Long, long ago, there was a child named Epimetheus. Another child was sent from a far country, to live with him, and be his companion. Her name was Pandora. The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question which she put to him was this.

In the days when Epimetheus and Pandora lived, the world was very different from what it is now. Then, everybody was a child. There was no danger, nor trouble of any kind, and there was always plenty to eat and drink. Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree. What was most wounderful of all, the children never quarreled among themselves, O, what a good time was that to be alive in!

But Pandora could not stop thinking about the box. He continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. He was shocked at the idea of looking into a box, which had been confided to him on the condition of his never opening it left at the door.