

The Baton

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FRANK DAMROSCH, Director

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ON THE SHORES OF MT. DESERT

The Damrosch Home at Seal Harbor, Maine

By Dorothy Crowthers

The morning mists still rested on the mountains as I drove along the beautiful highway which connects Bar Harbor and Seal Harbor. The sun struggling to penetrate, transformed the fog into gossamer which encircled Mt. Desert with a seemingly supernatural aura and enhanced the unearthly beauty of the island. Strange, is it not, that islands seem to be particularly blest of the gods. In pausing to reflect comes the realization that every island cast upon the surface of the Seven Seas, is a miniature paradise. Hawaii, Java, Ceylon, Corfu, Sicily, Capri, Bermuda, Cuba, the diminutive Isles of Wight and Nantucket, the larger Emerald Isle and Kingdom of Japan—all vaunt a loveliness not to be found on the greater spaces of any continent. Cherished by the sea with breezes and moisture, the foliage achieves a prolific luxuriance and the surrounding shores offer a ready playground for the sea,

whether a rocky precipice buffeted by tossing foam or white beaches caressed by gentler waves.

The Island of Mt. Desert where nestle the resorts of Bar, Seal and Northeast Harbors is no

exception to the rule. Rather it might seem the one perfect example, with its happy ensemble of scenic virtues. It presents the unique combination of mountains which vie with the charm of well-known Swiss landscapes.



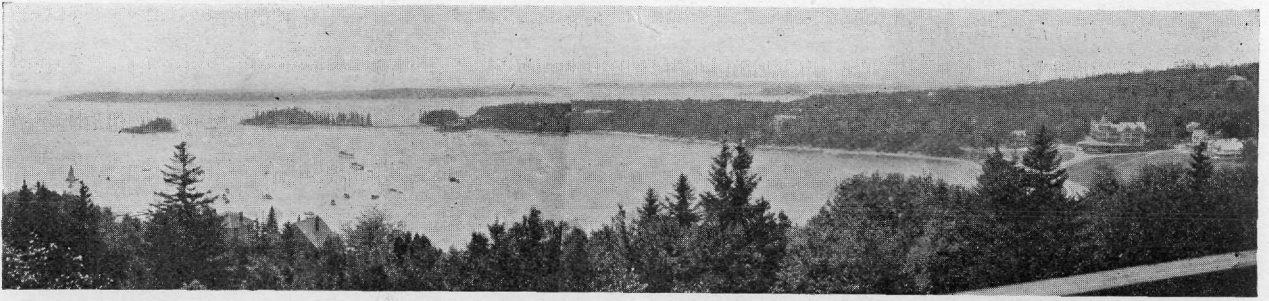
"Two Men in a Skiff," by Corot

(See Page 8)

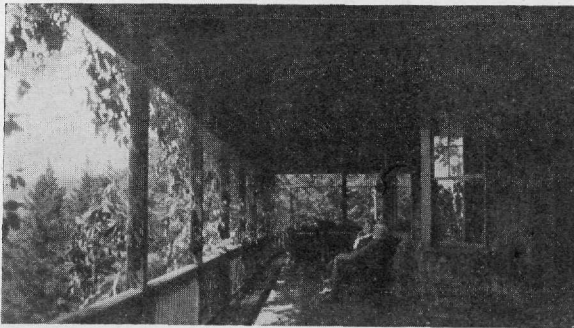
Recognizing the unusual grandeur of this island off the coast of Maine, the United States Government has made a National Park of part of it—Lafayette by name. Mt. Desert has for many seasons been a summer Mecca for the rich who have built sumptuous homes and clubhouses, and have added to the natural beauty of the place, man's skill in making and marking hundreds of miles of picturesque trails including steep rock-hewn paths to mountain summits which command superb views.

Perhaps the most perfect season in this region is in the early autumn when the foliage, due to the moisture-laden atmosphere, be-

comes an unbelievably brilliant mass of crimson and gold. Whole hillsides seem to be ablaze with color. It is on such a morning that I find myself approaching Seal Harbor, the garden spot of the



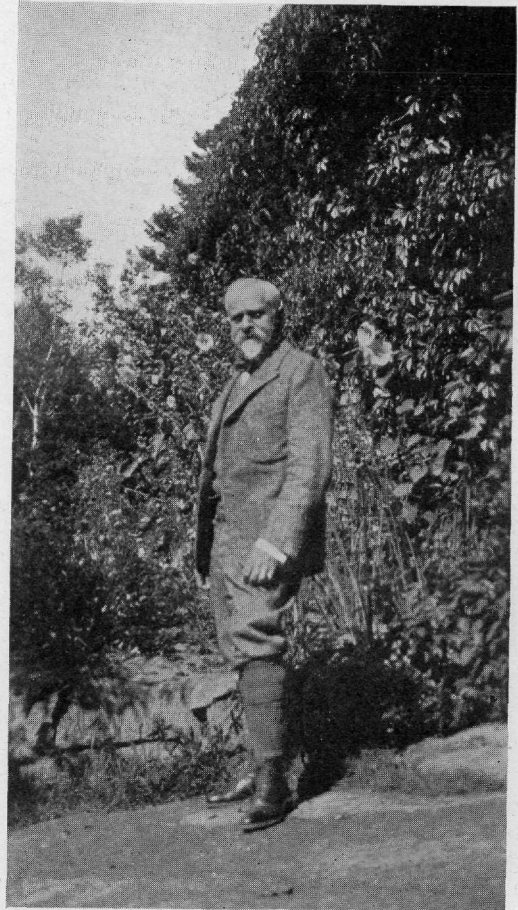
View from the Damrosch Residence, Seal Harbor, Maine



Mr. and Mrs. Damrosch on the spacious verandah



A Corner of the Dining Room showing the Coat of Arms Tapestry



Dr. Frank Damrosch



Two Sides of the Living Room

island. An overheated radiator testifies to the steepness of the ascent to Ox Ledge where is located the summer residence of our musical father, Mr. Frank Damrosch.

He himself, looking more like a sportsman than the Director of an Institute, comes forth with cordial greeting accompanied by the exceedingly charming Mrs. Damrosch, of whom we of the Institute see too little. One literally descends upon the house. A rocky path leads down from the road through a real, old fashioned garden of such genuine attractiveness that the impulse to exclaim in delight is irresistible. Mrs. Damrosch then takes pride in pointing out the results of her own tender care and interest. Roses, lilies of the valley, pansies, mignonette, heliotrope, hollyhocks, verbena, phlox, asters and larkspur seven feet high, all contribute their individual beauty and fragrance to the artistic whole.

Entering the house by a portico where hangs a Hawaiian cocoanut filled with growing ferns—passing through the big door with its Colonial knocker, the hall has quaint Dutch scenes hanging on the walls.

The living room presents such an aspect of homelike comfort that one is conscious of a rare moment of complete and overwhelming satisfaction that nothing could be improved. The flames of a crackling open fire snap and sparkle beneath a mantelpiece surmounted by a beautiful painting of Southwestern Colorado with its snowcrested blue mountains, winding trail and river. The picture is the work of Helen Damrosch (now Mrs. Tee-Van), the gifted daughter of Dr. Damrosch whose studio adjoins the house. Of course there is a Steinway, for isn't our Director one of the Immortals! Ample bookcases with interesting volumes, a center table with a large shaded lamp, and many inviting easy chairs and cozy window seats bespeak luxuriously restful evenings of genuine contentment after long days in the brisk Maine air. The pictures in the room represent scenes ranging from the California Coast to the Roman Campagna and water colors of the Austrian Tyrol—suggesting the extensive travels of the Damrosch family. The artistic touch of the hostess may be seen in the tasteful arrangement of green leaves, autumn foliage and flowers in many lovely vases and jardinières, as if Nature herself must add her share to an already perfect setting.

The dining room adjoining offers another delight to the eye, with its cypress-wood panelled walls and raftered ceiling. It seems like a corner of Holland itself, with its delft tiled fireplace, the blue candlesticks on the mantelpiece, the wall rack with delft plates, the quaint chandelier with yellow silk shades, the Dutch clock more than three hundred years old, the brass tea set on the buffet above which hangs the head of a deer shot in the woods of Maine. Above the fireplace is a piece of tapestry representing the coat of arms of the von Heimburgs (Mr. Damrosch's mother). Beneath the insignia are the words, "*Grade Wege—*

Güldene Wege," (Straight roads are golden roads). If one single feature of this exquisite home were the *pièce de resistance* it would be the huge window of the dining room looking toward the sea. It is at least eight by five feet in dimensions, giving the effect of a whole glass side to the room whence may be glimpsed that superb view of Seal Harbor just beginning to be visible as the fog is lifting its gray veil from the landscape.

A short hall leads to Dr. Damrosch's Study which one enters with a thrill of being in the sanctum sanctorum of a real celebrity. On the wall are interesting trophies such as the sword Mr. Damrosch used when a Lieutenant in the National Guard, and another weapon of Philippine origin; a German student's pipe, a picturesque Chinese pipe; his flag as Vice Commodore of the Yacht Club, Westhampton, Long Island; and scenes of his western camping trips. In the corner by the window is the desk where much of our Institute's destiny is undoubtedly planned during quiet reflective hours in this inspiring region.

Proceeding thence to the spacious verandah which extends the entire width of the house, all one's best adjectives shrivel up in sheer inadequacy at this unexpected triumph. Black wicker chairs and tables offer a sharp contrast to the brilliant scarlet woodbine which climbs porch rail and pillars in luxuriant profusion forming leafy frames through which to view a most marvelous panorama as the last wisps of fog leave the September sun to lavish its golden radiance upon the scene. To the right, the hills of Mt. Desert rise imposingly from the edge of the water. High on the slopes of one opposite is the palatial residence of John D. Rockefeller. Below the Damrosch home are houses where many well-known artists of the musical world such as Fritz Kreisler, Josef Hofmann, Harold Bauer, Carlos Salzedo and others frequently sojourn during the summer months. Beyond the charmingly rustic Yacht Club of Seal Harbor, many pretty yachts ride at anchor. Among them is the "Polly," Mr. Damrosch's sailing sloop in which he spends the happiest hours of his vacation, for he is an ardent lover of the sea. Farther out, innumerable small islands dot the waters and to the extreme left the unobstructed vision of the limitless horizon where sky and ocean meet—out where the blue begins.

A more ideal situation for a house it is impossible to imagine than these rock ledges where the Damrosch house seems to perch like a great eagle poised for flight. The site was selected twenty-two years ago, before scarcely anyone else had made their summer residence at Seal Harbor. The Norwegian pines surrounding the house were brought here and planted when only baby size; now they are stately trees. It was through his brother, Walter, that Mr. Damrosch first came to Mt. Desert, the paradisiacal island of which Seal Harbor is the crown-glorious glory.

ASSAULTING THE SLOPES OF PARNASSUS

By W. J. Henderson

The building of a house or a church is an exposed process. People generally realize, though perhaps vaguely, that the architect's conception of beauty in exterior design is largely limited or modified by the stern necessities of masonry and the practical demands of light and air. Literary work shares with music the questionable distinction of being a mystery. When the novelists talk they often purposely speak in riddles. They enjoy the momentary pose of Delphos. They tell us that they assemble a group of human beings of differing characters, start them going and wait to see what they will do. Then they write it down and it is a novel.

However, so many persons of otherwise tractable disposition have burst the bounds of discretion and assaulted the slopes of Parnassus that some acquaintance with the demands of the art of writing has been disseminated. To be sure in these days there is less exactitude in such knowledge than there would have been in the graver times of the founders of the republic. The amendments to the Constitution for example, are neither as wise in themselves nor as admirable in expression as the original document.

The curious may read the confessions of some famous writers about their art. Robert Louis Stevenson for one left us some delectable essays on style, and Walter Pater was liberal in his contribution to our information. Then there was Archbishop Trench with his "Study of Words" and Richard Grant White with "Words and Their Uses." And Mr. Stevenson has gravely told us that the man who is unwilling to spend a whole afternoon in search of the precise word to convey an idea is unfit for the business of literature.

We are not so meticulous in this day, and there are even university professors who encourage the youth of the land to speak as the vaudeville actor speaks—"a mouthful" and "let it go at that." But music is highly specialized. Four years of real study are demanded by the leading conservatories. And it should be candidly admitted that to teach a student the foundations of musical technic in four years presupposes genuine talent on the part of the pupil, great devotion on the part of the teachers, and withal a good deal of forcing.

Many of the performers who enjoy considerable public favor are not musicians. This is more frequently the case with singers than with players of instruments. The players must at least be able to read the music of the pieces they study. It is an open secret that many singers cannot read at all.

The singer who cannot read music must obviously have uncertain ideas of the relative values of notes, and therefore of rhythm. His conceptions of phrasing must surely be based on his breath control rather than the symmetry of the melodic outline. His accuracy in regard to the entrances of the voice in orchestrally accompanied music must be rather meager. In polyphonic compositions he must without doubt be entirely at sea.

It is probable that a large part of the activities of coaches is caused by the inability of uneducated singers to deal with songs unaided. The singer does not take kindly to the rigorous training of the conservatory. He does not wish to study ear training, sight reading, piano playing and theory, let alone musical history and esthetics. The best voices usually go to the private teachers, who teach voice and nothing else. It is greatly to the credit of many private teachers that they are now refusing to do this and insisting that their pupils learn something about music.

Knowing a Tonic Triad.

A person who can read notes and play on the piano is not in the large sense of the word a musician. A musician should know something of the theory of his art. He ought certainly to be able to



W. J. Henderson on Birch Trail near his Villa at New London, New Hampshire, where he spends his summers.

tell how scales are formed, to name the fundamental chords, to recognize the elementary modulations and, above all, to know the simpler intervals. A man who does not know a tonic triad when he hears one or cannot tell a major from a minor third can hardly be called a musician.

Singers who do not know the intervals rarely sing them correctly, and this is one of the commonest causes of singing out of tune. But perhaps we are wandering far away from the most important point in this entire matter. The music student of this day is unconsciously affected by the general trend of contemporaneous thought. The so-called progressive ideas against which Ben Hoover

so brilliantly loosed the thunders of his eloquence last Wednesday at the banquet of the National Manufacturers' Association have permeated the world of art and debased its standards to a degree not realized by those commentators whose mental concentration is utilized in shaping smart phrases to dazzle editors or those teachers whose sincerity is equalled only by their simplicity.

The typical music student of to-day is neither a Caffarelli nor a Farinelli. He assuredly does not believe in art for art's sake, but for the sake of cold cash. Fame means nothing to him but higher salary. Greatness signifies Carnegie Hall, with every seat occupied and two or three hundred persons crowded on the stage. The box office is the judge of merit. And the typical music student is interested chiefly in discovering a method by which he can attract huge audiences, no matter whether that method be one of supreme art such as Paderewski and Josef Hofmann's or of vaudeville character.

To Get the Money.

For when you get right down to the bedrock foundation of all radical ideas (progressive ideas, when politely named) they mean one and the same thing—to get the money away from those who have it. That the poor innocent of a radical does not realize that he will thereby become the hated capitalist and transform the rich man into a radical has no bearing on the matter. The music student who is "out" for the "dust" is no better in the world of art than the revolutionist is in the world of social economics.

But the solemn truth is that the divine power which plants an artistic talent in a soul, at that same moment imposes on that soul the duty of using it to combat the aggressions of pure materialism. Every student of music owes it to his country and to his race to battle for the survival of beautiful ideals which are fast vanishing from the life of this people. It ought to be manifest to every man who has lived more than forty years that what used to be the dominating American ideals are now regarded as outworn and even ridiculous. An examination of the ideals which have been brushed aside will suffice to convince any serious thinker that those which are gone are precisely those which were most idealistic and that their places have been taken by conceptions of the meaning, purpose and object of human existence which are thoroughly materialistic, gross and debasing.

The music student cannot escape his obligations to humanity. He may ignore them, but when he does he commits an unpardonable offense against his kind. If there is truth in what has here been said about the duty of the artist to battle against the march of materialism, then it is undeniable that the music student is in a position to advance in the lead. For his is beyond question the most independently ideal of all the arts. When it chooses to do so, it can exercise its most vital functions without reference to anything outside of itself.

Music Speaks Only of Itself.

The architect must build a house for men to live in or a temple for them to worship in. The painter must paint a picture of mountains or ocean or a human face. The novelist must tell of the acts and thoughts of people. But the musician may compose a sonata in B flat which shall speak of nothing but itself, publish no beauty but its own entrancing concatenation of sounds. And the pianist may play this sonata with no other object than to charm the minds of hearers through their sense of hearing.

One comes back, therefore, in the end to the true mission of the musician. Music has no doctrine to preach, no ethics to inculcate, no philosophy to disseminate. Her one purpose is to create beauty and enrich human experience with a purely aesthetic delight. "Whatever is in any way beautiful," said Marcus Aurelius, "hath its source in beauty itself and is complete in itself." And he most significantly added, "Praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse nor the better for being praised." Nor is it any the worse or better for bringing to the lockers of its creator heavy weight of dollars.

In these days the music student who cherishes ideals will have need of courage. But in the end he will reap his reward. For after all a man must live with himself. Alone or in society, his thoughts pursue him, and he who construes life as a chase after material gain and nothing else is likely to find himself exceedingly bad company. But the man who cherishes high ideals will be little troubled with self and will dwell continually in a noble brotherhood.

A PLEA TO POETS

When Shakespeare told of Rosalind
And brooks through Arden flowing,
He sang, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind!"—
And still the wind is blowing.

Lord Byron penned the words, "Roll on,
Thou deep and dark blue ocean!"—
The sea continued, thereupon,
Its undulating motion.

Again, "Sail on, O Ship of State!"
You've heard Longfellow hailing.
Please note that still, in spite of fate,
That ship is somehow sailing.

Then, Poets, masters of the spell
Of thaumaturgic phrases,
Restrain your wrath, and never tell
The world to go to blazes!

—Arthur Guiterman.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE PIANO AND THE HARP

By Carlos Salzedo

Few musicians have grasped the nature of the harp. Its fundamental voice is not understood and it is illogically blamed for not possessing qualities that belong to other instruments. The harp lacks, they say, a "real staccato" and a "real legato." True. But one does not hear the piano criticized for not being able to render effects characteristic of the harp.

Such misconceptions arise generally from a deplorable ignorance of instrumentation which is not easy to excuse today when almost every city of importance has its own symphonic orchestra and when there is scarcely a village that has not been visited by eminent instrumentalists. Even composers who write works for large orchestras reveal a strange indifference to the distinct psychology of each instrument. What determines the individuality of an instrument or a voice is the timbre, not the range. Cello, bassoon and tenor-trombone have practically the same range; so have the viola, clarinet, trumpet and contralto voice; the violin, flute, mezzo-soprano and soprano voices. But each of these instruments possesses a timbre distinct from any other. While appreciating, in a general way, such distinctions, musicians, when it comes to differentiating the characteristics of the harp and piano, show a sudden stubborn deafness.

One can hardly believe that the method of writing on two staves for the piano and for the harp has misled musicians; yet if we consult orchestra harp parts we are inclined to think that most composers regard the harp in a piano-like manner. Witness, those innumerable passages in five finger form; or again those good looking figures tried out on the piano and practically unrenderable or ineffective on the harp. (Richard Strauss' scores are filled with such unharpistic parts.) In general, orchestral harp parts are a sort of compromise between the piano and an imaginary harp.

* * *

The achievements of the piano are too well known to need comment here, but we believe it interesting—and timely—to state a few facts that are not so well known about the harp.

During the last decade the harp has undergone a tremendous evolution. Formerly despised by musicians, particularly by composers and conductors, it has gradually gained a place of honor in the field of music. It is significant of the growing consideration accorded the harp since its recent renaissance, that most of the leading American orchestras have invited harpists to appear as soloists: New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Boston Symphony, Symphony Society of New York, Philadelphia Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Detroit Symphony Orchestra. For Ensemble playing and Chamber music, harpists

have been invited to contribute to the Pittsfield Festival, The Society of the Friends of Music, The Schola Cantorum of New York, The Musical Art Society of New York, The International Composers' Guild, and others.

The renaissance of the harp is due to several factors: to the better musical foundation which the harpists of this generation are receiving; to the higher class of music they are playing, and to the activities of the Association of Harpists, Inc., created for the furtherance of progressive ideas. In this organization no student is eligible to professional membership unless he passes successfully a severe examination. Jury for these examinations is composed of two harpists, two composers and one conductor; the works to be performed are chosen from Bach, Haydn, Pierné, Debussy and the writer.

Since the harp is often compared to the piano—and often thought of as a piano with its hide off—let us also compare these two instruments. The pianist with his various ways of attacking the keys can produce but one sort of sound, here short, there long, there languid but always uni-colored. The harpist, by means of the various ways of handling his instrument, can produce thirty-seven sonorous effects—in spite of which one occasionally hears that the harp is a limited instrument! "The limitation of the harp" exists in the minds of limited composers and ill-informed critics. Such ignorance is not only found in regard to the harp. Few composers really know what can be done with the orchestra. It is not enough for a composer through his imagination to conceive a musical idea, he must have the technical ability to exteriorize it. Most of the orchestral works are conceived through the piano—a pocket factory—and frequently through a piano of doubtful character, more or less well tuned. The result is an orchestra that sounds like a disproportioned piano. An orchestral work will "sound" if *orchestrally* conceived. One may experiment with polyphony on the piano but one should not transfer pianistic ideas to the orchestra, as most composers do. A passage meant to be played by the trombone, the timpani or the harp will not "sound" unless composed with a thorough understanding of the possibilities of those instruments.

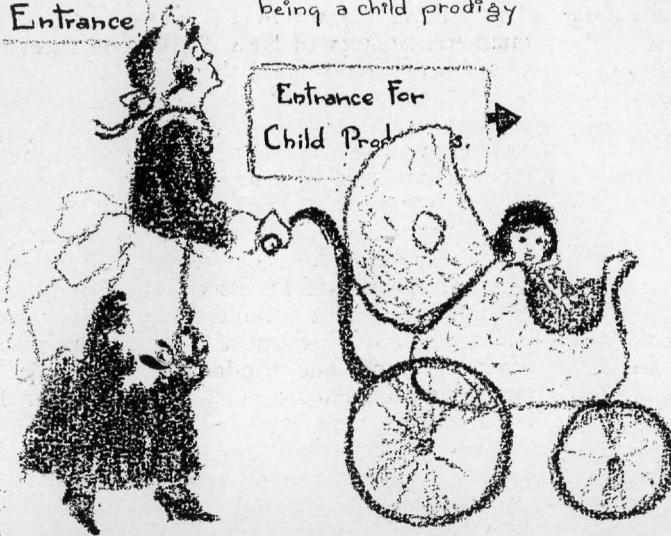
Instruments are like living organisms, needing only the impetus of imagination to accomplish feats never dreamed of in treatises on instrumentation. Such books are of little real value as the new ideas of living pioneers are never found in them. Since musicians of all tendencies agree in acknowledging Claude Debussy to be the greatest master of orchestration, probably the most universally helpful treatise

(Continued on Page 10)

THE TRAGIC STORY OF A PERFECT INSTITUTE PRODUCT

Students' Entrance

1. Our heroine enters the Institute in the first bloom of youth, conscious of being a child prodigy



2. She had had hopes of graduation at fifteen, but still one finds one can look young at 18.

Receives Certificate



3. What desperate plan is here portrayed formulating in our heroine's mind? Yea, a desperate plan indeed for she designs taking a Post-Graduate course!—The weary years wear on and then—



4. At last comes the day when the proud mamma brings home the coveted diploma to her children, who were beginning to have horrid doubts about their mother's right to be a child wonder.



5. Ye gods! What does our elderly friend discover but that it takes another year's study with Mr. Friedberg to become a full-fledged artist. Still, undaunted, even at the age of 60, she has at last found her place among the ranks as infant phenomenon and determines to take the final course—



6. This poor old lady demonstrating the law of gravity is none other than the erstwhile babe whose picture appears at the top of the page. Having finished the final year of study required, the management didn't consider her good enough refused to pass her—can you blame her?



7. Shed a tear now for the most promising young pianist of the decade. She had finally become a finished product and actually about to startle the public at Carnegie Hall on May the 16; but alas on May the 15 she died, at the age of 80, worn to a frazzle. The kind gentleman who is crying, laying her (see below)



You can see that she has become so frail as to appear positively unearthly.

newly-acquired diploma on her grave. Requiescat in pace!

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THE SEASON'S CODA

With the examination by the Artist's Jury, consisting this year of Efrem Zimbalist, Leon Sametini and Rudolph Polk, which took place Monday evening, May 26th, the last movement of the school year's activity drew to a close. The grand finale will be a dinner and theatre party on Thursday evening the 29th for the Class of 1924 and members of the Faculty. Following the dinner at Zucca's Italian Garden, everyone will attend a performance of "The Melody Man" at the Ritz Theatre.

On Saturday evening May 31st, the Commencement Exercises will take place at Aeolian Hall when a larger class than usual, one hundred in number, will receive graduate and post-graduate diplomas from Dr. Damrosch.

COROT, THE ARTIST

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot was born at Paris 1796 and died at Ville d'Avray near there in 1875. He is famed for his landscapes and figure subjects. He was a pupil of Michallon and of Bertin in Paris.

"Two Men in a Skiff" was painted in 1872. It shows a narrow stream bordered with willows; the

skiff is in the foreground, a church tower in the distance. A silvery gray color is over all. The picture was a bequest of Isaac D. Fletcher to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1917.

A set of artists who assembled in the neighborhood of Barbizon and Fontainebleau near Paris followed the teachings of Courbet whose motto, one one might say, was "Back to Nature." Rousseau was the first of these artists to appreciate that nature has a heart, a life which only the contemplative mind perceives.

The best qualified by nature, however, to understand her mysteries was Corot. To him a tree was not a toughly knotted personality but a soft tremulous being rocking in the fragrant air in which it whispers. He did not care to paint the oak, the favorite of artists of form; nor the chestnut nor the elm; he preferred to summon amid the delicate play of sunbeams, the aspen, poplar, alder, birch with its white slender stem and pale quivering leaves, and the willow with its light foliage.

Corot was a great, lovable man and spent the last forty years of his life in close touch with nature. "Last night," he said on his deathbed, "I saw in a dream a landscape with a sky all rosy. It was charming, and still stands before me quite distinctly; it will be marvelous to paint." How many landscapes may he not have thus dreamed and painted from the recollected vision! How he has caught the very essence and delicacy of Springtime in his art.

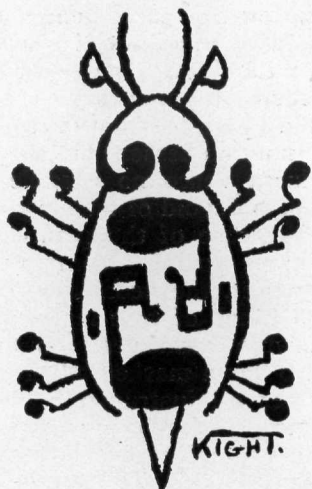
THE DIARY OF A PRODIGY

By Richard C. Rodgers

April 2, 1924.

Mother has been complaining for some time that I don't look well. "You're pale, Sonny," said she. So yesterday with Cora and Cora's mother we started off very early in the morning for an all-day picnic. Naturally, the whole proceeding held little interest for me as my mind runs to more serious things and I've always held picnics childish; but out of respect for Mother's age I agreed to go. The car came round at the unearthly hour of eleven and away we went—to Long Island. What a terribly Long Island it is! About three in the afternoon we reached some country, wiped the dust from our eyes, and climbed out. Then Mother perpetrated her horrible little joke. "Now, we'll cook dinner" she said! Of all the insufferable indignities I have ever been forced to undergo, this was the worst. I, the composer of a symphony (at the age of sixteen), the greatest interpreter of Chopin, and the toast of young New York forced to collect fire-wood! How we artists suffer! . . . At four o'clock a fire of some sort was started: at five o'clock Mother said, "Now, children, the steak is ready." At six o'clock we had managed to eat some of it; and at seven, by dint of hard work, the utensils had been washed and packed. Off we went with a

(Continued on next page)



THE DIARY OF A PRODIGY

(Continued from preceding page)

very quiet "Hip-Hip-Hurrah!" Some time or other we reached home. The exact details of the ride have slipped my memory as I was in a slight daze from the strain of the mental and manual labor I had performed. How terrible it is to be sensitive! How we artists suffer!

May 7, 1924.

Never in all my life have I been so humiliated! This morning a notice appeared on the bulletin board announcing the schedule of examinations at the Institute. In a terrible rage I went immediately to Dr. Damrosch with the matter. "Dr. Damrosch," I said, "never in all my life have I been so humiliated! That one of my obvious ability should be forced to take an examination in a subject of which he is so complete a master is insupportable! I absolutely refuse!" I hated to use this tone to the good man, who, after all, is my senior, but I felt the situation demanded stringent action. "But nevertheless, you can appreciate the uncomfortable position in which I am placed." He had no answer to this, and pleaded with me to give way to him as my refusal might do immeasurable damage to the Institute. I finally agreed in a spirit of bonhomie. Ah, the demands that age makes upon youth!

May 10, 1924.

I attended the theory examination today, and I don't know what prevented me from throwing down my paper in disgust and leaving the hall. I received my first insult upon my arrival. I was requested not to sit next to a young friend of mine, who is incidentally a very clever theorist and would not have needed my assistance anyway, but was forced to sit quite alone. To add to the annoyance, a young blonde woman, connected in some official way with the Institute, kept walking up and down the aisle. She kept watching me carefully and glancing my way continually. I thought it poor taste to choose

such a time and place for a flirtation. . . . Of course, I hadn't the slightest difficulty in answering all the questions. Once in a while I had to resort to my text-book which no one had noticed me bring in, but otherwise it was quite simple. I think I am very clever.

dear grad-you-eights

sum big man always gets the job of talking to you off from the stadge at your commencing—I'm sew little i don't even get scene but i can buzz loud enuf to be herd—last year i waived to you from the tassell of mister dammerosches hat—the won he wears in order to give out diplomas—this year i think i'll be in the coffin in the witch the diplomas are brought onto the stadge—then when i here the name of my favorite stewdent i'll clime into that diploma & get given out—that way the stewdent will get more aplauze than any won because yule sea me on the diploma & aplaude me reel hard wont you—I'll give you 3 guesses as to witch diploma i'll ride in

that stewdent named angel del busto who grad-you-eighted on the bassoon last year is grad-you-eighting on the clarinet now—how many years at that rate will it take him to get a diploma off all the instrumnets of a orchestra—i wanna figure out how old heel be by the time he reaches the thing the conductor uses

speaking of del busto i received the following letter:

dere moosik bug

im riting tu u bekaws im in trubbal and if u wil tel ure frend mis kruthers abowt me mabe she kan help me—mi name is dorothi tu-mis dorothi clarinet—im kawld del busto—he adowptid me and namd mi for her so i gess shees mi gawdmutha only shi duzunt no abowt me—i wish heed neva seen me—o i cant giv him up and now its ownli jean he luvs—Jean is that awfool bassoon—he hasunt takun me enniwhare sins we plaid at aoleum hawl—evri whare he takes jean—please ask mis kruthers whut i kan doo—he woodunt tell her abowt mi being namd for her but i but in whare anguls feer to tred

konfordenshulli yures

mis dorothi clarinet

del busto bi adowpshun and wood be bi wedlawk

when your mother orders flowers for your commencing she shouldn't word it like the lady what said to a flower seller in times square "i suppose you will be hear on wednesday—I shall want a lot of flowers for my daughter; she is coming out on that day"—"she shall have the best in the market" the flower seller replied simpatetically—"what's she been in for"

anyways i no yule all be glad to be out—youve been in for a lot of lately with exams n'things—wishing you many happy returns to the institoot

axidentally yours

n igma

the music bug

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE PIANO AND THE HARP

(Continued from Page 6)

on instrumentation would be one based on principles derived from an analysis of his works.

Music is too generally first approached through the medium of the piano. As we have said before, the piano is the drudge of musical instruments doing the work of all the others and often doing it badly. To become acquainted with the masters of the XVIIth, XVIIIth and early XIXth centuries through our powerful modern piano is just as misleading as if the Bach *Chaconne* for violin would first be tried out on a xylophone. The music of the clavichordists, to be rightfully appreciated and understood, ought not to be performed unless readjusted for our modern piano—as so admirably done by Harold Bauer in his Bach transcriptions.

Considered from the point of view of pure sonority, most of the piano literature of the XIXth century having been conceived in a spirit not yet wholly free from the influence of the earlier clavichord music and much of it written while the piano was still evolving out of that charming old instrument, gives but a faint idea of the possibilities of our powerful modern piano. With the notable exception of Chopin and Liszt, it did not occur to the composers of the XIXth century to study their improved piano as an entirely new instrument of untried resources. The blending effect, obtained by a skillful use of the pedal, so characteristic of the piano, was never brought out by Schumann, César Franck or Saint-Saëns. The history of the evolution of the harp is similar to that of the piano although even more striking; for although the harp reached its present mechanical development in 1811, it is only within the last few years that its increased powers have been recognized and used. Even today many composers are still writing for the complex modern harp as though it were the ancient harp of David! The first composers to take full advantage of the resources of the piano were Debussy and Ravel; later came Scriabine; recently Casella, Ornstein, Rudhyar and others. But the majority of pianists and composers today continue to treat the piano as though no new discoveries had been made since Chopin wrote nocturnes to George Sand. Yet any other than the new method of writing for the piano is illogical since a melodic line is ineffective on the piano requiring, as it does, a sustaining legato of which the piano is incapable. Listen for example to a sonata in which there is a melodic dialogue between piano and violin; notice that when the piano takes up and repeats a melody already played by the violin the effect is as disappointing as drinking water after wine.

* * *

No musical instrument can render a true legato. The four-stringed instruments and the human voice succeed more nearly than any

others, on account of their being controlled by a continuously flowing device—bow or breath. The piano is the least capable of producing a true legato, for each note represents a dying column of sound. In a melodic phrase the vitality of the first note is lessened when the second note is produced hence no possible true legato. The harp, too, is devoid of true legato since each note, as in the case of the piano, represents a dying column of sound. Contrary to what is popularly thought, the pedal does not make up for the piano's lack of true legato; its chief action is to enwrap harmonies. In this particular point the harp has a marked advantage over the piano and over all instruments on account of the overlapping of each sound, the result of which produces an effect that might be termed a *super legato*.

* * *

The fundamental sound of the harp holds a medium between the legato and staccato of the piano. One may prefer the sound of the piano to that of the harp, or vice versa, but this is purely a matter of taste—or possibly habit—and neither kind of sound may be qualified as being better than the other. Each answers to different needs. In certain cases, however, the sound of the harp is more adequate to render effects actually written for the piano. Frequent examples may be found in our contemporary literature. Debussy's *Rêverie* offers a striking example:



In the example above whether the pedal is used or not the effect is equally unsatisfactory. In the first case it would sound blurred, in the second dry. On the other hand, the harpist, thanks to the overlapping of each sound, can render the desired effect to perfection. Another example can be found in *La fille aux cheveux de lin* (The girl with the flaxen hair):



Here Debussy asks that that passage be played "sans lourdeur" (without heaviness). Whoever has heard it played on the piano and on the harp

cannot help admitting that the harp is again the proper medium to render a passage of this kind. Many other examples could be quoted but this might give the impression that we are trying to show the superiority of the harp over the piano which is not so. Our wish is simply to demonstrate that composers—even the greatest—use the piano as an all around receptacle for musical ideas instead of using it for ideas of an essentially pianistic nature.

Scriabine has developed an entirely new conception of the piano which, it is interesting to notice, is derived from the *harpistic principle*—the interweaving of harmonies. This conception is not very apparent in Scriabine's earlier works which were formulated in a post-Chopinist style, but is fully realized in his last Sonatas, Preludes and Poems. In these latter works the pedal plays a most important part. For an adequate performance great skill in pedaling is required as well as a keen sense of discrimination in determining its action. This may explain why Scriabine's works are so frequently misinterpreted. Pianists, by force of habit, renew the pedal whenever the harmonies change; nothing could be more contrary to Scriabine's pianistic conception.

The rôle of the pedal in Scriabine's works is all the more puzzling for those unfamiliar with his ideas as none of his works contains the least pedal indication. The pedal should almost constantly be down. There are none of those light pedal strokes as in most of the piano literature of the past. For instance in the following example (Poem, Op. 71, No. 2) the pedal should be renewed only at the beginning of the 4th and 6th bars. By renewing the pedal on every bar (as "classical" pianists would do) the sonorous effect intended by the composer would be destroyed. We have chosen this example particularly on account of the first two bars:



The preceding example of harmonic interweaving is of a nature essentially harpistic.

Most of the piano and harp literature of the XIX Century is unsuited to the temperament of these two instruments. We do not pretend that the majority will admit this, at least as far as the piano is concerned, but we think it timely to voice an opinion shared by all progressive musicians; and to point out to composers the logical necessity of sculpturing their music in the proper material.

—*Aeolian Review.*

PEDAGOGY

By Vivian Lacy

(The following Thesis received the highest mark in the Course given by Dr. Damrosch.)

After all, if one has obtained even a glimpse of that philosophy of life, to live content in the joy and gratification of finding that which is true and beautiful in all things, can it not be translated into any walk or calling, and why not into the teaching and study of music.

Of course this is the goal to be sought, but what remains to be designated by the teacher, is the ways and means, the highways and byways, so to speak, through which this search may be carried on.

Sincerity of purpose and adherence to ideals is necessary all along the way, though perhaps because not always understood as such, this is often the cause of many problems to teachers contending with others in the profession who may not be so discriminating. A successful teacher must be able to adapt himself to many different conditions, as the background of different pupils may be so varied. However, this background is the first thing to acquaint oneself with, as it must be the cornerstone upon which all further endeavors are built.

Most children have some musical experience, and thanks to the ever increasing importance of music in our public schools the field is seldom entirely barren of some knowledge of good music. Should this be the case, however, the teacher's first duty is to start the work with simple song material and listening lessons.

So many things are necessary to the pupil aspiring to be really proficient in the study of music, that even though this desire may not be present in the beginning, the teacher's work lies in giving attention to the weaknesses rather than the strong points in a pupil's equipment, so that the work is well rounded and developed normally, and may later be a sound foundation for serious work, should such a desire arise. The money wasted on such superficial education is not nearly so regrettable as the valuable time thus spent.

A certain amount of native talent, intelligence, and facility should be in evidence, though often a pupil's timidity may quite hide these characteristics at first. It is only fair for an inexperienced teacher to treat the pupil as though these faculties were present until such time as there is ample proof of either their presence or absence. Even then, many children with mediocre talent may be taught to be intelligent listeners.

A pupil's imitative faculties are so strong, that it is necessary to be certain from the beginning that all of the work is a real musical experience to the child, and not simply an imitation of the teacher. Sight reading and singing of very simple melodies and rhythms should precede any work at the keyboard or instrument, and should continue throughout the study of the subject.

Also little original melodies may be played, possibly the teacher at first giving rhythmic patterns and cadence notes to short phrases and periods. In this way the pupil may from the beginning feel what he is doing, rather than to put down mechanically certain keys at certain signs, as he would perhaps play checkers or dominoes.

As all good music material possesses form, even in the elementary grades, this phase of the subject should also be pointed out from the first. Quite well-defined ideas of good tone quality and phrasing, and careful attention to all notation, can be started with these first simple exercises, and a pupil's interest will be found to be much more keen, once he has begun to criticize his own work, listening for certain effects, etc. Many difficulties will be saved both teacher and pupil if this lesson in "always listening" is taught and learned from the beginning.

Memorizing is never the bugbear it often seems if started at once in these elementary lessons. Helpful hints of memorizing by form, intervals, etc., may be given by the teacher.

The question of technical exercises is determined by their necessity, and the natural adaptability of the pupil. Some pupils have naturally well-formed hands, and a natural facility quite in advance of their musical knowledge. With them the question of technique is not so important as with the child who is not so well equipped by nature. As mere mechanical technique is only the vehicle for musical expression, it should be treated as such, and developed as the necessity arises.

Since it is quite as necessary to foster the good taste and musical judgment of a pupil, as it is to do anything else in this field of work, only such music should be used as would tend to have this refining influence. Many times pupils with a great deal of native talent are led far astray by the superficial type of music literature used by thoughtless or ignorant teachers. It is always best, unless a teacher is sure of her ground, to use only music known to be of the highest character, and a surprising amount of this is available, even in the very first grades of music.

As the work becomes more advanced, more and more attention should be paid to the emotional content.

A teacher should not neglect the opportunity of encouraging an interest in the other arts and in good literature. How tragic a thing is the so-called artist with a good musical equipment, who has so neglected all other sides of his development that he arrives at a stage of maturity in his musical education with this great vehicle of expression and nothing to express.

THESE SPRING DAYS

MASTER: "Joseph, how's the weather this morning?"

JOSEPH: "Rather warm, if it happened to be January; decidedly cool if we were around the 30th of July."

—*L'Illustration (Paris)*

OPERA BURLESQUE

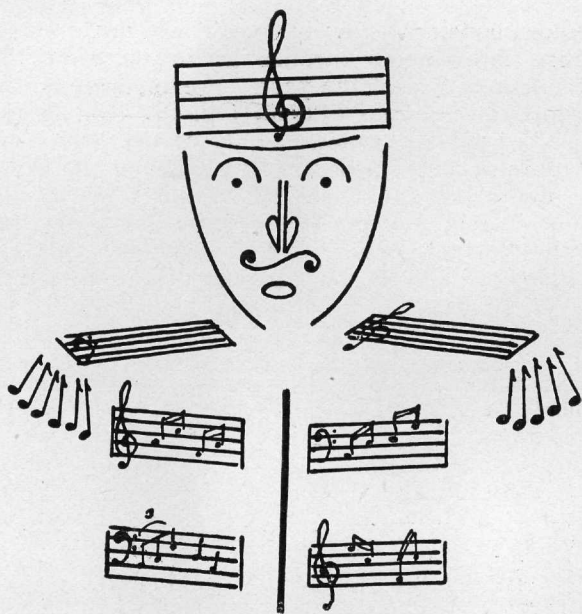
La Tosca

(French for The Tosca)

By Herbert Fields

Somebody laid this comedy drama with incidental music in Rome, Italy, somewhere between the years 1800 and 1818 A.D. (anty domino). The Eytalians were always a very religious people, and it seems only meat that the first scene should take its place in a cathedral.

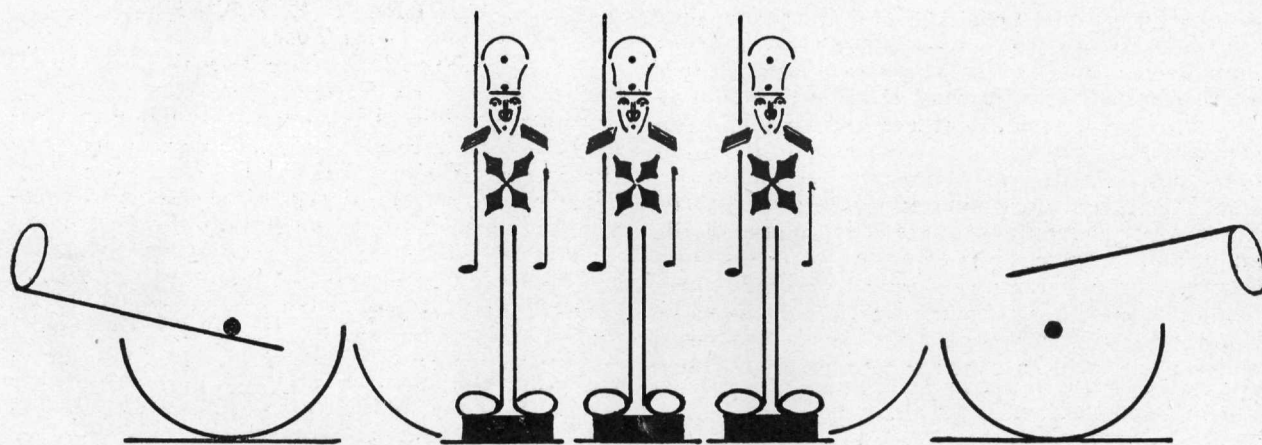
Angelotti, formerly of Angelotti and Varesi, caterers, has escaped from the Scotland Yards, and disguised as an Eytalian, secrets himself between the many pillars of the said cathedral. To whom should he bump into but Mario Cavaradossi, who was at the time re-painting the cathedral. After the usual bromides, such as, "How's business," and "did you see the new Follies," Angelotti says to Mario like this here: "Mario, the bulls is after me! Us being landsmen, you gotta lend me the loan of your villa." "Sure!" pipes up Mario. "You can hide in 'nel putzo nel Jardino'" (meaning the well in the garden, a very significant expression in this opera, same being the plot of the piece). Cavaradossi gives him the key, and Angelotti staggers out in the direction of Mario's villa at Long Beach. The Tosca's entrance music is heard and her entrance takes place. She has a big bunch of flowers (lilies of the violets), a big



The General of the Firing Squad

—*Drawn by Leslie Fairchild*

hat, and a big cane. These she hands to Mario who disposes of them somehow. They go to the easel on which they sit and sing. She sings about how much she loves him. He sings about how much he loves her, and together they sing about how much they love each other. All in all they sing about a half an hour. It is made very clear that Mario and Tosca have a crush



THE FIRING SQUAD

*Musical Soldiers in Canon Form!**—Drawn by Leslie Fairchild*

on themselves. When Puccini feels like it, and the audience is about all in, a cannon is heard. (The cannon is suggested by a cap pistol so as not to wake up the people in the first tier boxes.) La Tosca (Mario calls her Flora now), gathers up her props and exits dragging her train behind her. Baron Scorpion enters with much ado. He is followed by the police department and a few plain-clothes men. They are looking for Angelotti, the escaped crinoline. They leave no chair left unturned in their search, but it seems they can't find him anywhere. Tosca's re-entrance music plays and Tosca re-enters without the props. When Scorpion sees her, he gives a knowing wink to the audience, indicating that he likes her. Simultaneously, in fact, at the same time, Tosca gives a knowing wink to the audience, indicating that she hates him. The audience has a very intimate feeling after having been winked at by both the principal actors. The angelus rings, and the people drop their hoes and rakes, reapers and binders to rush to the cathedral for the noon day prayer.

Act Two

Here we find ourselves transmitted to Scorpion's study. Mario is being tickled to death in the next room. They are trying to laugh him into telling where Angelotti is tucked away. Mario is strong and refuses to betray the whereabouts of his friend and boom companion, so they keep on torturing and tickling. Mario is about laughed out when La (the) Tosca enters in white spangles and a diamond ta-ra-ra on her cruller. She pleads with the bad Baron to make the men "please stop tickling her Mario," but Scorpion can't see it. True to his name, he says to her like this, "Listen, Flo, It's hard to refuse you anything, but there are some things in business where business is business. BUT. . . Was you to tell me where is Angelotti hid. I might be induced to call a recess." Tosca is taken away back at this proposition, but horrified by Mario's giggles, she lets slip from her mouth the slogan of the play. "Nel putzo nel Jardino." The screams in the next room cease, and Tosca is

so elated that she goes into a dance. Mario is brought in weak with laughter. She runs to him. Scorpion with a knowing grin gives the order for his execution at sun rise. Floria beseeches him to give Mario a breeze. The Baron, with two eyes to business says that he will have the firing squad use water-pistols if she'll go to the circus with him. . . . ! Tosca is mortified! For the first time she is lost for something to say. So are Puccini, Sardou, Illica and Giocosa. But the audience, having been placed in this position before, start to rattle their jewelry, and sit up with renewed interest.

Tosca snatches the release from Scorpion's hand and hides it on her person. At this junction, Tosca does some awful quick thinking. She whips out a paper-cutter and lunges it in Scorpion's back. The villain dies hard. He rolls on the floor until he gets a comfortable spot, and then remains practically motionless. Tosca, afraid that the soldiers won't see Scorpion when they come in, and fearful of their tripping over his disanimate body, lights a few birthday candles which she steals off'n the desk. . . . steels herself. . . . and steals out.

At this point, all those who came to see Scotti, get up and leave Mario and Tosca in the hands of the management.

Act Three

The third act takes its place on the roof garden of the police station at Rome. It is the first crack of dawn, and Rome is just about calling it a night. Mario is led up in a low necked shirt. He sits at a table and writes his will, and makes out a few checks to the tailor, the grocer, and a few other trades people. Tosca sneaks up, and in an audible stage whisper, tells him where she sent Scorpion. She also tells him of the water-pistol plot. Mario is overjoyed at the prospect of his coming freedom, and together they plan a honeymoon on Lake Como on the Hudson River Day Line. Here and now Mario sings the famous aria of this opera, "Celeste Aida." The firing squad climb up on the stage, as

pictured in the above etching. They line up against the wall and offer to blindfold Mario, who waves them aside with an extravagant gesture with just about the right degree of carelessness. The soldiers aim. Mario faces them defiantly. The soldiers shoot. Crack! At least two of the ten guns go off. Mario falls to the ground cloth. The general covers him with a table cloth, and the army goes out. Tosca ventures near the body and calls coyly, "Mario!" He doesn't answer, she calls again, "Mario, YooHoo!" He remains non-compus-mentus. Tosca doesn't like this very much, so she uncovers her lover's head and realizes with a burst of terrier that Mario is not the man he was a few minutes ago. Poor La Floria Tosca! She is all broke up over Mario's unexpected finish. She's so unhappy that she could jump off the roof, in fact she does, and I guess the act cost her her life.

OUTCLASSED

In my youth, when I listened to Wagner,
A shuddery pleasure I found
At the fluegelhorn's blare and the trombone's fanfare

As they mixed in a salvo of sound.
I never believed it was music,
But it filled me with manifold joys;
The kettledrum's roll was a rest to my soul,
For all that I needed was noise.

I paid little heed to the singers,
Except when they sang in a crowd.
I cared not for tunes on the flutes and bassoons.
I wanted my harmony loud.
But when all the woodwinds together
Got involved in a general fight,
And the saxophones moaned and the great tubas
groaned—
I shouted with eager delight.

But lately I listened to "Siegfried,"
And the music seemed faint and afar.
I missed the deep roar that I thrilled of at yore,
And I murmured "How quiet they are!
This can't be Wagnerian music,
The orchestra never gets rough;
There isn't a boom like the last crack of doom
And there isn't half racket enough!"

And then I remembered the season,
For jazz is abroad in the land.
And Wagner is mild as a timorous child
Compared to "The Wildcat Coon Band."
To a man who has heard how the trumpets
And horns and snare drums misbehave,
And has quivered and quailed while the clarinets
wailed,
Old Wagner seems still as the grave!

—James J. Montague.

"THE MELODY MAN"

Did you ever see an Institute Show? Not the grand operas we toss off in our serious moments during Mr. Savine's sojourn in our midst but the jazz orgy to which our frivolous fancy turns at this season of the year. Then you may remember "Say It with Jazz" of 1921 fame, "Jazz à la Carte" of 1922, and "The Danish Yankee in King Tut's Court" the echoes of which still linger in our ears from last year.

If you are young and feminine your heart may have fluttered oh ever so slightly as "our Dick" led the orchestra through syncopated versions of well-known masterpieces, not to mention his own! You may have wondered which of Dick Rodgers' teachers,—Goetschius, Wedge, or Whiley—could have been responsible!

If you are masculine and discerning you may have noted with the eye of a connoisseur that no chorus on Broadway could have approached ours for terpsichorean skill! You might have then been aware of the unseen pilot at the helm of our productions. Every time you laughed you were paying tribute to the wit of this same one. We know him as Herbert Fields.

Now the big city knows them both as Herbert Richard Lorenz, author of a new comedy, which nightly blazes forth its title, "The Melody Man," in that coveted world of incandescent glory. Feeling certain that the successes of our Institute protégés are always of interest to readers, we publish what the dramatic critics had to say on May 14th.

—From The New York World

Very few of those who make it their business to keep posted as to what is on the verge of attacking Broadway knew anything about "The Melody Man." If they did they kept it a sound secret. The play, written by one whose identity is obscure featuring in its cast that grand old gentleman, Lew Fields, came on last night. It must be regarded as one of the surprises of this dramatic season. No comedy in the closing winter's long list has found itself more heartily laughed at on its opening night. It deserved everything it got. It is a tremendously funny show.

The notion back of "The Melody Man" has been snatched from the lips of first nighters. Seldom does a musical comedy make its bow and escape the taunts of the lobby growlers. When a divinely lovely melody in the score of a musical play raises its head the thing to do is to discover immediately that the present struggling young composer has been robbing the musical chest of the masters who have gone on. Generally every one discovers this simultaneously. Sometimes they put their finger on the theft before the chorus has been reached. Usually their skepticism is well founded.

Mr. Herbert Richard Lorenz, last night's author, has pounced upon the idea of the stolen tune, and has written a first act which is supremely realistic and amusing. His stage represents the cheap clap-trapery of the Tin-Pan-Alley music publishers' offices. Into it he has placed a gabby vaudeville team rehearsing for a new act; a zealous young composer who is "lifting" melodies, and a kind old German musician who, with a life of brilliant composing behind him, is reduced to the grind of this nerve-racking hole. The old man (Mr. Fields) is discovered constructing orchestrations for vaudeville acts—resignedly putting musical paprika on paper for ham actors to dance by.

With eloquent employment of dramatic license, Mr. Lorenz has seen to it that the biggest song hit which the youthful publisher has turned out in seasons is lifted from a sonata penned years ago in Germany by his faithful

employee. From there the plot goes onward. It all works out nicely enough.

The performance by Mr. Fields is light and rollicking, and then again tender and faithful. It is precisely what it should be, according to the story, although it is much the finer when Lew Fields smiles, smacks his hands and stamps a heel. There can be no figure more delightful in our comedy theatre.

There is a vaudeville actor, Sam White, acting the part of a vaudeville actor in this play, and here is probably one of the most astonishingly amusing pieces of damn foolishness on any stage in town. He smacks of the Palace and the Royal and the sticks. He is a perfect scream.

It is generally very amusing and entertaining business. —Q. M.

* * *

—From The New York Telegram & Evening Mail

When Lew Fields appeared at the Ritz Theatre last night, he brought with him "The Melody Man" a comedy which in the hands of the adroit comedian passes at once into the "Potash and Perlmutter" class as a laugh-getter, with all the humor of the roles of Abe and Mawruss fused into the character of Pop, so ably played by Mr. Fields himself.

There are indications, especially in the second act, that "The Melody Man" is an adaptation of a Continental drama. At this point, the play is like "The Music Master," and in the original form it was probably very emotional and very serious. Evidently, Mr. Fields has changed the tone of the piece, adding a first and last act in which the story is made into a farcical comedy with a laugh in every other line.

In this way the story of the old musician whose Dresden Sonata was stolen by a rival musician is no sickly sentimental sob story, but a shrewd satire of tin pan alley, where popular songs are written, or rather adapted, by one-finger pianists.

The first act is a joy. Here the old musician is shown in the employ of the most unscrupulous borrower of other men's melodies, orchestrating them anew, arranging them with jazz accompaniments and fitting them out with dancers for the cabarets and continuous.

When his employer steals his own Dresden sonata and evolves a trashy song called "Moonlight Mama" out of its graceful melody, the musician is infuriated, throws up his position and sues the thief, and—

Mr. Fields is an unfailing source of merriment as the old musician. His best comedy acting of the Weber and Fields Company is employed with a touch of restraint. It is a rich characterization and will delight young and old.

That first act, set in the offices of the publisher of popular songs, is one of the liveliest acts in farce comedy. It moves along with a swing. It assures the success of "The Melody Man."

—Robert Gilbert Welsh.

* * *

—From The New York Sun

"The Melody Man" is a new endeavor by Herbert Richard Lorenz, which is now ensconced at the Ritz, with Lew Fields, quite his incomparable best, in its title role. There is no more likable comedian roaming our stage, and this carry-all in which he is now riding is a better vehicle than he has found of late.

For one thing it has some enormously comic interludes.

One of these individuals, of course, is Mr. Fields, himself, who is at his best when Jules Jordan is hanging around, as though to remind him of old times. And another is Sam White, whose partner, Eva Puck, is astray in the plot somewhere. Mr. White is not only a delirious dancer, but a comedian with a good deal of the essence of Cantor and a little something of his own. He is cast as a complacent and dressy hooper, and it is an immensely funny role.

Lew Fields shakes his head over the plight of the girl who is going to marry the pilot of the Staten Island Ferry. Sailors are a wild lot, with a girl in every port. "But," says the reassuring friend of the bride, "he's only got two ports and one of them is Staten Island."

Then the first act affords a really amusing and lifelike picture of a music factory in Tin Pan Alley, with hoofers

coming and going, with jazz bands wailing at practice in every antechamber and with the big drive in full swing to put over "Moonlight Mama."

—Alexander Woolcott.

* * *

—From the New York Journal of Commerce

Lew Fields returned to Broadway last night, in what might be termed a modern "Music Master" role, in the three-act comedy entitled "The Melody Man," presented at the Ritz Theatre. Mr. Fields' vehicle proved to be a humorous and well staged play based on the hectic and somewhat tinny business of manufacturing "jazz" tunes.

Replete with hearty laughs and both rich and slangy humor "The Melody Man" served to bring new triumphs to Mr. Fields, who portrayed with admirable distinction the part of an old German musician who early in his career won an international reputation as a composer of classics and in later years through poverty is forced to become an arranger of ragtime music.

The young music publisher, breezily played by Donald Gallagher, falls in love with the old master's daughter, daintily interpreted by Betty Weston. Then the action takes one through all the bedlam of a present day music publishing office, with its jazz band and soprano tryouts and rehearsals, then to the squalid flat of the poverty-stricken musician and his daughter, winding up finally in the sumptuous ten-room Riverside Drive apartment of the successful but unethical publisher.

The inevitable final smoothing-out of all misunderstandings and differences comes at the fall of the last curtain. Interspersed throughout the three acts is the thread of an interesting intrigue dealing with the theft of the theme melody of the old musician's prize sonata, resultant lawsuits attended to by a humorous "shyster" lawyer and the final transformation of the sonata into a financial fox-trot success, entitled "Moonlight Mama."

Eva Puck was refreshing in the part of the peppy professional manager of the music house, with Sam White and Renee Noel picturesque as the ever-quarreling "small-time" song and dance team, whose every other thought is expressed in the vernacular of Broadway slang. The disappointed young lover was touchingly portrayed by Frederic March, and Jules Jordan acquitted himself with distinction as a typical "Potash & Perlmutter" police-court lawyer. The minor roles were acceptably filled by Eleanor Rowe, Jerry Devine, and Louise Kelley.

Incidentally, the two "gems" of modern composition "Moonlight Sonata" and "I'd like to Poison Ivy," which are sponsored by the embryonic jazz emporium and are sung, danced and rehearsed throughout the first act of the comedy, seemed to catch the fancy of last night's audience with all the appeal of a Broadway revue score.

* * *

—From The Evening World

"The Melody Man" having its introduction at the Ritz Theatre last night, began with a rapid-fire assault on Tin Pan Alley and them that do such business there as the revamping of ancient classics into modern syncopations.

The stage was happily set with labels and titles of the trade and opportunity was afforded for bursts of odd harmony from a practicing jazz band and for a sample act of a vaudeville pair.

Sam White managed an exhibition dance in which he added several steps to the hundred and fifty-seven varieties hitherto known to the vaudeville and musical comedy stage. And so, what with one thing and another happening in the offices of Al Tyler, one highly successful in the Alley, the way was prepared for the entrance of Franz Henkel, an "arranger of music" for Tyler, readily recognizable to old and new friends as Lew Fields.

On Lew Fields' appearance, with his German accent only mellowed by time, the piece on view became promptly an amended, revived and newly embroidered "Music Master" and so it continued for the greater part of three acts. When all the fuss was over, it was discovered that what had passed at the Ritz was, in effect, a Lew Fields' evening, in which a good time had been had by a good, big audience.

Herbert Richards Lorenz, who wrote "The Melody Man,"

has remembered and covered all the points in a popular theatrical scheme.

Mr. Fields is at home all through the play. His accent has full fling, he gets a chance every little while to display his serious talent as an actor of comedy roles, and he has a stage lawyer, also heavily accented, with whom he exchanges broken chunks of repartee, such as in the old days used to pass between him and one small but forgotten Joe Weber.

As Elsa, the Henkel daughter, Miss Betty Weston furnishes the leading support to Mr. Fields, and she is a young person whom it is gratefully easy both to look upon and to listen to.

—E. W. Osborn.

THE TRAVELER

Oh, who would choose to be a traveler?
That anxious railway-guide unravel
Who spends his nights in berths and bunks,
His days in chaperoning trunks;
Who stands in line at gates and wickets
To spend his means on costly tickets
To Irkutsk, Liverpool and Yap.
And other dots upon the map.
He never rests, but always hurries
From place to place, beset with worries
About hotels and future trips
And just how much to give in tips.
He plods through galleries, museums,
Cathedrals, castles, colosseums,
And villages reputed quaint
With patience worthy of a saint
To give his friends the chance of hooting,
"You didn't visit Little Tooting?!"

—Arthur Guiterman.

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