

"That was an *ἀστυνόμος*, a policeman, Pindar, not a soldier. Our soldiers wear red tunics, like the Spartans. Let me tell you that if it had not been festival time you would most certainly have been captured either by the city's soldiery or else by our own epheboi; both bands wear the *σάλπιγξ* on their helmets."

"Then I was truly luckier than I knew. One more question, my friend, and I shall cease to trouble you. What do your athletes train on? Are they eaters of meat or are they disciples of Pythagoras?"

"They eat meat for the most part, save a few who follow the precepts of our modern Pythagoras Eu. . . . . ce M. . . . es. May I now, O Pindar, ask you a question in return without giving offence, as I mean none?"

"Most assuredly you may."

"I really hardly know how to put it without appearing impertinent; it is perhaps rather a delicate question."

"Be of good courage, ask boldly what you will."

"Well, it seems to me, of course I am probably mistaken, that I have detected slight inconsistencies—one hesitates to call them anachronisms—in the course of your conversation. The exact date of the battle of the Eurymedon, again, has long been a subject of dispute among our scholars. Pindar, when did you die? You told me to speak without fear, remember!"

"Most certainly I did, but I should, it appears, have added and without stupidity. You actually ask me when I died! Man, I am one of the Immortals who never die, but live forever, and as such I am a spectator of all time and all existence. Now you are answered, I hope."

It was growing very dark in the old gardens. To the tutor it seemed as if twilight were falling with a rapidity unusual in an English spring. Long since the shadows had ceased to dance upon the lawns as they kept time to the rustling of the leaves overhead. The stars were beginning to appear in the sky, the lamps in the street. Even the figure of his companion seemed to the tutor to be growing dimmer, and dimmer, merging itself with the background of limes