

WONDERS OF THE WORLD

The CIRCUS MAXIMUS

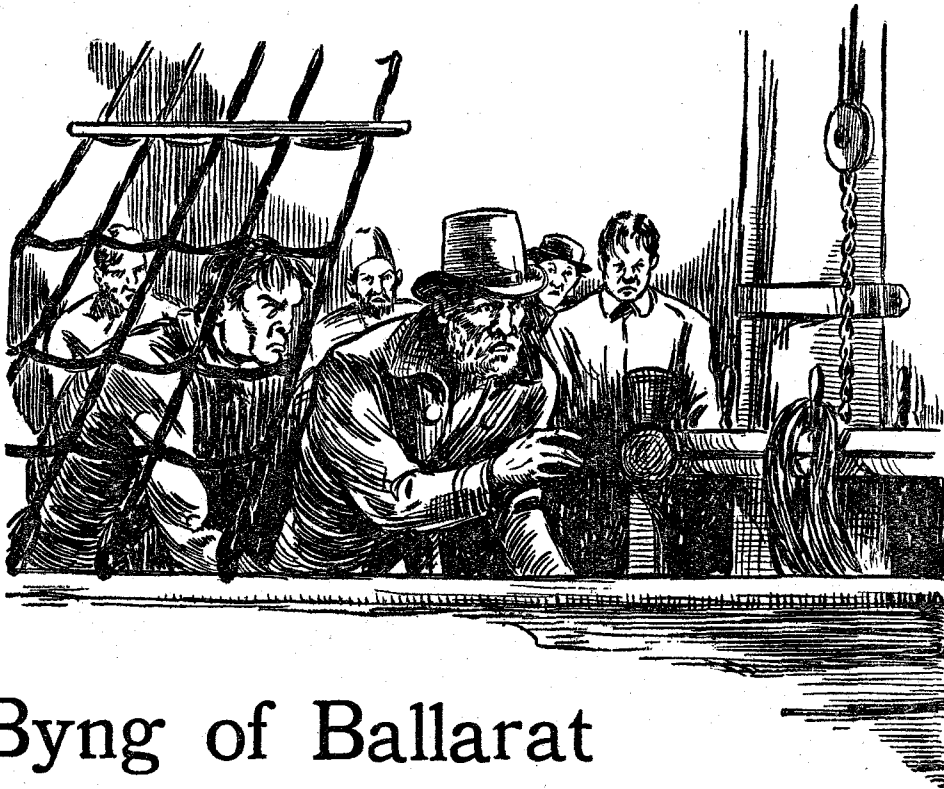
"Where the citizens of ancient Rome assembled to witness games and contests"



EVERY town of ancient Rome had its *circus*, an amphitheater where chariot races and games were held. The shape of the arena was usually that of an ellipse, down the center of which ran lengthwise a wall, called the *spina*, where privileged spectators sat with their attendants who bore trident spears to prevent the wild beasts of the spectacles from breaking bounds.

The chief *circus* of Rome was the *Circus Maximus*, which was not circular as in the case of the Colosseum but oval-shaped. As rebuilt by Caesar, it accommodated 150,000 spectators, but was constantly being enlarged by successive emperors, until it attained the magnificence shown above, and had a seating capacity of 385,000 people.

As Rome degenerated, the *circus* grew in popularity, and the rulers were continually being hard pressed to answer the cry of the debauched populace for "plenty to eat and free shows!" At the present time the *circus* lies partly buried beneath the earth of the Palatine Hill. Its form can still be discerned, however, from an elevated position, but gone are the marbles, the mosaic, and the bronze statues. A wonderful description of a Roman chariot race may be found in General Lew Wallace's novel, "Ben-Hur."



Byng of Ballarat

By ANTHONY RUD

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"Sorcerer's Treasure," etc.

*Jack Byng had his choice—
torture on a prison ship, or
a struggle for life in the wild
Australian bush*

CHAPTER I.

THE GOLD-BUG.

HARD-HEADED, tight-fisted Thomas Byng, skipper of the Yankee paddle-box steamer Nancy B., died of a minor engine repair while his stout vessel, bound for Melbourne, was becalmed under full sail off the Kermadec Islands. True,

Medford rum, the sweltering heat of the South Pacific, the hectoring of a shipload of disgruntled '49ers now bound for the new gold strike at Port William in the Antipodes, were contributing causes. Thomas Byng, however, always had been able to control everything save his twenty-year-old son and his own temper. The engine repair sent the latter out of bounds for good and all. It also was to make Second Mate John Thomas Byng into Jack Byng of Ballarat, free-booter of the bush.

When the Nancy B. was churning westward again, First Mate Thaddeus Moore and Second Mate Jack Byng held down the sixty-three bearded gold-seekers—men who had come too late to California, and who were bit-