

The Baton

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

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APRIL, 1924

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"STAR BRIGHT"

The musical heaven is as replete with assorted stars as its prototype! Myriad points of light shine with their own degree of intensity great or small according to the inner spark of genius—each a little world in itself, struggling for existence in the universe of art. Some, like shooting stars trailing their brilliance across the night sky, fall to earth, their glory quickly ended and forgotten. Others continue to illumine the musical firmament with unwavering brightness.

Among the younger generation of these, may be found a number of disciples of the Institute of Musical Art.

This month attention is directed to those who have become stars of the concert stage.

Franz Kneisel, the Head of our Violin Faculty, must take much pride in the large number of his class who have attained success. He himself, is a believer in the broad musical education, including vitally important studies in connection with one's principal subject, which is the only way to become a real artist.

A source of genuine gratification to the Institute, is the unswerving loyalty exhibited by each one for the school and for its beloved director, Dr. Frank Damrosch.

Arthur Loesser

One of the distinguished recipients of the Artist's Diploma in Piano and a graduate in the course of practical composition under the guidance of Dr. Goetschius is Mr. Arthur Loesser who received his certificate of maturity about twelve years ago. His ability and attainments led to his returning soon after his graduation to join the Faculty of the Institute as an instructor in the Pianoforte Department, a post he held for two years.

Calling on Mr. Loesser, as a complete stranger, almost his first words were, "Well tell me about yourself." "But," I replied, "I came here to find out about you." His remark, though perhaps trivial, was an indication of what was subsequently revealed, his natural curiosity and thirst for knowledge. He also showed modesty and a national or intalk about himself.

To achieve fame and a national or international reputation as a musician, it is necessary to renounce practically all other interests and devote all one's time and energy to this end. Possessed of an active

and versatile mind and having a keen zest for life, Mr. Loesser has not sought for personal glory nor has he sought it to the exclusion of other things which have interested him. He

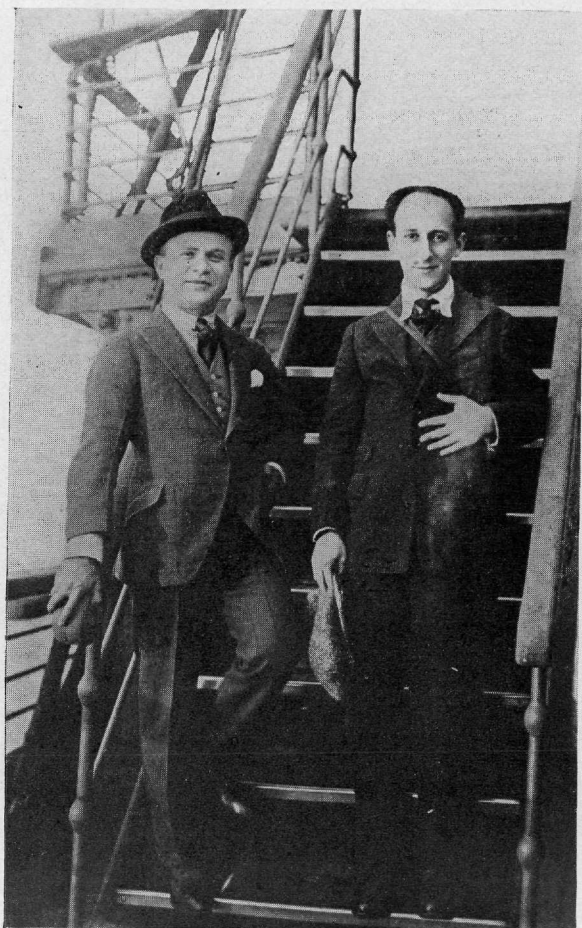


*"The Wandering Minstrel" by Leloir
(See Page 14)*

has led an interesting and varied life, pursuing with characteristic eagerness, subjects entirely unrelated to music, perhaps at the expense of his musical career. And thus we arrive at his philosophy of life which is best stated in his own words. "If I had to choose all over again between what has been for me an interesting life and the narrower existence which would have been necessary to enable me to gain greater fame and fortune as a reproductive artist, I would not choose differently."

He then brought out a large bundle containing a purchase he had made that day. Upon unwrapping it, I beheld to my amazement a mounted skeleton of a cat and the skull of a tortoise. "These," he explained, "will be useful in connection with my studies at Columbia University. You see I am spending about twelve hours a week studying Biology, Vertebrate Zoology and certain kindred subjects as well as some mathematics."

He is teaching a limited number of piano students and is very much absorbed in them. He is not willing, however, to become immersed in teaching to the exclusion of other things and consequently accepts only a few pupils.



Mischa Elman and Arthur Loesser
En route across the Pacific to Japan

He has given recitals at Aeolian Hall and has appeared in a number of other cities both in his own recitals and with various orchestras. Next fall, he will play a concerto here with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Composition is perhaps his greatest interest. His works include a Quartette for Strings, several songs and piano pieces and a larger work for two pianos. Last fall there was published his "Humoresque" inspired by California scenes, which has been given a public performance by Elman. Scorning any truckling to popular taste, he composes solely as a means of self expression. Although modern in his tendencies, "hunks and splashes" of modern chord combinations do not appeal. His conception of worth while composition is the working out of an idea in contrapuntal style and for this reason he is a great admirer of Bach.

There still remains the account of his greatest achievements. As accompanist and co-artist he has toured over a very large part of the globe with such distinguished persons as the late Maud Powell, Madame Schuman-Heink and Mischa Elman. With the first two he has given recitals in every part of the United States, Canada and Honolulu. With Elman he gave concerts through the Far East in Japan, China, as far north as Harbin on the border between Manchuria and Siberia, and as far south as Java, Malay and the Philippine Islands. With Elias Breeskin, another Institute graduate in the Violin Artist Course, Mr. Loesser has concertized in Australia, New Zealand, Fiji and Samoa. So interesting were his experiences in his extensive travels, a separate article will be devoted to them in a later issue of The Baton.—Henry G. Smyth.

Sascha Jacobsen

It seems typical of the virtuoso violinist that he is born in Russia and that after leading the precarious life characteristic of an artist, he finally establishes himself on the concert stage.

Sascha Jacobsen does not vary from the type. He has the additional distinction of being the only American-trained musician of note; which raises the question, "Who is more American, the European-trained American or the American-trained European?" The question leads to a problem with which the Institute is coping, and with which Mr. Jacobsen, as a pioneer, is wrestling.

I was at a disadvantage in interviewing Jacobsen, in that he is of a reticent and non-committal turn of mind. As a result, we touched on many topics,—save that of "Jacobsen and his work". Yet it afforded me an insight into the nature of the man.

For quite a long time, I was imbued with the idea,—as are most laymen,—that artists are not human. I now know better, since I realize that such a fallacy was occasioned by an over-emphasis placed on their artistic attributes to the neglect of those things which they possess in common with all mortal beings. We see them as

raised aloft on a pedestal, while we forget that very pedestal which at the same time binds them to earth. The artist recognizes this illusion of his being suspended somehow in mid-air; far be it from him to spoil that illusion. He is well acquainted with the maxim: "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Some, however, have no great love for this illusion; among their number Jacobsen may be counted. He has not the inclination, nor perhaps the ability, to act or to pose, both of which accomplishments seem in a measure, to be necessary condiments, which, added to musical nourishment make it more appetizing to the palate of the music-lover.



Sascha Jacobsen

Jacobsen, then, contents himself with practicing the fiddle. It is through practice, and practice alone, that he will establish a precedent, create a tradition, for the American-trained musician.

He is very much interested in the ultra-modern movement and rumor has it that he is writing a musical comedy in that vein. He has a good word to say for those who attempt something in a new idiom, no matter how little or questionable its substance.

So much from Mr. Jacobsen. More personal matter was obtained from other sources.

He entered the Institute in 1908 and studied with Franz Kneisel. Graduating in 1914, he received his Artist's diploma the following year, whereupon he divided the Loeb prize of \$1,000 with Elias Breeskin. Since then he has led an active and varied career.

Jacobsen is regarded as one of the most interesting of the students coming out of the Institute. He proved to be an unusual talent, both in theory and practice, possessing a high degree of virtuosity, feeling and intelligence. Endowed with a sympathetic nature and a beautiful tone, he is ranked high in the scale of musicianship. Being highly receptive musically, he has imbibed all that the Institute could give him; he is, therefore, a thoroughly schooled musician; this he regards as the result of attending the best music conservatory in the world—what we

term rather familiarly as the Institute. Jacobsen appreciates its value and advises others to do likewise, if they wish to make the most of their musical talents.—*Maurice Popkin.*

Joseph Fuchs

Joseph Fuchs comes from a musical family; his father was a Cantor; his younger sister, Lillian, will take her Artists' Diploma in violin this year and little Harry Fuchs is a 'cello student at the Institute.

Joseph Fuchs was born twenty-three years ago, in the shadow, one might say, of the Institute. He entered its walls at seven and studied with Mr. Fonaroff, Mr. Svecenski, and then Mr. Kneisel, till he was thirteen, when he began his professional career, touring this country. He returned when he was seventeen, doing the regular five-year course in three under Mr. Kneisel. The Jury, consisting of Leopold Auer and Efrem Zimbalist, gave a verdict of 100% when he was awarded the Artists' Diploma.

After this he made his debut, scoring an unusual success. Mr. Krehbiel declared that "he possesses the peculiar faculties that make up a genius." Mr. Henderson characterized him as an extremely gifted violinist, possessing a beautiful tone and a brilliant technique. Another critic, Richard Aldrich, pronounced his playing as abounding in repose, self-possession and confidence, and that he had "a well-developed command of the mechanism of his instrument; indeed he plays with an artistic finish of style that is not often possessed by the young appearing for the first time in public."

After winning the Loeb prize of \$1,000 and the silver medal of the Institute, he visited European shores, where he was lauded on all sides for his meritorious playing. Rudolph Kastner, in the *Berliner Morning Post*, reacted as follows: "Joseph Fuchs is a born talent, and an artist of big dimensions. His playing . . . was masterly, displaying a ravishingly beautiful tone and an absolute musicianly regard for, and knowledge of what he played." He displayed "many technically interesting and piquant color effects, in every way giving a complete picture of his many-sidedness."

Many another press-notice redounds to his praise: "The great and serious Mr. Fuchs;" "every one of his performances is a noteworthy halting place on the road of great artistry;" "Mr. Fuchs is an artist, powerful, energetic, yet subtle. He has, it seems, from nature, a beautiful tone and above all the rare gift—bigness of expression which constantly grips the listener;" and many more.

He remained in Europe for seventeen months in Germany and Austria. He was impressed by the fact that the teachers in this country, however, are now finer than those abroad and the Chamber Music is of a much higher standard. Europe has a great advantage over us in the reposeful atmosphere in which artists may live and which is a necessary factor to their existence both for the proper develop-

ment of virtuosity and creative genius. He returned to this country in February, 1923, after which he made many American appearances as a soloist, winning that praise which has been allotted to him in an unbroken series of successes.

At present, he is studying orchestration with Dr. Goetschius, and is writing a string sextette, to be played at the composition recital in May. He goes each summer to join Mr. Kneisel's colony at Blue Hill, Maine. Next season he will be again on tour in this country; from which may be gathered that Mr. Fuchs is the indefatigable worker. His outlook is that of the true student of music: he loves his work solely for itself, whatever rewards he has reaped coming incidentally and as a matter of course. His robust nature is well expressed in sound musicianship. His audiences and critics unite in predicting his steady climb in the ladder of artistry.—*Maurice Popkin.*



*Joseph Fuchs
En route to Europe for a concert tour*

William Kroll

Three thousand miles away from the usual European birthplaces of violin virtuosi, William Kroll

first saw the light of day in our own Little Old New York, on January 30th, 1901. During the first two years of his life he paid little or no attention to his musical studies beyond developing his lung power!

When William was at the advanced age of three, he took his family away from this city of too many musicians, and took up residence in California. About this time he began to show some interest in his father's music—you see the boy chose his family as all little boys should—his father was a teacher of violin. William tried first to emulate Stradivarius; he fashioned a fiddle from a piece of wood and then sang the melody which his silent violin could not, for had he not developed his vocal resources early in his career. Soon after this the child received his first singing violin—one of quarter size, and began his serious musical studies.

In 1905 the Krolls moved to Reno where the elder Kroll died one year later. Mother and son came back to New York where in 1910 he studied at the Institute for a period of six months, before leaving for Europe. He entered the Royal Hochschule in Berlin. While there he studied violin for three years under Henri Marteau. In 1914 the Great War began and the Krolls had a difficult time until the American Relief Society came to their aid and had them safely returned home.

During the years 1915 and 1916, Kroll continued his general education and also gave two recitals, one in Aeolian Hall and one at the Hotel McAlpin. Early in 1917 a friend introduced William to Franz Kneisel who took the boy to his famous colony at Blue Hill, Maine, and in the fall entered him in his class at the Institute of Musical Art. From then, until May, 1922, Kroll devoted his entire time to study with Mr. Kneisel.

On June 1st, 1922, a jury composed of Jascha Heifetz, David Mannes, W. J. Henderson and Franz Kneisel awarded William Kroll the Artist's Diploma with highest honors and the Morris Loeb Prize of \$1000. In the estimation of Mr. Kneisel and many many others, he is one of the finest violinists the Institute has ever graduated from its Artists' Course. His tone is rich and luscious while his brilliant technique brought praise from that master technician, Jascha Heifetz. Besides these virtuoso qualities, he is possessed of an unusual amount of real musicianship.

"But greater than all else, is his personality," as our late fellow student, Hyman Wittstein, once wrote of him. "With ready smile, he is ever willing to do his part, whether it is orchestrating the music for the Annual Show, or playing viola in the Richard Strauss Quartet. That year, his syncopation of the Tschaiowsky Piano Concerto created a sensation. William Kroll gives promise of success,—success which he would gain with a future Kroll String Quartet, and finally a Symphony Orchestra, William Kroll conducting."

Mrs. Elizabeth Shurtleff Coolidge, an eminent patroness of music, six years ago founded the Elshuco Trio (its name taken from the first letters of each of her names). Mr. Willem Willeke, many years cellist of the Kneisel Quartette, is head of the

organization; Richard Epstein was the pianist until his death, when Aurelio Giorni entered the trio; Samuel Gardner was violinist at its inception, followed later by Elias Breeskin. Immediately upon William Kroll's graduation he was called upon to replace Breeskin, and he rehearsed with Mr. Willeke in Blue Hill, Maine, during the summer of 1922. In the fall, Kroll made his debut with the Elshuco Trio at a concert in New York and toured the country with them, appearing in the spring again in this city.

Last summer, Mrs. Coolidge, who sponsors the Pittsfield Musical Festivals each year, formed a Quartette known as the Festival Quartette in which organization Kroll assumed first violin, Karl Kraeuter, second violin, Hugo Kortschak, viola, and Willem Willeke 'cello.

Next season, the ninetieth anniversary of Brahms' birth will be celebrated with eight concerts of chamber music given by the Elshuco Trio in New York throughout the season, at which twenty-four of his compositions—trios, quartettes, quintettes, sextettes and sonatas—are to be performed. In addition, William Kroll will become a member of the faculty of the Institute of Musical Art.

Last and far from least, we note with somewhat of a thrill that Institute romances sometimes have the proverbial ending, "and they lived happily ever after," for example, William Kroll and Pearl Friedman. We congratulate him on his choice!

—Beatrice Klunter.

THE BIG DRAYS

Up and down on West Street the big drays go—
Wagonloads of merchandise passing to and fro,
Up from ships, and down to ships, regular as
song,

Ceaselessly and endlessly the whole day long.

Some bear but prosaic things, sacks to fill the
hold,

Flour and wheat and cotton things worth a
miser's gold;

Others from the deep-sea ships—fruits of foreign
lands,

Spices, scents and ivory, gems and silken bands.

Copra, pearl and coffee beans, chiles, hides, and
wax,

Sisal, cedar, ebony, cocoa, rubber, flax,
Motor cars, machinery, iron rails and steel

Music, mirrors, microscopes, rope and rickshaw
wheel.

But outward freight or inward freight, borne by
straining teams,

Each amid the merchandise holds its load of
dreams—

Little, lonely wistful dreams from many a rest-
less breast

For the incense laden Orient or the new lands of
the West.

—By Edmund Leamy.

THE STUDENT

By Percy Goetschius

Last month I endeavored to indicate some of the qualities which signalized the faithful teacher. But the Teacher is only one part of the equation; there is also the Student; and he is equally entitled to attention and analysis.

One of my artist friends in Germany, long ago, told me that he himself heard Hans von Bülow utter his famous words: "There are no good teachers; only good students." And my own dear old teacher, Immanuel Faisst, once said to me, half quizzically: "It is a curious thing, and I am often greatly puzzled: if the student has real talent, he does not need us; he will succeed anyway. And if he has not, we can not help him; he will fail anyway." Both of these rather dazzling generalities are false. There *are* good teachers, and there are bad students. With a weak pupil, the best of teachers will fail; and from a poor teacher, the really good student will obtain but little help. But when the good teacher and the good student meet, then success is certain.

Let me try to define the requisites of the "Good Student." The good student is thoroughly *serious*. He does not take his study lightly. He does not miss lessons; nor come to class late; nor come with imperfect or incomplete, carelessly prepared tasks, if he can possibly help it. And he will undergo no little sacrifice in order to derive the full benefit of his tuition.

Further, the good student is reasonably *inquisitive*. He plies his teacher with questions—not fool-questions—and not from idle curiosity, but from a sincere desire to increase his knowledge and remove uncertainty. And this attitude will be welcomed by the (good) teacher, for it establishes a closer understanding, and positively helps the teacher in directing his advice. For even the keenest teacher cannot fully know what goes on in his pupil's mind—what he really knows, and what he does not; and such uncertainty is a serious handicap to both.

Further, the good student is *modest*. He can be this, and still be "reasonably inquisitive." He never, by word or gesture, intimates that he knows everything, and most of it better than the person who accidentally enjoys the odd distinction of being his so-called teacher. Nothing paralyzes the faithful teacher's effort more than the student who is argumentative and contentious; who meets many suggestions of his teacher with a "but" or an "if", and really learns nothing, because he fails to recognize the vast extent of knowledge to be acquired, and fails to realize that, obviously, his teacher has penetrated further, and has gained far more experience than he (the student) can yet possess. You can not replenish a vessel that is already full, even when filled with ignorance and self-conceit.

The danger here is greatest, where the student is really gifted. But talent, strange as it may appear, is very frequently a drawback to the student. For he falls into the habit of depending upon his natural gift, and relaxes his diligence. Now, "talent" is simply the instinctive recognition of Nature's ways

and means; it is a sort of knowledge that we seem to possess without having been told; it is usually capricious, uncertain, and unreliable in emergencies; therefore the value of such intuition consists chiefly in the fact that it makes study easy. But it can never lead to genuine success *without study*. For until the *Mind* has grasped and harnessed this instinct, and until the *Mind* has thus converted it into a conscious, reliable and powerful agent, it is somewhat of a blind force. Hence the record of defeat (the "petering-out") of so many promising prodigies. Beware of the talents; place your bets on the tortoise rather than on the hare! All this the really good student realizes, and is therefore meek, and industrious.

And, finally, the good student is tremendously *industrious*. Life is short, and the amount of knowledge and technical skill that may be gained is immense beyond human conception. And he is also sensible enough to avoid any excesses that may lessen his vitality and curtail his diligence. He will work to the last gasp, if need be; he will deny himself many a pleasure or luxury. But his common sense will also determine when relaxation and recreation are necessary. And his very diligence is the most effective safeguard against that most insidious of his enemies—*discouragement*. As he "pegs away" he will notice that the pendulum of compensation never fails to swing; if his utmost industry, one day, seems to bring little or no return, he will be repaid by extra exhilaration on the following day.

And now, dear lad—and lassie; to which class of student do you belong? Are you Serious, Inquisitive, Modest and Diligent?

If so, your success is absolutely assured.

OUR BEST OPERATIC ACHIEVEMENT

By Mary Lee Daniels

Our third performance of the opera and the second this season was given on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, April first and second. The presentation included Gluck's "Orpheus," Act III; Verdi's "Aida," Act III; and Act II of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro."

Gluck's "Orpheus" is seldom seen on the bill at the Metropolitan, but nevertheless certain of its most beautiful parts are familiar to us. It was first produced at Vienna, Oct. 5, 1762, and for the first time outlined the new ideas which Gluck had advanced for the reform of the lyric stage. Italian opera had sunk to a state of empty sensuousness which was abhorrent to him. Gluck wished to emancipate himself from the traditional conventionalities of the day and endeavor to produce a groundwork for the reformation of the opera.

To quote his own words, "I sought to reduce music to its true function, that of supporting the poetry, in order to strengthen the expression of the sentiments and the interest of the situations, without interrupting the action or disfiguring it with superfluous ornament. I imagined that the music

should be to the poetry just what the vivacity of color and light and shade are to a design. Serving to animate the figures without altering their contours."

In spite of occasional weaknesses "Orpheus" is a work of consummate loveliness. Compared to the tortuous complexity of our modern operas it stands in its dignified simplicity like the Parthenon beside the bewildering beauty of a Gothic cathedral and its truth and grandeur are perhaps more conspicuous because allied to a classic story which even in Gluck's time had become almost synonymous with emptiness and formality.

Lillian Gustafson sang Eurydice and we were honored by having Mme. Carl Friedberg in the role of Orfeo.

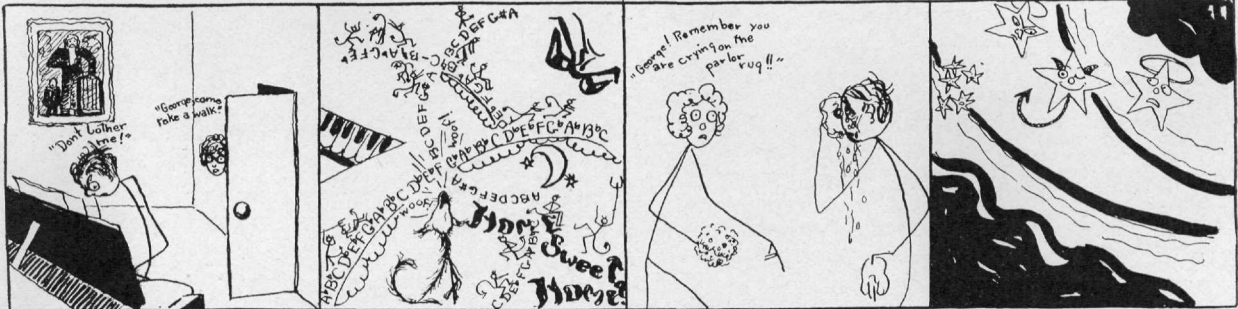
Verdi's "Aida," an opera in four acts, was first produced for the inauguration of the new opera house at Cairo, Egypt, Dec. 24, 1871, and was written upon a commission from the Khedive of that country. The subject is entirely Egyptian and the music is full of Oriental color. The action of the opera passes in Memphis and Thebes and the period is the time of the Pharaohs. It was one of the last operas Verdi wrote and is notable for its departure from the conventional Italian forms and the partial surrender he made to the constantly increasing influence of the so-called "Music of the future."

Mr. Henderson writes, "Those who are familiar with Verdi's works such as 'La Traviata' and 'Il Trovatore,' cannot fail to perceive the great change in the master's style. In 'Aida' he has abandoned the elementary dance rhythms, the antique melodic formula and the cheap noisy instrumentation. The rhythms are broader and more scholarly; the melody is fresh and original; the harmony is immensely rich and expressive and the instrumentation glows with oriental warmth of color."

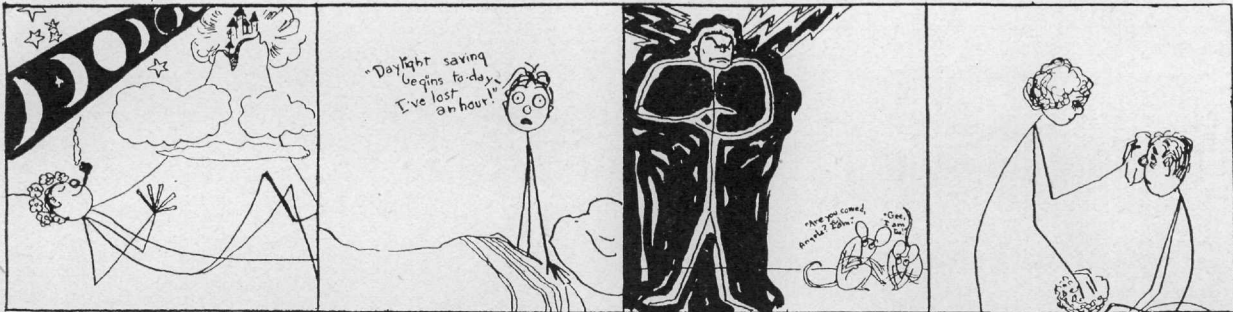
"The Marriage of Figaro" was first performed in Vienna on May first, 1793. At the time the libretto was written, Beaumarchais' satirical comedy, "Le Mariage de Figaro," had been performed all over Europe and had attracted great attention. It had been prohibited in Paris and had caused great commotion in Vienna. Mozart's notice was then drawn to it and the Emperor Joseph subsequently commissioned the composer to set it to music. The entire opera was written during the month of April and the wonderful finale to the second act occupied him for two nights and a day. When performed, the house was crowded to overflowing and almost everything encored so that the opera lasted nearly double the usual time. The whole opera is a combination of playfulness and grace, but the second act is the masterpiece of the opera and contains in itself music enough to have made any composer immortal. The intricacies and absurdities of the plot are most amusing and the music depicts the different types of character in a most sympathetic and vivid way.

All who took part in the Institute presentation deserve great credit for an excellent performance. The entire production was under the direction of Alexander Savine. (For program see page 15.)

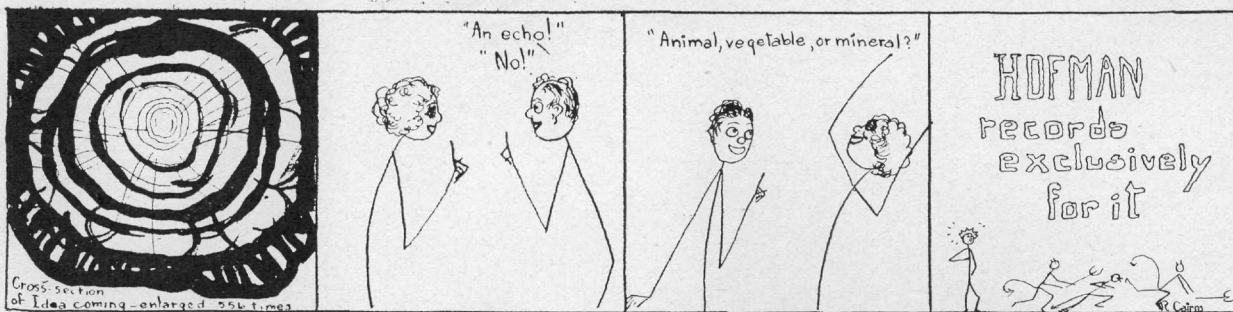
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I had a little friend next door
 Played scales exclusively,
 And what could be the use of them
 Was more than I could see.
 In sixths and octaves back and forth
 He played them every day—
 First right side up then up side down
 In a most alarming way.
 One day I asked him to explain
 This most depressing course
 And he with many tears and sobs
 Gave vent to this discourse.
 "Alas + woe is me!" he cried,
 "A most ill-fated star
 Has mingled with my horoscope
 This transient life to mar."



"A time was many moons ago
 When life was spent in ease
 But now examinations loom
 And chase away all peace.
 "And though I practise night + day
 My efforts naught avail
 On the fatal day I cannot play
 And yet I must not fail.
 "Ah, mention not these books on Will
 (I see it in your eye)
 Nor conjure me to conquer fear;
 I can but do and die!"
 "Now, now, good sir," responded I,
 "Cease sobbing and be calm
 A great idea comes to me—
 Have not another qualm."



"I might have recommended Roth
 Or some psychology,
 But now instead of these there comes
 A simpler plan to me.
 "There is a wondrous new device
 That everyone should own.
 You play + then it copies you
 Exact in speed and tone.
 "Now when examinations come
 Don't feel afraid or blue
 For when they ask you for a scale
 It plays instead of you!
 "Hereafter greet exams with joy
 And with a carefree heart
 You'll never make an error if
 You use the Duo-Art!"—Adv.*

*—Kindly omit bricks, mortar, and other substantial forms of appreciation—

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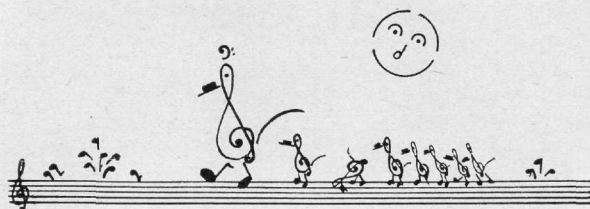
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VOL. III

APRIL, 1924

No. 7



Drawn by Leslie Fairchild

Fate

This is the high noon of examination time, when the procession passes on its way to the gallows! We hear them muttering something like "Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who before us passed the door of Darkness through, not one returns to tell us of the Road, which to discover we must travel too?" Then we recall something about silver linings and silver medals, and wonder whether the Institute believes in symbolism!

The series of recitals by candidates for Artists' Diplomas has just been completed. In the Depart-

ment of Piano, Jeannette Glass, pupil of Miss Helena Augustin; Lillian Hasmiller, pupil of Mr. Harold Morris; Violet Haworth, pupil of Mr. James Friskin. In the Department of Violin, Lillian Fuchs and Bernard Ocko, both pupils of Mr. Franz Kneisel. In the Orchestra Department, Arthur Lora and Lamar Stringfield (flute), and Angel del Busto (basoon). The candidates for Teachers' Diplomas in various departments are still going through their Valley of the Shadow of Death. Candidates for graduation this year are frantically performing at class meetings in preparation for "Trial by Jury" when the Faculty will soon decide their fate.

Fête

By way of contrast, a concert and dance was given last week for the graduating class, when the program included a Liapounow Rhapsodie for two pianos, played by Anna Levitt with the assistance of Mme. Karin Dayas; "Le Nil" of Leroux, sung by Claire Stetson with violin obligato played by Wesley Sontag; Brahms' G minor Ballade, Opus 118, played by Charlotte Schwartz; a group of four songs which demonstrated the versatility of the Department of Supervisors—Kenneth Christie at the piano accompanied Peter Wilhousky in two songs, whereupon they changed places and Wilhousky played while Christie sang! Lillian Dechman gave two organ solos, Schumann's Abendlied and Vierné's Allegro vivace; Anna Lapidus sang a group of Russian songs, "The Peddler" (a folksong) Tschai-kowsky's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" and Rachmaninoff's "In the Silent Night," all with 'cello obligato played by Charles McBride. Bernard Ocko, assisted by Frank Kneisel, Louis Kaufman and Julian Kahn, played two movements of the Kreisler Quartet in A minor, followed by Ocko's own "London Bridges," a clever arrangement of the old tune. Then sounds of real jazz were heard within our sacred halls, when Charles Floyd made Mr. Steinway's instrument more mortal and Sanford Wolf made us wonder why we hadn't chosen banjo for a career as we contentedly munched an ice cream cone.

During this party, a ballot for class officers was cast, which resulted in the election of Kenneth Christie for President of the Class of 1924; Theodore Rautenberg, first Vice-President, Henry Butler, second Vice-President; Secretaries, Anna Lapidus and Wesley Sontag, and Beatrice Klunter, Treasurer.

ILLITERATURE



Meine liebe N. Igma;

I am a German musik pug von der Institut of Berlin und I came ofer here mit der German operer combeny. Of course ven der company vent busted I couldn't get nobody to pay mine passage home to der old country so I stayed ofer here yet to learn somdings apout your vonderful country vat don't like German operer. Of course I wouldn't exactly say dat I was stranded, I did had a oppertunity to go back mit a certain operer singer von der Med-erobolitan, but venn I heard him singing, in der operer Tristan, I decided dat I vould radder valk back denn go pack in such a combany.

Since I been here I vus werry unlucky. I don't have no blace to live. I sleep in der park and get mine meals out. I vus always told dot life vus filled mit ups and downs! But I have had so many "downs" dot I vouldn't know a "up" if I saw von! I feel so unlucky dot I am shure if I was in a big apartment store, and der lights vent out, and I could take vot effer I vonted to, I know dot I vould find mine self in der piano department.

Last week I got into a kitchen of svell German restaurant. I fell asleep on a tea strainer, and venn I voke up der next morning, I looked like a waffle! But I don't dink dot you are very much inderested in my misfortunes, so better I change der subject before you get tired of me already.

You might dink it very funny dot I write to you venn ve neffer was introductioned. But venn I heard you vus a musik pug, I couldn't resist der dempdadion. I hope you are plonde. In fact if you ain't plonde, dear dis ledder up, because it ain't for you.

I am myself very musical. I used to live on musik in der old coundry. In fact der pupils of der institute vere I was used to play me ven I fell asleep on a sheet of musick baber. Dey thought I vas a note. But I fooled them, I vas supposed to be a rest! You know vot it is a rest, Vell, a rest is a note vot you blay silently.

You see by der last baragraph dot I know gut mine musik. I could efen tell you more yet. Do you know vot is it a interval? So I tell you. A interval is der disdance from a note on a piano to der same note on another piano. I guess you see already how superior ve German scholars is drained. I could tell you more yet, but I don't vant you to feel ashamed of yourself. I got so much musik knowledge, I could tell you all I know, und still I vould know twice as much as you do. Dot's der German method of education.

Vell, meine liebchen, I guess dot I haf wrotten enough for one day. Mine pest recards to der instituters.

Deiner lieber freund,
--Bismark von Herring.

P.S. yet.

As I finish mine ledder, I have chust learned some news vot is bot gut und bad. I sale for der Germany tomorrow morgen! I am happy to go to mine heimat, but I'm so afraid of der sea-sickness. Venn I came ofer, I had a such a siege. I couldn't keep nodings on mine tommy but a hot-water bottle. Efry time der boat vent up, I vent down. Ve nefer could bot go der same vay at der same time. I vas dying for six days, and nobody vould step off me and put me out of mine miserie. This time I hope it should be a calmness like a glass vater, so mine tommy should be on his good be have your.

So again I pring dis ledder to a clothes, vishing you lots of good fortunes, your friend,

B. von H.

* * *

dear mister whether man

hear it is spring & nobody rote a pome about it—in order to correct such a oversite i crawled through a lotta books & found this won witch seamed very swell as the grate napolean rot it.

"It was said of Napoleon that the one approach to poetry in all his writings is the phrase: 'The spring is at last appearing and the leaves are beginning to sprout.'"—U. S. History Book.

TRIOLET

(To Josephine from Nap)

The spring is at last appearing

And the leaves are beginning to sprout;

With winter well out of hearing

The spring is at last appearing.

Yes the sky will soon be clearing

And the birds are commencing to shout.

The spring is at last appearing

And the leaves are beginning to sprout.

—By Herbert W. Hartman, Jr.

p. s.—i have been a poor correspondent of lately but i'll dew better hereafter

axidentally yrs

n igma

the music bug

ACCURSED JAZZ

By Henry F. Butler

Last February twelfth, Mr. Paul Whiteman led his famous orchestra through an interesting program at Aeolian Hall. This unprecedented defilement of a veritable sanctuary of "classical" music was explained by elaborate program notes. As though fearful of what might happen to him, Mr. Whiteman employed the services of an announcer, who called Mr. Whiteman's stunt an "Experiment in Modern Music." The announcer then gave an exhaustive and tiresome comparison of the iniquitous "jazz" of ten years ago with modern "symphonic" dance music. When the audience had been lulled into soporific repose, the program began, a program which has become historic through its extensive press notices. It was an afternoon of fascinating music, for which no apology was necessary. Mr. Whiteman has formed a dance orchestra of the finest jazz artists available; he has virtually started a new style of dance playing; but we may safely question whether he has accomplished any more than that. Moreover, we may ask if his contention against jazz of a decade ago is altogether justified or even sincere. Has dance music really progressed to such an extent that we can say, "Now everything is all right; dance music is so much better than it used to be that our sons and daughters are entirely safe. No more will our children—God bless 'em, the little dears—hear the dreadful, dee-readful noises that used to resound through dance halls. "Does Mr. Whiteman's playing really prove what he tries to prove? I think not.

First of all, however, we must dismiss the charge of iniquity against jazz. Jazz is not iniquitous; it is merely stimulating, stimulating to tired minds and bodies, and hence quite valuable in its place. But its value ceases with its rhythms, because there is virtually no merit in the harmonies of jazz. Most dance music is written by men of talent but no education; many jazz composers are unable to write notes. Seated at the piano, these men pick out tunes which are immediately written down by a paid scribe—probably someone from the Ear-Training Department of the I. M. A. Consequently, dance music is usually banal. The only thing that makes it endurable is the skillful method of arrangement used by good orchestras. Mr. Whiteman has been singularly successful in this sort of thing. Perhaps he has sensed the monotony of popular music; for he has arranged several legitimate compositions for the dance hall. This is only a crude makeshift. To be sure, "classical" music sounds more finished and symmetrical than popular music when it is orchestrated like popular music, but it loses its identity in the change. Thus, MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose" becomes an entrancing fox trot, but it ceases to be "To a Wild Rose." Imagine a group of saxophones and a banjo singing the praises of the frail woodland flower! In the same way, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Song of India" suffers.

Yet people must dance. Dancing is the most popular form of social diversion; it has occupied

this position for centuries. Why isn't there a modern literature of dance music? Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven all wrote dance music, wonderful dance music. Their music is no longer useful, because the old dance forms have "gone out." Today, the demand for dance music is enormous, and people are quite willing to pay for what they get. The composers of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," made more money than the total combined earnings of Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Did they deserve it? I ask you. One very prolific and prosperous composer of popular music has risen from the gutter, almost wholly without education. His music shows talent, but its general effect can best be described by the much used term, "blah." This is the situation; what can we do about it?

We can do only one thing; educate the composer of jazz. If necessary, drag him by force to the I. M. A. and make him take a course in Theory. Make him pay a thousand dollars for the course, so that Mr. Moren may attain his heart's desire, a huge cork mat for the entrance hall. Seriously, however, popular music would very greatly improve if the writers of it learned the rudiments of harmony and composition. The fruitless attempts of certain "highbrow" composers at writing jazz have shown that jazz is not to be tampered with except by those who are born with the gift of syncopation. This talent, combined with a working knowledge of Theory, would make a composer of really interesting jazz. Let the music student become interested in writing in modern dance forms. Teach him the fox trot rather than the minuet or the gavotte. At present, the fox trot is commonplace; why not improve it? Think it over. But, for the sake of all that's holy, if you haven't the gift of syncopation, stay away from writing jazz.

RADIO DRAMMER

By The Editor

A London newspaper recently informed us that the first full length drama was broadcast over the radio there. The play was specially written for the radio, and it was predicted that authors would soon find a profitable field writing plays exclusively for broadcasting.

Upon receipt of a letter from Herbert Fields in which he expressed regret that he would be unable to resume the writing of the Opera Burlesques before May, on account of professional activities in the west, it occurred to us that here was an excellent opportunity for him to broadcast an opera in his own inimitable style. Remembering a number of attempts at listening in on the radio, however, we realize that such an attempt would probably prove something like this:

Speculators' Overture

(Absolutely necessary to create in the radio audience the true atmosphere of Opera in New York.)

Pleading Voice: Have you anything left for to-night?



Romeo and Juliet
By Leslie Fairchild

Gruff Voice: Two in the last row on the side behind a post.

Pleading Voice: How much, please?

Gruff Voice: Eleven dollars each and ten percent war tax.

Pleading Voice: Isn't that rather high, sir?

Gruff Voice: Look who wrote this opera, Shakespeare himself; and it's good opera too, Gigli works hard in it singing lots of arias and things.

Pleading Voice: But it does seem expensive, sir.

Gruff Voice: Take 'em or leave 'em. Next!

Romeo and Juliet

Act I

(All members of the radio audience are requested to stand up and sit down at intervals of ten seconds while this is in progress.)

Voice of Romeo: What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand of yonder.

Lady's Voice: Pardon me. . . . I'm sorry to get here late.

Voice: You go in first, Mrs. Astor-bilt.

Voice: No; let Mrs. Pierpont go in first Reginald.

Voice: So sorry to disturb you. . . . ahem!

Voice: Algernon, let Mrs. Smithers go in first. She wants to sit beside Wilbur so she can tell him the story of the opera as it goes along!

Voice: Kindly let me pass.

Voice: Beg your pardon.

Voice: 'Swonder some people wouldn't come in around midnight.

Voice: You're on my hat!

Voice: Charming voice Bori has.

Voice: Perhaps it is if you can hear it!

End of first act.

Act II

Voice: of Juliet: O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo? click-click-br-r-r.

Romeo: Shall I hear more. . . . whee-e-e-e-brrrrr, bzz bzz.

Voice: Vincent Lopez speaking.

Juliet: 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

Voice: This is the Drake Hotel Orchestra of Chicago, Illinois, broadcasting "Rosie O'Grady."

Juliet: What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. . . . awk awk awk awk bz bz bz whr-r-r-r.

Voice: Kindly stand by while we make a few adjustments.

Juliet: What man art thou, that thus bescreened in night, so stumblest on my counsel?

Voice: This is station XYZ, stand by for Uncle Wiggle's Bedtime Stories.

Juliet: My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound. Whrrrr bz bz awk awk whishshshsh. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

Voice: Mrs. Wallace Butternut, 3355 Ashcan Avenue, wired us: "Have the Twentieth Century Sexette of Jersey City play 'A Kiss in the Dark.'" Concert coming through splendidly.

Juliet: Thou knowst the mask of night is on my face; else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek.

Romeo: Lady, by yon blessed moon I swear . . . whiz z z click click bang br-r-r-r awk awk awk-k-k

Juliet: O do not swear . . . ork ork buz-z-z-z. What satisfaction can'st thou whiz-z-z brrrr have

to-night? r-r-r-rump-ump-ump. I hear a noise within; dear love, adieu. wheeeeeeee-e-e-e Stay but a little, I will come again.

Voice: Folk songs in five languages now coming through from W J Q.

Juliet: A thousand times goodnight!

Voice: Station WOC—The Sandman's Visit.

Juliet: Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice

Voice: Vocal Solo by Merton of the Movies.

Juliet: Parting is such bang-bang-bang sweet whiz-z-z-z-z that I shall say rrr-r-rump-ump-ump until tomorrow whee-e-e-e etc., etc., for about half an hour.

Voices: This is WKDX, the American Canning and Preserving Company, broadcasting Romeo and Juliet. We feel sure you enjoyed the first two acts. Kindly stand by for the third.

Act III

Announcer: Mr. Romeo, the Great Lover, will now address you.

Voice of Romeo: Night's candles are burnt out, I must be gone.

Juliet: It is not yet near day.

Voice: "Hark, Hark, the Lark" will be sung by Mrs. Audrey Toomey of Birdcenter, Iowa. Kindly stand by just a moment.

Juliet: It was the nightingale and not the lark that pierced the fearful hollow of mine ear.

Romeo: It was the lark, the herald of the morn; no nightingale.

Voice: Station WOR, Newark, N. J., broadcasting Nancy Ripley Cobb, whistler.

Romeo: Come, death and welcome! awk awk whizzzzzzz-bang bang. More dark and dark our woes. Whr-r-r-r-rump-whrrrr-ump-ump.

Juliet: Who is't that calls?

Lady Capulet: Why, how now, Juliet.

Juliet: Madam, I am signing off until tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock when Mrs. Carrie Flanagan will give a talk on "What will be the price of cranberries next Thanksgiving?" GOOD NIGHT!

Curtain with a dull thud

(Suggested by an article in the Globe Trotter, "When the Radio Drama Really Gets Under Way". With apologies to Mr. Shakespeare and the radio fans.)

* * *

THE AMATEUR GARDENER

He bought four dollars' worth of seed—
He bought six dollars' worth of tools—
He spaded carefully—indeed
He followed all *good garden* rules!

The seed came up—the weeds grew rough!
He hoed 'till blisters graced each hand!
He grew a dollar's worth of stuff!
Nine dollars' loss! *Ain't Nature grand!*

—From Judge.

MECHANICS—ART'S HANDMAIDEN

By Alfred Adams

Recently in theory class Dr. Goetschius announced a fine fugue subject, well worth developing, even if sketchily. It runs something like this, "Music is man's nearest approach to the divine, and of the arts it is the youngest."

Since music is a universal language, occurring among all peoples and having been with humans ever since they climbed down from the trees, I was puzzled to find a reason why it should be so late in developing, especially when compared to its sister arts which have enjoyed a high degree of perfection for many centuries. Just then I heard a subway train rattle across the bridge near the school, and I hit on the factor of mechanics as being highly important in the great musical progress of the last two centuries.

Now, one hears such forceful argument against the ugliness, the banality, the baldness, the soul-destroying effect of the far-reaching mechanization of civilization. Many and odious are the charges placed against it as an enemy to art.

Santayana says, "The dice of thought are loaded." Think a moment and you will realize that such an expression may mean that public opinion forces people to think in certain approved lines and tries to hold them to those set lines. However, I am going to roll some dice which are not loaded on the floor of your mind, attempting to look into the nature of good and evil, and finding maybe a whole lot of good in this supposed evil, Mechanics.

As a counter-subject to the lovely, God-like statement, "Youngest and most divinely fair of arts", I propose to set up the little red, mischief-making Devil, Machinery, its influence in the past two centuries and its great pressure on our own generation. There will be plenty of material to dabble with and fill up the number of measures allotted to the counter-subject.

Like many a preacher, I will catalog my ideas before they are spouted, under the following heads: (1) Importance to composers of increased facility in the manufacture of orchestral instruments; (2) importance of the piano to individual students; (3) new place of the pipe organ; (4) invention and perfecting of the phonograph, player-piano and radio, and lastly, (5) the indirect benefit to musical art through donations from men made wealthy by industrialism.

The remarkable imaginations and personalities of Bach and Handel, from which sprang their massive organ works and the great oratorios with their magnificent choruses, cause us to wonder what they might have accomplished in the orchestral field had our modern resources been available. One of the most thrilling musical pieces I ever heard was a Bach organ work adapted for a modern orchestra. Luckily the violin, cello, trumpet and flute were all perfected in Bach's time and I doubt if their treatment as solo instruments has improved much from the viewpoint of really satisfying music. Personal taste enters in a lot, I know, but the Bach violin

chaconne and the Bach cello suite in D major stand,—well, they stand!

The increase in number, variety and flexibility of wind instruments, wood and brass, has been largely due to better tools and workmanship as well as inventive skill, such as that of Boehme who improved the key systems of the clarinet and some other woodwinds. There exists at the present time a formidable array of instruments ranging from piccolo to bass viol, to inspire and challenge composers who have, in their turn, been wide awake to seize upon any newcomer in the field of music (or noise) and press it into service. The new kettle-drum with pedal tuning device makes it possible to play a chromatic passage on a set of drums. d'Indy has written such a passage for pedaled tympani, and Richard Strauss has put the moaning saxophone into legitimate orchestration.

We can agree that mechanics certainly has been an important aid, almost a leader one might say, in the expansion of the art of orchestral composition. Likewise, how different would be our American life without the piano (*forte*), with its iron frame and many other manufactured parts. If none but handwork were called into use, nearly everyone would have to sing, "Yes, we have no pianos", for the cost would be very large and the quality low. Sinned against as it often is, the piano is none the less the greatest single factor in our musical life. Among other uses, how could we ever get in our daily period of harmonic ear-training practice (excuse facetiousness) without our trusty (except when needing tuning—usually) friend, the piano? Increased perfection of the instrument has had the same stimulating effect on composers as did that of orchestral instruments. Chopin, perhaps more completely than any other composer, grasped the art of making pleasing musical sounds come from a contrivance of wood, steel, brass, ivory, felt, etc., when its long row of monotonous-looking black and white keys are properly thumped and the pedals carefully pumped. The importance of the piano to the individual lies in the fact that it can be of great help in the many phases of learning music, since it has hidden within those solid unfeeling materials, a complete harmonic fullness, just waiting to be brought out.

The pipe organ is an old and venerable "kist of whistles", yet new life has been given it by electrical engineers and the demands of movie theatres. Robert Hope-Jones, Cavalle-Colle and others have made a wonderfully flexible, manageable thing out of the impressive but ponderous old boy. They've made a tennis player out of a football fullback. It would put too much of a black eye on my argument to delve into the precise uses of this wonderful instrument after it is once domiciled in a movie-house, but then, blame neither art nor mechanics, but rather the fifth-rateness of movie productions. However, another bright side is that of the physical beauty of modern residence pipe organs, as they are designed by architects to fit into the interior scheme.

The improvement of orchestral instruments,

pianos and pipe organs has aided music's development as applied to those persons who actually work with music, writing it or playing it. Now we come to the latest phases of man's inventive genius applied to music,—giving people something for nothing, making it possible for them to enjoy music without the work of learning it. The phonograph, the player-piano (best electric types) and the radio supply this demand of effortless getting something. There is also this good aspect that anyone who really wants to learn can gain much from careful attention to music as it comes out from these machines.

An indirect factor for good is also to be found in the contributions to the service of musical art of a share of the wealth acquired through industry for instance, as, in the case of the Rochester Kodak man, George Eastman. It would be unfair to fail to mention in this connection other lines of commercial activity, such as railroad building, hotel operating, newspaper publishing, banking, real estate, etc. These are the sources of wealth which have been devoted to the interests of music, but every one of these modern lines of big business is really tied up with mechanics.

Whether modern music, with a capital "M" can or should express in imitative sounds the mechanical spirit of this age I am not qualified to say, but at least the spread of music itself has been greatly aided by the wonder-workings of mechanics, to the extent that composer, student, player and listener are each and all better off on its account.



"What's this Wedge we hear so much about? Sounds like something to keep the loose places of the Institute from rattling."

"In Keyboard Harmony Class today we were reading at sight, Mendelssohn 'Songs Without Words.' Mr. Wedge asked me if I had had 'Confidence.' I told him I had when I came to the Institute but it had all gone since then."

ART AND ATMOSPHERE

By Royal Klintworth

The picture which appears on the front page of this issue of the *Baton* represents a wandering minstrel with 'cello over his shoulder looking at a coin he holds in his hand. The setting is a street in the quaint old town of Nuremberg which has inspired many artists, not only native Germans, but painters of other schools as in this case, of the French Louis Leloir.

Just such a picturesque street as this, Wagner used for the immortal second act of "The Meistersingers," those sturdy mediaeval craftsmen who sang with the charm of genuine inspiration, weaving their rhymes as they plied their shuttles, and hammering out their manly measures to the chime of their anvils. Here lived the beloved Hans Sachs, here Walter wooed Eva in that hauntingly beautiful opera considered by many, Wagner's greatest work.

There can probably not be found in the literature of any land a description more just, more complete or more delightful than that which is given by Longfellow in the poem which bears as its title the city's name, and which is a masterpiece worthy of the subject to which it is devoted.

It is chiefly the fame of Albrecht Dürer, the father of German painting, and the master engraver of the world, that constitutes the fame of Nuremberg; for, as Longfellow tells us,

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town
of art and song,
Here, where Art was still religion with a simple,
reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist
of Art.
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy
hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the
Better Land.
'Emigravit' is the inscription on the tombstone where
he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never
dies."

Louis Leloir was born in Paris in 1843; he was the son and pupil of Augusta Leloir. He was a *genre* painter, noted for his ingenious composition and excellent coloring. Among his contributions to the Salon were, "The Grandmother's Fête" in 1875 and his "Temptation of St. Anthony" which sold for \$2100. at the Johnson sale in New York in 1876. He was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and died in 1884.

Leloir's later style was not unlike that of Meissonier (already mentioned in last month's *Baton*). Both artists belong to the Nineteenth Century School of French painting. In France, as everywhere, there were second-rate men during this period, but rarely

was the list of first-rate men so full as it was in the nineteenth century. Art in France was advanced, not by a team of average perfection but by one of picked men.

The success of the French Revolution and the establishment of the galleries of the Louvre as Musée Nationale des Arts were important factors in the several movements of French art at that period. The people, not kings were sovereign. An artist of new individual ideas could hope to find approval in some quarters at least, while before, the disapproval of the court would have meant failure to him. That the people at large were more readily swayed by the force of a new genius than the conservative aristocracy had been was easily perceived, so that the rapidity with which this or that school gained prominence in the nineteenth century was not surprising.

As regarded popular interest in art, the establishment of public exhibitions had been of great importance. Moreover, the growth of the public press, desirous of speaking with authority on all subjects, stimulated public interest, especially when the company of art critics appeared and began to make extensive use of its columns. Soon art magazines were established, at first without illustrations, but later with reproductions of constantly increasing worth. In short, everything was done to familiarize the people with what occurred in the world of art.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the classic revival held its sway. "Form is everything" was the watchword of the school which Jacques Louis David led. But hardly had the men of this school formulated their creed and begun to practice it when Delacroix pointed out that emotion can be more satisfactorily conveyed by color, light, and indistinctness than by clearly defined outlines.

The first Frenchman to visit the Orient and to bring home with him a haunting love of the gayety of southern light and warmth was Alexandre Decamps. Delacroix journeyed to Algiers directly afterward, and it soon became the custom for artists to visit these foreign countries. Naturally fond of colors, their sojourns in southern climes could not but increase their endeavors along these lines.

In the matter of subjects these Romanticists, a group which included Meissonier and Leloir, delighted in anything that promised a rich and suggestive coloring. Their minds were thus readily turned to the history and legends of the Middle Ages. Other eminent artists of the nineteenth century were Pernet, de Neuville, Bouguerreau, Gérôme, Prud'hon, Mme. Lebrun, Regnault, Delaunay, Goubet, Daran, Dupré, Rousseau, Corot, Troyon, Bonheur, Millet, Manet and Monet.

the throb and the urge of the music! The intertwined and intermingling vibrations from different instruments enchanted me. I could actually distinguish the cornets, the roll of the drums, deep-toned violas and violins singing in exquisite unison. How the lovely speech of the violins flowed and flowed over the deepest tones of the other instruments! When the human voice leaped up trilling from the surge of harmony, I recognized them instantly as voices. I felt the chorus grow more exultant, more ecstatic, up-curving swift and flame-like, until my heart almost stood still. The women's voices seemed an embodiment of all the angelic voices rushing in a harmonious flood of beautiful and inspiring sound. The great chorus throbbed against my fingers with poignant pause and flow. Then all the instruments and voices together burst forth—an ocean of heavenly vibration—and died away like winds when the atom is spent, ending in a delicate shower of sweet notes.

Of course, this was not "hearing" but I do know that the tones and harmonies conveyed to me moods of great beauty and majesty. I also sensed, or thought I did, the tender sounds of nature that sing into my hand—swaying reeds and winds and the murmur of streams. I have never been so enraptured before by a multitude of tone-vibrations.

As I listened, with darkness and melody, shadow and sound filling all the room, I could not help remembering that the great composer who poured forth such a flood of sweetness into the world was deaf like myself. I marvelled at the power of his quenchless spirit by which out of his pain he wrought such joy for others—and there I sat, feeling with my hand the magnificent symphony which broke like a sea upon the silent shores of his soul and mine.

Let me thank you warmly for all the delight which your beautiful music has brought to my household and to me. I want also to thank Station WEAf for the joy they are broadcasting in the world.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) HELEN KELLER.

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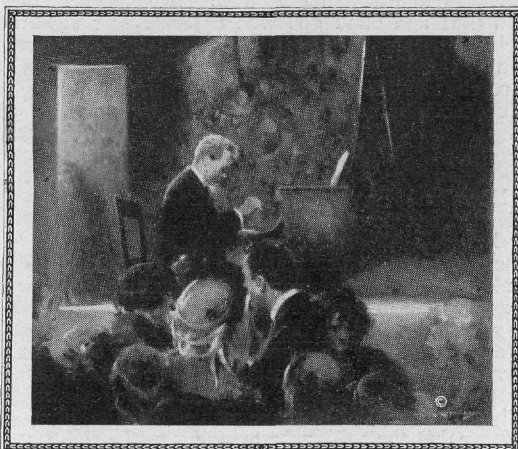
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