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Athens furnish a parallel to Piccadilly or the Boulevard Poissonière. The social evil is not flagrant, and the night-walker is almost unknown.

I have seen Greek homes under many aspects, — those of the rich in Athens, and those of the poor in little villages, in the islands, in the mountains of the Peloponnesus and on the plains of Thessaly, — and I have been impressed with the solidity of the virtues which support the family life. They have something of the strength and simplicity of the old Doric temples. Frugality, temperance, contentment, an unsophisticated rusticity which is not boorish, and a kindly but unostentatious hospitality, are more common than in the days of Baucis and Philemon. Reverence for parents, brotherly and sisterly affection, are the rule rather than the exception.

The onerous custom of the dowry is felt not only by the girls but by their brothers, who find in it, however, an opportunity for brotherly sacrifice and devotion. With a smile of satisfaction my friend Demosthenes — who is not an orator, but sells fruit and candies in the Athens of America — confided to me that he had made enough money to send home a dowry for one of his sisters. I have known young men to fulfil with heroism vows not to marry until they could give dowries to all their sisters. But the girls sometimes take this matter into their own hands. At Megalopolis I was surprised to find ten or twelve girls wheeling barrows of dirt in the excavations of the English School, — not for love of antiquity, but to earn something for their *proika*. In this way they made two drachmas, or about thirty cents, a day, improving their health as well as their fortunes.