

only of the non-physical or of what, for a better word, they call the spiritual. These are the pure idealists in life. I say pure idealists; for both the realist and the esthete are idealists, too. But the pure idealists are such as are almost wholly divorced from temporal and physical and finite things. There have never been many of this class. They are few nowadays; although it is surprising how the species perpetuates itself, even in these times of materialism and self-consciousness.

Now poets are of the same flesh and blood as all mankind. They see as we see and feel as we feel. The only difference is that they have a larger vision and a keener sensibility. And they are but a fuller expansion of our thoughts and emotions and aspirations. They are our spokesmen, and express our attitude toward life in a way we cannot do ourselves. For our lips are palsied, and we cannot utter what we experience. And so there are three kinds of poets representative of the three kinds of general humanity. There are poets who are realists, poets who are pure idealists, and poets who are estheticists. There are poets who are realists, who are fairly satisfied with this world, who find their poetic situations and inspiration in the things and events and persons around them. They improve on their finding, as poets should, but in the end they don't carry us far out of our environment. They dwell pretty firmly planted on this earth and near to us. These are the poets of the mob,—hail fellows, well met. Such, for example, is Kipling, who sings of barrack rooms, steam engines, horses, bridges, and jubilee celebrations,—things and events and incidents universally familiar. He revels in the world of flesh and blood, and keeps us in touch with our humble surroundings and our poor relations. Scott is a realist in the realm of nature. That is to say: he gives us nature as his physical eye sees it. His naturalistic interpretation is that of the photographer. Zola, Hardy, and a host of others of this school, are realists, except that they are more pronounced, giving us not merely what they see but all that they see,—the ugly and deformed along with the beautiful and well shapen. Then there are the