the moon and stars came out, there it was just the same as in the sunshine, and so he lingered from day to night and from night to day.

He saw the face in the water grow thinner day by day, but never thought of himself. At last he was too weak to watch any longer. His face was as white as the whitest lily, and his yellow hair fell over his hollow cheeks. With a sigh his breath floated away, his head dropped on the green grass, and there was no longer any face in the water.

[Illustration: NARCISSUS. From a painting from Pompeii.]

The fairies came out of the woods and would have covered him with earth, but, looking for him, they found nothing but a lovely flower, gazing with bended head into the silver spring, just as the boy hunter had done.

The fairies told the story to a little child, and she told it to her father and mother. When they found this spring in the heart of the woods they called the flower growing beside it Narcissus, after the boy hunter who had perished watching his own face in the silver water.

THE LEGEND OF THE ANEMONE

Greek

Just see the basketful of anemones we got down in the glen! They were as thick there as they could be. We picked and picked and it didn't seem to make a bit of difference, there were so many left. Aren't they lovely?"

"They are dainty little flowers, boys. Where did you say you found them?"

"On the low land in the glen by the brook. There were great trees on both sides of the glen, and it was so still the little brook and the waterfall sounded as loud as a big river. How we wished you were there!"

"What else did you find besides the windflowers, or anemones, boys?"

"Here's a little moss and a few blood−root flowers, and Will Johnson carried home a big bouquet of wild bleeding−hearts."

"That makes me think, Charlie, of a myth there is about the first anemones."

"A myth? What is that, mother? Oh, I know, John," said Charlie; "it is one of those stories that people used to believe just as we used to believe in Santa Claus. He's a myth, you know, and now you please keep still and maybe mother has time to tell us about the first anemones. I like myths."

"This is a hunting story, so I know you will like it, boys.

"But just think of hunting with bow and arrows and spears! Would you like that?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted both the boys.

"Well, years ago in the Golden Age when the world was young there lived a Greek hunter whose name was Adonis. He was tall and straight and handsome. His friends thought it a great pity that he should spend his time in the woods, with only his dogs for company. Away he would go day after day with his arrows at his back and his spear at his side. His dogs were fierce and would attack any creature. His horse was as brave as he. His friends begged him to wait till he was older and stronger before he went into the deep forests, but he

never waited. He had killed bears, wolves, and lions. Why should he wait?

[Illustration: ADONIS AND APHRODITE (Aphrodite is the Greek name of Venus.)]

“But the wild hog is fiercer than the tiger. One spring morning while hunting in the forest, Adonis wounded two. Leaving his dogs to worry one while he killed the other, he got off his horse, and, running, threw his spear at the hog. Its thick hide was tough and the spear fell to the ground. He drew out an arrow, but before he could place it in the bow, the ugly beast had caught him with its horrid tusks.

“He tore away and, bleeding at every step, bounded down a hillside toward a brook to bathe his wounds. But the savage beast reached it as soon as he. A flock of white swans that had been drinking from the brook, rose on their strong wings and, flying straight to their mistress, Venus, told the story.

“Back they brought her in her silver chariot, sailing so steadily that, from the silver cup of nectar she brought with her, not a drop was spilled.

“'Adonis! Adonis!' cried Venus.

“There was nothing but drops of blood on the grass to tell her where he had been. It was all that was left of the handsome hunter.

“Venus sprinkled some of the nectar on these drops and, in an hour, tiny flower buds showed their heads. Then she drove sadly home. Soft winds blew the tiny buds open, and at night blew them away. So people called them wind−flowers, or anemones. And they believe that the pink and purple which colored them came from the heart of Adonis.”

“But why didn't tiger−lilies or some other big and showy flowers come, not these pretty little things?”

“I don't know, John; go and ask Venus.”

THE MISTLETOE

Norse

Baldur, the youngest brother of Thor, was called The Beautiful. His thoughts were so kind and his ways so pleasant that all who lived in Asgard, the home of the Norse gods, loved him.

Baldur's days were the happiest of all in Asgard, but when he slept his dreams were so strange that his nights were often unhappy.

He feared danger. So Frigga, his mother, who was the wife of Woden, went to the sea and made it promise that no water should drown Baldur.

She went to the stones and made them promise not to harm her son.

Everything promised to let no evil come upon Baldur the Beautiful.

Iron and all the other metals, rocks, and trees all promised. Birds, beasts, and creeping things all agreed to help and never to hurt Frigga's youngest son.

Woden, his father, went to ask a wise old woman what his son's dreams meant. She was dead, and Woden had to go to the center of the universe to find her. She gave him what help she could, and Woden and Frigga felt that now nothing could hurt their child.

The other gods that lived in Asgard knew that Baldur was safe from all harm. But to prove this and to have a little fun among themselves, they would sometimes use him as a mark at which to throw their spears or darts.

Setting Baldur in the middle of the ring, these gods of Asgard would each throw something at him.

If a stone struck him it would only glance off and never hurt. No arrow could pierce his skin. Nothing harmed him, and Baldur would smile as they played their rough play, for he knew that no one of them would work him any ill.

But Loki was different from all the others in Asgard. He could not endure to have Baldur so loved, and wished that some one could harm him. At last Loki dressed himself up as an old woman and went to Frigga's palace. Kind Frigga took the old woman by the hand and brought her into Fensalir.

Loki, in the shape of the old woman, pretended to be very friendly.

“Do you know what the gods are doing to Baldur when you are not by?” Loki asked.

“Yes, they are proving that all things have kept their promise not to hurt my boy.”

“What!” said the old woman, “have all things promised not to hurt Baldur?”

“All things,” said Frigga. “All but one little plant that grows on the eastern side of Valhalla. It is called the mistletoe. It is so weak and small that I did not ask it to join with the others. I thought it could harm no one.”

The old woman left Fensalir. In a few moments Loki appeared on the eastern side of Valhalla and plucked a bit of mistletoe from an old oak that shaded Woden's palace. No one saw him, for he was as sly as a fox and as tricky. Hiding the mistletoe in his hand, he hurried back to the circle of gods who were seated around Baldur.

One god who was blind sat outside the ring.

“Why don't you join in the sport?” asked the wicked Loki.

“I cannot see where Baldur is; and nothing could or would harm anyone so good,” said the blind god.

“I will show you where to sit and you shall have this little sprig that is in my hand to throw. You must not be left out of the sport because you are blind,” and Loki handed the mistletoe to him.

The others welcomed the blind god to the ring and made him happy by telling him that Baldur smiled at all of their strokes.

“Let me throw next,” said Hodur, the blind god. Loki stood by him and directed his hand as Hodur threw the mistletoe.

Poor Baldur! The mistletoe pierced his heart through and through. He fell backward dead.

Hodur was wild with grief. The other gods knew that the treacherous Loki had done it, and did not blame Hodur. Frigga asked which of the gods would dare to ride to Loki's home to bring Baldur back.

Hermod, called the nimble, an older brother of Baldur, said he would go.

Woden, his father, told him to take the horse Sleipnir. Sleipnir had never carried any one but Woden himself. He had twice as many legs as any other horse. He made eight tracks instead of four.

Hermod mounted Sleipnir and rode fast for nine days and nine nights until he came to the land of Death, where Loki loved to stay.

Hela, who ruled there, said Baldur might return if all things above mourned for him.

[Illustration: WODEN ON THE THRONE. Thor on the left, Freya on the right, holding mistletoe. Loki at the bottom, suffering for the murder of Baldur. From an ancient bas−relief.]

Hermod rode back and asked all things if Baldur should return. All begged for Baldur but one old hag, who sat on the side of a mountain. Everything else wept for Baldur. Tears stood on the rocks about her as we have seen drops of water on the hardest rock in early morning; the leaves of the trees shed tears of grief. This old hag refused to weep. Baldur could not return.

After the test was over, the gods believed that the old creature on the mountain side was Loki disguised in this way. It must have been the evil Loki, for nothing else could have been so cruel.

Loki met his punishment at last, but that did not save Baldur the Beautiful, the golden−haired god, whom his blind brother, dwelling in darkness, slays again at every even fall.

THE FORGET−ME−NOT

German

There is a legend connected with the name of the little blue forget−me−not which everyone loves so much.

It is said that a boy and a girl were walking by a river that flows into the Rhine. The girl saw a lovely flower growing just by the water's edge. The bank of the river was steep and the water swift.

“Oh, the beautiful flower!” she cried.

“I will get it for you,” said the boy. He sprang over the side of the steep bank and, catching hold of the shrubs and bushes, made his way to the place where the flower grew.

He tried to tear the plant from the earth with both hands, hoping to get it all for her who was watching him from the bank above.

The stem broke and, still clasping the flower, he fell backward into the rushing stream.

“Forget me not!” he cried to her as the waters bore him down to the falls below. She never did forget her blue−eyed friend who had lost his life trying to get her a flower.

“Forget me not!” she would say over and over until her friends called the little blue flower by this name.

Now these blossoms are called forget−me−nots all over the world. And whether this story is true or only a legend, the dear little flower could not have a prettier name.

PEGASUS, THE HORSE WITH WINGS

Greek

There is an old myth of a winged horse. Would you like to hear it? Listen.

This wonderful horse was under the care of the nine Muses. These nine fair daughters of Jupiter taught men all that is known of music, poetry, history, and the stars. It was said and believed that they helped people to remember what they taught.

And now even their names are forgotten except by the few who love to remember the things others forget.

One beautiful summer morning this winged horse appeared at the fountain of the Muses on Mount Helicon. The laughing Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, saw him as she dropped from the sky. Dancing Terpsichore tried to take him by the mane, but the white wings flashed in her face and the wonderful steed was gone before she had touched him.

Urania, the Muse who loved the heavens, believed that he was from some star world.

Clio, the Muse of History, knew that no such creature had ever lived on earth before.

They all watched for his return. The next morning he was seen again at the fountain; after that he came every day. The Muses named him Pegasus.

“We know that there is a work for all created things. What can his be?” the sisters asked one another.

Sure enough his work came at last.

In a distant land was a brave young soldier named Bellerophon. He was so bold, so fearless, and so handsome that those who ought to have been his friends became jealous of him. That means trouble, you know.

Bellerophon wished to travel. His king gave him letters on parchment to take to King Iobates of Lycia.

The king did not read the letters for ten days after Bellerophon came to Lycia. During those ten days there was feasting and dancing in honor of the new guest.

After the feasts of welcome were over, King Iobates read the letters and found that the one who sent them wanted Bellerophon punished for certain misdeeds which people said he had done.

It was a sharp trick to send such letters by the very person who was to be punished. King Iobates was puzzled as to what to do.

Then some of his wise men told him of the terrible chimera that was in the west of his kingdom. This strange creature had the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a crocodile. Its breath was flames of fire, so the peasants said. Nobody dared to attack it.

“Just the thing,” said Iobates to himself, and sent for Bellerophon.

“You are the one to rid my country of this terrible monster. Do you dare to try such a task?”

Brave Bellerophon answered, “I have no fear; my heart is pure; my strength is as the strength of ten. I will go.”

[Illustration: BELLEROPHON AND PEGASUS. At the Fountain of the Muses on Mount Helicon.]

That night he slept in the temple of Minerva, the wise goddess. He dreamed that Minerva brought him a golden bridle and told him to go to the fountain of Pirene and find Pegasus.

When he awoke the golden bridle was in his hand.

He went to the fountain and there he saw Pegasus drinking. Bellerophon held up the bridle and for the first time Pegasus was caught.

The brave soldier leapt on the winged horse's back and Pegasus struck his hoofs once against the earth, and then sprang lightly towards the sky. He spread his wings and the nine Muses saw him sailing in the air with a rider on his back.

“He has found his work,” said Clio.

Bellerophon could see over all the land. He found the terrible chimera and slew it. For all its strange shape and fearful looks, it was not such a fierce animal as he had feared.

Pegasus took his rider quickly back to King Iobates' palace and then vanished. He was found the next morning by the nine Muses drinking at their fountain.

Bellerophon was given another hard task to do when the king found that he had lived through his first.

Pegasus came at his call, and with his help everything was easy.

But as soon as one work was done King Iobates found another.

Bellerophon suspected nothing, and went bravely out to help his friend the king.

At last King Iobates said he had nothing more for him to do. After a time Bellerophon married the king's daughter and lived quietly at home in Lycia.

Pegasus, the pet of the nine Muses, became so gentle that he would let them soar to the skies on his back, but no mortal save Bellerophon dared to touch him.

Bellerophon, having no more great earthly tasks to do, called his winged steed one morning and dared to attempt to guide him to Mount Olympus, 011 whose lofty top sat the great Jupiter on his throne in the clouds.

Jupiter, seeing him coming, sent a single gadfly to sting the tender skin of Pegasus. The gadfly dealt a cruel blow and proud Pegasus thought Bellerophon had dared to strike him.

He reared upon his haunches and sent Bellerophon reeling downward to earth, the victim of a selfish wish to outdo others. Bellerophon fell upon a rocky field far from any city. His fall made him both lame and blind. Separated from his friends he wandered alone, living as best he could, and it is not known what became of him. His winged steed fled to the fountain on Mount Helicon, but never again came at his call. He could not

forget the sharp sting of the gadfly.

Some have fancied that those who love the Muses see him even in these days, and that the flash of his golden bridle is caught by a gifted few once in each century.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

In the earlier ages everything in nature had its myth. We have been too practical and too full of haste in these latter days to listen to nature or to myths, but let us inspire the children to do so. Who among us has not regretted his lack of knowledge of some mythical person, in song, picture, or story?

The greater number of ways in which a truth is presented to the child, the stronger the impression that truth makes upon him. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and language, written or spoken, have each told the story of the sun and its glorious power over earthly creatures.

Each nation has its myth concerning the sun's personality. Some may have adapted or adopted those of other nations; some may have originated their own theory to explain the origin of the heat and light which come from the apparent ruler of the skies. The myth is preserved through the ages, and the child in the school perceives its beauty, while he understands as well as his teacher its impossibility.

Let the plain scientific truths of the latest researches be given first. Then the fable, or folklore, or former explanation which once vouched for the origin of the sun, moon, or stars, or other natural objects, seems to the children like their own childish fancies about things unknown.

The story should follow, if possible, a tale or lesson on the subject of the myth. If the children have already had the scientific truths given them, then the myth serves as a reminder of facts already learned.

The special directions are merely suggestive. Teachers will supplement them or substitute others at their pleasure.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LESSON ON PHAETON.

Secure, if possible, before the reading of the story of Phaeton, a good plaster cast or marble bust of Apollo, or some reproduction of the Aurora of Guido Reni. Show a picture of the temple of Apollo, if one can be obtained; let the children understand how much a part of the life of the Greek was this belief in Apollo's power and Apollo's beauty. The child will then begin to understand how much the ancients strove after beauty in all things.

The Indian, African, and Chinese all have their stories of the origin of light and heat, and history and geography may assist in this lesson on Phaeton.

Sprinkle water on the window sill, and notice its disappearance, caused by the heat of sunshine or of the room. Ask for the reason of a similar loss of water in the street, road, or river. What is the sun's color? What is the color of fire? What is the sun's effect on ice and snow, on vegetable and animal life? Does it work quietly? Is great power usually quiet?

Lower the shades in the schoolroom. Why is it dark? Close the eyes. Why is it dark? What is darkness? What causes dark or dull days? What shapes do clouds take? Are they ever like horses, cattle, sheep, or swans? Is the sun somewhere always shining? Are clouds like curtains? Paint or draw a sunrise or sunset.

Notice a rainbow, when possible, and form one with a prism in the schoolroom. What colors of the prism are shown most in sunset or sunrise? Are all shown each time? How many have seen the same colors on a soap bubble or elsewhere? Mention some other name of the sun, as Sol; the derivation of Sunday; the effect of the sun on the seasons. Describe spring, summer, autumn, and winter as persons. Is the sun king of the hours, the days, the months, and the years? Did the ancients know the real truth concerning the distance, size, and nightly disappearance of the sun? Where is the Great Bear? The Little Bear? Do you think the ancient Greeks really believed the story of Phaeton?

Reproduce it orally after reading.

Each myth may be developed in a similar way.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The following list is given as containing many books which will be helpful for reference or study, as indicating the sources of myths and the customs of the ancients, and as supplying an extended account of any mythical person or object referred to in this volume.

While each book is considered valuable, those marked with a star are especially compact, concise, and helpful to readers who can have access to but few books, and that by purchase.

GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHS.

“Age of Fable,” compiled by Thomas Bulfinch. *McKay, Philadelphia* $1 25

“Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography.” *D. Appleton &Co., New York.* Half morocco 6 00

“The Mythology of Greece and Rome,” with special reference to its use in art, Oscar Seeman. *American Book Company, New York* 60

“Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities,” edited by Harry Thurston Peck. *Harper Bros., New York,* 1 vol. 6 00 2 vols. 7 00

“Seiffert's Dictionary of Classical Antiquities,” from the German of Oskar Seiffert. *The Macmillan Co., New York* 3 00

“Makers,” by John Fiske. *Houghton, Mifflin &Co., Boston* 2 00

“The Classic Myths in English Literature,” by C.M. Gayley. *Ginn &Co., Boston* 1 50

“Myths of Greece and Rome,” narrated with special reference to literature and art, by H.A. Guerber. *American Book Company, New York* 1 50

“The Heroes,” by Charles Kingsley. Several publishers; various prices.

“The Queen of the Air,” by John Ruskin. Several publishers; various prices.

NORSE MYTHS.

“Myths of Northern Lands,” by H.A. Guerber. *American Book Company, New York* 1 50

“Norse Mythology, or the Religion of Our Forefathers,” by R.B. Anderson. *Scott, Foresman &Co., Chicago* 2 50

“Dr. Wilhelm Wagner's Asgard and the Gods, a Manual of Norse Mythology,” edited by W.W. Macdowall. *Sonnenshein &Co., London, England* 2 00

RUSSIAN MYTHS.

“The Hero of Esthonia,” and other studies in the romantic literature of that country, compiled by W.F. Kirby. *John C. Nimmo, London, England.* 2 vols. 6 00

“Selections from the Kalevala, the Epic Poem of Finland.” *Henry Holt, New York* 1 50

This epic is in the same measure as Longfellow's “Hiawatha,” and is interesting to all those who enjoy that poem.

OLDEST EGYPTIAN TALES.

“Egyptian Tales, Translated from the Papyri.” *Frederick A. Stokes &Co., New York.* 2 vols., each 1 50

These tales are interesting from their evident antiquity and from the insight they give as to ancient Egyptian customs.

A PRONOUNCING INDEX

The following key explains the symbols which are used in the pronouncing index to indicate the pronunciation of the words. It is based upon the 1900 edition of Webster's International Dictionary:

a− *as in* fate.
a− *as in* pref' ace.
a− *as in* add.
a− *as in* air.
a− *as in* far.
a− *as in* grass.
a− *as in* all.

e− *as in* eve.
e− *as in* e−vent'.
e− *as in* end.
e− *as in* her.

i− *as in* ice.
i− *as in* i−de' a.
i− *as in* pin.

o− *as in* row.
o− *as in* o−bey'.
o− *as in* not.
o− *as in* lord.

u− *as in* use.
u− *as in* u−nite'.
u− *as in* up.
u− *as in* furl.
u− *as in* rude.
u− *as in* full.

y− *as in* fly.
y− *as in* pit' y.

oo− *as in* moon.
oo− *as in* good.
ou− *as in* out.
oi− *as in* oil.
n=ng *as in* ink.

Silent letters are italicized. Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured, are also italicized.

A

Adonis (a do' nis). A youth famed for his beauty and beloved by Venus.
Aeneas (e ne' as). A valiant Trojan warrior.
Aeolus (e' o lus). The king of the winds.
Aetna (et'na). The chief mountain in Sicily and highest volcano in Europe. It figures in Greek mythology as the burning mountain.
ambrosia (am bro' zha). The fabled food of the gods, which conferred immortality upon those who partook of it.
Ammon (am' mun). The Egyptian Jupiter, or supreme god.
ancient (an' shent). Old; antique.
anemone (a nem' o ne) The windflower.
Antaeus (an te' us). The son of the sea and earth, or of Neptune and Terra.
Apollo (a pol' lo). The god of the sun.
Ares (a' rez). The Greek name for Mars.
Argo (ar' go). The ship in which Jason sailed.
Argus (ar' gus). A mythical person with a hundred eyes, set by Juno to watch Io.
Asgard (as' gard). The home of the Northern gods.
Athena (a the' na). The Greek name for Minerva.
Athens (ath' enz). A city in Greece.
Atlas (at' las). The giant who bears up the sky on his shoulders.
Aurora (a ro' ra). The goddess of the dawn.

B

Bacchus (bak' kus). The god of wine.
Baldur (bal'der). Son of Woden and brother of Thor. The god of summer.
Baucis (ba' sis). The wife of Philemon.
Bellerophon (bel ler' o fon). The son of Glaucus. The youth who slew the chimera.
Briareus (bri a' re us). A famous giant, fabled to have a hundred arms.
Byrgir (byr' gir). The well to which Hjuki went for water.

C

Cadmus (kad' mus). Son of a king of Phoenicia, said to be the inventor of letters.
caldron (kal' drun). A large metal kettle.
Castor (kas' tor). Twin brother of Pollux, noted for his skill in managing horses.
Celeus (se' le us). A king of Eleusis, father of Triptolemus. He gave a kind reception to Ceres, who taught his son the cultivation of the earth.
Ceres (se' rez). The goddess of grains and fruits.
chamois (sham' my). A small species of antelope of remarkable agility.
chimera (ki me' ra). A fabulous monster in Lycia, which was slain by Bellerophon.
Clio (kli' o). The muse of history.
Clymene (kli me' ne). Mother of Phaeton.
Clytie (kli' ti e). The maiden who was changed into a sunflower.
Cupid (ku' pid). The god of love, possessing eternal youth, son of Mars and Venus.

D

Daedalus (ded' a lus). The builder of the Cretan labyrinth.
Daphne (daf' ne). A nymph beloved by Apollo.
Diana (di a' na). Goddess of the moon, twin sister of Apollo.
dolphin (dol' fin). Large sea fish.

E

Echo (ek' o). A nymph who pined away until nothing was left but her voice.
Epimetheus (ep' i me' the us). The Titan who made man and the lower animals.

F

fagots (fag' utz). Twigs.
Fensalir (fen sa ler'). The home of Frigga.

forget−me−not (for get'−me−not). A small herb bearing a blue flower, and considered the emblem of fidelity.
Frigga (frig' ga). The supreme goddess of the Northland, wife of Woden.

G

Gemini (jem' i ni). A constellation containing the two bright stars, Castor and Pollux.
Gordius (gor' di us). A peasant who, by direction of an oracle, was proclaimed King of Phrygia.
Great Bear (great bear). The name often given to the stars forming the Big Dipper, or Charles' Wain.

H

Halcyone (hal si' o ne). A daughter of Aeolus, who, for love of her drowned husband, threw herself into the sea and was changed into the kingfisher.
Hela (hel' a). The ruler of the land of death.
Helicon (hel' i kon). Famous mountain of Greece.
Hercules (her' ku lez). The most famous hero of Greek mythology, son of Zeus or Jupiter.
Hermod (her' mod). A hero of Norse mythology, and a brother of Baldur.
Hjuki (ju' ki). Jack, the boy who went with Bil, or Jill, for water.
Hodur (ho' der). The blind god who threw the fatal branch of mistletoe at Baldur. The god of winter.

I

Icarus (ik' a rus). A son of Daedalus.
Iobates (i ob' a tez). The King of Lycia.
Iris (i' ris). Juno's maid, a personification of the rainbow.

J

Jason (ja' sun). A prince of Thessaly, who brought away from Colchis the golden fleece.
Juno (ju' no). The wife of Jupiter.
Jupiter (ju' pi ter). In Roman mythology, the supreme god of heaven.

L

laboratory (lab' o ra to ry). The workroom of a chemist.
Latin (lat' in). The language of the ancient Romans.

Latona (la to' na). The wife of Jupiter and the mother of Apollo and Diana.
Leda (le' da). The mother of Castor and Pollux, and of Helen of Troy.
Lindu (lin' du). A maiden who had charge of the birds, identified with the Milky Way.
Loki (lo' ki). The god who caused Hodur to throw the fatal branch of mistletoe at Baldur. The god of fire.

M

Mani (ma' ni). The Norse god of the moon.
Mars (marz). The Roman god of war.
Mercury (mer' ku ry). The Roman god of commerce and gain. Personification of the wind, which fills the sails of merchant−vessels.
Midas (mi' das). Son of Gordius and King of Phrygia.
Minerva (mi ner' va). The goddess of wisdom.
Mount Olympus (o lim' pus). The home of Jupiter and the Greek gods.

N

Narcissus (nar sis' sus). A beautiful youth, who was changed into the flower narcissus.
nectar (nek' ter). The drink of the gods.
Neptune (nep' tune). The ruler of the sea.
Norwegian (nor we' ji an). A native of Norway.

O

Odin (o' din). The same as Woden.
Olympian (o lim' pi an). Pertaining to Olympus, the seat of the gods.
Orion (o ri' on). A giant hunter, whose name was given to a constellation.
Orpheus (or' fe us). A poet and musician, who with his sweet lyre charmed the very rocks and trees to follow him.

P

Pactolus (pak to' lus). A river of Lydia.
Pegasus (peg' a sus). A winged horse belonging to Apollo and the Muses.
Perdix (per' diks). The nephew of Daedalus; changed by Athena into a partridge.
Phaeton (fa' e ton). A son ot Apollo.
Phenice (fe ni' se). Phoenicia; Tyre and Sidon; a land west of Palestine.
Philemon (fi le' mun). An aged Phrygian, the husband

of Baucis.
Phrygia (frij' i a). A country of Asia Minor.
Pirene (pi re' ne). The fountain at which Pegasus could be found.
Pleiades (ple' ya dez). The seven daughters of Atlas. Made by Jupiter a constellation in the sky.
Pluto (plu' to). The god of the lower world, or Hades.
Pollux (pol' luks). A famous pugilist, and twin brother of Castor.
Poseidon (po sei' don). The Greek name of Neptune.
Prometheus (pro me' the us). The Titan who gave fire to man.
Proserpina (pro ser' pi na). The daughter of Ceres.
python (py' thon). A mythical serpent killed near Delphi by Apollo.

R

realm (realm). Kingdom.
reigned (rand). Ruled; governed.
Runic (ru' nik). Pertaining to the letters called "runes," belonging to the language of the ancient Norsemen.

S

sandal (san' dal). A kind of shoe consisting of a sole strapped to the foot.
Saturn (sat' urn). The father of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto.
Scandinavian (skan di na' vi an). Of or pertaining to Scandinavia; that is, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.
Sibyl (sib' il). A woman supposed to be endowed with a spirit of prophecy.
Sicily (sis' i ly). The largest island in the Mediterranean Sea.
Silenus (si le' nus). The foster−father of Bacchus.
Sleipnir (slap' ner). The swift eight−legged horse of Odin.
Sonmus (som' nus). The king of sleep.
Sparta (spar' ta). Ancient city of Greece.

T

Taara (taa' ra.). The mythical home of Vanemuine.
Terpsichore (terp sik' o re). The muse who presided over dancing.
Terra (ter' ra). The personification of earth.
Thalia (tha li' a). The muse of joy.
Thebes (thebz). Greek city now called Thion; birth−place

of Hercules. Also name of Egyptian city.
Thor (thor). The Norse god of thunder.
Thrace (tras). A region in Southeastern Europe, with varying boundaries. In early times it was regarded as the entire region north of Greece.
Titans (ti' tanz). Primeval giants, children of heaven and earth.
Tithonus (ti tho' nus). The husband of Aurora; changed into a grasshopper.
tortoise (tor' tis). A kind of turtle.
trident (tri' dent). A spear with three prongs—the common attribute of Neptune.
Trojan (tro' jan). Of or pertaining to ancient Troy.

U

Uko (u' ko). The father of Lindu; also spelled Ukko.
Ulysses (u lis' sez). The King of Ithaca.
Urania (u ra' ni a). The muse of astronomy.

V

Valkyrias (val kir' i as). Woden's shield−maidens who presided over battlefields and marked those who were to be slain.
Valhalla (val hal' la). The Norse heaven.
Vanemuine (va nem' u en). A god of Finland.
Varrak (var' rak). A Laplander.
Venus (ve' nus). A Roman goddess of love and beauty.

W

Woden (wo' den). In Norse myths the supreme god of heaven; also spelled Odin.

Z

Zeus (zus). Greek name for Jupiter.