

PHANTASMATA THEIA.



Sweetie, Mamma, the Lieutenant and the Pony.

"I have felt their shadows at banquet boards,
In the Dark outside the Door,
I have seen them fall in the lighted hall
On the sheen of the polished floor.

And this I know, when the stars are dim
And the trees are windless, then
The old Gods rise from their marble sleep
And slip to the haunts of men."

I was late at the opera that night for two reasons, partially because I had started to appease my conscience a little by reading a little of the divine Plato and had not come away until I had given it up as a bad job, and partially because I was rather ashamed of myself for having even a lurking desire to see Sweetie Corinne again. There was no reason why I should want to see her, she had no voice whatever except that one on the bill boards, of art she was utterly innocent and she was not even pretty. I could never decide just what was the matter with her, but I think it came from a superabundance of teeth, or from their taking the wrong directions or something. Then, while she is

not too plump now, one has only to look at her mamma to see and shudder at the future. Yes, it is easy to convince one's self intellectually that Sweetie is not lovely. However, Corinne and even Mrs. Jennie Kimball are very much more entertaining than Plato, so I found myself in my box just before the curtain fell on the last act, but in time to see Sweetie sail out of port as the gallant Hendrick Hudson.

When the curtain was down the airy costumed, tragic muse upon the canvass caused me a moment's remorse. In those days, I would have gone a block out of my way to avoid anything that had the faintest suggestion of Greece about it. I had been cutting my lectures frightfully and I was sorry for it, for I had always rather liked Greek when I had time for it. I had been very enthusiastic over it ages ago when I was a Freshman, and I remember writing several very bad sonnets upon Homer for which he was doubtless duly grateful. It always hurts to