



TED IN MYTHLAND

HERMINE SCHWED



Class PZ 8

Book 312

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TED IN MYTHLAND



“When Jupiter and Juno were seated on the Golden Throne, Mercury introduced Ted, who felt very small and shy.”—Page 24.

TED
IN
MYTHLAND

BY
HERMINE SCHWED

Illustrated by
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To Laura

PREFACE

IN writing these verses I have endeavored to cover the main stories of Greek mythology; to tell them as simply and unpretentiously as possible; to make the gods and goddesses seem more like Ted's friends than stiff divinities; and yet to retain, in the end, something of the Greek spirit. In other words, I want a child to learn these stories through his friendliness, his imagination, his rhyme sense, and even—I might say—his love of fun. So that, if any little Theodore or Theodora find themselves on familiar, affectionate terms with these usually forbidden

PREFACE

gods, if they thus learn the old myth tales without realizing that they are learning anything, and recognize them later in life as old friends, then I shall have builded well indeed.

Two of the verses in this book—“Iris” and “Juno and Vulcan”—were written by my friend, Grace Goodale, as well as a part of the prose matter. I wish also to acknowledge the courtesy of *The Youth's Companion* in allowing me to reprint “Noon.”

July, 1907.

H. S.

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TED IN MYTHLAND



TED, COZILY TUCKED UP.

TED IN MYTHLAND

TED, cozily tucked up on the big couch under the brown steamer rug, gazed about the room unhappily.

“I wish,” he said aloud, “that I didn’t have to take a nap for the party when I’m not sleepy; and I wish somebody would tell me a story.”

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Just then he spied upon the mantel, a little bronze statue of a young man who seemed to be running just as hard as he could. He wore no clothes to speak of except a cap and pointed shoes with wings sprouting out at the heels, and he carried in one hand a queer, twisted stick.

“I wonder why he is running so hard,” said Ted.

At this the little bronze man looked straight at Ted and put his finger on his lips, saying “Sh! Sh!”

Teddy opened his eyes very wide and opened his mouth, too; but he did not dare to speak, for he somehow felt that he must obey the little man.

Then the little man smiled and whispered, “Be very quiet until everybody has gone out of the next room. I am

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Mercury, Messenger of the Gods, and I will tell you a story."

Ted was dying to ask who the gods were, but he kept quite still until he heard his mother close the door. Then he said, "Who are the gods? And why are you always running?"

"Because messengers should always hurry. As for the gods, I suppose you never did hear about us; but two thousand years ago we were very important."

"Were, really?"

"Well, people worshipped us and asked us for the things they wanted. Now two thousand years ago, you would have been asking the god of the winds for a pleasant day for your party."

"Were there separate gods for different things?"

Mercury flew up and down a little to

TED IN MYTHLAND

try his wings before he answered, "Yes, the god of the sea, the god of music, and ever so many others."

"Were there any lady gods?"

"Oh, yes. They were called goddesses."

Ted lay quiet for a moment, thinking hard. Then he said, "Tell me exactly what the gods were. Were they people?"

Mercury took off his cap and scratched his head in a puzzled way, "Well, they looked something like people, but they could do a great many things that people can't do. You just watch me now."

And while Teddy watched, his eyes growing wider and wider, Mercury grew and grew until he was as big as any man, and came flying down from

TED IN MYTHLAND

the mantel, and landed without the least bit of a thump on the foot of Teddy's couch.

Teddy might have been frightened if Mercury's eyes had not twinkled so merrily as he said,

"I'll tell you what. The king and queen of the gods are going to give a big party this afternoon; and if you like I'll take you to it."

"Won't I be too tired for my own party afterward?"

"No, indeed," answered Mercury, "You see this stick. I'll just wave it twice and before you can say 'Jack Robinson' you'll be at Mount Olympus, where the party is going to be."

"Fly there?" asked Ted.

"Sort of flying. You won't know it."

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“But I haven’t been invited,” objected Ted.

“Well, I’d like to know if I’m not inviting you. Remember, I’m one of the gods myself.”

“All right, I’ll go,” said the little boy. Mercury lifted his stick.

“Hold on!” cried Ted, “what is the king’s name?”

“King Jupiter,” answered Mercury. “Keep your eyes shut tight. Now you may get tired on the way, so we’ll rest for a bit on Grandfather Atlas’s shoulder.”

Teddy got so far as “Who is”—when he felt himself lifted and borne upward and swept along with deep, delicious swings, always higher and higher, then set lightly down.

“Open your eyes,” said Mercury.

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TEDDY FELT HIMSELF LIFTED AND BORNE
UPWARD.

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When Ted looked, he saw that he was standing on a bare rock that jutted out above the snow. Clouds were all about him and the wind blew in fierce gusts. Mercury sat quite calmly beside him, taking off his shoes, in order to adjust his wings more carefully.

“I know what you were going to ask when we swooped off,” he said, unlacing the second shoe. “You wanted to know who Atlas was. Well, Atlas was my grandfather—and now he’s this mountain, and while we rest I’ll tell you a story about him to keep you warm. The story is called:

THE GOLDEN APPLES

Old man Atlas was turned to stone—
And a pretty big stone is he;
So exceedingly high that he reaches the
sky,

And as strong as strong can be.

He holds the heavens upon his head,
So he's got to be strong, you see.
Oh, what a surprise if he dropped the
skies

On people like you and me!

Hercules once to Atlas said,
“Give me the heavens to hold—
Now go, if you please, to the Hes-
perides

Where the trees bear apples of gold.

“Your daughters, in the orchards there,
Will give you some apples, I know.

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Please bring me a few, and be lively
too.”

Atlas jumped at the chance to go.

So Hercules climbed to a mountain top
And lifted the skies to his head.

Atlas shouted with glee to find himself
free,

Then off for the apples he sped.

I really don't know how a stone could
run,

I think I have never been told.

But he stayed very long, which was cer-
tainly wrong,

For the heavens were heavy to hold.

Hercules started to walk about—

(He did it to wake up his toes)—

Till Atlas came back with a little brown
sack

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From the land where the apple tree
grows.

“Here are three apples I’ve brought,”
he said,

“I wish I had known you before.
You’re stronger than I, so you keep the
sky;

I’ll not take it back any more.”

But Hercules wouldn’t be tricked like
that:

“It’s making my forehead red—
You take it a bit while a cushion I fit
Where the thing hurts worst,” he said.

Stupid old Atlas agreed to wait;
And seized the skies with a will.

“Well, just for a while,” he said with a
smile,

But Atlas is holding them still.

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“Do you mean that Hercules ran off and left Atlas holding the skies?” asked Ted.

“Certainly. It served him right, too.”

“Who was Hercules?” began Teddy, but Mercury had tied his shoe and grasped his stick.

“I haven’t time to answer questions,” he said. “Now for Olympus!”

Ted shut his eyes, and off they swung, up above the clouds. When he opened his eyes again he found himself in a great, lofty hall. He was so dazzled by the splendor of the gold walls that at first he could see nothing plainly except a big, shining throne in the middle of the hall. Someone was at work, mending the throne—some one with broad, stooped shoulders, and dark shaggy hair.

TED IN MYTHLAND

He wore a leather apron, and his tools
lay about on the floor.

“Now don’t ask who he is,” snapped



VULCAN.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Mercury. "I'll always tell you as soon as I can. That's Blacksmith Vulcan, the god of Fire, and King Jupiter's son. He comes in to do odd jobs only when Jupiter isn't about; and after he's gone I'll tell you why."

Just then Vulcan picked up his tools and came toward them. Teddy saw that he was lame. Vulcan nodded to Mercury and said gruffly,

"I think everything is in shape for the party now. I've just put an extra piece under the floor of the throne, so if Mother Juno gets angry and stamps her foot, it won't crack this time."

Then Mercury told the story of:

JUNO AND VULCAN

Juno, Lady of Olympus,
Was a mischief making queen;
Always nagging gods and mortals;
Always stirring up a scene;

Always prying into secrets;
Always asking someone's age;
Always hurting people's feelings;
Always flying in a rage.

Mighty Jupiter, her husband,
Lost all patience on a day;
Swore that such a meddling vixen
On Olympus should not stay.

With a chain of gold he bound her;
Round her body made it fast;



JUNO AND VULCAN.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Swung her from the walls of heaven;
Stopped her scolding tongue at last.

Dusk had fallen on Olympus
On his golden throne, the king
Nodded, drowsed and, deep in slumber,
Lost all heed of anything.

Juno, tugging at her fetters,
Yet too proud to beg or cry,
Scowling upward at Olympus,
Saw a stirring in the sky;

Heard a careful, cautious whisper,
Floating to her anxious ear:
“Courage, Mother, I will help you,
I, the blacksmith god, am near!”

Harsh his voice and strange his figure;
Massive shoulders, bent with toil;

TED IN MYTHLAND

Sinewy arms and knotted fingers—
Jupiter's revenge to spoil.

Straight he gripped the chain that
bound her;

Braced him for a mighty strain,
Drew his mother slowly upward
Safe to solid sky again.

As the chain was still a-jangling,
With a start the king awoke;
Saw what Vulcan had been doing,
And in voice of thunder spoke,

“What, you dare to disobey me!
Dare to play me such a trick!”
Striding forth, he gave poor Vulcan
One tremendous, kingly kick.

Then the blacksmith god went whirling,
Shouting his was all the blame;

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Fell to earth with such a thumping,
Vulcan, to this day, is lame.

Ted was quite rested by this time, and he began to wander curiously about to get a closer view of the high, golden walls. He now saw delicate patterns of vines and flowers, trees and birds and animals and graceful figures of people, all traced in dull gold and silver tints on the burnished gold of the panels. There were hundreds and hundreds of these shining panels, and when Ted had looked and looked until his head was in a whirl, he came back to the throne where Mercury still sat, watching him.

Near the throne were ranged a great number of golden chairs and benches; and beside one of them was a thing like a harp, which Mercury called a lyre.

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“It belongs to Apollo, the god of Music,” he said. “I invented it myself. I made the first one out of a tortoise shell, but I never had any ear for music, so I gave it to Apollo for my stick here, which is much more useful.”

Teddy touched the rim of the lyre.

“Gold—all gold,” he said. “Seems to me everything is gold in this place. My, I wish I had some of it.”

“Look out!” cried Mercury so sharply that Teddy jumped on the gilded floor. “It’s well enough for the gods, but it doesn’t do for a mortal to have too much gold. Everybody seems to be late in coming to-day, so I’ll tell you one more story while we wait, and then you’ll see what I meant.”

THE FIRST STORY OF MIDAS

Give heed to the story of Midas,

The king who was greedy and bold!
He wished that all things in his king-
dom

Would turn, at his touch, into gold.

He took up a ruddy-cheeked apple

To see if his wish would come true,
It flashed into gold in an instant.

He thought he was lucky—do you?

He touched all the fruits in the garden;

He touched all the flowers and trees.

He gilded the birds and the fishes;

He powdered with gold all the bees.

And all that he touched went a-glitter,

His water and water cans, too.



MIDAS GREW HUNGRY AND THIRSTY.

At last he grew hungry and thirsty.
Whatever was Midas to do?

His bread and his cutlets were golden,
And shining and stony as bricks;
And all of his pencils and matches
Turned right into little gold sticks.

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Gold were the tips of his fingers;

His garments were stiffened to gold.
He longed for a soft, fuzzy blanket;
These things were so heavy and cold.

He flung up his arms to the heavens,
And prayed for a night and a day,
Till the gods sent him off to a river
Where he washed the gold spell quite
away.

Give heed to the story of Midas!
Be not like the king overbold!
Remember, whenever you're wishing,
Be not over greedy for gold.

"I'll bet I won't," said Teddy.

"Be quiet," whispered Mercury.
"Here they come now." And King
Jupiter and Queen Juno walked into
the hall together.

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Ted could never tell afterwards exactly how they looked. It is very hard to describe any of the gods, hardest of all to describe the greatest of them. But he never forgot the grand head of King Jupiter, with its heavy, curling hair and beard. Queen Juno was almost as grand in her own way, and even more beautiful, with wonderful, great dark eyes; only there was something about the curl of her lip that made Ted think he would rather not be her little boy. He was quite sure that if he spilled chocolate on his best white blouse she would never understand, as his own dear mother did, that he couldn't help it.

Jupiter and Juno moved up the great hall toward the golden throne. When they were seated, Mercury took Teddy,

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who felt very small and shy, to introduce him.

“I am very glad you came, my dear,” said the great king pleasantly. “It isn’t often we have a visitor from the earth. Mercury, see that he has a good time this afternoon, and explain anything he doesn’t understand.”

“And keep him out of mischief,” added the queen, with a smile that softened the sharp words a little.

Mercury bowed low, and led his little friend away just as another goddess entered the hall. She took a seat near the throne, and Mercury said she was the king’s favorite daughter, Minerva. She was as tall and stately as Juno, with such a calm, steady gaze in her blue eyes; such a firm, quiet mouth and such a masterful air, that Teddy was not sur-

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prised when Mercury told him she was the goddess of Wisdom and never made a mistake.

“She must be very proud of that,” said the little boy, thinking rather sadly of how many mistakes he made every day.

“Well, I believe she is, if the truth were known,” answered Mercury, “but she never says much about it. She hates bragging, and always punishes people who do it. There was Arachne, for instance.” With a cautious glance at Minerva, Mercury whispered away at a great rate:

ARACHNE

Arachne was a fair young maid,
With manner sweet and winning.
She sewed and cooked and sang and
played,
But she excelled at spinning.

Arachne spun so very fine
That she grew proud and wilful.
She said: "No work compares with
mine,
And no one is so skillful.

"I've heard Minerva spins so well,
Though I have never met her.
I wish I could, so we could tell
Which one of us spins better."

TED IN MYTHLAND

Minerva heard this with a frown:

“This is a forward creature.

Though I’m a goddess, I’ve come down,

A lesson here to teach her.”

Arachne’s loom was slow to spin,

Minerva’s went a-flying;

She wove her figures out and in

With vivid colors dyeing.

And in and out and roundabout,

Her loom went fast and faster,

Until at last there was no doubt

Minerva was the master.

“My work is poor,” Arachne said,

“My colors dull and dreary,

I’m wishing now that I were dead—

Of life I am a-weary.”



MINERVA AND ARACHNE.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Minerva spoke: "You shall not die."

When dying was denied her,
Arachne, with a frightened cry,
Was turned into a spider.

And spiders, to this very day,
At spinning still are clever.
Minerva makes them, so they say,
Spin on and on forever.

Ted glanced in a rather scared fashion at Minerva's calm face, as he remembered how he had bragged to Jack Kennedy that he could run faster than any other boy in the second grade. He drew closer to Mercury.

Mercury was looking through one of the great crystal windows. As the sunlight grew suddenly brighter, he cried, "There comes Apollo!" and hurried toward the great doors.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Teddy followed as fast as he could, and was just in time to see the sun-god dash up in his golden chariot, fling the reins to a boy in waiting, and walk up the hall to greet the king and queen. Teddy stayed gazing at the shining chariot, with its four splendid horses. Apollo's boy held the reins tightly, and kept close watch.

"My!" cried Teddy, "I'd be afraid to ride behind those horses! I shouldn't think Apollo would want to leave them with just a boy like that, either."

Mercury chuckled, "That boy's Phaeton, Apollo's son, and he's had one pretty good lesson," he said. "He'll be careful enough now. That's a good story, and I dare say Apollo will sing it for you if we ask him. Here, catch hold of my stick, and you'll get along faster."



PHAETON.

As they drew near the sun-god, Teddy asked, "Is there a god of the moon too?"

Apollo, who was tuning his lyre, heard the question, and answered before Mercury could speak,

TED IN MYTHLAND

“There’s a goddess,” he said; “my sister Diana. But she isn’t here to-day. She’s gone hunting. I’ll sing about her as soon as Noon, one of my Hours, has told her story. She wants us to know what happens when she and Summer come together.”

Ted now remembered that there had been a group of maidens about Apollo’s chariot. Mercury said they were The Hours, The Days, The Months, and The Seasons. And now as one of them, the Noon Hour, came gliding into the hall, in her bright yellow draperies, the air grew suddenly so warm that everybody began to fan.

She began by speaking her own name:

NOON

On a drowsy day of a fragrant June,
The clocks were climbing their way to
noon.

“Midday is coming,” whispered the
breeze.

“Midday is coming,” droned the bees.

“Almost noon!” sang a voice from a
nest.

“Noon!” glowed the sun, at his golden
best.

Then all the whistles and bells in town
Tooted and rang other noises down:

“It’s twelve o’clock in the steeple here!”

“And twelve on the water far and
near!”

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At last, when the clamor had died away
On the still, still air of the summer day,
The bird of the nest and the warm little
breeze,

And the lazy, drowsy, dusty bees
Went to sleep to the crickets' croon:
"Morning is gone—It is afternoon!"

As she finished, Noon drifted out of
the doorway; and Apollo, without wait-
ing for anybody to speak, touched his
lyre softly and sang:

DIANA, THE QUEEN OF THE MOON

If you will look up in the dimness
Of a starlighted evening in June,
You'll see, in a slim, silver crescent,
Diana—the queen of the moon.

Diana's the goddess of hunters,
Of forests and animals, too.
She carries a bow and a quiver.
Be careful she doesn't shoot you.

If you should catch, over your shoulder,
A baby moon, peeping at you,
And wish all the while you are looking,
Diana will make it come true.

She sniffs and she mocks at her lovers,
They're hoping she'll change her
mind soon.

TED IN MYTHLAND

But she swears that she never will
marry,
I think she's in love with the moon.

“Thank you very much,” said Ted.
“That's all right, but I wish you'd sing
the song about the boy out there.”

“Oh, that story of the time I lent him
the sun. Well, I don't much like to talk
about myself.”

Ted looked disappointed; and Jupiter
said kindly, “Mercury will sing it
for this little boy, and Apollo will play.”

Apollo bowed, struck some swift,
ringing strains from his lyre and Mer-
cury began:



"APOLLO WILL PLAY."

HOW APOLLO LENT THE SUN

Apollo sprang to his golden car,
Which all of you know as the sun,
As a signal fell from the morning star
To show that the dawn had begun.

His horses were harnessed with golden
chains,
Of gold was the chariot's frame;
All fretted and flashing with crystal
grains,
And the wheels were of whirling
flame.

Phaeton, who was Apollo's boy,
Teased and bothered to try
At driving the sun—a splendid toy—
Through its blazing path in the sky.

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“My lad, my lad, the way is steep!
Be careful! Be not too bold!
My horses are fierce as they plunge and
leap,
And are fearfully hard to hold!”

But Phaeton carelessly dashed away:
“Look out!” cried the Planet Mars.
The chariot started to swerve and sway,
Then it bumped right into the stars.
The driver lashed with his golden whip,
And struck at a flaming tire;
Then down they crashed with a fearful
dip,
Till the earth was a forest of fire.

Phaeton dropped, with his hair ablaze,
Splash, to the cooling sea!
Apollo appeared through the burning
maze,
And he flung his horses free.

TED IN MYTHLAND

He drenched the earth with a shower of
rain;

He mended the chariot's scars.

And then drove home through the
twinkling lane,
Of the silent groups of stars.

Apollo's playing was wonderful!
Teddy could fairly see the flames; and
he shook with excitement until the end
of the song, where the music grew quiet
and gentle again.

He had never taken his eyes from
the beautiful young god as, with his lyre
under his arm, he strolled away toward
the door.

Mercury pulled the little boy's jacket,
"Don't stare like that. You'll be as bad
as Clytie."

"Who was Clytie?" demanded Ted,

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coming out of his dream, and scenting another story.

“I’ll tell you if you’ll promise not to ask me for a single story after this one. I’ve told you enough, I think, and you can get some one else to do the rest. Now that Apollo’s here, he’ll be singing most of the time, anyhow.”

“All right,” said Teddy; “Tell me about Clytie now, and I won’t ask for any more.”

So Mercury told:

THE SUNFLOWER'S STORY

A sunflower grew by a garden wall,
And she had a rose for a neighbor.
There came on a sudden a windy squall.
As the rose was small and the sunflower
tall,
She saved the rose from a nasty fall.
Said the rose, "Many thanks for
your labor.

"Miss Sunflower, how did you get your
name?

I am eager to hear your story."
The sunflower hung her poor head with
shame,
Then lifted it proudly, with face aflame,
Though she shook and trembled
throughout her frame,
As she faced the sun in his glory.

TED IN MYTHLAND

The Sunflower murmured: "Once, long
ago,

There lived my great grandmother,
Clytie.

She loved young Apollo, the god, you
know;

And he loved her, till she bothered
him, so

He finally tired of Clytie, and lo!

Then he said that poor Clytie was
flighty.

"Apollo, dear Rose, was the god of the
sun,

And had a new fancy each hour.

At last Clytie saw he was only in fun,
And when she was angry at what he had
done,

He turned her into a flower.

TED IN MYTHLAND

“We sunflowers, all of us, gaze on high
At the sun, like Grandmother Clytie.
I wish he would notice how often I try,
With twisting and turning, my head
all awry,
To follow the sun as he moves through
the sky.”

Said the rose, “He’s forgotten you,
Clytie.”

As Mercury finished, the soft strains
of Apollo’s lyre floated to Ted’s ear.
Mercury listened a moment.

“That’s The Venus Birth Song,” he
said. “He always plays that when
Venus comes in.” And catching Ted-
dy’s hand, Mercury hurried him again
toward the door, to hear Apollo sing:

HOW VENUS WAS BORN

A gentle little ripple
 Upon a summer sea,
A curling bit of sea foam
 As soft as soft could be.

It changed into a cloudlet
 Of misty pink and white;
Upon its ragged edges
 A line of golden light.

The cloudlet fell a-trembling,
 With pink and white at strife;
It rose upon the ripple
 And trembled into life.

It blossomed into Venus—
 Then the ripple ran back home.
Thus Venus fair grew out of
 A drift of ocean foam.

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A very different chariot from Apollo's stood outside this time—a great, pearly shell, drawn by a flock of fluttering white doves; and a beautiful goddess was just alighting. Behind her came a boy, a pretty little fellow, wearing no clothes except a sort of scarf, to which was fastened a quiver of arrows. He carried a bow on his back and, strangest of all, a silken band was tied over his eyes.

“Venus, the goddess of Love and Beauty,” whispered Mercury, “with her son, Cupid.”

Ted eagerly followed the newcomers. They greeted the king and queen, and then sat down on a golden bench on the opposite side from Minerva. Ted stole quite close to Cupid and asked softly,

“Why are your eyes bandaged?”



VENUS AND CUPID.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Venus heard him, and answered quickly with a smile, "To keep him out of mischief."

"Does he get into mischief often?" asked Teddy, for he didn't feel the least bit afraid of Venus. She was not as stiff as the other goddesses, and her mouth seemed always wanting to dimple into laughter.

"Well yes, he does—pretty often. And once he made a great deal of trouble for Apollo."

"Do tell me about it," pleaded Teddy, remembering that he could hope for no more stories from Mercury.

So Venus told him, in the softest of sweet voices, the story of Cupid's mischief; glancing over her shoulder now and then to be sure that Apollo was not within hearing:



DAPHNE TURNING INTO A TREE.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

God of Love was little Cupid.

Cupid, once on mischief bent,
Took good aim at young Apollo,
To his heart an arrow sent.

It was such a pretty arrow—
Golden tip, and silver rod—
Made Apollo love fair Daphne,
Daughter of a river god.

Cupid chose another arrow;
Not so pretty—tipped with lead.
Into Daphne's heart he shot it:
“Now she'll hate him,” Cupid said.

Daphne hated great Apollo—
Yet he spoke of love one day—
Tried to woo her, win her over—
Daphne frowned and ran away.

TED IN MYTHLAND

On she rushes—he is swifter.

He has borrowed Cupid's wings.
Nearer, nearer, ever nearer,
In her ear the patter rings.

When he caught her, she was praying,
“O my Father, set me free!”
When he flung his arms about her,
She was changing to a tree.

Little branches were her fingers;
Tender little leaves her hair;
Hard as wood became her body;
Lo, a laurel tree stood there!

“Come back Sweet,” implored Apollo.
Only Echo murmured, “Sweet!”
And a drift of laurel blossoms
Fluttered softly to his feet.

“That was pretty bad,” said Ted.
“but you won't ever be so naughty

TED IN MYTHLAND

again, will you?" turning toward the little god, who had listened as quietly as Ted himself.

Cupid shook his curly head. "I don't know," he said. "Sometimes I make trouble without meaning it. But Mother never really scolds. She's just as bad herself. You know she is the goddess of Love."

"Yes," said Ted, "I can understand that. But how do they know she's the goddess of Beauty? She's sweeter than the other two, but I don't know that she's any more beautiful. I'm sure I couldn't tell which one was the most beautiful."

Cupid giggled, "You're not the first fellow that found it hard to decide," he said, "and I'll tell you how one of them finally settled it. The story is called:

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

Minerva and Venus and Juno—all
three—

Were chatting one day at a five o'clock
tea.

The Goddess of Discord was angry and
slighted

Because to the party she'd not been in-
vited.

So she wrenched a gold apple away
from a tree,

And said, "I shall teach 'em they
daren't slight me!"

She flung it with fury. It fell with a
crash,

And made of a teacup a terrible smash.

The apple went rolling away on the
ground,



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

TED IN MYTHLAND

And Juno cried, "Here it is! See what
I've found!

"It's marked: 'For the Goddess of
Beauty,' said she—

"The Goddess of Beauty!—It must be
for me."

"For you," broke in Venus, "and why,
pray, for you?

Minerva and I are both beautiful too."

The Goddess of Discord was saying
with glee,

"I knew I could break up that five
o'clock tea."

Said Minerva the wise, "Let a mortal
decide,

If Juno he chooses, we all will abide."

They got for their judge, from the city
of Troy,

A shepherd called Paris—a beautiful
boy.

TED IN MYTHLAND

When Juno gave Paris the apple to
hold,
She offered him power and glory and
gold,
If he would but promise to make her
the queen
Of all the fair women that ever were
seen.

Minerva came forward: "But I'll make
you wise;
I'll teach you the secrets of earth and
the skies."

Fair Venus was smiling; her words rip-
pled low,
"But power and wisdom are nothing,
you know,
Compared to the love of a beautiful
wife.

I offer you love—as the best thing in
life."

TED IN MYTHLAND

Said Paris, "I'm puzzled, as puzzled
can be.

I'd like to have chosen you ladies all
three.

I want to be rich and I want to be wise,
And I long for the secrets of earth and
the skies.

But I long most of all to be happy in
life,

So Venus, I've chosen the love of a
wife."

He gave her the apple, its color was
rare,

Just matching the gold in her shimmer-
ing hair.

Minerva said, "Juno, we'll swallow our
pride,

And help Venus find him a beautiful
bride.

TED IN MYTHLAND

We'll try not to think of the apple of
gold.

Shall we go back to tea?—or the tea will
be cold.”

Then Juno, Minerva and Venus—all
three—

Went peacefully back to their five
o'clock tea.

“Well, I'm glad they were so nice
about it in the end,” said Ted, “even if
they were cross at first.”

“Ah, but that wasn't the end,” re-
torted Cupid, ruffling the little wings he
wore on his shoulders. “The more Juno
thought it over the more angry she got
at the man who chose Venus. And finally
she stirred up the Trojan War—but
there! That's far too long a story to
tell here. It's all over now, thank good-

TED IN MYTHLAND

ness; and the Queen is getting less cranky as she grows older, though I can't say I'd like Iris's work even now."

"What is her work?" asked Teddy.

"Oh, she's a sort of errand girl for the Queen, and she's kept busy running back and forth between heaven and earth nearly all the time. Come on, and we'll get Apollo to sing about her."

Cupid seemed to be able to find his way about even if he was blindfolded: and Apollo must have forgiven him his naughtiness. For the sun-god took up his lyre quite willingly, and sang about

IRIS

On a day when a soft rain is falling,
And the sun, dipping low toward the
west,

Gleams out for a moment, look east-
ward!

See, over the shaggy hill crest

Lies the broad, shining band of the
rainbow,

That's the path on which Iris comes
down.

Perhaps we shall catch, as she passes,
A glimpse of her shimmering gown

That floats like a mist wreath about her,
Of delicate sea-tints, and holds
Fair lilies and half-open roses
All dewy and fresh in its folds.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Her wings, sweeping soft from
Olympus,

Have borrowed the sunset's own hue
From the faint, saffron light of their
edges

That scatter a fragrance like dew

To the pure, glowing gold that mounts
upward

And melts into flame color, where
It touches with heavenly splendor
The violets crowning her hair.

There are raindrops a-gleam on the
blossoms;

And raindrops a-gleam in her curls;
And beneath her white feet as she
passes,

The broad, shining rainbow unfurls.



PAN.

As the song ended, Mercury darted across the room to Ted and whispered, "Here comes the wood-god Pan, with his dryad maidens. Listen!"

And Ted heard music drawing near

TED IN MYTHLAND

—music that sounded like the twitter of birds and the stirring of wind among the trees, and the low gurgle of running water, all bound together by one flute-like note—high and clear and sweet. It somehow made Ted's heart beat very fast, a flush come to his cheek and his eyes shine very brightly. And as the strange music thrilled nearer and nearer, Ted began to dream lovely dreams with his eyes wide open. All of the gods about him seemed more beautiful than ever, and there was a wonderful rose colored glow about everything.

Ted breathed very quickly, "Ah, but things have grown beautiful and noble," he whispered.

Mercury answered softly, "The pipes of Pan always have that effect on mortals. It is a part of our god world

TED IN MYTHLAND

that we lend you sometimes. But it never lasts long at a time."

Ted listened breathlessly, "It's stopped now. Oh, dear! It was the most beautiful music"— He tried to go on, but Mercury's hand went over his mouth.

"My, it's a good thing I stopped you in time!" he said. "You remember Midas, don't you? Well, after I tell you how he got into some more trouble, you'll be careful about admiring anybody's music when Apollo's near by. I said I was tired of telling stories, but you've been so good about not teasing, I don't mind beginning again. As for Pan, he'll be coming in here presently; and in the meantime, listen carefully:



MIDAS AND THE BARBER.

THE TALKATIVE BARBER

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago
King Midas, (who wearied of gold, you
know),

Was in trouble again, when he said that
Pan

Made the sweetest music since song
began.

For the god of Music was vexed and
said,

“Oh, Midas, you’ve useless ears on your
head!

I am Apollo, though you are a king,
And I’ll teach you, my friend, to re-
member this thing.

Come closer to me, so that no one hears:
I am changing your ears into donkeys’
ears.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

King Midas was frightened. It really
was true!

His nice little ears just grew and grew.
He called his barber and made him
swear

That he'd cover the ears with puffs of
hair.

And the barber swore by his barber's
pole,

That he never would tell a living soul.
But oh, it was such a hard secret to keep,
He feared he would tell it while he was
asleep!

So the barber, one day, dug a great big
hole

(Which wasn't, of course, a living soul).
And down in that hole he shouted, my
dears:

“Oh, Midas—the king—he has donkeys'
ears.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

The wind, which was passing, had heard
the words.

The wind told the trees, and the trees
told the birds.

The people heard it with laughter and
jeers:

“My gracious, King Midas has donkeys’
ears!”

The barber was killed. Remember him
well.

And when you’ve a secret you oughtn’t
to tell,

Just think of the babbling old barber,
who found

’Twas fatal to tell a mere hole in the
ground.

Ted looked a bit worried, and felt of
his ears gingerly. They seemed to be



DRYADS.

TED IN MYTHLAND

much warmer than usual, but no larger.

“It was pretty mean of that barber to tell, but the wind and trees were tattle-*tales*, too.” Just then the wonderful, flute-like music sounded again, and Ted saw a strange, wild-haired creature, capering about and playing upon pipes of reed. “So that is Pan,” he thought. About him danced a ring of young girls dressed in green leaves and brown scarfs. Somehow they reminded Ted of the woods; and when he said so Mercury answered,

“Of course. They are Pan’s dryads—maidens of the woods. I can see the question in your eyes, so I’ll tell you something about them.

THE DRYADS

Would you like to live in a tree,
Like the dryad-maids of the woods—
In their dress of leaves with ragged
sleeves—

And morning glories for hoods?

They dance in the hush of the dawn
And form in a flowery ring,
As the sunbeams' light makes the morn-
ing bright

As the gold of a butterfly's wing;

Till each, with a leap of the heart,
Is silent, in wondering hush,
Like a fawn at the spring—as the far-
away ring

Of a hunting horn winds through the
brush.

TED IN MYTHLAND

And each flies away to her house,
In the heart of a deep-bosomed tree,
All trembling and shy, till the hunt
goes by
And the forest is still and free.

Would you like to see them dance
To the music of wind and woods—
In their dress of leaves and ragged
sleeves—
And morning glories for hoods?

“Yes, I should like it very much,”
Ted remarked. But the maidens had
ceased their dancing, and were grouped
on the floor about Pan, who was strok-
ing his goat-like beard and looking
thoughtful. “Yes, I should like it very
much,” Ted repeated. Then, as nobody
paid any attention to him, he saw that

TED IN MYTHLAND

he must not expect the dryads to dance again just for his sake. And as he looked at Pan, he thought of King Midas again.

“Midas was a stuck up old king, anyhow,” Ted said aloud.

“Not nearly so much so as Polycrates,” said Mercury, who seemed rather glad to get back to story telling again.

“Polick—goodness what a long name! Was he a king too?”

“Of course.” This is the story:



POLYCRATES.

POLYCRATES

A king there was—Polycrates—

'Tis really a very long name.

He had a ring, this long-named king,

A jewel of wonderful fame.

This king, who lived long years ago,

Was known as the luckiest man

On earth or sea—on land or lea—

Since the time that the world began.

TED IN MYTHLAND

He never had lost a single thing,
And his every wish came true.
The king had health and friends and
wealth,
But he was a braggart, too.

He boasted so that his friends advised,
“You’re too proud of your luck.
Beware!

Or some fine day it will fly away.
You’re too proud of your luck. Take
care!”

“I’ll prove my luck,” said the foolish
king,

“As I fling in the sea this ring;
’Twill surely then come back again,
For I never lose anything.”

And sure enough, the very next day,
As the king was carving a fish,

TED IN MYTHLAND

He really spied the ring inside,
And it tinkled out on the dish.

The fish had swallowed the shining
thing,

The moment it touched the sea.
Cried the king, "Oho! I told you so.
I'm as great as the gods," said he.

Be sure that the gods then punished
him.

He lost his luck for his pride.
They took his health and friends and
wealth.

He was wretched until he died.

Whenever you think of Polycrates,
I hope you will never forget,
If he'd had less pride, (and he hadn't
died),

He might have been lucky yet.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Ted began to get a little tired of stories now; and wandered away by himself into a little room, hung with pink and silver, in the middle of which stood two glistening, round silver tables. On each table was a huge golden bowl, with a heavy gold cover; and sticking out of each cover the curved handle of a gold ladle. A most delicious fragrance filled the air, that hinted of roses and violets, and yet somehow made Ted think of his mother's kitchen at Christmas time. And then suddenly he knew that he was as hungry and thirsty as he had ever been in his life.

He knew he ought not to touch the bowls; but as he sniffed that delicious smell he sidled over to the tables almost before he knew it.

Ted was just putting his hand out

TED IN MYTHLAND

when somebody caught his shoulder, and he jumped higher than he ever did at Hop Scotch.

It was Mercury who stood there, and he spoke pretty sharply,



“NECTAR AND AMBROSIA.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

“How dare you touch our nectar and ambrosia?” he said.

Teddy was almost sobbing.

“I havent t—touched anything yet,” he blubbered, “and I don’t know what nectar and bombrosia are anyhow.”

“Ambrosia, not bombrosia,” said Mercury, more gently. “Ambrosia is the food of the gods, and nectar is their drink.”

“Mayn’t I have some? I’m awf’ly hungry.”

“I’d like to give you a little, Teddy, but no mortal is allowed to taste our food; and you shouldn’t be prying around anyway, you know. There’s no telling what might have happened if I hadn’t come in when I did. Now there was a girl once. Her name was



PANDORA AND THE BOX.

PANDORA

Pandora was a woman.

The very first, they say.
And, as I live, inquisitive,
They are, unto this day.

A god said to Pandora,
“Here is a little box.
It is a sin to look within.”
He never thought of locks.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Pandora smiled serenely,

“Dear me, what can it be?”

The box she shook, “I’ll take a look,
Just at the top,” said she.

She didn’t mean to move it;

She knew she should obey.

She touched the top, and with a pop,
It flew far, far away.

“Good gracious!” cried Pandora,

“There’s colic rushing out!

The measles, mumps, and oh, the
grumps,

And chicken pox, and gout!”

The lid she found a-rolling,

And jammed it in its place.

O what a goose to have let loose

Such troubles for her race!

TED IN MYTHLAND

The god was very angry:

“Alas, for what you did!
I’ll look about if all got out.
I see right through the lid.

“There’s something at the bottom.

You now may dry your tears.
Hope stayed behind, and you will find,
That Hope will banish fears.”

The moral to this story is:

That when there are no locks,
And it’s a sin to look within,
You musn’t touch the box.

“I s’pose so. I s’pose I ought not even look at those tables,” said Ted wistfully, “but I declare, Mercury, I’m so hungry this minute that my legs are trying to walk me right over there.



HEBE AND GANYMEDE.

You'd better hold on to me tight—Ooo—
—who's that pretty girl and that boy?
They're right up to the bowls.”

“That's all right,” said Mercury.
“The girl is Hebe and the boy is Gany-

TED IN MYTHLAND

mede; and it is their business to serve the gods with nectar and ambrosia.”

Ganymede and Hebe tripped across the silvery floor, each carrying a round crystal tray, on which were tiny, sparkling red cups and small plates of dull gold. Out of the big bowls they ladled the fragrant food and drink, until the cups and plates were heaped. Ted’s mouth began to water and his eyes filled with tears.

“I’m not going to cry,” he gulped, “but I’m so hungry, I wish I could go home.”

“Oh, now, don’t act like that,” said Mercury cheerily. “Just think of the ice cream and cake you’ll get at your own party pretty soon. And you’re not nearly as badly off as Tantalus was, anyhow.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

“I had forgotten about the other party,” said the little boy, brightening up. “But who was Tantalus?”

Mercury laughed: “Come back into the hall and hear Apollo sing about him. You’ve missed a lot of songs anyway by poking about in here.”

Ted followed his friend, and presently forgot his hunger in watching the gods who had come in while he was gone. They now stood about in groups, politely listening to Apollo, who was just beginning to sing:

TANTALUS

A bad old man was Tantalus—
The wickedest of kings.
He burned up towns, he killed his wife;
He did all sorts of things.

So when he died he went below
To Hades, where he found
A room reserved for wicked men.
His sins were quite renowned.

The punishment of Tantalus
Seems very harsh to me.
Yet he was such a wicked man,
'Twas only just, you see.

They bound him down with heavy
chains,
And swung above his head

TED IN MYTHLAND

The most delicious fruits and wines.

He thought he would be fed.

But every time he tried to eat

Or drink the cooling things,

They all were jerked away from him—

Pulled up by hidden strings.

So Tantalus could never eat,

And he could never drink.

With such good things a-dangling near,

'Twas hard to bear, I think.

That poor old wicked Tantalus!

He strains and twists and tries,

But never tastes the tempting things

Which swing before his eyes.

“That’s the worst punishment I ever heard of,” said Ted. “What’s that new song and why do I feel so sleepy?”

TED IN MYTHLAND

Mercury looked around. "Oh, Somnus, the King of Sleep, is coming with his dream maidens. I'll have to leave you for a little while now. Jupiter wants me to go and see why his son Mars, the War god, doesn't come. Just sit on this stool till I come back. Don't look into Somnus's eyes, or you will go quite to sleep."

Mercury's wings whizzed as he darted away.

Then, as the place grew dusky, through the doorway drifted a band of dark-eyed maidens, their grey dresses hung with scarlet poppies. They carried on their shoulders a wide, black bed, fringed with poppies; and ahead of the others danced the loveliest maiden of all, softly striking a bowl shaped gong that she carried. The deep, mellow tones

TED IN MYTHLAND

swelled and throbbed and died away and floated back again; and the maiden sang this song that made Ted sleepier than ever:

SOMNUS

The king of sleep is a drowsy god.

I went to his palace one day;
And all he did was to nod and nod
In the drowsiest kind of a way.

And everything was as black as night
Except where the poppies grew,
Nodding their heads in the crimson
light;

For the poppies were sleepy, too.

King Somnus lay on his great black bed
In the heart of the sleepy land.
He lay so still he might have been dead,
As I timidly touched his hand.

He grumbled when I gave him a shake
And said, with a look of surprise,

TED IN MYTHLAND

“My dear, you’ve shaken the world
awake

By making me open my eyes.

“But you may peep at my sleepy court,
For you’re with us to stay, it seems.
Here are the dreams of the creepy sort,
And here are the beautiful dreams.

“And now look down in my magic
well.”

It was quiet and dark and deep.

King Somnus gave me a poppy to smell,
And I fell in his arms—asleep!”

Ted had remembered not to look into
Somnus’s eyes and so stayed awake,
though the room grew darker and dark-
er, and all of the gods and goddesses
were nodding drowsily. But as the

TED IN MYTHLAND

poppy maids danced with their sleeping king, slowly out of the hall, the lights flashed up again, and everybody straightened up sharply.

Juno shook her head impatiently: "Jupiter, I wish you wouldn't invite that old stupid. I declare, he nearly puts me to sleep every times he comes. My foot's asleep now, and Iris isn't here to rub it. Do let's have something lively to wake us up. Apollo, suppose you tell one of the stories about Hercules. He was no sleepy head; and even if he wasn't a god, he did some things a god might have been proud of."

Ted, sitting quietly on the little gold stool, pricked up his ears, "Hercules," he thought, "that was the one who held up the skies for Old Man Atlas. Now I wonder"—

TED IN MYTHLAND

Just then Apollo said, "Ted, did you ever hear of The Twelve Labors of Hercules?"

"Never," answered Ted.

"Well," Apollo added, "Hercules had a master who tried his strength in twelve different ways. Each labor seemed impossible for any plain man, but Hercules was almost a giant, and so strong and brave and such a hero that he never gave up trying until he had done what his master ordered. You have already heard how he got the three precious, golden apples for Atlas. And now I'll tell you the story of

HERCULES AND THE HYDRA

There once was a Hydra of wondrous
make.

A Hydra, my dears, is a water snake.

A horrible thing with a tail that spreads,
And this one, they say, had a hundred
heads.

The master of Hercules said to him,
“You must kill the Hydra—It is my
whim.”

Then Hercules pulled up a young oak
tree:

“This tree I shall use as a club,” said he.
The Hydra hissed from its gloomy
cave,

“How now, young giant, you must be
brave!

TED IN MYTHLAND

I've one hundred heads and two hundred eyes,

And I have killed men who were twice your size."

But Hercules crushed, with a single stroke,

The head of the Hydra, the one that spoke.

(A moral from which to draw, if you will,

On the value, at times, of keeping still).

But what do you think? As he crushed this head,

Two others, all hissing, shot out instead.

Poor Hercules was in a terrible plight.

When he killed one head, he had double to fight.

"I must burn all the roots and the heads," he thought,



HERCULES AND THE HYDRA.

TED IN MYTHLAND

“Or all of this fighting will come to naught.”

So he called to a friend: “Take this poker,” he said,

“And heat it until all the iron is red.

You burn the roots each time that I kill,
And I think that this Hydra will soon
be still.”

Hercules fought for a night and a day
Till the very last head had been sizzled
away.

This one they buried deep down in a
glen—

And the Hydra has never been heard
from again.

“That was a splendid fight,” said
Teddy. “It’s too bad, though, that
Hercules had to have anybody help him.
Did he fight any of his battles alone?”

TED IN MYTHLAND

“Of course,” answered Apollo proudly. “He killed the fiercest of all the lions in the forest without anybody’s help. Then he caught the wonderful Stag with the Golden Horns, and tamed a savage wild boar. Then there was the cleaning of the Augean Stable. Wait a moment, I’ll tell you about that. It was:

L. O. F. C.

THE FIFTH LABOR OF HERCULES

Hercules grumbled and wrinkled his
nose—

This labor was hurting his pride.
He hated to clean out a stable
As big as a mountain side.
There were heaps and heaps of litter,
And curtains of cobwebs gray;
For nobody ever had taken a brush
To sweep any rubbish away.
He started in first a-sweeping;
And then he scooped with a spade;
And then he tried with a cobweb brush;
And then he sat down in the shade.
“The litter seems thicker than ever.
I’m tired and angry and blue.—

TED IN MYTHLAND

Unless I can think of a much better way
I surely will never get through."

So he ran to a nearby river

It was shallow—but swift and strong.
And he dug it a brand new channel,
Which was narrow and deep and long

To the big front door of the stable,
Right through to the big back door;
Then down to a rocky tunnel
Which led to the ocean's shore.

Then back he ran to the river
And builded, the selfsame day,
A wall to push all the water
Through his brand new river-way.

It rushed away through the stable;
It whirled through the big back door;
It seethed and foamed as it swept along,
With a crashing, deafening roar.

TED IN MYTHLAND

I wish you had seen that stable.

The river had scoured the floor,
And swept away all the cobwebs grey
To the ocean's furthest shore.

Then Hercules shut off the river

When his work was finally through;
And settled himself for a good, long
nap.

I think it was earned—don't you?

“Good for Hercules!” cried Ted, so loudly that everybody turned to look at him. And from somewhere far across the great hall there sounded a faint “Hercules.”

Ted nearly fell off his stool.

“Who's that mocking me?” he asked, half angrily.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Everybody laughed, and Cupid came to sit beside Teddy.

“Why, that’s only Echo,” he said. “Haven’t you heard her on earth sometimes when you were shouting?”

“Why, yes,” said Ted slowly; “when I’ve been in the mountains. But I didn’t know she was a god—goddess, I mean.”

“Well, she isn’t. She was just one of those wood nymphs who lived in a tree.”

“Can I see her?” asked Ted.

“No, she was turned into a rock and is nothing but a voice now. If Juno doesn’t mind, Apollo will tell you why she’s such a queer creature.”

All the gods looked toward the queen, who frowned and flushed a little; and Iris, who had hurried in, began to cool her with a long fan made of peacock feathers.

TED IN MYTHLAND

“Well,” Juno said after a pause, “it **m**akes me mad every time I think of it, but I don’t mind for once. Don’t be long about it, Apollo.”

Ted listened eagerly as Apollo began:

THE STORY OF ECHO

Echo slipped out from her tree one day,
And idled and chattered and played,
Till Juno came by with her temper high
And muttered: "Where is that maid?

"I sent her this way when the dawn was
grey,

To polish the face of the moon.

'Twas dim last night—so frosty and
white—

But it should have been finished by
noon.

"We're late this spring with everything;
And Echo must do her share.

Where can she have gone since the break
of dawn?"

Echo mockingly called out:

"Where?"

TED IN MYTHLAND

“You’re a parrot bird to repeat my
word.

There are still the stars to do.
And the cobwebs here, who’ll brush them
clear?”

Echo daringly called out: “Who?”

“You insolent Miss, you shall smart for
this—

You shall dwell in a hill of stone;
Ever mocking away at what others say,
But never have words of your own.

“You never may speak a word of your
own,
(The mocking was all your own
choice)—

Even grasses and trees may sing in the
breeze,

But you’ll have to borrow a voice.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

As the singer ended, far in the distance came the faint echo: "Voice."

"I'm sorry for her," said Teddy, hitching his stool a little farther away from Juno. "Has she never got her voice back?"

Apollo, who seemed a bit absent minded, did not answer, but Cupid drew closer to Ted and replied, "Never at all. And what's more, the poor girl fell in love with a boy named Narcissus once. Whenever he spoke, she mocked his last word, because she couldn't help it; and he was so angry that he couldn't bear the thought of her. I never had much use for him anyway, even though he was beautiful to look at. I see that Apollo is getting ready to sing about him, as he always does right after

TED IN MYTHLAND

‘Echo.’ I think I’ll take a little nap till it’s over, but you’d better listen.”

Ted pricked up his ears to hear the story of

NARCISSUS

Once a limpid pool of water,
 Fringed with trailing ferns and grass,
Set with lilies—white and yellow—
 Made a polished looking glass;

Made a mirror for Narcissus,
 Dreaming, gazing, as he lay,
At his own reflected beauty—
 Could not take his eyes away.

Long he gazed within the water
 At the soft and sunny hair;
Loving eyes and mouth of scarlet
 Smiling dimly at him there;

Gazed until the golden shadows,
 Weaving patterns on the lawn,
Turned to silver in the moonlight;
 Turned to opal with the dawn;



NARCISSUS.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Till his eyes were blurred and blinded
In the drowsy, scented air;
And the ferns and water grasses
Twined their roots about him there.

And the white and yellow lilies,
With their fragrance and their dew,
Changed the body of Narcissus—
Made of him a flower, too.

Now a creamy-petalled blossom,
Where the grasses dip apart,
Holds the spirit of Narcissus
Deep within its golden heart.

“I know that kind of flower,” whispered Ted to Cupid. “It’s very pretty, but it is almost too sweet, my mother thinks. Perhaps this is because that Narcissus boy was too pretty. He must have looked something like a girl, any-

TED IN MYTHLAND

way. Wasn't he a silly muff to look at himself like that? I don't like these sad songs much, anyway. I like the ones about Hercules best. Aren't there any more about him?"

"Oh, yes," Cupid answered. "He had twelve labors, you know. But he wasn't the only hero worth hearing about. There was Theseus now. Listen, and you'll hear what Apollo has to say about him." And Ted listened as Apollo began:



THESEUS AND PROCRUSTES.

THE STORY OF THE IRON BED

There was a wicked giant,
Procrustes was his name.
He had an iron bedstead,
And he played an iron game.

Theseus was a hero,
Who walked abroad one day,
When suddenly Procrustes
Stood scowling in his way.

The hero looked up bravely,
And said, "How do you do!"
The giant growled like thunder,
"I want to talk to you."

Theseus knew that nothing
Is gained by one who begs.
He thought he'd just try dodging
Between the giant's legs.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Procrustes grabbed his collar:

“You come with me,” he said,
“For everyone who passes
Must sleep within my bed.

“They sleep on one condition:
That in my bed they fit.

When they are long and lanky,
I cut off just a bit.

“When they are short and stumpy,
I stretch them just enough
To make them fit exactly.
Sometimes they find me rough.

“Now, you’re too long, young hero.
Not often do I meet
A man as long as your are.
So I’ll chop off your feet.”

But Theseus drew his sword and said,
I’d rather chop your feet instead.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

They battled until the giant was dead.

Theseus cut off his feet and head.

And that was the end of the iron bed.

“Thank you very much, Apollo,” said Ted. “That was a dandy story. I was dreadfully afraid old Crusty was going to win in that fight. Did Theseus have any more fights?” he asked Cupid, who kept close beside the little boy.

“Lot’s of ’em,” answered Cupid. “There was that fight in the Labyrinth—Hey! Apollo is sure to sing that next I know, because he’s tuning up for Dædalus now; and he always takes the Labyrinth next.”

Ted had no idea who Dædalus was, but he listened politely to

A FLYING STORY

Old Dædalus invented
A place all nicely tented,
With walls of glass and floors of clay
Where anyone would lose his way.

A labyrinth he called it.
And when he'd safely walled it,
He trailed a thread from in to out,
To mark the way without a doubt.

But soon he fell a-blinking—
For he was inside—thinking!
He couldn't find the thread or clue.
Now, what on earth was he to do?

His little son was crying,
For he, too, had been trying,
To find his puzzled way without,
But merely bumped his head about.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Old Dædalus was trying
To find a way for flying.
He thought all night and thought all
day,
Until at last he found a way.

His shelves were full of wedges,
And fans with fluted edges;
And wax and feathers, tacks and nails,
And little ships with hoisted sails.

He gathered every feather
And waxed them well together;
And spread them smoothly on a sail:
A sort of kite without a tail.

He made one for each shoulder,
And growing bold and bolder,
He fastened on the fluffy things,
And lo, there were a pair of wings!

TED IN MYTHLAND

He fashioned still another,
And called out, "Little Brother!
Now you have wings and I have wings,
We'll see what luck a fair wind brings."

The two set out a-flying—
(The boy had stopped his crying)—
They spread their wings with greatest
ease,
And sailed along the pleasant breeze.

But as the boy flew higher,
His wings were near afire;
And melted off him, one by one,
For he had flown too near the sun.

He fell to earth a-crying
That he was done with flying.
But Dædalus soared far away.
I think he's flying to this day.

TED IN MYTHLAND

As this story came to an end, Teddy drew a long breath, "My, but I wish I could fly! Isn't there some wax that the sun doesn't melt? Do your wings melt, Cupid? And did you find that little boy's wings?"

Cupid smiled, as he looked down at his own snowwhite wings: "You mustn't ask so many questions at once, Ted. Yes, there is a kind of wax which doesn't melt. All of the gods use it. No, I didn't find those wings. I wouldn't use a mortal's wings anyway."

Ted thought a moment, "I suppose that lab—lab—what do you call it?"

"Lab-y-rinth," said Cupid.

"That lab-y-rinth," repeated Ted slowly, "must have had windows."

"Not at all," Cupid retorted. "Why

TED IN MYTHLAND

do you say it must have had them, Smarty?"

"Because Dædalus had to fly out of somewhere; and he couldn't find the door," Ted giggled. "Caught you that time."

"Oh you silly!" cried Cupid. "To think that you could trip me up! The place had no windows, I say. But it was very high, and had a big, round hole in the roof. Be quiet now, if you want to hear about Theseus's fight in the Labyrinth." So Cupid and Teddy listened quietly, as Apollo began:

THE LABYRINTH

Have you ever heard of the Minotaur;
How he was trapped one day
In the mazes of the Labyrinth,
That winding, twisting way?

Well, long ago, in the days of Crete,
The women would shriek and cry,
As the yearly feast of the Minotaur
Went sadly marching by.

The yearly feast of this strange beast
Was sent from Athens town
Just seven lads and seven maids
For him to gobble down.

But as one day the maids and men
Were on their weary way

TED IN MYTHLAND

Their leader-hero, Theseus,
Held up his sword to say:

“Why, here’s a trap, this Labyrinth!
See how it twists about!
I’ll cage our friend the Minotaur
So he will not get out.”



THESEUS AND MINOTAUR.

TED IN MYTHLAND

A Cretan maiden heard him speak,
And warningly she cried,
“But if you venture deep within
How can you get outside?”

“I’ll show to you the guiding thread,
I’ve marked the way. Now then,
If you’ll be sure to follow it,
’Twill guide you out again.”

The leader traced the trailing thread
Into an inmost hall.
Through winding, twisting, crystal
ways,
They followed at his call.

The Minotaur came swaggering
And raging from the South.
He rolled his eyes and lashed his tail
And yawned his bloody mouth.

TED IN MYTHLAND

“I’m tired and I’m starving, too,
Where can those children be!
Oh there they are in that queer house,
All nicely fixed for me.”

The others, frightened at the shout,
Were very nearly dead,
But Theseus calmly watched the beast
And never lost his head.

The Minotaur got lost at once;
And banged his angry tail
On floor and wall, on door and hall
Of all that puzzling jail.

He even looked between his legs,
But couldn’t find the way.
And then his head and tail got mixed.
And there he was to stay.

TED IN MYTHLAND

The leader sprang upon him now
With all his main and might.
He fought with sword and naked hands.
It was a fearful fight

At last he plunged his sword in deep—
Deep in the monster's head.
It thundered out one heavy groan.
The Minotaur was dead.

Then darkness fell, but Theseus led
His weary maids and men,
(By holding fast the guiding thread),
Out to the world again.

Ted caught Cupid's hand in his, holding it tightly, "That was a grand fight, wasn't it, Cupid? Don't you love to hear about fights?"

Cupid smiled: "Not just the kind that you do, Ted. The sort I prefer"—



TED AND CUPID.

But just then Jupiter's voice came thundering to them, "What are you two boys whispering about? Cupid, go to the door, and say 'How do you do' to Aurora."

Teddy hung back timidly while Cupid tripped over to shake hands with a lovely goddess, seated in a carriage all covered with rosy blossoms. She looked like some flower herself.

TED IN MYTHLAND

“She’s—she’s lovely,” whispered Ted. “She makes me think of—I don’t know what exactly but”—

“Were you ever up early in the morning to see the dawn come?” asked Apollo softly.

“Yes, once. Why?”

“Because that is what Aurora makes you think of.”

“So it is!” cried Ted delightedly. “I’d like to look at her all the time, she’s so lovely.”

“Don’t wish that,” said the sun-god, gravely. “A man did once, and he was sorry for it. His name was Tithonus; and I’ll tell you what happened to him.”

Ted kept his eyes on Aurora’s lovely face while Apollo began:

A CRICKET SONG

Now this is a tale of Aurora—

The flower-like goddess of dawn.
She lets the sun out of the heavens
As soon as the stars are all gone.

Her wings are of butterfly colors:
Of crimson and purple and gold.
Aurora will always be lovely
Because she can never grow old.

She once fell in love with Tithonus,
Tithonus, a mortal like you.
“One wish you may have,” said Aurora,
But I promise that one shall come
true.”

Tithonus, who loved her unwisely,
Looked foolish, and said with a sigh,
“I want to be with you forever;
So I wish that I never may die.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

Alas and alack for Tithonus!

He forgot that he'd have to grow old.
When he was a hundred, he shrivelled,
And shivered and shook with the
cold.

The wish of Tithonus was granted;
But when he had lost all his hair,
He was old and unhappy and ugly—
While Aurora stayed youthful and
fair.

He shrivelled and shrivelled and shriv-
elled

Until he was two inches long.
Aurora then made him a cricket,
And I heard him a-chirping this song.

Towards the end of the song, Ted
suddenly stopped gazing at Aurora,
beautiful as she was. He looked down

TED IN MYTHLAND

at his feet, in order to see whether he himself had shrunk any; but they seemed just about as far away as usual. He sat silent for a minute, and then asked, "Is Tithonus the same kind of a cricket we have at home?"

"The very same," said Cupid.

Ted looked puzzled, "See here, Cupid," he said, "all of those stories about love are sad. Every single time, one of your people has loved a lot and the other one hasn't cared a bit. Now don't deny it. There was Apollo and Daphne, and then Clytie, and now Tithonus. Why didn't you shoot more carefully, Cupid?"

Cupid looked a little ashamed of himself: "Well, it does seem as if I've often made a muddle of things," he admitted, "but there's an old woman called

TED IN MYTHLAND

Nemesis who always makes it up later, to those who haven't been loved. And then, too, I've made some very happy lovers, and some that loved each other in spite of everything. Now I'm very proud of Pyramus and Thisbe. They were not allowed to meet, even though they lived next door to each other. But I showed them some cracks in the high wall between their gardens, so that they could talk. At last, early one morning, they both ran away from home to meet at the foot of a white mulberry tree. Poor things! They died just as they got there and—but there's Apollo beginning to sing about them now. Listen!"

And Ted heard:

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

The wind is ruffling the mulberry leaves,
As it blusters in from the sea:

“Why are the berries so red—so red—
That hang from the mulberry tree?”

“Have you never heard of Thisbe,
then,”

The leaves are answering low,
“And of her lover, Pyramus,
Who died here, long ago?”

“They were kept apart by a ragged
wall,

Each shut in his garden fair;
Their whispers heard by the lilies tall
And the climbing roses there;

TED IN MYTHLAND

“Till they met at last beneath my
boughs—

Sore wounded—dying—dead!

My roots were crimsoned deep with
blood—

My berries stained with red.”

The wind is light and gentler now

As it wafts away to the sea—

And the crimson berries swing and sway

From the boughs of the mulberry
tree!

Ted looked just as unhappy as ever when this song was finished: “Well, that was a sad enough story, too, I think. How did they happen to die, Cupid?”

“They killed themselves,” said Cupid, in a low tone, “because each one thought the other dead.” He shivered a little.

“I don’t like to think about such things.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Why do you bother me? There were plenty of happy lovers, and, as I told you before, for the unhappy ones old Mother Nemesis"—

“Who is she?”

“Just listen, and you’ll find out,” said Cupid, glad to change the subject, and Ted heard Apollo begin:

NEMESIS

There sits by a high, brazen tower,
 With high, brazen, double-barred
 gates,
The old Mother Nemesis—watching—
 The silent old woman, who waits

For the very right moment to punish;
 For the very right moment to bless;
She gives us just what we're deserving:
 Neither more—nor a particle less.

She sees that the guilty are punished;
 She gives to the friendless a friend;
She watches the ones that are wretched,
 And evens it all in the end.

So if you are boastful or selfish,
 Be sure that in time you will pay;

TED IN MYTHLAND

And if you have sorrowed and suffered,
I think you'll be happy some day.

For Nemesis never has blundered.

She sits by the big, brazen gates,
And gives us just what we're deserving.
She's watching us now—as she waits.

Ted felt very uncomfortable at the thought of the grim old woman watching him. But he cheered up when he considered how he had suffered when he had had the mumps. Then he was struck with another thought.

“It must have been Mother Nemesis who punished Polycrates,” he said aloud.

“Of course it was,” said Apollo, who had come nearer. “That old king had entirely too much luck.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

Then he added, "Come over here, Ted. I see that Cupid has left, and somebody must look after you until Mercury comes back."

"Where has Cupid gone?" asked Ted. He had been so interested that he had hardly noticed Cupid as he flew away.

"Gone to find Psyche, of course," said the sun-god, shortly. "Anybody would know that."

"Do sing about her," pleaded Teddy. "Cupid has never mentioned her to me once. I wonder why?"

"Because he loves her too much to gossip about her," Apollo answered crossly. "I never saw such a boy as you for wondering. As for a song, couldn't you see in the last one that my voice was hoarse?"

Ted felt the tears coming to his eyes,

TED IN MYTHLAND

but he forced them back, and said nothing. Apollo smiled this time: "Now you're learning how to behave yourself. —I won't tell you that story, because it's a very sad one, and I heard you say that you didn't like that kind. But I will tell you this much: that Psyche was a mortal, and so beautiful that Venus, herself was jealous. And Cupid and Psyche loved each other from the very first just as faithfully as they love today. Now Jupiter has made her a goddess; but she never feels quite at home with us here, on account of Venus. And whenever you miss Cupid at a party, you may be sure that he has gone to look for Psyche. For all I know, he may be bringing her here now."

Ted looked about to see whether Cupid and Psyche had come in, but they



KING NEPTUNE.

were nowhere to be seen. He brought his gaze back to Jupiter, who was saying: "Here comes the King of the Sea. Late, as usual, Brother Neptune."

Ted turned towards the open door quickly, and saw a chariot made of big, curling green waves that always seemed ready to crash and never did. The manes of the horses looked like tossing,

white foam; and
in the chariot
sat old, white
haired Neptune,
god of the sea.

He made his
bow to Jupiter
without alight-
ing, and said in
a hoarse voice,
“I just drove in
to say how do
you do. I can’t
stay a minute.
Brother Æolus



has let his winds
loose on earth, and I must hurry back to calm a storm
on my ocean. Farewell!”

TED IN MYTHLAND

There was the sound of crashing waves; and Neptune, chariot, horses and all were swallowed up in a big, billowy cloud just outside the door.

“There he goes, back to the bottom of the sea again,” said Apollo. “I hardly ever go there myself because I don’t like to get wet, but I know what it’s like.”

“How do you know so well what it’s like?” inquired Teddy.

“Well,” said Apollo, touching his lyre:

THE KING OF THE SEA

The king of the sea spoke thus to me:

“When my Brother, the Wind, is fair,
I climb up here where the sea is blue,
And the yellow sunfish flash at you
Till the water flashes golden, too,
From my winding silver stair.

“My silver stairway winds deep down
To the roots of the ocean mold.

The trees take on a coral hint;
The leaves, a tender, opal glint;
And every flower a sea-blue tint,
With stem of palest gold.

“I hear my mermaids singing low:

‘Come back to your garden sea!’
I long to touch the pearl and shell;
I long to whiff the seaweed smell;
I hear—I hear the deep-sea bell!

Would you like to come with me?”

TED IN MYTHLAND

“I’d like it very much myself,” Ted remarked. Apollo kept on playing softly, and did not speak until Ted began to move about restlessly.

“What is the trouble, Ted?”

“I didn’t understand that song very well,” the boy answered. “I’d like to hear about the people who live down there besides the king and oh—lots of things. Is there a queen of the sea too?”

“Did I forget to mention her?” smiled Apollo. “That was careless of me. Her name is Amphitrite, and she is a very beautiful queen. We, at Olympus, find it hard to remember that there is a mortal present and sometimes we forget to tell about things that all the gods know already. But now I’ll try to leave nothing out. I’m going to sing about:

THE GARDEN OF THE SEA

The Queen of the Sea has a garden
Which is deep in a wave of blue;
And golden shadows touch the trees
Where sunlight filters through.

Her crown is of amber and coral,
Her girdle of coral complete;
And necklaces of milk-white pearls
Swing half way down to her feet.

She rules in the garden with Neptune,
Over every flower and tree,
And all of the little sea kings and
queens
That dwell in the depths of the sea.

The fifty young daughters of Nep-
tune—

The nymphs of the water—are there;

TED IN MYTHLAND

And mermaids, swimming around and
round,
Are braiding their yellow hair.

There's the wonderful sea-god, Triton,
The fish that is half a man,
Who has blown the storms through a
crooked shell
Ever since storms began;

And the Father and Mother of Rivers,
And a god with a beard of blue,
And Harpies, the makers of whirlwinds,
Who have their own work to do.

And there is the Watcher of Ship-
wrecks:
The treasures of spars and sails
And chests of silver and chests of gold
And silken stuff in bales.

TED IN MYTHLAND

The strangest of all are the Sirens,
The singers whose lightest breath,
So low and wild and danger-sweet,
Can lure men down to their death.

All of these dwell in the garden,
Deep down in a wave of blue,
With golden shadows here and there
Where sunlight filters through,

Except on the days that are cloudy-
For all of them cannot be clear.
The wheels of the world of the sea go
round
Very much as the wheels go here.

“That sounds very nice,” said Juno,
“but they have awful storms down
there. Where is old Æolus, anyway,
to-day? Here’s Mercury. I dare say
he knows.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

Mercury whizzed in, a little out of breath.

“Your Majesty,” he reported, “Mars is attending a war that’s going on down on earth. He’s sorry he can’t come, but the game is too exciting to leave.”

Jupiter frowned, and shivered a little, “Mars hardly ever comes to my parties any more. I shall have to forbid wars on earth if this goes on. Why in Olympus is it so cold here?”

“It’s probably Father Wind’s fault,” said Juno. “His winds reach all the way up here sometimes.”

Mercury smiled: “Yes, they’ve been stirring up things down there; but Neptune’s gone back to help quiet them; and anyhow the winds are never naughty for very long at a time, are they Apollo?”

TED IN MYTHLAND

Apollo shook his head, "Too long for me," he said. "This boy is your company, Mercury. Why don't you tell him what happens when the Winds break loose?"

"I don't mind," said Mercury. And he began at once:

THE WINDS

The North Wind rushed in with a roar
That froze the air and banged the door;
The East Wind blew in, chill and damp;
The West Wind blasted out the lamp,
And burned away the northern frost.
The gentle Southern Breeze was lost.

The Father Wind, old Æolus,
Now called his brood together:
“How dare you keep me from my rest?
This is outrageous weather!”

The Brother Winds were sorry now
That they had made this fearful row.
The North Wind shifted—crisp and
fair:

A habit it should ever wear.
The East Wind tempered down to be
A pleasant blowing from the sea.

TED IN MYTHLAND

The West Wind swept its fervent heat
To chilly lands of snow and sleet;
And left, astir among the trees,
The flower-laden Southern Breeze.

“That’s better now!” cried Father
Wind,
And clapped his hands together.
“A man can take his nap in peace.
I call *this* pleasant weather.”

Ted was quiet for a moment after Mercury had finished. Then he said, “I’d like to hear about the biggest storm there ever was. Do you know the story?”

Mercury frowned: “You are getting greedy, Ted. Besides, there have been so many big storms in the world that one couldn’t well choose the greatest one.”

TED IN MYTHLAND

Ted looked as if he were sorry he had spoken. And then Mercury added, quickly: "Well, I don't mind telling about the biggest rainstorm there ever was. I really should have told the story long ago, for it happened at the very beginning of things." It was called:

THE BIG FLOOD

'Twas raining and raining and raining.

'Twas raining a regular flood;
And all of the rivers were brimming,
And most of the mountains were mud.

So Pyrrha, the housewife, went running,

And with her Deucalion, her man,
To the top of a solid, high mountain—
All drenched with the wet, as they
ran.

At the top they were trembling with
terror,

For the rivers had spread to a sea,
That was rising and rising and rising—
Only leaving the high places free.

TED IN MYTHLAND

“Why, here is an axe!” cried Deucalion.

“Now, why in the world should it be?”

“The gods must have sent it,” said
Pyrrha,

“To carve out a boat from a tree.”

Well, they hewed and they cut and they
buildded,

Till the waters rose up to their knees;
And into the tree-boat they hurried
And floated away at their ease.

And then it rained harder than ever
Till the passing of nine stormy days;
When it cleared, and the water went
sinking
And shrank into rivers and bays.

It left the frail boat on a hill-top:

“Ah, Pyrrha,” Deucalion said;

TED IN MYTHLAND

“We two are alone in the world now,
For the rest of the people are dead.

“And I fear that our lives will be lonely
Without a near neighbor or two;
And if you will follow my orders,
I think we can find just a few.

“Now help me to gather the stones here,
And help fling them back to the
ground.

Be sure, though, to throw them all back-
wards,
And don't, for your life, look
around.

They flung the stones over their
shoulders

Very quickly and carefully, too,
But gave not a single glance backwards
Until they were finally through.

TED IN MYTHLAND

Then lo! all the stones that were
Pyrrha's

Were turning to women; and then
The bigger ones, thrown by her hus-
band,

Were turning to sturdy young men.

The stones kept a-growing and grow-
ing,

Till the world was all peopled anew
With hundreds of eager young neigh-
bors.

I hope they were good ones—don't
you?

“I hope so too,” Ted declared. What
are you going to tell about next, Mer-
cury?”

Mercury chuckled. “What would
you like to hear about, Ted? You look

TED IN MYTHLAND

as if you wanted a particular story. If you do, just speak out.”

“Well,” Ted began, “I haven’t heard nearly enough about Hercules. Didn’t you say something about a stag with golden horns? What is a stag, and how did Hercules catch it?”

“Apollo must have spoken of that labor while I was gone,” answered Mercury. “It happens to be a favorite story of mine, however, so I’d like to tell it. You may find it a little hard to understand, but I’ll make it as clear as possible. First of all, you must know that a stag is the brother of deer. This happened to be an enchanted stag, and the master of Hercules thought, ‘Now at last I’ve found a task too difficult for this giant Hercules. For there is a stag who runs on magic feet, so swift that

TED IN MYTHLAND

nobody has ever caught more than a glimpse of him. Hercules,' he called out, 'go and capture that stag.' Well, if you must have the story in all its details, and of course, nothing else will satisfy you, here it is:

THE STAG WITH THE GOLDEN HORNS

Hercules raced through the forest
brush—

Ardent and brave and bold—
After the flash of a body brown—
After a glimmer of gold;

Hunting the stag with the golden horns;
Swifter than horse or hound,
Surer than man on his magic feet
Over the moss covered ground.

Hercules hunted for weeks and months
Till there had passed a year.
He laid deep traps and shallow traps
To tempt the shyest deer.

TED IN MYTHLAND

It didn't need striking or strength this
time;

It didn't need cunning or skill;
But merely a patience to know how to
wait,

And a masterful, dogged will.

“Ah, you stag of the golden horns,
I am weary with bruise and fall!
But long as I live I never will yield
In this hardest labor of all.”

At last one day as the twilight fell,
Weary, but never so bold,
He touched the stag with the body brown
And grasped the horns of gold.

He never did harm the trembling thing
And I think you should understand
That he simply was learning the way to
fight

With head and heart and hand.

TED IN MYTHLAND

It didn't need striking or strength this
time;

It didn't need cunning or skill;
But merely a patience to know how to
wait,

And a masterful, dogged will.

As Mercury ceased, Jupiter said
slowly, "Apollo, it seems to me you
might tell something about me once in
a while." And Apollo answered gaily,

"Why, I was just going to sing about
that visit you and Mercury paid to good
old Baucis and Philemon. Only, I must
tune my lyre again first."

Jupiter settled himself comfortably
on his throne, but Mercury pulled Ted's
sleeve.

"Time to go home," he said.

"Oh, can't I stay for just one more
song?"

TED IN MYTHLAND

Mercury shook his head.

“I promised to get you back to your own party; and we’ve got to start this minute to do it.”

“But I ought to say good-bye.”

“I’ll say that for you,” insisted Mercury.

Ted saw there was no use in arguing, but as Mercury hurried him toward the doors, he turned his head for one last look at the lofty, golden walls, and the beautiful stately figures of the gods, grouped about Apollo and his lyre.

Mercury lifted his stick, and Ted’s eyes closed; but as they swooped down into the clouds he could hear the first words of Apollo’s song:

“Would you like to know why the
Linden tree
And the Oak grow side by side?”



MOTHER WAS OPENING THE DOOR.

TED IN MYTHLAND

“Indeed I would,” said Ted dreamily—and opened his eyes to find himself at home on the couch in the library again.

Right in front of him the little bronze Mercury on the mantelpiece was running as hard as ever; and Ted’s mother was opening the door, with his best white suit over her arm.

“Time to get ready for the party, Teddums,” she said.

The little boy sat up and kicked off the brown steamer rug.

“Yes, mother,” he said aloud, but added to himself, “Mercury was right. We just did have time to get here.”

When he was all dressed, and his mother had rustled out again, Ted lingered a moment:

“Did I dream all of that, Mercury,”

TED IN MYTHLAND

he whispered, gazing earnestly at the little bronze man, "or was it real?"

Mercury smiled, "You'll have to decide that for yourself, Ted."

"Will I ever go again?"

Mercury shook his head.

"Won't I ever see any of the gods or hear Pan's music or see the dryads?"

"Oh, yes, you're one of the people who will hear Pan's music sometimes. And as for the dryads—Well, listen! This is my very last word, for I shall not be allowed to speak again. If you don't understand, I can't explain, but this much is certain:

The dryads lived ages ago—

At least, so the histories say—

But for you and for me

Who are able to see,

The dryads are living to-day."

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