

quity. They regard the study of Greek literary models in their original garb as an unmixed evil. They would religiously hide away from the innocent gaze of childhood the masterpieces of Greek literature and sometimes even Greek sculpture.

But not only is the study of the original Greek denounced; it is the essential character of Greek models, untranslated or translated, that incurs the scorn and hatred of so many philologists, narrow-minded scientists, and promoters of such barbarisms as the Edda, Beowulf, Gothic and even Chipeway. Dazzled by nearer though absolutely less brilliant lights, these good people swear by the wild, unhealthy fancies of French literature, the sickly sentimentality or absurd romancing of the Germans, or the half crazed flights of Celtic poetry and legend. Turning their backs on the sun of standard literature, they resolutely ignore the pure simplicity and proportion of the Greek masterpieces. They like the daily newspaper better than Sophocles, or strangely enough, they fall down in blank adoration before the incomprehensible Browning, but turn in disgust from the simple directness of Homer.

The real reason why these worshippers of every form of extravagance in thought or diction, of the spectacted Muse of comparative Philology, of Beowulf, Omar Khayyam, Kalidasa and other eccentricities, do not heartily like Kipling, must be that Kipling is so Greek, so Homeric in his simplicity, dash and fire. They pretend to love Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Milton. But they do not. They can not. They can not serve two opposite kinds of masters. These writers, like

Plato, Thucydides and Aeschylus are too well balanced. There is nothing sensational or archaic about them. There are many kinds of Ignatius Donnelly's on the constant look out for the newest, wildest and most unnatural ideas. They hate the childlike but embrace the childish. The enemies of Greek models are hugely pleased with alliterative book-titles, alliterative jingles in verse like Locksley Hall, and other excesses, abnormalities and inorganic growths with which so much of our modern poetry is afflicted. They infinitely prefer the oratory of Col. Ingersoll with all its meretricious tinsel and insincerity to the transparent honesty and simple power of Demosthenes. They mistake bombast for richness of imagery. The "contemptible poverty" of Greek literature is contrasted with the richness of modern literature in metaphor and other complications. All together they shout, "We want and we will have the complicated (Browning), the sentimental (Wieland), the extravagant (Swinburne) the sensational (Charlotte Bronte), the vegetative (Wordsworth), or the vegetarian (Shelley), the silly (French comedy), the weird (E. A. Poe), the ghastly (d'Annunzio), the negative, the morbidly naturalistic, the neurotic, the erotic, and all the other varieties of diseased literature. Down with simplicity, purity, manliness, decent reserve and harmonious proportion. Sink the ship freighted with classic traditions, and tie such men as Andrew Lang and Rudyard Kipling to the mast, the former as a dangerous representative of truth and natural expression, the latter as an accursed regenerator of atavistic barbarity. Away with those classics, Chaucer and Spenser