

education, by spending millions every year on the universities and similar institutions.

One method for solving this peculiar problem has been adopted by Germany in refusing to permit the establishment of new university feeders in the shape of colleges and preparatory schools. In this way it looks, on the face of matters, as if Germany, the leader and greatest among modern nations in regard to education, were antagonizing the cause of higher education. And such is actually the case. There are, however, at present already about one thousand schools in the Fatherland leading to the universities; and, on the other hand, it seems that the learned ranks are to be augmented yet further by admitting women to the universities. Within the last six months no fewer than three women's colleges have been established in Germany—one at Carlsruhe, a second in Berlin, and a third in Leipzig. The indications are that in a decade women will be admitted to Germany's universities as they are to those of Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, and some other European countries.

Another way of decreasing the university attendance is by refusing to admit any but gymnasium graduates—*i. e.*, those who have taken a full classical course. This excludes the graduates of the *Real* schools—*i. e.*, the scientific schools. What the eventual solution of the "learned proletariat" problem will be, only a prophet or a prophet's son can foretell. But it is a vexing and perplexing question that naturally interests all friends of education, who will be on the *qui vive* to see what Ariadne thread will lead out of this labyrinth.



The Spell of Style

The reality of art is constantly affirmed by the sudden flaming of the imagination and the swift response of the emotions to its silent appeal. Whenever a real sentence is spoken on the stage, what a silence falls on the theater! Something has gone home to every auditor, and the hush of recognition or expectancy is instantaneous. There is, perhaps, no scene in the modern lyrical drama which is more beautiful in its suggestiveness than that in which Siegfried strives to comprehend the song of the birds, and vainly shapes his stubborn reed to give them note for note. The light sifts down through the trees; the leaves sway gently in the current of air, rising and falling as if touched by the ebb and flow of invisible tides; the sound of running water, cool, pellucid, unstained by human association, steals in among the murmurous tones; and in the midst of this mysterious stir of life sits Siegfried, pathetically eager to catch the keynote of a harmony whose existence he feels, but the significance of which escapes him. The baffling sense of a music just beyond our hearing continually besets us, and, like Siegfried, we are forever striving to master this mysterious melody.

There is in all artistic natures a conviction that a deep and universal accord exists between all created things, and that beyond all apparent discords there is an eternal harmony. This fundamental unity philosophy is always searching for and art is always finding, and the thrill which runs through us when a perfect phrase falls on our ears, or a new glimpse of beauty passes before our eyes, is something more than the joy of the æsthetic sense; it is the joy of the soul in a new disclosure of life itself. There is a deep mystery in this matter of harmony and of its power over us: the mystery which hides the soul of life and art. If we could penetrate that mystery, we should master the secret of existence, and find truth and beauty, life and its final expression, so blended and fused that we could no more separate them than we can separate the form, the color, and the fragrance of the flower; for they have one root, and are but different manifestations of the same vital force.

The psychologists tell us that every man has a rhythm discoverable in his walk, gesture, voice, modulation, and sentences; a rhythm which is the natural expression of the man when all the elements of his nature come into har-

mony, and the inner and outward, the spiritual and the physical, flow together in perfect unison. At rare intervals such a man throws his spell over us with written or spoken words, and we are drawn out of ourselves and borne along by a music of speech which touches the senses as delicately and surely as it touches the soul. Such a nature has passed beyond the secondary processes of the intellect into the region of ultimate truth, and speaks, not with the divisive tongue of the Scribe, but with the authority of Nature herself. For the power of the masters is a mystery even to themselves; it is a power so largely unconscious that the deepest knowledge its possessor has of it is the knowledge that at times he can command it, and at other times it eludes him.

"I know very well," says Lowell, "what the charm of mere words is. I know very well that our nerves of sensation adapt themselves, as the wood of the violin is said to do, to certain modulations, so that we receive them with a readier sympathy at every repetition. This is a part of the sweet charm of the classics." It is a part, indeed, but only a part; the spell is deeper and more lasting, for it is the spell which the vision of the whole has for him who has seen only a part; which a sudden glimpse of the eternal has for him whose sight rests on the temporal; which a disclosure of perfection has for him who lives and strives in a world of fragments. The tones of the violin get their resonance and fullness from the entire instrument—from the body no less than from the strings; and the magical melody which a Paganini evokes from it is the harmony of a perfected violin. In like manner, the magical spell lies within the empire of that man alone whose whole being has found its keynote and natural rhythm.

This lets us into the secret of style—that elusive quality which forever separates the work of the artist from that of the artisan. For the final form which a great thought or a great emotion takes on is as far removed from accident, caprice, or choice as are the shape and color of the flower. It was ordained before the foundations of the world, by the hand which made all life of a piece and decreed that the great things should grow by an interior law, instead of being fashioned by mechanical skill. Body, mind, and spirit are so blended in every work of art that they are not only inseparable, but form a living whole. Not only is the Kalevala, in idea, imagery, and words, a creation out of the soul of the race that fashioned it, but its meter was determined by the actual heart-beat and respiratory action of the men who, age after age, recited it from memory. Every original meter and all rhythm have their roots in the rhythmical action of the body; language, arrangement, and selection, in the rhythmical action of the mind; and emotion and passion, in the currents of the soul: so that every real poem is a growth of the entire life of a man; and the spell of its deep harmony of parts, as well as its melody of words, is compounded of his very substance.

This spell, which issues from all art, resides in no verbal sleight of hand, no tricks with phrases; it is a sudden flashing out of the perfection at the heart of things; and we are thrilled by it because in it we recognize what is deepest and divinest in our own natures. If this spell were at the command of any kind of dexterity, it would be sought and gained by a host of mechanical experts; but it is the despair of the dexterous and the strenuous; it is as elusive as the wind, and as completely beyond human control. Nothing is more certain than that Shakespeare has a style; he has a way of saying things so entirely his own that one is never at a loss to identify his phrase in any company; indeed, it is not too much to say that if some stray line of his were to come to light, with no formal trace of authorship about it, the great poet would not be despoiled of his own for an hour. And yet no one has ever imitated Shakespeare! The Shakespearean idiom is absolutely incommunicable. The secondary work of Milton has often been copied; it is, indeed, easily imitated, for it is full of mannerisms; but Shakespeare, in the processes of his spell-weaving, is no more to be overtaken than is the tide of life silently rising into leaf and flower. At his best, Shakespeare is magical; he is beyond analysis or imitation; he has come into such touch with nature that the inner harmony, the ultimate

music, becomes audible through him. When the real significance of style dawns upon us, it is not difficult to understand the spell which resides in this perfection of phrase, nor the eagerness with which men pursue it. The true artist lives in the constant anticipation of seeing life as it is, and putting the vision into words that bring with them the power and harmony of that tremendous revelation.

H. W. M.



A May Morning in Central Park

By Francis S. Palmer

It was early on a May morning when one who loves the title of naturalist (though it is doubtful if the more deeply learned students of beetles and birds and plants would recognize him as a comrade) left his home on the West Side and walked to the Park. Few people were stirring, and the morning quiet was broken only by the jingle of horse-cars and the irritating rush of the elevated. It was a relief to escape this latter sound by entering the green ways beyond Eighth Avenue.

Here all was still and peaceful. Soon one was lost behind rocky knolls, and thickets, and grass-covered slopes; only here and there some towering pile, like the Dakota flats, showed through the trees, being veiled and softened by the delicate spring foliage. The streets with their rows of aggressive, many-colored houses, the avenues with their tall apartment buildings, were remembered as foreign, artificial regions that lacked the homelike qualities of this place where nature still lingered. The squirrels—in summer at least—seem to have the advantage of their fellow New Yorkers.

The naturalist had hardly stepped on to the asphalt path when a flock of pigeons swept over him. They seemed to have been frightened, and, on looking about for the cause, he saw a gray bittern which was just closing its wings as it settled down on one of the trees at the edge of a pond. A pair of bitterns are said to nest in the wilder portion of the Park, but are seldom seen. The pigeons had not learned to know them either, for this morning the harmless, long-billed bird had evidently been taken for a hawk. In the pond below, swans and Canada wild geese were swimming; and on the green slope opposite, two spotless white ducks were standing in the sun and quacking deliberately. From thickets above and to the east, sounded the harsh cries of peacocks. Several of these birds (they are hardly more interesting than the lay figures of wax that stand gorgeously draped in a milliner's window) were still on their perches in the spreading branches of a catalpa-tree; others were feeding on a liberal supply of corn that had been thrown in a pile on the sward. Uninvited guests were also at this breakfast-table—pigeons and blackbirds and squirrels. The peacocks showed an especial aversion to these last, and every few minutes one would spread its tail, trail its wings, and—with all the dignity of a drum-major—would charge a squirrel: the squirrel would retreat, only to return again.

A few sturdy English sparrows hovered on the outskirts and pounced upon broken bits of the grain. Apart from the driveways there were not many of these much-abused sparrows in the Park. Their natural home seems to be in the street and drive, which they enliven with their cheerful twitter and brisk ways. The tradition that they drive off robins could not be substantiated this May morning; for on several occasions sparrows were seen attacked and chased by robins. Indeed, no one familiar with the bold, pugnacious disposition of the robin can conceive of its being driven away by a bird not one-third its size. With our more delicate and shy native birds the sparrow seldom comes in contact; for the home of the song-bird is the field and thicket; the home of the English sparrow is the street. If every sparrow was hunted to its death, our city streets would not be filled with orioles and thrushes.

In the portion of the Park called the "Ramble," squirrels—hosts of them—were astir, digging in the moist mold, sitting on their haunches to nibble the nuts and bits of

root they had unearthed, running over the ground with quick, tense movements, leaping gracefully through the tree-tops. Others lay along the branches sunning themselves; and these looked so tranquilly content that the naturalist found a sunny bench and followed their example. Now that he was quiet the more timid life revealed itself. A rabbit, which would soon retreat to its burrow and the enjoyment of its long daily nap, hopped out of the bushes for a moment; then, seeing that the bench was not empty, scurried back again. A pair of hermit-thrushes, soft-colored and daintily formed, made unobtrusive movements in an adjacent thicket. They were quiet and shy, even for their shy kind, and doubtless were subdued by the secret of a building nest. In a bush was a tiny silvery ball of lint and straw; and on looking closer the head of a yellow warbler was seen thrust over the top of her nest, her black eyes glancing about sharply and proudly. As yet the Park lacked that universal vivid green which makes it almost monotonous a few weeks later. Through the young foliage one could trace the branches and twigs of the trees—this effect being especially pleasing in the case of the white birches. On some poplars the leaves were the size of a mouse's ear, which (as fishermen know) is the sign that tells the guides when salmon-trout should be "running" in Adirondack lakes. Many shrubs and trees were in bloom, making contrasts of purple and white and yellow and red. Magnolia-trees were full of luxuriant pink flowers, seeming actually to droop with the weight of the broad, thick petals. The grass was close-set and richly dark; this, taken in connection with the weather of the first week of the month, recalled the New England farm-saying:

Cold, wet May,
Barn full o' hay.

Now the six o'clock whistles were blowing, and other life than that of birds and beasts was abroad. A heavy yet brisk step sounded on a path. It was a workman, evidently a mason, going to his work on one of the many buildings rising on the West Side. His face lacked that expression of content which is supposed to go with honest toil; perhaps he was thinking of a sick child and the want of money to provide for it—one of the blessings of the poor being that, in case of sickness in the family, the doctor's bill must be thought of first of all. The man trudged by with bowed head, his pipe leaving behind it a pungent odor of cheap tobacco. A troop of street urchins appeared; they were chasing the squirrels, hunting for birds' nests, and keeping a sharp lookout for the gray-coated policeman. Although they were bent on doing everything that they should not do, it was hard not to have some sympathy for these little rascals who were deprived of a boy's rightful heritage—the field and wood and stream. Beyond some low, green bushes the flower-laden branches of a magnolia swayed suspiciously, but just then the occupant of the bench was not in a mood to interfere. A moment later there was a shout, and a policeman came hurrying across a lawn. The boys dashed out from behind the green bushes, each one carrying a spray of magnolia-blossoms which he had torn from the tree. The policeman did not pursue.

"I s'pose you didn't see what they was up to," he said as he passed the bench. "If we policemen an' other decent people didn't look out fur 'em, the scamps 'ud spoil the whole place!"

Which observation gave the naturalist a feeling of having fallen very far short of the standards of decent people.

A bridle-path was near, and along this came a horse-man, "smart" and English as to clothes and mount—perhaps some broker taking an early trot to clear his head for the manipulations of these trying days.

Shortly after he had passed, a riding-class of girls, very slim and trim in their black habits, came into sight, their master with them. Plainly they were beginners, and their slight awkwardness may have explained why they chose to take their lesson at an hour when the Park was almost deserted. Just here seemed a quiet spot, and the riding-master put them through a little drill, teaching them to guide their horses and turn them easily and gracefully.