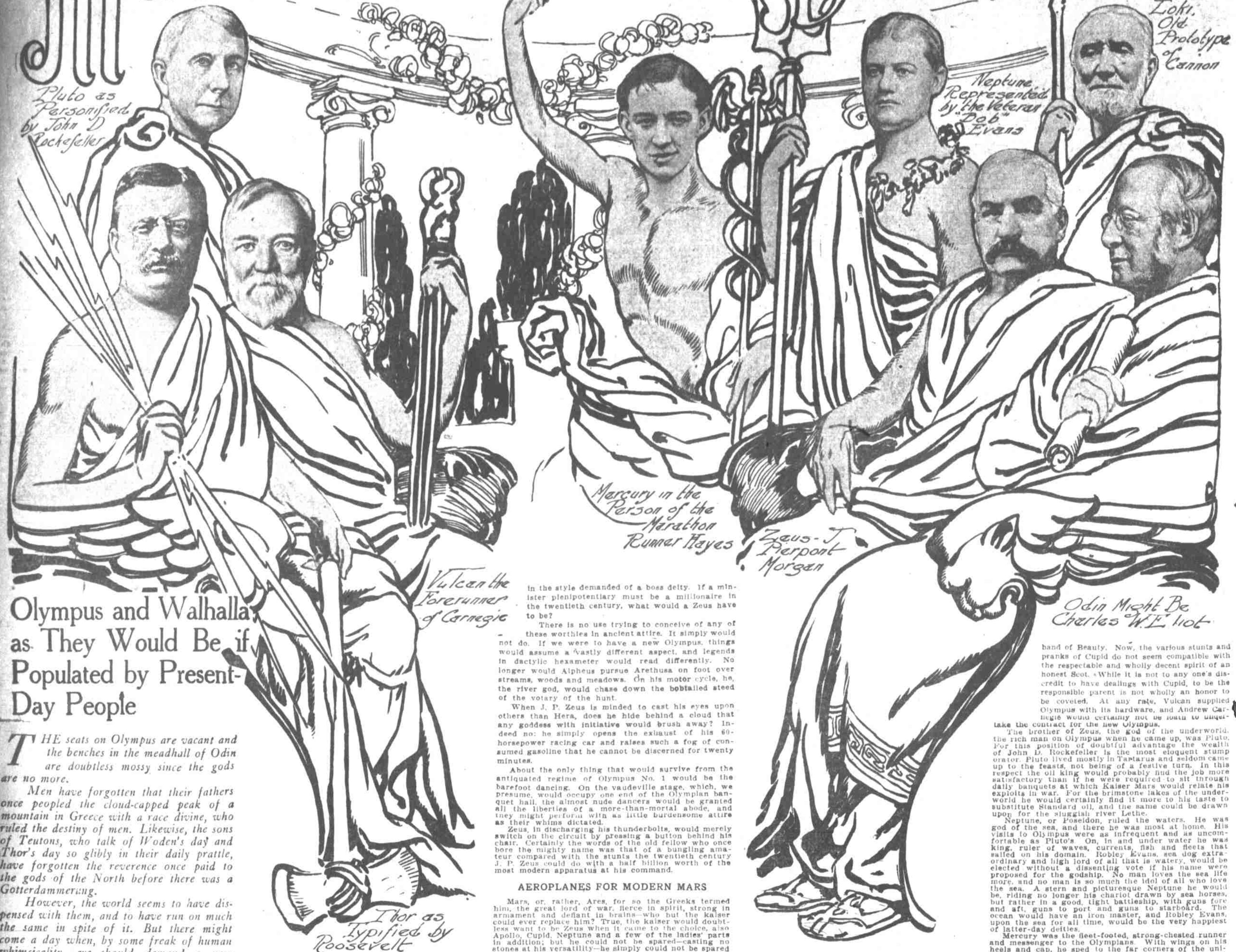


MYTHOLOGY UP TO DATE



Olympus and Walhalla as They Would Be if Populated by Present-Day People

THE seats on Olympus are vacant and the benches in the meadhall of Odin are doubtless mossy since the gods are no more.

Men have forgotten that their fathers once peopled the cloud-capped peak of a mountain in Greece with a race divine, who ruled the destiny of men. Likewise, the sons of Teutons, who talk of Woden's day and Thor's day so glibly in their daily prattle, have forgotten the reverence once paid to the gods of the North before there was a Götterdämmerung.

However, the world seems to have dispensed with them, and to have run on much the same in spite of it. But there might come a day when, by some freak of human whimsicality, we should demand a new Olympus and re-create, according to our will and choice, a fresh Walhalla.

Now, whom from the living would be taken from the sphere of mere mortals and raised to the seats of the mighty?

The apotheosis of mere men to the immortal thrones of Olympus and in the great house of Odin would be a responsibility compared with which the choice of a President is child's play. And the responsibilities of the recipients of the nectar casks and ambrosia kettles of the ancients would cast all other weights into a class with bagatelle.

ON THE summit of Mount Olympus, in Greece, no man ventured in ancient times. Indeed, it was almost inaccessible, and the shepherd peoples of the valleys below looked up at the cloud-capped summit with awe. When the storms broke over its crest in summer and the lightning flashed from it, the natural inference was that some one on top was highly irate, and was thus emphasizing his anger. So each peasant with guilty conscience took the omen to heart and promised the person who dwelt on the cloud-capped summit to do better next time. Imagination was as unbounded among the ancients as clothing was limited, so in the shadow of the great mountain was conceived a whole coterie of deities covering the various phases of life as it flourished among the human inhabitants of the valleys.

There was a god of war, because they made fighting an essential feature of their daily lives. There was a sun god, because they were agriculturists. There was a god of wealth, whom, as the result of accurate introspection, they put in the underworld. Above all they played the lightning god, because he seemed to possess the direct weapon. He, the great Zeus, presided at their councils and their feasts.

FEASTS AND FROLICS

The feasts and frolics were much more numerous than the councils, because that was the preference of the Greeks, who were making up their minds then among the clouds the masters of destiny reclined at ease by a board overburdened with heavily provided.

There Zeus presided, and each contributed his share toward the general flow of wit and wisdom. There were goddesses, of course, but for the present, they will be ignored. Now, if all this imagined magnificence and gaiety were to be revived in the minds of the people as they were first created, and later slain in the same medium, whom would they select as Zeus?

Perhaps Zeus had better be presented in a clearer light before the selection takes place. He was a stern old chap with a wonderfully shrewd head on him, in the first place. He had his faults—for the gods were mighty human in this respect—but there was something far-seeing in his wisdom and benign in his attitude toward men. We can imagine him nodding at the end of the table whereon rested his own particular mug of nectar with a stern yet shrewd expression, a scowl with the accompaniment of a twinkle.

Now, when it comes to filling the couch-throne of Zeus, there is no one who could crown more severely or more cunningly than the Zeus of the financial world, J. Pierpont Morgan.

The venerable king of stocks as chief butler of thunderbolts to sit beside the fair Hera at the

dinners, to shout "Bravo!" when Apollo finishes his song or the muses render their latest song-hit and ballet combination—what could be more fitting or appropriate?

The long training he has had in managing the affairs of his giant corporations would help immensely when it came to arranging the destinies of erring mortals in the world below. As a municipal ruler in the city of Olympus itself, he might prove the least bit annoying, for doubtless he would insist on hanging his latest Leonardos and Rembrandts to the lamp-posts, and perhaps even substituting rare tapestries from Normandy for tablecloths.

Nobody knows just what nectar is; it might not appeal to the mortal man any more than watered stock. So why should he not bottle his precious fluid in sooth and call it nectar? Who would be a whit the wiser? And what a triumph to the credit of his financial finesse!

Aside from purely business relations, however, he would be just the only man who could afford to live

in the style demanded of a boss deity. If a minister plenipotentiary must be a millionaire in the twentieth century, what would a Zeus have to be?

There is no use trying to conceive of any of these worthies in ancient attire. It simply would not do. If we were to have a new Olympus, things would assume a vastly different aspect, and legends in dactylic hexameter would read differently. No longer would Alpheus pursue Arethusa on foot over streams, woods and meadows. On his motor cycle, he, the river god, would chase down the bottled steed of the votary of the hunt.

When J. P. Zeus is minded to cast his eyes upon others than Hera, does he hide behind a cloud that any goddess with initiative would brush away? Indeed no: he simply opens the exhaust of his superhorsepower racing car and raises such a fog of consumed gasoline that he cannot be discerned for twenty minutes.

About the only thing that would survive from the antiquated regime of Olympus No. 1 would be the barefoot dancing. On the vaudeville stage, which, we presume, would occupy one end of the Olympian banquet hall, the almost nude dancers would be granted all the liberties of a more-than-mortal abode, and they might perform with as little burlesque attire as their whims dictated.

Zeus, in discharging his thunderbolts, would merely switch on the circuit by pressing a button behind his chair. Certainly the words of the old fellow who once bore the mighty name was that of a bungling amateur compared with the stunts the twentieth century J. P. Zeus could do with a half billion worth of the most modern apparatus at his command.

AEROPLANES FOR MODERN MARS

Mars, or, rather, Ares, for so the Greeks termed him, the great lord of war, fierce in spirit, strong in armament and defiant in brains—who but the kaiser could ever replace him? True, the kaiser would doubtless want to be Zeus when it came to the choice, also Apollo, Cupid, Neptune and a few of the ladies' parts in addition, but he could not be spared—casting no stones at his versatility—he simply could not be spared from the seat of Mars.

To sit aloft and direct the armies of the world in their actions and counter-actions, to make nations by the force of arms and by the mere exercise of his will to see a castle or two tumble to ruins, all would be sweeter than nectar, more satisfying to the kaiser's war aeroplane, in which he can sit twirling his mustaches in the contemplation of war below.

The ancients say that with Mars it was never the purpose, but always the conflict delighted him. How like the modern candidate! In the new Olympus the patron of battle will doubtless be equipped with his war aeroplane, in which he can sit twirling his mustaches in the contemplation of war below.

Andrew Carnegie, prince of steelworkers, is by all odds the most eligible candidate for the place of Vulcan, the metalworker among the gods. There is some discrepancy in personal appearance, for Vulcan was notoriously the ugliest of the gods, lame, deformed and generally disfigured, while the blithe little Scotchman whom we are boosting as his successor is physically

whole and normal, to say nothing of a personal charm. Vulcan had some little unpleasant incidents in his career, but doubtless the steel magnate has not always walked the path of perfect peace. For instance, when the youthful smith of the gods was thrown from heaven, he fell to earth crippled. Herein the good little Scotchman displayed the superior elasticity of the modern. There is no doubt that young Andy, as an office boy, has some fumbles, but he always rose cheerful and resolute. Now, old Vulcan was tricky, so the Greeks say. Besides being tremendously adroit in his craft and very useful to the gods, he was sly.

No one would accuse the Santa Claus of libraries of being one jot stupider than Vulcan in this respect. Vulcan made Mars' armor, and the kaiser's realm has certainly taken enough steel from the modern Vulcan's forges to establish an analogy.

Besides the discrepancy in personal appearance, there is another that is not altogether to Carnegie's discredit. Vulcan was the father of Love and the hus-

band of Beauty. Now, the various stunts and pranks of Cupid do not seem compatible with the respectable and wholly decent spirit of an honest Scot. While it is not to any one's discredit to have dealings with Cupid, to be the responsible parent is not wholly an honor to be coveted. At any rate, Vulcan supplied Olympus with its hardware, and Andrew Carnegie would certainly not be so slow to undertake the contract for the new Olympus.

The brother of Zeus, the god of the underworld, the rich man on Olympus when he came up, was Pluto. For this position of doubtful advantage the wealth of John D. Rockefeller is the most eloquent advertisement. Pluto lived mostly in Tartarus and seldom came up to the feasts, not being of a festive turn. In this respect the oil king would probably find the job more satisfactory than if he were required to sit through daily banquets at which Kaiser Mars would relate his exploits in war. For the brimstone lakes of the underworld he would certainly find it more to his taste to substitute standard oil, and the same could be drawn upon for the sluggish river Lethe.

Neptune, or Poseidon, ruled the waters. He was god of the sea, and there he was most at home. His visits to Olympus were as infrequent and as uncomfortable as Pluto's. On, in and under water he was king, ruler of waves, currents, fish and fleets that sailed on his domain. Robbery, of course, sea dogs extraordinary and high lord of all that is watery, would be elected without a dissenting vote if his name were proposed for the godship. No man loves the sea life more, and no man is so much the idol of all who love the sea. A stern and picturesque Neptune he would be, riding no longer his chariot drawn by sea horses, but rather in a good light battleship, with guns fore and aft, guns to port and guns to starboard. The ocean would have an iron master, and Hobley Evans, upon the seas for all time, would be the very happiest of latter-day deities.

Mercury was the fleet-footed, strong-cheeked runner and messenger to the Olympians. With wings on his heels and cap, he sped to the far corners of the universe, swift, tireless and ever ready. Tales were told of him, too, but what god of any worth did not have a past of goddesses, for instance, Juno, Hera, the winner of the English marathon, one time store clerk, more recently the best long-distance man in the world, and lastly, with the goddesses, the goddess of speed, if it came to an actual test of speed.

It might be objected that pedestrianism is not modern enough for a new Olympus—the very sons of earth in their autos and aeroplanes could outstrip the divine runner. But then it must be considered that Hayes could fly as well or ride as well as the best of them, and when the spool broke down, as they inevitably would, where would Blieriot or Chevrolet be with Brother Hayes? Certainly he is the all-around, ready-for-emergencies Hermes of the present age.

King Manuel of Portugal is an amorous little chap, winning the hearts of actresses, waiting maids and princesses alike. A doughty little Cupid he would be, capable of making a woman's heart melt. Carnegie-Vulcan, enough trouble to bear out the traditions of his predecessor. Let good old John Burroughs be the Pan, the nature god, for does he not know as much of nature and love it as well as any man alive? With youth renewed, he could gambol over the hills and vales of his Arcadian realms in unbounded felicity.

Odin, the sage and staid old father of the gods, sat on his dais between the ravens, who commanded all wisdom, and guided his wayward children, the heroes borne from earth's battlefields. He was full of dignity, moderate, temperate and far-sighted. The gods revered him and all nature was in awe of him. Now, Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard, is the only man alive who could sit undaunted in the seat of Odin.

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Thor and Loki were jokers and adventurers. Thor, however, was the chief adventurer and Loki the first practical joker. Sometimes the jokes were turned upon Thor, and then the depths of the sea could not hide the crafty, slippery fire god from the god of war and thunder. Thor carried a massive hammer, and when he wielded his prehistoric big stick the lightning flashed and the heavens reverberated with the crash. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and our crafty Uncle Sam, if once installed in the seats of the mighty, could surely play the parts of Thor and Loki as to make the originals envious.

Well, the gods are no more alas! but after this review of their possible successors the world may rest well assured that there is no dearth of material should the need of a new Olympus or a new Walhalla ever arise again.

Americans You See In Europe

TRULY, the American who infests Europe is a queer bird.

The mildest-mannered son of the soil in his own land may blossom out into a blatant boaster when he lands on the other side.

No longer are his neighbors about to confine his conduct by their censorship. Convention has withdrawn its restraining influences, and the spirit of adventure is strong upon him.

He is there to see, and he stares. He has paid his money, and he thinks it gives him the privilege of complaining because the foreigners do not see fit to conduct their affairs after the fashion of the home folks.

So it is that the quiet traveler, who happens also to be an American, is astounded at the opinions the Europeans hold regarding his countrymen. But, according to the clever American woman who here records her impressions, the queer notions of the Europeans are not really queer when the types from which they take their ideas are considered.

THE ONE WHO BOASTS

THE most amusing of all types is, perhaps, the "American who boasts." Of all the sons of freedom who leave Columbia's shores, this is certainly the one who contributes most to the gaiety of nations. Doves of him—and her—invade Europe each year during the tourist season.

When I use the term "boasting," I do not mean a little mild praise of the "homeland" now and then, or a few well-chosen remarks calculated to impress the hearer with our tremendous national prosperity, superiority in commerce, etc. Of course, everybody knows that America is the greatest—but, heavens! I am about to develop into a type myself.

As I was saying it is not this that I mean, for no one will blame a man for yielding just praise to his "ain country," but real, downright boasting—no other word will do.



The habit is a very insidious one. It generally begins very mildly, most often on shipboard when the individual complains of the cooking and dining service and compares it unfavorably with certain cafes and restaurants he wots of in his native town. This may be the beginning, but once it gets a good foot-

hold in the victim's system it grows and thrives and luxuriates.

The boasting American compares everything he sees with something of the same sort or different in praise, sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly, but all America, to the former's belittlement and the latter's ways loudly and emphatically.

Being the case, he generally seizes on the railroad that carries him from the seaport to London or Paris, as the case may be, and his comments on that and comparisons to the railroads in the land of trusts and freedom are vitriolic and comprehensive. And I won't say they are not justified, either, for of all the ramshackle, uncomfortable—but, there! I must be more careful or I shall become a type.

The boasting American really thinks himself a true patriot and lover of his country, and he himself believes everything he says—while he is abroad. He will stand unmoved on the shores of Lake Lucerne, and, in answer to your raptures on that jewel of nature, will say: "Oh, yes, a very nice bit of water. But say, if you want to see a lake that is a lake, just come out my way and take a squint at Lake Michigan."

He regards the "old masters" in the Louvre and elsewhere with a critical eye. "Very nice, I suppose, but a little faded looking, ain't they? Can't hold a candle to Charles Dana Gibson, in my opinion."

It was an American of this type that somebody tells about (I can't remember who, I am sorry to say, but it sounds like Mark Twain) having come across in Europe somewhere. The conversation turned to St. Peter's, at Rome. The American said he had been in Rome, but didn't go to see St. Peter's, "because I didn't have much time, and I guess it's no taller than some of our skyscrapers in New York."

And this is the funny part (it really isn't funny, either, it is mournful). That very man, who spent most of his summer sprinting through Europe and everywhere, loudly trumpeting the overwhelming superiority of all things of this glorious land of freedom, that man, I say, is the identical individual who, during the subsequent fall and winter, thumps you on the back in the ferryboats and in the smoking cars of suburban trains, and proclaims emphatically: "This country is going to the bow-wow, sic, the very bow-wow. These trusts should be smashed. We would do well to follow the example of some of the European countries"—etc., etc.

This, though, I suppose, is not so much American nature as human nature.

WANTED—AN APOLLO

For Apollo, the god of music, there is no fitting candidate. Apollo was the same as the women of handsome. However, music is the more essential feature, and if heaven could abide a fat Apollo with the radiant, soulful countenance of a singing violin, our old friend Enrico Caruso could certainly hold up the musical end of the performance, and do enough singing and lyre-picking at the ambrosial feasts to be interesting.

Now for Bacchus! There is just the opposite difficulty. The ardent devotees of the vine, its products and allied liquors are so very, very numerous that to select from the army of joyous, capacious, ruddy tapers would be an endless task. Let's pick any fat brewer to whom we owe a favor and vote for him. Walhalla was quite a different place from Olympus. The Norse believed in Walhalla, and it was as different from the crest of Olympus as a Norseman differs from a Greek. They drank mead, went out to fight, had splendid, bold, unapologetic adventures, came back and had more mead in Walhalla.

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