

Professor Paulsen on German Education

THE task of students and critics would be made much lighter than it is if all Germans who present to the world in literary form the fruits of their researches would follow the example of Professor Paulsen, who has always shown, in his writings on philosophy and other topics, that a simple and unburdened style can be the medium of the deepest thinking. The book before us is no portentous one, but an unpretending handbook on the historical development of education in Germany, written for a popular series; yet it is a model of lucid exposition, and on every page shows the traces not only of sound criticism, but of profound conviction. It is not, however, the historical sketch—forming the bulk of the book—which justifies the publication of this excellent translation by Dr. Lorenz, but rather the remarks embodied in Book IV, upon education in Germany during the nineteenth century, in which Professor Paulsen pays rather more detailed attention to its present conditions and its future prospects. These remarks, in view of the persistent cries for fundamental reform in our older English universities and secondary schools and of the controversy concerning elementary education which is at present raging in this country, have the highest interest for all students of the subject, the more so because in educational matters so constant appeal is made to the example of Germany.

What, then, is the most characteristic feature of the present educational system in Germany? Undoubtedly it is what the author here calls the "realistic" tendency, which briefly means the substitution of scientific or technical for linguistic and literary instruction. Professor Paulsen traces very clearly the gradual growth of the *Realschule* and the technical college, and the struggle of the former for all the privileges, hitherto jealously guarded, of the classical *Gymnasium*, which

ended in a complete triumph with the new regulations of 1901; and he shows that, in spite of the present predominance of the *Gymnasium*, the spirit of the future is incorporated in the technical institutions.

Professor Paulsen seems to look with favor on this development. The methods of experiment, research, and specialization lead, he thinks, to a certain toning down of differences of education; with some truth he observes that intellectual pride is less easily fostered by a technical than by a literary education, and that practical work breaks down barriers that would have proved impregnable to mere conversation. Yet he honestly points out one great drawback of this system:—

There is danger that the student will either lose himself in the multitude of subjects that call for his attention, or let the general view of the whole domain of his science slip from his ken in trying to fathom one single problem. . . . A certain weariness and disappointment, which begins to make itself felt here and there, would seem to be the outcome of personal experiences of this kind.

The university only serves to sharpen the blade. Where, then, is it first to be tempered? At the secondary school, says Professor Paulsen. Yet no stronger indictment of the German system, so far as its ability to give a liberal education is concerned, can be framed than from the very reforms which he demands in the secondary schools. The *Real-Gymnasium* and the *Realschule* having made it their aim throughout to equip the pupil for "entering into touch with reality," the formative education, what the Germans have rightly called *Bildung*, was left to be given by the university. As Professor Paulsen says, this bill drawn on the universities is being met in less and less degree; and he himself looks back to the schools to produce a solid framework of character and knowledge. For that reason he demands a less hampering state control, and a

recognition by the educational authorities that in the higher forms greater scope must be given to individuality and that the teacher must be given a freer hand. He complains of the "ever-increasing straitness of the official regulations to which the work of the teacher is subjected," and of the fact that "even the 'correctness' of personal convictions on the part of teachers and pupils has become subject to inspection and compulsion." This clogging of the springs of individual effort is not calculated to remedy the defects of specialization, and it is almost as a counsel of despair that Professor Paulsen recommends the teaching of philosophy in schools. We may smile when we read that:—

In consequence of all this, a great number of students at German universities now do not come in contact with philosophy at all, and a deplorable lack of familiarity with the ultimate problems of existence and life is accordingly to be found amongst the educated classes.

The "common-sense" Englishman may flatter himself that he is none the worse educated for having only the most distant bowing acquaintance with these ultimate problems, but he would do well to reflect on the sentence which follows:—

Vague scepticism, materialism of the most superficial description, eclecticism, void of any philosophical principles, uncritical submission to the latest craze in the garb of philosophy—such are the consequences of the disappearance of philosophy and its clarifying influence. . . .

Again, the school course in Germany is too rigid and too long. Young men of twenty or more are kept subject to the strictest discipline till they are suddenly launched into a university where the student is more his own master than at any time of his life. Such violent contrasts cause many failures. In fact, says Professor Paulsen, what Germany wants

is the Anglo-American college. This is a very striking remark, and may possibly be a shock to a certain school of reformers in England who are given to raising their voices in lament over our English universities and our public schools. Germany is their shining example, "the independent grasp and handling of reality" their battle-cry; according to them, every university must give full facilities for every kind of technical training, and even the human studies are to be transformed by the introduction of the Seminar system and research. Those who hold that uniformity is not essential, that in some universities and schools the older, literary system of instruction may well remain predominant, that early specialization is harmful to a full mental development, and that a risk of engendering intellectual pride is more than compensated by avoidance of that narrowness of view which a purely "realistic" education is all too apt to produce, will find great comfort in learning that Germany has begun to find out her mistake. It would be the ruin of higher education in England were it to aim at making the mind a delicate probe only suited to a very special kind of reality rather than a master key fashioned to fit no special lock but adaptable to any door of knowledge.

There is no space in which to touch on Professor Paulsen's treatment of the question of elementary education. But, in view of our present education controversy, it is very interesting to note what he says upon the question of religious instruction. His view is that a state has no creed and cannot therefore give dogmatic teaching, but since education has passed out of the hands of the Church, the state must give religious instruction without dogma. In undenominational teaching Professor Paulsen holds there is no loss to the religious life, as the dogmas of a church deal with problems and experiences incomprehensible to boys and girls. He sees hope for its

adoption, spontaneously, not by state action, in the intermingling of different religions and more especially in the growth of a German national spirit which is gaining increasing preponderance over religious differences. Possibly he is over- sanguine. A national spirit has not saved England from violent dissension over religious education. But to those who have still an open mind Professor Paulsen's all too short treatment of the subject may be warmly recommended, and even those who strongly hold opposite views will find in it much that is suggestive.

TROUBLE IN INDIA

Private dispatches from India indicate that a very serious state of affairs prevails in one of the crack cavalry regiments there. A native was found dying outside the quarters of this regiment the other day under circumstances indicating that he had been violently assaulted by some of the soldiers. The civilian authorities took the matter up with the result that strong suspicion fell upon two troopers in the regiment. When, however, an attempt was made to arrest them and identify them with the crime they were stoutly defended by their comrades, who threatened open violence to anyone who attempted to make the arrest. They refused to parade when formally commanded to do so by their commanding officer, and the usual business of saddle cutting and harness destruction followed. In the end the men had to be overawed by threats of summoning the native infantry from the neighboring barracks to disarm them unless they behaved themselves. Strangely enough, however, the authorities have now withdrawn the demand for the arrest of the two troopers, and are seeking another theory in connection with the crime.

Changes in Journalism

FROM being the "profession" it once was, journalism in England, according to one of its representatives, has been made a "trade." The agency to whom this change is attributed is Lord Northcliffe, otherwise known as Alfred Harmsworth. He becomes the "Man of the Week" in the "Character Study" of the London Daily News (July 25) from the reported fact that he, and not Mr. Arthur Pearson, has acquired a controlling influence in the Times. Already the owner of twenty newspapers and weeklies, chief among which is the Daily News, he easily becomes, in finally conquering "The Thunderer," the Napoleon, or perhaps the Wellington of English newspaperdom. His contemporary, which we are quoting, looks with dismay upon the profession which he is charged with having "Americanized." Journalism, according to this writer, who signs himself "A. G. G.," "had a moral function; in his hands it has no more moral significance than the manufacture of soap." Further:

"The old notion in regard to a newspaper was that it was a responsible adviser of the public. Its first duty was to provide the news, uncolored by any motive, private or public; its second to present a certain view of public policy which it believed to be for the good of the state and the community. It was sober, responsible, and a little dull. It treated life as it was a serious matter. It had an antiquated respect for truth. It believed in the moral governance of things."

"Lord Northcliffe has changed all this. He started free from all convictions. He saw an immense, unexploited field. The old journalism appealed only to the minds of the responsible public; he would appeal to the emotions of the irresponsible. The old journalism gave news; he would give sensation. The old journalism gave reasoned opinion; he would give unreasoning passion. When Captain Flanagan from the calm retreat of the debtors' prison was drawing up the prospectus of The Pall Mall Gazette he said proudly that it would be written by gentlemen for gentlemen." Lord Northcliffe conceived a journal which in Lord Salisbury's phrase was "written by office-boys for office-boys." It was a bitter saying; but Lord Northcliffe has had his revenge. He, Lord Salisbury's "office-boy" of journalism, was raised to the peerage by Lord Salisbury's nephew.

"It was not the only case in which time passed an ironic comment on Lord Salisbury's views on the press. When Gladstone repealed the stamp duty and made the penny paper possible, Lord Robert Cecil asked scornfully what good thing could come out of a penny paper. A cheap press, like an enlarged franchise, meant to his gloomy and fatalistic mind 'red ruin and the breaking up of laws.' And he lived to see himself kept in power by the democracy which he had feared, and deriving his support from the half-penny press, at which he would have shuddered. He lived, in fact, to realize that there is a better way with the office-boy than to drive him into revolutionary movements. It is to give him a vote and The Daily Mail."

Lord Northcliffe, says this writer, in a mood of aphorism, "is the common man in an uncommon degree." He goes on:

"There is no psychological mystery to be unraveled here, no intellectual shadowland. He is obvious and elementary. He is simply the type of the man who wants material success and nothing else. He has no other standard by which to judge life. Napoleon's question was 'What have you done?' Lord Northcliffe's question would be 'What have you got?' For he not only wants success himself; he admires it in others. It is the passport to his esteem. It is the thing he understands. If you will watch his career you will see that, as far as he has a philosophy at all, it is this, that merit rides in a motor car. You become interesting to him, as Johnson became interesting to Chesterfield, immediately you have succeeded. When he went down to that memorable meeting at Glasgow at which Mr. Chamberlain formally opened his fiscal campaign, he changed his policy in a night. His papers had been full of denunciations of what he had christened 'the stomach tax,' but this meeting, so great and so enthusiastic, seemed the presage of success. He was going to be left in company with that dismal thing, failure. The thing was unthinkable, and he leapt the fence on the instant. For he believes with Mr. Biglow that

A merciful Providence fashioned us hollow
So that we might our principles swallow.

The one principle to which his loyalty never falters is to be on the side of the big battalions.

"I have said that Lord Northcliffe is the common man in an uncommon degree. You see it in this article in Young Folks (Harmsworth's first article, upon the subject of 'Amateur Photography,' published in Young Folks for 1881). Amateur photography has just become popular. He, a lad of eighteen, seized on it as a stepping-stone to fortune. A little later came the boom in cycling, and Master Harmsworth, still in his 'teens, became a cyclist journalist in Coventry. Sir George Nevins had touched the great heart of humanity with 'Tid-Bits,' and Mr. Harmsworth, now a man of twenty-one, felt that the streets of London put end to end would stretch across the Atlantic, and that there were more acres in Yorkshire than letters in the Bible. Why should he conceal these truths? Why should the public thirst for knowledge be denied? And so, in an upper room in the neighborhood of the Strand, answers came to birth, the prolific parent of some hundred, or perhaps two hundred—I am not sure which—offspring, ranging from The Funny Wonder to The Daily Mail, all bearing the impress of the common mind in an uncommon degree."

A DEFENCE OF INDIA

The Times of India (Bombay) makes the following criticisms upon the article on India in the last number of the Quarterly Review. "The picture," it says, "is drawn in very gloomy colors. With a full consciousness of the seriousness of the agitation which still confronts the administration at so many points, we believe that the condition of the country is not so alarming as he seems to think. There is a danger in metaphor, and we think that people in England may be misled by such a statement as that during the last eighteen months disaffection has grown with

a torrential rush which has overspread the land like a flood, and yet we are warned by recollections of the deceptive optimism of the years preceding 1857 not to be too certain that the evil is one which can be easily stayed."

"The writer by no means exaggerates the extension of the conspiracy which has been brought to light in Bengal. Our own information is that even from the Pacific shores there has gone help to the conspirators in India. There is no question of a general insurrection, and although there are far more unregistered arms in India than was suspected until comparatively recently, there is little reason to look for anything beyond sporadic outbreaks which would nowhere be beyond the power of a reliable and efficient police to quell. But even this is a prospect which a few years ago never entered into the imagination of the most nervous amongst us."

"The greater trouble which will come upon the Government whenever England is engaged in a life and death struggle with a great power is largely a matter of conjecture. The contingency is bound to exercise the thought of statesmen and soldiers, though we see no advantage in following the Quarterly Review in making it the subject of alarmingly detailed prevision. Meanwhile, there is one matter, not of conjecture, but of experience, which may be set on the other side. The Viceroy assured us, a year ago, that the native army had loyally withstood the attempts which agitators, mainly in the Punjab, had made to undermine its fidelity. Since then we have had, in the operations on the frontier, some signal proofs that the native army is as ready as ever to fight bravely at the side of British troops."

"We have solid grounds, therefore, for the belief that the army remains true to its salt, though we are not so sure that the police, upon whose alertness and fidelity the peace and safety of many districts will be largely dependent for some time to come, are yet as reliable an instrument for the preservation of order as they ought to be."

"While there is good reason for believing that the Government, in a phrase that was familiar in France a few years ago, can answer for material order, it is not yet possible to feel confident in the restoration of 'moral order.' It is not easy to rid our minds of the painful impression created by such an incident as the dead silence with which the native members received Sir George Clarke's appeal at the recent meeting of the Legislative Council for the co-operation of responsible Indians against political incendiaries."

A unique effort for helping to stay the scourge of consumption has been devised. The London Gentlewoman has received exclusive authority to publish in Great Britain and the colonies a series of royal artist postcards reproduced from original drawings by the German emperor, the late Queen Carola, of Saxony, the late king and queen of Portugal, H. R. H. Mathilde, princess of Saxony; Prince Eugene of Sweden, Countess of Flanders, Archduchess Joseph of Austria, Princess Leopold of Hohenzollern, Princess Waldemar of Denmark, Princess Feodora of Schleswig-Holstein and the Princess of Vendome. The idea seems to have originated with Queen Carola of Saxony, and the effort is international in its scope. An eighth part of the proceeds will be set aside as a donation to some English charity, a further proportion being paid to a charity for the cure of consumption in the native country of each royal artist.

A Journalist in Iceland

BY the average individual (unless he happens to be a salmon fisher) Iceland is imagined to be a place somewhere within the region of the Arctic circle and to be literally a land of eternal winter. The fishing enthusiast knows it only as a paradise of his craft and values it as such accordingly.

A score or two of tourists visit the island for a week or so in summer and get as far as Thingvellir, or if they be not too saddle sore they may see Geysir. But only a very select few have travelled for weeks on the hardy little ponies and known to the full the exceeding delight of day after day spent in the wonderful Icelandic air and of riding through the green valleys and fording the numberless rivers and streams of Iceland. To those who can ride a little and are keen on an open air life and who are lovers of scenery the island should appeal, and this should apply even more so to those tired of the way of cities. For there are no railways in Iceland, no motors, and there were until very recently no telegraphs.

A correspondent of the London Globe spent six weeks there one summer and rode across the island from Reykjavik to Faskrudsfjord, where the cable now connects Iceland with the outer world, and thence to the northern portion of Akureyri. The route to Faskrudsfjord across the glacier rivers is most interesting and is not without its element of danger, owing to the remote possibility of the ponies, sure footed as they are, being swept off their feet by those fiercely running waters. The guide is usually a well educated man, very often a medical student, who in this way earns money during the summer to pay for his winter studies, and in my case was a most interesting type and an excellent good fellow. He belonged to a small but enthusiastic party which is working for the increase of home-rule in Iceland and which believes in Iceland for the Icelanders. Some day probably he will sit in the Icelandic parliament and be a thorn in the side of the Danish party.

The country is very rough in parts, but in many places there are good, if small roads, and in most a track. The interior is, of course, mostly snow mountain and glacier, with the mighty Vatna Jokull, a mass of burnished silver against the sapphire sky, towering over all. There is no want of variety about the scenery travelled through. One day it is through smiling green valleys dotted with farms and crossed by innumerable streams. Another day one rides for hours over sandy wastes, and yet another over volcanic rocks whose fires have long since died out. An early start is usually made and at a smart pace one rides till midday, when there is an hour for rest and a delightful *al fresco* meal, and the journey is continued until the farm-house is reached where hospitality is given for the night, and very genuine hospitality it is.

The Icelandic summer night is never quite dark, and I have ridden in the soft afterglow up to midnight. The farms which are sometimes built altogether of wood, but more often have turf walls and roofs, are usually spotlessly clean, and their coffee and milk are excellent. When one gets accustomed to it, the rye bread takes a lot of beating, and if you cannot eat smoked or salted mutton, eggs

are generally plentiful, and in case of need of a tin of provisions from your commissariat can be heated up for you. The sole drawback to the life is in the case of a rainy summer, and only oilskins will keep out Icelandic rains. But my six weeks trip included but four or five wet days, and the rest of the time it was brilliantly fine.

Perhaps one of the most interesting rides was over the glacier known as the Breidmerkur Jokull, in southern Iceland. We had left the little port of Vik, where I had revelled in the billows dashing upon the sandy beach, and after several hours riding over black sand arrived at the foot of the glacier. To cross the mountain it was necessary to dismount. At several points there were crevasses, which had to be negotiated on boards laid across, and it was altogether a pretty hard pull up for both ponies and men.

One lasting recollection of Iceland is that of the farm of Reykjahlid, on Lake Myvatn. Quite close to the farm, in a sort of gully between walls of rock partly arched over is a deep pool of translucent blue-green water, whose temperature is invariably about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Its origin is attributable to some hot spring deep down in the earth. I slipped into the pool through the only entrance, a hole in the rock, one dark, wet night, just after reaching Reykjahlid, and the pleasant recollections of its delicious warmth are only shared by somewhat similar ones of a hot tank at Tochinoski-shin-yu after a cold, rainy day's rickshaw ride from the garrison town of Kumamoto, in Japan.

BARON VERSUS SIGNOR

In the Rue Scribe, close to the Opera, an Italian Baron and a Councillor of the Italian Embassy in Paris, has been slapped in the face by a fellow-countryman, a plain signor. The row happened a few hours before the new Italian Ambassador to France presented his credentials officially to the President of the Republic, and it has caused a scandal in diplomatic circles. The bone of contention is a tapestry. The Signor says that the Baron sold for him a piece of tapestry for some \$4,500 which was worth a great deal more, and pocketed the difference. The Baron retorts that he first of all lent the Signor money, then to oblige him found a purchaser for his tapestry, which was not worth nearly as much as he imagined, and far from having made money by the transaction was out of pocket over it. He refused to challenge the Signor because the latter is not of his rank. He is leaving the Paris Embassy for another post, but is staying on here for some time, during which, as he will no longer enjoy "diplomatic immunity," he invites the Signor to prosecute him "if he dare."

The Queen of Spain has the Englishwoman's love of the open air. Her children are healthy youngsters, differing in this respect from their father, who as a baby was very delicate. The Crown Prince is about sixteen months old. The second child, who was born on June 23, 1908, has been named Jaime Leopoldo Alejandro Isabelino Enrique Alberto Alfonso Victor Juan Pedro Pablo Maria.

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