Evening Ledger

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Philadelphia, Saturday, January 13, 1917.

Will Edit James's Letters—Headline.

Interesting, but the editor is of no importance. Who is to be the translator?

A nation with a decimal coinage should have no place for an antiquated system of weights and measures.

Congress can save the country tons of white paper at one swoop by passing a law making the use of adjectives a penal offense.

The increasing cost of bad government is positively amazing. After all, the only kind of government a people can afford to have is good government.

Scarcity of public schools is the fault of the Legislature. Judging by its achievements, it is possible that its members have always been opposed to all kinds of schools.

Put it down to the credit of Constantine that he is the greatest accepter of ultimatums yet discovered. Rarely a day passes that he does not have an ultimatum for breakfast and another for lunch.

That label, "For waste paper and refuse," on the new cans on the street corners must mean that the Highway Department is preparing a place of safety for pedestrians threatened by automobiles.

Postmaster General Burleson is willing that Dallas should have pneumatic tubes, but Philadelphia and Chicago are too small to need any such expeditious method of transporting the mail. It begins to look, however, as if Congress had a little common sense and would vote to keep the tubes in the cities that really need them.

Three hundred years ago Beaumont and Fletcher wrote:

Corruption is like a tree whose branches are
Of an unmeasurable length; they spread
Everywhere; and the dew that drops from thence
Hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.

Is it possible that the same dew has touched the executive chair of one Mr. Brumbaugh?

There is vivid contrast between the history of the two ignorant mountain boys, seventeen and eighteen years of age, whose appeal for commutation of the death penalty has just been refused, and that of a well-educated millionaire who went scot free after shooting down a man in cold blood, and who now faces new charges with cheerful confidence of lenient treatment. But it is not the use of money that sets wealthy culprits free and punishes the poor. It is something far more sinister—the instinctive respect paid to wealth which unconsciously warps the sense of justice. It is humiliating to admit it, but it is hard to believe that two wealthy lads would have had so hard a fight for leniency.

THE questions put to Frank Hagerman, of Kansas City, by the Supreme Court Justices in the course of his argument in defense of the Adamson wage increase law indicated that they think his knowledge of the Constitution is about as accurate as his knowledge of hymnology. Mr. Hagerman concluded his argument by saying, amid general laughter: "While the light still burns the vilest sinner may return." In the good old days when religion was taught in the homes every boy and girl knew that Isaac Watts in his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" wrote it:

And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Indeed, the questions which the Court put to the other Government lawyers lead one to believe that the Justices thought there was altogether too much impressionism and too little recognition of facts in the presentation of the case.

THERE are many novelties on exhibition at the Automobile Show which opened last night, but the novelties are not to be the chief attraction. The motor car has become a commercial necessity and has ceased to be a rich man's toy, the fashion of which must be changed each season in order to stimulate demand. The movement towards standardization and economical production has gained such headway through the necessities of the situation that it cannot be stopped. The man who buys a car today is anxious to know whether he can get parts replaced next year or the year after without prohibitive cost, and the manufacturers are preparing in increasing numbers to satisfy the demand for a car that is as standard as wheat or flour. There always will be men willing to pay any price for a car and there always will be manufacturers willing to gratify them, but the country at large is now more interested in the moderate-priced automobile than in fancy pleasure vehicles.

DANGER!

THE first hint of a door left open for Peace in the divided Organization has come from the "war board" confab at Atlantic City. Fearing "the menace of Democratic success in the gubernatorial election of 1918," the Penrose-McNichol leaders are talking of dropping the idea of impeaching the Governor and incline toward a policy of investigating him. This is to avoid embittering the Vare faction to a point where "harmony" in 1918 would be impossible.

But the fear is not that a Democratic regime will be established. What Penrose fears is the nomination of an independent Republican for Governor whom the Vare cohorts might support if driven to desperation, as they were driven in this city in 1911, when they preferred Blankenburg to a Penrose Mayor. Both the Vare and Penrose factions would prefer a Democratic to an independent Republican Governor. They would see in a Democratic Administration only a temporary loss of power. But an independent in the saddle, satisfactory to labor as well as to reformers in general, could reorganize the State Republican party and dismember the Organization as Tammany has been dismembered in New York.

Therefore, the first hint, the first suspicion, of "harmony" between the Vare and Penrose men, however vague, must be the danger signal to independent Republicans, warning them of the necessity of organizing to capture the Republican primary of May, 1918. We must look far ahead. The Penrose crowd is considering a progressive program of legislation to placate labor. It must be remembered that legislation is only one-third of government. There is executive administration; there is the judiciary. Progressive laws administered by Organization executives and officials and interpreted by Organization Judges can be easily emasculated. The test is a simple one. Any Republican satisfactory to either Penrose or Vare is ineligible. There are other requirements, but this is the first requirement—the acid test.

WHO SPEAKS GOOD ENGLISH?

IS IT the Man in the Street, meaning the average citizen, who is corrupting the language or is it some one else? The New York Tribune, in an attempt to answer the question, has asked twelve of the policemen who are consenting to eat food that costs only twenty-five cents a day what they think of their meals. It assumes that the policeman is both literally and figuratively the man in the street. Two of the men replied that the meals were "Fine and dandy." The remainder said that they were "Very good, indeed," "Everlastingly good," or "Exceptionally good."

The Evening Post, which uses more slang on its editorial page than any other New York paper, ventures the opinion that if the Tribune had asked a group of Yale professors, a company of Princeton undergraduates or members of the Authors' Club, the answers would have been: "A pippin," "All to the mustard," "Say, boy!" and the like, thereby justifying its practice of writing its editorials in the language understandable by the class of people who read them.

This experiment recalls the attempt of the Chicago Tribune to learn whether its readers liked sporting news written in slang or in pure English. It discovered that the college professor preferred slangy reports of baseball games and that the ball players preferred Addisonian English. But neither investigation takes us very far toward the discovery of the real forces that are corrupting the springs of English, pure and undefiled.

PHILADELPHIA DOESN'T WANT A DIVORCE COLONY

UNDER existing law a New York business man can come over to this city, rent a room and claim it as his residence. After he has established his residence here for a year he can sue his New York wife for divorce in the local courts, charging desertion. He can serve notice of suit on her by publication in an obscure newspaper, which the wife may never see, and then secure the divorce by default because of her nonappearance in court.

This is possible because the General Assembly of 1913 permitted the granting of divorces after one year's residence and the General Assembly of 1915 permitted the service of notice by publication. These changes in the law have resulted in such grave scandal that the Law Association of this city authorized its committee on legislation last June to take such steps as it deemed necessary to secure their repeal this winter, and the State Bar Association in the same month directed its committee on law reform to study the divorce laws with a view to recommending such modification of them as might be advisable in the interests of sound public policy.

Judge Shoemaker's denunciation of the law in the Common Pleas Court, following a verdict in a divorce case, is in line with the views of reputable lawyers. He added the authority of his position to the statement made by men not on the bench that this city is becoming another Reno.

It is hoped that the General Assembly can find time between periods of factional squabbling to act on the recommendations of the Judges and the Law Association.

Tom Daly's Column

McAroni Ballads

AN OPTIMIST

Ah! Gooda-morn', Signor! Ees goo day.
Eh? 'Scuse me, but w'at ees dat you say?
You see, ees many words een 'Mericun
I am too old an' dumb for understun'.
O! yes, I know cet rains, but w'at ees dees
New name you call? Eh? W'at ees "Optimees"?
O! dat'sa mean I am "so always glad"?
Ah, well, Signor, cet ees no use be sad.
Da days weell come, an' cet dey rain or snow
Ees mak' no dif'rence; dey soon weell go,
An' I am glad for see da days go by.
Why am I glad, Signor, you axka why?
I lika mooch for tal you, but, you see,
I am afraid dat you weell laugh at me.

You mak' so moocha fun weedh me bay-fore,
I am afraid you do cet now, Signor.
Eh? No? Wal, den, my frend, I tal you why
I am so glad for see da days go by.
You see, dere ees sweeta, pritta girl
Dat I am lova more dan all de wor',
An' she ees gotta love for me so great
She tal me she be true an' she weell wait—
O! please, Signor, an' don't-a smile so;
You promeesa me you weell no laugh, you know.
Ah! yes, you theenk bayause I am so old
My heart cet should be dead, my blooda cold;
An' so I should no speak, bayause I see
You no can help, Signor, from laugh at me.

No? 'Scuse me, I theenk you laugh. Ah! wal,
My story ees no veery mooch to tal.
Dees pritta girl I speak 'bout to you,
She tal me she ees lova me so true
I'ts notheeng ever coud stop her be
Forever an' forever jus' for me.
So, dat ees all, Signor, an' dat ees why
I am so glad for see da days go by.
Bayause da time ees soona comin' w'en
I gona hold dees sweeta girl ayen.
Eh? No, Signor, she's no' een Eetaly.
O! No, you no can guess who ees she;
Cet ees no possible for you to know,
Bayause she die so many year ago.
I s'pose ees forty year, an' mebbe more,
Since time w'en she ees gon' away, Signor.
Dat's why you never hear of cet bayfore.
Ah! thanks, Signor, for speaka so. You see,
I wax afraid dat you would laugh at me.

Comedies of the Street

I

The smooth dog and the shaggy dog slowly approach each other, fiercely growling, tense and bristling, while the small boy belonging to the shaggy dog looks on in absorbed silence. The growling is growing more menacing, when the small boy suddenly changes his mind. "Aw, come on!" he says. "Don't let's fight!" And the shaggy dog, quietly turning an erect tail to the smooth dog, walks off companionably with the small boy belonging to him.

II

At the curb stands the rough-coated, baggy-kneed truck horse, eagerly munching oats out of a dingy nosebag. In the middle of the street the policeman's horse, sleek and shining, awaits the return of his uniformed rider. The truck horse recklessly tosses his head, and the nosebag slips behind his hairy chin. The policeman's horse, insolently strolling to the curb, thrusts his black muzzle into the nosebag and takes a generous tribute of oats.

III

"Three for a Cent" reads the sign on the basket of little macaroons, and the old cake vender drives a thriving trade with the homing officeboys. A rowdy, bright-eyed sparrow contrives to drag a macaroon from the edge of the small stand, making off with it. I hope he dies of indigestion.

ARTHUR GUTTERMAN.

DO THEY PLAY THE ANVIL CHORUS?

YOUNG man wants large clean furnished front room, private family, within walking distance Fox Gun Co., where there is music and congenial surroundings; heard opt. 2-435 Bulletin.

Hooray for the Fox Gun Co. That's the way to treat employes!

ALGERNONSUS.

BUTS

Old age is the evening of life	BUT	second childhood is the morning after.
Death took a sickly looking mark	BUT	life makes an easy one.
It doesn't take money to make fools of some men	BUT	it helps a lot.
Love and kittens are born blind	BUT	they soon get their eyes opened.
Put your best foot forward	BUT	don't forget to use the other one, too.
Charity begins at home	BUT	we don't always find it there when we call.
Experience is a good teacher	BUT	many a man who is rich in experience can't raise the price of a meal.
Time works wonders	BUT	it won't always mend the ragged edge of despair.
It's a fine thing to hear other people's funerals	BUT	don't come home loaded every night.
All men may have their price	BUT	mighty few of them are worth it.
Time is money	BUT	a good bit of it is counterfeit.

SAM S. STINSON.

Penrose Says He Is

Dear Tom—In Massillon, Ohio, lamped a sign:

BRUMBAUGH
FOR AUDITOR

Can he be leading the double life?

RALPH BINGHAM.

What He Said

"My little lad," said the Parson prim,
When he called to find if the father was in,
"Why doesn't your daddy come over to prayers?"
Then Mama came rushing like wind down the stairs,
And exclaimed to the Parson the reason was "beer."
"Beer!" howled the Parson, not quite at his ease.
"Yes, Pastor dear, they sting as they please,
And it's keeping me busy keeping Dad greased."
"Hm!" said the Parson—"pray, what did he say?"
"What he said had nothing, dear Parson, in common with pray!"

—MARY GIGGLES.

A VOICE FROM THE TRENCHES

Tom—Would you say that two twentifications made a fortification? Is this defensible?

BILLY YUMPUP.

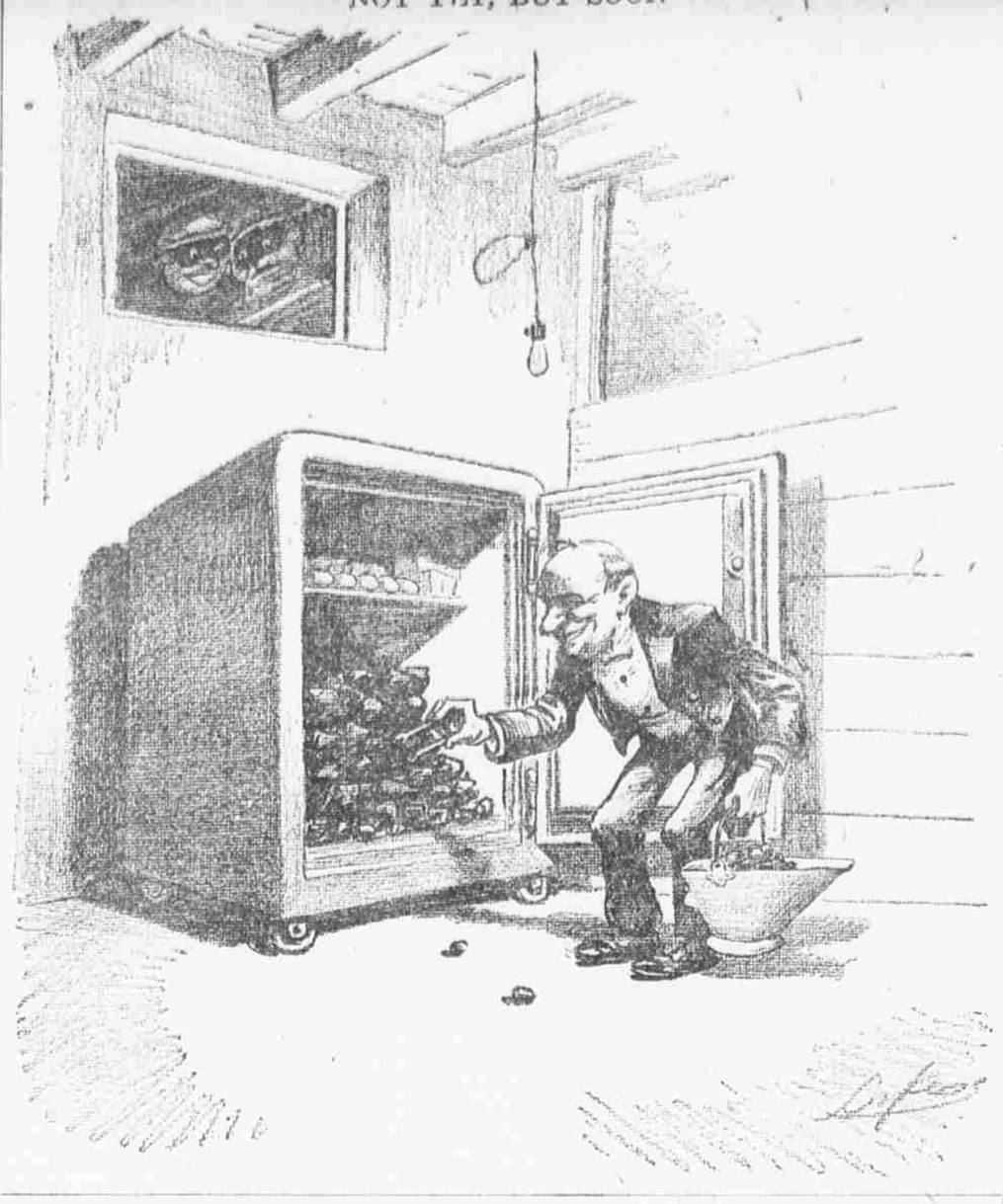
Well, if the two twenties were negotiable, all the heathen of the world might rage around our outer works, but we certainly would defend ourselves—we certainly would.

Or at the Base of the Column

A quatrain is the fourfold grace
Of wisdom uttered by a sage,
Exactly fitting in the space
Left at the bottom of the page.

SOLOMON GRUNDY.

NOT YET, BUT SOON



LLOYD GEORGE AS A STOP-GAP

Belief in England That the Press Will Be Demanding a New Premier Before March—Can Asquith Come Back?

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES
Special Correspondence Evening Ledger

LONDON, Dec. 29.

THE innocent bystander in England these last few weeks has had a hard time finding out what it is all about. "It" is the Cabinet crisis. He has read all the papers and talked to all the men he knew and to some he didn't know, has sought out Tories in strange places and Liberals in the lobby of the House, and finally has prayed for the arrival of American newspapers to tell him the truth.

Today, after the new Prime Minister's speech, opinion is divided. Either the change means everything or it means nothing at all. Fortune has favored Mr. Lloyd George in giving him the German peace proposals for a starter and in adding to that the French victory at Verdun and the slaughtering of Roumania's retreat. Mr. Asquith has refused to lead any "Opposition" to the new Government. Everything seems smooth sailing. But, apart from the change in the size of the Cabinet, which Mr. Asquith was willing to make, the big things have fallen flat.

This is particularly true of the proposal for "national service" announced by the Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George hinted that the whole matter had been taken up by the previous Cabinet and agreed upon. At the same time Mr. Asquith announced that for many months the Government had been arming merchant ships—one of the heaviest points made against Mr. Asquith was that he had not done this very thing. Furthermore, on the question of the blockade, Mr. Lloyd George retained in office the one man who was called responsible for Germany's having sufficient food—Lord Robert Cecil. What is more, he refused to listen to the jingoes and put Mr. Balfour in the Foreign Office, and the strict measures taken in Greece are only following on the old policy. So what was it all about?

The Precedent of Zimri

Liberals tell me that it was nothing but general dissatisfaction and Mr. Asquith's perverse policy of having nothing to do with the press. Some of them believe that the new Prime Minister is a self-seeking demagogue; others that he is sincerely anxious to end the war and is willing to risk his future by breaking with his own party. But every one is agreed that the few days just before the coalition fell were a disgrace.

The Independent (Liberal) weekly, The New Statesman, has published the most sardonic account of the whole affair under the title "Had Zimri Peace?" The words are those of Jezebel, addressed to Jehu, who slew his master and then refer to that Zimri who was "captain of half the chariots" of Elah, King of Israel. Zimri slew his king and reigned in his stead for seven days. The article ran on for about a column and a half, and then appeared a note, in the midst of a blank column, saying that since Mr. Lloyd George had kissed hands and formed a ministry, the editors did not think the rest of the article should be printed.

It was elsewhere suggested that the hands kissed by Mr. Lloyd George were not those of the King, but those of a newspaper proprietor who was very ardent in his support of the new ministry.

There was certainly no excitement outside of the newspaper columns over the change of ministers. One paper ran a seven-column line over its main page, "The Paper That Is Driving Them Out," and others were full of deep suggestions of the forces behind the old Government. The New Statesman frankly accuses Mr. Lloyd George of playing the papers and of inspiring certain stories which led, in the end, to the impossible situation which forced Mr. Asquith to resign. The decent press of London, and in the provinces, of course, had nothing to do with this, and it is important to note that many Liberal papers agreed that the old form of government could not win the war. The Opposition papers of the better type were very respectful to Mr. Asquith and very serious about his successor.

Is Asquith to Come Back?

Concerning the future of the Cabinet, one thing has escaped general notice: When the Liberal party met to pass a resolution of confidence in Mr. Asquith he made a speech in reply, and in that speech he spoke of the regret with which he laid down, for a time, the reins of office. The Liberal party is represented today by Mr. Asquith on the Opposition bench and, in a way, by Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister, but the forces behind Lloyd George are the Unionist and the Labor parties. The Liberals have no intention of being left out in the cold when the war ends, because they have their own ideas of trade and industry and reconstruction after the war. Also, the betting is even that the press which demanded this ministry will be howling for another one before next March. A lot depends on the fate of the armies in France in that time.

A revolution in the form of the British Government has been made, for this is the first time that a Premier has gone out without a vote in the House of Commons against him. But a great many persons believe that the real significance of the move is not in the break with tradition. The serious fact is that Mr. Lloyd George has trumped the Liberals' card and taken the Labor party into the Government. As a result, members of the Labor party are saying that there can be no such party after the war. It will split and go with one or the other of the dominant groups, but Keir Hardie's dream of a separate labor force will be ended. Opposed to that gloomy view is the belief that Mr. Lloyd George will either willingly or under compulsion make vast concessions to labor and will institute great reforms.

Labor Doesn't Like Lloyd George

I find that the impression I shared with most Americans that Mr. Lloyd George is the idol of working men and women in England is not proved by the facts. Mr. Lloyd George has been exceedingly unpopular with workers and a Labor member of the House of Commons told him why several months ago: "Because there is no piece of legislation associated with the honorable gentleman's name which is not tainted with the curse of slavery." Mr. Lloyd George knew, when he began to form his Cabinet, that it could not persist without the help of the Labor party; he conciliated its leaders rather than the Liberal leaders. On the other hand, he appointed, to a high office a man thoroughly hated by all the labor unions. The occasion is still remembered by Londoners when Ben Tillett, the union leader, prayed in public that the Almighty might strike this man dead because he would not let the dock workers live. Yet he is now a member of the same Government which Arthur Henderson and other labor members support.

Mr. Lloyd George has, however, caught the imaginations of the vast majority of British men and women. They admire him, whether they trust him or not. Even his enemies agree that his first steps are those of a man sobered by his position. So the disappointment felt by his friends at his first speech turns out to be a blessing to those who distrusted him. Several months ago he was reported to be at loggerheads with the chiefs of the army; today he seems to recognize the right of the army to direct itself. It is still not clear why he should be where he is. But most persons are beginning to believe that he will do well. At the same time there is a resumption of the talk of flinging the Germans back to the Rhine—talk which was slowly dying out in the Asquith regime.

THE BOSS IS NOT FOOLED

When you slight some job and think that you have deceived your employer, better think a second time before you congratulate yourself that you "got away with it" and try the same course again.

Men at the heads of departments have gone through the same line of work that you are doing. They know each step as it comes, and they know what the results should be. You have to produce.

These men know you have been unfaithful to your job, even though you advance a seemingly good excuse for failure.

There may be some reason why they don't wish to speak to you today about your deception.

Perhaps they won't tell you till you ask for a raise of salary.

Maybe they won't take the trouble to do more than turn you down.

Be sure they know you as well as you know yourself. They do not pay salaries without study and careful consideration of those to whom the money is paid. Passable showing does not count in business.

Excuses are not accepted for long and don't go down the first time even.

But when you ask for a raise, or a better position, and the other fellow gets it, you may be sure that the other fellow was not caught napping or shirking.

Do not help yourself down and out.—Evansville, Ind., Courier.

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

QUIZ

1. In whose hands is the power to pardon criminals placed in Pennsylvania?
2. The Allied note speaks of "the liberation of Italians, Slavs, Roumanians and Tcheco Slovaks." Who are the Tcheco Slovaks?
3. What republic in South America was formally known as New Granada?
4. Who was Schuyler Colfax?
5. How do the distances between Philadelphia and Ecuador and Philadelphia and Rio de Janeiro compare?
6. How does the area of Canada compare with the area of the United States?
7. Who were "Columbine," "Pantaloon" and "Harlequin"?
8. Who was Walter Savage Landor?
9. Where is De Pauw University?
10. Is it lawful in England for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. "Rhadamanthine justice" means severe justice, such as was administered by Rhadamanthus, one of the "Judges of Hades."
2. Tea came into general use in England during the seventeenth century.
3. Rush candles were formerly made by dipping the pith of a rush (marsh or waterside plant) with slender stem) into tallow. Rushlights were formerly used at wedding ceremonies, especially mock ceremonies.
4. Fire dogs are andirons, metal supports for wood burned in a hearth.
5. "Tanagras" are terra-cotta statuettes, also known as "Tanagra figurines," which had been placed in ancient tombs. These figurines were first discovered at Tanagra, Greece.
6. "Westward Ho!" was a cry of the sixteenth century and seventeenth century voyagers to America. The phrase occurs in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night": "There lies your way, due west." "Then westward ho!" It was probably this that suggested the title of the novel of that name.
7. Brick is more durable than any stone.
8. The Sulu Islands are a group in the Dutch East Indies, north of Australia and east of Borneo.
9. The correct form of address to a lawyer in a letter is as "John Doe, Esquire," rather than as "Mr. John Doe."
10. Finnan haddie is a popular expression for smoked haddock. The "finnan" is from Findon, or from the name of the Findhorn River, once exclusively noted for this delicacy.

Ash Collection

H. F.—Your difficulty with the subpoena could be settled best by a visit to the Bureau of Highways, City Hall, where the rule that applies to your case can be determined. It is impossible for the bureau to decide your case without having more information than was given in your letter. The general rule governing collection of ashes is that the contract provides for the removal of 450 pounds of ashes a week from homes. There is no fixed charge for collection from stores and restaurants and hotels, under which your case comes.

Examination of Wills

T. A.—The office of the Register of Wills furnishes the information that wills, being public property, may be examined without charge.

The Athenian Oath

E. B.—The oath of the Young Men of Athens was as follows: "We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor even desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLE

A LITTLE girl visited the food show and ate seventeen different kinds of breakfast food and gathered ten pounds of sample packages. Then she stepped on the free weighing machine and found that her weight had increased ten per cent, whereas if she had eaten twice as much breakfast food the gain would have been eleven per cent. What was her weight when she arrived at the food show?

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle

THE five coins aggregating 94 cents must have been a 50-cent piece, two 20-cent pieces, one 2-cent piece and a cent.

The Northeast Corner

Rubaiyat of a Commuter

XXXVII

Perplexed with Human and Divine Decree,
"Tomorrow," says my loving Wife to me,
"Don't lose Your Temper, but we really Must
Invite the Baptist Minister to Tea!"

Casuals of the Day's Work

XXII

SOME day we are going to write the real story of what it means to be a newspaperman. Blythe has done it partially, and Chesterton, if one reads between the lines, has done some other part of it, but for opening up the wound, scraping the bone, cauterizing the flesh, and all the other hospital energies which have to be exerted on the one who would know what the newspaper man's life may—and has been—made to mean, there is yet a story to be written.

In the sentence up above we have said what we propose to do.

Let us sum up the matter for the moment briefly. Get out your imagination and let it register Fear.

He came into the office of the Rocky Mountain News a good many years ago. He was tall, thin, angular. His hair was unduly long and he wore the chaps of the New Mexican cowboy.

John Martin, then city editor, was at his desk. The man approached him. "I want to write for your newspaper," he exclaimed.

John Martin never looked up.

"Well, damnit, write!" he said.

"I know about the labor meeting down in Arapahoe street," said the man. "Would you like to have a story about it?"

"Hell, yes," said Martin. "They're goin' to strike, and they'll bust you wide open if you try to get in."

"Lemme cover it?" said the man.

"You're on," said John Martin.

And so the man went down to the meeting of the labor union, went in as a delegate from New Mexico, up to find out what was going on. Then they discovered him and threw him out of the hall, down three flights of stairs and into the street.

But he had the story.

And it is history in Denver to this day that the one man who told his newspaper what was being done that night was a man who had the courage to say that he wanted to write.

He was pretty nearly all in—starving, if you like, but John Martin said, "Dammit, write!"

And he wrote truth, and he stirred a city, and eventually a nation.

MUSIC AND A MYSTERY

Fascinating "Chromaticon" Played by Hofmann With Orchestra

Mystery and music thrive well on the same soil. And so it was not surprising yesterday to find a mystery on the Philadelphia Orchestra's program, even if the secret was not as hidden as the Sphinx's nor as cryptic as the Siren's song. Michael Dvorsky provided it. He was named as the composer of "Chromaticon," a "symphonic dialogue for piano and orchestra," played with Josef Hofmann at the solo instrument. Mr. Dvorsky fairly if silently invites curiosity. The lack of dates attached to his name suggests that he not only hasn't died but also that he was never born. So when you find that there is not even one diminutive program note about him or his composition from the usually prolific Mr. Stoepp you have a right to recall that western newspapers identified Dvorsky with Mr. Hofmann when the "Chromaticon" was given in Ohio. But of course the reviewers may have been wrong.

If Mr. Dvorsky does exist there is no reason why he should not now come forward and claim the praise that is his by right of a brilliant, piquant, provoking work. It is brilliant because it so adroitly combines a sound knowledge of pianistic technique in composition with a daring and darting impetuosity of mood. It is piquant because of the mixture of drollery and sheer loveliness of themes in which it is drenched. It provokes because obviously it was written with at least a tiny program—and no program is provided for the delighted and bewildered listener. To grope through a sublime mist may be proper and instructive. To grope through a fascinating picture gallery, unlit, is no fun at all.

In atmosphere and feeling the "Chromaticon" has a distinct flavor of the macabre. The rumor of excitement and death lies somewhere behind those opening sounds, with the reeds shrieking grotesquely. Fateful drum taps add to the feeling that here is a piece of fantasy that touches the supernatural, if not the ghastly. The dialogue turns and twists itself into a whirling frolic, but it is a somber one. Mocking phrases remind you of Till Eulenspiegel's wicked pranks, even of the gloomy and restless gayety of "Lobetanz," hero of a discarded and diabolic opera once done here with Jadlowker and Gadski. Suddenly the piano, hitherto rather an organic part of the orchestra than a single voice, enters with a stately, hymnlike passage. Brisk, jaunty bits of finger play give way to a strain of celestial sentiment in the string choir. Through intricate processes of construction, the music increases in emotional stress and storm. A wistful tinkle in the piano, combined with much crafty development of theme; a marchlike suggestion, again the rolling tympani, this time strenuous, and it ends.

Such are some of the disjointed impressions of this perverse and agitated piece. It might have been written by Debussy on a tale by Edgar Poe. It is more sinister than the famous "Faun" and its innate beauty and menace were brought out most cleverly by the pianist. Mr. Hofmann also played Saint-Saëns's No. 4 concerto, with its colors of rustic gayety and its frank toying with a tune for a tune's sake. It is not the music of magnificence, but it is tremendously easy to listen to—and tremendously difficult to play. Its presentation was done with all the easy grace and mental grip that Mr. Hofmann always has. Finer approach or more suave treatment it would be hard to conceive of.

The program, which ended with the "Invitation to the Dance," began with Franck's symphony, the one played here by Doctor Muck not long ago. Like all music written in a key of rapt and spiritual exaltation, it permits of many interpretations. Mr. Stokowski's will stand with the best. It is quick, nervous and, withal, spiritual.

H. D.

A RARE PRIVILEGE

The United States is deeply and sincerely desirous of peace. No one who really understands the American character will believe that we would have the war prolonged a day or an hour for the money there is in it. But it is characteristic of our lighthearted and unthinking egotism that we should claim a "right" to interfere in Europe's tragedy. Englishmen and Germans and Frenchmen have laid down their lives freely in this war. They have died for what each regarded as a great and righteous cause. These men have been the central figures in a great heroic tragedy. They have been willing to make the greatest of all sacrifices on the altar of country. And now we, who have not suffered for an ideal, but who have grown fat out of the war, chirp up with the statement that we have a "right" to be heard. If the United States has a chance to hasten the coming of peace in Europe, it will be very quick to avail itself of the opportunity. But if this time ever comes, it is to be hoped that we will keep our sense of proportion and regard anything we do as a rare privilege and not in any sense as a "right."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

THE SOUTHWEST EMPIRE

Strawberries are featuring local markets in the Brownsville country. Strawberries in southwest Texas, pork sausage in the Panhandle. Hurry along to Texas, the state with the sunshine and snowball winter climate.—Forth Worth Star-Telegram.