

to practice. The abuse of authority and the infliction of personal humiliation upon subordinates constitute one of the surest tests for discovering the little-minded man either in the military service or in civil life.

THE CONGRESSIONAL "LEAK" INVESTIGATION

Upon the publication on December 21 last of President Wilson's so-called peace note, dated December 18, to the European belligerents, there were great fluctuations in the stock market. Some securities, especially those stocks connected directly or indirectly with the great munitions industry, went down and up with such violence as to produce almost a panic in financial circles. Indeed, if it had not been for the existence of the new Federal Reserve Law there might have been a currency panic which would have affected the general banking situation as it was affected in the great Northern Pacific fluctuations of 1901.

Of course there were some individuals who made vast amounts of money by taking speculative advantage of the stock fluctuations which followed the publication of the President's December 18 note. One of these individuals is said to be Mr. Bernard Baruch, known in Wall Street circles as "Barney" Baruch. It so happens that Mr. Baruch was a large contributor to the Democratic campaign fund in the last election, and has been somewhat intimately interested in the policies and progress of the Administration. Rumors began to be circulated that certain operators in the stock market were informed of the general character of the President's peace note before it was made public, and that, taking advantage of this knowledge, they bought and sold on the Stock Exchange in such a way as to make large sums of money.

One of the chief purveyors of these rumors was Thomas Lawson, a notorious speculator of Boston, who some years ago wrote a series of articles in one of the popular magazines called "Frenzied Finance." The rumors have resulted in a so-called investigation by a committee of Congress. Mr. Lawson has appeared before this committee and has given names of all sorts of prominent public and private citizens, implying, if not asserting, that certain officials of the Government of high position close to the President used their knowledge of the forthcoming peace note for their own advantage in the stock market. The hearings so far held have resulted in the mere spreading abroad of hearsay rumors and allegations which cannot be dignified in any sense of the word by the term evidence.

It is undoubtedly a fact that certain astute speculators made money out of the publication of the President's note. They probably made it by shrewd forecasting of his general attitude, perhaps derived from personal conversations either with the President or some of his associates. They "took a chance" in the stock market, just as "bears" and "bulls" frequently take such chances as a result of their own determination of probabilities. There is nothing in law or in morals that prevents a speculator from thus using his judgment of probabilities. There is, however, so far not a scintilla of evidence that would stand in a properly constituted court that any of the President's official associates betrayed his confidence or their own loyalty to the country in order to speculate themselves or to aid other speculators in buying stocks on a margin for profit.

So far as the investigation goes, the difficulty is that the Democrats unfortunately tried to block the investigation in order to protect their party from what they may have well considered unjust attacks; and the Republicans tried to make a sensation out of the investigation for partisan effect. It does seem that there are enough well-trained, able, and reliable lawyers in Congress to see that committee investigations of this kind, in which a man's reputation may be unjustly smirched, should be carried on with at least the same amount of protection that is given to an indicted criminal in a court of law.

CHICAGO'S POLICE INVESTIGATION

Not only Chicagoans but other Americans everywhere who are interested in good government will feel that the charges of collusion between Chicago police officials and leaders of vicious resorts and other lawbreakers must be sifted to the bottom. Any

suggestion of dropping the charges against Chief of Police Charles C. Healey and the four other men under arrest ought not to be entertained now either by those who believe these men guilty or by those who believe them innocent. The legal principle that the burden of proof rests upon the accuser is a sound one, but in cases like this, involving high public officials and the most vital interests of the public, there ought to be no resting until the guilt or innocence of the accused is well established. And if the accused are innocent they will be as eager for a thorough examination of the facts as the accusers.

The charges which led to the arrest of Chief Healey and his resignation three days before the date which had been previously set for his resignation by arrangement between himself and Mayor Thompson include allegations of a conspiracy on the part of the police to countenance the activities of gamblers, safe-blowers, disorderly-house proprietors, and other violators of law, in return for the payment of tribute to the police by these criminals. It is also charged that agents of the underworld were able to buy the removal to other parts of the city of police officers whose zeal in the performance of their duty interfered with the prosperity of vice.

The direct charges on which Chief—now Captain—Healey was arrested are five counts of conspiracy and bribery. Others already arrested and included in the charges of State's Attorney Maclay Hoyne as implicated in one way or another in the alleged illegal relations of police and underworld are "Tom" Costello, former newspaper man, charged with collecting vice funds for Chief Healey; "Mike the Pike" Heitler, also accused of collecting; William Skidmore, saloon-keeper and politician, said to be involved in the graft transfers; and Police Lieutenant Martin White. Five other police officers were named by State's Attorney Hoyne as involved in the wrong-doing, but have not been arrested up to the time this is written. Mr. Hoyne has announced that he has the confessions of Costello, Skidmore, and Lieutenant White.

In substance, the charges of the State's Attorney claim the existence of a "vice ring" of lawbreakers and police confederates similar to that which was unearthed in New York City after the sensational disclosures of the gambler Herman Rosenthal, who paid for his "squeal" with his life. Although Lieutenant Charles Becker and four gunmen were ultimately put to death for the murder of Rosenthal, and although the existence of such a corrupt league between crime and police as Rosenthal charged was eventually proved, it will be remembered that for a long time a large section of the public was inclined to doubt the possible truth of the charges made by the State's prosecution.

It is to be hoped that the Chicago police are not in the condition which disgraced the New York police at that time, but it is more to be hoped that the people of Chicago will not rest until the definite existence or non-existence of fire beneath this smoke is proved.

THE THAW CASE

Again the public sense of decency is outraged by the many columns devoted in newspapers to the charges of criminal and perverted acts by Harry K. Thaw. It has long been perfectly well understood that Thaw, after the bouts of hard drinking to which he is addicted, is dangerous and unspeakably infamous in conduct. After his release following the failure of the New York courts to recommit him to Matteawan ex-District Attorney Jerome predicted that if Thaw drank he would become a public menace and possible murderer. Thaw's former wife and others said the same thing. Even his closest relatives are now reported to admit that some sort of restraint is necessary.

Unfortunately, there has been so much in the past to show that the Thaw family have acted on the idea that their money made them superior to law and order, that few will trust their expressed willingness to keep this man under restraint. Money admittedly procured his escape from Matteawan, and money was spent lavishly to fight his return.

Thaw was pronounced by a jury to be criminally insane. No man so designated should be turned loose at any time upon the community—certainly not without the action of the Governor and a medical commission of experts paid by the State and beyond question as to ability and integrity. But in New York

a new court proceeding may be instituted at any time, and even (as in this case) over and over again, to show that the man is at the date of the proceeding sane, whatever he may have been before or may be later. It is due to this wretched state of the law that Thaw was released, and that we now once more have to endure the disgrace and pollution of his doings and sayings.

MUSIC, MAINLY CHROMATIC

There is a Pole, so the legend runs, living in Spain. Nobody ever heard of him until Josef Hofmann, the distinguished pianist, brought to public notice his work as a composer. There are always skeptics about; and these have pounced upon the legend and have attempted to reduce it to unimaginative fact. According to these incredulous persons, this legendary Pole, whose name is said to be Dvorsky, is none other than Mr. Hofmann himself.

Whether this Pole in Spain is a myth or not, his composition for pianoforte and orchestra, entitled "Chromaticon," is a reality, for Mr. Hofmann himself has played it in the presence of hundreds of people. He played it the other day in New York City with the Philadelphia Orchestra. If Mr. Hofmann wrote this music himself, it was entirely unnecessary for him to devise a legend to explain it; for its existence justifies itself. This work was in a double sense a remarkable piece of virtuosity—virtuosity in composition and virtuosity in performance.

If people generally understood the vocabulary of music as they do the vocabulary, say, of English grammar, it would be easy to explain the name of this composition. Ordinary tunes like "Way Down upon the Swanee River" or "America" are based on what are known as the diatonic scale, made up of tones and half-tones, and accompanied with diatonic harmonies which are built up from that scale. If you play on the piano together the three notes C, E, and G, you sound what is known as the tonic triad of C, which is diatonic harmony. Now if you change the G to G sharp, you have made what is called a chromatic change, and now what is sounding is known as an augmented triad. The ordinary diatonic scale does not fit in with this harmony, but there are two scales that do fit in with it—the chromatic scale and the whole-tone scale. Mr. Hofmann's—we mean Dvorsky's—"Chromaticon" is composed very largely of augmented triads, and is based on the chromatic scale mixed in with the whole-tone scale. The effect for the ordinary hearer who is used to ordinary tunes is very weird, not to say confusing. There are reasons why music based on these scales and these harmonies is apt to become very monotonous. One reason is that, though there are innumerable augmented triads theoretically, there are only four so far as the sound goes. In music, as in other aspects of life, the unconventional at first seems novel and interesting, but soon gets dull and monotonous. Mr. Dvorsky—or shall we say Hofmann?—shows that he is aware of this by relieving his composition by a recurrent theme which is of the simplest character based on the solid foundation of the old-fashioned tonic triad.

Whether this "Chromaticon" was Mr. Hofmann's own at the start or not, he made it his own as he played it. It was a remarkable performance.

NEW SOUNDS AND OLD FORMS

The programme on which the "Chromaticon" appeared tempts one to further comment. The friends of music who brought the Philadelphia Orchestra to New York were not content with one eminent soloist, but secured Mr. Kreisler—equally eminent as a violinist—to play a concerto by an American composer, Ernest Schelling. This is a creditable piece of work, the equal of a good many important concertos, though it lacks great distinction. It was written by Mr. Schelling at Bar Harbor, Maine, and is dedicated to Mr. Kreisler. Mr. Schelling knows how to write for the orchestra and for the solo violin.

Not content with these novelties, the maker of this programme put upon it a symphony by Scriabin (or, as the programme spelled it, "Skryabin"—in spelling Russian proper names the rule is *laissez faire*). This is a work of real substance. Its themes are of large conception. It suffers, as much modern music suffers, from an overdose of Wagnerian instrumentation.

The orchestra sounds as it does in an opera-house. The orchestral color is laid on too thick. In this case, however, the gorgeous coloring is not an attempt to make up for bad structure and weak material, as is too often the case. Scriabin, who died in April, 1915, at forty-three years of age, was a Russian composer whose compositions are notable among those artistic products that are proving the vitality and civilizing powers of the Russian people.

Such a programme as that of this concert is interesting as showing a wholesome phase in the development of modern music. In the very natural search for novelty composers have been searching for new harmonies and new instrumental effects, and at the same time they have tried the experiment of throwing away the old principles of art and seeing what they could do without the restriction of sound structure. The new material is undoubtedly going to prove useful; but the sanest of modern composers are recognizing that principles of art do not die. This concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra in New York City was an illustration of what modern composers can achieve in building their musical structures in accordance with ancient principles but out of the newest material.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

The English writer William Frend De Morgan, author of "Joseph Vance," "Alice for Short," "Somehow Good," and three or four other novels, died in London on January 15 at the age of eighty-seven. Probably no other instance exists of a novelist who began his work as a writer of fiction at the age of sixty-five and gained at once both wide popularity and the praise of fastidious critics.

Before he entered this field De Morgan had been a professor of mathematics, a painter, a designer of stained glass, and a manufacturer of ceramics who made art tiles of his own design by a process of his own discovery.

But De Morgan's novels do not depend for interest upon his personal history. They stand solidly on their merits. Of enormous length, they were carried out in the most minute detail, so that they might be compared to the work of an imagined painter who should employ the method of a Meissonier on the enormous canvas of a Tintoretto. Humor, character, story, all were poured forth abundantly. In certain particulars De Morgan followed Dickens, as he himself declared, but in others he had turns of manner and of thinking, socially speaking, which recalled Thackeray. But he was always himself, always leisurely, always kindly and wholesome, always generous in heart to the poor and weak, and always a lover of children. If he wandered into side-paths, as he most certainly did, they were paths worth entering, and he was a delightful guide to follow.

THE JOY OF COLLECTING AND A RECENT GREAT SALE

Much of the satisfaction of collecting of any kind comes from the pursuit of the object rather than the possession of it. The search for the book, or print, or painting; the pleasure of a critical examination; the cautious bargaining with the dealer or the feverish competition of the auction sale; the covetous inspection of an unattainable prize; the pleasant feeling of superiority on discovering that some less well-informed collector has been taken in—all these active delights can be enjoyed by the man of modest means with little or no expenditure. The man who goes a step further and insists on the passive joy of actual ownership must in these times usually be the possessor of large wealth.

These observations are prompted by the recent and prospective sale of the Halsey collection of prints in New York City at the Anderson Galleries. Not many persons are called to become the owners of these prints, but there is a great deal of pleasure for the average man or woman of taste in seeing them and in learning something about them.

Thirty years were spent in gathering the collection that is now being dispersed. The French prints were sold several weeks ago; the English engravings in stipple, which are the subject of this comment, have just been sold; and several other divisions of the collection are to be auctioned off within a short time.

Stipple engraving, two fine examples of which appear in