

HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC.

(By Samuel E. Asbury)

Dispose your body and your head so as to face the music, or, if deaf like me, turn your better ear slightly to the music. And listen to the music with your eyes also; do not close them. A symphony orchestra is something to see; there are the new and strange instruments if there are any such to you; if not, there is the massing of the orchestra, the violins together, the second violins over against them, the violas in another group, the 'cellos further back, the flutes, clarionettes, and other woodwind instruments in the centre; and the brass, the trumpets, trombones, horns at the back with the drums, cymbals, and so forth.

Much like a brass band; much like the pictures in the record catalogue. Say, this orchestra is an enlarged Aggeland; some of their stunts, if they play modern music, will sound like good jazz too. But good jazz is not bad. Good musicians have passed by indiscriminating abuse of jazz. And if this orchestra is not ashamed of itself, if they are not playing down to us heathens in the backwoods, you'll hear a blast or two that will remind you of our A. and M. band marching across the field when the score is 20 to nothing. Then, you will need your sense of touch also, to take in the immensity of sound. Only your taste and smell remain useless at a symphony orchestra concert.

The Slavic March by Tchaikowsky, which closes the evening's program, was written in 1876, during the war between Turkey and the Slavic Serbians. At this time there were many demonstrations of Slavic patriotism in Russia, and Nicholas Rubenstein arranged a concert for the benefit of wounded soldiers. Tchaikowsky (1840-1893), himself deeply patriotic and responsive to the temper of the times, composed his famous Slavic March for the occasion.

The composition opens with a rather melancholy theme, a dirge-like chant, intoned first by the bassoons, accompanied by the double basses, and elaborated by the other woodwinds into a beautiful march, purely Slavic in rhythm and barbaric color. This theme is built upon an old Serbian folk-song, admirably portraying the deep brooding sadness of the Slavic heart. This part gradually dies away as if vanishing in the distance, and is presently followed by the strains of a gay folk-dance, joyous music of exultation and anticipated triumph.

The stirring climax is gained by the rhythmic combination of the strains of this dance music with the moving and stately measures of the Russian National Anthem.

The Anthem is again triumphantly shouted by all the brasses in the crashing finale.

(Contributed by Mrs. C. B. Campbell)

The St. Louis Symphony March, with which the afternoon program opens, was composed by Mr. Ganz, the director of the present orchestra. The position of St. Louis as a border city between North and South is noted in the last section of the march in snatches of "The Star Spangled Banner" (on the horns and trombones) and "Dixie" (on the xylophone and piccolo).

Eight: "Grandpa, why is it that you have no hair on your head?"

Eighty: "Grass does not grow on a busy street."

Eight: "Oh, I see, it can't get up through the concrete."

He: "We are coming to a tunnel. Are you afraid?"

She: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."—Tattler.

Bank Teller: "This check is all right, but you must be introduced. Can't you bring in your husband?"

Woman: "Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction he'd knock your block off."—Tattler.

It is not necessary to report everything you hear your friends talking about.

Waiter: "Where is the paper plate I gave you with your pie?"

Fish: "Oh, I thought that was the lower crust."—Tattler.

"What kind of meat have you this morning?" said the haggard husband to the butcher.

"We have some steak as tender as a woman's heart."

"Guess I'll take two pounds of sausage."—Tattler.

The girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter.

"Give me a chicken," she said.

"Do you want a pullet?" the shop keeper asked.

"No," the girl replied, "I want to carry it."—Tattler.

Magistrate: "You are charged with being drunk. Have you anything to say?"

Culprit: "I've ever been drunk in my life sir, and never intend to be, for it always makes me feel so bad in the morning."—Tattler.

"Polly want a cracker?"

"No, old dear, I have dined copiously," replied the parrot. "Got a cigarette about you?"—Tattler.

There was once an armorous mister, who, on meeting a girl, always kissed her;

But one night at the gate, He found, when too late,

He'd been kissing the chauffeur's black sister.

—Tattler.

"Where did you get your black eye, Pat?"

"Sure, it's in mourning for the guy that gave it to me."—Tattler.

"Did the bank's failure upset you?"

"Yes, I lost my balance."

Friend, (rushing in to tell the news): "Susan, dear, your husband and little Fido were in an accident."

Wife: "Good heavens! Haven't they been able to get a veterinarian yet?"—Tattler.

His wife insisted she would drive,

He dared not say red nay,

Then came the city ambulance, And took them both away.

—Tattler.



EDMUND HALLEY
1656-1742

Son of a London soap-boiler who became Astronomer-Royal. At the age of 20 headed an expedition to chart the stars of the Southern hemisphere. Financed and handled the printing of Newton's immortal *Principia*.

The comet came back

The great comet that was seen by William of Normandy returned to our skies in 1910 on its eleventh visit since the Conquest. Astronomers knew when it would appear, and the exact spot in the sky where it would first be visible.

Edmund Halley's mathematical calculation of the great orbit of this 76-year visitor—his scientific proof that comets are part of our solar system—was a brilliant application of the then unpublished *Principia* of his friend Sir Isaac Newton.

The laws of motion that Newton and Halley proved to govern the movements of a comet are used by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to determine the orbit of electrons in vacuum tubes.



As spectacular as a comet has been the world's electrical development. By continuous scientific research the General Electric Company has accelerated this development and has become a leader in the industry.

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