

Our Little Greek Cousins

Athenian, Macedonian, Spartan

VOLUME FOUR

JULIA DARROW COWLES

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Libraries of Hope

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Our Little Athenian Cousin of Long Ago

Julia Darrow Cowles

Illustrated by John Goss


HIERO.

Preface

As Rome is associated in the minds of all with military heroism and power, so Athens is associated with art. The story of Our Little Athenian Cousin of Long Ago has for its setting the reign of Pericles, 444-429 B. C., when Athens was at the zenith of her power and glory, and when art and architecture reached their climax.

The story has been purposely made to emphasize the artistic, rather than the political, side of Athenian life, since it is through its art that Athens has most powerfully influenced our own life and times.

Every care has been taken to make the story a vivid portrayal of the civic and home life of a child of the time, while adhering strictly to the best authorities in regard to detail.

Pronunciation of Proper Names

A-crop'o-lis
Med'i-ter-ra'ne-an
Ag'a-thon
Me'los
A-pol'lo
Men'o-do'ra
A'ri-ad'ne
Mi'nos
Ar'te-mis
Min'o-taur
A-the'ni-an
Nep'tune
A-the'ne
Ni-car'e-te
Ath'ens
O-lym'pi-an
Cal'li-as
O-lym'pic
Chlo'ris
O-lym'pus
Ci'mon
Pal'las A-the'ne
Cle'on
Pan-ath'e-nas'a
Crete
Par'the-non
Cri'to
Per'i-cles
Da'mon
Pei-si'stra-tus
De-me'ter
Phid'i-as
Di'o-nys'i-us
Phi'lo
Do'nax
Phor'i-on
Du'ris
Pi-rae'us
Eu-phron'i-us
Pyth'i-as
Har-mo'ni-a
Py'thon
He'ra
Rhodes
Her-mip'pos
Soc'ra-tes
Hi-e'-ro
Spar'ta
Ho'mer
The'ron
Il'i-ad
The'se-us
I'ris
Tro'jan
Lys'i-as
Vul'can
Ma'nes
Zeus (zus)

CHAPTER I

The Guest-Friend

More than twenty-three hundred years ago two travellers, richly dressed, and mounted upon donkeys, made their way slowly along the narrow and irregular streets of Athens. They were followed on foot by a group of slaves, who carried huge bundles in which were blankets, clothing and cooking utensils, showing that they had journeyed from some distance.

The travellers were Phorion, a famous Grecian architect, and Duris, his son, a boy of twelve years.

Presently they stopped before a house in the Street of the Sculptors, and one of the slaves rapped loudly upon the door.

"I believe this is the house of Hermippos," said Phorion.

"I do not see how you can tell," replied Duris. "They all look exactly alike to me." And he glanced up at the wall of the house, which was close to the street. There were

windows in the upper story, but none in the lower. A single door relieved the bare face of the lower wall. All the houses up and down the street were built in a similar way.

Before Phorion could answer there sounded a sharp rap upon the inner side of the door to warn them that it was about to be opened, and the slaves stepped quickly to one side so that, in swinging outward, the heavy door should not strike them.

A slave appeared in the opening, and Manes, one of the slaves of Phorion, approached him.

"My master, Phorion," said Manes, "has come from a far distant island and is worn with the long journey. His family are guest-friends of your master's family. In token of this, here is the broken ring which is the sign of their treaty. The other half of the ring is in the keeping of your master."

The slave took the broken ring, bade the two guests enter, and went to seek Hermippos.

Duris looked about him at the furnishings of the court of the house in which they waited. There were chairs, couches and tables about, and all were of simple materials, but artistic in shape. The lamps, of which there were a large number, consisted of an open vessel for oil in which a wick

was placed, and all were beautiful in form and in workmanship.

Several rooms opened from the court, and presently from one of these stepped Hermippos, the sculptor. He was a tall man of line appearance, and Duris liked him at once. But Duris was even more pleased at sight of a young boy of about his own age, who followed Hermippos.

"Ah," he said to himself, "now I shall have a fine time during my stay in Athens. I did not know that Hermippos had a son."

Greetings were exchanged between the two men, and Duris was introduced to Hiero, the son of Hermippos. Hiero was a fine specimen of an Athenian boy, and as Duris looked into his manly, attractive face, he felt that his own visit to Athens had taken on new interest.

The two artists were soon busily engaged in discussing the buildings and sculptures of Athens.

"Pericles is doing wonderful things for the city," said Hermippos. "He is a successful general and a wise and unselfish ruler. But he is a lover of art and of beauty as well, and he has determined that Athens shall be made the most beautiful city in the world."

"I am very anxious to see the Parthenon," said Phorion, "for I understand that it is the most magnificent temple ever built."

"It is," replied Hermippos earnestly. "I shall be glad to take you to see it. I thought it an honor to make some of the statues which are upon its walls."

"I, too, have been honored by Pericles," said Phorion, "for he has sent for me to plan a great music hall, which he is about to build."

"That is an honor, indeed," replied Hermippos. "We must visit the Acropolis tomorrow, and you, of course, must pay your respects to our ruler, Pericles."

In the meantime the boys, Hiero and Duris, were becoming acquainted also.

"I am glad you have come," said Hiero frankly. "We will have some good times together." And then he added: "I shall want to hear all about your journey from the island. I never have travelled, but I have often wished that I might."

"I like to travel," replied Duris, "except when the sea is rough," and at that he made such a wry face that they both burst into hearty laughter.

"I am glad we are guest-friends," exclaimed Hiero. "I

wonder when the treaty was made between our families."

"I understand," replied Duris, "that some of our ancestors fought together in battle a great many years ago and became much attached to each other. So they agreed that when any of my ancestor's family visited Athens they should be your guests, and when any of your ancestor's family visited our home they should be our guests. So they took a ring which one of them was wearing and broke it in half. And the broken ring has been passed down from father to son, and is kept as a token of the family treaty."

"That is very interesting," said Hiero earnestly, as Duris finished his story.

The custom which Duris had described did not seem at all strange to Hiero, for in that far distant time inns were few and small, and were far from being comfortable. Neither did the fact that Duris and his father had come unexpectedly surprise him, even though their visit was likely to prove a long one, for railways, mail service, telephones and the telegraph had never been heard of, so there was usually no way of knowing when a guest was to arrive until he presented himself at the door. But the

people of Greece were kindly and hospitable and often cared for strangers who were not guest-friends.

"Tell me about your journey here," urged Hiero, for by this time the boys had begun to feel like real comrades.

"We journeyed first on foot," began Duris, "for it was some distance from our home to the seaport. The slaves, of course, carried our blankets and food, for we were two days on the way."

"It must have been like a long picnic!" exclaimed Hiero.

"Yes," said Duris, "it was fun, though by the end of the second day the walking grew tiresome. We had travelling shoes studded with nails. I liked eating out of doors, and it was pleasant to sleep under the stars.

"But to me," Duris continued, "the most interesting part was the sea voyage. The ship we were on was a trireme."

"I do not know much about ships," said Hiero. "What is a trireme like?"

"It is called a trireme because it has three banks of oars," replied Duris. "The slaves who row the ship sit in banks on each side, and there are three banks at different heights.

There was a captain of the slaves who played upon a flute to mark the time, so that all the oars struck the water

at the same instant.

"It was very rough one day, and I felt pretty bad, for the motion of the boat made me ill, but I managed to get out in order to watch the oars. I was not too ill to wonder whether the slaves could keep their even stroke, for the wind was churning the water into great waves."

"Well, did they?" asked Hiero.

"No," replied Duris, "for once the slaves had a rest. But I was well repaid by the sight I saw, for the master of the ship had had two great sails hoisted, and the ship was being carried forward by the force of the wind."

"My!" exclaimed Hiero, "I should like to take a trip like that!"

"We left the ship, of course, when it reached the Piraeus, which is the seaport of Athens, as you, of course, know. There my father hired donkeys on which we rode to your city."

"How did you like the Piraeus?" inquired Hiero.

"It is a fine place," said Duris. "The streets are straight and quite broad; not at all like the streets here in Athens. I should think a person would get lost here, unless he knew the city well."

"I suppose he might," said Hiero with a laugh, "but I am so used to the city that I never had thought of that."

"The walls which extend from the Piraeus to Athens are wonderfully big and strong," added Duris.

"Yes," said Hiero. "They are sixty feet high, and broad enough for two chariots to be driven side by side upon their top. No army can ever break through those walls, and so Athens can never be cut off from the sea.

"There is to be a great festival this year in honor of the goddess Athena," continued Hiero, "and I hope that we may visit the Piraeus together, for the festival ends with a regatta upon the water."

"That ought to be a fine sight," exclaimed Duris. "I hope we may be here for the festival."

CHAPTER II

In the Market-Place

"Come, Duris," called Hiero after breakfast the next morning, "Father says that we may go with him to the market. Later," he added, "we are going to the Acropolis. That, you know, is the hill that you must have noticed as you passed through the city yesterday. On it is the Parthenon, which Pericles, our ruler, has built. It is the most magnificent temple in the world. Near the Parthenon is a statue of Athena, which is forty feet high and is made of ivory and gold."

"Oh," exclaimed Duris, "I caught sight of the statue, I think, as we came into Athens. Father told me that it was made by the sculptor, Phidias, and that he is the finest sculptor that has ever lived."

"That is true," replied Hiero, "and there are many of his statues and carvings in the Parthenon also. But, oh, the Parthenon itself! I can't tell you about it, but, somehow,

when I look at it, I just seem to feel how beautiful it is. All the artists and architects and sculptors say that it is perfect.

"But now," Hiero added, with a little laugh at his own enthusiasm, "we are going to the market. That is not so beautiful as the Acropolis, but I think you will find it interesting."

Hermippos and Phorion were now ready. With them were quite a company of slaves who were to attend them upon the street. Among these were Philo and Theron, pedagogues of Hiero and Duris, for every Greek boy of good family had his slave, who was called a pedagogue. This slave attended him wherever he went and was responsible for his good behavior.

Slaves also attended the men of Greece, not only to wait upon them and to carry for them any articles that might be needed, but also to show the standing and the wealth of their owners. So it was quite an imposing little company that left the home of Hermippos.

The streets of the city were narrow and ran in all sorts of irregular directions, as Duris had said. They were not graded, and in many places there were steps leading to higher or lower portions of the city. There were no sidewalks

at all. People walked in the streets, and were careful not to keep too close to the houses lest a door should be hurriedly opened and strike them.

"We will go first and buy provisions for the home," said Hermippos, as they drew near to the market-place.

"And we are just in time," exclaimed Hiero, "for the bell of the fish market is ringing."

People were now hurrying in the direction of the fish stalls, for fish was a favorite food of the Athenians.

All about the market-place were booths and shops where articles of many sorts were sold. There were also altars and statues, and marble seats, for the market was a general gathering place. Here the men of the city met to visit; here travellers came, to bring news from a distance; here business was carried on; and here the public affairs of Greece were discussed.

"Look!" exclaimed Hiero to Duris, and he pointed to one of the fish stalls.

"There is a fight!" said Duris.

"It is only a pretence," laughed Hiero. "See, in a moment one of the fellows will fall. Then the owner of the stall will throw water upon him to revive him - but the fish will be

better drenched than the slave. That will make the fish look fresher, and they will sell better. But," added Hiero, with a comically solemn expression, "it is against the law to water the fish - except, of course, in case of accident."

"Oh, I see," laughed Duris. And a moment later he added, "There, it has happened exactly as you said!"

"Look this way," said Hiero, suddenly pointing in another direction, "here comes a procession of soldiers. It is the body-guard of Pericles, the ruler of Athens. You will see him soon."

Duris jumped up on the marble seat, that he might see over the heads of the men about him.

The citizens saluted their ruler, and shouted as he passed, for he was a favorite with all the people. No other ruler had done so much for the good of the citizens or for the beauty of their city, and the Greeks loved beauty as no other nation ever has done.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Duris, as he jumped down from the seat. "I am glad that I saw him! I am proud to think that he sent for my father to build one of the new temples.''

As the boys reached a part of the market between two columns Hiero pointed toward the Acropolis. "See," he said,

"what a good view of Pallas Athene we get from here. But the statue can be seen, of course, from all parts of the city, so the goddess guards us well."

The Greeks, like the Romans, worshipped many gods. They believed that the home of the gods was in Mount Olympus, a great mountain far to the north of Greece. Zeus was the ruler of Mount Olympus, and dwelt in a magnificent temple. Here he summoned the other gods into council whenever the affairs of men were to be considered.

The gods often quarrelled among themselves, and acted very much as the Greeks themselves did, but still they were supposed to have power over the earth and the sea; over the crops of the farmer and the battles of the general; to guard the homes and lives of citizens; and to rejoice in the many festivals and games of the people.

Every occurrence in nature was traced to the action of some god. Zeus was said to drive the chariot of the sun in its daily course through the heavens; Vulcan to forge the thunderbolts; while Demeter watched over the fields of grain. Iris was the rainbow, and Neptune the god to whom the sailors prayed, for he had power to grant them a quiet voyage.

The Greeks did not worship their gods because they were better than themselves, but because they were more powerful.

The many stories of the gods, which we call myths, but which formed the religion of the Greeks, were so full of poetry and of imaginative beauty that people of every nation love to hear them, even though they do not believe in them in the same way that the Greeks did.

But we must remember that Hiero and Duris believed these stories of gods and goddesses to be literally true, and so the great statue of Pallas Athene on the Acropolis represented to them a living goddess who protected Athens, and for whom the city was named.

CHAPTER III

The Acropolis

"Where are the boys?" asked Hermippos of Phonon, as they were about to leave the market-place.

"I think we will find them in yonder crowd," replied Phorion. "I see Philo and Theron near by."

As they stepped to the booth where the crowd had gathered Hermippos listened for a moment and then laughed.

"We will have to wait," he said. "Lysias, the merchant, who has just returned to Athens with a ship-load of goods from the Island of Rhodes, is telling of an encounter he had with pirates who tried to seize his vessel and rob him of his cargo. We cannot expect the boys to be interested in the Acropolis till that tale is finished."

"Surely not," replied Phorion with a smile.

"But fortunately,"they heard Lysias saying in a shrill voice, "A ship from the Island of Melos came to our rescue,

and the pirates were driven off. And now, my friends," he continued, "I am here to show you the beautiful goods."

"Come, boys," said Hermippos, touching Hiero upon the shoulder, "I think you have heard all of Lysias' story that you would be interested in."

The boys turned quickly and made their way through the crowd. "Did you hear Lysias tell of his fight with the pirates?" asked Hiero, with sparkling eyes, as he joined his father.

"I heard a part," replied Hermippos. "There are pirates enough on our seas, to be sure," he added, "but I think Lysias is not above inventing the story in order to draw a crowd about his booth. It is an excellent way to sell his goods."

The boys looked rather foolish for a moment, and then Hiero exclaimed with a laugh: "Well, I don't care. It was a good story, anyway!" And to this Duris heartily agreed.

But even pirates were forgotten when the boys reached the top of the broad marble steps that led to the Acropolis. Duris was eager to see the temples and statues of which he had heard so much, and Hiero was quite as eager to point them out to him.

A love of beauty was part of the Greek nature. It was to

them like the fragrance of flowers or the warmth of the sunlight. Perhaps Hiero and Duris thought even more than most Greek boys of their age about the beauty of carvings, and statues, and temples. Both their fathers had taught them of these things all their lives.

The Parthenon was all of pure white marble. It was surrounded by fluted columns, which were simple, strong, and perfect in outline. All about the building were beautiful carvings showing a procession in honor of Athene, such as took place in Athens every four years. This was the festival of which Hiero had spoken to Duris. The Parthenon was built in honor of this goddess, who was called by the Romans Minerva. She was the Goddess of Wisdom.

Inside the temple there were many other carvings and statues, and Hiero pointed out with pride those which his father had made.

"Let us sit down for a time," said Phorion, "and look carefully at some of these groups of statuary. See," he said, turning to Hiero and Duris, "here, over the front of the Parthenon, is a group which tells us of the origin of Pallas Athene. Duris, can you tell us the story which it represents?"

Duris flushed a little, but he did not hesitate, for every Greek boy was supposed to know the stories of the gods and goddesses. These were among the first stories which their mothers told them as little children.

"Pallas Athene," began Duris simply, "was the daughter of Zeus. She sprang from his head, fully grown, and clad all in armor. The gods were astonished at the sight, and the earth and sea were shaken. Athene is the Goddess of Wisdom. She inspires men to defend their homes and their cities. She teaches women the arts of spinning and weaving."

"That is very well told," said Hermippos, as Duris finished. And then he added: "At the farther end of the temple we noticed another group of figures showing the conflict between Athene and Neptune. Hiero, can you tell us of that?"

"I think so," replied Hiero. "It was when Athens was first built, and had not yet been named. Both Athene and Neptune wanted the honor of naming the city, so the gods decided that the one who should create the most valuable gift for the people should give the city its name and guard it.

"Neptune struck the earth, and there sprang forth the horse. Then Neptune explained how powerful and strong

the horse was, and how swiftly it could carry their men into battle.

"The people applauded Neptune, and declared that nothing more useful or more wonderful could be given them. But when they had ceased praising Neptune, Athene touched the ground, and an olive tree sprang up, with leaves and fruit.

"Then Athene explained to them that the fruit would yield them food and oil; the trunk would supply them with material to build their homes, and with fuel to keep them warm; the leaves would give them grateful shade; and the tree itself was a symbol of peace and prosperity, while war would cause bloodshed and sorrow.

"Athene's gift was seen to be more wonderful and more valuable than Neptune's, and she was chosen to rule over the city, and to give it her name."

"That is good!" exclaimed Phorion. "I am glad to see that you boys understand the old Greek stories and can tell them so well. Now," he added, "I think we will all enjoy better seeing the great statue of Athene for having heard these stories told again."

Duris gazed in wonder as he stood before the image of

the goddess, while Hiero called his attention to its details.

"You see," he said, "all the flesh is made from ivory, and the drapery is of pure gold. And look at the eyes. See! the pupils are of jewels."

"What does the smaller statue, which she holds in her hand, represent?" asked Duris.

"That is the statue of Victory. Athene's shield and spear are in her other hand. Notice, too, the serpent coiled at her feet. The serpent, you know, is a symbol of wisdom."

"It is a wonderful statue," said Duris. "I hope that I may sometime see Phidias, the sculptor."

"You are quite likely to," answered Hiero, "for he visits the Acropolis often."

"You are fortunate to be in Athens this year," said Hiero, as the little procession at last turned toward home. "The festival of Athene occurs only once in four years. The frieze in the Parthenon shows you what the procession will be like. I am glad we can see it together."

"So am I," responded Duris heartily.

As they turned into the Street of the Sculptors he asked: "When does your school begin?"

"In two days," replied Hiero. "I hope that your father is



"Duris gazed in wonder as he stood before the image of the Goddess."

planning to send you, too.

"What sort of master have you?" inquired Duris.

"Oh, he is good to the small boys," said Hiero, "but the rest of us have to mind our ways, for he is rather fond of using the cane."

"Well," said Duris, with a laugh, "I'll risk the cane, for I, too, hope that I am to go to school in Athens."

CHAPTER IV

Preparing for the Festival

Hiero's mother, Harmonia, belonged to one of the noblest families of Greece. She was famed for her beautiful handiwork, and she had taught Helen, her older daughter, to embroider as beautifully as she herself could do. So it came about that Hiero's older sister, Helen, was chosen as one of the girls who were to embroider a magnificent robe for the goddess Athene. Every fourth year a new robe was made, and during the celebration of the festival of Athene it was presented as an offering to the goddess.

Of course nothing was too beautiful, or too costly, or too elaborate for this gift to the goddess who ruled over Athens. The most expensive materials were chosen for the robe, and silks of richest colorings were used to embroider it, as well as threads of silver and gold. Only the best needleworkers of the city were allowed to work upon it.

Athene was the goddess who presided over the art of needlework, and so the young girls of Athens offered prayers to her daily, that their handiwork might be worthy of a place on the robe. Very happy and proud were those who were selected to do the work.

The figures embroidered upon the robe represented a great battle which was once fought between the gods and the giants, and it is only when we remember that the statue of Athene was forty feet high that we can understand how it would be possible to embroider such a scene upon her robe.

Hermippos was well pleased when he learned that his daughter Helen had been awarded so great an honor.

"My sister is an artist, as well as my father," declared Hiero laughingly.

There was one more in the family of Hermippos to be interested in the wonderful robe, and that was Chloris, the younger sister of Hiero. Chloris was ten years old, while Helen was fifteen.

Perhaps you wonder why neither Helen nor Chloris had joined Hiero and Duris in their visits to the Acropolis or to the market-place, but this was a liberty never allowed to a girl of good family in Athens.

The girls never went out upon the streets except upon some special occasion, when they were accompanied by slaves belonging to Harmonia. They were never allowed to stand in the doorway that looked out upon the street. They might look from the windows in the second story of the house, if they did not go close enough to be seen by people in the street below.

The girls did not go to school, for the schools of Athens were for boys only. Their mother taught them at home all that a girl of those days needed to know. She taught them to spin and to weave, to sew and to embroider. She also taught them how to read and write, and how to play upon the lyre and sing. And this was much more than was taught to many of the girls of Athens.

From their earliest years they were told the stories of gods and goddesses, for this, as we have learned, was the religion of the Greeks.

When members of the family were alone they ate their meals together. Hermippos reclined upon a couch, and Harmonia sat upright at his feet. The younger members of the household sat upon chairs. Each one was furnished with a small table, upon which food was placed by the slaves.

When there were guests in the house Harmonia, Helen, and Chloris had their meals served in their own rooms, for the Grecian women did not mingle with men, except with those of their own family. In every Greek house certain rooms on the upper floor were set apart for the use of the women.

The women of Athens sometimes visited at the homes of relatives or friends, but not often, and when they went upon the street they were always accompanied by female slaves.

In some of the religious festivals, however, the women were allowed to take a part, and in the festival to Athene, which would soon occur, they carried a part of the offerings, and formed a very beautiful part of the procession.

It is no wonder, then, that Harmonia and Helen were now full of eager plans, for their life had, usually, so little of change or pleasure.

Chloris still played with dolls, of which she had several. One was a rag doll, and one was of clay painted in bright colors. One doll, which she especially loved, had movable arms and legs, and clothes which could be taken off. This doll had a bed, and a two-wheeled cart in which Chloris drew her about. Chloris called her Athene, and on the days

of the great festival Chloris intended to have a play festival in the court of her home, for her doll. So while her sister worked among the older girls upon the magnificent robe for the goddess, Chloris sewed and embroidered busily upon a robe for her doll. She did the work just as carefully and as beautifully as she could, for before it would be time for another festival she would have put away her dolls, and, quite likely, would be thinking of getting married. Most Athenian girls were married between the age of fourteen and sixteen, and Chloris looked forward to this as a matter of course.

Her cousin, Nicarete, had been married the winter before, and Chloris had been very much interested in all the arrangements. Nicarete had played with and sewed for her dolls until she was obliged to give them up to help her mother and the maids prepare the clothing which she was to wear as a bride.

When this time came, Nicarete collected her dolls, with all the beautiful garments that she had made for them, and in the care of slaves she went to the temple of the goddess Artemis and there laid her girlhood treasures upon the altar.

She offered a prayer to the goddess, and then returned home to prepare for the new life in her husband's home.

Then beautiful garments were made, and there was much excitement in the usually quiet rooms of the women's apartments. Nicarete often wondered what her husband would be like, for she had seen him only twice and then at public festivals. The marriage had been arranged by her father and his.

Chloris had gone to the wedding and she remembered the sacrifices that were offered to the marriage gods and the great feast that followed.

At this feast all the guests, both men and women, ate together, but the children were served apart from their elders, and with simpler food.

She remembered how pretty Nicarete had looked in her bridal clothes, with the veil, and ribbons, and flowers in her hair; and how Hiero had gone about among the guests, bearing proudly a basketful of cakes, and singing: "I fled from misfortune; I found a better lot."

Chloris had been away from home so few times during her life that this wedding had made a great impression upon her, and she had had weddings for her dolls many times

since then. She wondered how she would feel when she should have to carry her dolls to the temple and leave them upon the altar, as her cousin Nicarete had done.

"It will be very exciting, I am sure," she confided to her doll, Athene, as she sewed upon her robe, "and I hope my husband will be a great artist, like my father."

CHAPTER V

At School

"Now for school!" exclaimed Hiero, as he and Duris left the house early in the morning, their pedagogues, Philo and Theron, following them as usual.

"We go to the grammar school in the morning," Hiero explained, as they walked along, "and to the wrestling school in the afternoon. I am doing my best in wrestling and running, for I am looking forward to the Olympian games. I hope sometime to enter the contest for boys."

"That will be fine," exclaimed Duris, with sparkling eyes. "You ought to run well," he added, looking with admiration at Hiero's strong, graceful figure.

"Not better than many others," replied Hiero modestly. "But one would hardly hope to win in the first race he entered."

"It is well worth trying for, at any rate," responded Duris. Then, with a laugh, he said, "Look at the boy yonder, on

stilts. He manages them pretty awkwardly. I think he is likely to have a fall."

"He surely will," said Hiero, laughingly, "and he is likely to be late at school."

"What is this?" asked Duris, as they came upon a group of boys standing about an old man who was seated at an angle of the road.

"Oh," said Duris, "it is a street school. The master is not very well fitted to teach, and he cannot afford to hire a room, but people who can pay little send their boys to him and he teaches them out of doors. I suppose they find it better than no school at all."

"I should think it would be difficult for the boys to keep their minds upon their lessons," said Duris.

"I should, too," responded Hiero, "but you see they have chosen a quiet street corner, where there is not likely to be much excitement."

"O-ho!" Hiero exclaimed, a moment later, pointing to the house they were passing. "My friend Cleon lives here, and I see by the wreath upon the door that he has a new brother."

"Ah," said Duris, "we have the same custom of hanging

a wreath upon the door when a boy is born, in the Island. And do they wrap bands of wool about the door posts, in Athens, when a girl is born?"

"Yes," replied Hiero. "I suppose that is because the girls must spin and weave."

"Here come some of the younger boys of our school," said Hiero, dodging as he spoke, for the boys were running rapidly, and rolling hoops as they ran. The hoops had small bells set inside the circle and the bells chimed merrily as they were rolled.

The schoolroom which Hiero and Duris entered was plainly furnished. It had a seat for the master, and benches for the boys. Each pupil had a waxed tablet, upon which he wrote with a stylus. The sharp end of the stylus cut the letters in the wax; the flat end rubbed the wax smooth after the lesson was finished.

The master read to the pupils from the poems of Homer, and the boys wrote the lines on their tablets.

Then they read the lines aloud, and afterward committed them to memory.

Homer was the greatest of the Greek poets. His best known poem was the Iliad, which told of the Trojan War.



"The master read to the pupils from the poems of Homer."

Though this poem was composed more than twenty-five hundred years ago, it is still one of the most wonderful poems ever written, and people to-day enjoy it just as much as the people of Greece did at the time that Hiero and Duris were going to school.

Some of the older pupils could repeat nearly the whole poem, for it aroused the enthusiasm of every Greek boy. It told of a great war between the Greeks and the Trojans, or people of Troy. This war lasted for nine years, and at last the Greeks were victorious.

The legends tell us that Homer, the poet who wrote the Iliad, was poor and blind. But he was a welcome guest wherever he went, for he sang his wonderful verses to the music of his lyre. Every host was glad to have such a singer entertain his guests.

One of the rulers of Athens, named Peisistratus, understood, better than any one else had done, the value of Homer's poems. He called together at Athens all persons who knew these poems, and he had them sing or recite them. Although this was long after Homer's death, his poems never had been written. They had been sung and recited year after year at festivals

and gatherings of the people, and one person had learned them from another. Now Peisistratus had them written, in the form that had been given best, so that they should never after be forgotten or changed.

After that, many copies were made, each one written by hand on a parchment scroll.

So we may see why, in the schools such as Hiero and Duris attended, only the master had a copy of the poems, and the pupils had to write the lines as they were read to them, and afterward commit them to memory.

After the reading and writing the boys were given a lesson upon the lyre, for at the gatherings and entertainments at their homes the men of Greece often sang and played for their guests. The boys at school were taught the best music as a very important part of their education. This was done not only that they might entertain guests, but in order that they might become gentle and quiet in manner. Then, too, the boys were taught to sing so that they could join in the choruses in honor of the gods, and that they might learn the war songs of the soldier, for the Greek army sang whenever it went into battle.

The boys of the wealthier families in Athens did not

expect to earn their living, or to take part in the business life of the city when they were grown, nor did their parents expect them to do so. Their time would be given to political and social affairs; to an enjoyment of art and music; and to the beauties and pleasures of life. If there should be war, many of them would go as officers or soldiers, but the everyday work and trade of the city was left to slaves, or to citizens of the poorer class, who were looked down upon because they must work for their daily living.

"Father," said Hiero, as the boys entered Hermippos' studio after school, "I had a pretty warm argument with Euphronius at school to-day. He taunted me by saying that you worked with your hands, as the potters and trades-people do, while Duris' father thought of marvellous plans for buildings, but had slaves to cut and lay the stones."

"And what reply did you make to him?" asked Hermippos with a smile, yet flushing a little.

Phorion, who was present, showed his interest also in Hiero's reply.

"I told him that you thought of such beautiful carvings and statues that you could find no one with skill enough to

work them out for you."

"Very good!" exclaimed Phorion heartily. "I think this Euphronius you speak of could find little to say to that." And then he added more seriously: "Surely it is only the thoughtless and the ignorant who can confound the work of a sculptor with that of a potter, or a maker of sandals."

CHAPTER VI

The Wrestling School

To have a strong and beautiful body was considered by the Greeks almost as important as to have a well-trained mind; so every Greek boy was taught to run, to jump, to throw, and to wrestle. There were separate schools in which the boys were trained in all these exercises. We would call such a school a gymnasium, but in Athens it was called a wrestling school.

Duris had found that he could read and write quite as well as Hiero, and he could play upon the lyre even better, but as they were on their way to the wrestling school he said, "You will be far in advance of me in running and wrestling, I know, for I have had no training in gymnastics. Of course," he added, "we boys had contests of our own on the Island, but we had no teacher. My pedagogue, Theron, taught me to read and to write, and my mother taught me to play upon the lyre, but I have had no training in running or wrestling!"

"There is to be a contest in jumping in the school this afternoon," said Hiero. "You will be interested in that. Some of the boys can jump a remarkable distance."

The wrestling school consisted of a large open court, around which was a covered portico, divided into small rooms and halls. Duris looked eagerly about him. A large number of boys were already in the court. One was just mounting a horse. There were no stirrups, and he used his lance to help him vault to its back. In another part of the grounds a young man was practising spear-throwing. But these boys were older than Hiero or himself.

"Come," said Hiero, touching his arm, "they are getting ready to jump."

Duris stood aside with a group of boys while Hiero took his place among the contestants.

A line was drawn upon the ground, crossing a small mound. One by one the boys who were to take part in the contest ran from a distance to this line, and then jumped from the mound.

Duris exclaimed at the length of the jump as the first boy came lightly to the ground. A young man ran forward and drew a line to mark the distance.

Hiero was the second to jump, and his mark was in advance of the first.

"Surely no one can do better than that!" exclaimed Duris to one of the boys standing near him.

"Oh, you just wait and see!" replied the boy. "Hiero is not a great jumper. But when it comes to running! Well, they talk about his being a contestant at the games some day. You should see him run!

"Look! Here comes our greatest jumper now. It is Cleon. Be prepared for a surprise."

And Duris was surprised. It seemed to him as though the boy before him must have wings, for he seemed truly to fly through the air from the mound, and the mark that he made was so far ahead of all the others that the difference itself would have been a creditable leap for one who had had no training.

A great shout arose from the boys, and Duris joined it heartily.

"That is what training does!" exclaimed the boy at his side.

"But have the others had less training?" asked Duris.

"Perhaps not," answered the boy, "but Cleon has

practised jumping more than any other exercise, and there is no one of his age or size who can begin to leap as far."

When all the contestants had taken their turn, the length of each jump was measured with a long chain, so that a record could be kept for each pupil.

After that there were exercises in running, and in quoit throwing. Duris became more and more interested, and when a torch race was begun, he himself took part. This race did not require so much speed as it did skill in keeping one's torch lighted while running, and at this Duris, to his own surprise, did remarkably well.

"You will enter the regular classes to-morrow," the master said to him, as he and Hiero were about to leave, and though Duris knew that he would fall far behind his companions at the start he determined to make the most of his training and to gain strength and speed as fast as possible.

Phorion was given a glowing account of the wrestling school that night. When Duris had finished, Phorion said, "I am glad you are to have this training. But do not forget to seek grace and symmetry, as well as strength and speed. Let me show you what I mean," and

he led the way into Hermippos' studio.

Lifting the cloth with which it was covered, he pointed to a magnificent statue which Hermippos had that day completed.

"This," said Phorion, "is a statue of Theseus attacking the Minotaur. Do you boys remember the story?" he asked, for Hiero was also in the studio.

"Tell it to us, Father," said Duris, "even though we have heard it before."

"Very well," said Phorion, seating himself, while the boys stood respectfully before him.

"Many years ago," he began, "the city of Athens had to pay tribute every year to King Minos, of the Island of Crete. This yearly tribute did not consist in money, but in seven of the fairest youths and seven of the fairest maidens of the city. They were taken in a ship to the Island of Crete, where they were devoured by a terrible monster called a Minotaur. This monster had the body of a man and the head of a bull.

"At the time of our story the King of Athens had a son named Theseus, who was as brave as he was strong and beautiful. When the time of the yearly tribute came near,

Theseus declared that he was ready to go to Crete as one of the victims of the Minotaur.

"The people begged him not to go, but he was determined, and perhaps something in his face or manner told them that it was best to let him have his way. It might be that some good would come of it.

"When the ship arrived at Crete, Theseus, as the king's son, demanded that he be allowed to see King Minos.

"As he stood before him, he said: 'Oh, King, I have come to pay the tribute of my city. But as the son of my royal father, I ask that I may first meet the Minotaur alone.'

"King Minos laughed scornfully at Theseus, but he could not refuse his demand, so he sent him forth to meet the Minotaur, and promised that his companions should speedily follow.

"But while King Minos laughed at Theseus, the king's daughter, Ariadne, determined that she would help him. She admired the brave youth, and she knew of the magic means which would enable Theseus to overcome the Minotaur.

"Ariadne followed him when he left her father's palace, and promised him her help. She told Theseus that the

Minotaur was not only strong and powerful, but that he lived in a winding abode, called a labyrinth, from which no one ever could find their way back. But she promised to give him a sword which was a magic weapon. 'If you can but touch the Minotaur with it,' she said, 'his strength will leave him, and you will have no trouble in killing him. But,' she added, 'before you enter the labyrinth, you must fasten this cord just outside and unwind the ball as you go. Then, when you have killed the Minotaur, you can follow the cord back, and so reach the entrance to the labyrinth.'

"Theseus thankfully took the sword and the ball of cord, and did as Ariadne had told him. He reached the Minotaur, and a terrible struggle followed, but at length Theseus thrust the magic sword into the Minotaur's body, and slew him. Then, following the cord as Ariadne had directed, he made his way back to the opening of the labyrinth. Hastily summoning his companions, they once more boarded the ship and sailed away to Athens.

"Never, after that, did Athens have to pay tribute to Crete, and the memory of Theseus is honored in Athens to this day.

"This figure, as you see," added Phorion, "represents

Theseus attacking the Minotaur, and the reason that I brought you in to see it just now is that you may study the figure of the young hero. You will notice how Hermippos has shown his strength by the powerful muscles, and by the manner in which he stands. But that is not all that makes the figure so wonderfully good. It is the grace of the figure as well as the strength; the perfect development of every part of the body, not of one particular part. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I think I do," responded Duris slowly, while he looked earnestly at the marble figure before him.

"Then," said Phorion, "you will understand what I mean when I tell you that I want you to think no more about the distance you can run, or jump, or throw a quoit, than you do about the manner in which you run, or jump, or throw. I want you, in other words," concluded Phorion, "to make your body graceful, symmetrical, and strong: equally ready for the demands of art, or for heroic deeds."

Hiero and Duris looked for a long time at the figure of Theseus, and when they left the studio both felt that they understood the beauty of the sculptured hero better for having listened to Phorion's words.

CHAPTER VII

The Festival

Many festivals were held in Athens, for the people loved the processions and games and contests. But there was another reason for them. Each festival was held in honor of some god or goddess, and so was intended to win their protection and favor.

Of all the many festivals no other was half so splendid as the one held in honor of Pallas Athene. This festival was held once in four years. It was called the Panathenaea, and the celebration lasted for many days.

As the time for it drew near, Hiero and Duris grew more and more eager.

Duris had now been in Athens nearly a year, and he had made fine progress in both the grammar and wrestling schools. He no longer found it difficult to go about the streets of the city, with their many turns. Almost every day he and Hiero went to the market-place, or to the Acropolis,

where they watched the building of the music hall which Phorion had planned.

Hiero had told Duris all that he could remember about the last Panathenaea, and little else was talked of among the boys at school. Both Hiero and Duris were to take part in the contests this year - Hiero in the running race for boys, and Duris in the torch race. Four years before, Hiero had thought it wonderful to watch the great festival. Now he was proud and happy to think that he was to take part in it himself.

At last the great day came. Even Chloris was to see the procession, and she was placed under the care of trusted slaves belonging to her mother. Harmonia and Helen were to have a prominent place among the women who were to take part in the sacrifices, and in the great procession.

The first day was given up to musical contests. The chief event was the singing of a hymn to Apollo. This was sung to the music of the lyre, and the hymn told of the victory of Apollo, the god of music and of light, over the Python, which represented darkness.

There were choruses of men's voices; and poems were recited to music.

Judges called the name of the winner in each contest, and he received a sum of money, while a beautiful wreath of gold was placed upon his head.

"Of course the music was fine," said Hiero, as he and Duris returned home, "but I can scarcely wait for to-morrow."

The boys were up the next morning before daylight, for the gymnastic contests began at sunrise. The first one was the running race for boys, and Hiero was to take part.

"Don't forget any of the rules," cautioned Duris, as he left Hiero, "and be sure to save strength for the final dash. I'll cheer you on with all my might," he added, "and I hope you'll win."

Hiero stood among the boys who were to enter the race, and oh! how he did hope he might win, so that some time he might be thought worthy to compete in the Olympic games.

The boys were soon given their places at the starting line; they took the position which had been taught them at the wrestling school, the signal was given, and away they darted. Each one put forth his best efforts, but Hiero remembered Duris' parting words, "Remember to save strength for the

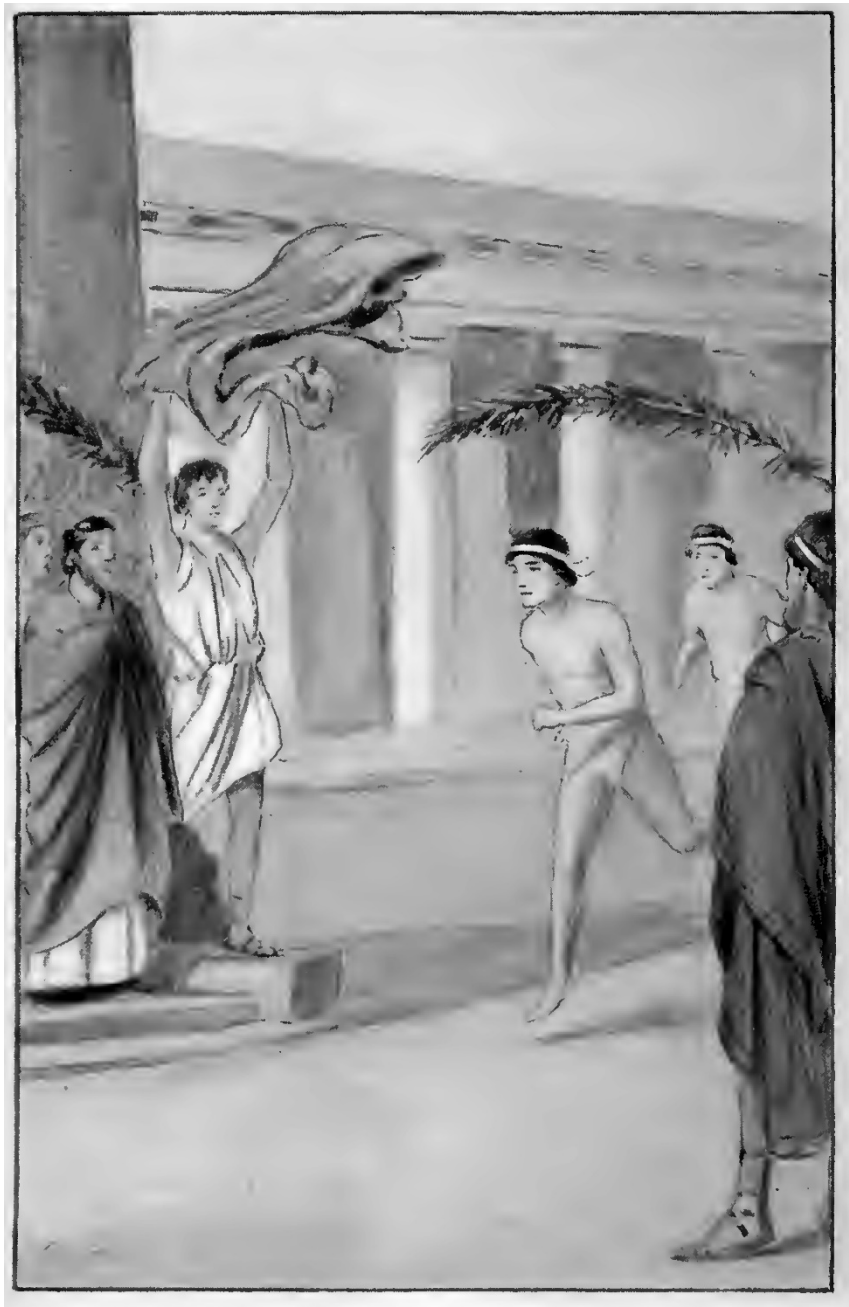
final dash," and within a few feet of the line he sped like an arrow away from the one boy who had kept abreast of him - and touched the goal.

How Duris cheered! And all the people cheered; while Hiero, flushed and happy, saw his name written, the first victor in the gymnastic contests. A prize would be given him at the close of the day.

The boys of the wrestling school crowded around to shake his hand, and wherever he went during the remainder of the festival, he was greeted with smiles and congratulations.

After the races of the boys, came those of the young men, and later, those of the older men. Besides running, there were wrestling and boxing contests, and it was several days before all were finished.

Then came contests of another sort, in which horses were used. There were horseback races, with spear throwing, and chariot races, in which four horses were driven abreast, hitched to a two-wheeled chariot. The driver stood upright, and a second man rode in the chariot. While the horses were running at full speed, the latter jumped from the chariot to the ground, and up again to his place.



"Within a few feet of the line he sped like an arrow."

Next came chariot races by soldiers dressed in armor; and then a dance by warriors with glittering shields, and spears, and helmets, who moved to the music of the flute, and at times sang a stirring chorus.

The torch race took place in the evening.

"Now," said Hiero to Duris, "you must show your skill in handling the torch. I shall cheer for you, and I expect you to win."

Duris laughed. "I will do my best," he answered, as he took his place among the torch bearers.

As the signal was given, each boy lighted his torch at the altar fire, and then they sped toward the goal - but not too swiftly, lest their flame should be blown out. It was a merry race, and a pretty one, too.

One by one the racers stopped, as their speed put out their flames, while others dropped far behind, hoping thus to keep their torches burning, and so win in the end.

Duris and another boy named Callias were in the lead. As they drew near the goal they were side by side. Still abreast, they had almost reached it when Callias dashed ahead. But the sudden dash put out the flame of his torch, and Duris, with his torch still burning, touched the goal.

Then it was Hiero's turn to cheer, and Duris' turn to flush with pleasure at the great shout that went up from all the people.

"Ah, we have each won a prize," said Hiero, as he grasped Duris' hand. "I am glad of that."

But the greatest day of the festival was yet to come. That was the day upon which the sacrifices were offered, and the great procession went up to the temple of Pallas Athene.

CHAPTER VIII

The Great Procession

The procession started at sunrise. Hiero and Duris, as victors in the races, were to march; Hermippos and Phorion would ride on horseback; and Harmonia and Helen were to carry offerings and garlands.

There were great preparations in the home of Hermippos, and all the household rose long before daylight. Even Chloris was not forgotten. She was placed in the care of some of Harmonia's most faithful slaves, who were to see that she had a good place from which to view the great procession.

The priests, who were to offer the sacrifices, took their places at the head of the long line. Then followed the foremost men of Athens, and after these the men from other states and colonies, who had been sent to do honor to the goddess. These bore offerings which were to be placed upon the altar.

After them came the younger women, who bore incense, and costly vessels of silver and gold, which were to be used when the offerings were made. Helen was among the younger women, and they formed a beautiful part of the procession. They wore garlands upon their heads and girdles to bind the graceful drapery of their garments.

Other women, carrying cakes, and fruit, and wine, for offerings, came after. Among these, Harmonia walked with dignity and grace.

Following these were the older men of the city, and then came the four-horse chariots with the drivers that had taken part in the races.

One part of the procession was made up of a great number of cows and sheep that were to be sacrificed upon the altar, and with them were the herders who kept them in order.

Then came the cavalry, with generals and soldiers on horseback; and private citizens riding fine horses that danced and pranced to the music of the fifes and citharas. Among this group rode Hermippos and Phorion.

Following these were the soldiers on foot, and then the victors in the contests, with Hiero and Duris walking side

by side, and bearing themselves proudly, as victors should.

But the most wonderful part of the procession was the great ship, set upon rollers, so that it could be drawn through the streets. Stretched like a sail from its mast was the splendid robe which had been made for the goddess. The figures of the gods and the giants in their terrific battle had been so wonderfully embroidered that the whole seemed more like a great painting than like a piece of needlework. The people looked upon it in wonder, and felt that it was, indeed, an offering worthy of Athene.

The procession passed the market-place, moved slowly about the Acropolis, and then stopped at the foot of the broad, marble steps.

At this point, while all the people waited, the robe was taken from the ship, and then, as it was carried up the steps to the temple of Athene, the procession again moved forward.

Upon the altar which stood before the temple the women placed their offerings; the priests presented the animals as a sacrifice to the goddess; the new robe was brought forth and placed in the temple before the

wonderful statue of the goddess, and the great pageant of the Panathenaea was ended.

Then the people formed themselves into family groups, and seated themselves here and there for the banquets which always followed the sacrifices. The meat of the animals offered upon the altar was divided among the people, and a great feast finished the chief day of the festival.

Two tired boys stretched themselves upon their couches that night, but before they slept, Hiero called, "Don't you dare to oversleep, Duris, for you know we go, to-morrow, to the regatta at the Piraeus!" "Call me if you waken first," replied Duris; and in another moment they were both asleep.

The next that they knew there was the clatter of hoofs, the rumble of chariot wheels, and the shouts and calls of men in the streets outside.

"The people are already on their way to the Piraeus," called Hiero, springing up.

In a few moments he and Duris were eating a hasty breakfast. It had not taken them long to dress, for each boy had only to slip into a single garment, called a chiton, and

he was ready for the day. The boys wore sandals upon their feet outside the house, but no hats at any time.

Their pedagogues were ready to attend them, and they soon joined the gay throng in the streets.

"This is the last day of the festival," said Hiero, "and we must make the most of it."

On the two great walls which connected Athens with its seaport were soldiers on horseback, chariots, and bands of musicians, all moving toward the Piraeus. In the wide space between the walls throngs of people on foot were pressing eagerly in the same direction. It was not an orderly procession, like that of the day before, but a great mass of pleasure-seekers, bent upon making the most of the last day of the festival.

The boys ran in and out among the people. Philo and Theron found it difficult to keep them in sight. The strange dress of the men from other states, the gay trappings of the soldiers, and the prancing of the horses, kept them looking first upon one side and then upon the other. Hiero was startled when Duris at length exclaimed, "Oh, Hiero, look! The sea!"

Blue and sparkling, the waters of the Mediterranean

stretched away before him, as far as he could see. For a moment he stood quite still, enjoying the beauty of it. Then he darted swiftly down to the water's edge.

The harbor was filled with ships. Some were sailing slowly before a lazy breeze, while others were rowed briskly by hundreds of glistening oars.

The great bows of the ships, rising high above the water, were carved into the figures of gods or of heroes.

Presently the ships drew up into line. "They are getting ready for the race!" exclaimed Hiero.

After what seemed to the boys a long time, the signal was given, the oars of each ship struck the water together, and the race had begun.

It was a beautiful sight, and the boys watched it with breathless interest.

The crowds cheered as one vessel and then another led in the race. And when one ship came back into the harbor far ahead of the others, there was a great shout from all the people. The crew of this vessel were declared the victors, and were presented with costly gifts, after which a great feast was made for them.

When the race was over, the boys suddenly discovered

that they were hungry. So they found a comfortable place upon the shore, and soon were enjoying the lunch which Philo and Theron had brought from home.

Late in the afternoon Hiero and Duris, tired but happy, returned to Athens.

"The big festival is ended," said Duris with a sigh.

"Yes," replied Hiero, "but in Athens there are festivals every month - though none quite so fine as the Panathenaea."

CHAPTER IX

Hiero's Uncle Is Ill

"My uncle is very ill," said Hiero, as he joined Duris a few mornings after the Panathenaea. "My father is going with him to the temple of the god of healing."

"We had a physician in the Island who came to see my mother when she was ill," said Duris. "Have you no physician in Athens?"

"Oh, yes," answered Hiero quickly, "but such wonderful cures are reported at the temple that my uncle wishes to be taken there."

"The physician who came to cure my mother," said Duris, "brought an orator with him."

"An orator!" exclaimed Hiero. "Why was that?"

"Because the physician was afraid my mother would not want to take his medicine. The orator told her how good the physician's medicine was for her trouble, and how many persons it had cured. He talked a very long time about her

illness, and how it should be treated. When he had finished, my mother felt certain that the medicine would cure her. She took it, and was well again in a few days."

"That was good," said Hiero. "I hope the priests in the temple will do as much for my uncle."

"Will they give him medicine?" asked Duris.

"They will bathe him, and have him sleep in the open air on the porch of the temple. He will have warm sunlight, and breezes from the ocean. Then perhaps the god will tell him in a dream what he must do to be cured.

"I have been in the temple," Hiero continued. "It is filled with offerings brought by people who have been cured. There are models of feet and hands and arms, made from stone or wax; and there are cocks and other animals made from clay, which poor people have brought. But there are beautiful gifts, too: cups of silver, and of gold, and ornaments, and precious jewels."

Just then the boys heard steps close beside them, and turning, they saw Donax and Agathon, two old slaves of Hermippos.

"You were speaking of your uncle's sickness," said Agathon. "If I had anything to say about the matter I should

send to the house of Crito for a drug which he alone knows how to prepare. It is made from a plant which grows near the top of a mountain. It is a certain cure for the sickness and pain which troubles your uncle."

"But cannot the priests of the temple tell my uncle of this drug?" asked Hiero.

"Bah!" exclaimed the slave. "The priests know nothing of it. It was revealed to the family of Crito many, many years ago, and it is known only to them. It is a secret cure," added Agathon, "but it is certain."

"The drug of Crito may be good," said Donax, the second slave, "but I have little faith in drugs. I would think it safer to send for our own slave, Menodora. She can drive away the disease by chanting and by the use of charms."

"How can charms and chants cure sickness?" asked Hiero.

"Ah," said the old slave, "they please the evil spirit who brings the sickness, so that he leaves the one who has been troubled. It is easy to believe," he added: "cannot the one who brings sickness take it away again?"

"Bah," exclaimed Agathon, a second time. "I have no faith in chants or charm strings, and I warn you that our

master, Hermippos, would not thank you to teach such foolishness to these boys."

At this, both Hiero and Duris laughed. "Don't be alarmed, Agathon," said Duris. "I can match Donax' story with one of my own. A poor boy who lived not far from us on the Island was taken with terrible pains in his hip. One of the slaves ran to quite a distance to get a young puppy. He brought it home in his arms and laid it against the boy's bare hip. He said that the puppy would absorb the pain and his young master would be well. In an hour's time the boy was entirely cured, we were told. But," added Duris, "I forgot to ask whether the puppy showed signs of pain afterward!"

"Doubtless it did! Doubtless it did!" exclaimed Donax, shaking his head solemnly. "I have heard often of this treatment. It is very good indeed."

Hiero and Duris exchanged a smile at the old slave's faith, but Agathon gave vent once more to his favorite expression, "Bah!"

"But," said Hiero, earnestly, "there can be no doubt of the cures wrought in the temple. I, myself, have read the tablets. One tells of a dumb boy who went there with his

father. They offered a sacrifice. Then the slave of the god asked the boy's father if he would promise that his boy would make a thanksgiving offering if he were cured within a year. And the boy answered, 'I will.' And after that he could speak as others do."

"And do you remember, Hiero," said Duris, "one tablet told of a lame man? A boy snatched his crutch and ran away with it, and the lame man sprang to his feet and chased the boy."

"Yes, I remember," said Hiero. "I should like to have seen that cure."

CHAPTER X

Festival of the Bear

"I wish I were old enough to go hunting," said Hiero, as a young man wearing a broad hat and high boots passed along the street, followed by several hunting dogs.

"How odd he looks," exclaimed Duris, for usually the men of Athens went about with bare heads and with sandals on the feet.

"Yes," replied Hiero, "he does look odd. But he will find need for the high boots to protect him from brush and thorns."

"I wonder what he expects to hunt," said Duris. "I see he carries a javelin."

"I suppose he will hunt bear and make an offering to Artemis," said Hiero. "It will not be long before the festival of Artemis, and bear skins will be in demand for that, though I think there are few bears near Athens. Helen and Chloris are to see the feast," he added. "I don't care about

the festival, of course; that is only for girls. But I would like to join the hunt."

"How do the men hunt, here in Greece?" asked Duris.

"They usually have dogs, as this man has," replied Hiero, "and the dogs are splendidly trained. The men have nets spread, and when the dogs find the game they drive it toward the net. Some of the nets are made in the form of a bag, which can be drawn up to hold the animal after it is caught. Other nets hang from sticks. When an animal runs into one of these the net falls and the animal gets tangled in it. Then the hunter can easily throw his javelin and kill it.

"The hunters often have to go through thick brush to follow the dogs to the game. Sometimes the brush is thorny. That is why they have to wear the high boots. I have a pet hare which father brought me. He caught it in a bag net one day while hunting. I soon tamed it and it eats from my hands. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Duris; "I like animals. Father sometimes tell me that I should live on a farm. At home I had several pigeons, and a pet monkey that was up to all sorts of mischief.

"I have always wanted to get a peep into the temple of

Artemis," continued Duris with a laugh, "for I have been told that a live bear is kept there."

"Perhaps it is true," responded Hiero. "You know the sign of Artemis is a bear."

But if the boys were not interested in the coming festival of Artemis, the girls, Chloris and Helen, certainly were, and Chloris talked of it from morning till night. When Harmonia and the slaves grew tired of listening to her, or of answering her questions, she turned to her dolls. They never failed to listen quietly, no matter how many times she told them of the fun that was in store for her.

"You know," she began, one day, shaking her finger earnestly at the oldest doll, "that Artemis is goddess of the moon. Her sign is a bear. Wait and I will show you one."

Chloris looked among her treasures until she found the figure of a small bear, cut from stone.

Seating herself once more before her dolls, she continued: "This is a bear. See! It is the sign of Artemis. If you will listen I will tell you why.

"Once upon a time Artemis was changed into a bear. She had long claws and a growly voice and black hair all over her.

And she walked on four feet, though sometimes she forgot and stood up straight. The reason she was changed into a bear was because the goddess Hera was angry with her.

"One day Artemis' son went into the woods to hunt. He didn't know his mother had been changed into a bear, so when he saw a bear in the woods he took up his bow and arrow to shoot it. But it was his own mother! She couldn't talk and tell him who she was, but Zeus saw what a dreadful thing was going to happen, so, before the boy could shoot, he snatched them both away, and placed them among the stars in the heavens. Up there they are called the Big and Little Bears, and the tip end of the Little Bear's tail is the North Star.

"Artemis, you know," continued Chloris, "has a beautiful temple in the Acropolis, and every year she has a festival.

"This year," Chloris added, shaking her finger impressively, "I am going to the festival. Only women and girls go. We dress in bear skins and dance the bear dance around the altar in the temple. Then we have a feast and I shall meet other girls. Oh! I am so glad that there are some festivals that we girls can go to!

"Come," she suddenly cried, catching up one of the dolls, "I shall dress you as Artemis, and these little dolls shall be bears, and we will play festival, just as soon as I get you dressed."

CHAPTER XI

The New Slave

"Father," asked Hiero one morning, "did I hear you say that you needed another slave?"

"Yes," replied Hermippos. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I saw Cimon bringing a number of slaves into the city yesterday."

"That is good," said Hermippos. "I must visit his market to-day."

"May Duris and I go with you?" asked Hiero.

"Yes, if you wish," replied Hermippos, and Hiero ran quickly to tell Duris to be ready.

They were soon on their way, with the usual number of slaves. The purchase of a slave was always an event to Hiero, but he thought no more about his father's buying one than an American boy or an English boy would think about his father's buying a new horse.

Every family had slaves, and even the poorest families had one. If any one had asked Hiero whether his father bought slaves, he would have answered, "Why, of course." And he would have wondered why they should ask such a foolish question. But really there would have been no one to ask the question.

To the people of Athens, slaves seemed just as necessary as a house to live in, and they were bought and sold in much the same way.

When Hermippos reached the market he found it well filled with people. The slaves were upon a platform where they could be seen by those who wished to buy. Hermippos went among them, questioning one and another. Then he found Cimon, and pointed out one of the slaves with whom he had talked.

"He is a vase-maker," said Cimon, "and worth much more than the common slave."

"I am willing to pay somewhat more," replied Hermippos.

After a time a price was agreed upon, and the money paid. Then Hermippos and the two boys returned home, the new slave taking his place among the



"The slaves were upon a platform where they could be seen by those who wanted to buy."

others who had attended Hermippos.

When they reached the house, and the door was opened, they were met by a shower of sweetmeats.

"What does this mean?" asked Duris, catching some of the falling sweets in his hands.

"Oh," laughed Hiero, "it is the custom to scatter sweetmeats through the house when a new slave enters."

"Why do you do it?" asked Duris.

"It is a good omen," replied Hiero. "That is all I know about it, except that the sweetmeats are good to eat." With that he caught up a handful, and invited Duris to do the same.

"It is certainly a pleasant custom," exclaimed Duris.

"Yes, much pleasanter than another which we observe," Hiero responded. "Once a year we choose a slave to represent everything that is mean and worthless. Then the other slaves run after him, beat him, and drive him out of doors. That," Hiero added, seriously, "is to drive poverty and trouble away from the home."

"Do you remember seeing a slave run into one of the temples in the Acropolis yesterday?" asked Duris, after a pause. "I intended to ask you about it then, but

you were talking with your father, and I forgot about it. The fellow looked frightened, and he ran as though for his life."

"He probably was running for his life. Some of the slave owners are terribly cruel. If a master goes too far the slave can run to the altar of some god and claim protection.

"I am glad my father is good to our slaves."

"When we left the Island," said Duris, "my father gave one of our slaves his freedom. He had served us well, and was more like a friend than a slave. When he received his freedom he was the happiest man I ever saw.

"What is your new slave to do?" he added.

"He is to help my father in his studio," replied Hiero. "I heard Cimon say that he was a vase-maker by trade."

"Let us go into the studio and see him," suggested Duris.

"That is a good plan," responded Hiero. "Perhaps he will teach us how to make vases. That would be fun." And away the boys ran to the studio to form the acquaintance of the new slave.

CHAPTER XII

Preparing to Be Soldiers

"What is the meaning of all these?" asked Duris, pointing to a large number of bronze pillars, which he and Hiero were passing as they walked along one of the streets of the city.

"Oh," replied Hiero, "those contain the names of the men of Athens who would have to serve in the army, if there should be war. See," he added, going close to one of the pillars, "you can read the names plainly.

"Every year," continued Hiero, "a new pillar is put up, and the oldest one is taken away. That is because a new class from the gymnasium has reached the age of eighteen, and is ready for service. The youths in this class are called ephebi. The men whose names are on the oldest pillar are then too old to serve, and their pillar is taken down. There are forty-two pillars in all.

"It is almost time for a new pillar to be set up. The youths are being drilled every day in the gymnasium. Shall we go and watch them?"

"Yes, I should like to," replied Duris, so Philo and Theron followed, as the boys turned toward the gymnasium.

The gymnasium, like the wrestling school, was built around a court, in which the young men exercised and drilled. Seats were provided for visitors.

"Do you see the tall man with the rod?" asked Hiero, after he and Duris had taken their places. "He has charge of the gymnasium and it is his business to keep order. He does not hesitate to use his rod if there is any trouble. Visitors are just as likely to feel the rod as any one else, if they are not well behaved."

"I see, you are warning me," laughed Duris. "I shall try to be as quiet as a girl," and he folded his hands and looked so solemn that Hiero laughed outright.

The boys found the gymnasium an interesting place. They watched the young men as they practised fencing, spear throwing, and shooting with bow and arrow. But, best of all, they enjoyed seeing them ride, for the horses were spirited, and it required skill to mount and handle them.

No saddles were used and no stirrups. A blanket took the place of a saddle, and the rider placed the end of his spear upon the ground and leaped to the horse's back.

As a group of riders dashed past the boys, Duris exclaimed: "They look just like the sculptures on the Parthenon!"

"Yes," said Hiero, "there are many figures of youths on horseback in the Parthenon."

"Who is the man in the midst of that group of youths?" asked Duris, as he and Hiero were about to leave the gymnasium.

"That," said Hiero, "is Socrates, the philosopher. He teaches a class of young men here every day."

As the boys passed the group they heard Socrates saying earnestly, "It is better to be honest than to make sacrifices to the gods."

"My cousin's name is on the last pillar," Hiero said on the way home. "After he had finished his training in the gymnasium there was a great feast at his home. His hair had been cut short, and for the first time he put on the chlamys, which men alone may wear. I am glad we boys wear only the chiton. We are so much more free to run and jump and

exercise.

"But, I suppose," he added, "that when we are eighteen, we will be glad to wear the chlamys, for that will show that we are men."

It was not many days after this that Hermippos said to the boys, "The new ephebi take the oath of allegiance to the state, to-morrow. I suppose you would like to go to the theatre and see them."

"Yes, indeed," answered the boys together.

The theatre consisted of row after row of stone seats rising in a semicircle about an open space which served as a stage. There was no covering over the seats or stage, but all was open to the sky.

When Hiero and Duris took their places, it seemed to them that all the citizens of Athens must be in the theatre.

"What a lot of people!" exclaimed Duris.

"Yes," said Hiero, and then he added, "Here come the ephebi."

The young men, with hair cut short and wearing the chlamys or cloak, marched upon the stage of the theatre and their names were written in the records of Athens. Then followed what, to them, seemed the most important part

of the ceremony, for each one was given a shield and a spear. As they marched out, each one wearing his shield and carrying his spear, they bore themselves proudly, and the air was filled with the shouts and the applause of the people.

"Now they are soldiers!" said Hiero eagerly.

"What will they do now?" asked Duris.

"They will have to serve for a year in the country outside of Athens. They will ride and march, and go into camp, just as the soldiers do. But after that they will come back to Athens and take part in all the processions and celebrations. It must be fine!"

"But suppose there should be war?" questioned Duris.

"Then they would have to go into battle," said Hiero. "But there have been no wars since Pericles has been our ruler. And there is not likely to be soon, for he has made a treaty of peace which is to last for thirty years. The treaty is called the 'Peace of Pericles.'"

CHAPTER XIII

A Story in the Studio

"Will your father care if we visit the studio?" Duris asked one day, as he and Hiero came in from school.

"No," answered Hiero, "he always likes to have us there."

"My father told me that he had a new group of statues almost finished, and he wanted me to see it."

The two boys entered the studio where Hermippos was at work. The new slave was mixing clay for a model.

"Well," said Hermippos, "have you come to take another lesson in vase making?"

"Not to-day," answered Duris, "but Father wanted me to see your new group of statues."

"It is nearly finished," said Hermippos. "If you boys will wait a few minutes we will have a talk about it."

The boys seated themselves near the slave and watched him as he handled the clay, moistening and kneading it, so

that it would be firm and elastic when Hermippos should be ready for it.

In a few minutes Hermippos stepped down from the platform upon which he had been working. "Now, then," he called to the boys, "come and tell me what you think it represents."

There were three figures in the group, and the boys looked at it earnestly.

"One man," began Hiero slowly, "seems to be a captive. Another is about to kill him. The third man runs toward them, but I cannot think what story it represents."

"Is it from history?" asked Duris.

"Yes," replied Hermippos, "this group represents an event in the history of Greece, and, of course, there is a story connected with it. It is the story of Damon and Pythias.

"At the time of the story, Dionysius was ruler of a certain city, but he was cruel and unjust. Pythias was one of the citizens and he formed a conspiracy to overthrow Dionysius. However, Dionysius learned of the conspiracy and he captured Pythias and put him in prison.

"'You have but a few days to live,' said Dionysius, 'so put your affairs in order. In a short time you shall pay with

your life for the conspiracy against me.'

"Now Pythias had some important business to attend to, and he was very much troubled about it. But he had a friend, Damon, who, he knew, would stand by him no matter what trouble he might be in.

"It was not long before Damon came to the prison to see him. Then Pythias told him of all these matters. 'I must see to them,' he said, 'before Dionysius puts an end to my life!'

"'I will willingly stay in the prison in your stead,' volunteered Damon.

"So Dionysius was told that Damon would remain in the prison while Pythias settled his business affairs.

"Dionysius was amazed.

"'I never heard of such friendship as this!' he exclaimed. 'Suppose your friend Pythias does not return?'

"'I will take his place,' said Damon simply, 'but I have no fear that he will not return.'

"Dionysius laughed. 'Do as you will,' he said, 'but I am sure no friendship will stand such a test as that.'

"So Pythias was released from prison.

"Days passed, and the time had almost come when Pythias was to be put to death. Dionysius appeared and

laughed again at Damon. 'You will pay with your life for such a friendship,' he declared.

"'He will yet come,' said Damon simply, and just then there was a shout.

"Pythias had been detained, but now he was in sight, running with breathless speed.

"Then the soldier rushed in and told Dionysius that Pythias was at the door of the prison.

"'I order the execution stopped,' shouted Dionysius. 'Such friendship as this between men is too seldom seen. I, myself, would like to be admitted to such a friendship.'

"So Pythias was released, and he and Damon went away from the prison free men."

As Hermippos finished his story he noticed how the eyes of the boys shone, and unconsciously they had clasped each other's hand.

CHAPTER XIV

Duris Leaves Athens

The great music hall which Phorion had built was finished. It was a beautiful building, and Phorion was honored and praised and feasted.

Pericles, the ruler, wished him to make his home in Athens. But there was work in the Island which Phorion had promised to do upon his return there.

"I should be glad to make Athens my home," he said, in talking with Hermippos, "for it is a beautiful city in which to live. But I must fulfill my promise first. Perhaps after that I may return with my family."

"I sincerely hope so," replied Hermippos. "Athens needs men like you."

"It will be hard for the boys to part," he added.

"I am sure of that," replied Phorion. "I should be glad to take Hiero with me, if I were sure that we could return soon. The boys would enjoy the trip together. But I shall have to

stay for some time in the Island, and, besides, I have recently heard rumors of trouble which I like not."

"Ah," said Hermippos, "so you have heard the rumors, too! I fear that the thirty-year treaty of peace is likely to be broken."

"I am sorry if it is so," replied Phorion. "Pericles is a wise and just ruler. He has made Athens a wonderful city. We must beseech the gods to avert the threatened war."

"It would put an end to the building of temples and the carving of statues," said Hermippos. "But the walls of Athens are too high and too strong for her citizens to feel much fear.

"Here are the boys," he added, as Hiero and Duris came into the room, each with a honey cake in his hand.

"Where did you get the cakes?" asked Phorion.

"Oh, we bought them off a street vender, on our way from school," answered Duris. "We first watched them baked, and they were hot when we bought them."

"Eat your cakes together then," said Phorion with a smile; and then he added, "You boys know, of course, that the music hall is finished, and that we shall soon leave Athens."

The boys exchanged a troubled look.

"Will you be sorry to go?" asked Phorion.

"I shall be very sorry to leave Hiero," Duris replied quickly. "But, of course, our home is in the Island."

"Will we ever see each other again?" asked Hiero soberly.

"No one can answer that question," replied Hermippos. "But we hope it will not be long before Phorion will return with his family, and make his home in Athens."

"Oh!" exclaimed the boys together. "That will be fine."

"When do we leave, Father?" inquired Duris.

"In three days," replied Phorion, "so make the most of your time together."

The next two days were crowded as full as possible with fun and frolic and sightseeing. Toward night of the second day the boys paid a last visit to the Acropolis.

They wandered about the temples, looked at the carvings and statues, and then, standing together by the wall, they looked off to the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

"To-morrow," said Hiero very soberly, "you will be sailing on the water. Athens will seem lonely to me without you."

"I shall miss you, too," said Duris, "but - well, we'll

remember the story your father told us about Damon and Pythias - and I hope I can come back to Athens sometime."

"Oh, Duris!" shouted Hiero the next morning, running into the court, where Duris was playing with the pet hare, "Father says that we are going as far as the Piraeus with you."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed Duris. "Then you will see us sail!"

A little later quite a company of people set out from the home of Hermippos on their way to the Piraeus.

Hermippos and Phorion, Hiero and Duris, were each mounted upon a donkey. With them was a large group of slaves. Those belonging to Phorion carried bundles of clothing, blankets and cooking utensils, as they had when they came to Athens. Besides these, they carried bundles in which were many beautiful and costly gifts which Phorion had received while in Athens. Some of these were gifts from Pericles.

"It is nearly two years since you came to Athens," said Hiero as he rode beside Duris.

"Yes," said Duris. "What a lot of things I shall have to tell the boys in the Island. It will be great fun; but I wish

you could be with me."

It was not long before they came in sight of the seas, lying blue and sparkling in the morning sun; and soon they had reached the Piraeus.

They rode through the streets of the town, and Hiero noticed how broad and smooth and regular they were compared with the streets of Athens.

"I don't care for such streets at all," he declared loyally. "They are like a sum in arithmetic. The streets of Athens are like a poem."

Phorion and Hermippos laughed, but Phorion added: "There is some truth in what he says. 'Tis plain to be seen that he loves Athens."

When the party reached the dock they dismounted and left the donkeys in care of the slaves.

"We will go on board the triremes," Hermippos said to Hiero. "I think you will enjoy that."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" exclaimed Hiero. "I have always wanted to see what the inside of a ship was like."

All along the docks were boat-houses in which were kept the triremes belonging to the navy of Athens.

"It must be a fine sight when a whole fleet of vessels are

on the water!" exclaimed Hiero.

"Yes," replied his father, "it is; but we will hope that it may be many years before Athens finds it necessary to unlock her boat-houses."

The trireme upon which Phorion and Duris were to sail was fastened to one of the docks and they went on board. The boys were soon exploring every part of the ship. But that which interested them most was the place occupied by the men who used the oars. Three rows of seats extended the length of the ship on each side. Beside each seat was an opening through which the oar extended into the water.

"Now we must leave the ship," said Hermippos, "for the captain is ready to sail."

There were a few hurried words of farewell, Hermippos and Hiero sprang to the dock, the long oars touched the water together, and Phorion and Duris had started upon their homeward journey.

At just about the time that Hermippos and Hiero, with their attendant company of slaves, again entered the gates of Athens, Duris, on board the ship, pointed back to the land and, turning to his father, exclaimed, "See the

gleam, Father. The sun is shining upon the Acropolis and touching the tip of Athene's spear."

CHAPTER XV

The Beginning of War

"Father," said Hiero, as he came in from school one day, "the boys at school are talking of nothing but war these days. How is it? I thought that Pericles had made a treaty of peace which was to last for thirty years. Only half that time has passed since the treaty was signed."

"There is such a treaty," answered Hermippos, "though treaties are sometimes broken. I trust that this one will not be, but Athens must defend her honor.

"We cannot see Athens insulted," continued Hermippos, "but war is a terrible thing. It always brings sorrow and trouble and ruin somewhere."

"I had thought it would be rather fine to have a war," said Hiero slowly. "We are taught at school to honor heroes, and to be prepared to defend our city and our country with our lives."

"That is true," replied Hermippos earnestly. "We should honor all who are brave and noble, and try to acquit ourselves bravely and nobly. We should not fear death, even in a just cause, and all men despise a coward.

"But although war is often necessary, and brave men are needed when a nation's honor is at stake, do not let the excitement or the trappings of war make you forget the fact that war itself is terrible.

"I would not have you a coward, my son," Hermippos concluded, "but I would have you reasonable and just and peaceable when peace does not involve dishonor."

But Hermippos' hope of peace was not to be fulfilled. It was only a few days later when word was brought to Athens that the truce had already been broken and the King of Sparta with his army was marching toward Athens.

Then there was a hurried mustering of soldiers. Pericles sent messengers through all the surrounding country, bidding the farmers leave their fields and their crops and hasten to the city for protection.

"The walls of Athens are strong and high, and they reach to the coast," declared Pericles. "No army can break through them. Our ships can bring supplies to the Piraeus,

so all who are within the walls will be safe."

The farmers came from all the country around, bringing their families and camping in the open spaces of the city, or between the walls which led to the Piraeus.

Soon the King of Sparta came with his thousands of soldiers, far outmatching the Athenians in number. They marched across the country, burning the buildings and the stacked grain of the deserted farms.

Inside the walls the people prayed to the gods and wept as they watched the smoke from their ruined homes.

"How strange the city seems," said Hiero, as he went through the streets with Hermippos. "Not at all as it was when Duris and I ran about together."

They passed a group evidently from a farm. The man, with folded arms, marched back and forth. His wife stood screaming and the children, huddled, were beside her, some crying, and all looking toward a black column of smoke.

"See!" cried the man, stopping short in his walk and addressing Hermippos. "That is my farm that is burning. And here we are penned up like rats while the Spartan army destroys our homes. Why cannot we go out

and fight like men?"

"Alas," said Hermippos, "we are too few to meet such an army. If Pericles were to open the city gates we should all be captured or slain. Inside the walls we are safe. It is hard, I know," he added, "but think of your wife and children."

That night Hermippos came home with news. "Pericles has decided to send out a fleet of vessels. We will fight along the coast."

"We!" cried Harmonia. "Are you going?"

"Yes," replied Hermippos. "I am going."

In a few days the fleet sailed. Harmonia was a brave woman, but she wept as she bade Hermippos farewell. Helen and Chloris clung to his hands as though they could not let him go.

Hiero felt strangely choked, but he was proud of his father. He remembered his words: "Brave men are needed when a country's honor is at stake: but war is terrible."

Hiero was beginning to understand.

Each day, after the fleet had sailed, he went to the market-place to learn what news there might be, and then he returned to Harmonia and his sisters.

"The Spartan army will not stay much longer," he reported, after one of these visits. "They see that we could stay forever inside the walls of Athens and they could not touch us. They are getting tired of this sort of warfare."

"And will they go away, and will Father come back?" asked Chloris, looking at her mother.

"I hope so," answered Harmonia.

A few days later Hiero returned with better news still. "The Spartan army is making preparations to leave," he cried. "They are taking down their tents, and, in the distance, one company can be seen marching away."

"I hope this will end the war," said Harmonia earnestly.

But the next time Hiero returned from the market-place he came slowly, and when Harmonia saw his face she exclaimed, "What is it, Hiero? What is the news?"

Then he told her that the fleet which Pericles had sent out had been defeated in one of its battles and many of the soldiers had been killed.

"Was that all that you learned?" Harmonia asked, and Hiero answered, "Yes."

At the end of the year a solemn procession was seen, for the citizens of Athens were on the way to the public burial

given in honor of those who had been killed in battle.

Among the number was Hiero, who walked proudly, and yet with bowed head, for his father was one of those who had given his life for his country.

The people gathered quietly and reverently about the monuments of the heroes of Athens. Not far away was the Acropolis, and the great statue of Athene, holding with one hand her shield and spear, and in the other the Winged Victory.

Hiero could remember but little afterward of the sacrifices and the ceremonies, but when Pericles spoke in honor of the heroes Hiero listened well, and part of Pericles' words he remembered as long as he lived.

"Let us who remain," said Pericles, "follow their example. Look around on this glorious city, think of her mighty empire. Let the love of her beauty sink into your souls, and when you consider her greatness remember that it was by the daring deeds of her citizens, done in the cause of duty and honor, that she was raised to this glorious height."

Hiero raised his eyes to the Acropolis. His father's statues were upon its greatest temple: his father's life had

been given for Athens.

He went home proudly to Harmonia. His heart was sad, but comforted.

CHAPTER XVI

Hiero the Victor

The time for the Olympic festival had come. Truce-bearers, wearing olive wreaths, and carrying herald's staves, went through all the streets of Greece. They proclaimed that the sacred games in honor of Zeus were soon to begin: that for three months war must cease. They invited all citizens of Greece to come to Olympia and witness the contests.

There was great joy in Athens when the truce-bearers arrived. Every one who possibly could made preparations to go to Olympia. All were glad that for three months, at least, there was to be no war.

"The truce-bearers have come," called Hiero, excitedly, as he reached home from the market-place, where the news had been proclaimed.

Harmonia, Helen and Chloris listened eagerly. "Now you will leave us," said Harmonia, "but you will do your best in the races, and I trust you may win the victory. Remember

your father, my son. If you win you will add great honor to his name, as well as to your own."

For many months Hiero had been training eagerly and faithfully, for he was at last to enter the running race for boys at Olympia. A few days later he left Athens with a company of men and boys, his trainers, and others who were to take part in the games.

It was a pleasant journey in spite of a hot sun and dusty roads, for they stopped often under the trees to eat, or to dash into a stream for a cooling bath. They marched to the music of the cithara, or to the chorus of a song in which they all joined.

Others were added to their number as they went on, until, as they drew near to Olympia, they formed a great company. Among them were people from every station of life. Peasants and fishermen, poets and statesmen - all were bound for the great festival. Many were on foot, others rode horses, some drove in chariots. When they reached the river they found it covered with rich barges carrying wealthy merchants and high officials from distant states.

"I have never seen such a splendid gathering of people!"

exclaimed Hiero to one of his companions. "Nor I," replied the boy. "Even the Panathenaea seems a quiet affair compared with this."

When they reached Olympia those who were to take part in the contests were placed in the care of the rulers of the Olympic games. They were examined and questioned, to make sure that they were fitted by birth and training to enter the races.

When Hiero was asked his parentage he replied proudly, "I am the son of Hermippos, the sculptor, and of Harmonia, of the house of Solon."

After all had been examined, a sacrifice was offered, and each one solemnly promised to use no unfair means to win the contests.

"I am glad the foot races come first," said Hiero to one of his companions. "I should be too anxious to enjoy the other contests, if ours came last."

Early in the morning the rulers of the games, clothed in purple robes, and wearing garlands upon their heads, marched to the stadium, or open space in which the contests were to take place. They were followed by the boys who were to take place. They were followed by the boys who

were to compete in the running race.

As Hiero glanced about him he felt almost dizzy at the sea of faces that rose upon all sides of the stadium.

Then he heard the herald announcing the running race, and he turned quickly away from the vast throng of people in order that he might give all his thought to the contest that was before him.

Soon he heard his own name called by the herald, "Hiero, son of Hermippos, of the city of Athens." Then, as Hiero stepped forward, the challenge rang out, "Has any one here a charge to make against this youth? Has he committed any action unworthy of a competitor in the sacred games of the Olympian Zeus?"

There was no response as the voice of the herald died away, and Hiero stepped back to his place.

At length all was ready, and the boys drew up in line for the race. The signal was given, and they sped away, each one trying his utmost to follow the teaching of his trainer; to attain the greatest speed without waste of strength.

On down the course they sped, and the people shouted and cheered, sprang upon their seats and waved their arms,

as the favorite of one group and then another forged ahead of his competitors.

As they neared the end one after another of the racers fell back. Others, who had saved their strength, dashed forward. There was a moment's stillness over all the vast throng of people, then - one boy had touched the goal.

"Hiero! Hiero! Son of Hermippos, of Athens!" rang the cry; and the people clapped their hands and cheered and shouted.

For a moment Hiero struggled for breath, then he drew himself up gladly and proudly, as he realized that the honor of the race was his, and that it was his name that the people were shouting.

Beside the head ruler of the games stood a beautiful tripod of gold and ivory. Upon this tripod were laid the olive wreaths with which the victors were crowned as soon as their contests were over.

The branches from which these crowns were made had been freshly cut from the sacred olive tree. The cutting of the branches was done with a golden sword by a boy of pure Greek birth, both of whose parents were living.

This boy, with the golden sword in his hand, now stood

beside the tripod.

Hiero was the first victor.

As the herald called his name he stepped before the chief ruler and bowed his head to receive the victor's wreath.

What a thrill of joy and pride passed over him as he felt its touch!

He lifted his head - then he started! He looked straight into the eyes of the boy who carried the golden sword, and the boy was - Duris!

Once more the people cheered and shouted, but for the moment Hiero forgot the crowd and the cheering. His hands were clasped in those of Duris, and the fatherly arm that lay across his shoulders was that of Phorion, his father's friend.

"You are victor once more!" cried Duris. And then he added, "We are going now to Athens to live."

"We can return together then!" exclaimed Hiero. "Oh! I am glad!" But they had time to say no more, for the people were throwing garlands and flowers and gifts at Hiero's feet.

Flushed and proud and happy, he bowed to right and left as he gathered up his treasures, and when his arms



"For the moment Hiero forgot the crowd
and the cheering."

overflowed it was Phorion who stepped to his side to help him.

During the remaining days of the festival Hiero and Duris spent most of the time together. They sang together the hymns of victory, they marched side by side in the processions, and they feasted at the same banquets.

But it was on the long march back to Athens that they had the most time in which to tell of all that had happened during their time of separation.

At length the triumphal procession drew near the city. "Athens!" exclaimed Hiero, and Duris added: "The city that we both love!"

Hiero's heart beat fast. "How glad my mother and sisters will be," he thought, and a great happiness surged over him.

As they entered the city gates there was music and singing and joyous laughter.

"Ah," exclaimed Duris, "how proud I am! It is good to return to Athens by the side of 'Hiero the Victor.'"

THE END.

Our Little Macedonian Cousin of Long Ago

Julia Darrow Cowles

Illustrated by John Goss


Nearchus

Preface

The author of "Our Little Macedonian Cousin of Long Ago," has not attempted to write history in her story. She has sought, rather, to sketch a background of Macedonian lights and shadows, trusting that, when the readers of the story begin their study of the lives of Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great, the details of literal history may - against this background - stand out with greater reality.

The typical life of a Macedonian boy attached to the court of Philip, is portrayed, however, in true accord with the spirit and trend of Macedonian history.

Pronunciation of Proper Names

A-chil'les (a-kil'lez)
A'da
JE- ge'an
iEs'chi-nes
Al-ex-an'der
A-myn'tas
An-tip'a-ter
A-pel'les
A-re'tis
Ar'is-totle (tot'l)
A-the'ni-ans
At'ta-lus
Bu-ceph'a-lus
Cha'ri-as
Co-rin'thi-ans
Di'a-des
Greeks
Har'pa-lus
Her'mes
Il'i-ad
La-ni'ce
Le-on'i-das
Lu'di-as
Ly-sim'a-chus
Ly-sip'pus
Mac'e-don
Mac'e-do'ni-a
M ed'i-ter-ra'ne-an
Mi-e'za
Ne-ar'chus
O'dys-sey
O-lym'pi-a
O-lym'pic
O-lym'pus
Par-me'ni-on
Pe'leus or pee'lus
Pel'la
Phil'ip
Phi-lo'tas
Phoenix (fee'niks)
Pin'dar
Ptolemy (tol'e-me)
Spartan
Sta-gi'ra
Thes'sa-ly

CHAPTER I

Leaving Home

"Art ready, lad?"

"Yes, father."

"'Tis time we were on our way."

The young boy addressed turned to his mother and kissed her once more. Then, saying a last farewell to his younger brother and sister, he mounted the horse which stood beside that of his father. Together they rode down the path that led from their home, close to the foothills which surrounded the plain of Macedonia.

If the mother found it hard to see her older son leaving home she showed no sign, but waved a last good-by as he turned at the bend of the path that shut him away from her sight.

Every Macedonian mother of the higher classes looked forward to the time when her son should go to the court of King Philip, at Pella, and there serve as a Page, while being

educated for a life of devotion to his country. So the natural sorrow of parting was softened by the honor and advancement awaiting the boy.

"And will I go, too, in a few years?" asked Diades, the younger boy, as they turned back into the house.

"Yes," replied his mother, "you will go, too, when you are as old as Nearchus. Your father is a Companion of the King, you know, and the sons of all the Companions are educated at court."

"When I am as old as Nearchus," repeated Diades. "That will be in three years. Oh, what a long time!"

"Does it seem long?" smiled his mother. "It does not seem long to me," and she drew the little fellow to her in a quick embrace.

"I will stay," cried Ada, running to share the embrace.

"Yes, you will stay and be my companion," said her mother, kissing the rosy, upturned face.

In the meantime Nearchus and his father rode rapidly on. Parmenion looked forward with pride and joy to the moment when he should present his son to the King, Philip of Macedon, and say, "My lord, this is Nearchus, my son. May he serve you well."

Parmenion was proud of his boy, as he had a right to be, for Nearchus was well built, rugged, yet lithe of limb, and with regular features and a clear skin. His life had been free and wild. He had played, as all boys play, at games and sports of various sorts which had developed his muscles and tested his endurance. He had hunted the small animals of the foothills near his home and had bathed in the cold waters of the river.

Of lessons he had had none. Schools were unknown in Macedonia, and except in rare instances the boys who came to the court of the King had had little or nothing of what could be termed an education.

Nearchus' speech was the Macedonian dialect spoken by the common people. His father, Parmenion, spoke Greek, which he had learned at the court of Philip, and Nearchus had picked up a few Greek words. But Parmenion was seldom at home, so he had learned but little from him.

As Nearchus rode on by his father's side, his mind was in a tumult. At last the day had come: the day he had looked forward to ever since he could remember, when he should be taken to court! It seemed strange - yes, and a little hard, too - that he was never to return to his old life of the hills

and the plain, for he loved the freedom of it; but a look ahead made him forget all that. He would be a Page of the King. He would wait upon the King, serve him, and be taught the ways of the King's court.

He looked up at his father, and in mind he contrasted him with the rude men of the hill country beyond his home. He was proud of his father; of his manly bearing, his erect carriage, his softly flowing speech, but most of all, of his courage and loyalty to the King.

Then a sudden shyness came over the boy, as he thought of the new companions he was to meet. "I wonder if they will laugh at my rough dialect," he questioned. Then he remembered that they, too, must have spoken the same before they served the King. "And perhaps there will be others just learning," he added to himself, by way of encouragement.

Presently his father turned to him. "You will have many companions at Pella," he said, "and you will not be the elder brother there. You must learn to give and take with the others; be quick and ready in your service to the King; and study your lessons faithfully. Be generous, be true, and be brave, just as you have been at home. Then you will have

friends among the boys, and I shall have cause to be proud of you."

"Do you know any of the boys at the court?" asked Nearchus after a pause.

"Not well," replied Parmenion. "But Alexander, the son of Philip, must be close to your age. I trust that you and he may be friends."

Nearchus' cheeks flushed. His father had spoken to him of Alexander before; of the boy's singular beauty, his soldierly bearing, and of his frank and generous nature. Nearchus had thought much about him, for as son of the King he was already a hero in his eyes. In truth, he had dreamed of him more than once, as the time drew near for his own entrance to the court. But never had he dared to think of Alexander as his friend!

When Parmenion looked at Nearchus again there was a deeper flush on the boy's cheeks and a new sparkle in his eyes.

"See," said Parmenion, pointing ahead, as they made a turn in the road, and Nearchus, glancing quickly up, saw at a distance the stone walls which surrounded the city of Pella.

A few moments more and they had entered the gates, and Nearchus looked eagerly about him.

The city was built upon the shore of a sparkling lake, Lake Ludias; and the houses were dotted here and there with little order or regularity, for the streets were little more than winding paths.

Ahead of them rose the great walls of the King's palace, and Nearchus' breath came quickly as he looked at those formidable walls and wondered what the life within them would be.

CHAPTER II

Nearchus Becomes a Page

As they drew near to the outer gates of the palace they met a group of boys accompanied by an older man.

"They are doubtless going to the school or the gymnasium," said Parmenion, and he exchanged a word of greeting with the man. "That is Leonidas," he added. "He is a relative of Queen Olympia, and has charge of Alexander's education."

"Is Alexander among them?" asked Nearchus eagerly.

"No," replied Parmenion, "I do not see him."

Nearchus scanned eagerly the faces of the boys who passed him, and they in turn looked curiously at him.

"A new Page," he heard one of them say. "I wonder what he will be like."

As they were about to enter the gates they were halted by a soldier. At the same moment they heard the music of a

flute, and a company of the Companions rode forth on prancing horses, followed by a band of foot soldiers.

"Is there a war?" questioned Nearchus of his father.

"No," replied Parmenion with a smile. "They are only drilling. You will grow accustomed to such sights in Pella. Philip drills his men like a Spartan, but fortunately he does not feed them upon the Spartan black broth."

When the company had passed, Parmenion and Nearchus entered the gate. The size of the castle and the strength of its walls, struck Nearchus with amazement. The courtyard seemed filled with boys, horses, men; all darting, prancing, hallooing. Nearchus' blood went tingling through his veins. "There will be plenty of excitement in life at court," was his thought.

A moment later he was following his father through the great doors of the palace. For a few moments he was left alone, and he spent the time in looking about him, and noting the splendor by which he was surrounded.

His own home, near the foothills, was comfortable, but simple in all its appointments. It had seemed to him quite luxurious, however, in contrast to the homes of the people of the hill tribes beyond them. But of such magnificence as



“For a few moments he was left alone.”

he now beheld he had never dreamed.

The walls about were hung with tapestries of rich, even gorgeous colorings, and they were heavy with the glittering threads of their embroideries. On the floors were soft rugs into which his feet sank as he stepped, and he half drew back, wondering that such beauty should be placed beneath men's feet.

On the walls about him hung armor of wonderful workmanship. There were helmets with waving plumes, shields of brass, curiously and richly embossed, and bows so large and heavy it seemed to Nearchus that only a giant could draw them.

Every object upon which he looked was in striking contrast to the simplicity of the Macedonian homes that he had seen. Then he remembered to have heard his father say that Philip had spent many years of his life in Thebes, a city of Greece, and that he had adopted many of the Greek customs, as well as the Greek manner of living.

"I am to learn to speak Greek," thought Nearchus, "and to live like a Greek, it seems. But, all the same," and he drew himself up to his full height, "I am a Macedonian!"

"Of what are you thinking?" asked a frank, half-amused

voice at his side. Nearchus turned. A young boy of about his own age stood before him, and as Nearchus looked upon him he thought him the most beautiful, the most attractive youth he ever had seen.

With a frankness quite equal to that of his questioner, Nearchus replied, "I was thinking of the new life I am to begin at court. It seems to me that it must be more Greek than Macedonian; and I am a Macedonian!"

The soft eyes of his companion sparkled, and he thrust out his hand. "I, too, am a Macedonian," said he, as he grasped Nearchus' hand in a cordial clasp, "but you know we Macedonians are also Greeks."

"We are Greeks?" questioned Nearchus, looking puzzled.

"Yes, indeed we are, of the same race, the same stock. I will prove it to you some day, but now I must hurry on. I am late at the gymnasium already, and Leonidas is very strict." He made a wry face; then, with a laugh and a friendly nod, he was gone.

"Well," exclaimed Parmenion - and Nearchus turned at sound of his father's voice - "you have made the acquaintance of Alexander early!"

"Alexander!" exclaimed Nearchus. "Was that Alexander? I did not know!" Then he added: "But I might have known no other boy could have such beautiful features and so noble a bearing."

As he followed his father through what seemed endless halls and chambers he kept repeating under his breath, "Alexander! Alexander! And he was the first person in Pella to greet me!"

Nearchus had been so amazed by his meeting with the young prince that he had given no thought to the ordeal of being presented to the King. But in spite of the luxury and grandeur of the castle and its furnishings, Philip cared comparatively little, when among his own intimates, about ceremonials and forms. He was on good terms with his Companions, and the presentation of their sons as Pages was not a very trying ordeal after all.

On the afternoon of the same day, Nearchus found himself, with other boys, ushered into the King's presence. The room was even more magnificent than those which Nearchus had previously seen, and Philip sat upon his throne in his kingly robes.

The father of each boy made a speech, and

introduced his son by name to the King. Some of the speeches were rather long and filled with praises of the King. But Parmenion, who chanced to be last, contented himself by saying, "This, oh, King, is my elder son, Nearchus. May he be a loyal subject, and serve you well."

Then the King addressed the boys briefly, ending by charging them to remember that in serving him they served all Macedonia.

Soon after this they were dismissed, going to the quarters assigned the youths, where they were instructed in their duties by the master of the Pages.

And so, with little ceremony, but with great earnestness of purpose, Nearchus became a Page of King Philip of Macedon.

CHAPTER III

New Friends

The quarters assigned the Pages had none of the luxury of the palace, but to the boys recently come from a simpler home life, they seemed more familiar than the gorgeous furnishings of the court. But they were soon to grow accustomed to the sight of luxury through their daily attendance upon the King.

Antipater, the master of the Pages, gave the boys a brief outline of their new duties. They were, in their turn, to guard at night the door of the King's apartment; they were to take his horse from the groom and to bring it to the King; when the King hunted, some of them would be chosen to accompany him; and when he went into battle a chosen number would go with him to form his body-guard.

"For these and similar services you will be trained and drilled," said Antipater. "In time we shall look to you for the generals and officers of the Macedonian army, for that is the

final object of your training. In the meantime you will have studies to master, military tactics to learn, gymnasium exercises to practice."

After giving the boys some sound advice as to their conduct and general deportment, Antipater dismissed them.

As the boys left the classroom, Nearchus and another of the group, named Aretis, felt their arms grasped in friendly fashion by Lysippus, an attractive youth but little older than themselves. "Come," said he, "let us take a walk together and I will show you about. Antipater says the same things to every new group of Pages," he continued laughingly, "and scares us - at least he does most of us. But it really is not as hard as it all sounds. We manage to have a great deal of fun, and life at court is full of change and excitement.

"There are some things, though, that Antipater fails to tell, but which are good things to know," Lysippus continued, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "For instance, Lysimachus, who is one of Alexander's teachers - and ours as well - can be managed very nicely if one just calls him Phoenix now and then."

"Why is that?" asked Nearchus, entering heartily into

Lysippus' mood, and feeling truly thankful to be chosen for his confidences.

"Oh, Phoenix is one of the characters of the Iliad, as you will find when you begin the study of Greek, and Lysimachus imagines that he resembles him, because he is Alexander's tutor. Lysimachus calls Alexander, Achilles, and Philip, Peleus. The Iliad is his hobby, so, if you like Greek, you can get on with him very well.

"Leonidas, however, is different. He is strict as a Spartan, and not easily fooled. Why, he even goes through Alexander's chests to make sure that Queen Olympia - Alexander's mother, you know - has not given him luxuries of any sort. Leonidas is a relative of Queen Olympia, and so he thinks himself a privileged character. He has general charge of Alexander and the rest of us. One has to be pretty sharp to steal a march on him.

"There are other teachers, but you will learn to know them in class. They are not so important."

"What studies do you have besides Greek?" asked Aretis.

"History, music, and drawing," replied Lysippus.

"Drawing!" exclaimed Aretis, with shining eyes. "Oh, but I am glad! I would rather learn to draw and to paint than to

do anything else I know of."

Lysippus' eyes were shining too, as he held out his hand to Aretis. "Here is my hand on that!" he exclaimed. "Only I want to be a sculptor, rather than a painter."

The two boys clasped hands warmly. "I hardly dare to say among the boys that I would rather chisel than fight," Lysippus continued, "for they all are eager to lead soldiers into battle, and I would not want them to think me a coward. But I was named for the great sculptor, Lysippus, and I trust that I may not prove altogether unworthy of the name."

"I can understand," said Aretis earnestly, "for I, too, love art. Yet probably most of the boys would not."

Nearchus had listened to this conversation with interest. He knew little about art. His father was his ideal, and the life of the soldier and the officer was the only life of which he had been taught.

"But I think that Alexander understands," Lysippus continued, "for though he is every inch a soldier himself, he admires both poets and artists."

The boys soon after separated, but between Lysippus and Aretis a lasting bond had been formed.

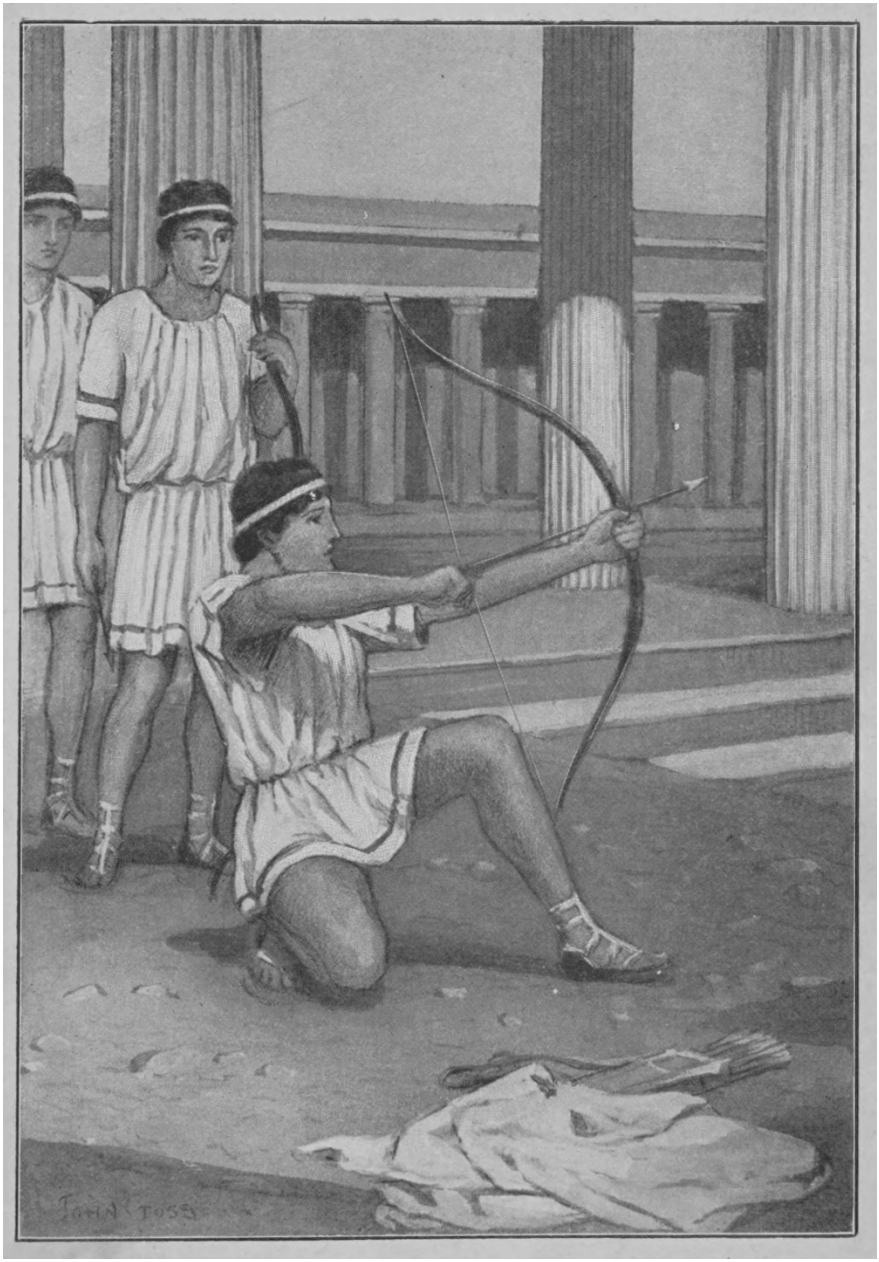
The days that followed were busy days for the new Pages of Philip's court. It seemed to Nearchus that he had entered a new world, so entirely was his life changed.

For a part of each day he was to be seen darting here and there about the court, carrying messages for one or another of the Companions and officers. Certain hours of the day were devoted to lessons, others to gymnastic and military drill, and between these busy hours there were times when he was left to his own devices.

He had learned quickly the plans of the palace and its outer courts, as well as the names of the prominent men who came and went, and he was soon known as one of the most alert and willing messengers of the court.

He readily became acquainted with those who, like himself, had just entered the King's service, and among these Aretis was one of his favorites. The older boys were as a rule inclined to hold aloof, and some of them thought it fun to tease the new arrivals. Lysippus, however, was always friendly.

"Come," said Aretis to Nearchus, one day, "we have finished our lessons. Let us go and watch the games. I have heard that the King, himself, is to wrestle in the arena."



"Certain hours of the day were devoted to . . .
gymnastic and military drill."

Away the boys sped, fleet of foot as two young deer. As they turned a corner they came into sudden collision with an older boy named Philotas, whom they had seen about the palace.

Nearchus was knocked, half-breathless, into the street. In a moment, however, he scrambled to his feet and looked, half laughingly, into Philotas' face. But the scowl which he met was anything but friendly.

"Oh," exclaimed Nearchus frankly, "I did not intend to be so hasty as all that." He spoke, as usual, in the Macedonian dialect, for he had not yet mastered the Greek well enough to venture to speak it.

"Keep your Macedonian tongue for the soldiers," exclaimed Philotas contemptuously. "I speak Greek."

"And how long have you spoken Greek, Philotas? Nearchus' manners at least are Greek."

The questioner had come up unobserved. His tone was one of intense scorn. But at the sound of his voice, Nearchus turned quickly, and his cheeks flushed, for he knew that it was the voice of Alexander.

Philotas' dark cheeks flushed, too, but not with pleasure,

though he tried to answer lightly.

"The young rascal nearly knocked my breath out."

"I saw it," said Alexander. "We will have to put him in training for the foot-races soon. But come," he added, "were you bound for the arena? If so, come with me and I will see that you have good seats."

He had included them all in his invitation, and swinging about, they walked off together.

Nearchus felt as though treading on air, as he walked by Alexander's side to the arena; but he did not know how many of the boys of Pella looked upon him with envious eyes as he sat by Alexander's side during the games. Neither did he know it then - although he guessed it afterward - that thenceforth no boy among them would dare treat him with disrespect. If Alexander had chosen him for a friend that settled the matter for every loyal boy in Pella.

CHAPTER IV

The Games

The games of the arena were intensely interesting, especially to the boys who had so recently come to the city and to whom they were wholly new.

There were foot-races first, and it seemed to Nearchus that the young men who took part in them must, like the god Hermes, have wings upon their feet. He had never seen such swiftness, such lightness in running; and when the victor was crowned he shouted lustily with the others, "Io, pæan!"[1] for that much Greek he had learned.

The foot-races were followed by wrestling. Several contests took place between youths, and then between older men. Then there was deep silence for a moment, followed by a thunderous shout of applause, as Philip, King of Macedon, stepped into the arena.

[1] "Io, pæan" (Īō, pē'an) a shout of victory.

His opponent was a powerful man, and for a time the two seemed well matched, but Philip was quicker in motion, and in the end his opponent was thrown. Then again rang the "Io! Io! pæan!" till it seemed to echo back from the very skies above them.

When Philip left the arena wearing the wreath of victory, he bore himself quite as proudly as when he wore his kingly crown of gold.

This was the last event of the day, and the seats surrounding the arena were soon emptied.

As the boys regained the street they were joined by another group.

"Come," said Alexander, "we have been sitting so long, let us have a foot-race and see who will reach quarters first."

Away they all darted. But it could hardly be called a foot-race, for the crowds and the narrow crooked streets made swift running out of the question. They ducked here, and doubled there, dashed ahead when they found a few feet of clear space, or made a detour when they found a street blocked by the throng. It became a contest of dexterity and adroitness, rather than of speed. No two had taken the same course.

When Nearchus reached quarters, quite out of breath but glowing with the exercise, he looked about for the other boys. None were in sight. "I must have made a mistake as to where we were to finish," he thought. But no, for there was Alexander dashing toward him, and from different directions the other boys were coming. There was Ptolemy, Aretis, Charias, Harpalus, Amyntas, Lysippus: one after another they came running in, laughing, panting, breathless, until all who had started in the race were there. No, all but one, Philotas had not yet come.

"Nearchus won the race!" cried Alexander.

"Oh, but 'twas no race," declared Nearchus modestly. "It was just a game of duck and dodge."

"Well," insisted Alexander, "you won, in any case. But where is Philotas?" he added.

The boys looked about. They were sure he would come, for he had started with the others, and it was now almost time for their drill.

"Here he is," cried Aretis at length. "But look! What has befallen him?"

As the boys turned they saw Philotas making his way slowly toward quarters. He walked with a slight limp. His lip

was cut, and in rubbing it he had covered his face half over with blood. It was no wonder that the boys gathered about him and together asked, "What has happened?"

"Oh," said Philotas, his swollen lip making the Greek speech of which he boasted sound somewhat thick, "I found myself back of a burly soldier, and tried to duck past him, but just as I would have shot by, he stepped directly in front of me. I couldn't stop, and we both went down. He was on top and naturally he got up first; and then he set upon me like a big brute. By Hermes! I couldn't help tripping him!"

Alexander turned away. There was an amused smile upon his face as he did so. Nearchus and Aretis exchanged laughing glances.

Philotas saw it. He also saw Alexander's smile; and a sudden red, which was not the red from his bleeding lip, rose to the roots of his hair. Till that moment he had forgotten his encounter with Nearchus.

CHAPTER V

In Barracks

"What have you there, Alexander?"

The boys had gathered, after their evening meal, around one of the flaring lamps of the barracks; all but those who, at this hour, were in attendance upon the King.

Alexander, who was oftener in barracks than in the palace, held in his hand a gold coin.

"It is a gold stater," he replied. "I wanted to show it to Nearchus."

Nearchus turned in surprise.

"Do you remember, Nearchus," Alexander continued, "of my telling you that some time I would prove to you that we Macedonians are also Greeks?"

"Yes," answered Nearchus quickly, "I do remember."

"Look here," continued Alexander, and Nearchus bent his head over the shining gold stater.

"Father had these coins stamped to celebrate the victory of his horses in the Olympic games. They won the race in the year that I was born."

The boys crowded closely about to examine the engraved figures upon the coin, while Alexander continued:

"Now, you all know, of course, that none but a Greek can take part in great games at Olympia. We are Macedonians, but we are of Greek stock. The guardians of the games have so declared it. Indeed, we are of purer Greek blood than most of the Athenians or Corinthians, for they have mingled more with other nations and intermarried with them."

"I knew that the King had won some of the Olympic races," said Nearchus thoughtfully, "and still I had not thought before of our being of Greek blood. Yet I know that heavy penalties follow if one who is not a Greek takes part in the games. They must, in fact, take oath that they are Greek before they can enter."

"I wonder what Macedonian first won a prize at Olympia," said Lysippus. "Who knows?"

"I believe it was King Alexander," said Ptolemy, "about one hundred years ago. And Pindar, the Greek poet, wrote

some verses about his victory."

"Ask Ptolemy, every time, if you want any facts from history," said Alexander.

"But if you want a quotation from Homer," retorted Ptolemy, "ask Alexander. He sleeps with his Iliad under his head."

"Yes," added Lysippus, "and knows a good share of it by heart."

"'Tis true," assented Alexander, "and I shall know all of it by heart before I finish. Perhaps the Odyssey, too."

Charias and Philotas groaned. "If I learn enough of Homer to satisfy Lysimachus, I shall be satisfied," said Philotas. "But he thinks we should all study Greek as Alexander does. I would rather learn to box and wrestle."

"I like to hunt, and to play ball," said Alexander, "but I do not like boxing or wrestling."

"You are a good runner," said Charias. "Would you take part in a foot-race at Olympia if you could?"

"I would if I could have kings for competitors," replied Alexander tersely.

Later, when Alexander had left them, the boys continued

their talk.

"Why does Lysimachus so often call Alexander, Achilles?" asked Nearchus.

"Because he would have Alexander pattern after the hero of the Iliad," replied Ptolemy, "as indeed he does. Achilles is Alexander's ideal. And, besides, you know it is commonly said that Alexander is descended from the gods, even as Achilles was."

"Well," cried Nearchus, "whether Alexander is descended from the gods, I know not; but one thing I do know - he is every inch a king!"

"'Tis true; 'tis true!" responded the boys heartily.

"But it takes Nearchus to defend him," laughed Ptolemy.

"He needs no defense!" replied Nearchus warmly.

"Well, at any rate, he has a good champion in you," insisted Ptolemy, who liked to tease, even though he admired Nearchus.

"We are all his champions!" declared Nearchus stoutly.

"Yes, yes! Good, good!" responded the boys again, and only Aretis noticed that Philotas did not join in the shout.

But the noise had attracted the attention of Leonidas, whose strict ideas of discipline made little allowance for

boyish fun or enthusiasm.

He walked over to the group. "Less noise!" he commanded, "and off to your beds." Then he added, "You will need to sleep. To-morrow night some of you are likely to be on the march."

The boys turned in quickly, but exchanged low-toned comments before dropping off to sleep.

"What does Leonidas mean?" questioned Lysippus.

"I heard that couriers arrived to-day, and were with the King for a long time," said Ptolemy.

"Does it mean that there is to be war?" asked Nearchus.

"The couriers might bring any sort of news," answered Ptolemy, "but in what Leonidas just said I can see no other meaning."

CHAPTER VI

In Camp

The following day was filled with tense excitement for the boys. It became known that Philip had for some time been planning in secret an attack upon a rebellious city, and had only awaited the coming of his couriers for an immediate start.

His soldiers were so thoroughly organized, and so constantly drilled and exercised in the maneuvers of war, that they were ready to march on the shortest notice.

The King's body-guard was selected from among the older Pages. The others were kept busy darting here on this errand, there on that, as the King or his generals gave quick command.

The fathers of many of the Pages were among the generals who were to accompany the King. Parmenion was one of these.

The quarters of the common soldiers were on the plains outside the walls of Pella, and the boys were glad whenever a message from the King took them there. There were hundreds of tents spread wide over the plain. Horses were neighing and prancing, generals in their uniforms were riding to right and left, giving orders; the soldiers were packing the provisions and arms which they were to carry. Wagons were being loaded with the munitions of war; metal trimmings and pieces of armor were being polished. In every direction there were flying colors, the music of flutes, all the movement and life and subdued excitement of a great army preparing for a march.

As Nearchus and Aretis were leaving the camp, after delivering messages there, they saw Philip approaching with his body-guard. Heralds rode in advance, and the shrill sound of martial music both startled and thrilled the boys. The King was coming to inspect the camp.

As Philip approached, the great mass of the foot soldiers shouted in unison a salutation in the Macedonian dialect, then together they struck upon their shields with their heavy pikes, in sign of their readiness for battle.

Nearchus and Aretis stood "at attention" as Philip and

his escort rode by. The Pages who formed the King's body-guard were dressed in holiday attire. Their tunics were of purple - the royal color. On their feet were sandals, and over their shoulders hung short cloaks of richly embroidered patterns.

As the boys stood watching, they heard a familiar voice beside them. They turned and faced Parmenion. He was dressed in full military costume and rode a magnificent black horse. On his head was a helmet of metal, his body was covered with a cuirass of leather thickly covered with metal scales, and his feet and legs were incased in high leather boots. A blanket sufficed for saddle. When he went into battle he would carry a short, straight, two-edged sword, and a lance of wood, metal tipped.

"Stay in the field for a time," he said to the boys. "The phalanx is to be formed under Philip's direction. It will be worth while for you to see it."

The boys were glad to obey, for the phalanx as formed and drilled under Philip, was known and dreaded wherever the Macedonian army marched. The boys had heard much about it, but never yet had had an opportunity of seeing it.

At a command from Philip, each man who belonged to this body of the troops grasped his weapon, a lance of wood, eighteen feet in length, tipped with metal. Each held his lance with his left hand, about four feet from its end, and supported the longer portion with his right. They formed in close ranks, with the points of their lances thrust forward. In this way the lance points of all but the last row reached beyond the men of the first. Truly it was a formidable hedge of bristling metal with which to charge an enemy's lines.

"Who could stand against it?" cried Aretis, but even as he spoke he turned away, for the sight did not arouse in him a feeling of exultation, as it did in Nearchus.

"Splendid!" shouted Nearchus, watching now the movements of the phalanx, now those of his father, who rode across the field at Philip's side. "Oh, I wish I were one of the Pages to go with the King. What a charge they will make!" For Nearchus had been taught of war all his life, and his father was his model and hero.

But Aretis had the instincts of the artist rather than those of the soldier. To himself he said, "I have thought I was a true Macedonian - yes, and I am ! - but I fear I am no soldier; for though I trust I should do my duty if I had to go into

battle, I could never want to see a charge of the phalanx, as the other boys do."

He was glad to turn from the bristling line of lance points to watch a body of light-armed foot soldiers who were marching in another part of the field. These were armed with a long sword, a lance, and a shield; and Aretis watched with interest their swift motions as they drew up in line and went through their drill of attack and of quick defense with their shields.

"That, to me, seems fairer," he said to Nearchus. "The phalanx is too much like butchery."

"That may be," responded Nearchus slowly; but he realized that what he had once heard Aretis say was true - few of the boys of Macedonia could understand the way Aretis felt about war.

It is not to be understood that the blood of both the boys did not tingle at sound of the martial music, the sight of glittering uniforms, the position and adroitness of the military movements. They would not have been human boys if it had not. But beneath and beyond the stirring spectacle of the camp, Aretis saw, in his own mind, the bloody scenes of the actual battle, and from these his whole being recoiled.

But Nearchus could not look at it from the same standpoint. He was a soldier, as was his father, as was almost every boy and man of Macedonia, and all his training had been the soldier's training, which fostered love of conquest and eagerness for the excitement of battle.

Nearchus was a brave, typical Macedonian boy, living at a time when "peace had had no achievements worthy of record."

The two boys were unusually silent as they walked back side by side. Aretis was wishing that Lysippus had been with him, instead of Nearchus. "I wonder whether he would have looked upon all the scenes of the camp as Nearchus does, and as all the other boys do. I cannot believe that he would," he said to himself. "I think that he would have understood me."

Nearchus' thoughts returned to his father, and he glowed with pride as he remembered how splendid he looked, and how well he rode. And he was filled with impatience for the time when he should be chosen to go into battle with the King.

CHAPTER VII

A Feast

After Philip and his army had marched away, the boys of Pella found it hard to settle down to the quiet routine of daily lessons and drills. They were ready to welcome any diversion which promised either fun or adventure.

It was with special glee, therefore, that Nearchus, Aretis, Lysippus, Ptolemy, and Charias received a mysterious message from Alexander, bidding them meet him late that evening in a certain room of the palace "with appetites well whetted."

The time set was an hour later than their regular time for being in bed, and the problem of slipping away from their quarters unseen and gaining an entrance to the palace was one of sufficient difficulty to give zest to their appetites both for fun and feasting.

"He is planning a feast, I am certain," said Ptolemy. "Very likely Lanice, his old nurse, has sent it to him. She

likes to humor him as well as she did when he was six; and she knows what Spartan-like fare Leonidas allows."

"A feast of Lanice's preparing is worth running many risks to share," added Lysippus.

"You have tasted them before, then?" inquired Aretis.

"Only once," replied Lysippus, "but it is not easily forgotten. One of the boys was caught at that time," he added, "and he received a double dose of both Greek and mathematics as a punishment. But it would have gone worse with him had Leonidas caught him, instead of Lysimachus."

That night, when the flaring lights in the Pages' quarters were extinguished, each boy was in his usual place. But as the quiet of the room grew deeper, and the sound of breathing grew more steady and regular, five figures slipped, one by one, from their beds and stole quietly out into the night.

Each one, taking his own time and course, slid along through the shadows and close to the walls, till he reached a well-known door in the rear of the palace. Here he uttered a single word, "guard" - the pass-word given him by Alexander - and at once the door was opened and softly shut again. Alexander was a favorite with the soldiers and guards

about the palace, and a word or two from him, perhaps accompanied by a coin, secured him many a service in his larks.

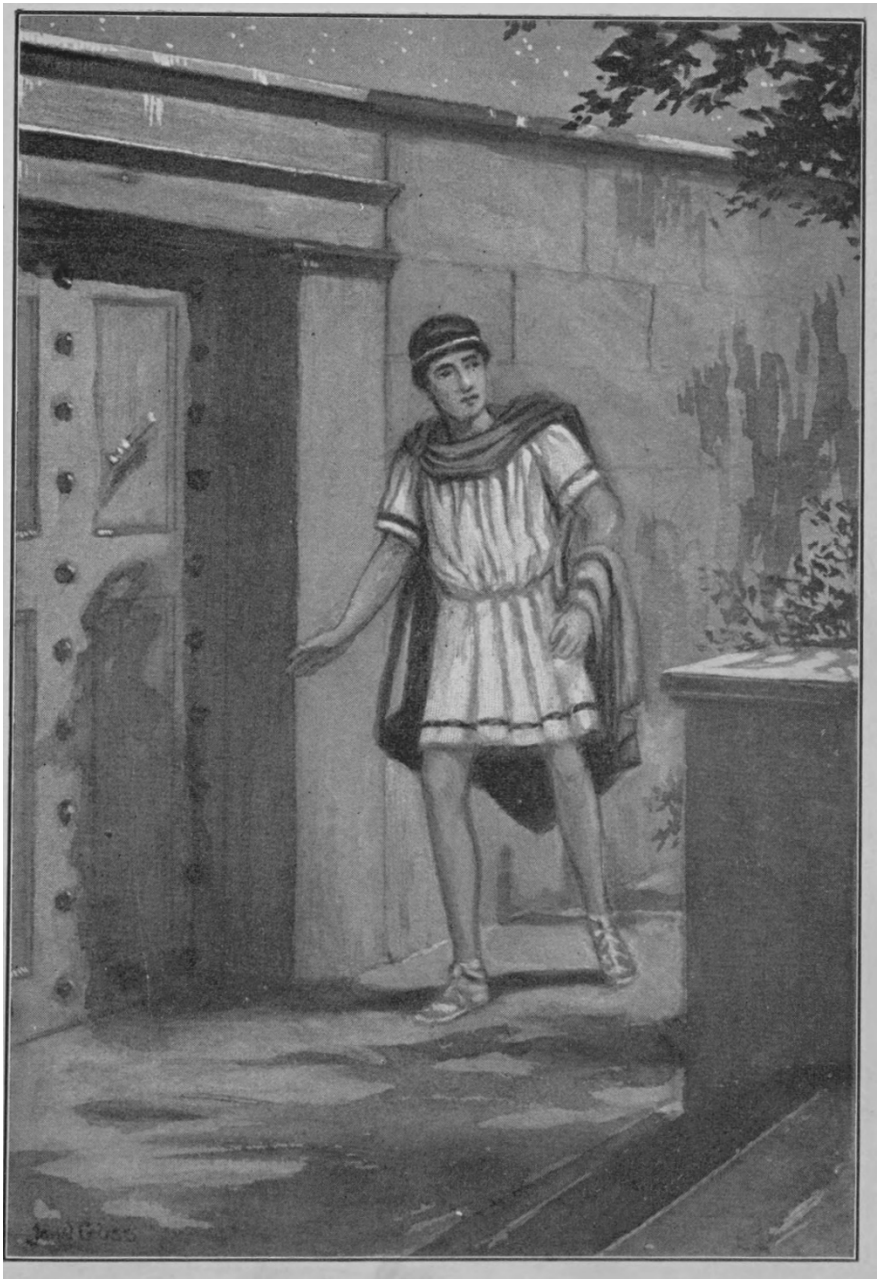
The palace had become as familiar to the boys as their own homes, and, once admitted, they had no trouble in following the dark passages to the room which Alexander had designated. A repetition of the pass-word, softly uttered, opened to them the door of this room.

"But where is Ptolemy?" asked Alexander somewhat anxiously after all the others had gathered. No one knew. But a moment later there was a soft tap on the door accompanied by a whispered "guard," and Ptolemy was admitted.

He was breathless and bursting with suppressed laughter.

"What happened to you?" questioned Alexander.

"Oh," exclaimed Ptolemy, as soon as he could speak, "I was feeling my way along a wall in the court when I stumbled over a figure lying on the ground. I thought it one of you boys who had scented danger and dropped to keep from being seen. So, to find out, I said 'guard.' Then you should have heard the fellow! He was evidently one of the soldiers on duty, and had fallen asleep. When I said 'guard' he



"He reached a well-known door in the rear of the palace."

thought I was about to summon an officer of the guard and have him imprisoned.

He begged and implored me not to do it, and promised by all the gods of Macedonia never to fall asleep at his post again.

"Well, you may imagine I was glad to quiet him with a promise, and I left him calling down all the blessings of Olympus on my head."

"'Twas a narrow escape," laughed Alexander. "We would have been sorry to have our feast without you."

"And I would have had greater cause for sorrow than you," replied Ptolemy, as he saw the store of good things which Alexander was rapidly bringing forth.

There were honey cakes, figs, dates, everything in fact that the skill and the purse of Lanice could supply, or the appetite of a Macedonian boy could demand.

"What a nurse to have!" cried Lysippus.

The boys did full justice to the feast, talking at the same time of Philip's expedition; of his plans for uniting the forces of Greece with his own; and from that to the games and wrestling matches of the gymnasium.

At last, unwillingly, they took leave of Alexander, going

as they had come, one by one.

Nearchus had slipped safely back to his bed, and was wondering whether the others had succeeded as well as he, when he became conscious of a light above him. He opened his eyes - too readily, as he immediately realized - and looked up into the face of Leonidas.

No word was said, but the light was carried to the next bed, and the next, until the round of the quarters had been made. Then it was extinguished.

"I wonder if all the boys were back!" exclaimed Nearchus to himself. "Well, Leonidas evidently suspected something, and now I suppose we are in for it!"

He wondered what their punishment would be, for he knew that Leonidas was strict - strict as a Spartan - and that something was bound to follow such an infringement of rules. But it was late, and so, wondering, he fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII

An All-Night Tramp

Perhaps Leonidas had a grim sense of humor.

Nothing was said in class the next day about an infringement of rules. No one was called before the master and reprimanded. No one was even questioned.

But when the recitations were over, Leonidas addressed them. “It is perhaps natural,” he began, “with the King on the battlefield and a part of our number accompanying him, that there should be a feeling amongst us of restlessness, and a spirit of adventure and daring.”

If a half-dozen of the boys before him wondered what was to follow they dared not betray it by the exchange of a single glance.

“While this feeling may be natural,” continued Leonidas, “it is not in harmony with studious application. Therefore” Leonidas paused long enough to make his announcement duly impressive - “we will start this evening on an all-night

tramp. This, I believe, will serve to satisfy the spirit of adventure, and to make us value our beds at night."

And with that they were dismissed.

"Upon my word, but we got off easy!" exclaimed Nearchus, as he met Lysippus later. "But Leonidas knows all about our adventure last night. You may depend upon that!"

"There is no doubt of it," responded Lysippus.

"I thought we would be well punished," chuckled Nearchus.

"No one but the King is permitted to punish a Page," said Lysippus. "However, we may not think ourselves so fortunate by the time we finish our all-night tramp!"

"That is true," assented Nearchus. "I must confess, though, that I am eager for it. At least," he added with a laugh, "I should be if I were not so sleepy!" Since Nearchus had come from his home near the hills to the court at Pella he had wished many times that he might climb the hills again, forgetting drills and studies and restraints. Now he was to have a tramp, into the country in all likelihood; and so to him the threatened form of punishment seemed altogether attractive. But he forgot that he was reckoning "without his host."

Many times had Leonidas been likened by the boys of Pella to a Spartan, but never did he better deserve the comparison than during their adventure of that night. Leaving Pella at dusk, the company of some twenty or more boys first marched for miles over level ground; then they forded a shallow river. After that their way led across foothills till they reached a spur of a mountain range. Here they had to climb over rocks and up steep slopes; they swam across a rapid stream whose waters were as cold as they were rapid. Scrambling out upon the opposite bank they again climbed steep and rugged surfaces till the strain upon their muscles caused the blood to run tingling through their veins. Reaching the height at last, they raced down a long slope, then resumed their steady march over level ground, until - just as dawn began to break - they saw before them the walls of Pella.

Then they cheered!

The breakfast which they found ready for them when they reached quarters tasted as good as a royal banquet, and Lysippus whispered to Nearchus that he believed Lanice herself had cooked it.

If the boys had hoped for an hour's sleep before beginning the day's duties they were disappointed. Classes met as usual, exercises in the gymnasium followed, and military drill filled the greater part of the afternoon, ending with a lesson in drawing.

"Will the day never end?" yawned Aretis.

"It would seem not," grinned Nearchus. "Leonidas is giving us our medicine!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Ptolemy, "he is only teaching us to endure hardship. Wait till we are soldiers and we will laugh at this." Then, suddenly dropping his tone of assumed superiority, he added with a shrug, "But I shall need no god of slumber to coax my eyelids shut to-night!"

After the drawing class Aretis convulsed the boys who had taken part in Alexander's feast by showing them a hasty but unmistakable sketch of Leonidas, lamp in hand, peering down into the sleeping face of a boy who was no less unmistakably Nearchus.

He was about to destroy the sketch when Alexander caught it from his hand.

"'Tis too good to destroy! Let me keep it!" he exclaimed.

Then, as he examined it again, he looked earnestly into

Aretis' eyes. "The likeness is truly remarkable," he said. "I did not know you were so good an artist. When I am King, Aretis, I shall send you to the studio of the great Apelles to study painting."

"I shall remember that," answered Aretis quietly. "It will suit me better than fighting."

CHAPTER IX

A Story of the Sea

It was several months after Philip's army had left Pella that a courier came riding into the city bearing news of a great victory. There had been a long siege, but at last the walls of the defense had been broken down and the Macedonians had conquered.

There was great rejoicing in Pella, and the people gathered about the market-place and the temples to discuss the details of the siege, as the courier had told them.

The King's Pages were among the most eager of the listeners.

"Philip will yet subdue all Greece," declared Ptolemy. "And, when he has done that, he will combine the Greek army with the Macedonian, and there will be no end to his conquests."

"Yes," exclaimed Alexander somewhat impatiently, turning to the group of boys, "father will get everything in advance. He will leave no victories for me to share with you!

"How soon does my father expect to return?" he asked of the courier.

"Within a few days," was the reply.

The news soon spread throughout the city, and the quiet routine into which the city's life had settled was again broken by active preparations for receiving the victors.

But the courier's news was not of unmingled gladness. He brought with him the list of those whose lives had been lost in battle, and in more than one house in Pella the doors were closed against the sounds of rejoicing in the streets, while those within mourned for the one who would not return with the victors.

Nearchus had listened with a fast beating heart as the list of names was read, and when it was finished and he knew that his father was safe he could scarcely speak for joy.

That evening a group of boys gathered about a soldier named Attalus, who was a member of the palace guard. During the day it chanced that Charias had overheard him telling a comrade about an adventure he had once had at

sea. Charias immediately told the other boys, and they had begged Attalus to tell them something of his life on the water. As Alexander was among their number the soldier felt flattered by the notice he was receiving, and he told his story well.

At that time Macedonia had no sea-coast, for although the Aegean Sea was little more than twenty miles south from Pella yet all the coast was occupied by Greek settlements. So the boys of Macedonia knew as little about the water as though it had been two hundred miles away instead of twenty. But it had then, as it always has, a fascination all its own, and the boys listened eagerly and asked many questions.

"What are the war vessels like?" questioned Alexander.

"They are triremes," said Attalus: "a vessel with three decks of oars. The rowers are picked for their strength and endurance, as well as for their dexterity, for it is often necessary to make quick and sudden shifts of action. Sometimes one ship will be sent head-on against another, almost cutting it in two; or it will be sent alongside, breaking the oars on one side of the ship it is attacking. When it cuts into an enemy's boat it must back away immediately or it

will be boarded by the enemy and a hand to hand battle follow. To avoid this the rowers must be ready to reverse their stroke instantly, when the signal is given."

"How is it possible for the men to manage so many oars at one time?" asked Nearchus.

"The rowers are seated on benches in three tiers, on each side of the ship, with an opening alongside for every oar," replied Attalus. "There is always an oar master to keep the time for them. He strikes a metal instrument, or he plays a flute, and sometimes the men sing, but always they keep time to the music with the stroke of the oars."

"But do they never rest?" exclaimed Lysippus.

"Oh, yes; they have extra rowers to relieve them, turn about. Sometimes, too, there is a favorable wind. Then the sails are set, and the men stop rowing. One man is always at the rudder to steer the boat.

"It was on the Mediterranean Ocean that I had my most exciting adventure. I was not at that time on a man-of-war, but on a merchantman. The merchant-men have fewer oars, usually one bank, as ours had, so it moves much more slowly than a man-of-war.

"We usually kept close to shore, for there were plenty of

pirate ships looking for booty. We had a valuable cargo on board, of spices and silks, and we had no mind to lose it."

Every boy in the circle was listening intently, but presently Nearchus received a nudge from Alexander's elbow. Alexander did not speak as Nearchus looked at him, but merely nodded in the direction of another of the group. It was Philotas. He was leaning forward, his lips parted, his eyes gleaming with the intensity of his interest. He had forgotten everything but the story of Attalus. He was drinking in every word.

Nearchus exchanged an understanding, half-amused glance with Alexander, and then both turned their attention once more to the soldier's narrative.

"But one night a storm caught us. It was from off shore, and drove us out to sea. In the morning, when the wind had gone down, we tried to get our bearings, but could see no land in any direction. Suddenly a speck appeared, but it was not land. It grew larger, and we saw that it was another boat. Then, as it came nearer, we became certain that it was a pirate craft.

"The men at our oars rowed for life, but the

merchantman was not only more heavily built, but it carried a large cargo, and the light craft of the pirate gained upon us rapidly.

"We were so intent upon watching our pursuers that no one looked in any other direction. Then we were startled by a shout. Some one had discovered another vessel. It, too, was coming in our direction, and as we looked it seemed a very monster of the sea - such a monster as sailors love to tell about. But it was a trireme; a man-of-war. How it came to be there no man knew, but we felt as though the gods themselves must have sent it.

"The captain had discovered our plight, and he headed straight for the pirate ship. The crew on that vessel was thrown into confusion by so unexpected a change in the situation, and the men lost control of their oars. In another moment the great man-of-war had run her prow through the side of the boat, cutting it in two as with a knife.

"We were saved. But it was a mighty narrow escape. The captain of the man-of-war gave us our bearings, and within a few hours we were again in sight of the coast."

The tense look upon the faces of the boys relaxed as Attalus finished his story - all but Philotas. The look of

eager interest remained upon his face, though his eyes seemed still to be looking upon the sea.

As the group broke up, Alexander and Nearchus noticed that Philotas followed the soldier.

After that, whenever Philotas had an opportunity he sought out Attalus and begged for other stories of the sea, and the boys noticed and laughed at the persistence with which he dogged the soldier's steps.

Nearly a month passed. Then, one morning as the classes formed for drill, one boy was missing. Philotas had disappeared.

CHAPTER X

The King Returns

"What has become of him?"

"Where do you suppose he is?"

A dozen such questions were asked by the boys after a thorough search had been made of the palace, the barracks, and of all the usual haunts of the boys, for the missing Philotas.

"I believe I could make quite a safe calculation," said Alexander.

"And I," added Nearchus.

"What is it? Where do you think he is?" chimed in a dozen voices.

"'Tis my belief he has run away to the sea," said Alexander positively.

"I feel sure of it," added Nearchus, with equal certainty.

"Why -" began Ptolemy, and then he stopped.

Like a flash it came to all the boys: Philotas' interest in the story the guard had told; his devotion to Attalus since that time; his lack of attention to recent lessons and drills; his absence for the last few days from all their sports and pleasures. All these things came to them now, though before they had hardly been noticed, for Philotas was not a favorite among them, and no one had cared especially about his absence, or had given any real thought to the change which had taken place in him.

"We must tell Leonidas," said Nearchus. "He seems to have no idea what has happened to him."

"We must," assented Alexander. "Charias," he added, "you are on duty at the palace the next hour. Leonidas is there. Find him and tell him what we suspect. He will send soldiers and they will soon overtake Philotas. Foolish fellow, to think he could get away!"

"I'll get a catechizing from Leonidas if I do," responded Charias. "But if he asks me too many hard questions I'll send him to you." So, with a laugh, he started toward the palace.

But his message to Leonidas was not delivered. Before he had reached the court of the palace a courier, covered

with dust, his horse covered with foam, rode in through the gates.

"Philip returns!" he cried. "The King comes, with all his army. Make ready to receive him!"

In a twinkling every other interest was forgotten. Officers, left on duty at the court, hastened to assemble their companies. Musicians grasped their instruments. Horses were quickly groomed and mounted. Banners were swung.

A procession was formed and went forth to meet the King. Then through the gates of the city the whole populace poured forth: old men, women, children, none could wait within the walls. Even those who had lost husbands or fathers in the battle went forth with the others to greet the King.

It was a gala time, a great holiday. The people tramped along the dusty road, groups of friends took their stations on knolls along the way and waited. The Pages, mounted, dashed by in their purple tunics and embroidered cloaks.

Presently a great shout went up, followed by the crash of lance points on metal shields.

The King had come.

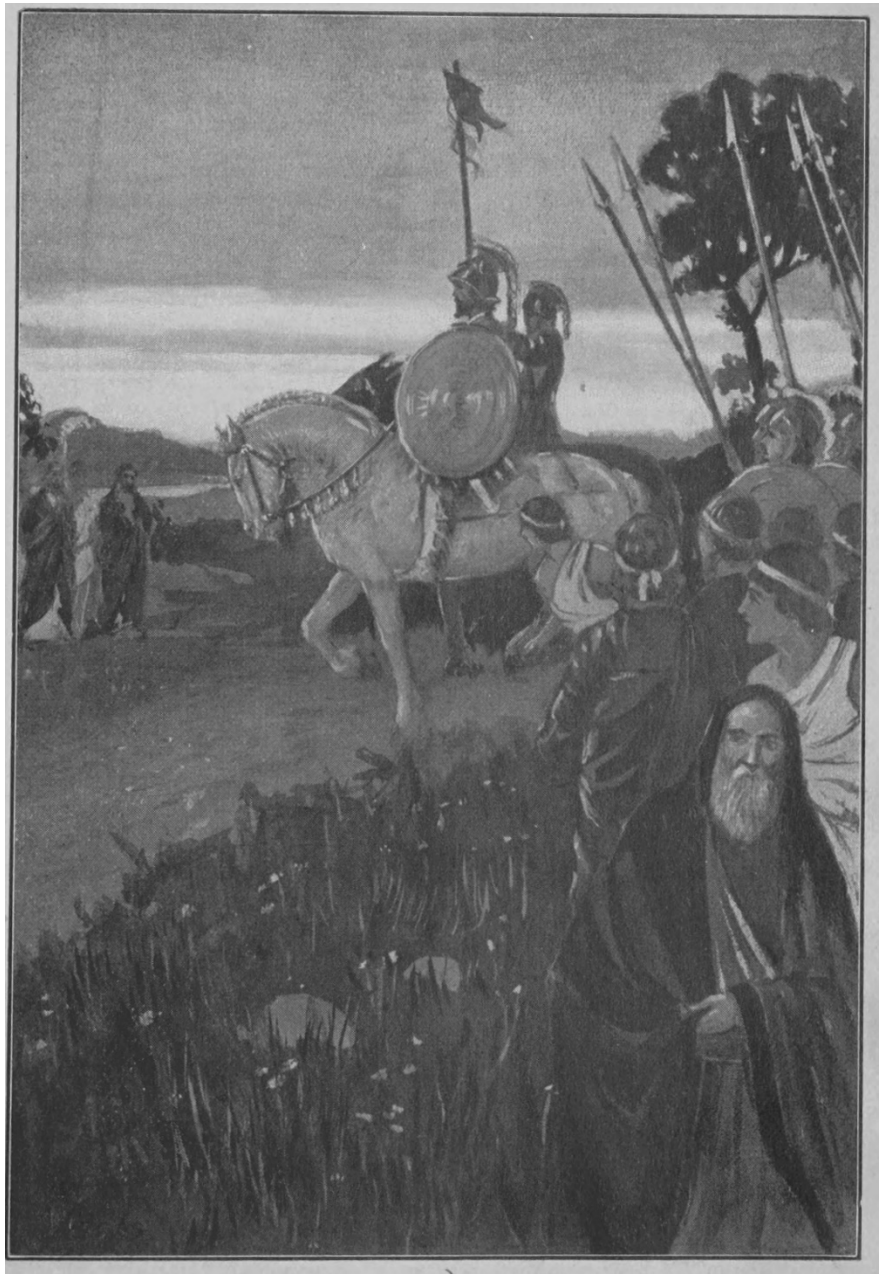
In advance of the army came the heralds. The people parted and lined the way on either side, where they might watch the triumphant pageant.

A long, long time they stood while there passed before them, first, the King dressed in all the splendor of his royal robes and crown, his chariot of richest metals now hung with garlands of flowers, and as he passed, the people shouted "Long live Philip of Macedon!" After the King came the Companions; then wagons loaded with rich spoils; captives walking in abject sorrow; the cavalry; artillery; the infantry. Many hours it took for the great procession to pass, and at its close the people trooped after, and so returned to the city.

The soldiers disbanded outside the gates, and once more the great camp of the army was formed on the plain about Pella.

The palace had been made ready to receive Philip and his officers, and that night a great banquet was held, and the Pages were bidden to eat at the King's table. Most of the boys were sons of the returned generals, so the banquet was a reunion as well as a feast.

Stories of the battle were rehearsed, wonders of the



"Many hours it took for the great procession to pass."

country they had passed through were described; the great wealth of the city which had been taken was told.

There was music, the playing of flutes and other musical instruments, and singing. It was a new and wonderful scene to Nearchus, and beneath all its gayety and gladness there ran within him a deep feeling of thankfulness as he looked often at Parmenion and thanked the gods for his father's safe return.

It was late when the boys, tired but still excited, turned into their beds, and some time later still when they had grown quiet enough for sleep.

Suddenly the startled and startling voice of Charias rang out. "May the gods forgive me! I forgot all about Philotas, and my message to Leonidas!"

CHAPTER XI

The Ambassadors Are Entertained

The next morning a group of the Pages, headed by Alexander, appeared before Leonidas. But it was Charias who acted as spokesman.

"Sir," he began, in his most respectful manner - for he always stood somewhat in dread of the stern disciplinarian, and particularly so on this occasion - "I was to have told you yesterday that we boys have reason to believe Philotas has gone to the sea."

Leonidas seemed startled. Whether it was because he had not thought of the possibility of Philotas' going in this direction, or because he had not thought of Philotas at all, the boys were not informed. But he listened attentively.

"I was on my way to tell you, yesterday, when the courier arrived telling of King Philip's approach. In the excitement I forgot my errand, and thought of it only after I was in quarters last night."

Charias stood erect. He was relieved to have made a clean breast of the affair, and he now waited to learn what dire punishment Leonidas would mete out to him. He would undoubtedly be reported to the King.

"Why do you think he has gone to the sea?" asked Leonidas, apparently overlooking Charias' lapse of memory.

Charias began telling him of the guard's story, and of the way Philotas had listened. Then, as he went on, first one and then another of the boys added a word, remembered an incident, or repeated a bit of conversation, until they were in eager discussion, with Leonidas noting carefully every detail.

At last he rose. "I will see the King at once. He will undoubtedly send a detachment of mounted soldiers to look for the boy. 'Tis an unfortunate affair, and I fear he has too long a start for us to overtake him now, though, if your theory is right, he may yet be found in one of the coast towns." With that he dismissed them.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Charias when he had gone. "I feel positively weak from surprise. He seemed to overlook my fault entirely."

Alexander laughed. "I would wager a stater that he had

not thought of Philotas himself till you reminded him. But there is no use in laying a wager, for the matter could never be determined."

Philip did indeed send soldiers to try to trace Philotas; but when they returned they had no news of the runaway.

A few days later all Pella was set talking over the arrival of a group of ambassadors from Athens. The men were richly dressed, and their manner and bearing proclaimed them of noble birth.

Later in the day, Aretis, acting in his capacity as Page, approached Alexander. Standing in soldierly attitude he said, "I bear a message from the King."

Alexander at once rose to his feet and stood at attention.

"The King desires your presence in the audience chamber where he has received the ambassadors. He wishes you to bring your harp."

Then, having delivered his message, he added casually, "I think he wants you to help entertain his guests from Athens."

"I will come," said Alexander, giving the military salute.

And then he added in his familiar tone, "Good! I have been wanting an opportunity to study those ambassadors ever since they arrived."

When Alexander entered the audience chamber a few moments later, Philip was seated upon his throne in all the richness and dignity of his royal robes. About him were his Companions, his counselors and attendants. The Pages on duty wore their purple tunics and embroidered cloaks. The room itself was royally furnished.

To Alexander the scene was familiar enough. But to the visiting ambassadors from the free city of Athens, this view of royalty was novel and impressive.

Philip was proud of Alexander, as he well might be, for both in mind and in personality he was a boy of unusual promise.

Alexander first played upon the harp, and then recited a portion of his beloved Iliad. For it was a part of the training of every youth at court to be prepared to entertain their elders when asked.

"Have you a dramatic dialogue that you can give?" asked Philip. "If so, we will send for one of your classmates."

"Send for Nearchus," said Alexander; and again Aretis was dispatched.

Nearchus had made good progress in his mastery of the Greek tongue, but it was with many misgivings that he appeared before Philip and these cultured men of Athens.

The dialogue, however, was given with much earnestness and spirit, and was warmly applauded at its close, although Demosthenes, who was one of the ambassadors, could not refrain from commenting upon the Greek of both Alexander and Nearchus, saying that they still had something of the Macedonian tones and accents, which they should try to correct.

The boys flushed at the criticism, but both had the good sense to see that it was just, and they determined to use their best powers to make as perfect as possible their Greek speech.

To the delight of both the boys, they were allowed to remain and listen to the oratory of the older men. Nearchus paid especial attention to the speech of the Athenians, but Alexander had already begun to take a keen interest in the political plans and schemes of conquest of his father, and to him the questions of politics which arose absorbed

his whole attention.

The messages from the citizens of Athens were delivered by Demosthenes and Æschines, two great orators whose names, after more than two thousand years, are still familiar to students all over the world.

The boys were held spellbound by speech such as they never had listened to before. Their elders were no less fascinated.

The men of Macedonia were men of action rather than of words, and there was no one in Philip's court who could speak as these men spoke. And yet, while they listened in wonder to the eloquence of the ambassadors, they held in a certain contempt a people who were not warriors first and orators afterward.

The King gave respectful attention to the arguments of the ambassadors, and promised to send his own representatives to Athens a little later with a reply.

In the evening a great banquet was given in honor of the guests, and in the morning they left Pella accompanied by an escort of Philip's soldiers.

CHAPTER XII

The Horse Bucephalus

"What is your hurry, Nearchus?" called Alexander.

"Oh," answered Nearchus, stopping short, "I just saw the grooms taking such a magnificent horse into the field! I want to see it tried. I never saw such a beauty, but he seemed full of fire and extremely hard to manage."

"Wait, and I will go with you," said Alexander. "And here come Lysippus and Aretis. Come with us, boys," he called; "we are going to the field to see a new horse put through his paces. Nearchus thinks him a wonder."

When the four boys reached the field they found Philip already there, with a group of his companions. The horse had been brought to Pella from Thessaly, the boys learned, and was offered to Philip for the sum of thirteen talents, or about one thousand dollars.

He was a magnificent animal, all black except for one white mark which resembled the face of a bull. For this

reason he had been given the name of Bucephalus, which means bullhead.

"Stand back!" called the men, as the boys approached, for the horse was plunging and rearing, and seemed wholly unmanageable.

An expert horseman from the royal stables held the horse's bridle, and tried to quiet him with his voice, but each time that he spoke the horse reared and plunged again. It was impossible for the man to mount him.

"He is wholly vicious in temper!" exclaimed Philip, after the man had made repeated attempts to mount him and had utterly failed. "Of what value is his beauty when he cannot be managed or tamed!"

Alexander had watched the scene with fascinated interest, and now he exclaimed, "Oh, but it would be a shame to lose such a horse for want of some one with the power to control him!"

"Do not reproach those who are older than yourself," reproved Philip.

But again Alexander insisted, "But what a magnificent animal he would be if once controlled!"

"And do you think that you could control him better

than the most expert horseman in my stables?" asked Philip with a show of sarcasm.

Now Alexander had watched all that was being done in a way that was wholly characteristic of him. He used not only his eyes, but his mind, and he had discovered what he believed to be a mistake on the part of the trainer who held the horse. So, in reply to his father's sarcasm, he said quietly, "I should like to try."

"Ho-ho," laughed Philip, amused and not at all displeased with his son's show of courage. "It would require more than your usual rashness to attempt it."

"But I mean it," replied Alexander steadily.

"What will you pay in case you fail to conquer him?" questioned Philip, still regarding Alexander's plea as a joke.

"I will pay the full price of the horse!" declared Alexander.

The King and his Companions laughed, but they stopped suddenly, as the boy stepped out into the field and took the bridle from the hand of the astonished groom.

Immediately Alexander turned the horse face about, so that his own black shadow upon the ground was behind, instead of in front of him. Then with a firm,

steady voice he spoke to the animal, and with an equally steady hand he reached out and stroked him.

The men and boys who stood about held their breath in fear and suspense, and no wonder, for they all felt that the King's son was risking his life in a daring, perhaps foolish, adventure.

The high-spirited horse, relieved of the fear of his own shadow, which had previously plunged and danced before him, must have felt the masterful power of the personality of the boy who in a few years would conquer men and nations. Seizing the instant of his advantage, Alexander let his cloak fall quietly to the ground, and sprang with one agile leap to the horse's back.

Like a dart from a full-drawn bow the horse was off, but Alexander, summoning all the mastery of will and of muscle which his gymnasium and military drill had given him, kept his seat, and let the horse have his way.

On and on they sped, while the tense crowd watched, then lost them to view beyond a distant rise of ground.

Not a word was exchanged as they waited, breathless, for the outcome, but Philip felt his whole being thrill at

the skill and daring of the boy.

So they stood, hardly moving, watching the spot where horse and rider had disappeared. Then a quivering sigh of relief passed through all the group - they dared not shout - but over the rise of ground came the boy and the horse, no longer galloping in mad fury, but cantering quietly toward them.

So they rode back into the field, the quiet, steady voice of the boy praising the magnificent horse in terms of affectionate endearment, while his steady hand stroked his neck, his side, his great flanks.

Bucephalus was conquered! He had found his master.

As Alexander dismounted, Philip threw his arms about him and with manly tears in his eyes exclaimed, "Now I know that I have a worthy successor! Macedonia will never hold you, my son; but greater kingdoms shall be yours to conquer!"

As the group of men and boys returned to the palace, Nearchus, Aretis, and Lysippus fell back. At first they had no words. The scene had left them speechless.

But such a condition does not last long with boys, and Nearchus' emotion finally burst forth in three words which

seemed to express it all. "What a Prince!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," added Aretis, "and what a horse to conquer!"

"They are well matched," said Lysippus. "What a study that would have been for a master sculptor!"

Among the Pages of the palace no other subject was discussed, for it soon became known to them all that Philip had bought the magnificent horse, and had given it to Alexander for his own.

Alexander had been the leader among them before; now he was their hero and idol.

CHAPTER XIII

A New Teacher

"Have you heard the news?" asked Nearchus one morning, as he met Aretis and Lysippus on the way to drawing class.

"What news?" responded the boys.

"We are to have a new master: one so learned that I fear we will all stand in awe of him."

"Who is he? Tell us all about him," said Lysippus, throwing his arm across Aretis' shoulder. "You are so close to Alexander you learn all the news first. Were you any other," he added with a laugh, "we should be jealous."

With his ready loyalty Nearchus replied, "Alexander is indeed a royal friend." And then he added, "As to the new master, it is no less a person than the great Aristotle, the philosopher of whom all Greece is proud. He is coming as a special instructor of Alexander, but Philip does not believe in giving the Prince a private education, so there is to be a

school at Mieza, just southwest of Pella, and at least a dozen of us are to attend."

"What branches will he teach?" asked Aretis.

"That I do not know yet. But there is an interesting story connected with Philip's hiring of him. It seems that the father of Aristotle was at one time the favorite physician of the Macedonian king. But a few years ago Philip, in one of his wars, entirely destroyed Stagira, the city in which Aristotle and his father lived. Some of the citizens were exiled, others were taken as slaves. All were scattered. But now Philip offers to Aristotle a most unusual gift. He promises to fully restore his native city and rebuild its walls. More than that, he will recall its citizens who were exiled, set free all who were sold into slavery, and send them back to their homes in re-built Stagira. Isn't that a gift worthy of a King!"

"Surely it is," responded the boys warmly. "And all this is done to win Aristotle as a tutor for Alexander?" asked Aretis.

"He is already won," replied Nearchus, "and is to be in Mieza within a few days."

"Is he to take the place of Leonidas?" asked Lysippus.

"I think not," replied Nearchus. "At least Leonidas remains in general control of the boys."

They were about to enter the classroom when Lysippus stopped and touched Aretis' arm. Looking about to see that no one else was near, Lysippus drew forth from his tunic a bit of bronze.

"I would show it to no one but you," he said, as he handed it to Aretis.

It was a bronze coin which Lysippus had pounded flat to destroy its inscription. Then upon the flattened surface he had thrown into relief the figure of a boy mounted upon a horse. The workmanship was surprisingly good, and the figures were full of action and well drawn.

Aretis' face lighted with pleasure as he looked at it.

"Did you do it alone?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Lysippus. "Do you think it fairly good?"

"Fairly good!" exclaimed Aretis. "I think it remarkably good. Show it to the drawing-master."

But Lysippus shook his head.

"At any rate let me keep it long enough to show to Alexander," begged Aretis, and Lysippus reluctantly gave his consent.

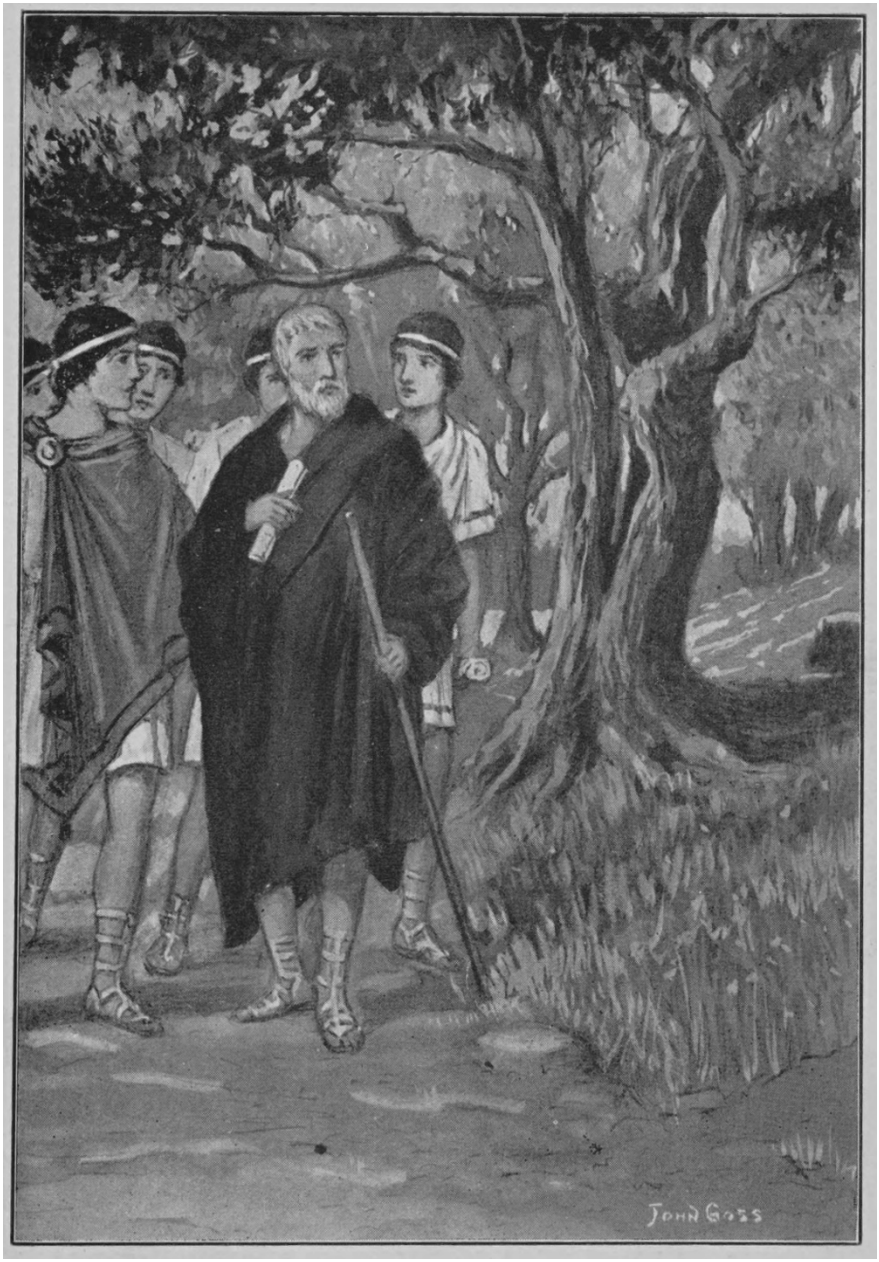
A few days later the boys began their work under the teaching of Aristotle. Their school at Mieza was out of doors among beautiful trees in a spot known as the Grove of the Nymphs. A great marble chair served Aristotle as a seat, but much of the time he taught his pupils while walking with them through the shady paths of the grove. Here he discussed with them the subjects of politics, of literature, of eloquence, and of upright moral living. He emphasized the value of noble friendships, of a clean, healthy character, as well as of bodily health and hardihood. He taught them that it was more kingly to conquer self than to subdue an enemy.

In after years Alexander often quoted this saying of Aristotle, and he also said, "My father gave me life. Aristotle taught me how to live."

The boys were taught to reason accurately, and to express their ideas clearly, forcefully, and well.

Music and art were also discussed in these walks in the grove, but Aristotle left to others the technical teaching, while he sought rather to arouse in the boys an appreciation of these subjects, and a feeling for the beautiful in all art.

"What a wonderful teacher Aristotle is!" exclaimed Aretis, as he and Lysippus were returning one day to Pella.



“Walking with them through the shady paths
of the grove.”

"Art has a new meaning to me since I have heard him discuss it. Or rather," he added, "I begin now to understand what before I only felt."

"Yes," replied Lysippus, "I know what you mean. He is indeed a wonderful man. But," he added, the mischievous twinkle coming back into his eyes, "he does not look at all as I had fancied him. I thought he would be tall and commanding in appearance, but he is rather shorter than the average. And then he is so careful in his dress; and he wears as many rings and ornaments as a woman!"

"And what had you expected?" laughed Aretis.

"Oh," admitted Lysippus, joining in the laugh, "I supposed a philosopher was careless about every-thing except his thoughts."

"Well," chuckled Aretis, "that is only one more of the many wrong impressions Aristotle is uprooting from our minds."

CHAPTER XIV

Later On

Once more Philip and his army had left Pella for scenes of war and conquest. But life for the boys who made up the school at Mieza went on with little change. They had grown older; had developed mentally as well as physically during their many months of training under Aristotle.

Alexander had begun to look forward to the time - now near at hand - when he should take an active part in Philip's campaigns. And Nearchus, Ptolemy, and the rest of his companions were almost as eager as he to take their places in the great army of conquest.

They had studied politics under Aristotle; they had been trained in military tactics, and drilled in the maneuvers of war. And war was as the atmosphere of Macedonia. They drew in its spirit with every breath; for military pursuits were regarded as the only worthy occupations of the time. Agriculture, commerce, and the trades were carried on by

the common people only. No Macedonian of high rank or birth would trouble himself with these - to him - meaner pursuits. His wealth consisted of vast estates, usually given him by the King in return for his military service.

One of the chief aims of Aristotle's training was to teach the boys to think independently.

Turning, one day, to the son of a minor king, he asked, "When you become King, what will you do for me, your teacher?"

"Ah," announced the youth, "I will have you dine at my table. All in my court shall show you honor."

Turning to another, Aristotle asked, "And what favor will you show to me, when you rule as King?"

"You shall be treasurer of all my wealth," asserted the second quickly, "and my chief counselor."

Then Aristotle faced Alexander. "And now, my son, what will you do for your old teacher when you sit on the throne of your father, Philip?"

And Alexander replied fearlessly, "That is a question for the future to answer. How can I tell what to-morrow may bring? When that day and hour come, then I will give you my answer."

"Well said, Alexander!" declared Aristotle. "Well said! The day shall come when thou shalt be the greatest king of all. World-monarch shall be thy title!"

The boys were startled at Aristotle's outburst. Yet there was no feeling of jealousy aroused by it. Alexander's leadership was too positive to admit the possibility of rivalry.

Alexander accepted the statement quietly. But the eyes of Nearchus glowed. "Aristotle is right!" he reflected, and the statement crystallized in his mind into positive conviction. "World-monarch shall be his title!"

There was to be a festival in the afternoon, and an offering, and when classes were dismissed the boys returned as quickly as possible to Pella.

Alexander had been appointed, in his father's absence, to take charge of the ceremonial. Nearchus was his chief attendant.

There were the usual contests of the arena, in running, boxing, and wrestling, and when Alexander stood in all the fresh beauty of his young manhood to award the crowns of victory the people went wild in their applause. The victors in the games had been given no such outburst of acclaim.

As Alexander and Nearchus rode back from the stadium

to the temple where offerings were to be made to the gods, Alexander exclaimed, "Were I to have my way, I would award crowns to the tragedians, the musicians, and the singers as well as to the athletes. I like to see our men and boys exercise themselves in feats of strength and endurance, but I care nothing for the athlete who makes it a profession.

"But look!" he exclaimed abruptly, pointing to a figure in the crowd they were passing.

The young man toward whom he pointed drew quickly back; but not before Nearchus had seen him.

In a tone of amazement Nearchus muttered, "By all the gods, I believe it was Philotas!"

"No other," responded Alexander. "Yet how changed he is! I fear the sea has used him badly. It will be interesting to hear his story."

"That it will!" ejaculated Nearchus. "You know the sea has always held a fascination for me, in spite of all the sailors' yarns about dragons of the deep, magnetic rocks which draw you to destruction, and terrors never dreamed of on the land. I should like to find out, sometime, what the sea is really like."

"Well," smiled Alexander, "you are quite likely to have a chance some day." And though he said no more, Nearchus felt certain that there was a hidden meaning in the lightly made comment.

The procession halted at the temple. Alexander and Nearchus dismounted and entered. The priest, in his white robes, stood beside the altar, his hand on the head of the animal to be slaughtered as a sacrifice to the god.

The fire on the altar leaped up, and upon it Alexander threw a generous handful of rare spices. The fragrance of the incense filled all the place. But the frugal soul of Leonidas, who stood beside Alexander, rebelled at such wasteful extravagance. Into Alexander's ear he muttered, "You should wait, young man, till you are monarch of the lands where spices grow, before making such bounteous offerings!" Alexander flushed, and his answer flashed back, "Some day I shall be. In the meantime I will not be niggardly with the gods!"

The procession wound its way back to the music of flutes, and at the gates of the palace the people dispersed.

As Alexander and Nearchus entered the doors, a chorus of soldiers took up the words of a rousing battle hymn to

the accompaniment of the flutes.

Alexander started and grasped his sword. Then with a laugh, he let his hand drop; but to Nearchus he declared, "That is the sort of music that stirs my very soul."

CHAPTER XV

A Foretelling

"Philotas has returned!"

The news spread like wild fire among his former companions.

It is hard to say whether he would have been received back into his former position had not his father been one of Philip's trusted officers. But among the boys it was thought that his experience had undoubtedly been punishment enough for his offense. So once more he was given a place among the Pages, and took up his former life of drill, of service, and of study.

But Philotas remained a subject for much discussion among his companions.

"Will he be punished, think you?" questioned Charias.

"Undoubtedly he will," replied Ptolemy, "but it will not be until Philip returns from the war. Only the King can

punish one of his Pages, you know, no matter what the offense may be."

"True," conceded Charias. "I heard one of the soldiers suggesting that he was likely to receive a lashing on the soles of his feet."

Ptolemy made a wry face. "In that case I am glad I am not in his sandals! But it would seem an appropriate punishment for running away. However, the soldier knows nothing about it."

"No, that is true, of course," assented Charias.

Philotas, as soon as he was reestablished in his old position, was not at all abashed by his inglorious return. In fact, he seemed to think himself rather a hero in the eyes of the boys, and he sought to strengthen this impression by wonderful tales of the sea. He recounted adventures of every imaginable sort, and in each one the part that he played was always highly creditable, if not actually heroic.

A few of the boys were inclined to be impressed by the stories until a soldier, happening to overhear one of the tales, remarked, "He is much more likely to have occupied a rower's bench, and to have witnessed a part of what he describes while plying an oar. The other part is pure fiction."

Alexander overheard the soldier's comment, and remembered it.

The next time he sauntered into barracks, it happened that Philotas was in the midst of a thrilling narrative. He was telling of a mountainous wave, and threw up his hand as he described it. Instantly Alexander reached out and caught his hand. With a quick motion he straightened out Philotas' fingers and looked into his palm. One glance satisfied him.

Philotas, with an expression of fury upon his face, snatched away. But Alexander asked quietly, "What makes your hand so hard and calloused, Philotas? It is not like the hand of a Page."

For a moment Philotas seemed choked with rage. Then he recovered himself enough to go on with his story, but Alexander's question remained unanswered.

A look of amusement went round the circle of boys.

Presently Harpalus drawled, "Alexander, when you become commander of the army, you will have to appoint Philotas admiral of the fleet."

"Philotas my admiral! Bah!" ejaculated Alexander. "But I have already chosen my admiral," he added in an altered tone. "Nearchus loves the sea. But he knows

enough to temper his love with judgment and with honor. He is courageous, too, and he is not afraid to oppose me when he thinks I am in the wrong.

"But he does it to my face - not to my back!" And with that he turned away.

"Alexander hits hard when he hits!" exclaimed Ptolemy, as he and Nearchus went out together. "But he has made an enemy of Philotas, and Philotas is not one to forgive readily."

"Say not that he has made an enemy!" returned Nearchus. "Philotas has always been an enemy of Alexander. He cannot bear to see even the King's son set above himself. He is too small to appreciate Alexander's greatness."

"You are right," responded Ptolemy. "But what is this about Alexander's appointing you his admiral?"

"He has spoken of it before," admitted Nearchus. "I begin to think it is not wholly a jest."

"It is not a jest," said Alexander - for unnoticed he had joined them.

"Ah, you mean it!" cried Ptolemy, still uncertain whether the conversation was serious or not. "Then," he added, "if

you have your plans so well laid, pray, what part am I to take?"

"You," declared Alexander, "will be one of my generals and advisers, and afterward, you are to be the historian of my conquests."

"Good!" shouted Ptolemy. "Nothing would suit me better! And have you placed us all?" he added.

"Not all," said Alexander, "but many of you; and I shall the rest, in time. Aretis and Lysippus are to study art. I have as great a respect for an artist as I have for a soldier.

"And I think," added Alexander after a moment, with a gesture half comic, half serious, "that Philotas will be the traitor."

Nearchus and Ptolemy drew in their breath quickly; then they laughed. But no one of them dreamed how soon the half idle words of Alexander would seem to them all like a prophecy.

THE END.

Our Little Spartan Cousin of Long Ago

Julia Darrow Cowles

Illustrated by L.J. Bridgman

Preface

It has not been the intention of the author to confine the scenes of this story to a given date, but rather to select events which are typical of the Spartan life and character, and so to present a composite picture which is truly representative of a people unique in the history of mankind.

The story closes during the stirring times of the Persian invasion, but even here the author claims some of the license of the story-teller, though with no contradiction of fact, nor use of the imagination not fully warranted by Spartan history.

One of the objects sought has been to show the true nobility and rugged simplicity of the Spartan character, for it is scarcely credible that the citizens of the State which for so long a time was the acknowledged leader of all Hellas, could have been so wholly rude and savage as they are sometimes depicted.

Acknowledgment is hereby made of the author's indebtedness to "Muller's Dorians" for the invaluable aid which Professor Muller's comprehensive treatment has afforded.

Pronunciation of Proper Names

A'gis
A-leu'as
An'dro-cles
A-pol'lo
As-sem'bly
A-the'na
A-the'ni-an
Ath'ens
Bras'i-das
Car-ne'a
Cas'tor
Ce'os
Char'tas
Cin'a-don
Cle-om'e-nes
Dan'a-us
Da-ri'us
Del'phi
Di'o-do'rus
Do'ri-ans
Do'rus
E-le'an
E'Hs
E-pho're-um
Eu-ro'tas
Ge'lon
Gor'go
Greece
Hel'en
He'lots
Her'a-kles
Ho'mer
Hy'a-cin'thus
Il'i-ad
Ja'son
La-er'tes
Ly-cur'gus
Mar'a-thon
Me-lis'sa
Melon
Men-e-la'us
My'les
Od'ys-sey
O-lym'pi-a
O-lym'pi-ad
O-res'tes
Pan
Par'is
Pen'thi-lus
Per'sia
Persians
Pol'lux
Pro'cles
Pyr'rhic
Pyth'i-an
So'us
Spar'ta
Spar'tan
Sper'thi-as
Syl-la'ri-an
Te v -pan'der
The-og'nis
The'ron
The'seus (sus)
Troy
Zeus (zus)

CHAPTER I

A Spartan Company

"A race! a race! Who will plunge first into Eurotas?"

The boy who shouted the challenge stood poised, ready for flight. His head was thrown back, his arms were extended, and one foot, thrust before him, touched the ground lightly.

It was Chartas who called, and at the sound of his voice the whole group of boys, fifteen in number, threw themselves into the same attitude, and, at a word, sped away to the banks of the river. Reaching there, they hastily threw off the one garment which each wore, and plunged into the stream.

"Chartas won!" they cried, as the challenger, whose lithe limbs gave him an advantage in running, splashed first into the water.

"He always wins in running," said Brasidas, "but wait till we wrestle. His speed will not count for so much then."

The splashing water almost drowned Brasidas' words, for the fifteen boys were swimming, ducking, plunging, and frolicking like a school of young porpoises.

However, Chartas had heard. "Yes," he answered, "I like to show my back in a race. 'Twould be different if 'twere a battle."

"How about your back now?" asked a mischievous boy named Gelon. As he spoke he dived quickly, caught Chartas by the ankles, and tripped him, face forward, into the water.

Chartas quickly recovered himself, dashed after Gelon, and a lively tussle followed. The water flew in all directions, and the other boys, quickly taking sides, began throwing water upon the two wrestlers, dashing it into the face of the one they hoped to see defeated.

The boys were well matched, but the river bottom was slippery, and as Gelon gave a turn to his antagonist's arms his foot slipped and he went down.

"Chartas wins! Chartas wins!" again shouted the boys, as Gelon came up sputtering, and shaking the water from his hair and eyes.

Gelon was not conquered, however, and he dashed

once more upon Chartas. But at that moment, above the splashing of the water, and the shouting of the boys, a voice rang out from the river bank. "Back to the gymnasium; 'tis time for your drill!"

The voice was that of their iren, or captain, - a boy himself but little past twenty years, - whose name was Orestes.

Instantly the wrestling stopped, and the boys turned. Not a hand went back for a final splash, for these were Spartan boys, and the first lesson they had learned was to obey.

In a moment they had slipped into their chitons, and were hurrying toward the gymnasium.

As they started, Orestes threw his arm across the shoulders of Chartas, and the two followed a little more slowly.

"To-morrow the Assembly meets," said Orestes, "and I shall send you boys foraging. See how well you can acquit yourself, for I want to be proud of you."

"I wish I were old enough to attend the Assembly," said Chartas, "but I know you will tell me what takes place. I should like to listen to the speeches - but then," he added, "it is rare sport to forage, and I shall do my best."

"I know you will," said Orestes, looking with genuine pride and affection at the younger boy.

When they reached the gymnasium the others were already selecting their quoits for throwing. They paid no heed to the open preference of their captain for Chartas, since every captain of boys in Sparta had his favorite pupil. The captain's favorite was given special training and special teaching; but he was not saved from hardships or dangers. If he had been, he would, himself, have hated it, and his companions would have held him in contempt. Instead, he was given harder tasks, and was thrown into greater dangers in order that he might gain courage and endurance, and be able to prove himself keen and unafraid. For these were the qualities which made the Spartans the most heroic men of all Greece.

"Now to your places," said Orestes, and, in a moment, the boys were ready for their exercises. There was no donning of gymnasium suits. The chiton was their one garment, worn on all occasions. It was a sleeveless shirt of wool.

Then began the exercise of quoit-throwing, in which each boy sought to send his quoit or discus with the best

aim and to the greatest distance.

As one of the boys, named Theognis, took up his quoit, one of the smaller boys darted out of his place.

"Stand back!" shouted Theognis. "Do you want to play the part of Hyacinthus and be struck down?"

The boy retreated, and Theognis threw his quoit.

"Bravo!" cried the boys, for the discus had sped far beyond that of any other thrower.

Theognis threw back his head, as he stood erect. He was shorter than most of his company. He could never win in a race, and in wrestling he was often thrown; but his discus throwing was always good, and he was glad to have won this "bravo" from the boys.

As the quoits were put away, Orestes turned suddenly to Theognis and said: "You referred a moment ago to Apollo and Hyancinthus. Tell us the story."

Theognis did not hesitate: "Hyacinthus was loved by the god Apollo, and they were often together. One day as they were playing at a game of quoits, Apollo threw his discus. It slipped from his hand, and, striking Hyacinthus, slew him.

Apollo was deeply grieved. He had loved the beautiful

boy, and now he was dead, slain by his own hand. But Apollo, god though he was, could not bring him back to life. So, where the blood of Hyacinthus had moistened the earth, he caused a beautiful purple flower to grow, and he named the flower the hyacinth."

"Your tale is as well told as your discus was well thrown," said Orestes, and once more Theognis felt a thrill of pleasure, for praise from one's captain was not easily gained in Sparta.

But though praise was not easily gained, it was a part of each boy's training to answer sudden and unexpected questions and to give his answers as clearly and as briefly as he could. This questioning taught him to think quickly and to express his thoughts readily. And so, though the Spartan boys were expected to be silent when with the older men, unless they were addressed, they learned to listen well, and to keep their minds alert, for a question might be put to them at the most unexpected moment, and it was a disgrace not to be able to answer quickly, briefly, and well.

CHAPTER II

The Assembly

The streets of Sparta presented a lively scene on the following day.

It was the monthly meeting of the Assembly, and every street was filled with a moving throng. Men of all ages were there, for every citizen who was old enough to bear arms could vote. The meeting was held in an open space just west of the city.

Sparta was ruled over by two kings and twenty-eight magistrates, who were called ephors. These thirty men could make plans, and propose changes in the government, but they must tell their plans to the whole people at one of the Assemblies, and let them vote "yes," or "no." In this way Sparta was governed.

Orestes and Procles, another captain of a company of boys, were together.

"The crowd is making way," said Orestes.

"Yes," replied Procles, "the kings and ephors are taking their places."

The great gathering of people was made up principally of the men of Sparta, each dressed in his chiton, over which was draped the himation, or cloak. This cloak consisted of a square piece of cloth, sometimes rounded at the corners. It was thrown over the left arm, brought loosely across the back under the right arm, and the end again thrown back over the left shoulder. Thus the right arm was left free, while the left was covered by the graceful drapery of the himation. Some of the men wore hats with a broad brim, but the greater number had their heads bare. All wore their hair long, and arranged in a knot upon the crown of the head.

Occasionally a young man would be seen with a purple military cloak, adding a brilliant bit of color to the scene. These cloaks were fastened with a clasp upon the right shoulder, where the ends fell apart, again leaving the right arm free and uncovered.

With the exception of these military cloaks, the people were dressed in white, for in Sparta it was said, "deceitful are dyes." The Spartans thought that nothing was so beautiful as the white color of the natural wool, and that

dyes robbed the wool of its true beauty.

Occasionally, upon the outskirts of the crowd, or darting through the streets, would be seen a slave from the country, dressed in a leather cap, and a chiton made from skins. The workmen of the city, who had no vote in the government of Sparta, could readily be told by their simpler dress and their closely cut hair.

Orestes and Procles stood quietly among the men, their arms folded beneath their cloaks, and their eyes cast down. Yet with quick glances they took note of any unusual sights.

"Who is the man in splendid garments, who has his hair parted and fastened with a jeweled ornament?" asked Procles quietly.

"He must be an ambassador - from Athens, perhaps," said Orestes.

"But see the gold and embroidery upon his cloak. I think he must come from beyond Greece," Procles replied.

"Perhaps he will speak, and then we will learn more about him," said Orestes.

Then one of the ephors arose, and the people became quiet. He made a short speech, and ended by proposing the

name of a well-known citizen for councillor. Then he asked for the vote of the Assembly. The citizen was well liked, and when the vote was called for, the voices of the people arose in one great shout: "Aye, aye."

Then the man of whom Orestes and Procles had spoken was allowed to address the people. He was an ambassador, as they had guessed, and came from an island to the east of Greece. He wanted to arrange a treaty between his country and Sparta, but his appearance did not please the Spartans.

"He smells of ointments, and his clothes are far too richly embroidered," growled an old man, who stood near the boys.

"And he would have us Spartans pay for the extravagance which we allow not in our own country," replied the man to whom he had spoken.

There were murmurs of disapproval from the crowd while the ambassador spoke, and when the ephor called for a vote giving consent to the treaty, a few voices answered, but when it was asked whether they should deny the request, a multitude of voices blended like the roar of a mighty sea.

When it had grown quiet again, another of the ephors spoke. He told of a war in which one of their colonies was

engaged. "They are losing ground," he said, "and they beg us to send them the statues of the Twin Gods, that they may bring them better fortune, and turn the tide of battle in their favor."

At this some of the people shouted, "Send them! Send them!" Others said, "No, no; it is too great a risk." "The statues might be lost at sea!" exclaimed others. "Let them make statues of their own!" "Why should we send them ours?"

The whole multitude was in an uproar. The angry voices increased; the excitement grew each moment. In vain the ephors tried to quiet the people. Even the kings could not control them. They threw up their arms; they shouted; they surged back and forth.

Suddenly a man vaulted to a place beside the ephors. In his hand he held a cithara, and he began to play. Then, to the accompaniment of his instrument, he sang.

No sound reached the multitude. Only those who looked knew that he was singing. But, one by one, these pointed, or nudged a noisy neighbor, and, little by little, the tumult grew less; the angry voices dropped to a lower key, then ceased altogether, and the throng stood still.

Above the murmur, the voice of the singer began to be heard. Then, as the people grew quiet, his notes rang out clear and true. He sang of patriotism, of heroism, of strength in battle. He sang of the deeds of the gods whom the Spartans worshipped. Then, by degrees, his voice grew less ringing; its tones became solemn and soothing. And the people listened; they forgot their anger and discord, and there was a hush over all the great throng.

When he stopped there was silence. Then a voice arose: "The colonists are of our own people. They, too, were Spartans. Shall we send the images to them? "

And a great shout arose, "Yes, yes. Let the images go."

CHAPTER III

Foraging

The men of Sparta, and the boys from seven years upward, did not eat at home, but at public tables. Their meals were simple, and all fared much the same. Even the kings sat with the citizens and shared the same plain food, which often consisted mainly of black broth and barley bread.

Each citizen of Sparta gave from his own stores a regular quantity of supplies for the tables. He gave barley-meal, wine, cheese, figs, dates, and meat. Extra meat for the tables was sometimes provided by those who went hunting, or from the sacrifices offered at the altars.

Then, too, a generous citizen would now and then give white bread, instead of barley bread, or bring birds which he had caught, or offerings of fruit or vegetables when in season.

The food for the boys' tables was simpler and less varied than that for the men's, although plain, simple food was the rule for all.

Very little money was used in Sparta. What they had was of iron. If a man had corn raised upon his land, he exchanged a part of it for other articles which he needed. The market-place of the city was, for this reason, a place of trade, rather than of buying and selling.

After their breakfast, on the morning of the Assembly, Orestes sent the boys of his company away to get food for their table.

"Go where you like outside the city," he said, "but do not return until you can bring something for the common table. Be soldiers now; be men. Stop not for hunger, or pain, or toil, but secure food, and come not back without it. If you do your work, awkwardly and are caught, you will be flogged. Be off."

It was no new message to the boys. This was a part of their training; a part of their education. They were sent out as soldiers to forage for supplies. They might steal, in fact they must steal, but they must not be caught. Therein lay the disgrace. This was a part of their preparation for warfare. It

was a national custom, understood by all; and so, although no man wanted his goods stolen, - and he caught and flogged the offender if he could, - he knew that in taking his goods the boys were not breaking the laws of Sparta, but obeying them.

Thus foraging was, to the boys, an exciting game; a chance to test their skill, their dexterity, and often their endurance. And the Spartan boy who could endure most was the hero of his fellows.

"Where shall we go?" asked Brasidas of Chartas, as the company of boys broke up into smaller groups.

"To the mountain!" exclaimed Chartas. "A dish of grapes would taste good at our table, and they must be ripe by this time."

"Just the thing!" replied Brasidas. "A mountain climb suits me, and the grapes will, indeed, be good."

The two boys started westward from the city toward the mountain, with its rocky slopes, its forests, and its snow-crowned peaks. The path they took was rugged, and the climbing steep. But they did not hesitate. The difficulties of the way only made their task more exciting, and would win for them greater credit when they returned.

At first they ran along the path, then they clambered up the side of the mountain. In places the rocks were sharp and broken, and in others there were steep, slippery cliffs, but, although their feet were bare, they climbed the steep places, jumped from one broken rock to another, or pulled themselves up the cliffs by their bare hands.

Suddenly Chartas stopped and threw himself upon a flat rock. Lifting his foot, he pulled from it a large thorn. The blood followed as he did so, but, making no comment, he sped on again after Brasidas.

At last they came to a more open space on the mountainside. "Now," said Brasidas, "we may begin to look for the vines."

"Yes," said Chartas, "now we must separate and keep hidden."

As he said this he turned to the right and made his way cautiously forward, while Brasidas crept along a cliff to his left.

Suddenly Chartas dropped behind a huge rock. Above him a man, dressed in a leather chiton, was crossing the open space. In his hands he carried large vessels for holding water.

"'Tis one of the slaves who cares for a master's vineyard," said Chartas to himself. He turned his head. Beyond him he saw a grove of plane trees, and, listening intently, he heard the splash of water. "He is going to the fountain in the grove," he said. "The vines are in need of water. They must be near."

He waited until the slave disappeared in the grove, then carefully he made his way upward. It had been a hard climb up the mountain, and his foot ached from the long thorn which had been pulled away, but his one thought was to find the vines, secure the grapes, and make his escape unseen.

He darted forward, now stopping to crouch behind a rock, or to stand close against a tree, while he peered out or listened. Again he darted on; he had seen the vines; they were heavy with purple grapes.

Casting himself among them, he began pulling the clusters. An empty water jar stood near, and hastily he tossed the ripe clusters into it. It was nearly full. He stopped again to listen.

In the distance he heard a slight crackling. It was the sound of footsteps in the grove. The slave was doubtless returning.

Catching up the water jar, he ran farther up the mountain, turned to his right, and stopped again to listen. He could hear the slave, now below him, returning to his vines. Making a circuit, Chartas ran quickly but softly down through the farther side of the grove, and was once more upon the rocky pass which he and Brasidas had climbed.

He stopped for a moment to adjust his jar, for it was large and awkward to carry. At the same moment he heard a shout, then a crashing above him. One thought passed through his mind. The slave had discovered the loss of the jar, and was looking for him.

Just an instant he listened again. The sound was coming nearer.

Like some wild animal of the mountains, Chartas turned and jumped. With his bare feet he leaped from jagged rock to jagged rock, holding tightly to his jar, and balancing himself, he knew not how.

It was not the fear of losing his longed-for grapes; it was not the fear of being beaten: that did not matter, for the pain of that would pass. It was the fear of a flogging before his mates, and before the men of the city - not the pain of the flogging, but the disgrace of having failed.

This was the fear that made him plunge, bare-footed, over jutting rocks; that made him swing over cliffs with one hand, while he clutched his jar with the other.

At last he reached the top of the little path which stretched away to the plain below, where stood the houses of Sparta. He stopped to catch his breath. What was that? He still was followed! The footsteps were close behind him!

Once more fear lent wings to his feet, nor did he notice that a trace of blood was left wherever his feet touched the ground. He did not even know that his hands, as well as his feet, were bleeding. He was too much of a Spartan to care for that, if only he did not fail. On he sped, like the wind.

"Chartas, Chartas! What a runner you are! Stop! Let us go on together!"

Chartas turned his head; caught his breath; then dropped upon the ground. It was Brasidas who had chased him down the mountain!

Upon Brasidas' shoulders rested a bag, filled, like his own water jar, with clusters of grapes.



“At last he reached the top of the little path.”

CHAPTER IV

The Public Tables

When the boys of Orestes' company gathered for their evening meal, Gelon alone was missing. Each boy, as he returned, brought with him something for the tables, fruits, vegetables, olive oil, meat, or meal.

The grapes which Chartas and Brasidas brought were placed upon the tables, that of the old men being supplied first, for age was respected in Sparta. No one commented upon the scratched faces and hands of the two boys, nor upon the marks of blood upon his feet and the slight limp of Chartas, but the older men looked at the boys with approval, although they were careful that they should receive no word of spoken praise. Only Orestes, as he met Chartas, threw his arm across his shoulders in a way that meant much to the younger boy. But even he said nothing. The Spartans were men of deeds, not words.

The boys' tables were separate from those of the men, but the smallest boys sat on stools beside their fathers, and were handed their portions of food.

After the meal the men began talking of the Assembly, which had been held that day, and the boys listened. They spoke of the ambassador; of the singer. They gave their opinions freely, and they asked many questions of each other, and of the boys.

Then one of the men touched the strings of his cithara, and began to sing. Others took up the song, and soon a great chorus of men's voices arose and filled the large room.

Chartas felt a thrill, as he always did at the sound of music. He remembered when he had seen a company of Spartan soldiers march away to battle singing the same song, and he knew that the greatest singers of Sparta had been her bravest men.

The men stopped singing. Suddenly one of them, named Agis, turned and, nodding toward Brasidas, asked, "Who established the Olympian games?"

"Herakles," replied Brasidas promptly.

"What is the sacred truce?" Agis continued, nodding at Theognis.

"The peace which is preserved between all the states of Greece during the games at Olympia," Theognis answered.

"Why does Sparta need no walls?" came a third question, and this time it was directed to Theron; but Theron was not paying attention, and did not even know that he had been spoken to. He was so intent upon teasing a smaller boy - when he should have been listening and learning - that he now had his back toward the speaker.

"Theron, son of Cinadon," said Agis, and at the tone of his voice Theron started, and turned, "you have shown disrespect to age, and a contempt for knowledge. You may go out and spend the night among the mountains."

Theron rose and instantly left the room. If any among the boys or men thought the punishment severe, they did not show it by word or look, and they probably did not consider it too severe. But Chartas, remembering his flight down the mountainside during the day, wondered how he would have fared had it been dark. "It is good to give attention," he thought, as the door closed upon Theron.

"Why does Sparta need no walls?" The question was repeated, and this time Agis nodded to Chartas.

"The men of Sparta are her walls," replied Chartas, and the grave men about the tables smiled approvingly at the earnestness of the boy.

Another song was sung, joking remarks were exchanged between the men, some of the boys were quizzed until they scarcely knew how to answer; and then, one by one, the men arose and bade each other good night. There were no lights in the streets, and the streets themselves were irregular and unpaved. The buildings of the city were set here and there without plan, and the streets wound here and there between them. None of the younger men carried lights, but the men who were over sixty were carefully lighted to their homes.

Even the smaller boys of Sparta were accustomed to going about without lights. But none of the boys went home at night. From the time they were seven years old, they slept, as well as ate, in the public buildings which were furnished for that purpose, and each company of boys had its own quarters.

"Gelon has not yet returned," said Theognis, as the boys of Orestes' company gathered in their quarters.

"And now Theron is gone, too," added Brasidas with a shrug of his shoulders.

"To sleep, boys," was the only response of their iren, and at once the boys dropped upon their beds of reeds.

"I wonder if Orestes will suffer for Theron's conduct," wondered Chartas, as he tossed about, for he well knew that the irens were held responsible for the conduct of the boys of their company.

Chartas' muscles were lame and sore, and the bed of rushes was far from soft, but it was the only sort of bed he knew, and he was trained to hardy endurance. It was not long before he was sound asleep.

In the meantime Theron had been following the path to the mountain, over which Chartas and Brasidas had traveled during the day. He might easily have hidden in the dark and irregular streets of the city until morning - but he had been told to go to the mountains. He might, through his love of mischief, be inattentive, but he would scorn to disobey. Besides, there were real dangers in the mountains at night, and to stay in the city would be cowardly, as well as disobedient - and what Spartan boy could bear the brand of cowardice?

So Theron climbed the path till he came to the steeper cliffs. "I will rest on one of these cliffs," he said. "It is safer

here than higher up among the trees." Unconsciously he had spoken his thoughts aloud, and as he stopped, he heard an answering sound. He was alert at once. It might be one of the beasts of the mountain, for he well knew that it was the haunt of wild animals, and that they roamed about at night.

He held his breath and listened.

At a little distance he again heard the sound, and then the words, softly spoken, "Can it be you, Theron?"

"Yes," said Theron with a ring of gladness in his voice. "Where are you, Gelon? What has happened?"

"I thought it was your voice," said Gelon, making his way to the cliff. "How came you here? Did you fail, too?"

"No," answered Theron, "I did not fail, for I carried a large cruse of oil to the tables. But yet I am in disgrace." Then he explained how he came to be sent to the mountain.

"And what of you?" he asked, in conclusion.

"Oh, I am due to have a flogging," said Gelon, reluctantly. "Not that I mind that, but I stole a piece of meat and was making off with it, when I caught my foot in a vine and stumbled. I fell headlong, and scared a flock of sheep, who ran bleating in all directions. That called out their

owner, and he saw me. I got away without being caught, but the piece of meat flew from my arms when I fell, and dropped to a great distance below me, for I was on a steep hillside. The man was upon me too soon for me to get it again, and I would not go back to barracks empty-handed."

"So you have stayed here in the mountain!" exclaimed Theron. "I am glad that I came this way. As soon as it is light, we will forage again, and perhaps we can both find food for the tables."

"That is good of you," said Gelon. He had been without food since morning, but he added, "I shall not go back till I succeed."

CHAPTER V

Chartas' Home

The boys were awakened the next morning by the voice of Orestes.

"Up, boys," he called. "Throw out the reeds. After our morning meal you are to gather fresh material for beds."

It did not take the boys long to carry out Orestes' command, for there was no time spent in dressing and undressing among the boys of Sparta. They hastily gathered up the reeds upon which they had slept, and soon were back with hearty appetites.

There were no dainties set before them, but they had plenty of coarse, plain food, and after they had finished the meal they raced down to the river bank. They then followed the stream until it broadened out over a marsh. Here the reeds grew thickly, and the boys were soon wading in the water and pulling great armfuls of them, for these were the only beds they were allowed. In the winter they gathered

down from thistles, and with this down made their beds softer and warmer. But this was the only difference, although the winters were cold. If a boy pulled too much down for his bed, he was ridiculed by the others.

"I wonder how it fares with Theron," said Chartas, as he bent to pull another bunch of reeds.

"And with Gelon," added Brasidas.

Although the boys of Sparta were taught to be hardy, and to despise a lack of courage in any of their number, yet the fifteen boys who made up each company were bound together very closely by their constant association.

Nearly all the boys of Orestes' company had homes and parents in the city, but as we have learned, after a boy reached the age of seven, he became a son of the State, and his education and training were in charge of the State. He no longer lived at the home of his parents.

"I wonder what adventures they are having," Chartas said a moment later, as he returned for another armful of reeds. He had scarcely finished speaking when he heard a shout, and, looking up, he discovered Gelon and Theron running down the river bank.

"Here they are," exclaimed Brasidas, "and together! And

look, look! They are carrying a young pig between them!"

"It is squealing yet," laughed Chartas. "How did they ever manage to get away with that? Well," he added, "one thing is certain. The pig will save them from a flogging!"

Later that day, when the boys had had their daily swim in the river and had practised at the gymnasium, those who wished to do so were allowed to visit their homes.

Chartas and Theognis started off together, for their homes were in the same part of the city.

"'Twill soon be time for the festival," said Theognis.

"Yes," replied Chartas, "and I suppose my sister is practising for the dances."

"And mine, too," responded Theognis, as he ran on, for Chartas had reached his home.

The house of Danaus, the father of Chartas, was a large but plain building, with an outer court which was separated from the street by a wall. Inside this court stood a rude image of the god Apollo, who was believed by the Spartans to protect and bless all who entered the house.

As Chartas passed the image, he laid before it a cluster of flowers which he had picked for an offering. As he did so he murmured, "Grant to me, oh Apollo, that

which is honorable and good." He then pushed open the door of the house and entered.

The door of this, as of all the houses of Sparta, was roughly made. It had been sawed from boards, without other finish. The ceilings were hewed with an axe. Only the temples and public buildings of Sparta could be beautifully finished and ornamented. Lycurgus, who had given the city its laws, wanted the people to love simplicity.

As Chartas entered the house, he heard the sound of merry shouts and laughter, and saw his father prancing about astride a stick, while his younger brother and sister ran after, clapping their hands and trying to imitate his steps.

Chartas laughed, too, and he wondered whether the other men of Sparta, who seemed - as his father did - so quiet and grave in the Assembly and at the public tables, ever played with their children like this.

"Ah, Chartas, my son!"

Chartas turned as he heard the words, for he knew that it was his mother's voice, and then she threw her arms about him.

The children stopped their play to greet him, and soon

he was recounting, to them all, the adventures of his company. They laughed heartily when he told them how Brasidas had chased him down the mountain.

"But you held to your jar of grapes!" his mother, Helen, exclaimed.

"Yes, Mother," answered Chartas.

"That was best of all," said his mother, and the eyes of Danaus shone, too, with approval, for they saw that Chartas had shown the hardihood and endurance which were the traits most admired in a Spartan boy.

Then he told them about Theron and Gelon, and of how they had returned after their night in the mountain, carrying the squealing pig. This story, too, was received with hearty laughter.

As Chartas finished his story, the door again opened, and a beautiful young girl entered. It was Melissa, the older sister of Chartas.

"Ah, Chartas!" she exclaimed, "I am glad to see you at home. We so seldom see you now."

"It seems good to be at home," said Chartas. "And where have you been?"

"I have just come from the gymnasium," answered

Melissa. "We have been practising the dances for the festival, and, oh, Chartas!" she added, "I am learning to play well upon the lyre."

"Let me hear you play," said Chartas eagerly.

Melissa brought her lyre and played as she sang, and presently they all joined their voices with hers, even the children singing with the rest.

"I am sorry," said Chartas, when the song was ended, "but I must go back, for it will not do to be late. Orestes is such a splendid captain, I would not want him blamed for any fault of mine."

"I will go with you," said Danaus, rising. "It will soon be time for our evening meal. Perhaps," he added with a smile, "we may have a bit of pork for our supper!"

As they were walking along the street, Chartas pointed to an image that stood near a temple. "Why is that image placed there?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you why," Danaus replied, "but I suppose you know that it represents the God of Laughter. We Spartans are considered a grave and severe people, and so, in a way, we are. But, so far as I know, we are the only people who have ever erected a statue to the



"Melissa brought her lyre and played as she sang."

God of Laughter."

CHAPTER VI

Sparta's Laws

After Danaus and Chartas had left the house, Helen, the wife of Danaus, Melissa, and the younger children, ate their evening meal together. They were waited upon by the household slaves.

"When I am seven, I will go with Father and Chartas to the public tables," said the younger brother proudly.

"Yes," replied his mother, "in two years more you will become a son of the State. Then you will have no mother and no slaves to wait upon you. But you will learn how to endure hard things, and you will become a true Spartan of whom Mother will be proud." She laid her hand upon his head as she spoke.

"I am a Spartan now," said the boy, drawing himself up very straight.

"Yes," replied his mother, smiling, "but not a very big one."

"Melissa," said the little fellow after their meal was finished, "I wish you would tell me a story."

"What sort of a story do you want to hear?" asked Melissa with a smile.

"Oh - about the Law-Giver of Sparta!" exclaimed the boy with shining eyes.

"What do you know about the 'Law-Giver of Sparta?'" laughed Melissa.

"Oh, I know; I heard Father telling about him one day," said the boy, with a wise shake of his head. "Some day," he added, "I shall learn the laws, as Chartas does, and I want to hear the story of Ly - Ly - what was his name, Melissa?"

"Lycurgus," said Melissa, as she put her arm about the sturdy little fellow. "Lycurgus was a very wise man," she went on, "and he lived a great many years ago. He loved Sparta, and he wanted her people to be wise and happy. So he thought a great deal, and he studied a great deal, and at last he made a set of laws which he believed would make the Spartans a strong, hardy, happy people.

"He wanted to be very sure that his laws were good, so he went to Delphi, and asked the oracle at Delphi about them.

"The oracle told him that his laws were the best in all the world.

"So Lycurgus taught his laws to the people, and the Spartans kept the laws.

"But Lycurgus was afraid that after he died the people might forget his laws, or try to have them changed, so, after a long time, when he grew to be an old man, he told the Spartans that he was going again to Delphi, and he had the people promise that they would keep his laws until he came back.

"The people made a solemn promise that they would do this."

"And he didn't come back, did he?" interrupted the boy eagerly. "I remember; Father said so."

"No," answered Melissa, "he never came back; and so, after all these years, his laws are still kept - for the people promised, you know."

"Yes, I know," nodded the boy earnestly. "Thank you, Melissa. That was a good story."

The laws of Lycurgus, of which Melissa had told, were different from those of any other country. They provided that each Spartan should be given a certain amount of land,

and slaves to take care of it. The Spartans were to spend their time in public affairs, such as the military and religious festivals, the education of the children, and the enforcement of the laws.

They did not carry on trade with other countries, or engage in the manufacture even of such articles as they themselves used. This was done by a class of men who had been conquered by the Spartans in battle, and who occupied a position between that of the Spartans and the slaves, who were called Helots.

All lines of work were passed on from father to son. A flute player was sure to be the son of a flute player; a maker of drinking-cups was sure to be the son of a man who had made drinking-cups. Even the cooks who made the black broth which appeared so often upon Spartan tables, had learned to make it from their fathers, and these men in turn, from their fathers before them.

Customs did not change in Sparta. Lycurgus had not intended that they should.

That evening, as Chartas and Theognis were on their way to quarters, Chartas suddenly asked, "Had you heard that Cinadon was on trial to-day before the ephors?"

"No," replied Theognis. "What was his offence?"

"He was accused of bringing a quantity of silver money into Sparta."

"And was he found guilty?" asked Theognis.

"Yes," replied Chartas, with a laugh. "He was found guilty and ordered to go without his dessert at table for ten days, as punishment."

Theognis, too, laughed, although a fine of this sort was not unusual in Sparta.

"Hurry, you are late," called Brasidas, who was standing at the door of their quarters, and Chartas and Theognis hastened their steps.

They were just in time to take their places for the drill upon the laws, which every Spartan boy was expected to learn.

Soon, in unison with the others, they began to chant - half singing, half reciting - and beating time to the rhythm with their bare feet:

"When ye have builded a temple to Zeus,
To Syllarian Zeus and Syllarian Athena,
Divided the folk into tribes and clans,

And established a Senate of thirty persons,
Including the two Kings,
Ye shall summon the folk to a stated Assembly
And these shall have the deciding voice."

And thus the laws of Lycurgus were taught from one generation to another.

CHAPTER VII

The Festival

The day of the festival had arrived, and the boys of the city were released from their usual drills and exercises.

There were no school buildings in Sparta. The boys were taught in the gymnasium or the barracks. They learned a little reading, a little writing, and a very little arithmetic. But greater attention was given to teaching them the laws; in training them to speak well in public; to recite the great poems of Homer; and to sing the national songs, and accompany them with the cithara. Then, too, they were taught to exercise, to swim, run, wrestle, ride, play foot-ball, and throw the discus. In spite of the hardihood of the Spartans, the rougher sports of that time were forbidden.

The girls of Sparta were given much the same training as the boys, although they were trained separately, and their leaders were young women. Unlike the girls of Athens, they were allowed to go freely upon the streets, and to join in the

choruses and festivals. Only the married women of Sparta wore veils upon their faces when outside their homes. The Spartan girls played upon the lyre instead of the cithara.

The most beautiful women of all Greece were those of Sparta, for their outdoor life and athletic exercises gave them clear skins, bright eyes, and graceful, healthful bodies.

The day of the festival had arrived, and the boys and girls of the city were released from their usual drills and exercises.

The festival began with a procession, and the boys of Orestes' company took their places. First came the kings, who were to offer sacrifices to the gods; next the magistrates; and after these, the men of the city, the companies of maidens, and the companies of boys. Some of the men rode horses, and some of the maidens were in chariots, or in beautifully ornamented cars. They drove their horses quite as fearlessly as the men.

As the procession moved through the streets, the people sang a song, or paean, in thanksgiving for the bountiful harvests of the year. They stepped lightly, in time with the music, for their hearts were as joyous as those of children.

They reached the temple, and here the priests offered a sacrifice, and poured wine upon the altar.

As the people formed in groups, here and there, Orestes and Chartas stood together, near the other boys of their company.

"Did you notice how well Theognis sang the pæan?" asked Chartas.

"Yes," replied Orestes. "There is something unusual about Theognis. He loves poetry, and music, and the graceful exercises of the gymnasium. It is my belief that he will some day be a poet, himself."

"Theognis a poet!" exclaimed Chartas, in surprise. And then he added: "There is something different about him - perhaps that is it!"

"But see! "said Orestes.

A chorus of singers had joined hands, and were now dancing slowly about the blazing altar, and, as they sang, several of the men of Sparta acted in pantomime the words of the song.

Then a group of maidens came forward and danced with measured steps and graceful gestures, while one of their number played upon the lyre.

"See," said Chartas to Orestes, "my sister, Melissa, is among the dancers."

"Yes," answered Orestes, "she dances well." And Chartas noted with pleasure that Orestes' eyes followed her graceful figure throughout the dance.

"Now for the war dance!" exclaimed Chartas. "I think that is best of all."

A group of men took their places before the assembly. A flute player stood among them. There was silence for a moment, then he put his flute to his lips. Quickly and lightly the men began to dance, and, in perfect time to the music, they imitated the actions of a soldier in battle. They assumed an attitude of defence, crouching, and presenting their shields; they avoided the thrust of an enemy; they sprang up; retreated; then sprang forward to thrust with their short swords; backward to throw a lance; and upright to draw a bow.

The people watched with breathless interest, for this, the Pyrrhic war dance, was best liked of all their dances.

"Isn't it wonderful how well they can do it!" exclaimed Chartas.

"Yes," said Orestes, "but I shall expect you to do it as well some day."

"I?" questioned Chartas in astonishment.

"You!" answered Orestes with a quiet smile. "I am to teach it to our company very soon, and I will take special pains to drill you in it, if you wish."

"Oh, I do!" exclaimed Chartas, "and I will try my best. I would rather dance the Pyrrhic war dance well, than take any other part in the festivals."

"Very well, then," replied Orestes. "You shall be given the chance."

Chartas' eyes were shining with pleasure as Orestes said, "Come, it is our turn now."

Three groups were formed. One was of old men; the next was of the active men of the city; the third was of boys - the boys of Orestes' and Procles' companies.

The old men sang:

"We once were young and brave and strong."

The next group responded:

"And we're so now, come on and try."

Then the boys sang:

"But we'll be strongest by and by."

As the boys sang, Chartas again noticed how the voice of Theognis led all the others.

After the procession and dances, there was a great feast.

Chartas had told the boys of his company that they were to be taught the Pyrrhic war dance, and it was the chief topic of conversation while they feasted.

"Good!" Brasidas exclaimed. "That is the dance for Spartans."

And Theognis echoed his exclamation. "Nothing else has such perfect rhythm of motion," he added.

Later in the day there were gymnastic exercises, and the great festival day closed with chariot races between men, and others between girls.

"See how well Gorgo handles her horses," exclaimed Brasidas, as one of the chariots swept past him.

"Yes," replied Theron, who was beside him, "she handles them quite as well as any man."

"That is what Spartan training does for our girls!" proudly exclaimed an older man who had overheard them. "In no other country are the girls so graceful and so strong."

CHAPTER VIII

Work and Play

The festival was the one topic of conversation among the boys of Sparta during the days that followed. Naturally, they were most interested in the Pyrrhic war dance, and the chariot races. The boys of Orestes' company were eagerly discussing the news that Chartas had brought them.

"Did you say that we were to be taught the Pyrrhic dance?" asked Gelon, with shining eyes, as he pushed forward among the boys.

"Yes," answered Chartas, "so Orestes told me at the festival."

"I wonder when we are to begin," said Theognis, eagerly.

"Soon, I think," Chartas replied.

"I wish it were to-day!" exclaimed Theron.

"Well, it will not be to-day," said the hearty voice of Orestes, who had come upon the group unnoticed, "so be off to your tasks. Chartas, Brasidas, Theognis, and Gelon

are to bring wood for the fires. The rest of you," he added, with a wave of his hand, "are to gather vegetables and greens for the tables."

The boys scattered at once: the four older boys to the woods; while the younger boys, led by Theron, slipped away to the country outside Sparta. Stealthily, and unseen, they crept here and there into gardens and fields, and gathered such supplies of vegetables as they could carry away unseen.

"My!" sputtered Ceos, a boy of lively tongue, as he overtook Theron later on. "I thought I was going to lose my skin that time. I came near getting caught, for the old slave who was after me was very light of foot. Why do they care so much," he added, "when they know that the State makes us steal for the tables?"

"Because they have worked to raise the stuff, I suppose," said Theron laughingly.

"Yes," answered Ceos, "but it is the State that provides them the land to raise it on. They do not own the land."

"That is so," replied Theron, "and I suppose that is what gives the State the right to send us out foraging upon their lands. All property really belongs to the State."

"Yes," replied Ceos, "that is the way my father explained

it to me. He says, too, that soldiers, when marching or in camp, have to secure their food by foraging, or starve. It is the duty of the State to train us for soldiers."

"The girls are never sent to forage," said Theron.

"They could do it!" responded Ceos.

"Yes, they are as quick as we are," assented Theron, "but they do not go to war."

Suddenly the two boys stopped. Placing upon the ground their gifts for the tables, they stood erect, their arms folded across their breasts, and their eyes cast down.

An old man with white hair and long white beard passed them. He was one of the senators; and every citizen of Sparta paid to the senators a reverence which even their Kings might envy.

After their long tramp of the morning, the boys were put through their exercises and drills in the gymnasium, and later they were given a short time in which to amuse themselves as they pleased.

"Let us have a play," called out Theognis. "A play! a play!" the other boys responded, and away they raced to the open space just below the city.

"What shall it be?" asked Gelon, as they stopped for

breath.

"The fruit stealers," suggested Theron.

"That is good; that is good!" cried the others.

"Who will take the parts?" asked Brasidas. "Who will be thief?"

None of the boys responded.

"Well, I will be then," said Brasidas. "Now, who will be the owner of the fruit?"

"I will take that," said Ceos laughingly. "I saw, this morning, a fine example of the way that should be played."

"Did you get caught?" cried Gelon.

"No," answered Ceos, "but I can imagine the flogging. I have seen it acted at other times," he added with a grim smile, at which all the boys laughed.

After a few other details had been arranged, the play began.

Ceos pretended to be busily at work among his fruit-trees. Brasidas came running from a distance; then he stopped, and began slowly and cautiously to creep up to the trees. Finally he pretended to begin picking the fruit. At first he watched the owner of the trees, as he worked; then, becoming eager to gather the fruit, he became less watchful.

During the progress of the play, the other boys looked on, occasionally imitating the actions of the two boys taking part, by a light, rhythmic motion that was almost a dance.

Suddenly Ceos seemed to catch sight of the thief. Quickly but quietly he ran toward Brasidas, and had almost reached him when Brasidas looked up.

Grasping, apparently, his fruit, Brasidas darted away, Ceos but a few feet behind.

"Brasidas' longer legs will save him!" shouted Chartas.

"He will win the race!" exclaimed Theognis.

"Ceos is smaller," said Theron, "but he is quick. See, he is holding his own!"

"Good!" shouted the boys, clapping their hands. "Ceos is plucky."

But Ceos' legs were shorter, and the distance between the two began to increase, when suddenly Brasidas, in glancing back at his pursuer, struck his foot upon a projecting rock. His arms, in which he had pretended to be holding his fruit, flew wide, and he fell headlong upon the ground.

In an instant Ceos was upon him, and with his hard little Spartan fists he began beating Brasidas with a right

good will. Then, jumping to his feet, he pretended to pick up the scattered fruit.

The boys shouted and cheered. The play was over.

"That was well done," said Gelon.

"You are a good runner, Ceos," said Brasidas heartily, as they made their way back to the city. "Why don't you train for the foot-race at the games?"

"I am afraid you would compete," replied Ceos, "and there are no stones on the course at Olympia."

CHAPTER IX

New Adventures

Every household in Sparta had its slaves. These slaves, or Helots, had been conquered in battle, and for all the succeeding years they were slaves to the Spartans. They could not be sold, as the slaves of Athens could, neither could they be freed, for, in a way, they were considered the property of the State.

As we have learned, no Spartan citizen took part in any manual labor, nor even engaged in business. His time was spent in the gymnasium, practising military and athletic exercises; in hunting; in the management of public affairs; and in religious ceremonies and festivals. He regarded freedom from labor as freedom from pain - as complete liberty. Yet the Spartans were by no means indolent, and a lazy man was severely punished, and held in contempt.

Sparta's laws were not written laws. It was said that they were "written in the hearts of her citizens," and they were

administered by the senators. The laws provided that a certain number of slaves were to be allowed to each Spartan, and so the slaves cultivated the farm lands belonging to the citizens, and carried on the household duties in the homes of the city.

Now, even the slaves of Sparta had caught, from the festival, the desire to play.

"Come, Chartas," said Gelon quietly, as he met him in the street, late in the day. "There is fun in store for us. Come."

"What is going on?" asked Chartas, following.

"The slaves of some of the neighboring households are about to give a play. I have found a place where we can watch without their seeing us. Hurry!"

"Wait," said Chartas. "There go Brasidas and Ceos. I will call them."

"But be quick," said Gelon anxiously.

A moment later, the four boys, hidden from the sight of the slaves, were eagerly watching the strange sight.

The play of the slaves could hardly be called a play; it was, rather, a wild and extravagant dance, without rhythm or beauty; and yet, in a rude way, they imitated various actions

and occupations of men. Some of the imitations were funny, while others were simply awkward and common.

"See!" said Chartas, touching Brasidas' arm. "Watch the slave yonder. He has been drinking too much. He can scarcely keep upon his feet. Yet he is still trying to dance."

"See him stagger!" said Brasidas. "He will fall yet."

The interest of all four of the boys was now centered upon the drunken Helot. As they looked, the man almost lost his balance, and tumbled against another of the company. This man turned quickly and struck him.

"See his face," said Brasidas, "how stupid he looks."

"And how foolish he acts," added Ceos.

"Bah!" exclaimed Chartas, "it is no wonder the men of Sparta think it a disgrace to become drunk."

"Look again!" said Gelon. "He has fallen."

It was true. The man lay stupidly upon the ground, making no effort to rise again. The rest of the company danced on, for most of them had been drinking, and their steps, too, were beginning to be unsteady, and their faces bloated and stupid, while some were growing quarrelsome.

"What a sight!" exclaimed Chartas, as he turned away.

"It seems strange that wine can turn men into such beasts as that!"

"'Tis a good thing to know that it does," said Gelon.

"Yes," responded Chartas, "it is a good thing. I am glad that Spartans are taught to despise drunkenness.

"Ah, here is Orestes," he cried, as they started down the street, and, darting forward, he was soon at the side of his captain.

"Well!" exclaimed Orestes, "where did you come from so suddenly?"

"Oh," answered Chartas, "we boys have been watching the Helots give one of their plays. But it was disgusting, for they became drunk at the last, and acted like beasts."

"'Tis good that you saw it!" exclaimed Orestes. "Drunkenness surely does make men like animals, or worse, for it stupefies the brain."

"Hark! Do you hear the music?" asked Brasidas suddenly, for the other boys had also overtaken their captain.

"Listen!" said Orestes.

The boys stood still for a moment.

"It is a cithara," said Orestes, "but different. I cannot

make out what the difference is."

"Let us see who is playing," suggested Ceos. So, together they hurried down the street.

It was not long before they came in sight of a great crowd of boys, and in their midst was the musician. Among the crowd were the other boys of their company - in fact it soon seemed as though all the boys and youths of Sparta had been drawn to the spot by the music.

The player kept on, gratified by the attention which he was receiving. His music, as Orestes had said, was different from that usually heard in Sparta. Its harmonies were fuller, stronger, and yet there was a soft, tender cadence which was strangely in contrast to the music of Sparta.

"I have it!" exclaimed Orestes at length, turning to Chartas. "See! We have seven strings on our citharas: his has nine. That is what gives the fuller harmonies."

"Yes, but still 'tis different," returned Chartas. "It is not the music of the paeans; 'tis softer, more quiet."

"You are right," said Orestes. "I should say it was more the music of Athens than of Sparta."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a strong voice

commanded the musician to stop, and strong hands sent the crowd of boys scattering in all directions.

"Stop!" said the voice - and Orestes saw that it was one of the ephors of the city speaking. "Cut from your instrument its added strings! You are not to poison the ears of our youth by the music of a luxury-loving people. The Spartans are not of such! Our music is free, bold, inspiring. We will keep it so!"

Abashed, the musician placed his instrument in the outstretched hand of the ephor, who cut from it the added strings, while the boys who had listened sped away to their quarters, and dropped - still half-frightened at the anger in the ephor's voice - upon their hard little beds.

CHAPTER X

A Vacancy Filled

The next few days were days of intense excitement for the boys. They were preparing for the war game in which two companies of Spartan boys took part each year. It had been announced that the companies of Orestes and Procles had been chosen for the conflict. In no other state than Sparta would this have been called a game.

Early upon the day appointed, a sacrifice was made upon one of the altars, and then the two companies of boys, to the music of the cithara and the fife, marched away from the city to an island which had been made ready for them. This island was formed by ditches filled with water, and it was reached by two bridges upon opposite sides. One was called the bridge of Herakles, and was guarded by an image of this hero-god. The other was the bridge of Lycurgus, with its image of Sparta's great law-giver. Orestes' company crossed the bridge of Herakles; Procles' company the bridge of

Lycurgus, and, facing each other, they stood, quivering with excitement; eager to show their courage and endurance.

The citizens and boys of Sparta had followed the two companies, and now surrounded the island, intent upon the outcome of the conflict.

The struggle began by wrestling, but as one opponent or another was thrown, a fury seemed to seize the boys. It was no longer a wrestling contest; it became a hand-to-hand struggle; a war of strength and physical endurance.

We, of to-day, can scarcely understand how such a contest among boys could have received the approval of sober-minded men; but the Spartans despised pain and honored physical hardihood. That they should have given so great a degree of honor to mere physical courage, is the chief reproach that has been brought against the Spartans. The moral, as well as physical, courage which made them die in battle rather than let a foreign army take possession of their lands and their homes, was altogether different from this.

When Orestes, with his victorious company of boys, marched back to the city, they bore grim evidence of their sturdy fighting in the war game which Spartan custom

endorsed; but Ceos, with his ready fun, was not with them, nor would he be again.

The older men, however, as they marched back to the city, said tersely, "The best survive."

The days that followed were filled as usual, for the boys, with exercises in the gymnasium; with tasks which took them to the mountains, to the river, and out into the farming country; and with lessons in music and the study of Homer.

The poems of Homer - the Iliad and the Odyssey - stirred the enthusiasm of the boys, not only because they told of wars and strange adventures, but because Helen, of whom the Iliad told, was stolen away from Sparta, and from her husband, Menelaus, who was one of Sparta's early kings.

The lessons in singing were of great importance. The boys were not taught to sing alone, so much as in chorus. They were trained by one of the older men of the city under the superintendence of an ephor, or magistrate.

Every festival had its chorus of singers, and there were many festivals. At the games and processions there were choruses, and in every battle the Spartan warriors advanced singing.

So the boys, and also the girls, of Sparta, were taught to sing, and the singing was accompanied by the cithara, the lyre, or the flute.

The character of the music was in keeping with that of the people. It was severe, and yet had a simple grandeur which inspired the singers as well as the hearers.

"Who was Terpander?" asked the singing-master, suddenly, during one of his lessons. He addressed his question to Chartas.

"A great Spartan musician," answered Chartas. "He invented the seven-stringed lyre."

"What else did he do?" questioned the master of Theognis.

"He won four prizes for his music at the Pythian games," replied Theognis. "And he once quieted a tumult in the city, by his playing - as was done at the last meeting of the Assembly," Theognis added, with shining eyes.

"Good," said the master. Then, turning to Gelon, he asked: "How many strings had the lyre before Terpander?"

"But two," answered Gelon.

"I wonder if the master is thinking of the musician we heard a few days ago," said Theron to Brasidas. "I

wonder if he thought himself a second Terpander!"

The master raised his hand; the room grew silent. Then there burst forth the stirring strains of a Spartan war song, and the boys sang with a will:

"Now fight we for our children, for this land; Our lives unheeding, let us bravely die. Courage, ye youths! together firmly stand; Think not of fear, nor ever turn to fly."

At the close of the lesson, Orestes addressed the boys of his company:

"Our company now numbers but fourteen," he said, gravely. "Penthilus, son of Androcles, has been mentioned to fill our ranks. What have you to say?"

As Orestes asked the question, Theognis stepped forth. "I have seen Penthilus show disrespect for age. I should not like to have him one of our number," he said, and stepped back to his place.

"As you know," said Orestes, "no one is admitted into a company who is not approved by all. I have another name: Dorus, son of Cleomenes."

Chartas turned to Brasidas. "'Tis the king's youngest son."

"I know him," said Brasidas. "He is small of stature, but strong and active."

"He already rides the swiftest horse in the king's stables," commented Theron.

"I have heard of him as a fearless hunter," added Gelon.

"Will he give and take with the rest, or will he be the king's son?" asked another of the boys.

"He will give and take," cried Brasidas. "Have no fear as to that."

"Are any dissatisfied with the choice of Dorus, son of Cleomenes?" asked Orestes.

There was silence.

"He is one of us," said Orestes - and Ceos' place was filled.

That night, while the boys of his company slept, Orestes paced back and forth outside the barracks, his mind upon the war game in which his company had taken part. His face was set; his hands were clenched.

"'Tis a custom unworthy of Sparta!" he exclaimed bitterly. "'Tis a waste of life, for which there is no reasonable excuse! But Sparta requires it, and not even to Chartas may I show my grief!"

CHAPTER XI

A Pledge and a Chase

"The election occurs to-day," said Orestes, as he and Chartas came back together from their morning bath in the Eurotas.

"I knew of the death of the senator," replied Chartas. "Who is likely to be elected in his place?"

"Two men have offered themselves," answered Orestes. "One is Laertes; the other Diodorus. Both are men of blameless lives and upright character. They belong to distinguished families, and have spent their sixty years of life in the service of Sparta. It seems to me that it will be a close contest between them."

"But you will vote," said Chartas. "Who is your choice?"

"I shall vote for Laertes," said Orestes decisively.

"And what is your reason?" asked Chartas.

"The records of the two men are equally honorable," responded Orestes, "but since the laws of Sparta are

unwritten, and must be delivered by the senators, it seems to me that the man of good judgment, who is thoughtful, and of an open mind, is the man to choose. I believe Laertes to be such a man. He is not easily swayed by passion; he has wonderful self-control."

Orestes' words showed that he had weighed the matter carefully and well, and Chartas was impressed by the fact.

"Chartas," he added earnestly, throwing his arm across the boy's shoulder with the familiar gesture which always awakened a deeper love and loyalty upon Chartas' part, "let us pledge ourselves to a worthy purpose: let us keep our lives so open and honorable that - if it is not the will of the gods that we die in battle - we may be deserving of a place among her most honored men."

Chartas was deeply touched. He knew that among all the captains of the city, none was more honored by the older men, nor more admired by the boys of the city, than Orestes. And he had been both proud and happy that he had been chosen as Orestes' special friend. Now he realized, more fully than ever, what this friendship meant to him.

"He is more than brave," he thought. "He is honored even now, young as he is, because he is morally brave. If he

lives, he will some day be a senator." He looked up into Orestes' face, and, as he met the eyes of his captain, his own shone with an answering purpose. He slipped his hand into that of his friend, and, with a new resolve, walked with him back to their barracks.

Later in the day, as the boys began climbing one of the mountain paths outside the city, they heard a great shout, as though a multitude of men were calling out. They stopped.

"It is the Assembly voting," said Chartas. "I wonder who will be elected."

"How they shout!" exclaimed Brasidas. "I always want to shout, too, when I hear the men. But come, we were sent out to hunt, and we must not go back empty-handed."

"Shall we scatter, or hunt together?" asked Dorus, but before any one could reply there was a quick exclamation from Theron.

The boys looked. At a little distance they saw a young fox, about half grown, trotting along through a bit of forest.

Without a word, the boys bounded forward. At the same moment, the fox discovered the boys. The chase was an exciting one. The fox, used to the rocks and ledges, as well as to the forest, ran surely and swiftly. But the hardy,

barefoot boys were scarcely less sure of foot, and they, too, were good runners.

Perhaps, in a more equal chase, the fox might have outstripped them, but with more than a dozen boys in full pursuit, it is no wonder that it became confused, turned in its course, and, in so doing, ran across the path of Chartas.

Chartas sprang forward, dropped, and buried his two hands deep in the long fur of the animal.

The struggle that followed was fierce and exciting. The boys stood about and watched, ready to help if Chartas asked it. But they understood too well the Spartan code of honor to interfere unasked.

The fighters were well matched for strength, the boy and the fox. Chartas had only his bare hands for weapons, while the fox fought with teeth and claws. But Chartas' hands were strong, his muscles hard, and back of them were a fierce courage and a wonderful power of endurance.

The fox bit at his bare arms, and his legs. It scratched and tore his flesh, but slowly Chartas' hands were working forward, while his tense muscles held the frantic animal with an unyielding hold. At last his hands reached the throat. With all the strength of his hardened muscles, Chartas

tightened his grip. The fox gave one spasmodic twist, and its struggle was ended.

Then the boys shouted! Again and again the forest rang with their cries of "Chartas! Chartas!" and of "Victor! Victor!"

When their first excitement had subsided they pressed about him, praising him, and exclaiming over his deed.

"Good!" cried Gelon. "That was far better than the story we are told by our masters, of the brave boy who let the fox destroy him. I have always wondered why he did not choke the little beast when he had it so well hidden!"

Amid the laughter that followed Gelon's remark, Brasidas took Chartas' hand. "Come," he said, "let me wash your wounds. A clean wound is soon healed, you know."

So, laughing, praising and shouting, the boys led Chartas to a clear stream that flowed down the mountain, and there, in the cold water, washed the scratched and torn flesh of the sturdy young Spartan.

It was time for the evening meal when Chartas, bearing his trophy upon his back, led the group of boys into their quarters.

Some of the older men half rose to their feet when they

saw him, and the face of Danaus lighted with pleasure, for Chartas' burden was all the explanation they needed for his torn and still bleeding flesh. Some of the men openly praised him, and all showed their approval.

He cast the body of the fox upon the floor and, looking up, met the eyes of Orestes. There was no need of words.

"Have your wounds been cleansed?" asked Orestes; and there was a note of personal concern in his voice.

"Yes," replied Chartas. "Brasidas washed them in the stream."

"That is good," said Orestes; and then he added earnestly, "You have borne yourself well!"

CHAPTER XII

The Drill

The next morning, after their regular duties, and their plunge in the river, the boys went to the gymnasium. They were making good progress in their practice of the Pyrrhic war dance, and they found it by far the most interesting of their daily drills.

When they were in readiness, the flute player sounded the notes to which the Spartan soldiers led an attack when in battle. The boys were divided for the dance into smaller groups, and, at the sound of the flute, each boy placed upon his head a crown, and grasped his shield. Then, as the stirring notes continued, they advanced by divisions, and went through the evolutions of an army going into battle.

Their step was not the steady marching step of the soldier of to-day. It was, rather, a springing, dancing movement, light, and quick, and graceful. Indeed, the soldiers of Sparta were often spoken of as dancers, even in actual war.

There were many positions for the boys to learn. There was the attitude of defence, and the movement of attack. They must learn to crouch behind their shields; to spring up; to thrust as with a spear. It was splendid exercise for the muscles, and these lithe, sinewy boys tingled with the joy and the exhilaration of the play. But it exercised more than the muscles. It made them alert, quick to hear, quick to think, quick to act.

Chartas was foremost among the boys of his company in the grace of his movements, and the readiness with which he responded to the commands of the leader. But although this was partly due to his own natural aptitude, he owed much to the careful private drill of Orestes.

"You dance well!" exclaimed Dorus, admiringly, as he and Chartas left the gymnasium together.

"But Orestes deserves most of the credit," Chartas answered frankly.

"I know that you are the favorite of Orestes," said Dorus, making the statement in the matter-of-fact manner in which a captain's preference was always accepted, "and, to my mind, you are the most favored boy in Sparta. There is no other captain in the city to compare with Orestes."

"That is true," said Chartas, with shining eyes, for he loved to hear his captain praised. And then he added, "I am glad we have you in our company."

"I was pleased, I can tell you!" exclaimed Dorus, "and so was my father, the king."

"We are to spend the rest of the day outside the city," said Chartas. "Where shall we go?"

"I should like to follow the river below Sparta," responded Dorus. "What do you say to that?"

"It suits me," answered Chartas. "Shall we ask Brasidas to join us?"

"Yes," replied Dorus readily. "I like Brasidas. He is a good companion, and a true Spartan."

Both above and below Sparta, the bed of the Eurotas lay between high, hilly lands, and on the west towered the rocky heights of the mountain. Here the stream was swift, and below the city it tumbled over rocks, forming a rapid cascade. But lower down the river broadened out over a level plain. Here grew the reeds and the rushes which the boys were sent to gather for their beds.

To follow the Eurotas was one of the favorite excursions of the boys.

Several miles below Sparta, there were the ruins of ancient temples and statues, and a vaulted underground cemetery.

The three boys ran races, climbed over rocks, or forded the river, as the impulse directed them. Occasionally they sat down to watch the water, or to talk.

"I wonder what gave the river its name," said Brasidas, as they sat watching the swift eddies between some great rocks.

"Don't you know?" asked Dorus. "'Tis named for Eurotas, son of Myles. The water used to rise and overflow the level plain below us, destroying the crops. Eurotas had a canal dug to keep the river in its bed. That was a great many years ago, but the stream was named in his honor."

"'Tis well you told us the story," said Chartas. "Some of the men might have asked us the question, and we could not have answered. They like to catch us when they can."

"There are other interesting things about the river," said Dorus. "But you, of course, know about them."

"Tell us," responded Brasidas. "We may not know, and even if we do, 'twill do no harm to hear of them again."

"Yes, do tell us," added Chartas, for he had already learned that Dorus was a good story-teller.

"We all know of Helen, wife of King Menelaus of Sparta," said Dorus. "We know that she was stolen by Paris and taken to the city of Troy; and that the siege of Troy, of which Homer tells in the Iliad, was for the purpose of restoring Helen to her husband and to Sparta. That much we learn from Homer."

Chartas and Brasidas nodded, but they did not interrupt.

"But did you know," continued Dorus, "that farther below us, on the Eurotas, there is a temple dedicated to this same Helen?"

"No," exclaimed Chartas and Brasidas together. "How far is it? Can we not go to it to-day? "

"Hardly, to-day, I think," said Dorus, "but perhaps Orestes will take all our company some day, and let us follow the river to the sea. That would be an expedition worth while!"

"It is twenty miles!" exclaimed Brasidas. "Could we return by nightfall? "

"Possibly," said Chartas, "or we might stay over the night and have more time to look over the country, and to see the old temples and statues."

"You have heard of the underground cemetery of Castor

and Pollux, and of the temple erected to them?" asked Dorus.

"Yes," replied Chartas, "but I never have seen them. Tell us the story of the Twin Brothers, Dorus, before we return to the city."

"'Tis not fair," said Dorus. "You and Brasidas can tell stories as well as I."

"Brasidas, then!" cried Chartas. "Tell us the story, Brasidas!"

"I would rather run a race, or wrestle, than tell a story," laughed Brasidas, but for all that he began:

"Castor and Pollux," he said, "were twin brothers, sons of Zeus. Castor was a famous horseman, and Pollux was a wrestler. They both sailed with Jason when he went in search of the Golden Fleece. They had power over the winds and the sea.

"Pollux, only, was immortal, and when his Twin Brother died, he begged Zeus, his father, that he be allowed to divide his brother's fate. Zeus gave consent, and for a long time the Twin Brothers alternated between life and death. But later, Zeus set them together among the stars of the heavens. To this day the images of these gods are carried by our kings

when they go into war."

"And it was their images that the colonists asked for, a while ago," added Chartas, "when the war was going against them."

"Yes," assented Brasidas. "The request nearly caused a riot in the Assembly!"

"It is the tomb of the Twin Brothers that we will see down the river," said Dorus.

"I am more eager than ever for the trip," said Chartas. "I will ask Orestes to take our company."

"Good! good!" exclaimed the boys. "He will be sure to do it if you ask him."

CHAPTER XIII

Days of Preparation

All Sparta was interested in the approaching celebration of the Carnea. This was a warlike festival to the god Apollo, who was regarded as the leader and founder of the Dorians, the race to which the Spartans belonged. He was worshipped as their chief god, and all the principal temples of the country were sacred to him.

Apollo was called the "far darting god," whose arrows never missed their mark. He was said to encourage the warriors, and "with a cloud wrapped about his shoulders," to lead them into the thick of battle.

Apollo was also regarded as the punisher of evil, and the avenger of wrong. He was most beloved of all the gods, for he was believed to be the most friendly to man, protecting him from evil, and healing him in sickness.

Many were the questions which the men of Sparta put to the boys during the days of preparation for the festival, for

these celebrations were not intended to be simply a time of fun and frolic. They were regarded as a religious ceremony, pleasing to the god in whose honor they were given. For this reason the boys were expected to know the stories of the gods, and to understand the meaning of all the ceremonies connected with the celebration.

Outside the city, tents were being erected, and the plain on which they stood looked like the encampment of a miniature army.

There were nine tents in all. Each tent was to be occupied by nine men, who would live as though in a military camp, and the celebration would last for nine days.

The boys spent all their spare time watching the preparations for the festival. They saw the tents erected; they knew how they were furnished, and what men were to occupy each one. As they went about the plain, they amused themselves by imagining that they were visiting the tents of a great army, and that they, themselves, were soldiers.

As a group of the boys returned, one day, from an inspection of the camp, they took an unfrequented path that led them back to the city by a longer way.

"I heard a new story, this morning," said Chartas, as

they walked on. "One of the soldiers told it to me. I liked it."

"Tell us! tell us!" exclaimed the boys in chorus.

"The story was of Sous, one of the warriors in the early days of Sparta. He was a king, and a real Spartan hero," said Chartas, with shining eyes. "One day he and his warriors were surrounded by their enemies. They had been fighting and marching on a hot day, without a drop of water to drink. Sous and his soldiers were almost perishing from thirst.

"In the valley, guarded by the enemy, there was a fountain of pure water. His soldiers were begging for a drink, and Sous knew that unless his men could obtain water, they must die. So he shouted, 'I will give up all my conquests if I, and my army, are but allowed to drink at your fountain.'

"His enemies were glad to recover so easily what they had lost, and they agreed.

"As the soldiers of Sous were about to rush to the fountain, he cried, 'Hold! I will give my crown to the man who can deny himself water to drink.'

"But the soldiers rushed on, and almost fought for

the precious water which they had been so long without.

"Sous stood by and looked at them. Then, dipping his hand in the fountain, he moistened his skin with the water, and turned away without drinking.

"'I still can deny myself,' he said. 'The crown is mine!'"

"Fine! fine!" exclaimed the boys, as Chartas finished.

"That is a good story," said Theognis, "and it was well told."

"Chartas will yet rival you in story-telling, if you are not careful," said Brasidas.

"Oh," replied Theognis, "he is already a worthy rival."

"Have you another story as good as that?" asked Dorus.

"No," replied Chartas with a laugh. "But perhaps some one else has."

No one volunteered, and just then Gelon gave a hasty exclamation.

"Look at that miserable hut!" he said.

"Who can live in such a place? But see," he added, "there is a man coming out of the door."

The boys looked, and at once their gaze was held by the strange appearance of the man.

The men of Sparta wore their hair long, while that of the

slaves was cropped close. But the hair of this man was long upon one side of his head, and cut close upon the other. His cloak hung upon him in rags.

He was hurrying along the path now, his eyes upon the ground. The boys were strangely quiet. As he drew near to them, he glanced up, and, seeing them, he stepped aside, and, with downcast eyes, waited for them to pass.

For some time longer the boys were silent as they walked on. Then Theron spoke. "Who is he?"

"A deserter!" said Dorus. "Did you not notice his half-cropped head? I remember of hearing my father tell about him. He ran away from the army during an attack. He might better have been killed, for then he would have been a hero. Now he is an outlaw. He cannot live in the city. No one will give him fire for his hearth. He cannot vote; he can take no part in the games or the festivals. No one will wrestle with him in the gymnasium. He lives alone."

"He even made way for us in the path!" exclaimed Theognis.

"Yes," added Dorus, "and if he were witnessing a game and one of us had no seat, he would have to give up his."

"What a terrible life!" exclaimed Brasidas. "So that

is what it means to be a deserter from the Spartan army!"

"I have heard," said Chartas, "of a deserter who afterward rushed headlong into the most dangerous place in a battle in order that he might be killed."

"I should think that they would all do that!" exclaimed Gelon.

"So should I," responded Theron.

"Fortunately," said Dorus, "there are not many deserters from the Spartan army."

CHAPTER XIV

The Carnea

In the early morning, a group of young girls might have been seen climbing some of the lower slopes of the hills. It was the first day of the Carnean festival, and they were in search of vines and flowers as offerings for the altar of Apollo. Among the girls were Melissa, Chartas' sister, and Gorgo, who had driven her chariot so fearlessly at the last festival.

"I know where there are late roses in blossom," said Melissa. "Come with me, and I will show you." A group of the girls followed, as she climbed a near-by hill.

"Oh, how beautiful!" they exclaimed, as they came upon the bushes, bending with fragrant blossoms.

They filled their arms with the clusters, and when they could carry no more, they started back toward the city.

Others of the girls joined them as they went on.

"What lovely trailing vines you have found, Gorgo," said Melissa, as they met.

"But not more lovely than your roses," replied Gorgo.

The girls made a beautiful picture with their light draperies and fresh flowers. They seated themselves upon the ground and began fashioning garlands and sprays of bloom, while they talked of the festival, and of the part that they were to take.

"There are strangers in the city," said Gorgo, as she laid aside a garland. "I wish they would not come to our festivals."

"Why do you wish that?" questioned a young girl, who sat beside her.

"Because," replied Gorgo, "they think it strange that we take part in the contests and the choruses. In Athens, only the men take part. The girls must stay at home. And when they do go upon the street, they must wear veils over their faces, and speak to no one."

"And do you think these strangers are from Athens?" asked Melissa.

"Yes," answered Gorgo, "I think so. They wear embroidered cloaks, and jeweled ornaments, and they talk

and laugh like girls."

"But they are young, are they not?" asked another of the girls.

"They are not boys," replied Gorgo. "But you will doubtless see them for yourselves. Come," she added, rising, "it is time we returned, and our garlands are finished."

The statue of the Carnean Apollo was of wood, and for many, many years it had stood, uncovered by any temple. But it was for this rude wooden image that the girls of Sparta were preparing their offerings of flowers and garlands. At the sound of flute and cithara, they hastened and took their places in the procession.

As the girls advanced with graceful steps and gestures, and laid their offerings upon the altar of the god, the people sang a joyous chorus of thanksgiving for the peace and plenty that Sparta had enjoyed.

The nine days of the festival were filled with sacrifices, processions, military drills, and music. It was a time of rejoicing for all the people, and especially for the boys of Sparta, for they were trained to be soldiers, and the war-like character of the Carnea pleased them

mightily.

Some of the boys lingered beside the altar, after the exercises of the day.

"Think how long this image has stood!" exclaimed Theognis, as he threw himself upon the grass and picked up a flower which had fallen from one of the garlands.

"'Tis said," replied Chartas, stretching himself upon the ground beside Theognis, "that it stood here when Menelaus and Helen ruled. It must have witnessed the stealing away of Helen."

"Yes," added Dorus, "and the setting out of the fleet to bring her back from Troy."

"It makes the poems of Homer seem more real, to think of that," said Brasidas. "Perhaps it will be easier for me to remember my lines if I think of them in connection with the Sparta that I know, and of this image, which was standing then."

One part of the festival was given up to musical contests, both of singers and of those who played upon instruments, and the victors were crowned with wreaths of laurel. It was for honor that they sang, not for gifts, and the laurel wreath won for its wearer the praise and honor of all.

"I wonder if I shall ever be crowned a victor in such contests," said Theognis to himself. "Oh, I hope that I may!"

He had been thrilled by the music of the choruses, but the singing of the men who, one by one, competed for the prize, had stirred him even more.

No one knew Theognis' secret, but he had composed more than one song, which he stole away by himself to sing. No one else had heard them, but often when the boys of his company were sent to forage or to hunt, he went quietly away, and it was then that he sang his songs. His voice was strong, sweet, and flexible, and this the boys of his company knew, for they heard him sing in the choruses. Orestes alone guessed that Theognis would some day be a poet, but it was to Chartas only that he had told his belief - and Chartas had almost forgotten what he had said.

It was near the close of the festival that the foot-race of the girls took place. It was a beautiful sight, and the Spartans loved beauty, though only a free, rugged beauty pleased them.

The girls were dressed in soft white garments, and they ran like the swift, free children of nature that they were. The matrons of Sparta, their faces veiled, watched the

contest.

"What would our sisters in Athens say to such sport as this?" exclaimed one of the strangers of whom Gorgo had spoken.

"They would wish to live in Sparta, I think," replied another of the group.

"But not when they had tasted the Spartan black broth and barley bread!" exclaimed a third, with a laugh.

"That is right," said the second speaker, "although one must admit that the Spartans do not live upon bread and broth only, as our Athenians claim."

"Quite true!" said the first. "But, beware," he added, in a lower tone, "some of these Spartans are scowling upon us even now. We had better hold our tongues."

The festival closed with the singing of a great paean, in which all the people joined.

When it was all over, and the city returned to its usual quiet life, with no tents standing upon the plain, and no crowds or sound of music in the streets, life seemed dull enough to the boys. But they took up their drills, and games, and music, and soon settled down to their everyday life again.

CHAPTER XV

The Truce-Bearers

"Who are these?" asked Brasidas of Chartas, as two strange men entered Sparta near the close of a summer day. "They must have traveled some distance," he added, noticing their dust-covered cloaks.

"They are travelers, surely," replied Chartas, and then, laying his hand upon Brasidas' arm, he said eagerly, "I wonder - can it be that they are the truce-bearers from Elis?"

"Truly, I believe that they are!" exclaimed Brasidas. "Come, let us follow."

The travelers looked about them with interest, as travelers in a strange city will, and the two eager boys followed.

Presently the men reached the market-place of the city, and entered.

"We can go no farther," said Chartas, in a disappointed tone, as he stopped.

"No," said Brasidas, stopping also. "I have no desire to be flogged for so common-place a reason as entering the market-place. I did not know that Melon was so foolish till yesterday."

"Melon!" said Chartas. "Of Procles' company? What of him?"

"Did you not hear?" asked Brasidas laughingly. "He was flogged last night for entering the market-place. A slave was running from his master, and Melon's curiosity got the better of him, and he followed."

"He must have been curious!" exclaimed Chartas, with an answering laugh. "Was he so anxious to see the slave flogged that he forgot his own safety?"

"I think that, to-day, he will have more sympathy for the slave," chuckled Brasidas.

"I wonder," said Chartas, "why it is that we boys are never allowed in the market-place."

"Spartans are not trained for farmers or tradesmen," said Brasidas, "and I suppose if we were allowed there, we would be idle and curious. But, listen," he added, "I believe they are coming back."

Brasidas was right. The two men were now accompanied

by some of the magistrates of the city. Before the strangers went a herald who called: "Attend, ye people! The Elean truce-bearers of Zeus address you!"

The people stopped in their various occupations. They came from their homes, and from the temples, and gathered in the streets as the truce-bearers went about proclaiming their message:

"No army may invade another's territory. All must live in peace, that the sacred games at Olympia may be celebrated without interruption or discord."

There was general rejoicing throughout the city, as the truce-bearers proclaimed their mission, and the approaching games became the chief topic of conversation.

"Your father has been to the games," said Gelon to Chartas, as the boys were together later. "Tell us what it is like at Olympia. He has told you, has he not?"

"Yes," replied Chartas, "but it is better to hear from one who has seen for himself."

"But none of us have been. Tell us what you can," urged the boys.

"Of course we know that everybody goes who can," said Chartas, "and Father says that the roads leading to

Olympia are filled with travelers of every age, and every station in life. Some ride, but many more walk.

"At Olympia," he continued, "there is a great temple with an image of Zeus, which is made from ivory and gold. The image is forty feet high. All the people go there with offerings, but those who are to take part in the games go before the image and take oath that they have a right to compete, and that they will use only fair means to win.

"In the groves there are many statues of victors, besides temples and altars to the gods.

"A course is laid out for the games, and the people sit in the seats and upon the hillsides which rise all around it."

"It must be a wonderful festival! "exclaimed Brasidas.

"Yes," continued Chartas, "Father says that it is like a great market-place, too, for merchants bring all kinds of goods there to sell. But our Spartan money is not of much use in buying from foreign merchants, nor have they much to sell that could be used in Sparta. We care too little for luxuries, nor would they be allowed within the city.

"On the last day," Chartas resumed, "there are

processions in honor of the victors, and sacrifices of thanksgiving are made to Zeus. Then the city of Elis gives a great banquet in honor of those who have won victories in the games."

"I wish we all might go!" exclaimed Dorus.

"Perhaps some of us may compete at the next Olympiad," said Theognis, and then he blushed under his swarthy skin, because he had spoken his thought.

"Four years is a long time to wait," said Dorus, "but it will give us time to practise the games, and perhaps find out what we can do best."

"I have heard it rumored," said Brasidas, "that Gorgo plans to send her chariot and horses then."

"'Tis too bad that she cannot drive them herself!" cried Gelon. "She handles them like a man."

"Ah, but the best drivers in all Greece are there," said Theron. "'Tis not like our smaller festivals."

"That is true," replied Gelon, "but I would wager upon a Spartan maiden against a man of Athens!"

"Good!" cried the boys heartily, although they shouted at the same time with laughter.

"But Gorgo's horses are wonderful!" said Dorus, when

they had grown quiet again.

And all the boys agreed, “That is true!”

CHAPTER XVI

"Earth and Water"

"You seem so quiet, Orestes, and so thoughtful. Is anything troubling you?" It was Chartas who spoke, and he looked anxiously into Orestes' face.

Three years have passed since we last saw Chartas, and he is no longer a member of a company of boys, but the captain of a company of his own. The friendship between Orestes and himself has grown with the years, and now there seems less difference between their ages than when they were younger.

"I am troubled," Orestes answered. "Not for myself," he added, as Chartas gave a quick gesture of sympathy, "but for Sparta - nay, not for Sparta alone, but for Greece."

"Then you believe the rumors," said Chartas.

"You think the Persians are really likely to invade Greece?"

"Yes," replied Orestes, "I do believe the rumors."

"But even though the Persian numbers are great, as 'tis said," Chartas answered, "they are a barbarian horde. They could not stand against the trained soldiers of Greece."

Orestes smiled at the earnest face of Chartas, but his smile was one of appreciation, not of amusement.

"I hope you are right," he said. "But sometimes I fear it is our own ignorance that makes us feel so secure. Mind," he added, "I do not think we are going to be defeated if the Persians come, but that the struggle will be a much greater one than we Spartans, at least, now realize."

"How have you learned this?" asked Chartas, for Orestes' earnest speech had made a deep impression upon him.

"I have thought much about it," replied Orestes, "and I have asked many questions of those who have traveled abroad."

Chartas was silent. Persia was, to him, an unknown land, as it was to most of the Spartans, who seldom left their own country. His gaze rested upon the road which led from Sparta toward the hills on the farther side of the river, but his thoughts were far beyond the hills.

Suddenly his gaze grew intent, and after a moment he leaned forward, as though to see more clearly. "Who are

the men coming yonder?" he asked.

Orestes turned and gazed as earnestly as Chartas had done.

"They are not Spartans," he said. "One can see their rich apparel, and they wear the hats of travelers."

They continued to gaze, and, at length, as the men came close, they exclaimed together, "They are barbarians! They are no Greeks. What does it mean?"

As the men passed on, Chartas and Orestes followed at a distance. The men went straight to the market-place, passed the Temple of Fear, and stopped before the Ephoreum. After looking about them for a moment, they entered the building.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered, for the sight of the two strangers had awakened the curiosity of all.

"Who are they?" "Where are they from?" "What is their business?" These questions were heard upon every side, but no one could answer.

For a long time the people waited, while the crowd increased as the news spread, until it seemed as though every citizen of Sparta was in the throng.

At length the ephors appeared. The strangers were with

them. Then these stepped aside, and the two kings of Sparta stepped from the door of the Ephoreum.

"They must have interrupted a session of the ephors," said Chartas, and then he stopped and listened, for one of the kings was speaking.

"Men of Sparta," he said, "King Darius of Persia has sent his ambassadors to demand of us a gift of earth and water."

There was a moment of absolute silence. Then, from every side, there arose an uproar of sound. Men shouted, groaned, shook their fists; there were imprecations, bellowings of wrath, jeers, and oaths. The women who fringed the crowd shrieked, or wailed, or laughed aloud in derision.

The king waited. The ambassadors of Darius first flushed; then grew pale.

"Earth and water!" exclaimed Orestes between set teeth. "It has come! But I wish Darius himself were here. I wonder if he would think the Spartans likely to become his subjects - to pay him tribute!" For this was the meaning of the ambassadors' mission. Earth and water were the signs of surrender.

In the meantime the uproar continued - increased. The sound had brought others from the outskirts of the city. From all directions they were coming - running, shouting, inquiring. And as they learned the news, they, too, shouted defiance, threw their arms, threatened.

At first the ambassadors had listened to the mob with curling lips and heads thrown back. But as the tumult increased their manner changed. One of them raised his hand, and attempted to speak.

But it was useless. The effort only roused the mob to ridicule; and then threats of violence began to be heard.

"No, no!" cried Orestes to a man beside him, who was shouting threats against the ambassadors, "remember the honor of Sparta. Let the ambassadors carry our message to their king."

But it was like trying to stop the flow of a mountain torrent with a man's hand. Not even the kings could stop the mighty outburst of the mob's anger and passion.

There was a sudden surge of the crowd. It swept up the steps of the Ephoreum, and the ambassadors were dragged away.

Later in the day, when the city had grown quiet and the

people had gone to their houses - though they still gathered in small groups here and there, in excited conversation - Orestes and Chartas walked once more together along the river bank.

A man passed them. With a savage laugh he exclaimed: "Darius will wait long for his ambassadors!"

But Orestes responded: "And Sparta's honor! What of that?"

CHAPTER XVII

A Runner from Marathon

"Of what are you thinking, these days?" asked Orestes, as he came upon Chartas walking slowly along a footpath outside the city.

"Of Sparta's lack of readiness for war," answered Chartas frankly. "Even the boys of my company drill but half-heartedly. I think their interests are all upon games and festivals. I am not so good a captain as you were, Orestes."

"I do not hear that from others," replied Orestes with a smile. "But all Sparta is restless," he added, "and I think it is not wholly due to the games."

The sound of rapid footfalls and of panting breath close behind them, made them turn quickly. A man dashed past. His look was strained; he half staggered as he ran; he was covered with dust.

"What news?" cried Orestes, as he passed.

The man turned his head for but one word. "War," he said, hoarsely, as he staggered and ran on.

Orestes and Chartas bounded forward, more fleet of foot, now, than the runner, and when he reached the market-place the people had already been summoned.

"I have come from Athens," the man gasped. "The Persian army is ready to make an attack. Send troops; send troops, or Greece is lost!" As the man finished he dropped, exhausted, upon the ground.

"Where will the battle be fought?" asked the ephors.

"Marathon," gasped the man. And it was no wonder that he gasped, for it was learned that he had run a distance of one hundred and forty miles in forty-eight hours.

The word spread like fire through the city. "A runner has come from Marathon. The Persian army is ready to attack Athens. They want us to send troops."

There was consternation. It was the time of sacrificing to the gods, and it lacked five days till the full moon. No Spartan army could begin its march till the time of the full moon. What could be done?

"Can the sacrifices be neglected?" asked some.

"What care the Persians for our sacrifices!" exclaimed

others. "Will they wait for that? What about Athens?"

"We must help Athens! How can we refuse?" cried Orestes.

"But the sacrifices! We must honor the gods if we hope to win in battle!" said the older men. "It is yet five days till the moon is full," cried another. "We cannot send our soldiers until then!"

"'Twill take that time to gather our army," another declared - though it was but an excuse to temporize.

The counsel of the older men prevailed, as it always did in Sparta, and after the long five days of delay the troops were in readiness.

"I am not too young to go," cried Chartas imploringly. "And Sparta has too few men to meet the Persian horde!"

"He is best of all the Pyrrhic war dancers," said one of the men.

"If Orestes goes, we cannot hold him," said another.

And so, when the troops marched away from Sparta, Chartas went by Orestes' side.

After anxious days of waiting, the sounds of fife and cithara were heard advancing from the hills.

The people of Sparta flocked out, and ran far beyond the city to meet the returning army. Would there be few, or many? How had the battle gone?

The entire army was returning! The people shouted for joy.

But the soldiers marched with grim faces.

"We were too late!" exclaimed the general in command, and it was as though he had flung the words in the faces of the people. "We delayed! The battle was fought without us! But," he added, "the Persians were defeated. The gods themselves fought for Greece."

As the army disbanded, groups formed here and there to learn the story in greater detail. Then the people were told how the Athenians, though few in number, had met the Persian host on the plain of Marathon, and had driven them back to their ships. They were told, too, of the size and magnificence of the invading army, and of the rich spoils which were left upon the field.

"Our general said that the gods had a part in the battle," said Theognis. "What did he mean by that?"

"They told us strange stories when we reached the field," said Chartas. "Some of the people declared that the Greek

soldiers were encouraged by the god Pan, who shouted and cheered them on from the mountains. Others said that Theseus himself was in the thick of the battle, clad in armor, and fighting mightily against the Persians; and that great Herakles appeared, and drove the barbarians into the water, as men would drive a flock of sheep."

"'Twas a deed bravely done!" exclaimed Orestes. "Would that we might have had a part in it!"

Theognis' face lighted as he listened. Then, when none was noticing, he stole away to the foot-hills. The impulse was strong upon him. He had been stirred by the picture which Chartas' words had called up - of the gods fighting for Greece - and easily, naturally, he began to put the pictures into words, and then to sing. As the pictures grew more distinct, so the words of his song fashioned themselves more readily, until his voice rose clearly, freely, in a song of triumph, a paean of thanksgiving.

"Hark!" said Orestes softly, for he and Chartas had strolled away from the noisy groups. "'Tis the voice of Theognis."

"Truly it is," said Chartas. "But what is his song? I have not heard it."

"No?" questioned Orestes, with an odd smile. "What have I told you, Chartas?"

For a moment Chartas looked puzzled, and then his face lighted. With a gasp of astonishment he asked: "Do you think the song is his own?"

"Listen," said Orestes again, and now they heard the words, as Theognis sang of the battle - of the aid of the gods in the battle.

"'Tis his own!" cried Chartas in delight. "Oh, Orestes, he must sing at the festival!"

"I hope that he will," said Orestes, "but we must bide his own time."

That night, as the men sat in barracks after their evening meal, Theognis took his cithara and began to sing. It was his own song of the battle.

The men listened; they leaned forward; unconsciously they began to beat the time, and when the song was finished, voices arose shouting, "Victor! victor!"

There was no laurel wreath with which to crown him, but Theognis was satisfied, for he knew that his song was approved; that his gift was recognized.

The song was called for again, and yet again. Then

others began to sing it with him, until finally all the voices joined in the new paean of thanksgiving.

"Ah, Theognis," said Chartas, as soon as he could join him, "Orestes has been waiting for this, but I was stupid. I did not know."

"Orestes!" exclaimed Theognis in surprise. "How should he know?"

"Oh," replied Chartas, "he has understood you. But I was blind!"

"But, Chartas," said Theognis, grasping his hand, "it was you who aroused me at last. It was you who gave me the subject for my song!"

CHAPTER XVIII

For Sparta's Honor

Once more the truce-bearers of Olympia had come to Sparta with their message of peace.

"Let us pray the gods that we may be able to keep the truce!" exclaimed Orestes.

"But the games are in honor of the gods," said Theognis. "We cannot hope for victory in war, if we fail to honor the gods."

"'Tis true enough!" replied Orestes thoughtfully.

"You are going to the games?" questioned Chartas of Theognis. "You must go," he added, "and enter the musical contest with your song."

"Yes," answered Theognis, "I am going, and –" he flushed as he added, "I hope to sing."

"Many who were of our old company are going," said Gelon. "You are, of course," he added. "You have trained for the foot-race."

"Yes, I have trained," replied Chartas, but he said no more.

"Gorgo is sending her chariot and horses!" exclaimed Dorus. "I hope they will win."

It was later in the day when Chartas again met some of his friends, and again the subject of the Olympic games was mentioned. The boys had not understood his apparent indifference of the morning, for he had taken his many months of training for the foot-race with such enthusiasm and perseverance that they all had predicted that he would win. And now, when he said, in answer to a question from Gelon, "I shall not compete," they were too greatly surprised even to speak.

Chartas looked into their faces. He had hoped to be able to show them what Orestes had shown him, of the danger that threatened Greece: of the need of standing ready for instant action. The battle of Marathon, too, had opened his eyes to the size and character of the Persian army, and he knew that the defeat of the Persians there would by no means end the invasion; and of this, too, he had hoped to convince them.

But what Chartas saw when he looked into the faces of

his friends held him speechless. It was a dawning look of distrust; even of scorn.

Could it be that these friends, with whom he had lived day by day, through all the years of his boyhood and youth, could believe for a moment that he was a coward? So the faces told him!

With a suffocating, choking sense of resentment, anger, hurt, he turned and strode away. He could not speak, nor would he, now.

"I have no heart for the games this year," said Orestes, later, when he and Chartas were alone together. "If it were not that you are to compete, I should not go."

"But I shall not compete," said Chartas quietly. "I have already withdrawn." He turned his face, that Orestes might not see its expression, for his hurt was still fresh and keen.

"What! Not compete? And you have trained for the foot-race, and are almost sure to win!" cried Orestes.

"I had thought to go," said Chartas, "but even though it is the time of the truce, something tells me that Sparta will have need of men at home."

It was some moments before Orestes answered. Then he laid his arm across Chartas' shoulders with the old gesture,

as he said, "It must have been a hard struggle to give it up. Aye, it took courage, more than most of your age could summon! But, Chartas, you are right. What do the Persian hordes care for the sacred games of Greece?

"But, listen!" he added. "The heralds are summoning the people. Let us see what it means."

Together they hurried to the place of assembly.

As soon as the people had gathered, one of the aged senators stood forth. There was a hush over all as he began to speak.

"Men of Sparta," he said, "we are soon to send competitors to the Olympic games, in honor of the gods. Can the gods accept the offerings of those who are dishonored?"

"No!" shouted the people. "No!"

"But we are dishonored!" exclaimed the senator, his voice ringing as he flung out the words. "In the heat of passion we have slain two innocent men."

There was a murmur at this, partly of approval, partly of disapproval. But he went on.

"The men came as ambassadors. They bore a message from their king. Had we acted with honor, we would have

sent them back - empty-handed, to be sure - but we would have sent them back to their king.

"But Sparta has a conscience," he continued, "and Sparta's conscience is at length aroused. We must wipe out the stain upon our honor!"

"Yes, yes!" cried many voices among the throng, while others shouted, "How can we do it?"

"There is but one way," said the aged man. He was silent as his gaze swept over the upturned faces of the multitude. "But one way!" he repeated slowly. Then, after an impressive pause, he added: "We must send two men to Darius, to fare at his hands as his ambassadors did at ours!"

There was a breathless silence.

Then there was a movement among the crowd, and at almost the same instant four Spartans stood before the senator, and as one man they said: "I will go. For Sparta's honor, I will go."

The senator looked at the men. "Sperthias, Bulis, Orestes, Chartas!" he cried. "But two are needed. The lot shall be cast."

Again Orestes' arm rested upon Chartas' shoulder, as

he whispered, "Pray the gods that we may go together!"

But it was not to be. The lot was cast, and the names of Sperthias and Bulis were called.

There was no shout. A feeling of solemnity fell upon the people, as they realized the price that must be paid for their rash and dishonorable act.

Quietly they dispersed, talking in low undertones, and with grave faces.

Chartas felt a hand placed upon his arm. Turning, he faced his father, and beside Danaus were his mother and Melissa.

Melissa caught his hand, and held it close, while his mother threw her arms about him - but said no word.

"My son," said Danaus simply, "you have made us both proud and happy."

Then a group of young men sought out Orestes and Chartas. Turning toward the group, the friends stood in the attitude so familiar to them all.

Dorus was the first to speak.

"Chartas," he said, "yesterday, after you left us, I called you a coward, because you withdrew from the foot-race. I thought you feared the trial. Now I hate

myself for having had such a thought. I should have known you better!"

"We should all have known you better," cried Theron and Gelon.

"And I!" exclaimed Brasidas, pressing forward. "After all the years we have been together, even I wondered if you lacked courage." His face flushed. "Courage!" he added, with intense self-scorn, "and you would have died for Sparta's honor!"

THE END.