

The Baton

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FRANK DAMROSCH, Director

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A CLIPPING AND A LESSON

By Percy Goetschius

A clipping from *Musical America* of March 30th presents the following criticism:

"(The work) was not unduly impressive. It was difficult to visualize the composer's idea, as he had used an ultra-modern idiom that has small regard for melody or harmonic construction, and his disregard of established forms failed to express his meaning clearly. There were patches of lovely tone-coloring, but the tone poem in its entirety was lacking in clarity and continuity of thought."

I do not know the name of the Critic, nor the Piece of which he writes, nor the name of its Composer. But that has nothing to do with it. The Critic is more than likely not an old fogey, the enemy of everything new, but—like your own Papa Goetschius—greets with sincere interest and favor any experiments which promise to increase the impressiveness of our musical speech and which therefore signify real Progress. But—like your own Papa Goetschius—he evidently believes that there is a Limit and that this Limit is determined by the exercise of Common Sense; the same common sense that makes us shiver when it

WHAT SHOULD A MUSIC CRITIC KNOW?

By W. J. Henderson

Students have asked me what preparation should be made for the practise of musical criticism. I shall answer as briefly as possible in catalogue style. 1.—Music—The whole theory, form, composition, etc. Harmony and counterpoint. Orchestration.

Theoretically the technic of all the instruments, especially those used in solo performance, violin, 'cello, piano, etc.

Voice technic, style, choral singing.

He should learn sight reading. Also how to read orchestral scores.

He should be able to acquaint himself with new works before hearing them. In short, he ought to be a thoroughly trained theoretical musician. Piano playing is also very desirable, though if the critic can read music and mentally grasp it, he may get along without this.

He should be acquainted with all the standard compositions, all Beethoven's symphonies, Brahms, etc. All the great quartets and other chamber music. All the great operas, not only vocal scores, but orchestration and text. All the fa-

mous songs. All the great piano, violin, and 'cello pieces.

(Continued on Page 2.)

(Continued on Page 2.)



Stage of the Recital Hall in the Institute of Musical Art
The place of execution for students!

A CLIPPING AND A LESSON

(Continued from Page 1.)

is cold, makes us drop a very hot potato, and dodge when we see a brick headed for our face; in a word, the common sense which obviously (and necessarily) controls Creation.

You will observe that the Critic notes three defects: poor Melody, poor Harmony and poor Form. Poor Melody is the product of the ignorance of Tone-Relations, the laws of which you are taught in your Grade I. Poor Harmony is defined, and its remedies given, in your Grade II. Poor Form results from ignorance of those conditions that are shown to you in Grade III.

Our Critic may not know anything about these things. He does not need to know their technical names, any more than the general Public, *your real critics*, need to know them. But he recognizes their consequences as unerringly as a child knows when it is thirsty; and he is right when he brands such music as "not impressive," "unclear in its meaning," "lacking in continuity of thought."

WHAT SHOULD A MUSIC CRITIC KNOW?

(Continued from Page 1.)

He should know the established tempi of all important works. All long accepted readings in order that he may recognize new ones. AND—he should have an unerring ear. He need not possess "absolute pitch," but his relative pitch should be perfect.

- 2.—LITERATURE—He should know the literature of music. Not all of it. That cannot be expected. But where to go for the most authoritative information.

He should have the history of music at his fingers' ends.

He should be acquainted with all the best works on musical aesthetics, and all the best critical essays.

- 3.—LANGUAGES—He should know French, German and Italian. In these days it is advantageous to know also Russian. He should know Latin because the Catholic liturgy is in Latin. Furthermore if he desires to be an authority, he should be able to go to original sources of information, most of which are not translated. In the department of operas and songs understanding of the original texts is indispensable.

- 4.—OTHER SUBJECTS—Practically all literatures are important to the music critic. The relations between music and literature are many and of vital importance. The music of the renaissance period—what was the revival of learning and what effect had it on human thought and the aims of composers? The romantic movement in literature—what effect had it on composition? Wagner's "Ring"—What did he get from the "Volsungs Saga" and the "Niebelungenlied." These questions are just hints.

History. Music is too often studied as if it had no relation to general history. But the history of civilization and of the development of the human mind are intimately connected with the development of music.

- 5.—THE OTHER ARTS—Too many writers on music are ignorant of them. All the arts have certain common fundamentals. Movements in art affect music. The futurist musicians of today, for example, are travelling along the same path as the futurist painters.

- 6.—INTELLECTUAL TRAINING—The music critic should have a mind trained to grasp large subjects, analyze and comment on them. The broader his outlook the better his comment.

- 7.—He should be a man of letters, a clear, forcible, graceful and entertaining writer. This is the life blood of his equipment.

If he intends to do daily newspaper criticism, he should work as a reporter for at least a year to learn how a newspaper is made and what its news. The daily paper critic must tell in the morning just what newspaper readers wish to know about the previous evening's performance.

The daily newspaper critic must know how to listen to a new work which he never before heard, to analyze it mentally, to go home and write half a column or so of intelligent description and comment, and have it in the composing room of his paper in about an hour and a half after the concert.

I have never met a music critic who knew all I have set forth, but it is what we all should try to know.

SUNSET

By Ruth Pennington

The Sun, the glorious King of Light,
A-driving toward the West,
Encountered several cloud-maids white
Upon a mountain-crest.
And when at once each maiden cloud
Upraised an anthem thrush-like loud,
The King was thrilled with pleasure proud,
And smiling, on the snowy crowd,
His gratitude expressed.

He shook his banner's whirling folds
Before their maiden eyes,
Until its flaring reds and golds
Enriched the sapphire skies.
Softly these magic lustres spread,
While on the royal chariot sped,
And left the clouds apparelléd
In amber, orange, purple, red,
As touched with Syrian dyes.

The peacock'd belles in shimmering line
Across the highway strung,
And praised in song their King benign,
Till out of sight he swung.
Higher where stars were peering dim,
Was heard the sound of seraphim,
And higher still of cherubim,
Singing to GOD a day-wrought hymn,
As centuries have sung.

WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE

Reminiscences of Celebrated Personages

By Dorothy Crowthers

"The World is so full of a number of things—"

Following the example set by Mr. Burton Holmes, who, (doubtless inspired by the above idea) whirled his listeners through half a dozen countries in a recent travelogue, "East of Suez," one dares in these last two issues of The Baton to present a somewhat rapid survey of more places and people of importance "East of Rockland" on the coast of Maine.

I

You, the T.B.M.,—in this case the Tired Broke Musician,—after cruising in your yacht (bought with a small part of your earnings) among pine-clad islands dotting a sparkling sea, may perchance pause with a homesick pang before a dock marked Brooklin. Reflecting upon the startling difference in scene made by changing a *y* into an *i*, you may anchor in this cove, and after landing, proceed by motor car from there to the smiling slopes of Mt. Desert. Having of course received your education at the Institute of Musical Art, the miles to be traversed will be replete with special interest for you. Almost immediately your first encounter proves it.



George Wedge and "Teddy"

Maine roads being hard on your Rolls Royce, (purchased with the proceeds of your first concert

at Aeolian Hall) you may have engine trouble about opposite the golf links, but it gives you time to admire a lovely vista over the greens toward the ocean. Your attention is attracted by a young man driving from the first tee. You recognize the "gorgeous" Mr. Wedge and a cordial greeting ensues. He persuades you to stop at his home two miles distant and leads the way in "Lizette," his gray Chevrolet roadster. In fact, anyone who stays long in North Brooklin becomes accustomed to thinking of George Wedge with four wheels instead of two feet, so frequently is he to be seen flashing by at top speed.

Along a winding road with bewitching glimpses of blue bay and distant islands, you come suddenly upon a charming house which makes you feel as if you had stepped back two hundred years. You expect a lady with powdered wig to come forth and greet you, and you haven't completely come back to 1923 until a very real welcome is being extended to you by Mrs. Wedge, the far-famed mother of George, and you are conscious that her hair, though appropriately white, bears no sign of colonial artificiality.

Beyond the cedar hedge, an avenue of willow and Balm of Gilead trees leads to the colonial doorway with its brass knocker. A tour of the house reveals spacious rooms tastefully furnished with rare antiques, and walls beautifully tinted and stencilled with oil paints still brilliant, although over a hundred years old. Enthusiastic admiration of the colonial rag rugs elicits the astonishing information that Mrs. Wedge of the inexhaustible resources made every one.

A screened verandah used for dining *al fresco* looks most inviting; and Mr. Wedge's private study is particularly cozy with bookcases, piano, open fire and a large desk strewn with papers which reveal a book in the proof stage. This then, is another haunt where dreams come true. Mr. Wedge hopes to devote each summer to increasing his literary output, as the success of his already published works shows the great demand for material on his chosen subject.

Comfortably ensconced in the living room, you are fortunate in finding your host and hostess in a reminiscent mood. After listening eagerly to entertaining accounts of Mr. Wedge's varied activities, and picturing how glowing they will appear on nice, white shiny pages in The Baton, Mrs. Wedge tells you with firmness that nothing of the story shall be published.

Nevertheless, you dare to jot down a few incidents of George's youth in Connecticut. Students who consider themselves overworked may be interested to learn of all that George managed to cram into a day, beginning with practice at six in the morning, followed by school and selling newspapers in the afternoon. Saturdays and during the summer he worked in a printing office, learning to feed press and set type. At the close of his senior year in high school the inevitable question whether

to attend college or study music was decided in favor of the latter after hearing Gaston Dethier play at the Festival in Norfolk, Conn., in 1908. It will sound familiar to students of the Institute to learn that on the day of his enrollment, he was pale, nervous and excited! But he soon found his place in the school, and once when Dr. Damrosch was away on tour, he assigned the Choral Class to Mr. Wedge. The first time he faced forty young ladies, he was bashful and frightened to death, but he managed to reach the piano safely! After having survived the strain incidental to our student life, he is now a vital figure among the Faculty at the Institute of Musical Art, teaching theory, ear-training, keyboard harmony and choral work. He is also instructor at the Witherspoon School, at St. Agatha's School, at the New York University School of Music, and gives lectures at Ithaca Conservatory and in Philadelphia. He is organist and choirmaster at the Madison Avenue Methodist Church in New York, and the following notices voice the opinion of the press on his books.

Ear-Training and Sight-Singing applied to Elementary Musical Theory.

Mr. Wedge has been an instructor at The Institute of Musical Art of New York City, and also at the Herbert Witherspoon Studios and at the St. Agatha School—and the publishers of this book announce that the work, far from being an untried experiment, is one of absolutely demonstrated merit; furthermore, we are informed that Mr. Wedge has tested every page of this work for years, and with remarkable pedagogic results, in his class-work as instructor at the before-mentioned places of musical learning.

We have tested this book for ourselves, (editorially speaking) and we are ready to admit that it is a very good book; further we affirm that only a dull student will fail to receive real benefit therefrom, and also that it will be the wrong kind of teacher who cannot arouse keen interest in its use.

We want Mr. Wedge to grant this favor which we ask in the name of the much abused and so often misused, and so rarely amused! Amalgamated Union of Book Reviewers, (if there be such an organization). Please, Mr. Wedge, don't put out such good work. We might have had a half-column of interesting "roast"; but, don't you see? After we've said that the book is good, even very good, we're through! We've just simply got to stop! We can't go ahead! And there we are!

But we certainly will persist in saying that this is a good book, a very good book—indeed it is!

Musical Monitor, November, 1921.

Advanced Ear-Training and Sight-Singing.

The purpose of this book is to show the student how to study and apply harmony, to develop the ability to hear what is written and to furnish exercises for study. It is dedicated to Dr. Frank Damrosch, "who has encouraged and sponsored this work as it has been developed in the classes at the Institute of Musical Art." We believe it is one of the most practical, easily understood and complete treatises of its sort obtainable.

The Musician, March, 1923.

Advanced Ear-Training and Sight-Singing.

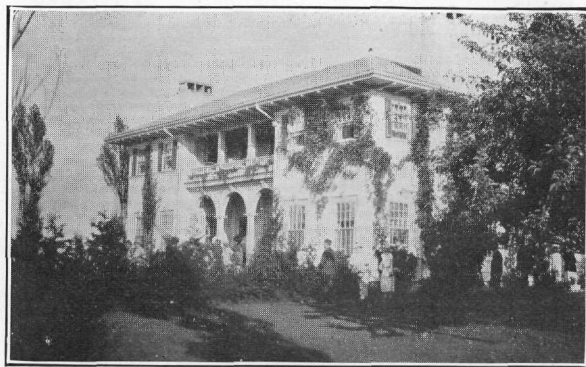
The author of this book is to be complimented and congratulated upon having put together one of the best of its kind. Its three hundred pages are filled from end to end and from top to bottom with good hard common sense, by a man who does not bother himself with traditional rules, and treats students of music as if they were human beings endowed with ordinary intelligence, not automatons or brainless mechanical figures like the men of the R.U.R. It is a book of guidance, so carefully put together it is hard to see how anybody could go wrong with it, and any music student who is able to do all of these exercises

fluently and properly will find himself in a position to write, conduct and teach successfully. A good book! May we have more of the same calibre!

Musical Courier, Feb. 13, 1923.

II

As darkness approaches you proceed along a thickly wooded road made more obscure by a heavy fog blowing in from the sea. Soon, however, a bright light shining from the porch of a house pierces the dense mist like a beacon guiding to this haven the mariner adrift in search of personalities.



The Italian Villa of Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin

In this little port of dreams, Anna Lockwood Fyffe spends the summer time. This lady of aristocratic bearing and gracious cordiality entertains you with interesting recollections of her student life abroad and her professional life in this country.

She was born in Ohio,—her father, an amateur musician, was well trained in piano, organ and violin. Ensemble music in their home provided the little girl with an invaluable knowledge of musical literature at a very early age. Good teachers in her home town prepared Anna so thoroughly that at eighteen she was able to enter the Post-Graduate Department of the New England Conservatory at Boston, where she studied first with Carl Faelten. She also studied with the late Mrs. Bertha Feiring Tapper who became her intimate friend as well as teacher. Paderewski, always interested in Mrs. Tapper's work, advised her to study in Vienna, whither she went, taking with her the Conservatory's most talented American pupil, Anna Lockwood.

In Vienna they were members of the most brilliant class the great Leschetizky ever taught at one time, including such illustrious names as Ossip Gabrilowitch, Mark Hambourg, Artur Schnabel, Katharine Goodson, and our own Elizabeth Strauss and Lotta Mills Hough.

The first day, while waiting nervously in the salon for their turn to play, they were further discomfited by Leschetizky's audible expressions in the next room about "the damned Americans, so lacking in sensibilities!" He was always severe,—if he were otherwise, he was not interested in the pupil. Mrs. Tapper and Miss Lockwood settled themselves in the same house, but in adjoining rooms, each with her own piano. After being accustomed to praise, it was difficult to buckle down to finger exercises

for five hours a day. In the late afternoons they frequently went to a café and drowned their sorrows in coffee. Nevertheless, Mrs. Fyffe retains many delightful memories of that trying period. Vienna was, like Paris, a gay and beautiful city, with its Prater, its gardens and bands. There were trips to surrounding snow-covered mountains; operas and concerts offering such famous artists as Richter, the conductor, and Rubinstein, the pianist; also many enjoyable evenings were spent at the celebrated Burg Theatre.

Daily instruction in technique was conducted by Wieniczowska, the Vorbereiter, and once a month came the lesson with Leschetizky himself. He taught only two or three pupils in the course of a day, as he took no account of time, and sometimes a single lesson would last several hours. He believed in keeping at a thing,—not allowing the student to go home and practice it, but insisted upon its accomplishment then and there. Further acquaintance, however, showed him to be kind, genial and generous to a degree. Every month there was a Class Day when general criticism took place, after which all the pupils remained for a lavish champagne supper.

This was the era of pressure for big tone, of effort to obtain orchestral effects, from which there was no relaxation. Miss Lockwood, who was not physically strong, never wholly overcame her fear of Leschetizky, despite his complimentary interest in her talent. As a result of overwork and anxiety, she suffered a nervous breakdown, necessitating a premature return to her home in Ohio. While she was recovering from the effects of her illness, her attitude towards her work underwent a gradual change. Although she possessed every natural qualification and had had the training for a career as concert pianist, she began to feel that her biggest opportunity lay in the field of teaching. With this in view, she started with characteristic energy to learn the art of the teacher. She came back to Boston to study with Calvin Cady, who later sent her to New York as his representative. Every summer for six years, she studied in Paris with Harold Bauer, attracted by the man's great mentality. She also went to Berlin for intensive work with Eisenberger, a beautiful pianist and remarkable teacher. Another summer she and Mrs. Tapper spent in Norway, and once again they returned to Vienna and attended all of Leschetizky's lessons. By this time he was over eighty years of age and his powers had waned so that he lacked his former keenness. This was the year before the war, and in 1915 Leschetizky died.

Miss Lockwood was one of the pioneers at the opening of the Institute, heartily concurring in all Dr. Damrosch's ideas for broad musical culture. She has been with us continuously since that time and encourages all her best pupils to study here because of the background afforded. She believes it is impossible to develop musicianship on the piano without theoretic knowledge, and she realizes that the time of a piano lesson is too short for this side of the subject to receive the required attention. She

claims that a pupil should study no composition which is beyond his grasp harmonically.

In 1915, Miss Lockwood married Captain Joseph Fyffe, U. S. N., and besides her work at the Institute, she is head of the music department at St. Agatha's School, where the course embraces the training of children to sing folksongs, form, history, and general appreciation. Mrs. Fyffe emphasizes definite concepts, holding that the indefinite is harmful in its effects. She feels that music should be taught as a universal language; that appreciation of the art develops with understanding; and that it is a study which trains every faculty of the mind. Furthermore, she maintains that *music* is for everyone, but that piano playing, as such, is only for the few, the geniuses.

Associated with Mrs. Fyffe in her summer home are her sister-in-law, Miss Elizabeth Fyffe, an eminent musician, author and pedagogue whose activities are in Boston; and her own sister, Miss Mary Lockwood, a singer of fine talent who was a pupil of the late George Hamlin. This completes the little galaxy of stars you find in one house along the road of your musical adventures.



AT THE KNEISEL PLACE

Frank Willeke, Fred, Marianne, Frank Kneisel, Mrs. and Mr. Kneisel

III

Leaving North Brooklin, you proceed for several miles to Blue Hill Falls, where, beautifully situated on high ground, stands an Italian villa, the summer home of Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin, widow of the American composer.

The warm colors and medieval architecture typical of southern climes might seem incongruous in the rugged wilds of Maine, were you not struck by the similarity of the view to that from many a promontory above the mountain-girdled lakes of lovely Italy. As you pause beside a marble balustrade in the terraced gardens sloping to the sea, the breezes seem to murmur again the words of the immortal Goethe:

*Know'st thou the land where the fair citron blows,
Where the bright orange midst the foliage glows,
Where soft winds greet us from the azure skies,
Where silent myrtles, stately laurels rise,*

Know'st thou it well?

With a wistful sigh of recognition at the resemblance to that fair land so far away, you turn

towards the villa and find it resplendent in the sunlight, with its tiled roof, originally red, but softened by time and moisture to a beautiful shade of coral pink; its blue Della Robbia decorations over the doors; window boxes filled with gay flowers, and walls of cream colored stucco, over which vines are trailing. There is a wealth of treasure, of beauty, of artistic taste expended on the interior and this atmosphere of delicate refinement reflects the personality of one who is described by his intimate friend, Francis Rogers, in "Some Memories of Ethelbert Nevin" published in the Musical Quarterly, July, 1917.

"I recall clearly his gentleness of bearing and speech and a certain air of melancholy. One winter we were both in Florence, and Nevin seemed very happy in its congenial atmosphere. In his garden dwelt a nightingale, whose full-throated serenades were a constant delight and inspiration to him, and to all such influences as these his sensitive, beauty-loving nature was fully responsive. The east wind of Boston had not been altogether favorable to the development of the best in him; the soft air of Tuscany brought to flower some of the loveliest of his inspirations.

"The following winter while I was continuing my studies in Paris, Nevin was settled in an apartment in the Rue Galilée. He was the soul of hospitality and his little home became the much frequented rendezvous of all the musical and music-loving Americans in the city. He was always easy of access to young musicians. He was enthusiastic over the talented ones, and patient with the talentless; with the pretentious alone was he intolerant."

Rather than make too hasty a survey of this interesting character, you decide to postpone telling his story and describing the contents of the charming villa until another year. Suffice it to say that he died in 1901, leaving many songs and piano pieces notable for a graceful lyric vein and a finely expressive feeling for melody.

IV

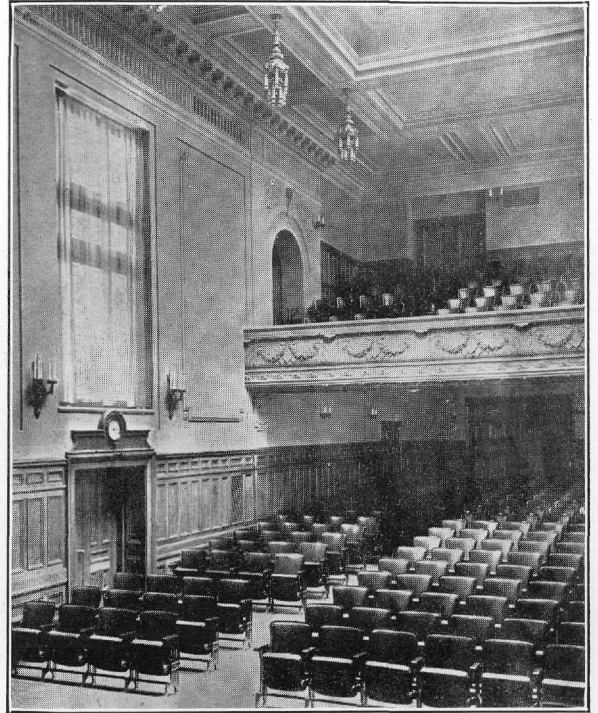
Again by night you pursue your way towards Blue Hill. The Italian aspect of the scene is maintained as the moon rises behind the highest peak on the island of Mt. Desert, presenting an impression of Mt. Vesuvius in eruption. A solitary sloop drifts upon the waters with its ghostly sails widespread to catch the faintest evening breeze. Farther on, the road is so heavily wooded that you are able to locate only the entrance to driveways, and this by means of a light each side of the opening. These are the estates of well-known patrons of art. Beyond an avenue of maples, the glow from lighted windows shines through the darkness bidding you welcome, and you are soon being greeted with the characteristic warmth of the Kneisel hospitality.

(To be concluded in The June Baton.)

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION CONCERT

The Eleventh Annual Spring Concert by members of the Alumni Association of the Institute of Musical Art took place in the Recital Hall on Thursday evening, the third of May. Dr. Damrosch in a speech of welcome to the members and their guests, complimented the committee on the excellence of the program and gave a short account of the work of the performers since they were graduated.

The most varied career has been that of Arthur



A PORTION OF THE RECITAL HALL

Where the Opera and Annual Show will take place this month

Loesser who, after a period of teaching at the Institute went on a tour of the United States, Canada and the Hawaiian Islands with the late Maud Powell. He then toured Australia, the Fiji and Samoan Islands with Elias Breeskin. Soon after that he made the Oriental tour of China, Japan and the Philippines with Mischa Elman. His most recent tours have been with Madam Schumann-Heink. With all the foregoing he has been co-artist.

Joseph Fuchs has just returned from Europe where according to newspaper notices his tour of Germany was nothing short of a triumph.

Margaret Hamilton, who is still with us, won new laurels as soloist with the Cleveland Orchestra again this year. She is continuing her studies with Miss Strauss and there is an interesting rumor of plans to be announced shortly.

George Houston has been teaching and concertizing with gratifying success.

Dr. Damrosch complained of only one fault of members of the Alumni Association—that they do not often enough come back to see him and the Institute. "The latch-string is always on the outside," he said, "and I am never too busy to greet and advise the former students of the school."

After the musical program there was a reception and dance. The unusual success of the event was undoubtedly due to the executive gift and wide popularity of the new president, Mrs. Frank Greene (formerly Dorothy Updike).

THE BOOK OF PSALMS

By A. Madeley Richardson

If we were asked to name any one book which has had the most influence upon mankind, and has been most widely used, the decision would have to be in favor of the Psalter. As a piece of literature it is surely the most marvellous and valuable book ever written; as a religious book, it has had more influence than any other.

Dean Church, the famous scholar divine, writes as follows ("The Sacred Poetry of Early Religions"): "The Psalter has been through all the centuries, and will ever continue to be, the one unique and unexhaustible treasury of devotion for the individual and for the Church. The Psalms are as living to-day as when they were written. . . . They were composed in an age at least as immature as that of the singers of the Vedas; but they are now what they have been for thirty centuries, the very life of spiritual religion—they suit the needs, they express, as nothing else can express, the deepest religious ideas of 'the foremost in the files of time.'"

All down history the Psalms have been in constant use by people in all stations of life, from the king on his throne to the peasant in the field. We are told that "in the early Church the Psalms were so often repeated that the poorest Christians could say them by heart, and used to sing them at their labours. During the first twelve centuries the committal of the Psalter to memory was so enjoined on Ecclesiastics that St. Gennadius, Patriarch of Constantinople (A. D. 494) refused to ordain any clerk who could not repeat "David" by heart. The Eighth Council of Toledo (A. D. 653) orders that none shall be promoted to any ecclesiastical dignity who does not perfectly know the whole Psalter. The Council of Oviedo (A. D. 1050) decrees that the Archdeacon shall present only such clerks for ordination as know perfectly the Psalter." (E. J. Boyce).

The spirit of the Christian Church is the same to-day. Lessons from the various books of the Bible are to be read at the Services, but every Service must include in any case portions of the Psalms; and the whole Psalter is printed within the covers of the Prayer Book so as to be accessible immediately and at all times.

We shall use the Psalter with more benefit and interest if we know something about its structure and history; and here are a few details.

First of all, there is the title. The Hebrew word is Tehillim, meaning "Praises," or Sepher Tehillim—"Book of Praises." Psalm is a Greek word (Ψαλμός) denoting (1) the music of a stringed instrument, (2) a song sung to its accompaniment. We may compare our word 'lyric,' which, similarly, means sung to the lyre. Ψαλμοὶ is the word used in Luke XXIV 44 where the Lord speaks of the

Psalms. Later came the word Ψαλτήριον, Psalter, meaning a collection of Psalms.

The Book of Psalms is divided into five parts, each ending with a Doxology; which is no part of the Psalm it follows, but simply marks the close of the whole book.

These are the divisions:

Book I. Pss. I—XLI is said to have been arranged by David, substantially in its present form, soon after the accession of Solomon.

Book II. Pss. XLII—LXII. Psalms of the Temple singers, arranged with a special view to recitation in the Temple under the guidance of Solomon or the Leader of the Levitical Chorus. These are uniformly national Psalms.

Book III. Pss. LXIII—LXXXIX. This book is marked by musical terms in the inscriptions, showing its Liturgical character.

Book IV. Pss. XC—CVI. Believed to have been collected and arranged before the close of Hezekiah's reign, or, according to some, not till the days of Nehemiah. They were all written (except Ps. XC) after the doom of the destruction of Jerusalem for the wickedness of Manasseh had been pronounced.

Book V. Pss. CVII—CL. belongs to the period of the return from Babylon and consequently contains many thanksgivings for the restoration: it was probably composed by Ezra or Nehemiah. The last four Psalms each begin with a Hallelujah (translated "Praise the Lord") and form a complete doxology.

It must be remembered that the Psalms are not arranged either chronologically or according to authorship, but rather in view of their subject matter, and use in the Temple Services. There is much difference of opinion as to who grouped the Psalms as we now find them—in five books. The date of their composition varies from the time of Moses until that of Malachi, 1,000 years.

As to the structure of the poetry of the Psalms—first, there is that of the individual verses.

All the modern poetry we have is arranged in rhyme, or at any rate in metre. This formal structure of our verse divides the syllables into groups of twos or threes, e.g.:

(2's) "Lead kindly Light amid the encircling gloom."

(3's) "Oh, what the joy and the glory must be."

In Greek and Latin verse the syllables were symmetrically arranged as to *quantity*.

Here is the first verse of the Iliad, a hexameter, written probably about B. C. 850:

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος

rhythm: -- ∪ | -- ∪ | -- | -- ∪ ∪ | -- ∪ ∪ | --

and here the opening verse of Virgil's Æneid, written some 800 years later:

(Continued on Page 14.)

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No. 8

THE ARTIST JURY

Recitals crowd thick and fast in May when each candidate for the Artists' Diploma must demonstrate ability to perform a program in public and having satisfactorily passed that test, must be judged by a jury of professionals invited by the Director for that purpose. This year there was one singer and four pianists. The former, Lillian Gustafson, sang before a jury consisting of Marcella Sembrich, W. J. Henderson, Frank La Forge, and George Meader. For the pianists the jury included Harold Bauer, Ernest Hutcheson and Willem Bachaus. According to the results, the Artists' Diplomas will be awarded as follows: To Lillian Gustafson with highest honors; to Alton Jones, Wellington Lee and Sonoma Talley with honors; and to Jenny Seidman with credit.

THE ANNUAL SHOW

The last week of May promises great events. Besides the Commencement Exercises at Aeolian Hall and the three operatic performances at the Institute preceding it (as already announced in the April Baton) there will be less serious evenings when one's dignity must be checked with one's hat in the Cloak Room. On Thursday evening, May 31st, there will be the Annual Show followed by a seated supper and dance for the graduates. There will be a possible repetition of the Show on Friday evening, June 1st, so that all the students may have this opportunity to indulge their secret love for syncopated melody and burlesque.

"A Danish Yankee in King Tut's Court" is the title for the 1923 outburst and those responsible for the book, music and production are Herbert Fields, Richard Rodgers and Dorothy Crowthers, who have been associated in the presentations of the last two years.

The new Class Officers are co-operating to lend valuable assistance in furthering the success of the undertaking. Owing to withdrawals from the graduation roster the offices have been filled as follows: President, Omino Bottega; Vice-President, Henri Bove; Secretaries, Gene Helmick and Genevieve Voorhees; Treasurer, Ruth Pennington.

Congratulations to Helen Damrosch

The Director's daughter has been adding new laurels to those already acquired with her art work. Not only was one of her paintings of the South American Jungle accepted by the Philadelphia Academy, which is a coveted honor most difficult to attain, but a number of paintings of South America and the Engadine, Switzerland, have been on exhibition at the Artists' Galleries, 726 Fifth Avenue, New York, from April 23rd to May 15th. The patrons and exhibitors are members of the theatrical profession and the exhibition was under the auspices of the Actors Equity Association.

Our Composer Pianist

The announcement published below is self-explanatory. The committee appointed by Mr. Sonneck consisted of prominent New York critics and musicians and they chose from all available American compositions of the past and present. The Salzburg Festival is one of the most important of its kind and attracts the attention of the musical world.

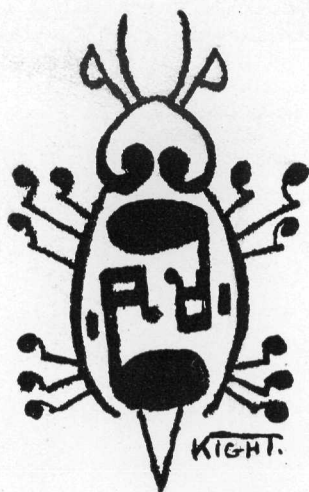
From the New York Times:

The following American works have been selected by the American Board of the International Society to be submitted to the International Jury in Zurich in May and performed, if accepted, the second week of August in Salzburg at the International Festival: String quartet, by Charles Martin Loeffler; trio, by **Harold Morris**; Chinese songs, by Charles Griffes; "Polychromes" (second suite), by Louis Gruenberg; "New York Five Days and Nights," by Emerson Whithorne.

From the Herald, May 6th.

The Parnassus Club, 605 and 607 West 115th Street, opened its doors yesterday afternoon to guests and patrons of the various branches of student life—music, literature, art, drama, etc. Students from forty-four States were present, also representatives from India, Japan, Poland, Italy and Chile. During the afternoon there was a brief program by students representing the various studios in this city. Miss Florence McMillan is founder and general director of the club, and among those interested in it is Dr. Frank Damrosch.

U. S. MAIL BY PROXY



dear graduates

gee i bet your glad all the eggsams are over—
sew am i as i've lost two much sleep dew too
the late ours you keep at this skoolhouse—the
other nite mister robinson said as how the victo-
ry statyou in the hall was very simpolic of the
stewdents as neither has any head—i had ofen
wondered why the direkter aloud a broken stat-
you to remaine by his door

* * *

speakin of artist candydates miss strauss has
a pupil 11 yrs old who asked if she hadnt better
begin to prepair four the artists daploma—she
has studied 3 months

* * *

you will probably bee more interusted in the
letters what have been ritten two me than in
what i mite right so i'll say o revwar—i'l sea you
at commensment as i plan two bee riot on the
tassell of the hat mister damrosch is to where
wile giving out your daplomaz

* * *

hoping you wont fall up the steps to the
staydge & that you wont drop your daploma in
the eggsitement i am with hartiest conglomerations

axidentally yrs

n igma
the music bug

* * *

Orlando, Florida,
April 20, 1923.

The Music Bug,
c/o The "Baton,"
Institute of Musical Art,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

A short time ago I was flying through a room
in one of our apartment houses when I was at-
tracted by a picture in a magazine. I stopped to
investigate and found it to be yours. The maga-

zine was a new one to me—your "Baton"—
and I read with great interest your correspond-
ence. At once I thought here is an individual,
talented and a thinker, who is, I know, greatly
interested in the welfare of his kind. I there-
fore lay before you a letter written by my cousin
Minnie, and ask that you consider seriously
joining our union, for I feel that you would be
of great value to us in your musical capacity.
It is well known that music takes one into many
places where one would otherwise never go.
You can see for yourself the value of such ad-
vertising for our union, and should you care
to organize a band we have several mosquitoes
ready to volunteer in our behalf. If you would
care to consider the proposition, kindly let me
know, when we shall discuss terms. The op-
portunity of travelling should not be overlooked
in this matter.

Very truly yours,

A. Lunar Moth

The entomological department seems to be going strong
today. We have just received the following letter from one
signing herself "Minnie the Moth."

Sir: As a member of the Ancient and Honorable Order
of Trash Destroyers I want to register a protest against
the treatment I and my sister moths are receiving at the
hands of the unfeeling public.

It is hard for me to write, as I am still weak from an
acute attack of colic. Some doctors might call it ptomaine
poisoning, but when doubled up it was colic.

The attack was caused by my eating one of those new
printed wool blouses the women are wearing at present.
I thought it would taste like a club sandwich, but it did
not. It tasted like Hell.

I had to eat through seven camels, a clump of palms, an
oasis, two funeral barges, a pair of incinerary urns, four-
teen scarabs, a foot and a half of dancing girls and King
Tut, represented alive and dead, before I could get wool
enough into my system to keep me alive.

Only the week before I was taken with frightful cramps
after breakfasting on a Batik costume decorated with
elephants, temple bells, passion flowers and scarlet, orange
and blue right angles.

This craze for barbaric patterns is an outrage on our
taste and digestion. When you stop to realize the service
we render in ridding the wardrobe of fusty old suits,
ancestral mink capes, last year's styles, etc., and etc., that
would be practically impossible to dispose of but for our
assistance, you will see that this heartless injustice in the
use of color and dye will act as a boomerang upon
womankind.

Members of our union will henceforth confine
themselves to the consumption of plain serge, cheviot,
tweed, broadcloth and all but synthetic furs and will re-
fuse absolutely to risk their lives by attacking Batik,
Oriental patterns, tied-and-dyed work or any material de-
faced by a design containing more than ten varieties of
flowers, one-half dozen animals or four mandarin, mum-
mies or Nautch girls to the square foot.

Yours for the return of restraint.

MINNIE THE MOTH.

—From the N. Y. Tribune.

* * *

Dear N'igma,—

Spring has kame, and as miss fairfax is just rushed
to teers, bekause all the young men's fancees are
turning to luv—I thot perhaps you'd help us out!
First tho I'll explain about me—I'm a luv-bug, and
next winter Mr. Capek is going to put me in a show



Annual Meeting Dinner of the Beethoven Association and the 50th Birthday of the President, Harold Bauer. The picture was taken at the Biltmore, April 28th, 1923. In it appear many musicians connected with the Institute of Musical Art.

1 Louis Svecenski, 2 David Mannes, 3 Mrs. Willem Willeke, 4 Mrs. David Mannes, 5 Albert Stoessel, 6 Mrs. Ernest Hutcheson, 7 Frank Damrosch, 8 Mrs. Franz Kneisel, 9 Leopold Auer, 10 Marcella Sembrich, 11 Harold Bauer, 12 Mrs. Stein, 13 Mrs. Carl Friedberg, 14 Rubin Goldmark, 15 Florence Hinkle Witherspoon, 16 Ernest Hutcheson, 17 Miss de Coppet, 18 Franz Kneisel, 19 Edouard Dethier, 20 Herbert Witherspoon, 21 Hugo Kortschak, 22 Willem Willeke, 23 Walter Golde, 24 Mrs. Harold Bauer, 25 Carl Friedberg, 26 Miss Helen Damrosch, 27 Georges Barrere, 28 Mrs. Frank Damrosch, 29 Conrad Bos, 30 Sam Franko, 31 Willem Bachaus, 32 Sigmund Herzog, 33 Aurelio Giorni.

—but in the meantime even bugs must live—so I got this job, helping miss fairfax answer the “luv-loons”—hear is a couple! Of course the only sensible advice to them is to komit “hairy carrie”—but then spring is spring—and ‘sides being a bug myself, I’ve kind of a fellow feeling for ‘em, for luv sure is a awful de cease—but I guess you know all about that—well here goes—Please answer.

The Luv Bug.

Dear Miss Fairfax

I’m a young man 29 years old and I play the violin, oh so butefully! At least my mother thinks so! Two months ago I met a young lady 2 yrs. my junior also a violinist. It was luv at first site, and luv began to be one long sweet duit. However a week ago she met a dark young man—who sings—with side-boards (the kind that grows on the face—not in the dining room) and now she prefers to obligato with him rathur that duit with me. However I think it is the side-boards—they look like Vaselino’s—and you know how the women fall for him. My heart is broken—please advice me how to win her back—shall I take up singing, or grow side-boards? I think singing, but all the neighbors advice side-boards—

A musical Romeo

Dear Miss Fairfax—

I’m a young girl just 35—and I’m greatly in luv with a young man 15 years my junior. I meet him every day in the elevator, and the other day he said

good morning. Do you think this is a sign that he returns my feeling? He appears to be musically inclined too—as he is always whistling. Please advise me. Coy Young Thing.

TO A KLAVIER

By Arthur Allie

I’m going bugs, I really fear
From thumping on a klavier—
Or just plain dippy.

You wonder why I’m badly wrought
O’er such a thing, when I had ought
To feel more kippy.

I’m telling you if you would know
Should I be sent where cracked ones go,

I have a reason,
To make a fellow pull his hair
For technique’s sake, I truly swear
Is next to treason.

The people on the floor below
Object to hear my Steinway go
When I’m in action.

When those above yell, “Give us rest,”
I vent my spleen upon the pest
In my distraction.

I rage, I hammer tooth and nail
But yet the thing will never fail
To softly function.

Young man, betake thee from New York
Till playing is more pleasant work
Is my injunction.

A ROMANTICIST AMONG PEDAGOGUES

By Cooper Boyd

Franklin W. Robinson, as he is unfolded to us through his two books on "Aural Harmony" (Part II has recently come from the press) is an unusual, unprecedented, almost revolutionary phenomenon.

The late greatly lamented H. E. Krehbiel in "How to Listen to Music," page 68, sums up his definition of the Romanticist as one "with whom (emotional) content outweighs manner (form)." Having read carefully about two dozen theory books and having glanced through several dozen others, I feel passably safe in making the statement that Franklin W. Robinson is the first Romanticist to raise his head among the host of pedagogues of theory.

All who will approach these two books of his without prejudice will be "born again" in proportion to how badly they need such an experience. Not for one minute would I seem to underestimate the colossal contributions to the Classic (formal) side of this subject with which that remarkable man, Dr. Goetschius, has blessed this and future generations. Nor would I have you think I underestimate the extent to which Mr. Robinson has taken nourishment from those contributions. The important point is not that he has borrowed much from Dr. Goetschius and others, but that he has thoroughly digested those other pedagogues' teachings, adding absolutely original ideas and interpretations. With this assistance, we now review in a new light, seeking and discovering the Romantic (emotional content), all which we originally learned with our eyes, ears and minds seeking and seeing only the Classic (formal).

Inductive method, analysis and synthesis, three avenues of approach—the acoustical, physiological and psychological—these are indeed sound, all-inclusive principles. Through their application Mr. Robinson has produced an almost invulnerable system of "harmony by the grace of God." I say *almost* because his explanation of the IV chord leaves one as much at sea as do all other extant books on harmony. How does it happen that this IV chord, although it obviously exists and interrelates with the legitimately related chords of the key, is itself unrelated to the fundamental by the law which he says is the ONLY law roots of chords feel—the downward pull to the fundamental in steps of perfect fifths?

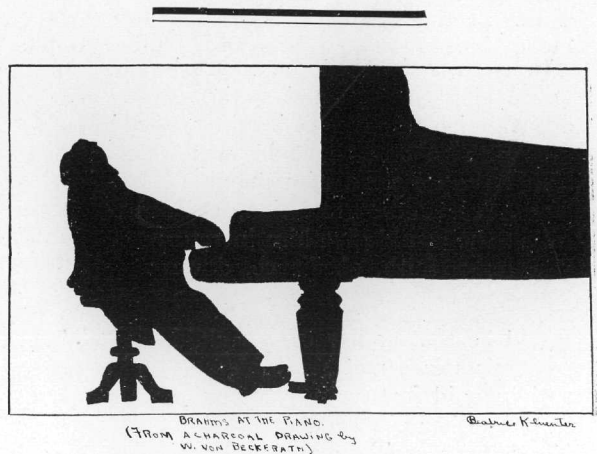
Another arresting feature is that every time Mr. Robinson invokes the "chord of nature," he gives F-natural as the eleventh overtone (from C as fundamental). We realize that the actual pitch of the seventh, eleventh and fifteenth overtones is impossible of reproduction on our keyboard instruments, but many expert acousticians say that F-sharp more closely approximates the eleventh overtone from C. To mention only two authorities, one a conservative, the other a radical, I refer the reader to C. G. Hamilton's "Sound and its Relation to Music," Chapter V, and to René Lenormand's "A Study of Modern Harmony," Explanatory Notes.

Then in Mr. Robinson's chapter on the minor mode (Book 1) he says "the minor mode of the

same key-tone derives from the *undertones* of the fundamental, *exactly* as the major mode derives from the *overtones*, *the process being merely reversed.*" Applying this principle, we get as harmonic law for c minor, C, F, B-flat, G, E-flat, A-flat, D-flat; and as melodic scale, C, D-flat, E-flat, F, G, A-flat, B-flat, which is extremely interesting but difficult to reconcile with the minor mode he has in mind when two pages later he says, "The harmonic law of the minor mode of any fundamental is identical with that of the major scale of the same fundamental. The tones of the harmonic law of any minor scale appear in the same succession as in the harmonic law of the major." Considering that these tones were derived by a process "exactly the reverse," all I can say is, it's a good stunt if they can do it.

But how plain does Mr. Robinson make the matter of doubling notes in triads! Who of us, except for a legitimate emotional purpose, could ever again double the third of a primary triad in major, as we used to do when we had merely been forbidden to do so because it was not a principal scale-step, and neither Bach nor Beethoven did it—not to mention how it offends the gods! "Resolving chord" and "chord of resolution;" "adjacent relationship" and "harmonic relationship;" "harmonic accent" and "group accent"—we cannot be too thankful to Mr. Robinson for clarifying these and many other fine distinctions, shrouded in ambiguity at best, or left unmentioned by other text-books.

After having been introduced to these books, I trust that Mr. Robinson will forgive me my shortcomings if ever I get into his classes, which looks doubtful, as I now have a well-developed habit of flunking Ear-Training II. But while there is life, there is hope. And while Mr. Robinson turns out books like these under discussion, there is a chance for the stupidest of us eventually to feel what we know and to know what we feel—harmonically speaking!



BRAMHS AT THE PIANO.
(FROM A CHARGEAL DRAWING BY
W. VON DESKERTH)

Charles Knecht

Johannes Brahms, Born May 7, 1833

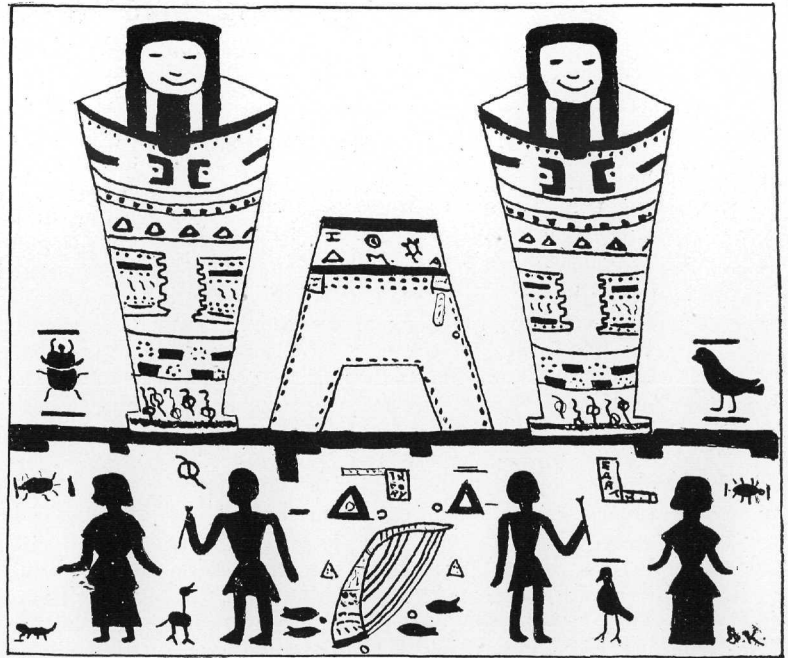
3000 YEARS B. C.

By

Maurice Popkin.

It was in Tutankhamen's reign
 3000 years B. C.,
 The women wore their black hair
 bobbed
 And straight as it could be.
 No frizzes, curls nor fringes marred
 Their arrow-like ter-resses,
 Nor floated on their olive necks
 In apocryphal caresses.

Were slim, these maids, than which no
 slimmer
 Lived or ever will,
 Such sight it was impossible
 To contemplate *sans* thrill.
 As proud as slim were they of this,
 Their sinuous condition;
 No man dared breathe a hostile word,—
 Such would invite perdition.



INTERPRETATION

The above picture drawn by Beatrice Klunter shows that King Tut went to the Institute and while there he had trouble with ear-training and theory. Also it indicates that music bugs lived in Pharaoh's time.

As if t'accentuate their slimness,
 Wore they gowns close-fitting
 Like a sheath,—e'en as a sword
 In its scabbard sitting.
 Than which, no more confining raiment
 Could be thought of. They—
 (Oh Muse, oh Muse, don't fail me now,
 Methinks there's more to say!)

As I was telling,—even while
 Through some unfriendly sport,
 My muse did think in jest to leave me
 Inspiration short—
 As I did intimate, these gowns,
 Which were so scabbard-slim,
 With hieroglyphs embroidered were,
 In gold and silver trim.

Therein was 'scribed the wearer's age (!)
 Height, weight and pedigree;
 Next which this legend brightly blazed,
 E'en so that all could see:—
 What she expected of a man,
 Love, faith, protection, chivalry;
 What she would give him in return,
 Love, faith, obedience, dowery.

She'd be the mother of his child,
 His solace and his guide,
 If he would forth and fight for her
 And her o'erweening pride.
 Thus 'twas in Tutankhamen's reign
 3000 years B. C.;
 Thus 'twas in Cleopatra's time,—
 Thus will it ever be!

COMPOSER CAUSES STIR IN MUSICAL CIRCLES

One of the important musical events of the season in New York was its introduction to the works of Hans Pfitzner, the Russian-German composer who has made such a deep impression in Europe but is practically unknown in this country. Carl Friedberg, who is in this country for a course of concerts and lectures at the Institute of Musical Art, gave a program of Pfitzner's work, this past week, assisted by Samuel Gardner, pianist, and Willem Willeke, 'cellist.

In these early works, in spite of the romantic influence of early nineteenth century composers, the qualities of Pfitzner himself as portrayed in his later works rise above that influence. There is a lack of sensuous charm in the music, a certain lack of completeness, compensated for, however, by its force, originality, and a quality that impresses one as an intellectual height.

"His spirit in his music was the spirit of Schopenhauer" is Mr. Friedberg's own description of it. An expressionist and an impressionist, he has inventive as well as ornamental beauties, but never sensuous ones. The whole structure in these early compositions points to the operatic works of his later years, the greatest of which is "Palestrina," his latest work, according to European opinion.

Pfitzner was born in Moscow but has spent his life in Germany since childhood.

—From a Clipping.

OUT OF THE ORIENT

A Letter from Nobu Yoshida

Tokyo, Japan,
Feb. 22, 1923.

Dear Baton:

After seeing the January issue, two days ago, in which so many of the faculty and alumni have written, I felt I must express my appreciation. I have had so much enjoyment reading your news for a whole year that I want to write and thank you.

In the "birthday number" Dr. Damrosch said, "You may be able to carry the message of the Institute of Musical Art to every corner of the United States." But The Baton must be some kind of radio transmitter for away off here in Japan, I can feel the very atmosphere of that dear Institute and recall the tones and gestures of every teacher and officer. If you think that people in America appreciate you, please know that I appreciate you still more; for over here music, while exceedingly popular, has not yet reached a stage to give satisfaction to a musician's soul. If I had no connection with you, I should certainly feel more lonely and miss New York's musical opportunities much more keenly than I do.

Some Music Bug must have been here because there is quite an epidemic of music study. When I went away eight years ago, the youngest piano students were high school girls. Now even children of kindergarten age are studying piano. Among my pupils, besides grown people and high school girls, I have ten girls and one boy of twelve years and younger. When the children begin so young, there is hope that in later years there may be some one from my country who can contribute to the music of the world.

You should see how the people flock to the Imperial Theatre to hear Elman, Schumann-Heink, Zimbalist, Godowsky and the Italian Opera. You should hear the records the people are buying for their Victrolas. One day I heard the grocer's boy whistling an air from grand opera! All the boys' colleges have mandolin and glee clubs.

The average of common music has still much to gain, the orchestras (so-called) at the moving picture houses being enough to keep me from seeing the pictures. The largest department store has an orchestra of its employees which performs daily for fascinated shoppers. The orchestra which really gives pleasure to musicians is the Roumanian Orchestra at the Imperial Hotel, which gives free public concerts every Sunday afternoon.

There are many piano and singing teachers, most of them trained at the Imperial Academy of Music. In this Academy which is a government institution, there are a number of foreign teachers, mostly Germans, who are heard occasionally in concert and recital. There are two other music schools in Tokyo, under private management, and some Mission Colleges have music departments. It is no exaggeration to say that Japan has given her heart to music. Even I am surprised. I keep trying to do my little share and to give all I brought with me from the Institute.

Nowadays, the Japanese are seeking the best in music, and because of this, I hope that great artists will come here more and more, and help to satisfy the hungry lovers of music.

Thanking you for your inspiring and cheering news, which I hope may long continue,

Your distant but true friend,

Nobu Yoshida.

MURMURING GRASSES

By Ruth Bugbee

One day, having lost my muse by the edge of a stream, I sat dreaming of the great god Pan. 'Twas in such a place that Pan lost his nymph, Syrinx. Yes, there were the reeds still growing and singing in the breeze. I was about to pluck one to try my skill when I heard a whispering:

"We love Pan, only Pan!

Apollo never made the lyre.

When Mercury stole Apollo's cattle,

Apollo straightway went to tattle;

And Jupiter, to appease his ire,

Made Mercury forfeit his new lyre.

We love Pan, only Pan!

Apollo came one fated day,

Begging the gods to hear his lyrics—

Compare them with Pan's pagan pyrrhics.

The mountain cleared the trees away

The better to hear the great gods play.

We love Pan, only Pan!

Apollo waited while Pan blew

On all of his mellow, reedy rushes,

Then rose and, as the clouds he brushes,

So, over the strings his hand he drew,

And out of the strings a melody grew.

We love Pan, only Pan!

Apollo won the praise of all

But Midas. The faithful Midas favored

The tunes Pan played with nature flavored.

Apollo's wrath was quick to call

A vengeance upon the King to fall.

We love Pan, only Pan!

Apollo made King Midas' ears

Grow awkward and hairy like an ass's.

(His barber told it to the grasses.)

Now, though, Pan plays, he never hears

And mockery tortures him to tears."

Q. How are programs made?

A. With a ouija board.

Q. What is the purpose of program notes?

A. To advertise Grove's Dictionary.

—From the Musical Courier.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS

(Continued from Page 7.)

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris.
 rhythm - 0 0 | - 0 0 | - - | - - | - 0 0 | - -

These cannot adequately be translated into English because we are unable to arrange our words in like manner—our system of pronunciation does not allow of it.

But the Hebrew poetry did not include either of these methods of syllable arrangement. It had no metres regulated by number or quantity of syllables. John Keble says: "It is a poetry not of words but of ideas. The connection is not of sound with sound, but by a grouping of thought with thought and of idea with idea."

A little consideration will show what a great advantage this is. In translating the Hebrew, if there had been some formal structure depending upon the actual sound of the words, much of the beauty would have been lost in clothing the thought with new words. But, since the poetic beauty lies, not in the sound of the words, but in the thought they express, it follows that, if we can find English words to indicate the *same thought*, there will be little, if anything, lost by the change. Therefore it is that we may regard our English Psalter as perhaps the most satisfactory translation of poetry in existence.

To illustrate, here is the first verse of Ps. XXIII.

יְהוָה רֹאשִׁי לֹא אֶחָד

An exact English translation is:

(A. D. 1539) The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing. Or (A. D. 1604) The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

Done into rhymed verse by Sir Henry Baker (1868), it appears:

The King of love my shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never;
 I nothing lack if I am his
 And he is mine forever.

The superiority of the first and second translations is obvious. They give the exact thought of the Hebrew, in the clearest and simplest words.

The principal characteristic of the verse formation of Hebrew poetry is parallelism. The majority of verses are composed of two clauses; the first is a simple statement, the second is its

- a. Complement,
- b. Parallel, or
- c. Antithesis.

A complement is the enlarging or expanding of a simple statement, a parallel is the expressing of the same thought in different words, an antithesis is a statement of the opposite meaning.

Instances of the first are:

Ps. XL, i. I waited patiently for the Lord: and he inclined unto me and heard my calling.

Ps. XLIII, 3. O send out thy light and the truth that they may lead me: and bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy dwelling.

Ps. CXXXVII, 1. By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept: when we remembered thee, O Sion.

Of the second class may be mentioned:

Ps. XXIII, 2. He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

Ps. I, 6. Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to

stand in the judgment: neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

Ps. II, 3. Let us break their bonds asunder: and cast away their cords from us.

Illustrations of the third construction may be seen in the following:

Ps. I, 7. But the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: and the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Ps. CXXVI, 9. He defendeth the fatherless and widow: as for the way of the ungodly, he turneth it upside down.

Some verses are constructed of three clauses instead of two, while others have no obvious division at all. Instances of the first are:

Ps. I, 1. Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly: nor stood in the way of sinners: and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

Ps. CXXX, 7. O Israel, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy: and with him is plenteous redemption.

Of the second there is:

Ps. CXXIX, 4. But the righteous Lord hath hewn the snares of the ungodly in pieces.

It is a remarkable fact that the scholars who gave us the beautiful English translation of 1539, generally allowed to be the best in our language, seemed to take no pains to make the punctuation and verse dividing fit the sense of the words. In the Hebrew there is, of course, no punctuation beyond the verse dividing—the language does not need it—whereas it frequently happens that the change of a stop in an English sentence will actually change the sense. The instances of this incorrect punctuation are too numerous to mention, but a few examples may be noticed, e.g.:

Ps. CIV, 26. There go the ships, and there is that leviathan: whom thou hast made to take his pastime therein.

Corrected punctuation—

There go the ships: and there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to take his pastime therein.

Ps. LXXXIX, 50. is a very striking case. The joining on of the Doxology to the verse completely spoils the structure and obscures its significance.

Wherewith thine enemies have blasphemed thy name, and slandered the footsteps of thine anointed: praised be the Lord for evermore. Amen and Amen.

Corrected punctuation—

Wherewith thine enemies have blasphemed thee: and slandered the footsteps of thine anointed.

.....

Praised be the Lord for evermore. Amen, and Amen.

In Ps. LXXXVIII, vv. 8 and 9. There are two complete verses, but they are wrongly divided.

8. I am so fast in prison: that I cannot get forth.

9. My sight faileth for very trouble: Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched forth my hands unto thee.

Corrected punctuation—

I am so fast in prison that I cannot get forth: my sight faileth for very trouble.

Lord I have called daily upon thee: I have stretched forth my hands unto thee.

Ps. LXII, 9. is a curious case of a misplaced comma. It should have been placed after "deceitful," not after "weights."

As for the children of men, they are but vanity: the children of men are deceitful upon the weights, they are altogether lighter than vanity itself.

Corrected—

As for the children of men, they are but vanity: the children of men are deceitful: upon the weights they are altogether lighter than vanity itself.

(To be concluded in The June Baton)

EDWIN HUGHES' EDITIONS OF TWO BRAHMS PIANO CONCERTOS

By Maurice Popkin

Mr. Hughes, besides his teaching and playing, has extended his activities to the editing of the works of the masters for American publication. He has not confined himself to any one phase of the work but has covered the whole field of piano literature. His ideal has been to present to the American public editions which shall compare favorably with the best European publications.

In the two Brahms concertos, Mr. Hughes has not departed from the original text. Brahms was very conservative in his contribution of fingering. These Mr. Hughes has supplemented where necessary for the aid of the student. Changes have also been made in such instances of phrasing as were evident errata on the part of composer or printer. Additions in phrasing have been made with a view to rendering the text more intelligible to the student. Mr. Hughes has taken the attitude of the teacher who under-scores while teaching. The student would be at a loss were he to be confronted by a perfectly white page from a Brahms score; particularly on attempting some of the unpianistic portions where Mr. Hughes has supplied "ossias;" these not merely for the simplification of the text but also for making it more effectively pianistic. As originally written some passages like certain bravura trills in the first concerto, would be lost in the general orchestral mélange.

Mr. Hughes' desiderata were clearness and conciseness in whatever superficial additions he made (superficial in the sense that they do not supercede anything that was in the conscious purpose of the composer).

It is to be remembered that the first concerto was written in Brahms' early period, and with characteristic vacillation he intended it in turn for several forms of composition (among which was the symphony) until it was finally cast as a concerto. This accounts for a certain unpianistic quality in the first two movements, especially when compared with the works of Chopin and Liszt. We have not the feeling that the music is in the idiom of the piano. This is not true, however, of the last movement, which was written at a later period, nor of the second concerto, which was designed expressly for the piano. Of special notice is Mr. Hughes' method of pedal marking. Scrapping the old indefinite Pedal and Asterisk, he employs horizontal brackets which indicate precisely how long the pedal is to be sustained, and where it is to be pressed down and released. This is done faithfully and thoroughly throughout except in those few instances which justify a 'pedale simile.' In this way the student is initiated into the secrets of subtle color effects as obtained by musicianly pedalling.

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A list of all the works edited and arranged by Edwin Hughes may be obtained in the Circulating Library of the Institute.

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