



ANOTHER CLIPPING, WITH ITS LESSON

By Percy Goetschius

The following is a much condensed presentation of a significant editorial on "Contemporary Music" by one of the keenest, profoundest and most fearless musical critics in England, Mr. Harvey Grace (who, by the way, was a pupil of our Dr. Richardson, and his assistant organist, at Southwark Cathedral), published in the *Musical Times* of January 1, 1925.

It contains many firmly grounded truths which the young composer should earnestly heed, and which I want every one of our students to know and ponder. The italics are all mine.

Papa Goetschius.

....."There is no getting away from the fact that the public has shown unmistakably that it has little use for contemporary music of the extreme brand.

....."There are plenty of us who have made a genuine effort to appreciate the present-day composer. If the result has been a disappointing reaction in favor of classical music—including a good deal that we thought we had done with years ago—the fault is not entirely ours.

....."I have no hesitation in saying that the bulk of it (contemporary music) fails on four grounds:

- (1) It is monotonous;
- (2) It is conventional;
- (3) It is unnecessarily difficult for performer and hearer;
- (4) It is ugly."

....."On the face of it, the wealth of resource ought to make for variety and interest, but the hard fact remains that it does nothing of the sort unless it is used, first, *in moderation*, and, second, not merely for its own sake, but as an accessory to material of real interest and freshness.

....."All alike strive so desperately to be original,

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THE HEAVENLY MUSIC

(Fairy Tale, retold from the German)

By Mrs. Frank Damrosch

In the golden days of long ago the angels were allowed to come to earth to play with the little peasant children in the fields. The heavenly gates were opened wide and a radiant light fell upon the world like gentle rain. And the people on earth could look up and see the saints walking about among the stars and they waved greetings to each other from afar.

But the most beautiful thing of all was the wonderful music that came down from heaven. The dear God, Himself, had written this music and the angels played it on their trumpets and drums and fiddles. When the music began everything on earth was silent. The winds ceased to blow, the sea and the rivers stood still and the people clasped each other's hands and smiled.

No one nowadays can even imagine the strangely beautiful feeling that came to the people who listened to this music in those golden days. But these golden days soon were over.

One day the Heavenly Father ordered the gates to be closed, and the angels were told to stop their music for something had happened to make Him sad. That grieved the angels. Taking their music, they sat down on their little white clouds, and with their little golden scissors, cut the music into small pieces which they let fly to earth.

The wind carried them like snowflakes over hill and dale, through all the world. The people on earth each seized a piece, some a small one, others a larger one, and they guarded them carefully as most precious treasures. For were they not a part of that marvelous music that had come to them from heaven?

However, after a time they began to quarrel, each one insisting that his piece of music was the best, and finally declaring that their own

particular piece of music was really the only genuine heavenly music and that all the others were just fraud and delusion.

Those who tried to be very clever, and there were many such, added some queer flourishes at the beginning and at the end of their pieces, and thought themselves quite extraordinary. Some would play in the key of A, and others would sing in the key of B! Some would play in major and others in minor, and no one understood the others' music, and there was horrible noise and confusion everywhere! And alas, so it is today!



They cut their music into small pieces which they let fly to earth.

But at the last day, the Day of Judgment, when the stars fall to earth, and the sun falls into the sea, and the people throng to the gates of heaven, like children who are waiting to see their Christmas tree—then the Heavenly Father will tell the angels to gather in all the bits of music of His heavenly note-book, even the tiniest ones, on which there may be just one little note. The angels will piece them together, and the gates of heaven will open wide, and once more the heavenly music will resound, as pure and beautiful as before!

And the throngs before the portals will listen in amazement and feel ashamed! They will say to each other, "This piece was mine, that one was yours, but it is so beautiful, and not at all like our music. It must be because it has all been put together just as it should be!"

And you may depend on it! That is what will surely happen!

ANOTHER CLIPPING, WITH ITS LESSON

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and to avoid any suspicion of the obvious, that they have achieved a uniform state of the far-fetched—which is the worst type of conventionality.

....."I don't know how it strikes you, but I must confess to a weariness of the everlasting fifths, consecutive common chords (triads) in root position, false relations, and all the rest of the easily manipulated material of the up-to-date primitives. I object to it not only because of its monotony, but also because of its cheapness. It requires nothing in the way of skill compared with the ordinary *decent part writing* that is now despised. Time was when composers took a pride in good workmanship; now there seems to be a sort of fear of it, as if the *technique of composition* were incompatible with originality.....

....."A lot of us cannot avoid the feeling that some of them write this way because it is a long sight less trouble than decent part writing.....

....."Thematic development, good part-writing, modulation—all these and the rest of the composer's technical outfit, are to be acquired only at the cost of time and sweat, and no composer has ever done much without them. On the contrary, we know that several great men just failed to make the most of their gifts because of a lack of the technique of composition.....

....."Beethoven himself realized rather late in the day that he still had a good deal to learn in regard to Fugue and counterpoint. Those figures that he indulged in during his last period—how much better they might have been had he gone through the mill more thoroughly in his young days! They would certainly have been shorter and probably a good deal less dry. I believe the word 'Fugue' raises a pitying smile among the young bloods of today, yet *there is no doubt that the writing of Fugue is one of the very finest of studies*. I agree that very few should be written for publication. But if all our composers under thirty years of age *wrote at least one Fugue a week, preferably for string-quartet*, we should in a short time get rid of the muddled matter, and untidy and pretentious manner, that spoil so much of today's output.....

....."Much of the monotony that we find in present-day music is the result of chromaticism. Given the choice between over-diatonic and over-chromatic music, the *normal ear* prefers the former (over-diatonic).....

....."The composer who writes unnecessarily difficult music is standing in his own light.....

....."The ugliness of so much modern music is undeniable, even when we make due allowance for beauty being largely a matter of taste. After all, *civilized people* have arrived at a general agreement as to what is beautiful in physiology and nature, and all but a few eccentric folk think pretty much the same as to what is beautiful in speech-sounds, and vocal tone.....

(Concluded on Page 4)

THE PIANO AND PIANO LITERATURE

By Harold Morris

Because the piano is so often looked upon as the "household instrument," many approach it without a full realization of all it has meant in musical history. Probably even many study the piano because of its ready accessibility, its completeness or lack of dependence on other instruments. While these reasons have logic and potency, if one can be awakened early to the fact that a study of the piano implies an investigation and appreciation of one of the greatest of all literatures, a new viewpoint has been aroused that brings reverence and love, rather than an idle curiosity about pianistic sounds and finger agility, and effects that can be produced.

It is an interesting fact that a majority of the immortal composers were pianists; and since a composer guides into new channels of thought, the pianoforte literature may, in truth, be called a history of music by itself. Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms were pianists. Bach was a great clavichord and organ virtuoso. Schumann was a pianist until an injured finger incapacitated him and interrupted, to the world's advantage, a career as a concert pianist. Of course Chopin and Liszt were pianists, as were Debussy, Grieg and MacDowell.

Many of the other composers used the piano in composing. Most of these master-composers were master-pianists, hence a genuine valuation of the piano must start from the standpoint of master music, and how the piano served as a medium of expression.

The piano literature, including as it does the classics as well as certain accepted works even of our own generation, is unusually large and the compositions often of great length. This necessitates a thorough understanding, on the part of the student, of form, of fugue, of variation, of sonata, etc., or else the composer's intent will most often be missed. To really grasp these forms one should write in them and then an appreciation of genius, or super-intellect, is more readily understood. A kindly professor once gave a student, unknowing, a Wagner theme with which to work, and after the neophyte had struggled laboriously the original was brought forward. This developed more knowledge of Wagner's powers than endless reading and arguments.

And the fact that the piano literature comprises all the principal forms is in itself a factor to be reckoned with, for while one is practicing piano, he is also studying form, or should be. This is too often overlooked, for many a piano student has never analyzed the sonata and fugue at hand, or has failed to apply his theoretical knowledge. How can the correlation of the parts be balanced, or the emphasis or stress be given where due unless the composer's viewpoint of construction is grasped. In practically every art creation there is one central

idea, which is of dominating importance; there is but one real climax, which has a focal significance and which is the result of contrasting emotions in juxtaposition; there is but one solution to conflict, depending on the creator's imagination and philosophy. Each composer has applied these principles in his own manner and as adaptable to the material before him, but a careful search of master works brings them in view, no matter what the particular form of composition.

Then we have the question of style. This necessitates a study of biography and history, for not only must the vital facts of a composer's life be assimilated, but the age in which he lived. This, too, at once raises the point of the development of the piano or its predecessor in any given epoch. Bach, writing for the clavichord, cannot be conceived from the viewpoint of Beethoven, with his larger and more powerful instrument, though the modernizing spirit tends to adapt all music to our present instrument. Chopin opened new fields of harmonic richness and technical filigrees, and Debussy uncovered the charm of overtones and harmonics. Today, we even have the quarter-tone piano, which, however, is still in the experimental stage.

Because the piano was tempered, it has been such a potent influence that all instruments and the voice use the tempered scales. This we know is not scientifically correct, but it has become generally accepted as fact. Only today are composers seeking to break down the tempered system, and there is hardly any doubt that the future will witness the establishment of some new tonal scheme. The quarter-tone piano emphasizes the historical fact that the piano is so often the vanguard of musical growth.

In using the term piano literature, one cannot exclude from this category the many wonderful ensemble compositions in which the piano is an integral part. Indeed, these chamber music compositions often happily provided composers with channels to express glorious ideas, and too often they are overlooked by pianists who are prone to class ensemble playing with accompanying. To be a great ensemble player implies a great artist, who can make his instrument (of complete independence, if necessary) share the expressive powers of colleague instruments. Pianists whose tones do not melt and combine with instrumental combinations seldom have the most varied palette in solo work, and pianists whose sense of rubato fails to fit into the scheme of ensemble licenses will most likely be interpreters who distort. And of course the piano concerto with orchestra demands even more musicianship and self-control than chamber music does, only greater liberty is permitted the performer. If one attends rehearsals of some

of our great orchestras and famous soloists, the term musical license is the sooner appreciated, as well as the lack of or mastery of tonal, rhythmic and esthetic adjustments.

To master the piano literature, therefore, is not only a great privilege, but entails grave responsibilities. Humility and perseverance are demanded, but when coupled with talent, success is assured. One should constantly keep in mind the great composers and pianists and composer-pianists of previous generations, and the fountain of inspiration will be found ever-flowing. Noble examples of achievement and great precepts have been set. Only those who seek the storehouse of truths can fathom the musical legacy left to this age, understand the possibilities of the future and the new in art held in the bosom of infinite knowledge, and grasp the normality of growth and true progress which the masters have suggested with their literature.

A CLIPPING AND LESSON

(Continued from Page 2)

.....*"No discord can be too violent if its point, and its relation to its context, are evident.....* Nobody would complain of this dissonance, because the text demands something of the kind. (Beethoven, Finale of the Ninth Symphony). But Beethoven would know better than to write a *whole work* made up of 'snorters'; and that is just what Schönberg, Bartok, Schmitt, Stravinsky, Varese, Sorobji, and a half-dozen others, appear *not* to know."

A LITTLE WHILE

Poem by Sara Teasdale

Musical Setting by Theodora Richardson

Sixth Grade Composition Class

Sung at the Institute on May 16th.

A little while when I am gone
My life will live in music after me
As spun foam lifted and borne on
After the wave is lost in the full sea.

Awhile these nights and days
Will burn in song with the frailty of foam
Living in light before they turn back
To the nothingness that is their home.

SOME ODD FACTS

Richard Strauss has written a concerto for piano and orchestra to be played with one hand only—this five-fingered tour de force was produced by a Viennese pianist (Wittgenstein) who had only one hand.

The greatest of all musicians wrote a composition using only the four notes corresponding to the letters in the name of his friend, the Countess Abeg—A B E G. Musical genius is the most highly developed of any because it proceeds directly from the subconscious mind and independent of hindering external conditions.

—C. A. Severance.

I MUST ANALYSE

By Millicent Townsend

I used to think all life was bliss
And that "joy was unrestrained,"
But I took a course at the Institute
And how my views have changed!

I've always liked Piano
And it's been a lot of fun,
But the day I took it seriously
My troubles were begun.

Along with ev'ry instrument
Are a few necessities.
"Il faut" that you have "Keyboard"—
The science of the keys.

And you can't escape "Dictation";
How those intervals do ring!
There's another class—a bravery test—
They listen while I sing.

I went to West Point to a dance,
I met a *dream*,—My Word!
I said, "I didn't catch the name,"
And he said, "Major Third."

The time I gave to dancing
By daylight and by night,
I now spend counterpointing,—
I'm in a sorry plight.

You can't do this,—and don't use that,—
And this note breaks a rule,—
Were there something that you could do.
I'd bring some home work in to school.

Although they say they're only
"A-B-C-D-E-F-G"s
You'll never guess the "crosswords"
In those seven little keys.

I never thought I'd take a life—
But I cannot be discreet
If the man who wrote the textbooks
Ever meets me on the street.

When it gets beyond me
And I start to rave and rant,
I wonder if I'd happier be
Across the way with Grant.

But when I go to heaven,
If the Harp has all the strings
That the keyboard has at the I. M. A.,
I'm gonna use my wings

And fly away to a far-off land
Where there ain't "1—3—5—8"
Where they don't care if the 4 "stays put"
And the 2 rolls up to 8!

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF AUTOGRAPHS

By Winifred Harrison

Have you ever known what it is to have a sleepless night, or possibly one of a conglomeration of disjointed, hectic, meaningless dreams, following the biggest, happiest, most thrilling experience of your life? Such a night was mine after the Piano Festival on December 30th, 1924.

The rising curtain disclosed the huge stage of the Metropolitan Opera House set with eighteen concert grand pianos. Eighteen of the world's most noted pianists posed in silence while the audience welcomed them with spontaneous applause. At the rear of the stage stood Walter Damrosch, confronted with the task of blending together these eighteen original individualities.

Prominent on the programme were "Variations on a Theme by Beethoven" and Schumann's "Carnaval" in which each pianist had a solo part. The grand finale was Schubert's Marche Militaire in which the "eighteen" united in producing a wave of sound which fairly shook the building. Thus ended the spectacular evening for most of the audience, but not so for me.

I wended my way down the spiral stairway from heights above to the stage level, and overcoming the guard—as yet I know not how—I found myself on the famous stage itself, right in the midst of these musical heroes and heroines. For a moment I was almost taken off my feet at my own audacity in attempting to obtain these autographs on such an occasion. But before I had time to reconsider, I was face to face with Sigismund Stojowski. Shaking hands with him, I told him that I had had the pleasure of meeting him and playing for him at my teacher's home and that he had then autographed my book. But I wanted his signature again under the title of "Piano Festival of 1924." He very graciously complied.

Standing near was Harold Bauer. "Mr. Bauer," I said, "I haven't two thousand dollars to buy these valuable autographs, but I would greatly appreciate it if you would write your name in my book." "Not on a night like this," he replied. Then as I turned away, much disappointed, he added, "If you can get Mr. Gabrilowitsch's signature, then you may have mine." My task was planned for me. In vain I sought for Mr. Gabrilowitsch, meanwhile securing the signatures of Yolanda Mero, Ethel Leginska, Alexander Brailowsky, Guy Maier, Ernest Schelling, Josef Lhevinne, Germaine Schnitzer, Guiomar Novaes, and our beloved faculty member, Carl Friedberg.

By this time the stage was being dismantled; pianos disappeared and the lights began to go out. Still I continued my search for Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Elly Ney, in a gorgeous crimson wrap, paused long enough to write her characteristic signature. Myra Hess favored me, and I told her I was looking forward to her recital the following Saturday, to which she replied, "After all this?" Although I had previously obtained Mr. Hutcheson's autograph at his Chopin recital, he willingly granted my second request.

Whom should I see now but Mr. Gabrilowitsch himself! With excitement at its height I rushed towards him, exclaiming, "Mr. Gabrilowitsch, won't you autograph my book? So much depends on it." To my amazement he said, "What do you give me for the cause?" "Give her your autograph," exclaimed Leginska who was standing near. "Didn't she pay to come and hear us?" With that he sat down to the table and added his valuable touch to the page.

Reassured I now sought for Mr. Bauer. I had previously received Mischa Levitzki's autograph, but upon telling him that I was still hunting for Mr. Bauer, he entered the search and taking my book in hand, went back on the stage, saying, "Of course you must have Harold Bauer's signature." "You tackle him!" said I.

Finally we gave up all hopes of finding him, supposing that he had left by this time. I thanked Mischa Levitzki for his gracious assistance, and with my patient brother and sister,—who by now were as enthusiastic as I—left by the stage entrance

In memory of the
Festival of the
eighteen pianists

Walter Damrosch

Ligimund Hopkin
Ernest Schelling
Guy Waters
Joel Skewins
Polanda Mery
Mischa Lint
A. Brailowsky
Carey Edwards

Myra Hess.
Alfred Squake
Ernest Hutchinson
Osip Gabrilowitsch
Sermaine Schmitz
Harold Bauer
Guo Markovitch

to catch our train for Jersey. Who should be standing outside but Harold Bauer! I fairly rushed towards him and in an excited manner said, "Now, Mr. Bauer, you simply have to autograph my book, for see, there is Mr. Gabrilowitsch's signature." He smiled and taking my book and pen, wrote *Harold Bauer*.

"Number thirty-five, number thirty-five," called the taxi man, and so disappeared Mr. Bauer, but not without first fulfilling his agreement. Home I carried my precious book and after waking up the rest of the family, I told them of my experience in securing the famous autographs. That night I went to sleep, but disjointed, hectic, meaningless dreams haunted me till morning. Always will I remember that occasion, the thrill of the eighteen pianos, those famous artists, and the events that happened long after the curtain had fallen on the Piano Festival of 1924.

Honest Confession

The House Agent—"You say you have no children, gramophone or wireless, and you don't keep a dog. You seem just the quiet tenant the owner insists on."

The House Hunter—"I don't want to hide anything about my behavior, so you might tell the owner that my fountain-pen squeaks a bit."

—The Bystander.

These Exams

One pupil giving the meaning of the words "evolution," "revolution" and "devolution," said: "Evolution is what Darwin did; revolution is a form of government abroad and devolution is something to do with Satan."

"A fugue is what you get in a room full of people when all the windows and doors are shut."

"Cereals are films shown at the pictures and which last fifteen weeks."

"A glazier is a man who runs down mountains."

"The people in Iceland are called Equinoxes."

"Wolsey's fate is attributed to his having shot at the Pope." (The text book reading is "aimed at the Papacy.")

"A circle is a round line with no kinks in it: joined up so as not to show where it began."

"Philosophy increases 32 feet per second."

Cause for Pain

The Jazz Band had just finished playing "California, Here I Come," when the hostess saw a man weeping in a corner. Going over to him, she inquired, sympathetically, "My good man, are you a Californian, that this music affects you so?"

"No, madam," the man replied. "I'm a musician."

—The Flea.

THE MADAME CARRENO THAT I KNEW

By Alice Burbage Hesselbach

Contributed to The Baton by Arline Gilbert whose former teacher, Mrs. Hesselbach, very kindly wrote these recollections of her student days with Carreno.

If I were asked to name the woman who in all ways was one of the greatest who has ever lived, I would answer without hesitation or second thought,—Teresa Carreno. Of her as artist and musician, the world has long since given its approval in one ovation after another. It is now about six years since she went to her eternal rest, and there may be those among you just starting on your musical journeys, who are too young to have heard her play. For such of you I will briefly sketch her career.

Teresa Carreno was born in South America,—at Caracas, Venezuela, in December, 1853. Her father, who was Minister of Finance of Venezuela, was her first teacher and she often said he would have been a great pianist had he not been a great statesman. She told us of the five hundred and eighty finger exercises he wrote for her, to be practiced in all keys and rhythms! Later, in New York, she studied with Gottschalk, who was not a regular teacher but gave lessons to a few talented children. She made her debut at the age of nine; at ten she created a furore in Boston; at twelve she was in Paris studying with Mathias, and later she met and studied with that great master, Anton Rubinstein. She considered him her principal teacher and said he always called her "daughter," because their hands looked alike!

When she began concertizing her public appearances were immediately successful. As one writer says, "her wonderful personal beauty and her great intelligence combined with her dash and virtuosity made for instant success."

But she played many roles. On one occasion she substituted for a singer in the opera of "The Huguenots" which was being given in celebration of the birthday of Queen Victoria. She had only four days to learn and prepare for the part, in which she made such a wonderful showing that for awhile she devoted herself entirely to singing and in 1875 was singing in opera under the management of Max Strakosch. On another occasion, she conducted the orchestra and directed the performances of an opera company during a tour of several weeks when the singers had quarrelled with the regular conductor.

She was a woman of superb mentality,—a brilliant conversationalist. She spoke five languages fluently, English, French, Spanish, Italian and German. But with all her versatility, it was as the world's greatest woman pianist that she was best known. She had no superior. Among those who equalled her in pianistic ability were Sophie Menter and Annette Essipoff,

also very great artists, but they lacked Carreno's magnetism and charm.

This same magnetism pervaded her lessons. She would walk up and down the room, half conducting, singing with you, until she worked you up to such a pitch of enthusiasm (and herself, too) that you could not help but play. My memory reverts to a lesson when I played the Rubinstein D minor concerto followed by the Schumann Carnival,—a two-hour lesson on a hot July day, in a villa on the Lake Iseo in northern Italy. I was a wreck for the balance of the day, and I think she was, too! But that was the way she taught,—giving of her time and strength unreservedly.

Those of us who knew and loved her will always remember her as the superb artist and as the woman whose great simplicity and kindness of heart, aided by her rare charm and brilliant intellect, expressed itself in her music. There were no mannerisms nor distortion of tempi,—taught but the sincere desire to express the composer's meaning.

WE DEDICATE TO RUTH CAIRNS

Cross-Words As Enunciated

It is claimed that the Cross-Word craze will improve our vocabularies. "The Cross-Word Puzzle Book, Third Series," goes so far as to give a sample conversation between two addicts, as follows:

Mrs. W.—By the way, didn't I hear that your little Junior met with an accident?

Mrs. F.—Yes. The little oaf fell from an apse and fractured his artus.

Mrs. W.—Egad!

Mrs. F.—And to make matters worse, Dr. Bloop botched it so we had to trek into town for a specialist.

Mrs. W.—The zany!

Mrs. F.—Joe's ire was so aroused that he told Dr. Bloop right to his visage that he was a dolt and an ort.

Query by us: Where did Joe get his "ort" definition?

*—Boston Transcript.**New Words As Used*

Jack was home for his holidays from college. One day he said to his mother: "May I tell you a narrative, mother?" The mother, not being used to hearing such big words, said, "What is a narrative, my boy?"

"A narrative is a tale," said Jack.

That night, when going to bed, Jack said, "May I extinguish the light, mother?"

His mother asked, "What do you mean by saying extinguish?"

"Extinguish means put out," said Jack.

A few days later Jack's mother was giving a party at their home, and the dog walked in. Jack's mother raised her voice and said: "Jack, take that dog by the narrative and extinguish him."

—The Australian Christian.

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THE INSTITUTE'S RACHMANINOFF RECEPTION

Long before the appointed hour, it seemed as though the whole audience had arrived. The opening of the doors was no ordinary event. There followed a surge for some vantage point or favorite seat with no little excitement. Suddenly an expectant hush spread over the Recital Hall—Dr. and Mrs. Damrosch appeared and with them the great guest of the afternoon, Mr. Sergei Rachmaninoff escorting Miss Rachmaninoff. After the reception and greeting of Mr. and Miss Rachmaninoff, Dr. Damrosch spoke in a delightfully informal manner, saying:

"When an American boy is old enough to know what he wants, he makes up his mind that he wants to be President of the United States. When he is old enough to find out whether he has any music in him or not, and he thinks he has, then he wants to be Rachmaninoff. It is very easy to say 'I want,' 'I wish,' but probably he does not realize that even Rachmaninoff did not drop from the skies, that with all the great natural endowments which he brought into the world with him, it was hard work, constant work, constant self-criticism and a constant pursuit of the highest standards and highest ideals that have made him the hero that he is to you today. And if you realize that fully, his presence here today will be of one hundred-fold value to you because it will act as the right stimulus to you in your work. I know that you all try to be serious students, but I believe that there is an element in study beyond the mere acquisition of skill and knowledge. There is a kind of study which leads you to a higher spiritual plane of work, if you take it up in the right

way; in other words, if you follow noble examples and pursue noble ideals and when one of these heroes of music comes to us and shows his interest in the young generation that is trying, however haltingly, to follow in his footsteps, then we are indeed honored and we cannot sufficiently express our thanks to our guest of honor today for his generosity in giving us his sympathy and his encouragement."

The musical program of the afternoon was rendered by Anna Levitt, Murella Cianci, and Franz Höne after which tea was served to the guests.

—William Knapp.

An Hour of Harp Music

On Wednesday evening, April 22nd, a concert of harp music was given at the Institute by Carlos Salzedo and Marie Miller, assisted by Greta Torpadie, soprano. These extraordinary artists presented a program of great beauty which was also unique and instructive. It opened with the Sixth French Suite of Bach arranged for two harps. Then followed Ravel's Introduction and Allegro for harp and piano. It is seldom that our students have occasion to hear such unusual combinations, especially played so artistically. One would like the opportunity to occur oftener. The four Preludes composed and played by Mr. Salzedo for harp alone were pleasing and descriptive and received generous applause. Greta Torpadie impressed one with a remarkable accuracy of pitch and insight into the mysteries of the modern vocal style. Miss Torpadie assists at many of the concerts of contemporary music and is credited with being one of the chief advocates and interpreters of modern compositions.

—Victor Bowes.

KEY TO PUZZLE VERTICAL

1. In counterpoint, especially in a Fugue, a passage in which the subject and answer are introduced in close succession.
2. Raised 2nd scale-step (tonic-sol-fa).
3. Retarding the tempo (ab.).
4. United States Infantry Bandleaders' Nominee. (ab.).
5. The note C in French.
7. Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, who was a prolific composer.
8. 2nd inversion of the Submediant (VI) triad in C major; their respective positions in the staff retained in the squares.
9. The 7th scale-step of C, with its German equivalent.
10. The Form of a composition when divided into three sections.
12. Notes comprising the Dominant triad of F minor.
13. Organ Accompaniment Included. (ab.)
16. Predominating melody, or tune.
18. A master, in the sense of musical director or teacher (ab.), also a girl's name.
20. Bene Placito, Cadenza. (ab.)
21. Royal Academy of Music. (ab.)
23. A group of 6 notes occupying the time of 4 or 8, (ab.)
25. Into which a composition is divided. (Singular)
26. E double-flat. (Ger.)

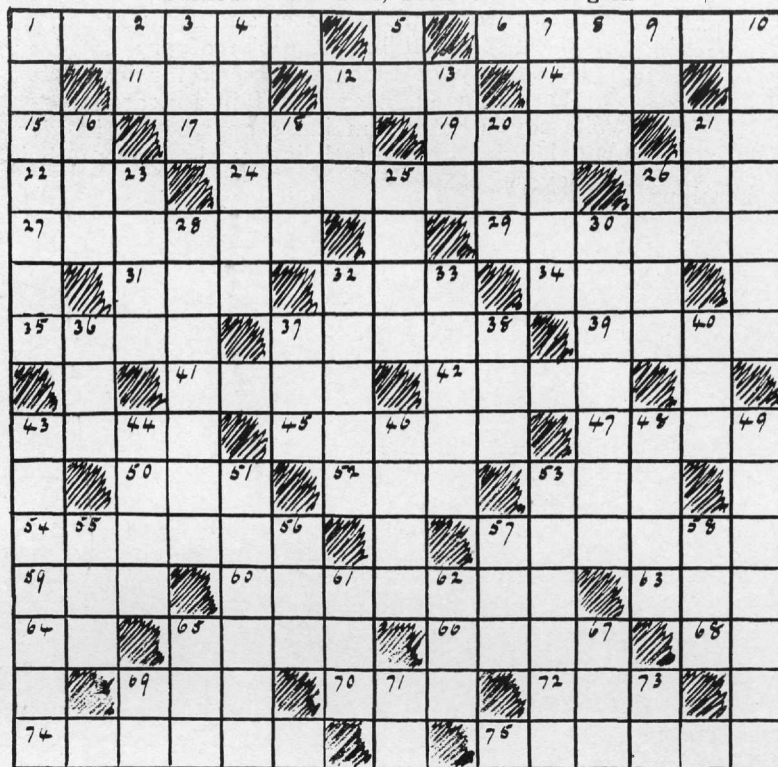
MUSICAL CROSS WORD PUZZLE

By Arthur S. Haynes

(Institute Military Class, 1921)

Bandleader 7th U. S. Infantry

Vancouver Barracks, State of Washington



(Key continued from preceding page)

28. Deepest-toned member of a family of brass-wind single-reed instruments.
30. Introduction. (Ger.)
32. Moderately slow tempo. (ab.)
33. Vocal or instrumental declamation. (ab.)
36. Notes in the Tonic chord of D minor.
37. A few notes (usually small notes) from another part.
38. A lively dance, generally in 6/8.
40. 1st inversion of the Supertonic (II) triad in C major.
43. Name of a famous family of Bavarian conductors and composers (1803-1895).
44. In acoustics, that portion of a vibrating body where the motion is the least.
46. Very, very pianissimo.
48. Contemptuous word for child.
49. English 'cellist, pupil of his father and the Brussels Conservatory, and composer of much string and chamber music (1887).
51. Imitative term of drum sounds.
53. Right, as for the right hand. (It.)
55. The point of anything, particularly a music-writing pen.
56. Brood of pheasants; also the name of a most productive American humorist.
57. Alone, solo.
58. With nobleness. (ab.) A knob; the head; a fop.
61. Musicians' Supply Bureau. (ab.)
62. 3rd inversion of the Dominant 7th in G minor; the 3rd omitted; position of the chord retained; also, attendant on a General Officer. (ab.)
65. Trumpet. (It., ab.)
67. College of Composition (ab.)
69. Notes comprising the 4th interval of a perfect 4th occurring in the scale of D harmonic minor.
71. Leading tone in the key of F flat.
73. In time, in the previous. (ab.)

HORIZONTAL

1. Removed French Bandmaster and inventor of musical instruments.
6. Ancient brass instrument, forerunner of the trombone.
11. E sharp. (Ger.)
12. Composition for a solo instrument with orchestral accompaniment. (ab.)
14. The note A. (sol-fa).
15. Royal Academy. (ab.)
17. Tempo.
19. Religious title by which Franz Liszt was familiarly known.
21. Railroad. (ab.)
22. E sharp. (Ger.)
24. Instrument used in medieval times and still popular in Ireland & Scotland.
26. To bring forth.
27. The upper part, or voice.
29. Increasing the volume, but.
31. A key-violin (violin-piano), the sounds of which are produced by a series of bows set in motion by a pedal. (ab.)
32. Transcribe, or adapt for any combination of instruments. (ab.)
34. A slur; curved line over two or more notes of the same name.
35. Lyric poem; Greek word of common usage meaning an air or song. (pl.)
37. Concerto Nuovo Tempestosamente Extravaganza Jubiloso. (ab.)
39. Nova Scotia College Yodlers. (ab.)
41. The nick-name by which every musician named Murphy is known.
42. Canone Insegnamento by Goetschius. (ab.)
43. Dutch R. C. priest (1845), wrote life of Palestrina and text-book in counterpoint.
45. The first two squares form a Latin word used in music meaning AND; the remaining squares the word FIG.
47. In strict time; as beaten. (ab.)
50. A long pole with a flattened blade for rowing boats.
52. England's Premier Trumpeter. (ab.)
53. Drummers of the Naval Reserve. (ab.)
54. College of Neuropathy for Devotees of the Xanthophika. (ab.)
57. Well-known instrument used in churches and other places of worship. (It)
59. To hurry.
60. Instrument of percussion. (pl.)
63. To drag, as a boat through the water by means of a rope.
64. At the down beat of the measure. (ab.)
65. The break at the end of a phrase. (ab.)
66. Detached, staccato. (ab.)
68. German for flat.
69. Applied to the tones which lie in the first octave above the treble staff.
70. The mouthpiece of instruments like the clarinet, oboe, etc.
72. Tone, sound; the interval of a second.
74. Belgian bassoonist and composer of comic operas, cantatas, etc., author of a life of Vieuxtemps (1891).
75. A musical foot composed of one long and two short notes.

TRINITY

By *Esther Naiman*

I dreamt a dream alone in solitude,—
 A great, green plain arose, and I, in midst,
 Read on a small bright globe of crystal clear,
 "The destiny of those who seek for fame."
 And as I gazed a forest green appeared,
 Wherein a maiden sat, so beautiful,
 That Venus must have blushed at her own face.
 And 'round about her played all sorts of men—
 Mere puppets, and they climbed upon her lap,
 Caressed her, bowed their knees, and fawned
 on her,
 And light youths kissed her feet and cried for
 her;
 And some of these she drew unto her hand
 And gazed upon them with a cruel smile
 And cruel eyes, for Fame had cruel heart.
 And thus awhile she gazed. Then with a shrug
 She threw them from her pettishly,
 As when a kitten playing with a ball,
 Rolls it away and seeks some other toy.
 And, broken, they still crawled about her feet,
 And always broken, broken, fawned on her
 Till white with age they stumbled to their
 graves.
 —But others she would kiss and smile upon,
 But only smiled at them, until their souls
 Had fled,—and then she brushed them off.
 But some sweet youths lay at her feet in peace
 And joined not the mad crowd that clambered
 round,
 But dreamed fair dreams, and spoke in low,
 sweet voice.
 And these she took up tenderly with love
 And when their souls had fled, laid them away
 In golden dreams, and these she ne'er forgot.—
 —And so the forest faded slow away
 And I was left alone in solitude.

I dreamt a dream alone in solitude,
 A great, green plain arose, and I, in midst,
 Read on a small bright globe of crystal clear,
 "The destiny of those who seek for wealth."
 And as I gazed, a barren plain appeared.
 And on the plain, men stumbled, while they
 held
 In their weak hands, small bags of yellow gold.
 And some men came behind them who were
 strong
 And drove them on until they fell in death,
 Their hands still grasping firm the yellow gold.
 —And they and more
 Kept falling,—till there grew a hill of gold
 O'er which the strong men climbed and ever
 climbed,
 And ever larger grew the hill of gold.
 And as the men climbed higher, shrieked a hag.
 And ever climbed with them and ever shrieked
 Till they shut up their ears; and still she
 shrieked.
 Remorse she was, and when their graves yawned
 wide,

She fell with them into the endless chasm.—
 Slow it faded and the last I saw
 Was one lone body and a pile of gold.

I dreamt a dream alone in solitude,
 A great, green plain arose, and I, in midst,
 Read on a small bright globe of crystal clear,
 "The destiny of those who seek for love."
 And as I gazed, a garden fair appeared
 Where youths and maidens sported all in glee,
 And laughed and let their love look from their
 eyes.
 And kisses were exchanged, and hearts were
 pledged,
 And all was bathed in a dear golden dream.
 Thus, over all, lay peace and tranquil joy.
 And as the youths grew old, soft gladness yet
 Lived on their miens and grew along with them
 —Slow it faded, and the last I saw
 Was a blind smiling boy with golden bow.

ART NOTES

The Class formed through the generosity of Dr. Damrosch, giving Institute pupils an opportunity to acquire some knowledge of the sister arts to music, has concluded its series of ten interesting hours under the delightful guidance of Miss Abbot of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The students who have had the privilege of attending this course wish to express their appreciation to Dr. Damrosch for making possible one of the most valuable and fascinating forms of instruction ever established at the Institute and their hope is that it will be continued next year.

The subjects covered were Egyptian and Greek Art, the Art of the Middle Ages (about which articles have already appeared in the *Baton*), Italian, Dutch and French Painting, French Decorative Arts, Tapestries, and American Arts.

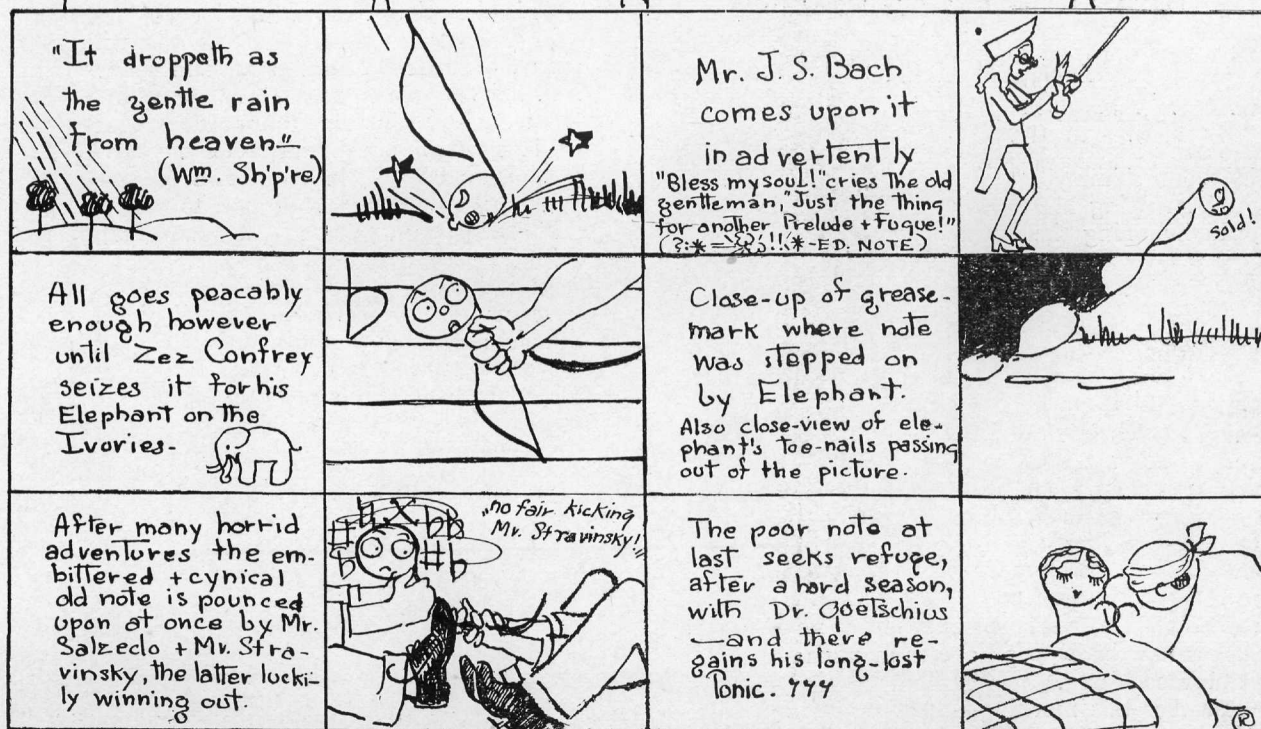
In the Italian School of Painting we studied the work of Giotto, Pinturicchio, Veronese, Rafael and Michael Angelo. In the Dutch School, the work of Rembrandt, Hals, Ruysdael, Maes, Peter de Hague, Terborch and Vermeer. The French School was equally absorbing.

The talk on French Decorative Arts was one of the most enjoyable of all. In the Morgan Wing are whole rooms reconstructed to show art of the periods of Louis XIV, XV and XVI.

If any one talk could be singled out from the course as being interestingly unique and enlightening, preference would probably be given to the discussion of Tapestries. We studied Gothic, Renaissance, Burgundian, Flemish, Beauvais styles of tapestry and the technique of weaving and designing.

We always left the Museum and Miss Abbot reluctantly but we shall return eagerly to the Institute another year looking forward to this part of our opportunities.

The brief but appalling HISTORY of a simple Note that only wanted to be left Alone



ILLITERATURE

dear stewdents

when i sea sew many of you urged on by am-bishun to aquire knowledge i decided perhaps i wood improve myself by taking a coarse in literature—i began with a gentleman named chaucer who was about the 1st won to right in the english language—being a grate author he certainly must of known how to spell and now i sea how bad i have been spelling—know wonder i've been criticized—well anyway hear is a pome in the witch i've been careful to follow mister chaucers spelling & i hope it will please you to sea how i am learning

axidentally yours

*n igma
the music bug*

The Pome

Inn March we dustt the diningeroome,
And eke the porch, messires.
The arcticks gaye are laid awaye,
The chaines com off the tyres.

Inn Aperil we carpett-sweep,
And torne our downye beds.

We sitt arounde on moistye grounde
And colds are inn our heds.

Inn May we finisshe House Cleaningge,
The birdes synge, the birdes synge,
And inn each songe the birdes bringe
Us littel thoughtes of motoringge.

The woodes are grene, the roades are wide,
And so we ryde, and so we ryde.

We wot noon wordes our hearts can utterre,
We gent'lye eate our peanutt butterre.

Bananas, hard-boil'd egges and jamm,
Pickels, olivs, pottedd hamm.

We break a plate, we cracke a glasse,
We folde the lapp-robe on the grasse.

We homeward rolle with hearts alyghte,
We do nott speak—except to fyghte.

The childern too are sweetlye dumb.
They can nott talk, they're chewingge gomme.

Inn peace we pass beneath the firs,
Until the baby swallowes hers.

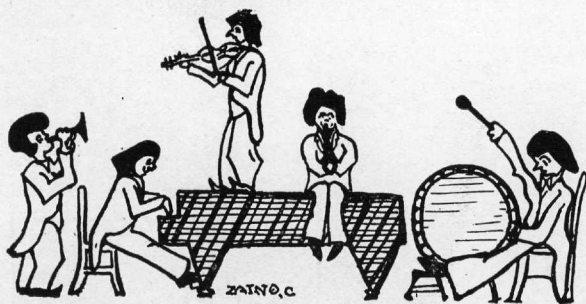
—Hall Pegg

TWO POEMS FROM "THE BRIDGE"

Published by our High School Students

I HATE MUSIC

There is the Jazz Hound;
 He can't sit still a single moment
 Without shimmying
 And snapping his fingers,
 And humming the latest song



About how badly papa craves mamma
 And Vice Versa.
 Or rather this morning—
 He danced so late last night—
 That he could hardly get up in the morning, and
 you wish
 He hadn't.
 He is crazy about dancing—
 Just crazy
 He thinks—
 If he really can think—
 That "Doodle dee doo" is Victorian,
 And "It Ain' Gonna Rain No Mo'," ancient,
 And anything previous to that prehistoric.
 He is always trying out the latest steps,
 And you wish he would try them—
 OUT.
 And there is the Young Intellectual—
 At least he won't sue you for slander if you de-
 duce as much from his speech.
 He will ask you casually
 Whether you have heard Strdzky's latest com-
 position—
 Phantasmagoria Florissine-Opus 213
 And don't you find Chaliapin's technique poor?
 He attends concerts
 And sits with eyes closed
 And brows corrugated with thought
 And afterwards
 Remarks that what the composer needs
 Is a sense
 Of harmony.
 And you reflect that what he needs is
 Sense.
 Of any kind
 And then you note on the program
 That the composer happened to be
 Beethoven.

—Malcolm Mason.

BAD MUSIC AND GOOD

This is the tale, both sad and true,
 Of a young man named Falsenaught who
 Was dearly beloved by small and great
 Till, led by a malignant fate,
 With diligence in him unknown,
 He learned to play the saxophone.
 His music ringing in their ears
 Soon moved the neighborhood to tears
 Of helpless rage. The squeaks and groans
 Of all existing saxophones,
 Resounding with double might,
 It seems, they heard both day and night.
 But time went on, and Falsenaught played,
 By grouchy critics undismayed.
 Then, playing in the street one morn,
 He did not hear an auto's horn
 He lost not much, for now he hears
 The endless music of the spheres.

—Valentine Snow.

RATIONS

*By John Howard Russell**(From a book of poems by an Institute pupil, published during his service at the front.)*

We love the Army, and we'll stick it:
 Wouldn't even take our ticket
 If 'twere offered us.
 We like to march and hear the Fight,
 Cry all the way, "Left, right, left, right,"
 And see the corporals fuss!

The other night, it was so nice,
 I dreamed I was in Paradise
 Upon a feather bed.
 An aproned maid, so sweet to see,
 Then brought me up some toast and tea,
 "'Tis ten a. m.," she said.

I woke and found myself on straw,
 With prickly blanket making raw
 My tender skin, alas!
 "'Tis six o'clock," is the sergeant's shout.
 "Get out of bed, you lazy lout,
 Or you will lose your pass!"

The rissoles have a chequered history;
 What they're made of is a mystery;
 We have to eat or starve.
 We think of times we dined with "Her,"
 Of waiters asking, "More wine, Sir?"
 And "Would you care to carve?"

Not long ago a lady fair
 Desired to offer up a prayer
 To better Tommy's fate O.
 I asked her if she'd kindly utter
 A prayer to heaven to send us butter
 Instead of marge and 'tato!

INSTITUTE MUSICAL NEWS

STUDENTS' CALENDAR OF RECITALS

April

- 21st. Harold Lewis, candidate for certificate of maturity in piano.
 24th. Julian Kahn, candidate for artists' diploma in 'cello.
 27th. Phyllis Krauter, candidate for artists' diploma in 'cello.
 Charles McBride, candidate for teachers' diploma in 'cello.
 29th. Murella Cianci, candidate for artists' diploma in singing.
 Henri Bové, candidate for artists' diploma in flute.

May

- 1st. Louis Kaufman, candidate for certificate of maturity in violin.
 Walter Edelstein, candidate for certificate of maturity in violin.
 4th. Winifred Merrill, candidate for certificate of maturity in violin.
 Ronald Murat, candidate for teachers' diploma in violin.
 5th. Franz Höne, candidate for certificate of maturity in violin.
 7th. Frances Hall, candidate for certificate of maturity in piano.
 8th. Daisy Sherman, candidate for teachers' diploma in piano.

MADRIGAL CHOIR

On the evening of May the 6th the Madrigal Choir gave its annual concert in the Recital Hall under the direction of Miss Margarete Dessoff.

ANNUAL ALUMNI CONCERT

On Thursday evening, April 30th, the Alumni Association of the Institute of Musical Art gave its annual spring concert. Bianca del Vecchio, pianist; Nora Fauchald, soprano; William Kroll, violinist, furnished the program. Dr. Damrosch spoke a few words of greeting and welcome to the Alumni and members of this year's graduating class who were present.

There followed a dance in the beautiful large rehearsal room in the New Building. Mrs. Frank Greene, President of the Alumni Association, presided.

RECITAL OF THE COMPOSITION CLASS

One of the most important events in our school year and one of the recitals awaited with keen interest is this demonstration of the excellent work done by the Composition classes. Dr. Percy Goetschius, Head of the Theory Depart-

ment, deemed this one of the best showings the classes have ever made. The program which took place on Saturday, May 16th at 2.30 in the Recital Hall was as follows:

1. Homophonic (Small) Forms for pianoforte
 - a. Nocturne Genieve Hughel Lewis (Grade III)
 - b. Etude HAROLD LEWIS Theodore Sherer (Grade III)
 - c. Reverie THEODORE SHERER Franz Höne (Grade III)
 - d. Capriccio THEODORE SHERER Benjamin King (Grade III)
2. Caprice and Concert Fugue for pianoforte Herman Katims (Grade V)
3. Sonata-allegro for pianoforte Raymond D. Vickers (Grade VI)
4. Songs ANNA LEVITT Wesley Sontag (Grade IV)
 - a Marsh pools
 - b. Lullaby
 - c. Twilight MURELLA CIANCI and WESLEY SONTAG
5. Sonata-allegro for 'cello and piano Phyllis Krauter (Grade VI)
6. Prelude and Concert Fugue for two pianos MAURICE POPKIN (Grade V)
7. Piano-forte Quartet: Sonata-allegro for piano-forte, violin, viola and violoncello Lillian Fuchs (Grade VII)
8. Homophonic (Small) Forms for pianoforte
 - a. Allegretto ARTHUR LOESSER, LOUIS KAUFMAN, JOSEPH FUCHS, PERCY SUCH ABRAHAM SAMILOWITZ (Grade III)
 - b. Scherzo SIDNEY SUKOENIG Helen Croll (Grade III)
 - c. Humoresque HELEN CROLL Ruth Cairns (Grade III)
 - d. Lyric Prelude RUTH CAIRNS William Rozsa (Grade IV)
9. Prelude and Concert Fugue for violin and piano RONALD MURAT and HAROLD LEWIS Ronald Murat (Grade V)

10. String Quartet: Original Theme with Variations and Fugue Bernard Rogers
(Grade VI)
FRANZ HÖNE, FRANK KNEISEL
LOUIS KAUFMAN, PHYLLIS KRAEUTER
11. Songs Theodora Theobald
(Grade VI)
a. "Pine Trees"
b. "A Little While"
c. "Meadow Larks"
VIRGINIA SLEDGE and CARROLL HOLLISTER
12. Prelude and Fugue (Scherzando) for two pianos Louis Greenwald
(Grade V)
AGNES WRIGHT and LOUIS GREENWALD

CONCERT DEBUTS BY INSTITUTE GRADUATES

Interesting and successful concert débuts of the recently closed musical season were made by Bianca del Vecchio, pianist,—Lillian Fuchs, violinist, (both Artist Graduates) and by Regina Diamond, soprano.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION CONCERT, APRIL 13th.

At the end of the season, after one has enjoyed and endured a multitude of concerts, good ones, bad, and worse, the announcement of a concert by the Beethoven Association is like finding a charming little house and garden at the end of a long street filled with sky scrapers and apartments, all foreboding and more or less alike. Not a little of the charm of these concerts is contributed by the audience, consisting as it does of artists and musicians as prominent as those who give the program.

The opening number on this occasion was the Mozart Sonate, No. 10, for violin and piano, played by Jascha Heifetz and Mischa Levitzki. At the first phrase we felt ourselves transported into the 18th century with its spirit of elegance and refinement. There was the quiet beauty, ever delicate and pellucid, and the youthful cheerfulness, perhaps hope, mingled with sadness that is always found in the music of Mozart. These things were interpreted marvelously by both artists. The brilliant passages made one think of silver streams of sparkling water running over mountain rocks, and Mr. Levitzki's staccato notes were gems of perfection.

Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler gave an heroic performance of Chopin's B minor Sonata with much vigor and potency. She was justly recalled many times.

The last and greatest of these munificent offerings was the Schubert Quintet, Opus 163, played by Messrs. Heifetz, Jacobson, Moldavan, Willeke and Such. This ensemble was an ideal one, combining under Mr. Willeke's leadership mutual understanding and blending of tones and personalities.

—Victor Bowes

OUR MUSICAL CITY

Music Week Closed a Season Of Over 1,000 Performances

By F. D. Perkins
(In the Herald Tribune)

Music Week is upon us and, after that final outburst of sound, silence; except for two or three scattered concerts or recitals later this month, which will mark the last manifestations of the season of 1924-'25. But this week is virtually the last of the indoor season until Italian opera heralds a new one next September, and the first of May inspires those inclined to statistical retrospection to lay the late season to rest with the familiar remark that it was a very active one.

The figures (offered with trepidation and due apologies for errors) would seem to bear out the impression that the urge to give recitals is not weakening. The count shows 191 song recitals, nine more than last season; 154 piano recitals, an increase of 23—but the spurt of violin playing noted a year ago has apparently spent itself, with 78 recitals for 1924-'25 as against 112 the season before. Chamber orchestra, minor symphony orchestras giving regular public concerts, jazz orchestras, bands and other instrumental groups not coming under the head of chamber music gave 25 concerts, while there were 44 concerts of chamber music, 26 choral concerts, 48 dance performances (including Mme. Pavlowa's two visits), ten or more lecture-recitals, 12 recitals on other instruments and 25 joint recitals bringing in two or more kinds of music.

To this total of 613 affairs may be added the 220 performances of the symphony orchestras, the 176 of the Metropolitan Opera Company and about 45 other performances of opera, including the San Carlo Company, the Manhattan Opera Association and various single performances, giving a Manhattan total of 106 musical affairs in concert halls and theaters. Adding about seventy performances for Brooklyn makes the total 1,135, compared with 1,193 for last season—but much of this difference lies in the diminution of dance or ballet performances from 121 to 48.

All this, of course, does not come near representing the total output of musical activity here. There are, for instance, the free organ recitals given by Samuel A. Baldwin at City College and by various artists at the Wanamaker Auditorium, the free Sunday night concerts at De Wit Clinton Hall, the Adolph Lewisohn chamber music series Wednesday evenings at Hunter College, the activities of the People's Chorus of New York, and a number of morning musicales and other concerts at hotels, which are not as a rule reviewed in the musical columns of the daily press for the arbitrary, but necessary and unavoidable, reasons of time and space. Then there is the host of semi-private and private affairs, including some of considerable musical interest, others interesting mainly to the participants.

The season's total of individuals in the classes most often taking part in concert and recital, singers, pianists and violinists, shows no marked change from last season. For the last three seasons the figures run:

	1922-'23	1923-'24	1924-'25
Singers	182	274	252
Pianists	101	142	164
Violinists	60	99	97

CONDUCTORS FOR NEXT SEASON

The roster of conductors appearing with the three New York orchestras is apparently complete, reading:

Philharmonic: Willem Mengelberg, Wilhelm Furtwaengler, Henry Hadley, Arturo Toscanini.

New York Symphony: Walter Damrosch, Otto Klemperer, Eugene Goossens.

State Symphony: Ernest von Dohnanyi, Alfredo Casella.

Artur Bodanzky and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra will again take part in the concerts of the Society of the Friends of Music, and Ernest Schelling will conduct his third season of Philharmonic Children's Concerts. The Boston Symphony, under Serge Koussevitzky, and Philadelphia Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski, will give their usual series, and the Cleveland Orchestra makes a single appearance under Nikolai Sokoloff. There is also talk of visits by other out of town orchestras.

NEXT SEASON'S OPERAS

The modern will be more fully represented than usual. "Le Rossignol" by Ivor Stravinsky will be heard and so will "La Vida Breve" by Manuel de Falla, which is to be sung in Spanish. Just as modern is "La Cena delle Beffe" by Umberto Giordano, which has been given with success in Italy this spring. New



Caricature of Claude Debussy
whose masterpiece "Pelléas et Mélisande" was one of
the artistic triumphs of the recent season.

York loved Sem Bennelli's play in dramatic form when the Barrymore brothers acted it as "The Jest." John Alden Carpenter has written a ballet called "Skyscrapers," which is another product of the most modern musical methods. It is to be danced during the coming year.

There will be produced for the first time in many years Spontini's "La Vestale." Feodor Chaliapin will be the hero of Massenet's "Don Quichotte" and Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna" will have the Metropolitan singers for the first time as its interpreters.

—The Sun.

To the Faculty and Students of the Institute of Musical Art:

A musical society was organized in the Institute which had for its aim, the promotion of general musicianship and friendship among the students of the Institute. This organization was named "The Orpheus Musical Society" and met in the Rehearsal Hall of the new building every Saturday at 4:00 P. M. during the spring. It hopes to continue next season.

The officers were: President, Harold L. Levinson; Vice-Pres., Hyman Bass.

AN IMMORTAL MEMORY

At the age of seventy-five Jean de Reszke, famous operatic tenor and teacher, died in his villa at Nice on the French Riviera on April 3rd. His death was due to heart disease, resulting from an attack of bronchial influenza.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, cabled de Reszke's widow as follows:

"The name of Jean de Reszke will remain in the history of the lyric theatre, and particularly of the Metropolitan, as that of a supreme artist, with a true personality; a great singer, a great actor, of perfect elegance and of an uncommon versatility."

The appended poem appeared in *The New York Herald* in tribute to the memory of Jean de Reszke.

"DO YOU REMEMBER?"

Do you remember, long ago,
That climb we used to take
Up to the breathless, dizzy top
For Jean de Reszke's sake?
How vast it was, that waiting house
Beneath us, tier on tier,
While at the boxes far below
We used to stare and peer
Through borrowed glasses, feeling rich
To see such gems and lace,
To hear Jean sing as Romeo,
And gaze on Juliet's face.

Do you remember those "white nights?"

That prickling thrill we knew
When Jean and Edouard and Eames
And Lilli Lehmann, too,
Sang all the old beloved rôles?—
Ah, man, but they could sing!—
Tristan, Isolde, Lohengrin,
And all the splendid Ring!
No puny mortals were we then,
The kind that dully plods!
We sat on High—Olympians—
Young, lusty Gallery Gods!

Do you remember even now
That crowded topmost tier?
Its acrid smell of peppermint,
Of garlic and of beer:
The eager faces all about,
Italian, Frenchman, Jew,
Ablaze with Youth's intensity,
Its white-hot passion, too—
That passion for the perfect note,
For discords that beguile,
For magic, Love and tragic loss
And Beauty's cryptic smile!

Ah, we remember, you and I,
That rapture long ago,
When we two, in the gallery,
Shared Jean's impassioned woe!
There is no "encore," yet one dreams
Archangels may rejoice
To hear what we heard in our youth—
De Reszke's golden voice!

G. G., in *The Herald*.

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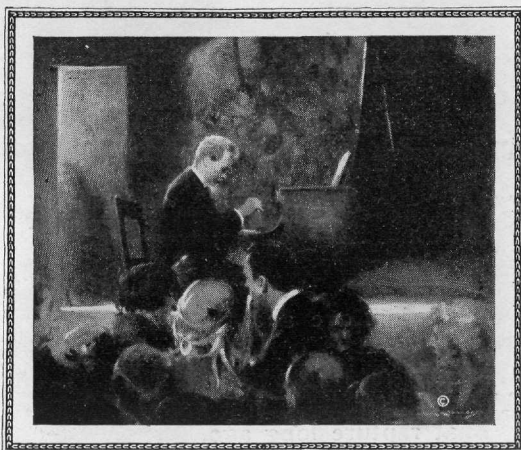
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STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

*Josef Hofmann at his Steinway*
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

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