

The Washington Times
PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING
(Including Sundays)
By The Washington Times Company,
THE MUNSEY BUILDING, Penna. ave.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, 1916.

YET BIGGER BATTLESHIPS

The battleships that fought for this country in the Spanish-American war were pygmies compared to those now comprising the first line of all the world's navies.

Britain's admiralty introduced the era of monstrosity in battleships with the original Dreadnaught, they spelled it with a capital D then; now it is become a common noun; so common that "super" had presently to be prefixed in order to maintain its descriptive quality.

Perhaps we shall not adopt the 36,000-ton model yet; but there can be little doubt it is coming. The general board proposes 16-inch guns for these new terrors; 11-inch pieces were the limit at the time of the Spanish war.

Our battleships and cruisers are too slow, by comparison with the fastest other countries are building; so we must have greater speed. The wide stretches of our two oceans dictate great cruising radius and fuel capacity.

CALIFORNIA'S OIL NEEDS

A few years ago there was a mighty hullabaloo about whether the Hetch Hetchy valley should be turned over to the city of San Francisco for use as a reservoir for that city's water supply.

"Nature lovers" were enlisted to fight for the water monopoly, and they prolonged the contest for years, though in the end San Francisco won.

This newspaper was at all times, after the real merits of the quarrel became apparent, in favor of giving San Francisco the rights it asked and needed.

Would it not be reasonable now to apply the same logic to the question of California's oil supply? San Francisco needs gas, and oil is a most important material in its manufacture.

A long war indeed is presaged by these developments; but every sign of a long war is also a sign of allied victory; for that is a struggle precisely to the allies' liking and interest.

GOVERNMENT WELFARE WORK

Much of the discussion at the convention this week of the National Civic Federation will concern welfare work for employees. It is gratifying to know that the District section of the Woman's Department will be able to point to effective work along this line, work has been done among Government employees, that stands as an example for private employers.

EDUCATIONAL HORSE SENSE

One more suggestion is engendered by the declaration of public school officials that they intend to teach pupils how to study. That idea gives rise to the further idea one pupil might be taught where to study; and, after that, all that is needed to complete the cycle is a course in "How to get along with people."

These three ideas lay somewhere near the foundation of vocational training. Educational quacks realize the great gap that grownups are bound to feel if these essentials have been neglected in a school course, and they supply the need, by patent medicine volumes, and even in correspondence courses, under such attractive guise as "mental efficiency" and "developing personality."

All this sounds good, and clubs that are going in for lecture courses on that sort of thing may be excused if they go sky-scraping for titles. But, getting down to bed rock, the young fellow who comes out of college with the ability to grasp an idea, and to concentrate on that idea, and to put it across to

other folk, has just about our idea of an education.

Every advertisement by business men rings some sort of variation on these three ideas. Sometimes the business man's expression of what he wants is hazy, and includes everything from a "well dressed young man" to "one with pleasing manners" or the stereotyped plea for an "engaging personality." But he has an idea of what he wants, and can soon detect it when he sees it.

The beauty of these few theories is that they do not rule out the man who is going in for the professions, or who wants to do the sort of work that usually isn't thought of when "vocational training" is mentioned. They are the demands which modern civilization, and our habit of rubbing shoulders with each other, and getting down to business in our work, have placed upon us. They are the demands which public schools, sooner or later, must meet.

LEARNING THE NEW WAR GAME

While they have been winning victories, the Germans have been teaching the arts of modern war to their enemies. There came from the Russian correspondent of a British newspaper a day or two ago, a suggestive line in this connection. He wrote that the recent general Russian offensive has been halted; not because it could not have been pressed farther, but because the Russians have learned the necessity of digging in and making secure their hold on every foot gained. They are now digging in along the line of their new advance; and not until they are reasonably assured of their capacity to hold it will they reach for another gain.

Thus is marked the beginning of real trench warfare on the long Russian front. In that warfare the Russians, with their superior numbers, will have all the advantage. Their soldiers are being metamorphosed into veterans; their strategists are learning in the hard school of experience all the tricks of the war trade. They have found ways to equip themselves with the necessities of war, turning their own country's industrial sections into great arsenals, and re-enforcing their capacity with that of Japan and America. The world has little conception of the vast scale on which Japan is fabricating arms and ammunition for Russian use, nor has it quite realized what it has meant to convert Archangel suddenly into one of the greatest commercial entrepôts of the world, by reason of its huge receipts of war material.

Dug in on every front, and superior in numbers as well as in resources and the universality of their touch with all markets of the world, the allies can stand a long war while the Germans cannot. That is the lesson that must be drawn from the present stage of the struggle. The Germans must go on making superhuman efforts in the purpose of achieving somewhere a telling advantage; and the possibility of doing this is lessened with every effort that fails.

A long war indeed is presaged by these developments; but every sign of a long war is also a sign of allied victory; for that is a struggle precisely to the allies' liking and interest.

Much of the discussion at the convention this week of the National Civic Federation will concern welfare work for employees. It is gratifying to know that the District section of the Woman's Department will be able to point to effective work along this line, work has been done among Government employees, that stands as an example for private employers.

On Tuesday delegates are to be taken down to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and served with a luncheon similar to that served daily to the hundreds of women employed at the bureau. Rest rooms, roof garden, and the dining room were made possible through the efforts of the District of Columbia section and the co-operation of Director Ralph. Rest rooms also have been provided in the Treasury Department and Government Printing Office.

The Government is not, in all respects, a model employer. Some of its buildings are not models of proper housing for workers. Unfortunately plans for the comfort of employees even more extensive than those at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, worked out for the new Interior Department building, had to be abandoned because the decision to construct the building of stone increased the cost so that the recreation plans had to be abandoned.

But the Interior Department, it should be noted, is responsible for the Home Club, where the plan of supplying social recreation for the many intelligent workers who come here with no social affiliations, is being worked out.

The part the Woman's Section has played in the attention to the comfort of women employed by the Government has not been widely heralded, because the women have preferred to do the work and let the credit go to the employers. But as the convention of this organization approaches there can be no harm in recording a city's gratitude for what it has done for this city.

New Trail Being Blazed In Progress of Music

Controversy of Letter and Spirit Seen in New Works. Progression Through Form and Program Music to Ultimate Freedom Indicated in Criticisms.

Music holds its place almost in the advance guard of that perpetual human progress we call the "modern." The "modern" which is not a word but an evolutionary state, belongs to the idealists—to those with new ideas. Music can demonstrate a parallel progress with those lines of thought that in other arts, or dreams, or what you will, are trying to blaze a new trail for the crushed hopes of today.

The state has not demonstrated the justice in the old order. The true statesman looks to a "World Set Free." Modern "Woman" has herself together for the promoting of perpetual peace through a continuous "Conference of Neutral Nations" to re-establish, as Jane Addams so tellingly said at the significant mass meeting of the Women's Peace Party at Folsom Theater in this city on January 5, "to re-establish some sort of union of thought of all the neutrals with the belligerents when the moment comes." Dreamers all; is the verdict of the world. "Every reform," says Emerson, "is once a private opinion, and when it shall be a private opinion again, it will solve the problem of the age."

Music is even now waging a warfare between the letter and the spirit in its creative works. It is not a factional disturbance, this controversy. It is based on eternal principles that are forever being solved, then are tried in the creative work. The "Providence of art" watches the fall of the sparrow, too. A pretentious epic sinks into obscurity, and a three-stanza lyric grows singing itself down the paths of the centuries, says W. J. Henderson in "The Musical Quarterly," writing on "The Music of Musical Criticism." "The ultimate function of criticism," he asserts, "is the discernment and appreciation of the art work in its relation to the spirit of its time."

Here we hit upon the unexplored future. Ferruccio Busoni in what he calls the sketch of a New Ethical Music, writes: "Music was born free, and to win freedom is its destiny." This liberated music—a music of the future—he calls "Die Un-Musik," which has been translated as "Infinite music."

Speaking of the present, Busoni says: "Music is an art, and we—talk of 'classical' and 'banned' traditions." And we have talked of them for a long time, in relation to the spirit of its time, what he terms "the narrow confines of our musical art." Wagner's music at one time was called "musical futurism." He called it "the music of the future." He also called it "the music of the future." The name of Wagner leads to program music. This has been set up as a contrast to the "absolute" music, classic, and these concepts have become so petrified that even persons of intelligence hold one or the other dogma, without recognition for a third possibility.

Such a spirit of liberation filled Beethoven—the "romantic revolutionary." Beethoven, says the poet, "has given us the individuality of these composers and the final artistic freedom, and finally being powerful to resist either the spirit, or the emotion, or the time, have retained the form as a symbol, and made it into a fetish, a religion."

And of program music, he exclaims: "How primitive must this art remain! * * * Begin with the most self-evident of all, the debasement of tone to noise—rolling of thunder, rattling of wheels, the cries of animals. * * * Nature to above the characterization of nationalities—national instruments and airs—and we have a ready-made inventory of the arsenal of program-music."

We, in Washington, have just heard the first concert of the program music at the "most" in the Carpenter orchestra suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," by the same composer, though we found it. It bears no kinship to the "Infinite music" which Busoni calls upon Tolstol to epitomize when he says: "And the music of the future is not a new style into a musical impression when he writes, in 'Luceifer': 'Neither on the end program music with the argument: "The name of Wagner leads to program music. This has been set up as a contrast to the "absolute" music, classic, and these concepts have become so petrified that even persons of intelligence hold one or the other dogma, without recognition for a third possibility.

Several months afterward he again heard himself in Dayton on his lecture, and he found it necessary to recall his destination. Before the powder man could find the nickel the conductor said with a pleasant smile: "You're going to give me another \$5 bill and forget your change, are you? It's been waiting for you."

Two or three months ago the committee on the "Infinite music" was appointed a committee to invest the money in the stock market. The directors appointed a committee to invest the money in the stock market. The directors appointed a committee to invest the money in the stock market. The directors appointed a committee to invest the money in the stock market.

Handel as a boy. His father long refused to allow him to study music. Handel's childhood was erratic. There was a combat between his father and the boy on the matter of music. The father was surly to the Duke Augustus of Saxony and, although he had begun life as a barber, was at this time man of considerable fortune.

Handel's father intended him for a legal career, and was dismayed at the boy's interest in music. He was playing to some of the best organs in the chapel when the duke himself came in. He was astounded at the natural mischievousness of the boy, and after a long argument with the father, succeeded in extracting from him a promise that he would give the lad a Royal Academy of Music scholarship for himself, all of which came from the obstinacy of the seven-year-old in forcing his way to Weissenfels.

ability beyond and above the other two. In reality, program music, is precisely the opposite of the "absolute" which is called "absolute." These three ideas he incorporates thus: "The spirit of an age, the measure of emotion, of humanity, the measure of the time, unchanged in value through changing years; the form which these three assumed, the manner of their expression, and the flavor of the epoch which gave them birth, are transient, and age rapidly."

For Ultimate Freedom. Form, program music, ultimate freedom in music! In this Busoni presents a problem of the first magnitude formulated, as he says, "with apparent simplicity, without giving the key to its final solution; for the problem cannot be solved for generations—if at all, man himself, though the musical idea becomes a sonata or a concerto; the man, a soldier or a priest. This is an Aristotelian dilemma, which, if it is to be solved, it must be solved by the man himself, and when it shall be a private opinion again, it will solve the problem of the age."

Such a spirit of liberation filled Beethoven—the "romantic revolutionary." Beethoven, says the poet, "has given us the individuality of these composers and the final artistic freedom, and finally being powerful to resist either the spirit, or the emotion, or the time, have retained the form as a symbol, and made it into a fetish, a religion."

And of program music, he exclaims: "How primitive must this art remain! * * * Begin with the most self-evident of all, the debasement of tone to noise—rolling of thunder, rattling of wheels, the cries of animals. * * * Nature to above the characterization of nationalities—national instruments and airs—and we have a ready-made inventory of the arsenal of program-music."

We, in Washington, have just heard the first concert of the program music at the "most" in the Carpenter orchestra suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," by the same composer, though we found it. It bears no kinship to the "Infinite music" which Busoni calls upon Tolstol to epitomize when he says: "And the music of the future is not a new style into a musical impression when he writes, in 'Luceifer': 'Neither on the end program music with the argument: "The name of Wagner leads to program music. This has been set up as a contrast to the "absolute" music, classic, and these concepts have become so petrified that even persons of intelligence hold one or the other dogma, without recognition for a third possibility.

Several months afterward he again heard himself in Dayton on his lecture, and he found it necessary to recall his destination. Before the powder man could find the nickel the conductor said with a pleasant smile: "You're going to give me another \$5 bill and forget your change, are you? It's been waiting for you."

Two or three months ago the committee on the "Infinite music" was appointed a committee to invest the money in the stock market. The directors appointed a committee to invest the money in the stock market. The directors appointed a committee to invest the money in the stock market.

Handel as a boy. His father long refused to allow him to study music. Handel's childhood was erratic. There was a combat between his father and the boy on the matter of music. The father was surly to the Duke Augustus of Saxony and, although he had begun life as a barber, was at this time man of considerable fortune.

Handel's father intended him for a legal career, and was dismayed at the boy's interest in music. He was playing to some of the best organs in the chapel when the duke himself came in. He was astounded at the natural mischievousness of the boy, and after a long argument with the father, succeeded in extracting from him a promise that he would give the lad a Royal Academy of Music scholarship for himself, all of which came from the obstinacy of the seven-year-old in forcing his way to Weissenfels.

WHATS ON PROGRAM HERE DURING WEEK

Many Interesting Events of Importance Are Scheduled For Capital.

Today. Address, "The Psychological World," Prof. Henry Oldys, before Washington Secular League, Adams Temple, 2:30 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Free lecture on Christian Science, W. M. Goodwin, C. S. Folsom Theater, 3 p. m.

Meeting, "A Man's Autobiography," Page McK. Eichen, before students of Maryland Agricultural College, at college, 3 p. m.

Serb Flight Under Fire Described By Survivor

Correspondent, With British Army in Flight to Saloniki, Tells of Shrieking Shells and Perils of Sudden Death on Battlefield.

Following is the third installment of William G. Shepherd's unexpurgated story of the allies' retreat from Serbia. Previous installments described the departure of Shepherd and other correspondents for the Anglo-French front in Serbia.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD, United Press Staff Correspondent. SALONIKI, Dec. 11.—We smashed up a wagonload of refugees as we went along. It was one of those pitiful caravans of household goods, with an old woman and a baby sitting on the pile, and the younger and stronger members of the family plodding along in the mud before and alongside the two oxen.

As we turned down the road, the perplexed peasants turned the oxen and headed for a roadside ditch. The unusual sight of an automobile seemed to frighten them.

A woman and a man struck the oxen with sticks. The wheels went down with a crash, and everybody screamed. The old woman held up the baby in her arms. The body of the woman slipped down into the ditch, on its side. Greatly the old woman and the baby slid off into the mud.

Retreat Underway. Beside the road was a camp of British engineers, and we saw them locking by scores from their tents to the scene of the household wreck. By the time we had passed fifty or more of these parties of refugees we knew that somewhere ahead the retreat was under way.

"Let's get out and photograph it," said one correspondent. "Not here," said our lieutenant-squire. "The Bulgars are across the valley and if we stop long enough to give them our range they'll fire at us."

The road was cut along the face of a hill. Below us was the valley of Gostinje, and four miles away, beyond the valley, were other hills like ours where just a quarter of a mile further, and we reached the shelter of a turn in the road. The huge English gun behind us kept spitting out its roaring charges across the valley. By the watch it was possible to hear the whine of its shells for six seconds after the shell had entered a deep ditch, and the shell had broken some five or six miles away.

Camp Under the Hill. When we tumbled out of the ambulance we saw a narrow ravine running behind a hill. There were tents and dug-outs on its sides. This was a secret I couldn't have told two weeks ago. But it doesn't matter now. The Frenchmen, with their steel blue tunics, have gone from the ravine. Hill which shelters them, belongs to the Bulgars now, and the battlefield of the Valley of Gostinje is changed and peaceful again, miles behind the Bulgarian battle line.

As we went along the mountain roads we saw a Bulgarian soldier, who now comfortably a wounded man might be in such a car. In addition to the stretcher seats on which we sat were hung by a third series of springs from the ceiling of the car by spiral springs. The motion of the ambulance, except for the slow swaying, was almost imperceptible.

Just when we were marvelling at the quietude of the scene, a train of ambulances and campers, our situation with the red line of refugees there was a

GEN. SMITH-DORRIEN A PICTURESQUE FIGURE. Commander of British Forces in South Africa Finds Army Life Avenue of Adventure.

(Grand in Philadelphia Public Ledger.) Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, appointed to one of the most important of the forces operating in South Africa is announced, is one of the most picturesque figures in British military circles.

Romance hovered near him at birth, and one has only to listen to the stories told by "Tommy" Atkins, who loves him as few high army officers are loved, to believe that she has been his fate from his birth. He first commanded a platoon of the Buffs in his birthplace, the Scilly Isles, is a very repository of Arthurian relics and legends, and in the old Abbey of Treco, dating from 850, where he entered the world, his brother holds feudal sway as the "King" of the islands.

Army life has been one grand avenue of adventure to Sir Horace. To start a conversation with any veteran of the Zulu campaign is to hear again the story of his exploit in outspitting the fast-running Zulus over a long distance, after giving his horse to a wounded fellow officer.

Even though they are elaborately polite, once a while one Japanese will get mad at another. The anger kindles slowly at first, finally fanning into a blaze that knows no staying. But when there is a least a touch of emotion settling in his soul, there are words to give it vent; it keeps arguing and harder until it throws aside all restraint and gives up all idea of decency by putting into one phrase all his bitterness and snapping squarely into the other man's astonished face the worst thing that can be said in the whole language: "Your stomach is not on straight!" This is the final insult; nothing more can be added—he has to do but to give his enemy a cut-throat, turn on his heel and laugh clasp-clap away on his wooden shoes.

terrible explosion at the roadside the shriek of a shell. A shell a tunnel through the air and this tunnel the echoes of the whine of the shell jar and clash and in one or two seconds the shell has been leaving us. Through the ambulance window we saw first a cloud of smoke and then the outline of a huge gun which stood at least eight feet above the ground on giant wheels and had a mouth that a man could have seen in the distance. The gun stood with fifteen feet of the road but it was so cleverly sheltered and masked by decorations of holly that we did not see it.

But, now it was a battlefield. A non on the top of the hill roared other cannon firing away round British cannon behind us roared are all ally cannon. And then a different sound. It was a shriek that didn't grow less with the passage of seconds, but louder. Look into the sky above you; you can see nothing; you see nothing but the sky above you. You have an infinite number of shells in the air. You want to have the thing over with as long as that whine is in the sky over your head you may be killed at any minute.

An Alarming Experience. I am not writing this in order to boast that I have been under shell fire, but in order to point out that being under shell fire is an alarming thing, and that if the experience doesn't stir up a heavy thrill within you, then you must be a dumb animal that cannot understand the things that are going on around it. Some men say they like shell fire, that the feeling is pleasurable. Others say they don't like it, and among them, it's too much like being in a terrific electrical storm with lightning bolts all around you, and the sky in the sky, any bolt of which means death.

But here the shell is in the sky above you. There is a terrific roar. On the hillside above us a huge cloud, bigger than six-story buildings, of mud, stones and earth is being hurled over us. Let it be recorded that Richard Harding Davis, John McCutcheon of the "Chicago Daily News," and James H. H. the war photographer, were not hit. Neither was I.

How It Feels. I said I didn't like it. I had been under shell fire in Russia, in Serbia, on the English front; I had dodged both anti-air and anti-ship shells and I had made up my mind to never go to war again. The next time I was near flying shells I would try to study the working of my mind and nerves and discover, possible, whether I was frightened a whether or not the shaky feeling that comes from knowing that death is somewhere near to give near to give a pleasant one; whether the thrill of kiss or a drink compares with the study this time and I found that I did not like the thrill. In the presence of the other war reporters I at that I didn't like it.

"Well," said Davis, "I'm old enough almost fifty and he's seen scores of wars and he's not a bit of a nit, without being accused of bravado, that I like it."

Which I think to mean that all young reporters are afraid to admit that they like shell fire.

When he greets you his first concern is about your ancestors and next about your stomach. It would be almost an even insult for one Japanese to meet another without asking him how his stomach fared. On the third bow he asks: "This morning, how is it with your honorable inside?" As you come up on your third bow you answer to the effect that the place mentioned is doing as well as could be expected and in turn ask him what news he has from the front.

Then he lifts his hat again and says: "Your delightful head this morning, I hope you have no commotion. Now you tell him that you are pleased to report that it feels well this morning he asks about a few generations of honorable ancestors and then you are free to take up the weather.

Even though they are elaborately polite, once a while one Japanese will get mad at another. The anger kindles slowly at first, finally fanning into a blaze that knows no staying. But when there is a least a touch of emotion settling in his soul, there are words to give it vent; it keeps arguing and harder until it throws aside all restraint and gives up all idea of decency by putting into one phrase all his bitterness and snapping squarely into the other man's astonished face the worst thing that can be said in the whole language: "Your stomach is not on straight!" This is the final insult; nothing more can be added—he has to do but to give his enemy a cut-throat, turn on his heel and laugh clasp-clap away on his wooden shoes.

THE ALLIES' SMALLEST ALLY. Austria forbidden to Use Military Force for Military Purposes.

When Italy threw in her lot with the allies, San Marino, the smallest state in the world, also contributed her portion in the fight for civilization.

San Marino is so situated that it would be quite possible for hostile aircraft to "blast" on Mt. Titano, in San Marino, and endeavor to reach Rome, after replenishing their petrol tanks. Military authorities would soon be obliged to recognize this possibility, and considerable anxiety was anticipated if San Marino failed to come in with them.

San Marino is so situated that it would be quite possible for hostile aircraft to "blast" on Mt. Titano, in San Marino, and endeavor to reach Rome, after replenishing their petrol tanks. Military authorities would soon be obliged to recognize this possibility, and considerable anxiety was anticipated if San Marino failed to come in with them.

San Marino is so situated that it would be quite possible for hostile aircraft to "blast" on Mt. Titano, in San Marino, and endeavor to reach Rome, after replenishing their petrol tanks. Military authorities would soon be obliged to recognize this possibility, and considerable anxiety was anticipated if San Marino failed to come in with them.