

night. One sets out on life's journey with a flourish of trumpets, while another prefers to put as many strings to his bow as he possibly can. Only very few become soloists, the favorites of the gods—the mass of mankind has to practice ensemble play while Fate is beating time. Happy he who has learned to count faithfully the bar-rests when it behooves him to keep silent, and who is keeping time throughout the entire score.

At every cradle the Fairy announces the key in which life's battle hymn is to be sung. The rich, the healthy, the beautiful, the strong, and the smart, chant it in the major key. The others are compelled to play it in one of the minor keys. Yet the best musicians assure us that the latter express better by far the emotions of love or of faith.

Sometimes the keys change during a lifetime, usually from the major to the minor key, rarely the other way.

Life starts out with an *allegro* and a two step movement, going on *crescendo* in a waltz or march tempo until in middle life the song deepens and broadens into a symphony; repetitions occur, stops and discords appearing in the harmonies, and *andante* or *majestoso* the performance continues until the last bar is reached. It is not wise to indulge in a *presto* for too long a time, as this is bound to stop short and unexpectedly, leaving the sense of completeness dissatisfied. It is always best to let some peaceful *adagio* follow. Where there is no "Leitmotif," no guiding principle, the theme is apt to go astray in preluding and endless variations.

And there they rush, men, women and children, like so many notes, climbing up and down the do, re, mi, fa, etc., the leader of social standing, of fame or of wealth, and attaining a higher pitch and