43M

Rath, hill that, in old times, was held as a fort.
Plain'tive, sad
Grass'hop-per, insect that leaps in the grass.
Clam'or, din.
Elf'in, having to do with elves or fairies.
Po-ta'toes, tubers, or fleshy underground stems, of a common plant.
Car'riage (*kar'rij*, the "a" as in *cat*), frame with seats for people set on wheels.
Duch'ess, wife or widow of a duke, a man next in rank to a prince or a king.
Daugh'ter, female child.
Mar'riage, act of making two persons husband and wife.
Seize, lay hold of.
San'dal, sole strapped to the foot, leaving the upper part bare.
Mi'ser, one who hoards up money.
Cor'mor-ant, large and greedy sea-bird.
Wrin'kled (the "w" silent), having wrinkles, or folds in the skin.
Wiz'ened, shrivelled.
Spec'ta-cles, glasses in a frame, to help weak sight.
Hose, stockings.
Bus kins, high boots.
Brogues, stout, coarse shoes.
Rogue, cunning person; rascal.
Doubt (the "b" silent), state of being unable to make up one's mind.
Whim'si-cal, full of whims, or odd fancies

HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE.

Fan'cied, had a liking for.
In-tend'ed, meant; fixed in mind.
Per'fect-ly, quite; completely.
Ob-served', noticed.
Con-trast'ed, showed marked difference.
Re-quest', act of asking for anything desired
Con'ver-sa'tion, talk between people.
For'tu-nate-ly, luckily.
Re-ceipt'ed (*re-seat'ed*), marked to show that the money has been received.

1. My friend Jack went into a baker's shop, one day, to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone, and who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick. While he waited for his change, a little boy, six or eight years old, in poor but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop.



From a stereograph by Underwood and Underwood.]
IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

2. "If you please, ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread."

The woman climbed upon the counter (this happened in a country town), took, from the shelf of four-pound loaves, the best one she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

3. My friend Jack then, for the first time, observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the big, round loaf, of which he was taking the best of care.

4. "Have you any money?" said the baker's wife.

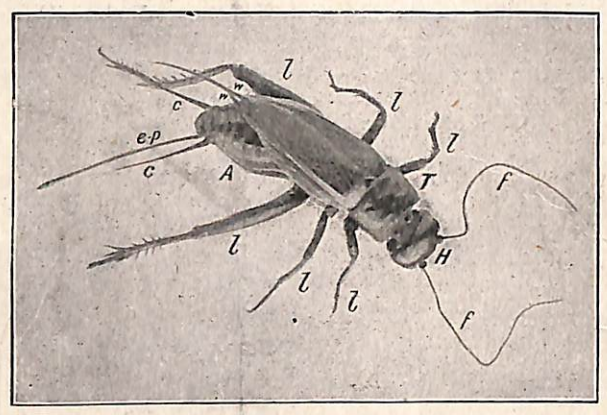
The little boy's eyes grew sad.

"No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; "but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow."

5. "Run along," said the good woman; "carry your bread home, child."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.

6. My friend Jack came forward for his change. He had put his purchase into his pocket, and was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf standing stock-still behind him.



A FEMALE FIELD CRICKET, VICTORIA.

H, head; T, thorax; A, abdomen; *f*, *f*, feelers; *l*....*l*, legs; *w*, *w*, wings folded together; *c*, *c*, cerci; *e.-p.*, egg-placer.

7. "What are you doing there?" said the baker's wife to the child, who, she, too, thought, had left the shop. "Don't you like the bread?"

"O, yes, ma'am," said the child.

8. "Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."

9. The child did not seem to hear. Something else held his attention. The baker's wife went up to him, and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What *are* you thinking about?" said she.

10. "Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes!" cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek, queek, queek, queek!"

11. My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers' houses.

"It is a little bird," said the dear little fellow; "or, perhaps, the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

12. "No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife; "those are crickets. They sing in the bake-house because we are heating the oven, and they like to see the fire."

thousands of onlookers on the stadium seats gave him clap and shout, and prepared to watch his feats at running, wrestling, boxing, and the rest. But, in order to fit himself for the grand game at Olympia, the athlete had to pass many an hour and many a day and many a month in training. Of course, all athletes were not alike. Some were wiry and slender like the god Hermes,[4] who had wings on his feet; and some were huge and massive, after the style of Herakles,[5] the god of strength; and many, it must, in truth, be said, were coarse in their bodies, brutish as pigs, and rude in their speech. Yet, in the best times of Greece, no doubt the men and youths who competed in the games were often heroic in their manner, high-spirited, and full of honest mettle.

4. At the back of the temple of Zeus,[6] where his ivory and gold image was, grew a tree of wild olive—the "Olive of the Fair Crown" it was called. From the branches of this tree were plaited the crowns which were placed on the heads of the winners in the games. A crown of wild olive was the only prize given at Olympia; though, when a victor went home to his city, the people would fill his house with gifts of money and much else, and poets would sing verses in his praise. Such rich rewards would seem to spoil the real glory of the victor; and the simple crown of wild olive rendered him a nobler sight than all the golden coins that filled his lap when he sat at the banquet in his city.

5. Now, however gross and swinish some of the athletes might be, the founders of the games so ordered the customs that all should be done as solemn worship. The olive branches for the crowns were not pulled off the tree by any chance hand, but were cut off with a sickle of gold. Nor could any common boy do the cutting. He must be a boy whose mother and father were both alive, as if to say that no shadow of illness or death must be cast upon the work of crown-making.

6. When the athletes were ready to enter the course for the games, they must not simply show their stout limbs and their fine muscles. They must answer questions:—"Are you a freeman?" "Yes." "Are you of pure Greek blood?" "Yes." "Are you an outlaw?" "No." "Have you insulted the gods?" "No." "Have you been in training for ten months?" "Yes."

"Then," said the judges, "to the truth of your answers, you must swear before the statue of Zeus."

7. Nor was this the end. The father of the games-man must stand forward, the brothers must appear, and the teachers must attend, and all must take an oath to the gods on high that the athlete would do no foul act in the race or match, and be guilty of no injustice.

8. Bronze figures of Zeus were set up at the gate of the stadium. In the course of years, there were as many as sixteen of these, each resting on the right foot, with the left toeing the ground, as if to imply that the god was ready to step forward and challenge the evil-doer for his deceit and injustice.

9. The sixteen statues, I say, stood like a row of sentinels at the gate. Every athlete had to pass them on his way to the stadium. Every athlete was thus silently warned that he was to play fairly, to play justly, to play the man. Indeed, on the pedestal of one of the statues, it was written that the Olympic games were to be contested for *manliness, not money.*

10. And so young men took their way to the crowded stadium, and there was a great sound of shouting, and tens of thousands of eyes were turned toward the athletes, and eager were the hopes of friends that this one should win or that. But the images of Zeus stood at the door. No word came from the lips of bronze, but the statues yet bore their message, and exhorted the games-men to contend with fairness and to be just.

11. Step into the stadium, athletes of Australia, of Europe, of America, of humanity. This stadium is for you all—for bright-eyed girls and



A CHARIOT-RACE AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

sprightly lads. The world lies before you. Parents, friends, teachers gather at the gate to see you pass in, and to wish you well. You will be workers, fellow-workers, citizens, fellow-citizens, home-toilers, and travellers; some on this side in politics, some on that; some voting for this party, and some for that. Give one glance, comrades, at the statues of bronze. Step into the stadium, young souls; play the manly part, play the womanly part, and be open and straight and just.

The games are beginning, comrades; and Olympia is the world.

—Abridged from an article in *Stories for Young Hearts and Minds*, by F. J. GOULD, published by George Allen and Company Limited, London, 1912—a very suitable book for school libraries.