

wretch sadly lacked the wisdom of Diogenes and was more in need of merciful than of honest men. This modern Greek duplication of the life of the old cynic I offer in evidence against the scepticism of those who maintain that the philosopher could not have found a jar big enough to live in; and I have no doubt that if we could have got at the philosophy of this second Diogenes we should have found it sufficiently cynical.

It is in this way that old customs, words, ideas and traditions keep popping up and emerging from the human pottery in which they have been bottled. When you examine them you find that they are not dead; they have not even been hermetically sealed; though a little wrinkled or a trifle rheumatic, they are living and breathing and frequently venture out in public.

Diogenes or not, you will not get very far in Athens before you meet more congenial notabilities. There, for example, coming down the steps of the American Legation is Alcibiades. He is tall, handsome, with black curly hair and dark eyes, genial in manner, and with a perpetual smile on his dark face. He has an accomplishment which he did not possess twenty-three hundred years ago. He can speak French and English as well as Greek. He does not concern himself nowadays with Sparta or Sicily; he does not get drunk with his young friends and deface the statues of Hermes at Athens. He will never be tried for impiety. He is the young and faithful interpreter at the American Legation, and is soon to try his fortunes in the new world. No one would take him to be twenty-three hundred years