

MUSIC AS A CURATIVE FOR THE ILLS OF THE WORLD

New Music Service League of America Headed by Charles M. Schwab Aims to Uplift Humanity by Carrying Out on Broader Scale the Psychologic Treatment So Successful During War Period



BY IRVING R. BACON.

To hasten convalescence, banish depression, promote a civic spirit and develop, in the nation, the sense of the good and beautiful—these, according to Charles M. Schwab, head of the Bethlehem Steel corporation, are some of the problems to be solved by the Music Service League of America, of which he is president. The league was organized recently in New York. Its first duty will be to provide music for military and civic hospitals, prisons, asylums and other institutions.

Much has been said and written about the marvellously beneficial effects of music not only upon the mind, but also upon the body, so much so that, according to a recent announcement from Washington, the government contemplates the employment of music to cure invalid soldiers. Naturally, there have been numberless conjectures as to the cause of this curative property of music.

Dr. Thaddeus Rich, concertmaster of the Philadelphia orchestra and dean of the music department of Temple university, says that he has frequently seen practical demonstrations of the efficacy of music as a curative. He has often played the violin for convalescent soldiers and says he almost invariably noted beneficial results.

Mental Rehabilitation.

"Once I also had the happiness to be instrumental in reawakening an interest in life in a woman who had been bedridden many years," he said. "Nothing which science or the solitude of friends could do seemed capable of arousing her from the melancholy brooding in which she had fallen. My violin scattered the humors and left her bright and cheerful."

"Another case which came under my observation, although I was not an actor in it, was that of a prominent Philadelphia woman who had long been suffering from mental depression. She was deemed to be past all hope of cure, and, as a last resort, a famous neuro-path prescribed music. One of the most celebrated musicians of this country undertook to furnish the music. He played the piano for the woman to such good effect that within a short time she was restored to health. The musician found that the best results in that particular case were obtained from classical music. Mournful selections seemed to brighten her, and later, the gayest sort of music raised her spirits and put her into a merry mood."

Doctor Rich said he had often wondered what the cause of the efficacy of music might be and had spoken to many other musicians and scientists about it, but the only theory advanced which seemed tenable was that it was the tonic effect of music upon the nerves. "Maybe, too, the memory has something to do with the cures," Doctor Rich said. "Sometimes a musical note will recall some scene of the past, the recollection of which will sweep over one with the stimulating effect of a balm. I have observed this in my own person. Music, in this respect, bears an analogy to odors. Often have long-forgotten events been recalled to my memory by the whiff of some fragrance which had been inseparably coupled with the event which its recurrence evoked."

Whatever the physiological cause of the curative effect of music, there certainly is a very profound philosophical one, the following theory of which will, I hope, commend itself to the reader not only on account of its interesting nature and its plausibility, but also because it throws much light upon the deepest and most mooted riddles of life itself.

Limitations of Science.

Science, analyzing the things which nature presents in such profusion, always reaches a point beyond which it cannot go. For instance, the physicists have traced the course of matter, first, down to the molecule which is much too small for the most powerful microscope to disclose; then to the atom, compared to which the molecule bears the same relation as a grain of wheat to a granary; and, finally, according to the most recent pronouncement, down



Dr. Thaddeus Rich, concertmaster of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has used the violin with signal success in wooing convalescent soldiers back to health and in arousing invalids from melancholy brooding.

to the electron, which revolves within the core of the atom like a planet inside our firmament. In each instance the physicists have been able to trace the size of what, at each stage of the discoveries, was regarded as the ultimate constituent of matter, and they have also been able to

tell us in the manner in which these minute constituents acted. But what that within them was which gave them the power to act, this they never could tell. It was something which always eluded them, although they knew it was something, just as the astronomers knew, years before the discovery of the planet



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Neptune, that it must be somewhere in the neighborhood of the place in the skies where they finally found it, because it had shown its power and influence long before it showed its face.

It would tax the reader's patience too much to take him through all the devious demonstrations necessary to show that the something, to the threshold of which science is always reaching without ever being able to get across, is a force which is exactly the same in every single thing in all the world. It is only when we analyze this force as it manifests itself in our own selves that we recognize it as what we call our will.

Of course, our will is so ultimately bound up with our intellect that we can scarcely conceive of them as existing apart from each other. Nevertheless, the fact is that our intellect, which is dependent upon a brain, is one thing, while the will, which has its seat in every part of the body, is that which causes us to experience either pleasure or pain, according as the will is affected.

In lower animals we can more easily see the relationship between intellect and will, the poly, for instance, having a most voracious will with just barely enough intellect to point the way of its will to its food. In plant life we see manifestations of the will entirely stripped of intellect. The lowest form of animal life is distinguished from plant life by the fact that it reacts to motives supplied through an intellect, no matter how glimmeringly small and rudimentary this intellect may be. Plants, whether giant oaks, fly-catching mimosas or creeping ivy and mosses, react only to stimuli, which is a sort of mechanical process and requires no intellect. Nevertheless, the will shows itself as clearly and unmistakably in this plant reaction as it does in the motivated acts of men.

Music Voice of the Will.

In the inorganic world, too, where even stimuli no longer prevail, where everything reacts only to causes properly so-called—that is, to mechanical, chemical and electrical causes—that force which reacts to these causes addresses itself to the unbiased beholder as no less a will than that which makes men run from danger or hasten to the place where pleasure awaits them.

Now, what, you ask, has all this to do with music?

Everything in the world. Whatever we see around us is concreted will. For will is a longing, a ceaseless yearning, and only waits to manifest itself when opportunity presents itself by means of motives stimuli or crass causes.

When the cord of the musical instrument is struck, the answering vibrations are the manifestations of some phase of the will residing in that instrument. These vibrations are as much a manifestation of a will as is the spark which springs from the flint when struck by steel, or as is the outburst of rage from a man whom another has struck in the face.

And, strange to say, these vibrations of the cord, converted by the mechanism of our ear into music, reach the will residing within us and find a responsive echo there quicker than any appeal made to us through any of the other senses.

Music thus is, so to speak, a voice calling to us from another world—the world in which the will is at home. Music, therefore, has no need of words. It goes directly to the heart and stirs the will more potently than the productions of any of the other arts.

Chopin, the great composer, was once at a reception at the house of the French actress Rachel. Most of the company was gathered around Rachel, while Chopin, in a distant corner of the adjoining room, was thrumming dreamily at a piano. First one, then another, a third, a fourth left the side of the amiable and beautiful young hostess until at last she too, becoming aware of the divine sounds, arose and

joined the others who had gathered around the piano. Even her wit, beauty, grace and fame were not proof against the mightier magic of the master's music.

Music speaks to us of woe and woe; and it is woe and woe that make up the strands of our life. We are forever tossed between desire and gratification, and if the sequence of these two is rapid enough we deem ourselves happy. Woe to us if either makes too long a stay. For, if our desires remain ungratified too long, unhappiness is inevitable; and, on the other hand, if gratification follows immediately upon the heels of each desire, tedium, a leaden, deadly tedium, seizes upon us in the end and despair is added to unhappiness.

Key to Music Cures. All this is reflected also in music. The continuous striving of the lighter notes of the melody to get away from the ground-bass, and their quick return to it, are analogous to our perpetual shuttlecock flights between desire and gratification. And, in precisely the same manner as the latter must not be too long delayed in their transitions from one to the other, lest we suffer, so if the notes are arrested too long either at the ground-bass or away from it, the music becomes worse than a discord and is unbearable.

The key, then, to the cures wrought by music is furnished by the fact that music is so direct a manifestation of will that when it is heard it arouses kindred emotions in the will of him who hears it. True, its language is so universal that it tells us nothing at all of this or that particular person, thing or event, nor of this or that particular

joy or sorrow, or love or hatred, or hope or fear; but only of joy in general, sorrow in general, love and hatred in general, hope and fear in general.

So that each of thousands of auditors will interpret let us say, a symphony according to his own particular mood and training. For, though the will is master in his own house, it nevertheless is guided by motives supplied to it by its servant, the intellect, the mind; and he whose intellect has been refined by education will, naturally, find that his intellect has a wider horizon of motives to offer its master; and, conversely, too, such a one will interpret the motions of the will in a more

refined manner and visualize them in grander, nobler pictures than he whose mind has not been trained. But whatever the manner of interpretation, the effect upon the will itself is pleasurable or painful. Hence, the problem of him who would effect cures by music must be to employ melodies which touch the will of the patient pleasantly, with an insistency which leaves it no choice but to react beneficially upon the entire body. For, whatever is in nature is will concreted; hence if the will is soothed and contented, the chances are that the body, which is its concreted manifestation, will soon be well, too.

"FIDDED HIS WAY TO SUCCESS."



CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Music has had no little share in shaping the destiny of Charles M. Schwab. It was with music that he won the heart of Andrew Carnegie, the great ironmaster, many years ago and thus was able to obtain a foothold upon the ladder of success which he has mounted since to the very top.

When Mr. Schwab was 18 he was earning \$8 a week at Mr. Carnegie's plant in Braddock, Pa., but soon attracted the attention of Captain W. R. Jones, the general superintendent, who marveled at the boy's knowledge of the workings of the plant. Schwab's rise was quick, and soon he was working alongside of Captain Jones, to whom he served as a sort of encyclopedia of facts and figures.

Mr. Carnegie resided at Pittsburgh, 10 miles from the plant, and would frequently send for Captain Jones for a report. To rid himself of this to him irksome duty Captain Jones one day said to Mr. Carnegie: "By the way, I think I can fix this matter of making reports without wasting my time. I've a young fellow named Schwab who knows as much about the plant as I do. I'll send him to you, and when you get tired talking shop he'll give you a little music. He plays the piano, the organ and the violin first-rate, and he also sings."

Mr. Carnegie found that Captain Jones had not exaggerated. He was amazed at the youth's efficiency. After a several hours' session young Schwab took up his hat and was about to go when Mr. Carnegie exclaimed: "Oh, by the way—you must play for me, I almost forgot."

And the way the boy played and sang the old songs that had been popular when Mr. Carnegie was a child, and especially an old Scotch ballad, touched the ironmaster's heart.

Scarcely out of his teens, the rebuilding of the Homestead mills was committed to Schwab, and, at 30, on the death of Captain Jones, he became general superintendent of the Edgar Thomson works at a salary of \$35,000 a year.

CURRENCY INFLATION NOW OVERWHELMS ALL GERMANY

Monetary System Practically Based Upon Paper and Every Town and Village Issues Its Own.

A REPORT of recent date which is believed to be drawn with accuracy shows that the monetary system of Germany is now based entirely upon paper, with the exception of the relatively small and unimportant gold and silver reserve. The value of such means of payment as have been put in circulation is very small. Outside of the imperial bank notes there are what are locally called the "Gabelstempelscheine," or the notes issued by the various loan banks against merchandise, and there are the coupons of the different war loans, which circulate as means of payment.

The greatest evil of this paper ex-

The great demand for the old bank notes and currency has naturally caused them to rise in value. A 1000-mark bank note with red stamping now costs from 1150 to 1200 marks.

There are several reasons for the gold hoarding. The first of these is to keep the money away from the banks, and thus escape the control of the authorities, as well as the heavy income taxation. The second is to more easily conduct business in Germany, that is, to be able with greater facility to purchase hidden merchandise by paying in the preferable currency. A third reason is to be able to send money abroad to neutral countries at the propitious moment and purchase foreign exchange. A fourth reason is to be able with such foreign exchange through dummies living in neutral countries to do business with the allied countries. Still another reason is to be able with greater facility to purchase in Germany, neutral or allied gold and silver or securities and then to hide these until later.

The carrying out of the conditions mentioned in these five points naturally tends to aggravate the situation and to diminish the possibility of payment of the indemnity to be demanded. The high salaries, as well as the extravagant life of the population, have little bearing upon the security of the economic situation, the money circulating from hand to hand and thus always available.

OLD VETERAN SHOT DEAD

Unidentified Man Shoots Four Times Without Warning.

NEW YORK—Antonio Mazzo, one of Garibaldi's veterans, was talking over old times with five or six cronies in Filippo Mosco's wine shop at 492 East Twelfth street, when a man entered and fired four shots. One of the bullets struck Mazzo in the back of the head and he fell dead. The murdered friend and all trace of him was lost.

No one could account for the murder, nor could any of Mazzo's friends identify the assassin. They believe that he intended to kill one of the others, but the police could obtain no information concerning the intended victim. Mosco was detained by Detectives Stetter and Quinn of the Fifth-street station as a material witness.

Mazzo was 80 years old and lived alone at 407 East Twelfth street. He had a son living on Staten Island.

plotation is caused by the auxiliary notes, or "Hilfscheine," as they are called. Every town and village has its own money, which has steadily been increasing, and with little or nothing back of it. There is such a lack of confidence in this local currency that the notes are only taken in payment in the locality where they actually have been issued.

Owing to the unfortunate situation created by these local auxiliary notes the German population has lost confidence in the general financial situation and attempts to protect itself by procuring old bank notes. Hoarding has thus been brought about on a large scale. This "geldhamsteri," or gold hunger, is complained of on all sides.