

mankind, but true poetry *is* music, just as true music is poetry. Shakespeare has declared that

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

So those who allow the material and prosaic side of life to twist and warp their natures to the exclusion of poetic music, give up that which sweetens existence, soothes the weary, quickens the pulse, fires anew the flagging ardours of youth, and opens the doors of a brighter, better, purer and grander world than that of dollars and of dinners.

In the breasts of all have been placed intangible chords that throb responsive to the melodies of harmony and language. Some breasts are attuned to finer harmonies, some to sounds more penetrating but not the less harmonious. A Shakespeare

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The "Man in the Street," so prominent in these days of democracies, is very man,