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THE NEW YORK HERALD was founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835. It remained the sole property of its founder until his death, in 1872, when his son, also James Gordon Bennett, succeeded to the ownership of the paper, which remained in his hands until his death, in 1918. THE HERALD became the property of Frank A. Munsey, its present owner, in 1920.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1921.

Hands Off Lockwood!

At this juncture no investigation by anybody of the affairs of New York city that aims or tends to draw a red herring across the Lockwood committee trail will be suffered patiently by the public. This is a solid fact aside and apart from any question as to the wisdom or appropriateness of having ex-Governor WHITMAN take charge of the District Attorney's examination of the Hylan administration.

Mr. WHITMAN, returning from public life to the practice of his profession, accepted, properly enough, as we see it, a retainer from the Interborough. Though, as a private citizen, he had a perfect right to do this, and though he would have a perfect right to be regularly on the payroll of the Interborough as a member of its legal staff, it is obvious what an opportunity of attack and defence such circumstances would give Mayor HYLAN. If Mr. WHITMAN got under the Hylan official skin the Mayor could charge he was being hounded by the traction interests for his unbending opposition to their efforts to collect heavier rapid transit fares from New Yorkers. It is obvious that any of Mayor HYLAN's associates or subordinates could set up the same cry.

Yet if such were not the case, if Mr. WHITMAN were the very man to assist District Attorney SWANN by reason of suitable professional associations, as he is by his large experience and proved ability, the fact would remain that nothing must be permitted to sidetrack the Lockwood committee's marvellously successful engine for uncovering crooks and grafters. Nothing must be permitted to deflect or in any way interfere with the merciless probe of SAM UNTERMYER, who already has driven more pillagers of the public into a corner than all the legal and police instruments of the city, county and State put together.

It makes no difference whether it is an investigating enterprise of the District Attorney, or the Mayor, or the State, or the Federal Government, the first word to any and all of them must be "Hands off the Lockwood committee!"

Food Control and Prices.

With the usual reluctance of Government bureaus to yield up the ghost even after their usefulness has disappeared, the British Ministry of Food will go out of power at the end of March, leaving behind it a number of idiosyncrasies in price fluctuations. The most remarkable feature of food control was the pulling in opposite directions of the prices of general commodities and the prices of strict essentials, such as meat, fish and vegetables, consumed by the public at large.

Throughout the year the index of the cost of living rose without interruption from 130 per cent. above 1913 prices until in November it had reached 180 per cent. above normal. With meat, fish and vegetables the trend was exactly opposite, and by the use of subsidies and other artificial means the bureau was able to achieve the following:

Average, pound.	Nov. 1919.	Nov. 1920.	P.C. Decline.
Meat..........	18s. 2d.	11s.	15
Fish..........	13s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	27
Vegetables.....	1s. 9d.	1s. 4d.	23

The discontinuance of food control will deprive English merchants of their main excuse for high prices. All blame was laid on the Ministry of Food, whose 2,000 clerks and inspectors were reproached for their vigilance in preventing sales below the stipulated prices while doing nothing to increase supply or stimulate transition to normal business.

It was alleged that the bureau kept wheat and bacon at an artificial level, 50 per cent. higher than necessary, thus offsetting the benefit of the decline in some of the other essential commodities. Bread, milk, eggs and butter have remained up, while coal has come down under the influence of what amounts to a subsidy derived from high export prices.

Chancellor CHAMBERLAIN's announcement of suspended control was the signal for general rejoicing. Humorous obituaries of the Food Ministry pointed out the fact that the passing of the rationed "sugar pills" served in envelopes by the restaurants would be the chief outward evidence of the change. But wholesalers and retailers have assured the public that a more general benefit will result from the departure of this bureau which long overstayed its welcome.

The trend of prices has already started downward, the world supplies of commodities have increased, shipping is more plentiful and the English exchange position is sounder than in many months; so the merchants should not find it difficult to make good their promise.

Finish Up and Pay Up.

No address delivered to a legislative body in years has set forth simpler principles of successful government and expressed more plain, rugged sense than Governor MILLER's message to the law makers of New York. Of particular force in its application to tax layers, tax gatherers and tax spenders far and wide is his injunction that our State Government should clean up the work and the bills of the large and costly projects now under way before beginning any new ones and further mortgaging its financial future.

After the general debauch of public waste and squander this is sound and necessary doctrine for the national Government as for the State Government. It is sound and necessary doctrine for county and municipal governments. It is sound and necessary doctrine as well for every enterprise or individual that, heedless of the day of reckoning, has gone too fast, too far and too long on the wild career of spending and debt piling.

"Finish up and pay up" for a national slogan preached and practised as Americanism knows how to do when it gets down to any hard job would mighty soon put this country, in its public affairs and in its private affairs, where it belongs.

Clear Light on Immigration.

After THE NEW YORK HERALD's exposure of the ignorant or fraudulent claims that this country was being submerged by tidal waves of immigrants the whole question is undergoing a sober and intelligent examination in quarters of character and authority.

The United States Senate finds, as our careful investigations in Europe showed, that there are no immeasurable masses of humanity scrambling on shipboard bound for our shores. If there were there would be no shipping capacity to float such millions across the seas. And even though the ships were obtainable, the Old World could not put up the tons of money necessary to pay the passage of such hordes and meet the entrance charges at our ports.

And finally the New York Commissioner of Immigration, who at one time seemed disposed to be an alarmist, confirms our contention that the existing immigration laws, if competently, rigidly and honestly enforced, are entirely sufficient to keep out the criminals, paupers, cripples and insane. It remains only to limit, in some reasonable way, the numbers that may come in from given parts of the outside world.

In Europe the cry is "We want work." In this country we want men who will work. Our Government must not put up the bars against those we need.

Millard Fillmore, Statesman.

One hundred and twenty-one years ago, when the American frontier was in central New York and the forests were still uncut, MILLARD FILLMORE was born in a log cabin. Until mature manhood he went through frontier experiences almost identical with those of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, such as use of the axe, hoe and rifle, scantiness of books and schools, the presence of savage Indians. To visit Buffalo, then a ruin after the British war torch, he walked hundreds of miles.

Entering politics, he served in the State Legislature, in Congress, as Comptroller of the State of New York, as Vice-President and then as President of the United States. When out of office he was the first citizen of Buffalo, and few institutions in that second city of the Empire State but owe their inception or continued prosperity to his creative or fostering care. When a traveller in Europe he was the first former President of the United States to receive honors equal to those awarded to sovereigns.

That MILLARD FILLMORE had his limitations and share of human infirmities cannot be doubted. Yet he, like all public men, must be judged in the light of his own time. Let us see what remains of his work to-day and note his contributions to American civilization.

His biography shows that much of what is part of our daily national life is in large measure due to him. More than any other one man he secured the abolition of imprisonment for debt and of religious tests in court trials, and to him largely is due the settlement of the Canadian boundary, along the three thousand miles of which there is not one mounted cannon. Thus an object lesson is given to the world of two nations at permanent peace without fortifications.

For years he was the champion in Congress and saw the final success of the telegraph. He prepared the way for the national bank system. He vindicated national supremacy in the Senate by requiring Senators to address the chair—action in strong contrast with the refusal of CALHOUN, when Vice-President, to call to order a Senator or "State envoy" in a "league of States."

As President he defended the Monroe Doctrine, suppressed filibusters, fortified the American policy of non-intervention in foreign affairs. He led all his predecessors in efforts to beautify the national capital. He initiated and carried out the peaceful diplomatic expedition of Commodore PERRY which opened Japan to the world. He had the United States represented at the first International Exposition in Europe.

On the subject of slavery he held exactly the same opinions as WASHINGTON and LINCOLN before the civil war. Upon the insistence of his Cabinet, lest it should precipitate civil war, he suppressed his plan for the gradual emancipation of the slaves. Then, when five Southern States were ready to secede if the fugitive slave law was not passed, he put his signature to that document. Although twenty thousand refugees from servitude were already in the North and in Canada, not more than a dozen cases are known of runaway slaves restored to their masters under this act. The real effect was to prevent the extension of slavery into other parts of the country.

The civil war swept slavery out of politics, but FILLMORE's work to-day abides. He was not the least of our Presidents to illustrate what the world now acknowledges, that for average ability and ethical character no other country can surpass the record made by the rulers of the American commonwealth.

A Week Ender's Year.

This year's calendar is made to order for the week ender, for four of the legal holidays fall next to Sunday. LINCOLN's birthday comes on a Saturday. Decoration Day, the Fourth of July and, of course, Labor Day, will be Mondays.

The week ender who finds his business so elastic that he can stay away from town over one business day will observe that WASHINGTON's birthday falls on Tuesday; so from Saturday noon until Wednesday morning he can seek relaxation in skating. Columbus Day, coming on a Wednesday, offers no such temptation.

The New Yorker who likes an occasional loaf usually discovers some way to get it at Easter, although he has not the legal excuse of the man in New Jersey or Connecticut, where Good Friday—this year it will be March 25—is a holiday.

Not Economy, but Squander.

The House legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill for the next fiscal year, the American taxpayers are invited to observe, has been cut $23,000,000 below the department estimates and requests.

But please take notice:

For the year ended June 30, 1911, the total amount appropriated was only $34,158,767. For 1912 it was $35,378,149; 1913, $34,245,356; 1914, $35,172,434; 1915, $37,630,781, and 1916, $36,904,799.

And for the present year the appropriation is $104,735,726. For the next it is to be $112,000,000!

Up in eleven years from thirty-four millions to one hundred and twelve millions. Up more than three and a quarter times! Economizing—good night!

No Frontiers?

Easy Chair Ed, the parlor explorer, says there are no frontiers now. Civilization has pressed relentlessly from ocean to ocean. The great outdoors is gone; prosaic farmers tend their uninteresting flocks where once the buffalo in countless numbers roamed, with only the Indian and an occasional hardy trapper to vex them.

Let Easy Chair Ed ask KLOOR and HINTON and FARRELL of the navy air service whether there is a frontier. They will not be able to show him buffalo roaming in countless numbers, but they can take him to a place which is nothing except frontier, where hardships can be had even by those who do not seek them, where simple men still wrest a livelihood from primitive nature. There the hoot of the automobile horn and the dreary monotony of pale and anæmic civilization are unknown.

Somewhere near James Bay is the capital of this ideal wilderness. There, though a world war has made airships familiar to "everybody," the Indian flees in terror when a masterless gas bag comes to earth. The denizen of the forest exhibits one of the first instinctive weaknesses of men—the strangers must be enemies. Three air Lieutenants have come to earth because they heard a dog's bark. They pursue the frightened Indian.

They have eaten their carrier pigeons, more precious as food than as messengers, but a pigeon apiece is not sustaining food for men days in the air. Stern necessity gives vigor to their weakened muscles. Fright handicaps the terrified aborigine. Despite his superior woodcraft they overtake him. Through fright or guile or plain incapacity he cannot, will not understand them. But the universal language of signs eventually makes clear the situation. The Cree Indian leads the three strangers to the shelter of the trading post.

Here are comfort and a welcome and food; and from this spot the return trip begins. There is no telegraph, no wireless, no telephone. Indian runners precede the party. Dog sledges carry them over trails as difficult as the most exacting student of the nation's beginnings could want. So to the railroad which marks the latest advance of civilization's army of occupation into the wilds.

Of frontier life and frontier hardships the airmen have had as much as three men are entitled to, perhaps as much as they wanted. They have been as near death as most of us want to get. If they did not look down the barrel of Deadshot Ike's surefire pepper box, they saw hope of life running away as fast as a scared Cree Indian could carry it.

Every man makes his own frontier, physically, mentally, morally. If he seeks the wild, nature has preserved certain primeval fastnesses for him. If his intellectual wants are such that conventionality cannot gratify them, he may build him a new world of relativity, with EINSTEIN and MICHELSON as his props. If moral adventure lures him, there is always a bootlegger to be bribed.

What Brooklyn Has Not.

We read that Mr. REEVE, the author of certain popular detective stories, has been made foreman of a Federal Grand Jury. This is fitting, but the item adds that Mr. REEVE lives in Brooklyn; and this seems incredible.

How can a writer of mystery stories live in Brooklyn and thrive? We do not reflect upon Brooklyn as a place of residence. Far from that. Brooklyn is home, sweet home itself. Millions of persons think of the borough as the only place worth while. Nor do we suggest that Brooklyn and literature are antagonistic. Everybody who thinks of LAURA JEAN LIBBEY thinks of Brooklyn too.

What we are driving at is that Brooklyn is not sinister, elusive, dramatic, uncanny or mysterious enough for a writer of detective stories to live in. It has the atmosphere of new subways, perambulators, bowling contests and general happiness; but mystery cannot fatten on these. The only thing steadily mysterious about Brooklyn is the old bridge, and that leads away from the borough.

A writer of detective stories should live in air surcharged with mystery only less slightly than that which is breathed by his characters. Consider POE, who lived in at least six different places in this town, each one more mysterious than the others. CONAN DOYLE, when writing his most interesting Sherlock Holmes tales, had a home in Surrey, which abounds in heaths, moors, bracken and other bits of shuddery background. Probably he had town lodgings in or near Baker street, that spot where Holmes so often exposed the abysmal ignorance of Watson. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN lives in a pretty little Buffalo street to which any amount of mystery could be attached at will. Mr. DEY, the gifted biographer of Nick Carter, writes sometimes in a lone house overlooking the dark Hudson, sometimes in a cot beside Lake Sunapee, the very trout of which are of mysterious origin.

A writer of detective stories who must live in New York naturally would be expected to live in Greenwich Village or Chelsea, preferably in a house which could be reached only by skulking up a lane, mews or alley. But Brooklyn—never!

Help the Traffic Police.

The new traffic regulations governing evening travel in the theatre district are inevitably confusing in their application.

They are, however, absolutely essential to orderly movement of passenger and business vehicles. The public must submit to them to end the chaos which has existed.

The best way for the public to submit is good naturedly and helpfully, and thus make the necessary work of the police in behalf of good order as easy as may be.

The seven cent street car fare now collected in Philadelphia has reduced the number of riders from the peak of the five cent fare load by 3,500,000 a month. The transportation company will not worry; the riders will drift back again. In the meantime the protesting citizens are walking, which is a good thing for them. Increased fares as aids to health are not to be despised.

Senator KNOX recalled the other day in a debate in the Senate that ABRAHAM LINCOLN, after taking the oath as President in 1861, kissed thirty-four girls. It would be interesting to know the histories of these fortunate young ladies. Did any of them rebel? Was none conspicuous in good deeds for the Union? Is there no survivor of this band?

According to Dun's report there were last year 8,881 failures, not including the Covenant.

The State Boxing Commission, in compliance with the general demand for lower prices on necessaries, has reduced the admission rates to $10.

Woman slays man and forgets about it.—*Newspaper headline.*

Perhaps she was busy with one of those memory systems.

Mr. FORD's idle men would like to make cars for themselves, as they have none. So that old line about shoemakers' children still goes.

Good Old Janu.

Good old Janu, glad to greet you!
Good old Janu, pleased to meet you!
Warm enough almost to fan you,
Good old Janu!

Good old Janu, don't awaken!
Good old Janu must have taken
Toll of April—she more than you,
Good old Janu!

Good old Janu 're starting sweetly,
Good old Janu, act discreetly
Or we'll promptly start to pan you,
Good old Janu!

Good old Janu, keep it going!
Gold old Janu, leave out snowing
Or with Feb we'll yataghan you,
Good old Janu!

MAURICE MORRIS.

Glory in Statistics.

Health Board's Way of Reducing the Death Rate in This City.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Once upon a time an Irishman went to a store to buy a cook stove. The clerk showed him different styles, volubly exaggerating their good points. Pointing to one he said:

"Now I can recommend this one for economy; why, you'll save half your coal if you buy it!"

"Begorra," said Pat, "I'll take two of them and save it all!"

As I was reading your editorial article on the Health Department's announcement of the 1920 death rate this anecdote occurred to me.

If the Commissioner of Health can reduce New York's mortality rate to 11.93 by the brilliant expedient of counting a half million imaginary inhabitants in our big town, why shouldn't he do like Pat, add enough more mythical population to reduce the rate to almost nil?

That is the plan followed in numerous diseases, diphtheria, for instance. Hundreds of cases formerly called slight sore throat are now labelled diphtheria: hence the death rate from that malady sounds very low, to the great praise of antitoxin as a remedy.

A little thing like counting several million more people than we actually have would not matter in statistics as accurate as medical figures usually are. A death rate of four or five to the 1,000 for little old New York would astonish all the earth and would redound to the everlasting glory of modern medical progress and of our Commissioner of Health. And nobody would ever know the difference, except a few irresponsible critics. T.

NEW YORK, January 6.

Wild Flower Sanctuaries.

The Garden Club Trying to Prevent Threatened Extermination.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: In an effort to prevent the threatened extermination of many of our conspicuously beautiful wild flowers the Garden Club of America is urging owners of country places to establish wild flower sanctuaries where the kinds that are most in danger of extinction may be established in congenial locations and left to propagate and care for themselves.

Any one with a bit of woodland, a boggy pasture or meadow, a rocky hillside or any shaded spot may have such a sanctuary. Unlike the garden flowers our wildings require little preparation of the ground and no after cultivation. Once planted in the right soil and exposure they soon become perfectly at home and will increase naturally from year to year. Many kinds may be transplanted from their natural haunts; many, particularly of the rarer kinds, may be purchased.

If our motoring admirers of wild flowers would content themselves with picking or cutting the blossoms and would take care not to yank the plants up by the roots they would do little damage, as perhaps 90 per cent. of the kinds most in evidence are perennials. The fringed gentian is almost the only important exception; its flowers should be scrupulously left alone in order that the seed, its only means of preservation, may have opportunity to ripen.

HERBERT DURAND.

BRONXVILLE, January 6.

Danger at the Crossing.

Street Accidents From the Viewpoint of a Habitual Walker.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: It isn't strange, I suppose, that the two physicians whose letters you print should assume that only 10 per cent. of the automobile accidents involving injury to pedestrians were due to carelessness on the part of the drivers of cars. As habitual riders they naturally would have that attitude; but let them stand on a street corner for several hours and it might change their views.

As a habitual walker I maintain that the figures should be reversed. No doubt there is carelessness, especially as viewed from the comfortable seat in an auto, but when one has business to attend to and stands on the curb vainly waiting for an opening in the ceaseless flow of cars one must take a chance or spend an hour or so in getting across the street.

I think too if the physicians will look further into the matter they will find that as a rule the accidents to adults are not due to the reckless darter but to some older person who is trying his best to get over safely and may become confused. I have been caught in the middle of the street myself ofttimes at the signal of the police, and it takes a strong nerve to stand rigid while machines whirl by on either side, seemingly trying whether they can take the buttons from your coat.

I am not for the blue laws, but those Sundays during the war when autos were not allowed on the streets were indeed blissful for the pedestrian, and I'd be glad to see one again, at least once a month.

I do not suppose that one who walks has any claim to the streets, but if the penalties for accidents were what they should be I predict that one would see a mighty dwindling in their number.

NEW YORK, January 6. G. S.

Two Kinds of Leaders.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: There are a number of men to be found in every forward movement who are merely looking for the largest money returns for the least exertion.

While they might be called professional prohibitionists, professional Christians, professional labor leaders, in order to distinguish them from their earnest, self-sacrificing co-laborers, I am sure a more distinctive designation is possible. Can any of your readers suggest one? R. G. SAUNDERSON.

BERLIN, January 5.

Getting at the Truth in the Ozarks.

Hunt correspondence Ozark Spectator.

The report about Homer Gardner and Bonnie Edwards and Gilmer Gardner and Muriel Hill getting married, as has been reported, is incorrect. Mr. Sam Brown, from Sulphur Springs, came up and made Bonnie Edwards a call Sunday evening. They enjoyed a car ride. Mr. Homer Gardner has gone back to Van Ormy, Texas, where he will stay until spring.

Misadventure of a New Mexican.

From the Silver City Enterprise.

Blue Rico nearly happened to a serious accident last Tuesday, when a heel fly bit a mule on the heel and the mule nearly kicked Blue's head off.

The Great Need.

Washington cut down the cherry tree.
"The axe will be popular with the people this year," he defended himself.

Symphony Society Plays French Music

Devotes an Afternoon Concert to Berlioz, Saint-Saens and Cesar Franck in Historical Cycle.

The historical cycle of the Symphony Society, interrupted or rather thrown out of its peaceful course by the incursion of Albert Coates, the visiting conductor from Britain, resumed its progress yesterday in Carnegie Hall. The afternoon's consideration was devoted to the French masters, Berlioz, Saint-Saens and Cesar Franck. The first was represented by two movements from the "Harold in Italy" symphony, with Rene Pollain and his faithful viola in the role of the wandering Childe.

Then followed the C minor symphony of Saint-Saens, with organ and piano obbligati. Pietro Yon was the organist and Harold Bauer effaced himself by fitting the piano part into the ensemble precisely as the composer meant it to be, but as it very rarely is. Mr. Bauer's modesty had its just reward when he figured as a genuine piano soloist in the Cesar Franck symphonic variations, which were also the best music on the programme.

The orchestra played admirably. There was a beautiful transparency in its delivery of the Berlioz movements, but no degree of finish in the performance can make this symphony sound important in these days. Its face is very pale; its back is bent; its locks turn white. Byron's poem is not read much by the ardent youth of this land, spurning not song and the choral dance (see Horace), but there are some ancients who recall passages of an eloquence, a creative imagination, far beyond anything left us by the French musician.

Possibly the Saint-Saens symphony will in a few years sound as empty as that of Berlioz. It is a cruel world. Old age creeps over everything. Perhaps there will come a time when even "Aida" will sound ancient. Meanwhile, we must not forget that in a historical cycle the dead have to be remembered. And with M. Pollain at the viola even the English Harold in the French Italy becomes worth while.

Boston Symphony Concert.

The January concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began in Carnegie Hall last evening. The second will take place to-morrow afternoon. The thermometer fell considerably yesterday and not even the second stimulant in the shape of Byronic music administered in the evening (there had been one in the afternoon) served to keep some people from feeling the chill. M. Pierre Monteux, conductor of the wise men of the East, began his entertainment with the "Manfred" symphony of Tschaikowsky. The work was vigorously played and there were some moments of finish in the performance. Also there were some of false intonation. But the audience seemed to like it.

Tschaikowsky was a great master, but if his fame had to rest on the "Manfred" symphony no one would ever cry "Beware the Muscovite." It is an exceedingly ponderous, dull and empty work, in which the only good ideas are those which sound like echoes of Rimsky-Korsakov. However, it seemed last evening to be a fitting prelude to the descriptive symphony from Vincent d'Indy's opera, "Le Legende de St. Christophe," called "La Queste de Dieu."

This music probably would be much more interesting in its place in the opera. Only such tid-bits as the intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana" or the "Thais" meditation, which, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case, can be transferred successfully to the concert room. D'Indy's intermezzo should be heard between the acts by those who do not feel obliged to go out.

It sounded last evening as if it meant something, but there was no key to the composer's purpose, and as sheer music it presented too many changes of front to be clear and satisfying. The orchestra played it very well. There was also a work of Arnold Bax, "In the Fairy Hills," a symphonic poem which will have to be heard earlier in the evening in order to receive proper consideration. The long concert came to an end with Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys" overture.

Song Recitals of Yesterday.

Two song recitals took place yesterday afternoon. At Aeolian Hall Royal Dadmun, barytone, was heard by a large audience in airs from Handel and Mendelssohn and a varied list of songs. Since he first appeared here in a joint recital in 1914, this singer has continued to advance in his art. His voice, rather of a bass range, he used generally well yesterday and he showed much authority of style. Frank Bibb played good accompaniments.

At the Princess Theatre Miss Daisy Krey, a contralto of Manhattan, sang old airs, including Handel's "O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings," and classic and modern songs. She disclosed a good natural voice, not perfectly equalized in range, a fair amount of vocal skill, feeling and a good knowledge of prosing with clear diction. Bruno Huhn was at the piano.

Last night Gervase Elwes, an English tenor, who appeared here some years ago in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" gave a song recital in Aeolian. His programme, of choice selection, included Bach's aria "Dearest Saviour, Whom I Long For," songs by modern English composers with Vaughan Williams's "Linden Lea" and "The Roadside Fire" and a group of French lyrics. His second group consisted of six songs of Brahms, a composer in whom he is said to specialize. They were sung in German, and included the "Magelone Lied" and "Auf dem Kirchhofe." In these the singer showed a rare taste, polished diction and a fine musical feeling. With a voice lacking much in quality, his intelligence went far to compensate. Theodore Flint was at the piano.

The Foolish Bud.

There came to earth a balmy day
Slipped in 'twixt wintry skies of gray,
A hopeful bud so felt the charm
It cried "I think I will disarm.

"My tender beauty I'll unfold,
Cast off my armor from the cold;
If every bud would do this thing
Just see how quick we would have spring!"

The bud discovered to its cost
There came, as usual, a frost;
Whereof the moral of this rhyme
Is, Always choose the proper time.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

A Scholar in Hard Luck.

Stranded in a New Jersey Graveyard by a Series of Misfortunes.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Poets, artists and thinkers are a class who are looked upon as visionary, but is it not a matter of fact that things worth while are the results of somebody's conception?

Art in time will bring about universal lasting peace by washing men's lives of selfishness and cunning. Refined, it is capable of increasing production and helping men to live fuller lives. It is destined to bring about a more sympathetic understanding between capital and labor.

Shakespeare is the custodian of human knowledge and understanding, and when we bring art within the reach of the masses black things will commence to melt away. As a living example I might cite what the reading of Shakespeare did for me.

I was at the age of 19 an illiterate youth, the product of the East Side; in 1879 was born in Rivington street, just off the Bowery. To-day I can give literal interpretations of the most popular Shakespearian plays, seven or eight, lecture for one and a half hours and intersperse the lecture with acting. These assertions can be verified by local townspeople here in Freehold.

If a raker of leaves, a beater of rugs and window cleaner can do this, shall it not put to shame those whose opportunities and earlier environment and home influences were far superior to those I had?

Notwithstanding all this, I am down and out. My three children had the bluest, emptiest Christmas of their young lives.

The housing situation in New York made us homeless. We drifted forty or fifty miles down to the southern part of Jersey.

I am open for any kind of honest work. Three men here in town can vouch for my willingness to work. They are builders here in Freehold.

Our home is in an old graveyard—fine, you might say, for Hamlet inspiration.

Talk about Job's hard luck! I tried to make a home in Philadelphia and shipped our goods via the American Railway Express. We never received our goods and the company has not answered one of my letters.

I explained that our clothes, all of them, including the children's sweaters, my wife's heavy coat and my own, were among the goods, but the representative remained noncommittal.

A man here gave me an overcoat to go out to work. P. B.

FREEHOLD, N. J., January 6.

Telling It to 'Em in Kentucky.

From the Mayfield Messenger.

If our night police don't get a hustle on, wake up, and keep their eyes open and ears to the ground, some of these nights a bold, bad burglar will steal a policeman's watch, chain, billy and gun.

Not One of Those Tennessee Revenuers.

From the Adamsville Enterprise.

Nip Sips made our office a social call Friday.

Arsenic.

A Virulent Poison Used by Science in Many and Varied Industries.

From the London Daily Mail.

Arsenic is so extensively used in the industries and arts that it is believed that there are few of us who have not a little of it in our bodies.

Formerly a good deal of chronic poisoning resulted from arsenic in wall paper, the poison being given off in powder and also as a gas in warm, moist weather. Many wall papers still contain very small quantities of the poison. It is also present in some artificial flowers, in carpets, furs, dress fabrics dyed with aniline dyes, and in black stockings.

It has been found in many cosmetic preparations which women use to improve the complexion and brilliancy of the eyes, accidents from these preparations being on record.

Dr. Murrell examined a number of colored tobacco and cigarette covers and found arsenic in one-third of them. Used as an insecticide for spraying fruit, it remains on the skins and is sometimes eaten.

Glucose frequently contains arsenic, and thence it finds its way into jams and beer. Many persons were poisoned in Manchester some years ago by arsenic in beer made with glucose, and the analyses of the Government analyst show that the poison is present in small quantities in many samples of beer. Of course these minute doses seldom do any harm, but in some people they produce chronic poisoning, with loss of hair, neuritis and other evil results.

This drug is poisonous to all animals with a central nervous system—brain or spinal cord—and to most of the higher plants. Mice show the greatest resistance and next come hedgehogs, rabbits, dogs and cats. It is believed that the smallest fatal dose for an adult human being is two grains, but people have taken a very much greater quantity and recovered. By practice one can get used to large doses; the mountaineers of Styria eat as much as eight grains two or three times a week and find the dose a good tonic.

Long ago arsenic was extensively used for the purposes of murder, and Mme. Toffana, an Italian, has become immortal in the annals of crime from her preparation, the aqua Toffana, made from animals poisoned with the arsenic.

Although many deaths still occur by accident or suicide, arsenic is seldom used for criminal poisoning by intelligent people now, because the analyst can find it in the body for years after death. It has a peculiarly preservative effect, and in one case of exhumation after thirty-seven and one-half months burial—that of John Flanagan of Liverpool, in 1884—the body could be identified.

There have been great epidemics of accidental arsenic poisoning. The most remarkable case was that in Paris in 1828, when 40,000 people were poisoned. Also there have been many accidents from weed killers, and in 1903 an analysis of sweets in the Isle of Wight revealed the presence of one-fifteenth of a grain to the pound.

A curious fact is that when a person takes arsenic it finds its way into the hair within about two weeks and stays there for years.

One Solution for the Beggar Problem.

From the Oklahoman.

Ardmore has done away with the habit of cripples begging on the streets. An ordinance passed by the board of city commissioners obliges beggars to secure permits from the Mayor before being allowed to solicit funds on the streets. All merchants of the city contribute to an organized charity fund and cripples and other poor who are in need of assistance will be taken care of out of that fund.

Not Her Style.

The Lorelei sat combing her hair.
"No Plymouth Rock for me," she cried.

Daily Calendar

THE WEATHER.

For Eastern New York—Fair and somewhat warmer to-day; to-morrow cloudy; colder by to-morrow night; fresh south winds.

For New Jersey—Fair and warmer to-day; to-morrow cloudy; colder by to-morrow night; fresh southerly winds.

For Northern New England—Fair and continued cold to-day; to-morrow cloudy and warmer; fresh northwest winds shifting to south.

For Southern New England—Fair to-day; to-morrow cloudy and somewhat warmer; moderate variable winds becoming fresh southerly.

For Western New York—Cloudy and somewhat warmer to-day; to-morrow cloudy and colder.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The disturbance that was off the New England coast Wednesday night passed rapidly eastward and it is now over the Grand Banks, and it has been followed by fair and colder weather throughout the Eastern States. A belt of low barometer extends from the upper Mississippi Valley southwestward to Arizona, and it has been preceded by a general rise in temperature over the great central valleys and the plains States, and it is being followed by considerably colder weather over the Rocky Mountain region and the Western plateau.

Light rains and snows have fallen within the last twenty-four hours in the north Atlantic States and the northern Rocky Mountain region, and there have been rains in northern California.

The outlook is for cloudy and unsettled weather in the Ohio Valley and the region of the great lakes and generally fair elsewhere east of the Mississippi River during Friday and Saturday.

The temperature will rise to-morrow in the middle Atlantic and south Atlantic States, the upper Ohio Valley and the lower lake region. It will fall in the interior districts east of the Mississippi River on Saturday.

Observations at United States Weather Bureau stations taken at 8 P. M. yesterday, seventy-fifth meridian time:

Stations.	Temperature last 24 hrs. High.	Low.	Barometer.	Rainfall last 24 hrs.	Weather.
Abilene........	76	52	29.98	..	Pt. Cldy
Albany.........	32	26	30.20	.01	Cloudy
Atlantic City..	42	40	30.20	..	Clear
Baltimore......	46	40	30.26	..	Clear
Bismarck.......	38	24	30.00	..	Clear
Boston.........	36	34	30.08	..	Clear
Buffalo........	30	26	30.24	..	Pt. Cldy
Cincinnati.....	50	28	30.18	..	Clear
Charleston.....	58	44	30.30	..	Clear
Chicago........	44	32	29.92	..	Cloudy
Cleveland......	32	30	30.22	..	Pt. Cldy
Denver.........	62	46	29.74	..	Cloudy
Detroit........	34	32	30.16	..	Pt. Cldy
Galveston......	64	60	30.20	..	Foggy
Helena.........	30	26	30.14	..	Pt. Cldy
Jacksonville ..	60	48	30.32	..	Clear
Kansas City....	62	42	29.80	..	Cloudy
Los Angeles....	58	50	30.10	..	Cloudy
Milwaukee......	44	30	29.90	..	Cloudy
New Orleans....	72	54	30.28	..	Clear
Oklahoma.......	68	46	29.70	..	Pt. Cldy
Philadelphia...	42	36	30.22	..	Clear
Pittsburg......	32	..	30.28	..	Clear
Portland, Me...	32	28	30.10	..	Clear
Portland, Ore..	42	36	30.20	..	Cloudy
Salt Lake City.	50	30	30.08	.02	Snow
San Antonio....	78	62	30.06	..	Clear
San Diego......	60	52	30.10	..	Clear
San Francisco..	50	44	30.32	..	Clear
Seattle........	42	36	30.06	..	Cloudy
St. Louis	68	46	29.94	..	Pt. Cldy
St. Paul.......	40	32	29.82	..	Cloudy
Washington.....	44	38	30.28	..	Clear

LOCAL WEATHER RECORDS.

	8 A. M.	8 P. M.
Barometer	29.94	30.19
Humidity	.64	.66
Wind—direction	NW.	NW.
Wind—velocity	32	20
Weather	Pt.Cl'dy.	Clear
Precipitation	None.	None.

The temperature in this city yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

8 A. M....	37	1 P. M....	36	6 P. M....	31
9 A. M....	36	2 P. M....	34	7 P. M....	29
10 A. M....	36	3 P. M....	34	8 P. M....	29
11 A. M....	35	4 P. M....	35	9 P. M....	29
12 M.......	36	5 P. M....	33	10 P. M....	28

	1921.	1920.		1921.	1920.
9 A. M....	36	23	6 P. M....	31	30
12 M.......	36	29	9 P. M....	29	29
3 P. M....	34	33	12 Mid.....	27	28

Highest temperature, 39, 4 A. M.
Lowest temperature, 28, 10 P. M.
Average temperature, 34.

EVENTS TO-DAY.

F. H. La Guardia, President of the Board of Aldermen, will lecture on "City Government in the City of New York" at the Recreation Rooms Forum, 186 Chrystie street, 8:30 P. M.

Horace M. Albright, superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, will give an illustrated lecture on "Yellowstone Park—Last Stand of the Old West," in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Central Park West, 8:30 P. M.

G. Herbert Thring and Frederick G. Melcher will speak at the luncheon of the Authors League of America, Cafe Boulevard, 1 P. M.

Everett Dean Martin will lecture on "Nietzsche, the Moral Philosopher," Cooper Union, 8 P. M.

Abraham S. Schomer will speak at the Forum of the East New York Jewish Centre, 382 Vermont street, Brooklyn, 7:30 P. M.

There will be a memorial service in honor of four missionaries of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the assembly room of the board, 156 Fifth avenue, 4 P. M.

The annual meeting of the New York Microscopical Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Central Park West, 8 P. M.

Prof. John A. Ryan will lecture on "Industrial Autocracy vs. Industrial Democracy," under the auspices of the League for Political Education, Park Theatre, 11 A. M.

Dr. Haven Emerson will speak at the second annual meeting of the Women's Foundation for Health, 600 Lexington avenue, 10 A. M.

There will be a discussion on labor and capital in their attitude toward industrial readjustment, under the auspices of the Community Club of the Society for Ethical Culture, 2 West Sixty-fourth street, 8 P. M.

There will be a meeting of the section of surgery of the Academy of Medicine, 17 West Forty-third street, 8:30 P. M.

Margaret Sanger will lecture on "Birth Control for the Workers," Parkview Palace, Fifth avenue and 110th street, 8:30 P. M.

The Oberlin Association of New York will give a concert and dance, Hotel Biltmore, 8:30 P. M.

The American Criterion Society will hold a luncheon, Hotel Commodore, 12:30 P. M.

Association of American Colleges, meetings, Hotel Astor, 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

United States Golf Association, meeting, Waldorf-Astoria, 8:30 P. M.

The New Yorkers, meeting, Hotel Astor, 2 P. M.

The alumni of Stevens Institute of Technology, dinner, Hotel Astor, 7 P. M.

Motor Truck Association, highway transportation show, Twelfth Regiment Armory and 120 West Sixty-second street, and First Field Artillery Armory, Broadway and Sixty-seventh street, this afternoon and evening.

PUBLIC LECTURES TO-NIGHT.

MANHATTAN AND THE BRONX.

"The Book of the Hour," by Prof. J. G. Carter Troop, at P. S. 6, Tremont and Bryant avenues, The Bronx.

A course of six lectures on "Automotive Engineering," the first being "The Internal Combustion Engine," by Mr. George S. Bradt, at Stuyvesant H. S., Fifteenth street and First avenue; illustrated.

"Some American Composers and Poets," by Miss Sally Hamlin, at Wadleigh H. S., 115th street and Seventh avenue.

"Our American Poet-Hero, Joyce Kilmer," by Mr. Peter P. McLoughlin, at P. S. 27, Forty-second street and Third avenue.

"The Playground of Europe," by Miss Ellen Marie Jensen, at P. S. 66, Eighty-eighth street and First avenue; illustrated.

"Joan of Arc," by Dr. Harry Webb Farrington, at P. S. 132, 182d street and Wadsworth avenue.

A course of four lectures on "Representative American Writers," the first being "Franklin," by Prof. J. Duncan Spaeth, at P. S. 173, St. Nicholas avenue and 127th street.

"Great Violinists of All Times," by Signor Jiacomo Quintano, at P. S. 17, Fordham street, near City Island avenue; violin selections.

A course of four lectures on "Eminent Statesmen," the first being "Burke, the Friend of the American Colonies," by Thomas McTiernan, at P. S. 23, Anthony and Tremont avenues, The Bronx.

"The Lost Silk Hat and Other Plays," by Jerome B. Howard, at New York Public Library, Woodstock branch, 759 East 160th street.

BROOKLYN AND QUEENS.

"Trend of the Times," by Prof. William B. Guthrie, at Girls H. S., Nostrand avenue, Halsey and Macon streets.

"Trend of the Times," by Miss Myra L. Grant, at Newtown H. S., Chicago and Gerry avenues.

"American Ideals Must Prevail," by Mr. Jonas Lippman, at Bay Ridge H. S., Fourth avenue and Sixty-seventh street.

A course of three lectures on "The Modern Drama," the first being the "Character Play—The Music Master," by Dr. Henry B. Rose, at P. S. 95, Van Sicklen street, near Neck road.

A course of four lectures on "America and Americans," the first being "Formation of Government, Wealth and Resources," at P. S. 40, Pacific and Union Hall streets, Jamaica, L. I.

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