

Where the Olympian Games Were Held

By Elizabeth B. Custer

From Athens to Olympia a long and tedious ride—Scene of Former Grandeur a Mass of Ruins—Wonderful Statue and Temple That Still Remain—Stadium Filled with Sand—Rural Scenes Apparently Unchanged During 2,000 Years—Few Penetrate Olympia's Solitudes, But the Trip is Well Worth While.

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(Mrs. Elizabeth Bacon Custer, widow of the heroic Gen. George A. Custer, who was massacred, with his command, in the Black Hills by the Sioux at the battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876, is well known as a vigorous writer. Her books, "Boots and Saddles," "Tenting on the Plains" and "Following the Guidon" have been widely read.)

One does not reach the original scene of the athletic games which made Greece so celebrated without some hardships and great taxing of patience. It is a long railway journey from Athens to Patras, but not uncomfortable. Then comes a night in a hotel that makes you shiver every time you think of it afterward. Next morning there is an early start on such a railroad! The one daily train stops at every vineyard and wine shop apparently and trails along so slowly that it takes one twice the time for the journey that is necessary. There never has been a town at Olympia. It was a district sacred to temples, altars, treasure houses, the palaces of kings and to the celebration of the games.

At the ruins at Delphi we had seen the only laurel tree left,



Temple of Lysicrates.

where so many years before chaplets were woven to place on the brows of the winners of the games; so we knew that the laurel which is so rare now in Greece grew then under the patient care of those who had dedicated its leaves to the conqueror.

The ruins of Olympia are far more accessible than those at Delphi, Mycenae or Epidaurus, for we escaped the steep climbs. The sacred precincts were in the valley of the River Alpheos, and though it is far from our ideas of what a river should be it still is a grateful sight to have a stream in the vicinity of any of the great ruins of Greece.

Of course, before going to trace our way through the labyrinth of marble and rock we stopped at the museum to see the Hermes. The world will have to make pilgrimages to this marvelous statue, for in all the excavations carried on by the different schools and archaeological societies from every country the Greeks now insist that the great "finds" must be left in the museums on the grounds, and so the large sums offered for the Hermes have no effect. It is to remain in the small isolated and unget-at-able corner of the world. The museum has accorded the statue a large space quite by itself, and the hush of the tourist, the silence in this alcove, is like that about the Sistine Madonna in the Dresden gallery. With the Madonna it is not alone reverence for art which seems to have been inspired, but for the woman and the mother; but before the Hermes one is silent from awe of what art has accomplished.

Of course we sought out the temple where the Hermes once stood. The base of the Hereaon, the oldest temple in Greece, had a row of pedestals on either side still left, where statues once stood. Pausanias described the very place of the Hermes between the carved columns.

Outside, on the wide walk leading to the stadium, there are many pedestals of the money given for fines when the rules of the games were broken, for these contests went on for 1,000 years and were of such importance that heralds were sent over the country to proclaim to turbulent and warlike Greece that she must pledge herself to peace while the competition lasted.

After three successes a portrait statue could be erected in the Altis by the victor. These date so far back that the first was wrought in wood. Some of these figures are now in the museum at Athens. There is an archaic stele of Ariston, the first Olympian runner, which gives some idea of the costume of the athlete and the development of the muscles. He is said to have run from the battle of Marathon to bring the news to the city and to have fallen dead at the portal of the temple of Theseion. The spear he carries was doubtless a trophy won by his prowess.

There is a beautiful little temple in the heart of Athens which I visited over and over again, because it had to

do with the games. The victors exhibited their prizes in public places and between the sculptured columns of this temple there once stood the evidences of the conquests of young Greece. Imagine a whole street of such beautiful temples extending from the theater of Dionysos to the town, all holding the trophies of the triumphant competitors.

But Olympia soon lost its local celebrity in the days when the oracle of Delphi proclaimed the spot the favored one of all the many centers for games, and it was a national festival that brought people from all over the world.

Foot races, hurling the discus, wrestling and boxing were followed in time by chariot and horse races. In the conglomeration of debris we traced the foundations of the walls of the great buildings set aside for the accommodation of those entered for the contests.

But a small portion of the great stadium has been redeemed from the mass of sand in which the river buried all of Olympia by a change of its course.

The stadium, unlike that at Athens, which has one circular end, thus doubling the distance of the run, had 630 45 feet in a straight line. There were no tiers of seats such as we saw at the stadiums of Delphi, Epidaurus and Athens, but the gentle slopes of the hills were sufficient for the spectators. You approach through a long walk once lined with statues. A little to the right of the entrance a portico extended almost the entire width of the sacred precincts. Under this roof the people strolled back and forth awaiting the call of the herald to the arena. In front of this marvelously beautiful portico sacrifices to propitiate the gods were burned on altars whose foundations are easily traced now. An archway on the left of the stadium was the entrance for the contestants. One arch is still standing and is far higher and larger than the photograph represents. Some of the walls of the long entrance remain, having resisted the pressure of the sand which settled there so long ago. After we had passed through this trench on the side of the hill we ascended the slope to sit down on the flower-crowned hill in the midst of the asphodels of the poets, near the low wall where the start was made.

The same birds that sung 2,000 years ago were singing the same songs; the blossoms were putting up the very same lovely faces to the cloudless sky above; a shepherd boy was piping the unaltered notes of his ancestors with the reeds of his simple instrument fashioned as of old; a woman in a field close by watched the herd, distaff in hand, and a farmer turned up furrows in the river valley near with a wooden plow of the clumsy make of archaic days.

The hand of a Greek maiden was once the prize competed for, and yet only one woman, the Eleian priestess, was allowed to view the sports within the guarded precinct. We almost felt as we sat picturing the entrance of the superb youths through the vaulted archway that a trumpet would sound, clearing the hill of the daring petticoats that had ventured to view the forbidden field.

Even the palm was handed to the victor by an emperor and not a woman.



Entrance to Stadium.

The prizes were only branches from the sacred olive tree.

The whole scene unrolled itself to us as we sat looking over the ground where the anxious or triumphant heart beats of the contestants could almost be heard after all the centuries in the now solitary spot. It is difficult to imagine any scene on earth more spirited than when the name and country of each competing youth was called out and heralds announced them with the clarion notes of the trumpets.

And what a generous thought was it of the patriotic Greek to restore the stadium at Athens and make an object for the youth of to-day to undertake exactly the same games of the long ago!

It would have been even more an event of the centuries had Olympia been chosen, but its distance and isolation and the hardships to which the spectators would have been subjected were insurmountable obstacles. One must be an enthusiast or an archaeological scholar to visit Olympia as it now is.

But there are rewards awaiting every one who does penetrate to the isolated ruins. The interest is intense and no one need hesitate to go because one is not an archaeological, classical or historical scholar. Enough can be acquired through the guidebook and a little study at the museum before making the journey to give a clear idea of those world-renowned centers of Greek scholars, artists and athletes.

Lying Somewhere.

Not sure where "the future control of the world lies," professor, but guess the fellow who knows it all lies anywhere between here and the Antipodes and back the other way.

HE HAD TO HAVE FRUIT.

Grapes Beyond His Purse, Boy Took Humble Substitute.

James Wilson, the secretary of agriculture, was discussing in Washington the aid which his department gives the American farmer. He pointed out the benefit that had been derived from the introduction of durum wheat, of the wheat-testing machine, and of the method of extracting potash from granite.

"In fact," said Mr. Wilson, smiling, "I believe that eventually our finest products will be cheap enough to be within the reach of all. Then the story of the boy and the hot-house grapes will be as dead and antiquated as the theater hat stories of the past. 'This boy—he was a bootblack—entered a grocer's store one day, and, pointing to some superb grapes, said: 'Wot's the price o' them there, mister?'"

"'One dollar a pound, my lad,' the clerk replied."

"'A look of anguish passed over the boy's face, and he said, hastily: 'Then give us a cent's worth o' carrots. I'm dead nuts on fruit.'"

PRESCRIPTIONS IN LATIN.

The Public Should Have Them Translated by the Druggists.

What virtue is there in the secrecy with which the doctor hedges about his profession?

"Professional etiquette" occupies a prominent place in the curriculum of every medical school, and when strictly analyzed "professional etiquette" seems to mean "doing what is best for the doctor, individually and collectively."

Among the things that "is best for the doctor" is the writing of his prescriptions in Latin, and thus keeping the public in ignorance not only of what it is taking for its ills, but forcing a call upon the doctor each time a prescription is needed.

In plain and unmistakable English the writing of prescriptions in Latin makes business for the doctors.

Let us say that you have the ague. You had it last year and the year before. Each time you have visited the doctor and he has prescribed for you—in Latin. You have never known what he has given you for the disease, and so each time you are forced to go to him again and give him an opportunity to repeat his prescription—in Latin, and his fee—in dollars.

If you ask the doctor why he uses Latin in writing his prescriptions, why he writes "aqua" when he means water, he will give you a technical dissertation on the purity of the Latin language, and the fact that all words are derived from it, etc. It will be a dissertation that you may not be able to answer, but it will hardly convince you.

It would be a good thing for the public to devise a little code of ethics of its own; ethics that will be "a good thing for the public individually and collectively."

Let us apply one of the rules of this code of ethics to you, the individual.

You call in the physician when you have the ague, the grippe, or any of the other ills to which human flesh is heir, and which you may have again some day. The doctor prescribes—in Latin, and you take this, to you, meaningless scribble to the druggist to have it compounded. Right here is where you come in, if you are wise. Say to the druggist that you want a translation of that prescription. It is your privilege to know what you are taking. While the doctor's code of ethics may not recognize this right it is yours just the same.

With the translated prescription in your possession you have two distinct advantages. You know what you are taking, and should you wish to call some other doctor at some time you will be able to tell him what drugs you have been putting into your system, and also if you should have the same disease again you can save yourself a visit to the doctor, and his fee, by taking this translated prescription to the druggist once more and having it refilled.

She Experimented.

A little girl of five was taken to church one Sunday, and listened with unexpected attention to the sermon, which graphically told the story of the stilling of the tempest on the Sea of Galilee, and how Christ walked on the waves. In the afternoon her mother missed her and began an anxious search of the house. As she neared the bathroom she heard sounds of splashing, and hurried to the door to behold a small, excited face peering over the rim of the big white tub, and to hear a small, excited voice exclaim: "Say, mamma, this walking on the water is quite a trick."

A Knock.

"Jimmy," said the father, "there's a rip in your bathing suit. Go and sew it up."

"But papa," growled the boy, "mother will sew it for me."

"Never mind. I want you to learn to sew yourself. For," said the father, "some day you will get married, and then you won't have any mother—you will only have a wife."

The Appropriate Location.

Caustic Critic—Why did you put that joker at the very end of the numbers in your entertainment program? Member of Committee—Wasn't that all right? I thought a wag ought naturally to come at the tail end.

It is not those who read simply, but those who think, who become enlightened.—Secker.

Nothing is more tedious than the pursuit of pleasure as an occupation.

Why He Was Jolly.

Bidder met Kidder, and Kidder was just bubbling with good humor.

"What are you feeling so uncommon jolly over?" said Bidder.

"Why, my best girl went and got married yesterday," said Kidder, slapping Bidder on the back.

"Seems to me that's about the last thing for a chap to feel jolly over," said Bidder.

"What!" said Kidder. "It was me she went and got married to!"

And so the cigars were on Bidder.—Browning's Magazine.

Great Discovery Announced.

Sir William Crookes, as a result of his own researches and the experiments of Professors Krowalski and Mosicki, of Freiburg university, has discovered a process of extracting nitric acid from the atmosphere. The process is available for commercial, industrial and agricultural purposes, and is expected to revolutionize the nitrate industry and the world's food problem.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Riches Cause Trouble.

Great riches are ever accompanied by great anxieties, and an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new inquietudes.—Goldsmith.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Granite as Fertilizer.

The government bureau of Plant Industry finds that ground granite makes excellent fertilizer.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, M.D., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

He alone is poor who wastes his time and neglects his opportunities.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Fault-finding women frequently step on their own corns.

MOTHERHOOD

The first requisite of a good mother is good health, and the experience of maternity should not be approached without careful physical preparation, as a woman who is in good physical condition transmits to her children the blessings of a good constitution.

Preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from native roots and herbs, more successfully than by any other medicine because it gives tone and strength to the entire feminine organism, curing displacements, ulceration and inflammation, and the result is less suffering and more children healthy at birth. For more than thirty years



MRS. JAMES CHESTER

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

has been the standby of American mothers in preparing for childbirth. Note what Mrs. James Chester, of 427 W. 35th St., New York says in this letter:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—'I wish every expectant mother knew about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A neighbor who had learned of its great value at this trying period of a woman's life urged me to try it and I did so, and I cannot say enough in regard to the good it did me. I recovered quickly and am in the best of health now.'

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a successful remedy for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women. It has cured almost every form of Female Complaints, Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation, Ulcerations and Organic Diseases of Women and is invaluable in preparing for Childbirth and during the Change of Life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.

Time to Fly.

The trust magnate leaped up from the banquet table and made a dive for his 100-mile-an-hour automobile.

"Hold on!" cried the astonished toastmaster. "Won't you wait for us to serve the dessert?"

"No," replied the nervous magnate; "I just saw a suspicious face loom up at the window. The next thing served will be a process."

And telling his chauffeur to put on full speed the wealthy fugitive headed for the next state.

Arithmetic.

Tommy—Pop, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?

Tommy's Pop—So we are told, my son.

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"

Does Your Head Ache?

If so, get a box of Krause's Headache Capsules of your Druggist, 25c. Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

What a man can do is his greatest ornament and he always consults his dignity by doing it.—Carlyle.

ELICK'S CAPUDINE

CURES It removes the cause, soothes the nerves and relieves the aches and

headaches and neuralgia also. No bad effects. 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. (LIQUID.)



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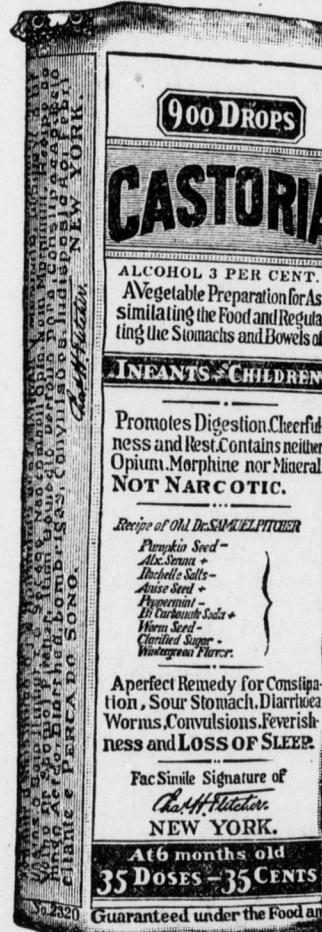
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If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

A. N. K.—C (1907—36) 2194.

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CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: *First*—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless; *Second*—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food; *Third*—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—Hall's Journal of Health.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."

Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."

Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."

Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."

Dr. Wm. J. McCrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."

Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

in Use For Over 30 Years.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more vividly and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. KEMROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.