

contemplate the tendencies of our ultra-modern composers. Perhaps he foresaw the coming of such a writer as Max Reger of Munich, when he wrote the following lines:

"Continual bold modulational leaps reckon entirely to destroy the feeling for tonality. These are unpleasant symptoms for the further development of art." Bearing on this point, it may be interesting to insert at this place a few stray individual opinions concerning Reger's works. Both the following extracts are from the *New York Musical Courier* of November 9, 1904, and April, 1905:

"The Munich composer, (in his C-major sonata for violin and piano) has cut adrift from practically every tradition, *defying even tonality*. It is difficult to follow his bold flights of imagination and still bolder progression, much less to understand them. *Either this work is a revolutionary movement of great pith and moment, beyond the horizon of common mortals, or it is the work of a genius who will soon be a candidate for the insane asylum.* One thing is sure, *a strong personality and great musical knowledge* are revealed here."

"Max Reger is creating a stir here (Dresden). Roth in his Music Salon gave him a hearing. Reger's artistic instincts are deeply seated and he is much of an enthusiast. With Mahler, Bruckner, and Nicodé he has "lengths" in common. Parts of his chamber music seem endless. On the occasion we heard songs given by Sanna Von Rbyn and chamber music, all heavy musical fare; a series of contradictory terms, deep thoughts and good and bad jokes. His style is quaint, even stilty at times, but on the whole full of idealism. Reger seems a combative mind, ready to fight. *Many people (even musicians) left the hall in full despair over his so-called disharmonies.*"

In view of the facts presented above, permit me to ask you how a new departure, such as was recommended by you, to be taken in the direction of an accurate mathematical musical system, can be considered otherwise than with terror? If, as it appears, the character of our most modern compositions is already suffering from too great an inclination toward promiscuous modulation and threatens total loss of the sense of tonality, what dire results must we not expect to bear with if the just system with 117 tones instead of only 12 to the octave once becomes fashionable?

ST. LOUIS, MO.

I. L. SCHÖEN.

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[In the article referred to by Mr. I. L. Shoen, I did not recommend but only suggested the possibility of other musical systems; but I would say that the failure of one attempt would not disprove the feasibility of the general scheme in one way or another.—ED.]

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#### ἨΘΟΣ ἈΝΘΡΩΠΙΝΟΥ ΔΑΙΜΩΝΟΣ.

We have frequently made use of the Greek aphorism, *ethos anthropoi daimon*, as a motto. It is a well known and often quoted saying, but we have been unable to trace it to its source. We have repeatedly inquired of Greek scholars but so far without avail. Accordingly we now make public request for any information that a Greek scholar may be able to give us on the subject. For those who are not familiar with Greek, we might repeat what we said in *The Open Court*, Vol. I, p. 695, that the words are almost untrans-

latable. The translation "character is man's destiny" although quite correct, does not exhaust its meaning. *Ethos* means, like the German *Sitte*, custom or habit or character. But it conveys more than custom; it means the habits of man so far as they produce civilization and make him humane. It includes his morals. In this sense Schiller says in "The Eleusinian Festival":

"Und allein durch seine Sitte  
Kann er frei und mächtig sein."

[And by his own worth alone  
Can man freedom gain and might.]

Translation by Bowring.

From *ethos* is derived the English word "ethics," which has acquired the narrower meaning of *ethos* in the sense of moral behavior. This *ethos*, our Greek inscription tells us, is to man his *daimon*, i. e., his God, his deity, his conscience or guidance, his destiny. P. C.

#### THE MORNING GLORY.

(After Ernest W. Clement's transliteration in the *Japanese  
Floral Calendar*.)

Oh for the heart's deep story,  
The heart's of the morning-glory,  
Whose dainty flower  
Blooms but an hour,  
Yet the charm that's hers  
Is more endearing  
Than the grandeur of firs  
For a thousand years persevering.

P. C.

#### "MEMORANDUM" INSTEAD OF "REPLY."

When we go a-hunting or fishing the game we get is often that for which we did not start out, but worth as much or more. So with the Editor's "answer" to my article "The Widow's Mite" in the June number of *The Open Court*.

I started out to get an answer to the spook-killing arguments of "induction, correlation, and economy," now presented to the world by Prof. Ernst Haeckel as the basis of the social, impersonal, and unselfish immortality of science, and the foundation of the religious regeneration and reorganization of all intelligent people.

Instead of an answer to those arguments stated in my article, we get what seems to me a practical admission of them, and an exceedingly fine advocacy of the rival immortality of science and humanity. I have spent a lifetime in advocating and learning to appreciate this latter immortality, which grows upon me the older I grow, but there are expressions in regard to it in Dr. Carus's "answer," which add so much to my realization of it, that I gladly forgive the Doctor for what I do not find in his answer in consideration of the real worth of what I do find therein.