

ful though. I suppose he has given up weeping for Eurydice."

"Eurydice? which one was she? She must have been one of his old ones, I have forgotten her. Yes, tenors never weep long, it's bad for their voice. But here comes Mars and Sweetie. Mars is very much smitten."

Sweetie was just the same as of yore, and as yet had her plumpness well under control. Beside her walked a tall man in uniform, with a face wonderfully like the Lieutenant's. He was leading a horse, and had his arm through the bridle. As soon as I saw it I recognized my new Platonian pony that I had just bought last week, and groaned inwardly. The pair strolled sweetly up center together, and the matronly Diana skipped gleefully behind. She went up to the pony and patted him and fed him sugar, and Sweetie begged the Lieut. to give him back to me, which considering all the mean things I had thought about her teeth, was very kind in her.

Half a dozen of them got to the front of the stage and began making love in the usual light opera fashion. When they had all been affectionate, Sweetie danced her famous fandango, which is the only thing she really does well. Then Neptune and the nymphs came forward and began a most frantic and furious ballet. The curtain fell just as Io was kicking Zeuse's hat off Neptune's trident. Of course they got a curtain call, and all smiled sweetly except nine rather ancient looking dancers on the stage right.

"They're the muses," explained the Bel-

videre," they are always out of temper in Anglo countries. It's all because of Shakespeare of course. He was so much greater than their little poets, and he would'nt have anything to do with them, he would'nt invoke them or even learn their divine language or burn incense to the second aorist, and yet when he struck the lyre he just made their little poets tremble and turn green in their graves. They have never got over it. On his account they hate the whole English speaking world, and they sit apart on their chilly disagreeable old mountain, tearing their hair because their patent on poetry has run out, and they can't control the world's great inspirations any more.

"Do the Greek chaps know he outnumbered them."

"Know it? why in Hades the Greek bards hold poetic contests all the year round to find a man worthy to be his cup bearer."

I was not a Shakesperian scholar myself, and most of my Shakesperian knowledge was of the sort that one learns just across the street from the Lansing, but the fellow's enthusiasm was so genuine that it touched me.

"Apollo, do you ever drink?" I asked solemnly.

"Very often," he answered frankly.

"Then we will go over to the Shakespeare and drink to the shade of the great William and thank the gods that we were born after him and not before him, and for the heritage that through him is ours."

And we went.



"Neptune and the Nymphs began a frantic and furious ballet."