Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

CAROLINE'S BIRTHDAY

Caroline's birthday was drawing near as birthdays have a habit of doing so often—once a year in fact.

Just a Very Nice Size.

Caroline, as you can quite easily guess from the name, is a little girl. At least you could tell she was a girl. You wouldn't for a moment say: "Dear me, now is Caroline a boy or a girl?" Because Caroline is indeed a distinctly nice name for a girl—and wouldn't do for a boy at all.

Perhaps you didn't know she was a little girl until I told you. She is just a very nice size. She is not too big and she is not too small. And she is not too old and she is not too young. She's just a nice in-between age for a little girl.

Her hair is dark and her eyes are big and dark too, and you fall in love with her eyes at once. They are so expressive.

Sometimes she smiles with her eyes, again she is thoughtful and always she is charming.

Her voice is so pretty and there is something so lovely about her that if she didn't go to school and play and laugh and study and walk you'd say:

"She's a dainty, beautiful little fairy who has escaped from Fairyland because she saw two parents who looked at her so longingly and who looked to her so very nice. And if ever she did belong to Fairyland she has certainly never wished to leave her home or her parents. They still look so nice to her.

Caroline has many friends but one of her greatest friends is Lucy.

Lucy is much older than Caroline. But still they are great friends. They hug each other when they're not playing and they love each other all the time except when they're sound asleep—and even then I wouldn't be surprised if dreams flitted from Dreamland to them of each other.

Caroline likes school. She gets along well in school. She enjoys the school year. But when summer comes she goes to the mountains while Lucy who is a winter-time neighbor goes to the seashore.

They hug each other a great many times then and the only way they can part from each other is by the thought of all they will have to tell each other of seashore life and mountain life when they see each other in the fall.

But now Caroline's birthday was drawing near.

The very day itself was talking to the other days of the week back where all the days live when they're not working.

"Dear me," said Sunday, "I'm going to celebrate Caroline's birthday this year, though Saturday is almost as excited as I am, as being the day before the birthday."

"I'm two days before the birthday," said Friday, excitedly.

Thursday was not with the other days, for Thursday was working—or as people would say, that day it was Thursday.

"I've messages to take to Caroline," said Sunday, "from the Dreamland King and from the Queen of the Fairies and from the Fairy Wondrous Secrets and from Princess Fairy Joy and from Princess Fairy Twilight-Bell.

"Billie Brownie and Effie Elf, Old Mr. Giant and Witty Witch, Peter Gnome and Bennie Brownie are all sending messages too.

"They all wish her many, many happy returns of the day and that she may have countless birthdays so happy and so beautiful and so wonderful that she will never stop being happy.

They Hug Each Other.

"And when people wish her many happy returns of that day I am going to give a little echo-wish at that time—or just after.

"She will not be quite sure whether my wishes are the wishes of the people or whether they are little after wishes she is receiving.

"But as long as she gets them it will be enough and I'll see that she does. That's my day."

And all the days shouted:

"Long live Caroline!

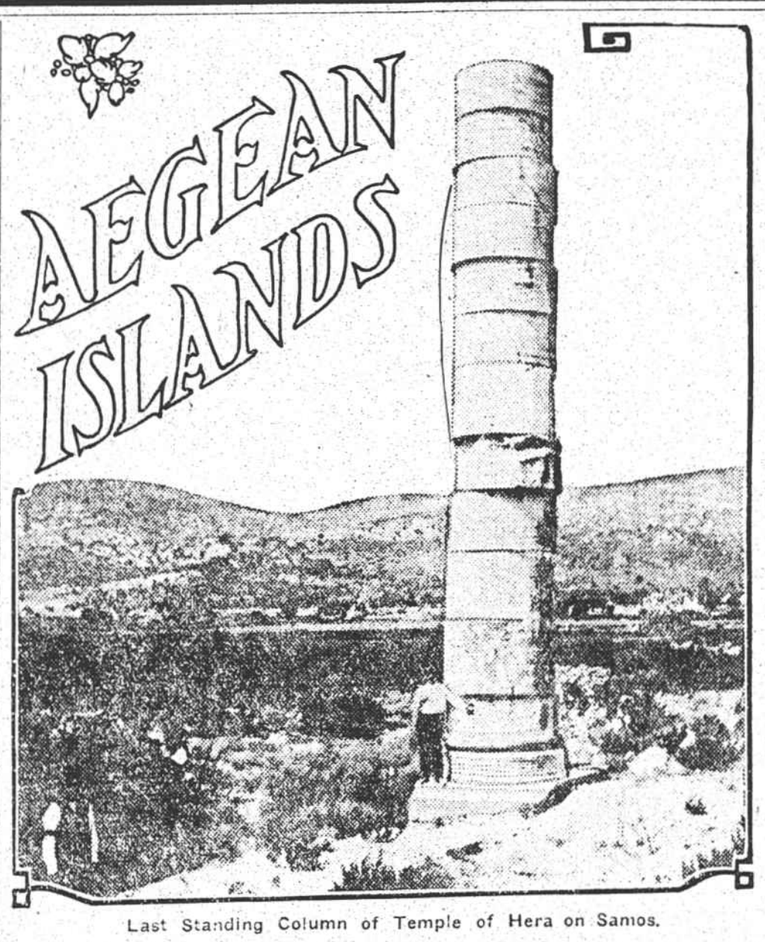
"Many happy returns of the 18th, Caroline!

"And may every birthday be better than the last, for you, most lovable, hugable Caroline, deserve the very, very best!"

Lifts Heavy Weights

Which bird can lift the heaviest weights? The crane.

AEGEAN ISLANDS



Last Standing Column of Temple of Hera on Samos.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

In the combination of present picturesqueness, wealth of historic associations and interesting ruins of past greatness, few regions can surpass the islands of the Aegean off the coast of Asia Minor, the region that constituted the seed bed for the glory that was Greece.

Not only has Asia Minor and the islands facing its shores been the stage upon which have been enacted some of the most portentous events in human history, but it is at the present time one of the most interesting and picturesque regions in the world. It has often been termed the quintessence of the East. For nowhere else will you find, thrown together in close association, so many things of the East—the camel caravan; the groves of cypress, olive, plane and valonia trees; the mosque and towering minaret; latticed windows and veiled women; quaint and picturesque costumes, and a background made up of the remnants of an ancient civilization in the form of ruined cities which dot the surface of the whole country.

Among the Aegean islands Chios and its neighbor Samos are favorite spots with the few tourists who frequent this region, because of their accessibility. They are situated but a short sail from Smyrna.

As early as 700 B. C. Chios was one of the richest and most important members of the Ionian Union. It has disputed with Smyrna the honor of being the birthplace of Homer. Chios has been, in turn, Ionian, Persian, Athenian, Roman, Italian, Turkish and finally, in 1913, after a separation of nearly 2,300 years, it was united once more to the parent country, Greece. As one well may imagine, a little island which has changed masters so many times necessarily must have suffered much from the strife which swept over it.

Twice has this island been visited by terrible earthquakes. The first was away back in the year 17 A. D., and it was only through the fostering care of Emperor Tiberius that the people were able to make a fresh start. The second was in 1881, when the town of Kastro was practically laid waste. Mosques, churches and dwelling-houses disappeared into the bowels of the earth, engulfing no less than 5,000 people. This earthquake visited the whole island, and many beautiful and historic monasteries, some of which contained priceless objects of art, valuable libraries and monuments of antiquity, were completely lost.

Happy in the Old Days.

But in spite of all these vicissitudes Chios has also seen many happy days. Even in the old days of the Ionian Union it was celebrated on account of its commerce and industries, especially for its native wine, and the manufacture of beds and sofas. Under Rome the island was ruled as an insular province, and enjoyed several hundred years of almost unbroken peace and prosperity. The people have always been sober and industrious, and not only have they grown opulent in the various fields of commerce, but many have also succeeded in literature and art as well.

Chios' real troubles virtually began in the Greek war of independence. Somewhat against the will of the people, the island became involved in this struggle and was visited by a massacre which appalled humanity. In 1822 the Captain Pasha appeared before Kastro with a powerful fleet and landed an army of Moslems, who slaughtered, in the space of two months, no less than 30,000 Chians. It is estimated that 32,000 were sold into slavery. The entire island was given over to pillage, and scarcely a village, church, or convent was spared the flames.

Home of Gum Mastic.

One of the chief products of Chios is gum mastic, which is grown on the southern part of the island. It is used as a gum, and also distilled as a liquid, which is used throughout the Levant as an appetizer immediately before meals. When mixed with water this liquid assumes a pale milky color, and is an intoxicant if used in immoderate quantities.

Many pleasant drives may be taken from Kastro, along the coast and into the interior of the island. There are numerous olive groves, although not nearly so many as on the sister island of Mytilene. The roads are not good, and the means of conveyance are rather uncomfortable, especially if carriages are used. In this respect Chios could emulate the splendid roads on the island of Mytilene, which are considered to be the best anywhere in the Levant.

One feature of the scenery of Chios is the picturesque old windmills which crown the ridges and slopes along the coast. The wheels are large and are fitted with sails, which supply the motive power for grinding corn. The landscape in many places is barren, especially the hilltops, but the valleys are usually fertile.

Owing to the possible visitation of earthquakes, the houses are rarely more than two stories high, and when scattered along the countryside are usually surrounded by olive or pepper trees, which add much to the beauty and charm of the country.

Sailing toward Samos with the broad harbor of ancient Ephesus only a few miles away to the left, the influence of the past steals slowly over one, and soon there comes the mood for profound reflection.

It is difficult to realize that among these barren and denuded hills, which skirt the coast of both mainland and islands, there once throbbed the pulse of Ionian civilization; that these shores were graced with picturesque and happy cities, where hardy men and beautiful women lived content among unsurpassed natural environments and all the accomplishments known to any race; that this soil, these seas, were the recipients of the seed which developed into the base upon which has been erected the edifice of modern statecraft, philosophy, science, and art; that this atmosphere once was pervaded with poetic refinement and literary perfection that has called forth the greatest powers of emulation on the part of every nation which has since existed; and that a school of architecture flourished here which reared gigantic structures at once the wonder and admiration of the ancient world.

Story of Samos.

The island of Samos formed one of the oldest settlements of the Ionians in the Mediterranean, and from this point most of the colonies on the coast of Asia Minor and other parts of the Aegean sea were established. During the second half of the Sixth century B. C., the wisdom and skill of the tyrant Polycrates won for Samos the first place in the Ionian Union. With the death of this great man the prestige of Samos began to wane, and it gradually sank into insignificance. The island was also the birthplace of the great philosopher, Pythagoras.

Samos came under the yoke, in turn, of the Athenian Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabians, Venetians, Genoese, and finally the Turks. In the Greek war of independence Samos fought for Greece and successfully resisted every effort on the part of the Turks to maintain themselves on the island.

The little town of Tigani is situated by the harbor of ancient Samos, and the immense moles once erected by Polycrates have, for the most part, been reconstructed. The walls, scattered fragments of a theater, and the celebrated underground aqueduct are the only remains of the ancient town, and they date from the time of the famous tyrant. The walls which pass over the lofty ridge behind the harbor in the distance resemble the Great Wall of China. They are well preserved, and there are no less than 30 towers still standing.

Herodotus dwells at length upon the harbor, the conduit under the mountain, and the Temple of Hera. The aqueduct is a marvel of engineering skill, considering the time and age in which it was constructed. The end of the tunnel is situated about half way up the hill above the town, and with a guide and candles one may penetrate some distance into the channel.

The Temple of Hera was the finest monument ever erected on the island of Samos, and Herodotus says that it was the largest known to him in all his travels. All that remains of this great temple today is one solitary column.

Let Dreams Be Dreams

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"I did until I married one."—Colgate Banter.

Far Enough

"Rastus, do yuh come by dat chicken honestly?" "Uncle, I done come to it honestly, but class all."

Would Never Do

"Wife, your pet is eating the baby's dinner." "Shooter. Fifi can't eat the stuff baby eats."

Every man holds decided views about what domestic life should be and you can seldom shake him.

Sometimes you are deeply thankful because your advice was not taken.