

Notwithstanding the unselfish appropriation of the garden of ideas by the "Lords of Creation," there were a few adventurous woman writers, chief among whom shone Sappho, the greatest of Greek poetesses. (600 B.C.)

But the second period of Greek literature was made particularly conspicuous by the lyrical poems of Simonides and Pindar—the "Theban Eagle"—and the genius of Herodotus—called by his appreciative contemporaries—(who had not learned the amiable art of withholding applause until petitioned for acknowledgment by the virtue-inscribed tombstone) "The Father of History."

If one of the fair Greek maidens ferried over the Styx by grim Charon, would be permitted to bid farewell to Elysian fields for a brief sojourn on earth, what overwhelming metamorphoses would meet her gaze. She would be especially appalled at the transitory nature of all things pertaining to this "Vortex of existence"—all but the live-for-ever race of termagants, who, like a certain domestic animal, are numerously endowed in the matter of lives, and who have not lost an atom of the acidity peculiar to shrews—from the fretful spouse of the wise Socrates down to sharp-tongued Dame Van Winkle. If the maiden, newly arrived from Elysium, were possessed with a grain of discernment she would not hesitate to decide that Zantippe deserved the olympic palm in the acid tournament, for, knowing the gun-powdery temperament of the Athenian shrew, one can't imagine that the pacific Socrates ever had even a moderately comfortable dose, while every one is aware of the goodness of Dame Van Winkle in indulging her timid spouse in his genius for sleep.

Had the unconventional call of the telephone been audible in the Periclesian Age, one could easily imagine the sort of conversation carried on between Mr. and Mrs. Socrates over the wires. The telephone interview would doubtless open with the usual prefatory "Hello!" repeated with different modulations of the voice, and ending with an impatient staccato. Let us picture the ugly philosopher stationed at one end of the line and the peppery Madame Socrates, in a high state of agitation, at the other. "Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!!" "Is that you Zantippe?" (Drat the man) "Of course it's ME, who

else did you think it was? What possessed you to bother me just now of all times when the greens are on the verge of burning, and the meat done to a crisp, I'm sure I can't tell." "There, there, Zantippe," comes over the wires in a persuasive, soothing monotone, "don't worry yourself into a fever over a handful of greens. The fact is—Hello!—did you catch that? the fact is, Plato, Alcibiades and myself have had difficulty in settling some knotty question of vital importance, so you will have to postpone dinner an hour or so later than usual."

This was doubtless the occasion on which the amiable Zantippe showered linguistic torpedoes upon her Caudleized spouse, together with the chilly contents of a water-pail, causing him to smilingly remark that "after thunder follows rain." Would that the Socrates of earth were not lost among the overwhelming army of dudes that have descended upon modern ages and threaten to stare undude-fied humanity out of conscience from behind the impressive eye-glass.

After all, dandyism is a measles that seems to have afflicted mankind with more or less fatality since the days of Cæsar—who, we are told, paused in the excitement of battle to brush a speck of dust from his carefully-draped toga.

Despite the hosts of elderly wiseacres perpetually wagging their dubious heads over the question of the superiority of modern civilization, let us ignore the absence of a Pericles to gild our century—and although we cannot boast a Socrates we have occasion to rejoice in the possession of the apostle of aestheticism and the Crowned Prince of Pugilists—what more do we want? That jaunt into the long-ago, has no philosophical bearings, no harm is meant in fact nothing is meant, it is but a bit of vagabondage, such as one is apt to drift into at twilight when the fitfulness of the "clear—obscure" gets into the tongue, I mean the pen, because in my case there is no one within talking reach just now, but I was beguiled into conversational shiftlessness (which THE OWL alone could endure) not to be thought of in broad daylight. What a deal of comfort there is in vagabondage of all sorts, owlsh conversational in particular! Relieved of the responsibility of filling up pauses: with a lot of verbal débris, nothing is pleasanter than to loaf around inside