

The Baton

Published by and for the Students of the Institute of Musical Art of the City of New York
FRANK DAMROSCH, Director

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15 Cents a Copy

OUR ANNIVERSARY

In January, 1922, The Baton came into being, so this marks the completion of one year of its existence. In recognition and in celebration of the fact, this issue assumes the aspect of an anniversary number containing messages of greeting from friends who are interested in the paper.

* * *

From the Director

Well done, Baton! For a youngster of your age and general dimensions you have shown plenty of good sense, fine aims, good wit, and good humor and you have made many friends within and without your home, the Institute.

May your further career be successful and beneficent and may you grow in circulation till it includes every music student in America, in order that you may be able to carry the message of the Institute of Musical Art to every corner of the United States.

Frank Damrosch.

* * *

From a Trustee

Your letter of December 20, calling my attention to the fact that The Baton is soon

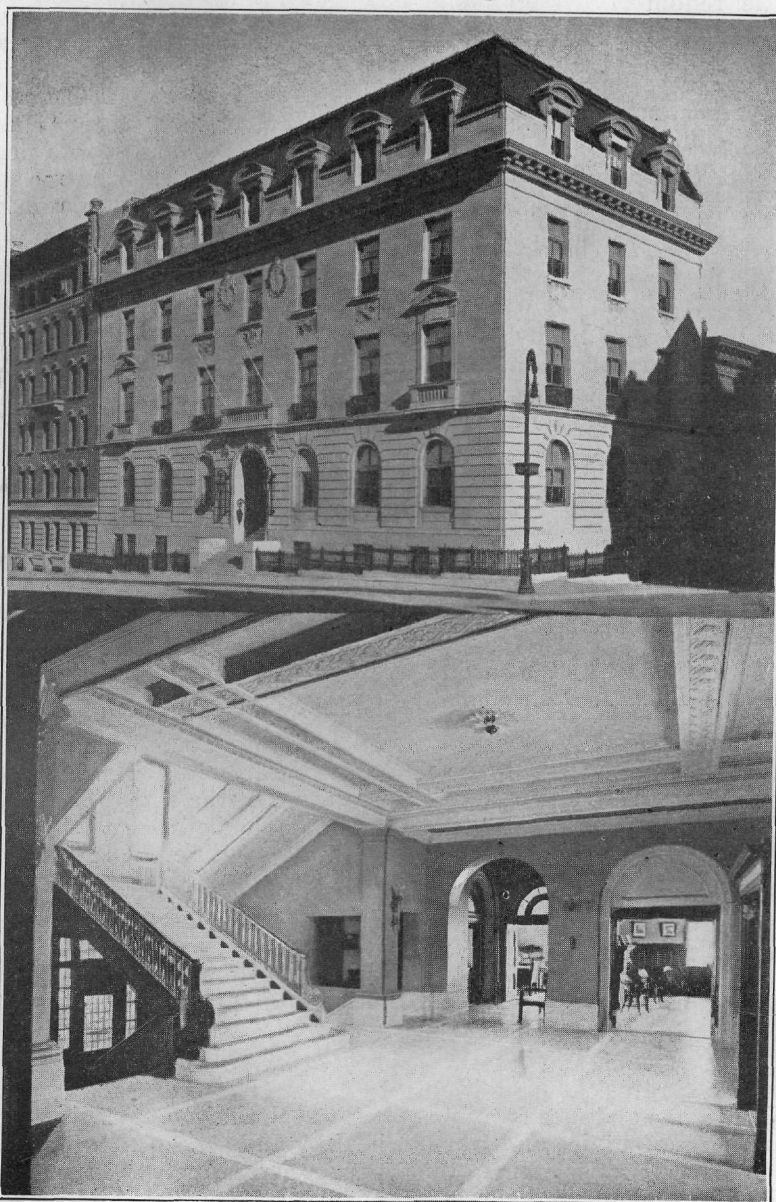
to celebrate its first anniversary, received. Even though I have been extremely busy this last year I have taken occasion to read The Baton regularly and I feel that all of those who have

worked together to make it a success should be congratulated as it has been developed in an exceedingly creditable manner and every number has contained something of very real interest.

It is my feeling that The Baton should be of constantly growing value to the students of the Institute of Musical Art, and I feel that its establishment has proved to be thoroughly justified.

Sincerely yours,
Fred I. Kent.

P.S. My old instructor, Mr. Jacobson, who was one of the best violin teachers in the country some years ago, used to use the phrase "A Foolishness." Thinking possibly that you might have some corner of The Baton where you might need "A Foolishness," I put one together on the train this morning, and enclose it herewith. (*See Page 8.)



The Institute of Musical Art and its Main Hall showing the Director's Office adjoining.

FROM THE FACULTY

*See Important Postscript—Page 5

Congratulations upon the splendid growth, both materially and spiritually of The Baton. I always look forward to receiving my copy with eager interest and thoroughly enjoy reading the enlightening and charmingly written articles.

Surely a word of praise is due the Editor-in-Chief not only for her generalship, but also for her sweet, persuasive manner in getting other people to work for her. —*Clarence Adler*.

* * *

Est-il nécessaire
A son anniversaire
De vanter le renom
Du célèbre Bâton?
Oh non! cher éditeur!
L'aide de notre Directeur
A fait le succès étonnant
De cet enfant d'un an.
Chantons donc tous en chœur
Elèves et professeurs:

LONGUE VIE AU BATON!

—*Marguerite Albro*.

* * *

Greeting and Love to the Baton

The "oldest inhabitant" is very happy to have the occasion to send congratulations to the "youngest inhabitant." The Baton, our Baton (we, all of us, have a chance to hold it) is useful, attractive and amusing. Happy Birthday, Baby Baton, you are just one year old, but oh my, aren't you smart! —*Hélène Augustin*.

* * *

Best wishes and greetings for the New Year.

Very sincerely yours,

—*Mabel Phipps Bergolio*.

* * *

Many happy returns of the day for the successful Baton. —*Louis J. Bostelmann*.

* * *

Hearty congratulations to the "Dimpled Smile" Lady of the Baton for the splendid achievement of the past year. The Baton has brought to the surface many budding literary talents, clever, witty; it has given its readers many enjoyable moments; for which, many thanks. We see it now as a vigorous young tree abloom with lovely flowers—of rhetoric; may its second year bring forth fruits—of wisdom—in the form of substantial articles enlightening the mind of the earnest students who will eagerly pick them, stirring their artistic nature and making them more responsive to the urging of ambition. Articles propounding the ways and means to musical proficiency, also words of advice and warning, guarding the too adventurous against the dangerous influence of modernism and encouraging them in their arduous march toward the pure, soul-satisfying atmosphere of true art.

In that tree, place among its branches a bird house bearing the sign "Question Box," where the students' queries will come to roost and where the "learned" Faculty will take care of the answers.

—*Gaston Dethier*.

* * *

Vive le Bâton!

O "Lady of the Dimpled Smile,"

(I quote my brother Gaston)

With softly curling tresses fair,

Thou art an Editor so rare

That thou hast made The Baton

A publication wondrous wise,

Despite its tender age;

And if its power increase each year

'Twill rival Scribner's soon, I fear,

And put them in a rage.

So, "Lady of the Dimpled Smile,"

(Again I quote dear Gaston)

Best of luck from me to you,

Sincere congratulations too,

And likewise, "Vive le Bâton!"

—*Edouard Dethier*.

* * *

I am very glad indeed to send our Baton three cheers for his first anniversary. May he bloom and succeed as before. And three cheers for our Director who so thoughtfully introduced the little fellow to our beloved Institute. It is a joy to have him in our midst.

—*Bertha Firgau*.

* * *

Hearty greetings and all possible good wishes for the Baton.

—*Mark Fonaroff*.

* * *

A Christmas greeting for the Baton? How can that turbulent organ and the season of peace be in any way related? Think of it. What peace have some of us been allowed to enjoy since last January? Don't try to fool me with that yarn about Santa Claus' bringing the idea; he's a decent, kindly old soul who wouldn't be guilty of anything of the sort. No, it wasn't St. Nicholas, it was somebody else with a similar name, but with a very different record and reputation.

—*James Friskin*.

* * *

My greeting and thanks to the contributors to the Baton, for their many edifying articles. To the Baton my sincere wishes for its continued and well deserved prosperity.

—*Anna Lockwood Fyffe*.

* * *

The Baton is emerging from an unusually healthy and active Infancy into what promises to be a progressively vigorous and hopeful Childhood. Its contents, its atmosphere, its entire conduct are worthy of the distinguished Institute that gave it birth, and reflect very great

credit upon the Editor-in-Chief and her band of efficient nurses.

May The Baton long "flourish" in the able hands that wield it! —Percy Goetschius.

* * *

My heartiest wish for the continued success of The Baton during the coming year.

—Carlos Hasselbrink.

* * *

Can You Beat It?

That The Baton is well named we must all admit. It can beat any other paper of its kind we know of. It only remains to be seen if it can "beat in 2" what it has already "beat in 1", i.e., its own fine record for the first year just past. I move and second a vote of thanks to all who are responsible for the success of The Baton.

—Charles Haubiel.

* * *

The Baton is a year old. It has enjoyed twelve months of the greatest possible usefulness, which is making people happy. —W. J. Henderson.

* * *



"Key diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle"

Greetings to The Baton from all the Houghs, especially the Hough boys (see picture), who wish to say on their new-from-London note-paper, that so long as fair Helen of Troy is at the bat, they'll continue faithful subscribers.

Their (Yeoie Hough
Mark) Buddie Wuff

—Lotta Mills Hough.

Is this a portrait of your Music Bug?



Congratulations and many happy returns to The Baton. Long may it wave!

—Edwin Hughes.

* * *

I am delighted to send best wishes as The Baton begins its new year and I am glad to have this opportunity to express my appreciation of its splendid achievement. It has been conducted with efficiency and it is a pleasure for every musician and music student to read it. There are many interesting articles which attract attention and give us valuable information. One feels many things which words cannot adequately express; so please accept this greeting to you from my heart.

—Franz Kneisel.

* * *

When my daughter was small enough to sit on the arm of the chair between her mother and me at the opera house, she used to be much interested in watching the conductor "spanking out the tunes with his stick," as she described his action. I hope, Miss Editor, that with your Baton you will evoke many good tunes during the year before us, with no greater physical assaults on your readers than the conductors committed on their singers and players; and that you and they may have a happy time.

—H. E. Krehbiel.

* * *

Dear Baton, many happy returns! Never missing a lead, with firm yet elastic beat, may you live long and prosper!

—Gardner Lamson.

* * *

"Many happy returns of the day" to The Baton on its first birthday and hearty congratulations to its able Editor. May they both live long and prosper.

—Annabel F. McKellar.

* * *

No school is complete without a paper that mirrors and echoes the life and soul of the student body and faculty. The Institute and The Baton are both to be congratulated for the excellence of The Baton, for one is a boon to the other.

A school magazine should reflect the democratic and unifying influences of our country; it should plead for greater mental preparedness; it should instil the highest ideals. And a musical magazine in particular should constantly bring before us the mighty deeds of the masters, and show us "greatness in workshops" that we may be perpetually guided and inspired. The Baton is meeting the needs.

—Harold Morris

* * *

Since The Baton has all our good wishes
There's only one thing left to say,—
That I hope the "resolves" of the students
May be made in a harmonic way!

—Howard A. Murphy.

* * *

Hearty congratulations to The Baton on attaining its first birthday, and good luck to its readers. May all discords be happily resolved in the New Year. Let deferred resolutions be firmly taken up;

and all passive resolutions blossom out into activities.

—A. Madeley Richardson.

* * *

The Greetings of the season to The Baton and through it to the Students of the Institute. A bit of advice—refrain from New Year's Resolutions! Just live up to the responsibility of the musical gifts with which you have been vested. Keep your standards for them just above and beyond attainment. In this way you will never be satisfied with what you are, or with what you do, and then the year 1923 will be both a happy and a useful one to music and to you.

—Franklin Robinson.

* * *

On the first anniversary of your excellently conducted paper, The Baton, I wish to convey to you my sincere compliments and every wish for its continued success. In European conservatories there is no such connecting link between students and teachers, and your paper brings the implanted thought for universal success and fulfilment of desire for both teachers and students.

Yours very faithfully,

—A. Savine

* * *

Dear Baton,

Every time I come into the front door of our I. M. A. and your Editress (or is it "or") and the bug come rushing toward me, saying with that bitter-sweet voice, "Where is that article you promised me eleven and a half months ago?", I just wish you were defunct—I do. Or that I were the human fly and could shinny up to my room on the outside; anything so that I needn't face that would-be gracious smile.

But then, I confess—there comes another time, when she trips into my room and puts a nice fresh copy on my piano, and I feel better about you,—altogether better. Then I lay to—and read (always during the lessons) every word of you from the titles of the peculiar pictures on the front page to the lonesome "ads" on the back. And I am grateful to you, for thus have you helped me to be deaf to many a mistake's being made by the young geniuses at the piano.

You're not bad, Baton, not half bad, but what you need are two things,—Force and Fatness. The first will produce the second. By Force, I mean the strength of purpose that will get after all those teachers who never contribute a word, and make them, yes, make them do their share. When I think how some of them just lie back and enjoy the efforts of the rest of us,—it makes my blood boil, it is so unfair—so unjust. Baton, you must turn over a new leaf and do better in this respect—your Duty must ever be before you, like a banner held on high. And the result of your efforts will make for Fatness.

I don't see why some of the fairer (!) members of our faculty don't contribute more. I know sev-

eral who in private life are poets. They have discoursed to me for hours on such subjects as "The Divine in Nature realized through Teaching," "How Teaching enriches the Beauty of one's Soul," "The Exaltation of Life epitomized in the Pupil," etc., etc.

So, dear Baton, I hope for your first birthday, there may be planted within you the seeds of strength, intelligence, fairness, justice, beauty, ideals and all the other qualities we have so eagerly but patiently been looking for and hoped to find in you.

With these kind wishes, I am your true and best friend,

—Elizabeth Strauss.

* * *

The accomplishments of The Baton must be called extraordinary when one considers its youth. It is a veritable prodigy,—perhaps the first prodigy-newspaper that ever appeared in this world. One certainly cannot help admiring its fine tone, its appealing expressiveness as well as its—delivery. May The Baton develop and grow in every way (except as to its price for subscription.)

—Luis Svecenski.

* * *

Dear Baton,

I have a humorous friend who, on birthdays and other anniversaries, transfixes one with a stern and commanding gaze and says:

My dear sir, I am wishing that you live no less than a thousand years and grow to enormous size.

He throws so much boom and bellow into his voice as he utters the word *enormous*, that one can actually see the immense rotundity of the poor victim, at the thousandth year.

What a joy it must be to be twelve months old! Think of the delightful irresponsibility of being One! Imagine a concert by our Director, the Senior Orchestra and Soloists; the hall filled with guests and students and everybody present of your age—the age of One. Think of Dr. Richardson spotting fifths at eleven or twelve months! Of Dean Krehbiel, at One, weeping over some tender memory of Beethoven! Of George Wedge conferring with Little Jack Horner about a book on Plums. And Miss—. But let us not particularize further!

Well, for a lusty youngster you have done well. I like pretty much all you say. Those tales of yours about Dreams Coming True make fine Bed-time stories. Your heroes remind me of Alice and Peter Rabbit. I note that you handle some of them singly, others (as the apartment house advertisements say) you present *en suite* (as, for example, those Belgian twins). Or should one say in their case, *ensemble* instead of *en suite*?

I object, however, to your calling Dr. Goetschius, —Papa. To me, this seems like trifling with truth, or youth, perhaps. I have known him since he first began to wear rubbers permanently. That was in eighteen hundred and something or other and he

has ever since reminded me of a character with whom you are too young to be familiar. He is known as Johnny Walker and his particular stunt is to "keep going strong." Here, however, the semblance ceases for Johnny is Scotch and Scotch is often smoky. But then—the Doctor, though not Scotch, is, too, often smoky.

But, be that as it may, I don't suggest, mind you, that you call him Johnny. But, don't call him Papa. Though you are young enough to assume the privilege, he looks not yet old enough (thank Heaven) to permit it.

I shuddered at one of your performances. You took our Director to the top of a high and snowy mountain to show him the Kingdoms of the Earth. Don't you know that he cannot be tempted by Kingdoms? Nor should he be surrounded unnecessarily by glaciers and icebergs. The life of the great is cold enough as it is. So, I am glad you brought him back to sea level in security. Don't lift him again. We need his genial urbanity down here.

You have interpreted many. Others you seem to ignore. There is So and So of our Faculty, courtly, kindly, gracious, wise. Why do you not let him counsel us? And there is — full of mellifluous garrulity: Why not ask him or her to speak to us? By the way, when you deal in prose you proceed with infinite grace and urbanity. But in Verse your poetic feet stumble at times and crisscross and grasp each other in solicitous dependence. You even interfere. One is tempted to ask: How come?

Well, many happy returns. I extend to you not literally, but in spirit, the greeting of my humorous friend. To be assured of long life you need possess beyond your present virtues only one thing:

A SPLENDID CIRCULATION.

And you will have it, as sure as can be, for the seed of human kindness and of well being is in you.

—Thomas Tapper

* * *

Greetings to The Baton! May it live long and prosper.

—Ella A. Toedt

* * *

Voici un an d'écoulé depuis la naissance de notre Bâton. Je tiens à exprimer tout le plaisir que j'ai eu à le lire et à prononcer le désir qu'il sera continué avec autant de succès et gagner en valeur les années à venir. Un grand remerciement est certainement dû à la direction et au talent épistolaire de l'éditeur-en-chef qui si bravement a su rendre le journal intéressant au plus indifférent. Une bonne poignée de main à l'éditeur.

—Madeleine Walther

* * *

Congratulations on The Baton's first birthday. It is interesting and enlightening. Teddy, my dog, says that the Bug should be more careful because the theatre tickets were a secret and caused us no

end of explaining. Long may The Baton live and prosper!

—George A. Wedge.

* * *

The Baton bats a knowing eye
And once a month emits a cry—
(This sounds a trifle automatic,) But since its hardest first year's passed,
We think it safely may be classed
With papers most aristocratic.

—Helen Whiley

I meet you once a month,
Your line is very snappy;
May your circulation grow
To keep you well and happy!
—Willem Willeke.

*Important Postscript

When, a year ago, we undertook the experiment of publishing a magazine, we could not determine in advance its quality nor how it would be received by our clientele. As the time went on and we grew in favor, our courage strengthened, and as the first anniversary approached, we felt that if anyone had a good word for us, this was the time to invite him to say it. As the responses began to come in, we were overwhelmed at the personal tribute which colored the contributions. With all of it the Editor is delighted, and although not loth to print the many nice things which have been said she has delegated to me the task of explaining that she was innocent of seeking personal acknowledgment and hopes you do not attribute such a course to her. Her pride in The Baton is genuine, and according to consensus of opinion, entirely justified, and her effort to make the paper reflect the life of the school is tinged with no self-interest, her reward being your good opinion and cooperation.

—Blanche C. Jacobs.

THE ISLAND OF PINES

By Po Chu-i

Translated from the Chinese

Across the willow-lake a temple shines,
Pale, through the lotus-girdled isle of pines,
And twilight listens to the drip of oars—
The coming of dark boats with scented stores
Of orange seed; the mist leans from the hill,
While palm leaves sway 'twixt wind and water chill,
And waves of smoke like phantoms rise and fade
Into a trembling tangle of green jade.
I dream strange dreams within my tower room,
Dreams from the glimmering realms of even gloom;
Until each princely guest doth, landing, raise
His eyes, upon the full-orbed moon to gaze—
The old moon-palace that in ocean stands
Mid clouds of thistle-down and jewelled strands.

FROM DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS

[The following excerpts are from a few of the many letters received during the past year and are not intended as expressions of appreciation for the Baton's birthday. We take the liberty of printing them, however, feeling that it will be of interest to everyone to know that through its literary messenger, the ennobling influence of our Institute is felt even in remote places.]

" . . . I would appreciate it very much if you would look it up, because I would hate to miss a single copy.

Sincerely yours,
Margaret Brackenridge."
(South Pasadena, Calif.)

* * *

" . . . I wish you all well in the good work. Dr. Goetschius is the greatest theorist of modern times. . . . With very best wishes for you good people, I am,

Respectfully yours,
George W. Bacon.
(White Pine, Tenn.)

* * *

" . . . For some time I have enjoyed the issues of the Baton . . . as a friend from New Hampshire from a very, very small burg, as far away musically from New York City as Mr. Balanta-Taylor's African home. Although half a century young, I thoroughly enjoy the touch of young life in your paper and the humor of the music bug, N. Igma, is very entertaining. . . . I join N. Igma in wishing that Mr. Tapper would contribute again. One article I read some months ago was so encouraging to a poor music teacher trying to teach everything in one half hour a week. I remember hearing Mr. Krehbiel in 1892. In the parlance of the music bug, I thought he was "grand." Dr. Goetschius introduced me to The Baton, and he has introduced me to a new world of delight in the few composition lessons that I had with him.

Mrs. Russell Chase."
(Derry Village, N. H.)

* * *

" . . . Wishing you success for 1923,
Sincerely,

Sister David."
(Rosary House,
River Forest, Illinois.)

* * *

" . . . The numbers have been very interesting.

Very truly yours,
Catherine I. Dower."
(Easthampton, Mass.)

* * *

" . . . Desire to tell you that I have enjoyed The Baton immensely. It is just what is needed.

Yours with gratitude,
Roderick Dugan."
(Roslyn, L. I.)

" . . . I want to express my appreciation of the good work you are doing. The October number was splendid and speaks eloquently for what I'm sure must be coming this winter. With heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the continued success of The Baton, I am

Cordially yours,
Gertrude L. Elliot."
(Suffern, N. Y.)

* * *

" . . . Allow me to congratulate you as editor-in-chief of this delightful little paper. As a former student at the Institute I am always interested in the various activities of the school. Wishing you continued success, I am,

Respectfully yours,
Mariette N. Fitch."
(Rockville, Conn.)

* * *

" . . . Your paper is of immense value and interest to me and I could not well afford to be without it.

Very truly yours,
Arthur S. Haynes,"
(Bandleader 7th Infantry,
Vancouver Barracks, Wash.)

* * *

" . . . Congratulations upon your splendid work with The Baton. I would not miss an issue for anything. Many thanks for your unselfish labors.

Sincerely yours,
Isabella Hertzman."
(Yonkers, N. Y.)

* * *

" . . . My annual subscription for The Baton of which I think a great deal. Would not be without it. Almost feel the atmosphere of our dear I. M. A. when reading same. Many sincere and hearty wishes to you and Dr. Damrosch.

R. L. Klenik."
(Bandleader 14th Infantry,
Fort Davis, Gaton, C. Z.)

* * *

" . . . Trusting the school paper will prove even more successful than last year's issues, I remain,

Very sincerely,
Stanley M. Raub."
(Wichita Falls, Texas.)

* * *

" . . . Copy received last month is indeed interesting and I am always glad to learn more of the dear I. M. A. which will be a lasting memory to me.

Thanking you, I am,
C. A. Roach."
(Warrant Officer, Bandleader 14th Cavalry,
Fort Des Moines, Iowa.)

" . . . I should be very sorry to be too late to renew my subscription, for each number has been such a treat.

Very sincerely yours,

Adelaide H. Townsend."

(Montclair, N. J.)

* * *

" . . . Let me hear from you regarding it as I am much interested in The Baton. I am,

Very truly yours,

Jeanette Tillett."

(Arden School, Lakewood, N. J.)

* * *

" . . . I like your Baton very much, and reading it revives and stimulates my early ambitions and enthusiasms. Good luck to you.

Sincerely,

Jean Wiswell."

(Nyack, N. Y.)



By Radio

Of importance among the undergraduates is the news that *Janet Beck*, a pupil of Mlle. Walther, sang at WJZ, Westinghouse Radio Corp., Newark. "La Chanson de Baisers," one of the group of four songs, was heard in London. This is the first female voice to reach English shores by means of radio transmission.

BIOLOGICAL SKETCHES OF INFAMOUS MUSICIANS

By Herbert Fields

Confetti, Icci di

Rome, N. Y., 1492-1776

This great Italian poet-composer and piano player comes of a long line of composers, which, if placed head to toe, would reach from Times Square to Broadway and Forty-second Street. In his early youth he showed little signs of the artist. He was apprenticed to a butcher in his native village, and it was while thus employed, he felt the urge of music. He studied later with Brahms, Grieg, Beethoven, Mozart and Irving Berlin. At the age of thirty he composed a tone poem about the death of a cow at the stock yards in Rome. Critics of the day felt that his remarkable treatment of the delicate theme was due to the influence of his early life in the butcher shop.

Poverty however, overtook him, and the remaining years of his career were spent as accompanist for La Belle Jambon, who was making a tour of the Loew and Keith Vaudeville houses in Southern Siberia. He died of asthma, two years before he finished his last work, a prelude. He is credited with two symphonies, eight overtures and a Tango Chinoise.

Vlogges, Swongstongg. Apponaug, Norway, 1848-1899

Swongstongg, who is hailed as the "Immortal Swong," was born on a small fishing smack anchored off the main street of Norway's busy seaport Apponaug, on Aug. 23, 1848. He died in 1899, marked down from 1902. His first inspirations came from the sound of the sea smacking the smack, and from the odors of oils and sea food. His early compositions showed great promise. His first, "The Marlinspike Spring Song" became world famous, and was whistled by sailors all over the ship. Later he wrote "The Bilgewater Sonata" which was followed by a concerto for wood winds and brass. The success of this, made him write the "Kreutzer Sonata"

At thirty he was very poor. Fortune rarely condescends to be the companion of genius. He was practically destitute, and was forced to write his great master opus, a tone poem to "Boatswain Kriss Kringelhoffen" in eight flats (being dispossessed from even the eighth flat). Later he wrote his music on the docks and piers but his muse got frost-bitten. During the winter of 1899 he caught an acute attack of legato and was operated on in the Norwegian Charity Hospital. After a successful operation, vivace set in and in less than three weeks he died of softening of the crescendo. He left his entire estate to the crown.

Hupinkoff, Ipswitch. Perth Amboy, Russia, 1826-1900

Hupinkoff, one of Russia's youngest composers,

(Continued on page 15.)

The Baton

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Editor-in-Chief

DOROTHY CROWTHERS

Business Managers

CHARLES MCBRIDE
ALICE MILLER

Editors at Large

MAURICE POPKIN
FRANK HUNTER

Assistants to the Editor

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Advertising Managers

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Vol. II

JANUARY, 1923

No. 4

There is ever a peculiar fascination in looking behind the scenes to see how the marvelous impressions upon our senses and emotions are produced and this fascination is greatly enhanced when we are permitted to enter the workshop of a great artist and watch how he works out his ideals. Such an opportunity will come to the music students of New York next month, when Carl Friedberg, one of the greatest pianists in the world today, will begin a course for advanced piano students at the Institute.

To those who will attend this course as performers Mr. Friedberg's criticism, advice and practical demonstration will be invaluable. To those who will come only as listeners it will also be a revelation, for they will gain an insight into every phase of building up a musical composition, from its fundamental structure to the highest refinement of emotional expression.

Beside the regular classes for criticism, Mr. Friedberg will devote an evening each week to the works of some period when he will discuss special characteristics of a given period of composition or

of a composer, illustrating his points by playing suitable selections.

All teachers, all students, all music lovers who reverence the art of music as a great spiritual experience will find in these classes of Mr. Friedberg renewed interest and stimulus, sound but new ideas, classic culture and at the same time sympathy and understanding for all true progress in musical art.

This course with Friedberg will be a never-to-be-forgotten experience for those fortunate enough to be able to attend. They will proudly say to their grandchildren: "When I studied with the great Carl Friedberg—"

—Frank Damrosch.

THE BATON SPEAKS

On this auspicious occasion, when in spirit the many friends of the Institute are gathered around the festive board of the Baton's birthday party, the baby has a word to say.

Being but one year of age his vocabulary is rather limited of course, but from occasional words intermixed with ecstatic gurgles and general enthusiasm registered by banging a spoon on the tray of his high chair, the following might be evolved as the host's speech to his guests:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—my childish heart is overflowing with gratitude to all the teachers, students and friends who have made my first year so joyous by subscribing to my maintenance and by contributing to my wisdom. For all your sweet word gifts on this day, please accept my deepest thanks.

"Like all children, I become more expensive as I grow older, and to meet this need the Trustees generously are going to make it possible for me to continue in dignity and comfort. To show my appreciation I shall try very hard to grow in grace and to make myself worthy of your expectations."

So saying the Baton in the manner of all good babies, gleefully grabs everything within reach and throws it to the floor with a crash, and everyone lives happy ever after.

*"A Foolishness"

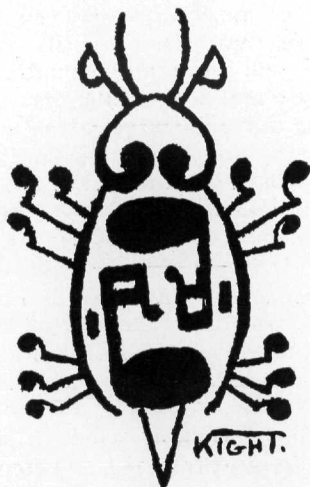
The I. of M. A. has a Baton
Its college spirit's so strong,
Yet the prohibition amendment
Does not consider it wrong.

This I. of M. A. with its Baton
Damrosches, Walter and Frank
Has a reputation for music,
Right in the very first rank.

The I. of M. A. for a year now,
Has read its college Baton
With batting av'rage of high per cent.,
So bat on, Baton, bat on!

—Fred I. Kent.

U. S. MAIL BY PROXY



dear baby number 1-9-2-3

its all the rage this month to rite to a baby it seams but i thought eyed be oridginal & rite too you insted of too the baby baton—also i figured it mite be well to poste you up about a few things in this world thats been wished on you—its a shame two when you dont deserve it—cheer up though you only have to be hear won year & the other day i herd an old man say o well i'm 75 & nothings ever been right yet—i guess when you've served your time yule feel like the actress in a play hear now—she says life is sure a quaint gift from sumbody

* * *

it mite interest you to no that the kayser got married—his wedding was on a sunday because poor man i suppose he works two hard all the days of the weak to have time for pleasure—its two bad it had to be that way because mon-day know won has time to reed the papers—you'd think he'd of planned so as to have accounts in the sunday papers woodn't you—but i forgot you are only a baby & dont no about kaysers—you may get confused & think he makes silk underwear but thats another won

* * *

the latest fad hear is cooie & the most important historical event is the annual automobile show—what i want to no is weather their is any connection between the too—maybe cooie gets a commission for auto suggesting

* * *

i dont need to tell you about the institoot itself—it is sufficiently famous—i am the mascot & its not an easy job—to begin with know won beleaves i am me just n igma the music bug—they speckelate as to my identity & now our directers daughter helen threatens to have me disected or impailed on a pin or sumthing by her scientist fiance if i am not good—

anyway i have gained wreckognition good or bad because i have become a topic of conversay-shun—many people like me so i feel quiet like the household pet—i herd a stewardent say as how it was not so easy to reed my letters because facts are not disjointed like the axidental of last year—that is why i now right that way—then two everybody is doing it in this issue & i'll just show them i can arrange my news that way also

* * *

mister robinson says i shouldnt be a bug a tall but a bat—then my letters could be intitled the bat-on topics of the day

* * *

speeking of mister robinson i wonder if he is dictating or dissertating as mid years aproach—stringfield asked mcbride if he was on his way to harmonic class to here a few cords—mcbride sed i dont no—that depends—i've done what i can i've washed my ears this morning

* * *

georgiana winsor tells of a 5 year old child who was taken to sunday school for the 1st time—when she came home she went through the service for her dolls—after sum preliminaries she ordered them to be very quiet because she sed "I am going to read to you about the Lord and Taylor!"

* * *

maurice popkin says in a fugue the parts run after each other & the audience runs out

* * *

such is fame—gladys mcgee the girl who always leaves her music in street cars & has to chase it in taxis didnt no that thomas edison invented electricity as well as fonografs—when a man rang her bell presenting a bill from the edison company she spent sum time explaining that she had never bought an edison & never wood—then he sed even if she didnt believe in victrolas maybe she did in light & to please pay the electric bill

* * *

i miss wendell—he has gone to new bedford to stay—i don't no weather its the prospect of sleeping or motoring that lured him away—the name wood indicate either but anyhow he has taken his sunny disposition to masachoosets

* * *

birthdays are terribly fashionable this month—the institoot celebrates its founder's every january 16th—then theirs the baton—& i herd gorge wedge & the editor arranging a party because theres are within a day of each other—most important of all its yours little 1-9-2-3—so hears hoping that every day in every way you will get better & better

axidentally yrs

n igma
the music bug

p s—if any won asks you what is a male quartet
you should anser it is 3 singers & a tenor

my first (& maybe my last) attempt at a love
letter

dear s tigma

it was grand of you to right me a letter & i was
much imprest by your grate nowledge of *moosic*
as miss whiley spells it

* * *

if you reely wish to be learned more you could
maybe study hear—that wood give me a chance
to sea you—i am ankshus to make your acquaint-
tense

* * *

this is quiet a good school to be graduated from
—they take grate interest in you afterwards—be-
cause i saw a notice which red: we are always
glad to here of any deaths among the alumni

* * *

wood you mind telling me if you are a lady bug
—i imagin you are because of noing how to act
so swell at parties—if so do you beleave in ro-
manse

* * *

the reason is that their are so many love affairs
going around i am beginning to feel lonesome—i
hadn't thought much about my gender but people
talk of me as *he* so i must be masculine—of coarse
even a brotherly bug would cheer me up so don't
feel bad whatever you are

* * *

you new about helen damrosches ingagement from
the last baton & now erica von heimburg has gone
& done it two—he must be a millionheir because
her ring is as big as the headlight on an ingine—
whats more its reel—it was specially designed by
mister tiffany himself

* * *

i here that a girl disappointed in love enters
either a convent or a conservatory so if your a
ladybug you mite tell your frends & boost business

* * *

hoping to here from you soon—thats a holy
oridginal wish

axidentally yrs

n igma
the music bug

p s—wood you like a box of candy the kind a
dentist sent with the message "all your favorite
fillings"

Every day
In every way
The pianists and
The fiddlers play!

—Musical Courier.

MELODRAMATIC MURMURINGS

By Helen Whiley

What do the wild waves say so wildly,
Waving as they do?
They say she has a permanent crust,—
A crust you can't bite through.

On such a night our Nell left home:
A lass—a lack. Achrone!!
A lackadaisical lass was she,
Alas! Alack!! Ah me!!!

Give me my Chee-ild's, my Café de l'Enfant!
Friend of the friendless, though but a restaurant.
Stern in its purity, almost Puritanical,
Still it fills the vacuum—something anatomical—
Shunned by Nature as a thing abominatable.

DOROTHY DA CAPO

By Helen Whiley

There is no reason
(Much less rhyme)
Why I should write
Save that within me
Stirs a wish
I must requite
To call attention to the blonde
Who "daily dozens" this demand—
"A little something for The Baton!"

Since it so happens
That her name
(Quite à propos)
Begins with letters
Each Musi-
cian should know,
Why *can't* she take a well-earned rest
And write and sign the above request—
"D. C. ad infinitum."

THE OPEN TRAIL

By Alice Miller

It wanders like a wilful child
O'er every hill and dale.
Through dusky glen and sunny field,
Through forest glade and vale.

And like a wilful child it dips
Into forbidden nooks;
Where canopies of checkered green
Hide laughing, tinkling brooks.

Beyond each bend lurks mystery
That calls and calls to me;
And oh, I must away, dear one,
Though fain I'd stay with thee,

Safe in the haven of thy love
Secure from winds and rain,
But the trail—it always beckons me,
When Spring comes round again.

THE VOCATION OF MUSIC

By Frank Damrosch

The choice of a career in any line of human activity, important as it is, is more often than not an accident of opportunity rather than the deliberate decision of the individual. Comparatively few young people start in life endowed with special gifts which fit them for one kind of occupation or with special interests in this or that activity. The new science of psycho-analysis aims to detect these special qualifications and thereby to prevent a wrong choice and to indicate the correct one; but, as this process is still in its infancy, many mistakes are made leading to disappointment and failure.

This is particularly the case in selecting an artistic career and in none of the arts so frequently as in the art of music. The love for beautiful music is often the sole impetus towards the selection of music as a profession, little or no attention being given to a searching investigation whether the special talent necessary to success is in evidence.

In examining candidates for admission to the Institute I often find young people who, when warned by me that they have insufficient musical aptitude for professional work, reply that they intend to work very hard and take it for granted that they can make up their deficiencies by hard work. Or they inform me that they *only* intend to *teach*! For many it is a choice between working in a store or office, a life of drudgery, or living in a world of music with, as they think, easy hours, long vacations and pleasant occupation. Naturally they prefer the latter believing that, devoid of talent, they can win success by dint of hard work. As a matter of fact, even where great talent is in evidence and the hardest kind of hard work is devoted to its development, success in the sense of material prosperity is doubtful and that brings us to the consideration of the meaning of the title of this article, the Vocation of Music.

What is a vocation? It is a word derived from the Latin, *vocare*, to call. It therefore means that, by something from within us, we are called to do some one thing. We choose a given vocation because we feel called to devote ourselves, our life, our body and soul to it, regardless of consequences, except that we aim to accomplish something worthy, something that will contribute to the world's betterment in science, religion or art. It matters little whether we gain wealth or suffer poverty so long as we serve faithfully the ideal towards which we strive.

The priest does not enter upon the sacred vocation in the hope or expectation of riches, nor the scientist when he devotes a lifetime to the discovery of an infinitesimally small link in the chain of human knowledge. And in the same spirit must the true artist devote himself solely to the greater glory of his art, regardless of fame, of honors and material prosperity.

Unfortunately this attitude is rare among the young would-be artists. They like to be called

"young aspirants to fame" and fame leads to money! The true function of the artist is to serve his art, to bring its beauty to all who come under his influence and thereby to make the world a better and happier place to live in. If, in doing this, he is rewarded by prosperity, so much the better. It shows then that the world appreciates his gifts and is able and willing to express its gratitude. If, as is often the case, he must do pioneer work among the ignorant, the indifferent, the poor, he still must serve his art by enlightening the ignorant, by breaking the ice of indifference, by uplifting the spirit of the poor.

This much, however, is certain, that the true artist reaps a spiritual reward far more satisfactory than any material one can ever be, for, as he observes those who come under his influence respond to the beauty and nobility of his work, as he experiences the thrill of their spiritual growth, he feels that his life is not in vain and that his work is lifting human souls to a higher plane.

There are, of course, degrees of artistship. Not every artist is of first rank, for not all who devote themselves to art are equally endowed physically, mentally and temperamentally; but even the artist of lesser endowment can worthily fulfill his mission provided he is sincere in his art and gives himself unreservedly to its service.

Service! That is the keynote of life at its fullest. Service to a high ideal, service to a noble purpose, service to develop the best that is within us, *service through art for art's sake!*

Those who adopt this slogan as their war-cry and who faithfully live up to it, I place in the front rank not only among musicians, but among men. It means that service to art and service to others precedes or rather eliminates thoughts of self except as self development means greater power for serving through art.

How this principle may be applied not only to the executive artist but also, and that to a high degree, to the teacher of art, will be discussed in the next number of The Baton.

Philosophy

In response to the pleas of Dr. Damrosch, Mr. Robiason, Mr. Tapper and other teachers, that the cultural interests of our students be widened, a class for the study of the History of Philosophy is being formed. We have secured as lecturer, Mr. Jerome Rosenthal, who has spent many years in the study of Philosophy in European universities and here at Columbia.

The lecture and discussion will be held every Monday evening at eight o'clock, beginning January 15th, at Miss Sherman's studio, 515 West 122nd Street. Further information will be supplied by Mrs. Jacobs or Miss Sherman.

MY THANKS TO COUÉ

A Personal Experience

By Margaret Squibb

It was my privilege to play in a class musicale at the Institute not long since, and through approaching it from a different angle, I was able to come pretty close to doing my best. I refer to Autosuggestion.

Up to about twenty-five years of age, to play for anyone meant to go through a variety of emotions of such mixture as to make coordination impossible and playing worth listening to less possible. My hands became nerveless and my foot shook on the pedal. I hardly knew what was coming next. I was in the grip of a disintegrating fear, of a degrading form of egoism, and the music went along mechanically without in any way being self-expression. I wished so very much to do my best but the "Law of Reversed Effort" overcame me.

To quote from Coué's "Autosuggestion," "When the Imagination and the Will are in Conflict, the Imagination invariably gains the Day"—"Everyone is acquainted with the experience known as 'stage fright.' The victim may be a normal person, healthy both in mind and body. He may possess in private life a good voice, a mind fertile in ideas and a gift of fluent expression. He may know quite surely that his audience is friendly and sympathetic to the ideas he wishes to unfold. But let him mount the steps of a platform. Immediately his knees begin to tremble and his heart to palpitate; his mind becomes a blank or a chaos, his tongue and lips refuse to frame coherent sounds, and after a few stammerings, he is forced to make a ludicrous withdrawal. The cause of this baffling experience lay in the thoughts which occupied the subject's mind before his public appearance. He was afraid of making himself ridiculous. He expected to feel uncomfortable, feared that he would forget his speech or be unable to express himself. These negative ideas, penetrating to the Unconscious, realized themselves and precisely what he feared took place. . . . Young persons sitting for an examination sometimes undergo this painful experience. On reading through their papers they find that all their knowledge has suddenly deserted them. Their mind is an appalling blank and not one relevant thought can they recall. The more they grit their teeth and summon the power of the will, the further the desired ideas flee. But when they have left the examination room and the tension relaxes, the ideas they were seeking flow tantalizingly back into the mind. Their forgetfulness was due to thoughts of failure previously nourished in the mind. The application of the will only made the disaster more complete."

And so for the two weeks previous to the recital I have hammered down into the subconscious, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better" and "Day by day in every way I am playing better and better." My faith in this new old idea has been strengthened by hearing Coué's pu-

pil, Mrs. Kirk, lecture recently in New York, and in studying his little book, "Autosuggestion" (Brooks Edition).

As I said above, I never played with so much ease nor enjoyed it more. I do not mean to say that this subconscious approach is all that is necessary, for along with it must go the right conscious mental attitude,—the thought of the honor the listeners do one in hearing what you have to say, the fact that these people are willing to listen to you. That this is an opportunity to be seized, another experience for which to be thankful. I find all this a help.

I intend to follow this thing through so that should my turn come to play for Dr. Damrosch and the other Olympians, I can respond, not with horror and dread, causing me to do my worst, but with genuine pleasure and a feeling of honor enabling me to do my best.

AMERICAN MUSIC GUILD

The American Music Guild, in focusing attention on all serious creative efforts made in America in musical composition, is meeting a necessity that has long been realized in all branches of art except music.

The result gained through cooperation, constructive criticism and mental stimulation has always proven beneficial in an art group when the members have been sincere and the cause impersonal; the need for such a movement was recognized by a few of the younger American composers a year ago, and out of their informal meetings with the primary object of knowing each other's works, the American Music Guild was formed.

The objects of the American Music Guild, today, are—

- To bring worthy American works to the attention of the American public.
- To encourage the writing of new serious works.
- To establish a place for the American composer in the growing internationalism of musical art.

While the financial responsibility of the concerts falls upon the individual Guild members, their burden has been made considerably lighter by the generous cooperation of many artists of the first rank who have volunteered their services for participation in the programs.

It is the hope of the American Music Guild that this is the beginning of a movement that will have a lasting effect on American music and will take its place in the history of the art, as have the "Russian Five," the International Societies of France and of present day Italy, and the new movement of the young British composers.

THE AMERICAN MUSIC GUILD

Marion Bauer	Charles Haubiel
Louis Gruenberg	Albert Stoessel
Harold Morris	Frederick Jacobi
Sandor Harmati	A. Walter Kramer

Deems Taylor

REVIEW of the YEAR

K. VICTOR MULCOX.

JAN.

MARCH.

FEB.



Birth of the Baton



Annual Concert

April



Apologies to M. Whiley



Sept.
Return of
Davydovsch

"No wonder me darlint is cross-eyed,"
Said love-sick young Pat to his mother,
"For both of her eyes is so pretty
That each wants to look at the other."

May

Artists' Exams.



Aug.
KNEISEL HALL
OPENING

Oct.
Return to studies



JUNE

"Jazz
a la
Carte."



July

Vacation



JAN. 11, 23,
C.W.M. Kroll
with
Elshuco Trio



NEW BOOKS

By Hyman Wittstein

"Advanced Ear-Training and Sight Singing"

By George A. Wedge

This month we have received from the publisher, "Advanced Ear-Training and Sight-Singing," by George A. Wedge, which is a continuation of this young man's first book, published in 1921. This book completes the first exhaustive work correlating melodic and harmonic ear-training and sight-singing with the study of the theory of music. For its simplicity of definition and general comprehensiveness, its novel and ingenious gradation of material on the subject, it is invaluable to the teacher and student of music. Starting with the diatonic harmonies within the key, with the simplest combinations of duple and triple rhythms, Mr. Wedge progresses slowly through modulation and syncopation to the most difficult chromatic harmonies and the complex 5-4 and 7-4 rhythms.

In the last chapter of his first book, Mr. Wedge introduces the subject of setting words to music. In the advanced work, this is treated more elaborately, showing the relation of pulse to poetic accent. By using the natural instrument, the voice, for the development of musicianship, Mr. Wedge adds to the personal equipment of every student, whether singer or instrumentalist. The study of absolute intervals has been clarified by the application of interval relations which we have always known and recognized in familiar tunes.

This method of making music intelligible through the "mind ear" is the result of practical experience in teaching at the Institute of Musical Art, and represents, within the confines of a book, the work accomplished during his classroom periods.

"First Violin Lessons," by Louis J. Bostelmann

Louis J. Bostelmann, a member of long standing of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, has recently published a work for first year students of the violin. It is divided into two books, graded as to difficulty, and should be of great interest and value to the progressive pedagogue, always searching for useful material.

To the young teacher falls the responsibility of laying the foundation of all that is to follow. The child of today, possessing a will of his own, is not to be led by a parental halter to quaff of the fountain of music, but demands to be met on his own ground, requiring his teacher to make music as interesting to him as are the many other things in child life.

Mr. Bostelmann, for many years a specialist in the musical training of children, has made his book as interesting to the young mind as a fairy story. Unlike the general run of technical books, he has given to each exercise a delightful atmosphere, by means of titles which appeal to the imagination, suggestive rhythms and a diversity of material. He presents the essentials of technique in tone pictures, folksongs and little dances so that the youngster is

never reminded that he is practicing scales, but realizes he is playing a song—a piece that is pleasing to his own ear as well as to that of his friends. The musical value of these books makes them useful as supplementary matter in conjunction with any technical studies for the violin.

EVENTS AMONG GRADUATES

Marie Roemaet Rosanoff was a pupil of Mr. Willeke and winner of the \$1,000 Loeb prize. The following clippings speak eloquently of a recent event of note.

The Evening World, December 6, 1922

Marie Roemaet Rosanoff, who played the cello in Aeolian Hall in the evening, is worth hearing. Her tone is a lovely thing to listen to; her musical instinct and intelligence pleasant to meet.

From the Evening Mail, Dec. 6th.

MARIE ROEMAET ROSANOFF
Cellist

And that is quite a name for a debutante 'cellist. But she was equal to her title. She played in Aeolian Hall last night. The Dvorak Concerto is considered the hardest composition for the 'cellist and she did it with perfect ease.

A serious and most earnest artist and well worth hearing again. The Bach Suite in C was beautifully played, which, of course was a trying test, and the group of shorter pieces showed artistry.

In Recital at Aeolian Hall, Tuesday Evening, Dec. 5, 1922.

The successful debut of Marie Roemaet Rosanoff is an event of unusual interest because of the paucity of 'cello talent, and the special infrequency of talented women 'cellists.

Seldom have we seen an ovation to equal in spontaneous volume that given to this artist at the conclusion of her program. Equally significant was the instantly favorable judgment passed on the artist by members of leading quartette organizations who attended her recital. Their verdict was impressive because so disinterested.

Without being over sanguine in our expectations, in the case of M. R. R. we are not dealing with a young artist of promise, but with a sincere musician who has fulfilled her promise and who is destined for an important career.

—Frederick Sard.

Lillian Gutsafson, a post graduate pupil of Mlle. Walther, appeared with the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, at Carnegie Hall on December 30th. It was the Christmas Program of the Symphony Concerts for Young People in which the Schola Cantorum took part. Miss Gustafson sang a Catalan Carol by Louis Romen.

* * *

Anne Shepard, a graduate pupil of Mrs. Toedt, was married to Mr. Emory Franklin Lane on December 30th at the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. Several Institute students participated in the musical program. Among the pre-nuptial festivities was a surprise shower given Miss Shepard by her pupils. The romance began in a mock marriage to pass a summer day in the Adirondacks when the bride and groom were decided by the toss of a coin. Kismet indeed!

Infamous Musicians (Continued from page 7.)

was a pupil first of his father, then of the Palmolive Conservatory in Samovar. He graduated with high honors in 1902. He started as a violinist, and worked his way up, next to viola player, then cello and finally to bass player of the Moscow Art Theatre under Bailiff. It is said that before he died, he could read at sight any piece of music with less than three sharps. Hupinkoff belongs to that class of composers who find their inspiration in nature. He himself has said, "My best ideas have come to me while walking through fields of dandelions and milk-weed. In fact every time I see a corn flower, I have to write a nocturne. In this way, I have written McDowell's "To A Wild Rose" several times.

In later years, Hupinkoff joined the Soviet, and was assassinated by a music critic during the first performance of his great "Rhapsody Katinka."

Kartoffelnase, Hans. Vienna, Austria, 1866-1899

Of the great Viennese composers, Hans..... I forget his name for the minute, was the most infamous. He was a born musician and even at the useless age of two years, he rattled off light melodies that were later made into a series of pieces for the beginner by the Amos Schmutz Publishing Co. 23 Schweiniglstrasse Street. In 1870 he was made Herr Doktor Direktor Professor of the Operetten Sauspielhaus, and during this period he composed several very delightful waltzes. He was dismissed from the opera company for breaking the prompter's box over the Konzertmeister's head. This climactic event caused a radical change in the tenor of his music. For the next few years his melodies were very spiritual and physical. His most expressionistic work was called, "Wo ist der Mann meiner Träume?" Later he toured France and Italy to study his contemporaries. Whenever he heard anything good, he wrote it. In 1895 his opera, "Die Meistersäuffer" incurred the wrath of Bismarck. He was sent for, and given his choice of leaving the country, or of composing no more, he chose to leave Germany. France was less kind to him; when Louis Quinze, the thirteenth, heard his opera, he ordered Kartoffelnase to be guil-

lotined. He died on the scaffold, and was buried with military honors.

Au Gratin, Fromage Paris, Ill., 1788-1643

Fromage Francois Georges Patrick de la Au Gratin was born at the unlucky age of thirteen. It is said that before he was born, his mother was hit by a piano during a discussion on the Coué theory with Père Au Gratin. Thus, little Fromage's unusual musical ability failed to cause the surprise that would otherwise be attended upon such furious outbursts of talent. When he was fourteen years, six months and a half, (Though Prof. Ausgelassen in his book, "Der Grosse Apfelbaum" claims he was exactly fourteen years four months) he found no difficulty in playing Tchaikowsky's C Minor piano concerto and accompanying himself at the same time by humming and whistling the orchestral parts. He conducted himself with a pencil held between the teeth. His first composition was "The Dining Room Suite" with his father playing soup. It was performed for the first time at the Opera Comique on an all Wagner Program. The success with which this work was greeted led him to do greater things. His second opus, called, "L'après midi d'une fricassee" kept the audience going from start to finish. In fact, when he concluded, the house was practically empty. Henri Bologne on the La Evening Journal remarked that it was a long work, and when it was finished, he was delighted.

The Philharmonic Society Concerts

Sunday, January 28th, at Carnegie Hall.
All Wagner Program—Joseph Stransky, conductor.
Tuesday, January 30th, at the Metropolitan Opera House.
Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Berlioz Program.
Return of William Mengelberg as conductor.
Friday, February 2nd, at Carnegie Hall.
Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner Program.
Frederick Lamond, soloist; Mengelberg, conductor.
Sunday, February 4th, at Academy of Music, Brooklyn.
Beethoven, Brahms, Berlioz Program.
Frederick Lamond, soloist; Mengelberg, conductor.
Joseph Stransky after a temporary absence returned to the leadership of the Philharmonic Orchestra at a concert Tuesday evening, January 16th when a delightful Beethoven-Wagner Program was given at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Stransky and the fine playing of the orchestra received an ovation.

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