

# JENNIE HALL

BURIED CITIES,  
VOLUME 2:  
OLYMPIA

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**Buried Cities, Volume 2: Olympia**

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**BURIED CITIES  
BY  
JENNIE HALL**

The publishers are grateful to the estate of Miss Jennie Hall and to her many friends for assistance in planning the publication of this book. Especial thanks are due to Miss Nell C. Curtis of the Lincoln School, New York City, for helping to finish Miss Hall's work of choosing the pictures, and to Miss Irene I. Cleaves of the Francis Parker School, Chicago, who wrote the captions. It was Miss Katharine Taylor, now of the Shady Hill School, Cambridge, who brought these stories to our attention.

# FOREWORD: TO BOYS AND GIRLS

Do you like to dig for hidden treasure? Have you ever found Indian arrowheads or Indian pottery? I knew a boy who was digging a cave in a sandy place, and he found an Indian grave. With his own hands he uncovered the bones and skull of some brave warrior. That brown skull was more precious to him than a mint of money. Another boy I knew was making a cave of his own. Suddenly he dug into an older one made years before. He crawled into it with a leaping heart and began to explore. He found an old carpet and a bit of burned candle. They proved that some one had lived there. What kind of a man had he been and what kind of life had he lived—black or white or red, robber or beggar or adventurer? Some of us were walking in the woods one day when we saw a bone sticking out of the ground. Luckily we had a spade, and we set to work digging. Not one moment was the tool idle. First one bone and then another came to light and among them a perfect horse's skull. We felt as though we had rescued Captain Kidd's treasure, and we went home draped in bones.

Suppose that instead of finding the bones of a horse we had uncovered a gold-wrapped king. Suppose that instead of a deserted cave that boy had dug into a whole buried city with

theaters and mills and shops and beautiful houses. Suppose that instead of picking up an Indian arrowhead you could find old golden vases and crowns and bronze swords lying in the earth. If you could be a digger and a finder and could choose your find, would you choose a marble statue or a buried bakeshop with bread two thousand years old still in the oven or a king's grave filled with golden gifts? It is of such digging and such finding that this book tells.

# OLYMPIA



*A Vase Store*

# TWO WINNERS OF CROWNS

The July sun was blazing over the country of Greece. Dust from the dry plain hung in the air. But what cared the happy travelers for dust or heat? They were on their way to Olympia to see the games. Every road teemed with a chattering crowd of men and boys afoot and on horses. They wound down from the high mountains to the north. They came along the valley from the east and out from among the hills to the south. Up from the sea led the sacred road, the busiest of all. A little caravan of men and horses was trying to hurry ahead through the throng. The master rode in front looking anxiously before him as though he did not see the crowd. After him rode a lad. His eyes were flashing eagerly here and there over the strange throng. A man walked beside the horse and watched the boy smilingly. Behind them came a string of pack horses with slaves to guard the loads of wine and food and tents and blankets for their master's camp.

"What a strange-looking man, Glaucon!" said the boy. "He has a dark skin."

The boy's own skin was fair, and under his hat his hair was golden. As he spoke he pointed to a man on the road who was also riding at the head of a little caravan. His skin was dark. Shining black hair covered his ears. His garment was gay with colored stripes.

"He is a merchant from Egypt," answered the man. "He will

have curious things to sell—vases of glass, beads of amber, carved ivory, and scrolls gay with painted figures. You must see them, Charmides."

But already the boy had forgotten the Egyptian.

"See the chariot!" he cried.

It was slowly rolling along the stony road. A grave, handsome man stood in it holding the reins. Beside him stood another man with a staff in his hand. Behind the chariot walked two bowmen. After them followed a long line of pack horses led by slaves. "They are the delegates from Athens," explained Glaucon. "There are, doubtless, rich gifts for Zeus on the horses and perhaps some stone tablets engraved with new laws."

But the boy was not listening.

"Jugglers! Jugglers!" he cried.

And there they were at the side of the road, showing their tricks and begging for coins. One man was walking on his hands and tossing a ball about with his feet. Another was swallowing a sword.

"Stop, Glaucon!" cried Charmides, "I must see him. He will kill himself."

"No, my little master," replied the slave. "You shall see him again at Olympia. See your father. He would be vexed if we waited."

And there was the master ahead, pushing forward rapidly, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. The boy sighed.

"He is hurrying to see Creon. He forgets me!" he thought.

But immediately his eyes were caught by some new thing, and his face was gay again. So the little company traveled up the sloping road amid interesting sights. For here were people from all the corners of the known world—Greeks from Asia in trailing robes, Arabs in white turbans, black men from Egypt, kings from Sicily, Persians with their curled beards, half civilized men from the north in garments of skin. "See!" said Glaucon at last as they reached a hilltop, "the temple!"

He pointed ahead. There shone the tip of the roof and its gold ornament. Hovering above was a marble statue with spread wings.

"And there is Victory!" whispered Charmides. "She is waiting for Creon. She will never wait for me," and he sighed.

The crowd broke into a shout when they saw the temple. A company of young men flew by, singing a song. Charmides passed a sick man. The slaves had set down his litter, and he had stretched out his hands toward the temple and was praying. For the sick were sometimes cured by a visit to Olympia. The boy's father had struck his heels into his horse's sides and was galloping forward, calling to his followers to hasten.

In a few moments they reached higher land. Then they saw the sacred place spread out before them. There was the wall all around it. Inside it shone a few buildings and a thousand statues. Along one side stretched a row of little marble treasure houses. At the far corner lay the stadion with its rows of stone seats. Nearer and outside the wall was the gymnasium. Even from a

distance Charmides could see men running about in the court.

"There are the athletes!" he thought. "Creon is with them."

Behind all these buildings rose a great hill, dark green with trees. Down from the hill poured a little stream. It met a wide river that wound far through the valley. In the angle of these rivers lay Olympia. The temple and walls and gymnasium were all of stone and looked as though they had been there forever. But in the meadow all around the sacred place was a city of winged tents. There were little shapeless ones of skins lying over sticks. There were round huts woven of rushes. There were sheds of poles with green boughs laid upon them. There were tall tents of gaily striped canvas. Farther off were horses tethered. And everywhere were gaily robed men moving about. Menon, Charmides' father, looking ahead from the high place, turned to a slave.

"Run on quickly," he said. "Save a camping place for us there on Mount Kronion, under the trees."

The man was off. Menon spoke to the other servants. "Push forward and make camp. I will visit the gymnasium. Come, Charmides, we will go to see Creon."

They rode down the slope toward Olympia. As they passed among the tents they saw friends and exchanged kind greetings.

"Ah, Menon!" called one. "There is good news of Creon. Every one expects great things of him."

"I have kept room for your camp next my tent, Menon," said another.

"Here are sights for you, Charmides," said a kind old man.

Charmides caught a glimpse of gleaming marble among the crowd and guessed that some sculptor was showing his statues for sale. Yonder was a barber's tent. Gentlemen were sitting in chairs and men were cutting their hair or rubbing their faces smooth with stone. In one place a man was standing on a little platform. A crowd was gathered about him listening, while he read from a scroll in his hands.

But the boy had only a glimpse of these things, for his father was hurrying on. In a moment they crossed a bridge over a river and stopped before a low, wide building. Glaucon helped Charmides off his horse. Menon spoke a few words to the porter at the gate. The man opened the door and led the visitors in. Charmides limped along beside his father, for he was lame. That was what had made him sigh when he had seen Victory hovering over Olympia. She would never give him the olive branch. But now he did not think of that. His heart was beating fast. His eyes were big. For before him lay a great open court baking in the sun. More than a hundred boys were at work there, leaping, wrestling, hurling the disk, throwing spears. During the past months they had been living here, training for the games. The sun had browned their bare bodies. Now their smooth skins were shining with sweat and oil. As they bent and twisted they looked like beautiful statues turned brown and come alive. Among them walked men in long purple robes. They seemed to be giving commands.

"They are the judges," whispered Glaucon. "They train the

boys."

All around the hot court ran a deep, shady portico. Here boys lay on the tiled floor or on stone benches, resting from their exercise. Near Charmides stood one with his back turned. He was scraping the oil and dust from his body with a strigil. Charmides' eyes danced with joy at the beauty of the firm, round legs and the muscles moving in the shoulders. Then the athlete turned toward the visitors and Charmides cried out, "Creon!" and ran and threw his arms around him.

Then there was gay talk; Creon asked about the home and mother and sisters in Athens, for he had been here in training for almost ten months. Menon and Charmides had a thousand questions about the games.

"I know I shall win, father," said Creon softly. "Four nights ago Hermes appeared to me in my sleep and smiled upon me. I awoke suddenly and there was a strange, sweet perfume in the air."

Tears sprang into his father's eyes. "Now blessed be the gods!" he cried, "and most blessed Hermes, the god of the gymnasium!"

After a little Menon and Charmides said farewell and went away through the chattering crowd and up under the cool trees on Mount Kronion to their camp. The slaves had cut poles and set them up and thrown a wide linen cover over them. Under it they had put a little table holding lumps of brown cheese, a flat loaf of bread, a basket of figs, a pile of crisp lettuce. Just outside the tent grazed a few goats. A man in a soiled tunic was squatted milking

one. Menon's slave stood waiting and, as his master came up, he took the big red bowl of foaming milk and carried it to the table. The goatherd picked up his long crook and started his flock on, calling, "Milk! Milk to sell!"

Menon was gay now. His worries were over. His camp was pitched in a pleasant place. His son was well and sure of victory.

"Come, little son," he called to Charmides. "You must be as hungry as a wolf. But first our thanks to the gods."

A slave had poured a little wine into a flat cup and stood now offering it to his master. Menon took it and held it high, looking up into the blue heavens.

"O gracious Hermes!" he cried aloud, "fulfill thy omen! And to Zeus, the father, and to all the immortals be thanks."

As he prayed he turned the cup and spilled the wine upon the ground. That was the god's portion. A slave spread down a rug for his master to lie upon and put cushions under his elbow. Glaucou did the same for Charmides, and the meal began. Menon talked gaily about their journey, the games to-morrow, Creon's training. But Charmides was silent. At last his father said:

"Well, little wolf, you surely are gulping! Are you so starved?"

"No," said Charmides with full mouth. "I'm in a hurry. I want to see things."

His father laughed and leaped to his feet.

"Just like me, lad. Come on!"

Charmides snatched a handful of figs and rolled out of the tent squealing with joy. Menon came after him, laughing, and

Glaucou followed to care for them. "The sun is setting," said Menon. "It will soon be dark, and to-morrow are the games. They will keep us busy when they begin, so you must use your eyes to-day if you want to see the fair."

He stopped on the hillside and looked down into the sacred place.

"It is wonderful!" he said, half to himself. "The home of glory! I love every stone of it. I have not been here since I myself won the single race. And now my son is to win it. That was when you were a baby, Charmides."

"I know, father," whispered the boy with shining eyes. "I have kissed your olive wreath, where it hangs above our altar at home."

The father put his hand lovingly on the boy's yellow head.

"By the help of Hermes there soon will be a green one there for you to kiss, lad. The gods are very good to crown our family twice."

"I wish there were crowns for lame boys to win," said Charmides. "I would win one!"

He said that fiercely and clenched his fist. His father looked kindly into his eyes and spoke solemnly.

"I think you would, my son. Perhaps there are such crowns."

They started on thoughtfully and soon were among the crowd. There were a hundred interesting sights. They passed an outdoor oven like a little round hill of stones and clay. The baker was just raking the fire out of the little door on the side. Charmides waited to see him put the loaves into the hot cave. But before it

was done a horn blew and called him away to a little table covered with cakes.

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