

The Baton

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FRANK DAMROSCH, Director

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Franz Kneisel Memorial Issue

In Memoriam
FRANZ KNEISEL

January 26, 1865—March 26, 1926

"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again." (Hamlet.)

**FRANZ KNEISEL DIES AFTER AN
OPERATION**

**Noted Violinist, Stricken in Maine, Expires in
Roosevelt Hospital. Peritonitis Brings End.**

**A Leader in Chamber Music in America for
Many Years—Famous Also as Conductor**

Franz Kneisel, noted violinist and conductor, for more than forty years a leading figure in the musical life of America and for half that period permanently in New York, died March 26th, at Roosevelt Hospital. He had been ill only a week. His death followed an operation, from which he rallied hopefully. A change was observed, however, and he sank rapidly until the end came.

Mr. Kneisel was at Portland, Me., on the way, with Mrs. Kneisel and one of their sons, to the family's summer home at Blue Hill, near Mount Desert, when he was taken gravely ill. It became evident at once that the case was too serious for him to proceed. He was brought back to New York and on arrival was taken to Roosevelt Hospital by his physician, Dr. James I. Russell.

An operation was decided upon and the trouble was found to be a perforated ulcer of the intestines proper. Dr. Russell and those in charge of Mr. Kneisel's case had been most hopeful of the result, despite their patient's condition and age, 61 this year.

When an alarming sinking spell occurred, the friends of Mr. Kneisel were informed by his family, many receiving their first intimation of his illness, of which there had been no public mention.

The cause of death was peritonitis, according to the official report at the hospital. Dr. Russell was the operating surgeon and Dr. Arthur H. Blakemore of the house staff assisted those in charge.

With Mr. Kneisel when he died were Mrs. Kneisel and their children, including Mrs. Victoria Kneisel Willeke, with her husband, Willem Willeke, cellist of the old Kneisel Quartet; Miss Marianne Kneisel, herself a violinist like the famous father, and two sons, Fred and Frank, the first preparing to be a student at Princeton, while his twin brother is about to become a professional musician.

A group of persons distinguished in social and musical New York joined the mourning family in the little room on the hospital's fifth floor. Felix Kahn, a brother of Otto H. Kahn, assisted Mrs. Kneisel and acted as spokesman to other friends arriving.

**KNEISEL EULOGIZED BY FRANK
DAMROSCH**

**Institute of Musical Art's Head Tells at Funeral
of Musician's High Ideals**

Music by Fritz Kreisler

**Artist Friends Pallbearers for Their Late
Colleague**

**Some of the World's Greatest Artists Pay
Tribute by Presence
Burial in Boston**

Some of the world's greatest artists in all branches of music, as well as composers, critics, patrons, instructors and students, paid tribute to the memory of Franz Kneisel by their presence at the funeral services, held March 29th, at the Institute of Musical Art, 120 Claremont Avenue, where he was head of the violin department.

Several hundred persons who had known and admired Mr. Kneisel thronged the auditorium and overflowed into the anterooms and hallways. Some had come from Boston, others from Chicago, and New York and its environs were represented by men and women who had aided his early ventures in music, had played under his direction, studied under his tutelage, delighted in hearing him in his art, or merely had known of him.

Banked by many handsome floral pieces and covered by a blanket of white roses, the coffin rested on the stage of the auditorium. As the mourners gathered, Gaston M. Dethier, head of the organ department of the Institute, played selections from the compositions of Bach. The Rev. Dr. Charles Winfred Douglas of Peekskill, long a friend of the deceased and himself a musical amateur, read the Episcopal funeral service and a lesson from St. John, chapter XIV. Fritz Kreisler then played the Adagio from Bach's E major violin concerto, accompanied at the organ by Mr. Dethier.

Dr. Damrosch's Address

The single spoken tribute paid to Mr. Kneisel was by Dr. Frank Damrosch, director of the Institute.

"It is given to few persons to pass out of this world and leave behind them the knowledge that they cannot be replaced," said Dr. Damrosch. "I need not tell you who are gathered here today what Franz Kneisel has done for music in this country since he came to it a mere boy. Gentle, friendly, tolerant as he was in social intercourse, he was uncompromising in his adherence to the high art ideals which he had set for himself and with which he imbued his pupils."

"His relations with his colleagues, as well as those music lovers who had the privilege of his personal acquaintance, were of the friendliest. He found something of good even in those with whom he disagreed. For twenty-one years he had been in this school, an inspiration to his pupils and to us who had worked at his side, an example of a master who has given in fullest measure of his great gifts as teacher, as artist and as friend. And there is no one to fill his place.

"You, his friends, know what he has been to you—and you, his pupils, who are here to say farewell to him, will realize more and more what he has done for you. A great man has passed out of our lives. The burden and heat of the day



"A great man has passed out of our lives."

are over for him, and he is at rest. To those dear ones whose hearts today are heavy with sorrow almost greater than they can bear, it must be some little comfort to know that as long as there are people who love the art to which he gave his life the memory of Franz Kneisel can never die.

"Let us remember him gratefully and do all in our power to perpetuate his work in accordance with his ideas and ideals, so that his spirit may abide with us forever."

The honorary pallbearers occupied two rows in the front of the hall and behind them sat the Kneisel family. Trustees of the Institute and friends sat in the center of the hall and a score or more of the pupils of Mr. Kneisel in recent years at the left. An alcove of the hall was occu-

pied by Christine Herter's painting of the Kneisel Quartet, which retired from public appearance in 1917.

The Honorary Pallbearers

The pallbearers were Paul M. Warburg, Fritz Kreisler, Dr. Frank Damrosch, Felix M. Warburg, Dr. Fritz Bierhoff, Dr. Charles G. Taylor, Harold Bauer, Felix E. Kahn, Maurice Sternberger, Rubin Goldmark, Dr. James I. Russell, Sigmund Herzog, August Fraemke, Arthur Bodanzky, Richard Aldrich, Edwin T. Rice and Charles J. Rosebault.

The ushers were Samuel Gardner, William Kroll, Karl Kraeuter, Louis Bostelmann and Conrad Held, pupils of Mr. Kneisel. Others of his pupils present included Jacques Gordon, concert master of the Chicago Orchestra, who came east to attend his master's funeral; David Mendoza, conductor of the Capitol Theatre; Josef Fuchs, Sascha Jacobsen, Helen Jeffrey and Bernard Ocko.

Among others present were: Louis Svecenski, formerly of the Kneisel Quartet; Albert Spalding, Paul Kochanski, Mischa Elman, Jacques Thibaud, the London String Quartet, Kurt Schindler, Mme. Olga Samaroff, Carl Friedberg, Sigmund Stojowski, Harold Samuel, Frank Bridge, Fraser Gange, Frederick Steinway and Edward Zeigler.

Mrs. Frank Damrosch, Mr. and Mrs. John Teevan, Miss Lillie Bliss, Mrs. Fritz Kreisler, Miss Elizabeth Strauss, Mrs. Horatio Parker, Mrs. H. E. Krehbiel, Mrs. Richard Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, Mrs. Felix Warburg, Mrs. Paul Warburg, Mrs. Morris Loeb, Mrs. Samuel Lewisohn, Mrs. Frederic Bierhoff, Mrs. Charles Rosebault, Mrs. Polly Norton, Mrs. Richard Hoe, Mrs. Olive Green, Mrs. Edward de Coppet, and Mrs. George Chadwick of Boston.

John L. Wilkie, Dr. Thomas Tapper, Herbert Straus, Oswald Garrison Villard, Berthold Neuer, Dr. Simon Baruch, Dr. Henry Dakin, Dr. Eugene Noble, Aurelio Giorni, Franklin Robinson, Alexander Lambert, Henry Holden Huss, J. M. Priaultx, Jacob Altschuler, Hans Letz, Sam and Nahan Franko, Oscar Saenger, Lazar Samoiloff, William Thorner, Alexander Savine, Victor Harris, Gustav Saenger and H. O. Osgood.

The floral tributes included a six foot standing double sheaf of pink roses from the Director and Faculty of the Institute, a six foot standing lyre of lavender sweet peas from Mr. Kneisel's class of 1926, standing wreaths from The Bohemians and the N. Y. Musicians Club, the Beethoven Association, the New York Symphony Orchestra, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Management of the New England Conservatory, Steinway and Sons, the Capitol Grand Orchestra, the Lyric Theatre Orchestra and the Orpheus Society of the Institute of Musical Art. Flowers from Marcella Sembrich, Josef Hofmann, Jascha Heifetz and many other colleagues and friends.

After the services the body was taken to Boston.

—The Times

RESOLUTIONS

The following resolutions were passed by the Board of Trustees of the Institute of Musical Art:

Whereas, Franz Kneisel has been associated with the Institute of Musical Art of the City of New York since its establishment in 1905 as head of the Violin Department, and

Whereas, He has during these twenty-one years been an inspiration not only to his pupils, but to all who have been associated with him—an artist of the highest ideals and greatest mastery, a teacher unsurpassed in implanting knowledge, ability and noble aspirations in his pupils, a man of high character and gentle disposition, loyal in friendship and ready at all times to be helpful to those who needed him; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Board of Trustees of the Institute of Musical Art feels the great and irreparable loss to its faculty in the decease of Franz Kneisel; and be it also

Resolved, That it extends its deepest sympathy to Mrs. Kneisel and to her children in their great bereavement.

Resolved also that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and that an engrossed copy be sent to Mrs. Franz Kneisel.

* * *

FRANZ KNEISEL BURIED

Second Funeral Service Held in Boston

BOSTON, March 30.—Funeral services for Franz Kneisel, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1885 to 1903 and director of the Kneisel String Quartet during the thirty-two years of its existence, were held today in the chapel of Forest Hills Cemetery. Burial in the family plot followed. The ceremonies followed similar services for the noted violinist held in New York yesterday. The family made the journey to Boston in a private car. The casket was placed in an adjoining mail car specially arranged as a chapel for the occasion.

Honorary pallbearers included Joseph Adamowski, a former first violin in the Boston Symphony Orchestra; G. W. Chadwick, President of the New England Conservatory of Music; Frederick P. Cabot, President of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Board of Trustees, and Charles A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra when Kneisel was concert master.

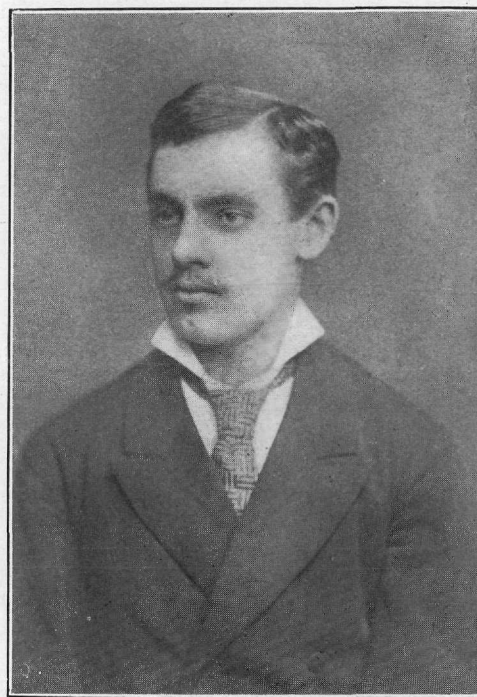
A chorale by Bach and part of a chorus from Brahms's "Requiem" on the organ and the "Largo" from Haydn's quartet in D-major by a string quartet composed of members and former members of the Boston Symphony comprised the music. The Rev. Dr. Paul Revere Frothingham officiated.

MUSIC IN MEMORY OF FRANZ KNEISEL

There were beautiful tributes to the memory of Franz Kneisel when practically all the leading orchestras of the country, dedicated some part of a program to him. Artists such as Fritz Kreisler did likewise.

THE ELSHUCO TRIO

In Aeolian hall the Elshuco Trio, with the assistance of Karl Kraeuter, Herbert Borodkin and Percy Such gave the last concert of their Schubert cycle. For the finale of their comprehensive undertaking they played the "Death and the Maiden" quartet, an adagio and rondo in F Major without opus number and the string quin-



Franz Kneisel at the age of 18

tet in C Major, probably the loveliest piece of chamber music ever written.

The andante of the quartet was played to the memory of the late Franz Kneisel, who used to play it incomparably himself in the old days of the Kneisel Quartet. Mr. Willeke, the cellist of the Elshuco Trio, was a member of the old organization and Mr. Kroll, the trio's violinist, was for many years a pupil of the deceased. The audience was deeply affected. The following words appeared on the printed program:

We, who play tonight, feel that all our work is part of his lasting memorial, but we specially dedicate to his memory at this time, the Andante of the minor quartet, written by Schubert upon the theme of his own song, "Death and the Maiden."

MUSICAL ART OF FRANZ KNEISEL

Sincerity Was Keynote to Success of the Late Founder of Quartet
An Example for Young Musicians

By W. J. Henderson

THE ceremonies which followed the death of Franz Kneisel were as simple as the man's life. And that was as simple as a life well could be. He spoke but little. He made no parade of words, as he made none of actions. He moved unobtrusively and apparently unconsciously along the lines of his firm faith which laid its foundations upon art and family. It would be hard to point to another musician of such importance to the world who was so far removed from the bustle and glare of the same world's activity. Since the Kneisel Quartet went out of existence in 1917 its founder and leader was only an unseen force, but one whose sudden stoppage left the entire musical system of the city shaken and temporarily disorganized.

This can be attributed but to one thing. It was not the public glory of the artist. That was long finished. It was not the dominating influence of his personality as president of the Bohemians, the musicians' club of the city, for he never was an orator at its dinners nor prominent in its observed proceedings. When every obscuration is removed, we perceive that it was simply that Kneisel the man and Kneisel the artist were one and indivisible. His art was himself, himself was his art. What the man performed and what the man taught were what the man was; and the keynote of both was a sincerity so pure, so lofty, so unshakable that it can be fitly called celestial.

It was this spirit of artistic devotion that animated the whole existence of the famous quartet and caused to flow ceaselessly from its performances the vital rays of a life giving light. It made no difference to Mr. Kneisel whether a work was one with which he and his colleagues were in complete sympathy; they felt it to be their duty to their art to introduce to their audiences every new composition which stirred the interest or piqued the curiosity of the musical world and upon every such work they bestowed the most searching and tireless study.

It was art that evoked from this writer after the final concert of the quartet these comments: "They played, as the Kneisel Quartet has always played, with matchless balance of tone, with exquisite polish of style, with perfection of ensemble and with fastidious taste. Never striving to reach orchestral breadth of utterance or theatrical impetuosity of passionate expression, but always adhering to the ideal of chamber music and inviting the tenderest of intimacy, Mr. Kneisel and his associates ended as they began, their history in New York, high priests of true art.

"As for those whose business it has been for years to make chronicles of the doings in concert halls, it can only be said that the Kneisel Quartet has been their rod and their staff, their solace in times of discouragement and their delight in sunny days of prosperity, always bearing aloft the banner of

artistic truth and beauty, behind which the chroniclers have been glad and proud to march."

It is well nigh impossible in these days of blazing publicity to make a word portrait of a musician who possessed the supreme faculty of the truly great artist, that of impressing upon every performance the ineffaceable stamp of his own personality while conveying to an audience the conviction of entire subjection of self to the purposes of the composer. Such a result is attainable only by one who studies compositions as Mr. Kneisel did, plunging his soul without restraint into their profoundest depths and thereby cleansing it from the impurities of other contacts and permitting it to emerge baptized with the living waters of the creative musician's inspiration.

The conclusion of such a career and the words which have been spoken and written about it might perhaps persuade young musicians just starting up the steep and difficult path to consider what is more worth while, swift and facile inflation of box office receipts or the making of a life work, which brings with it a competence united with the deepest respect and warmest love of all the members of one's profession and the admiration and gratitude of a public not prodigiously wide, but inspiringly intimate.

There has never been a time when it was more imperative for the young musician to make his choice between art and Mammon nor was there ever a time when the choice was more difficult. But the force of a few illustrious examples is greater than the most potent of printed words. High upon the summits of the musical Olympus dwell "the choice and master spirits of this age," who have demonstrated that it is possible to preserve artistic chastity and enjoy not only some measure of the fruits of worldly prosperity, but also the priceless treasure of a good name and the respect of one's fellow men.

It might be deemed invidious to say that Franz Kneisel's name led all the rest, but the writer confesses that in the long series of years during which he has been devoted to observation of the doings of the musical world he has found no other career which impressed him in quite the same way as that of Mr. Kneisel. For in no other musician's public activities has there seemed to be so whole an absorption of self in the service of the art.

It would be difficult indeed to point to any other man who apparently drew a deeper or sweeter satisfaction from the labors of his life than Franz Kneisel. For his nature mellowed with the passage of the years till there came to be benison in his gentle smile of greeting and an encouragement in the contented look in his eye. And so he passed out into the beyond as one of the more benignant stars might pass out of the sky, leaving indeed a dark void, but an impression of undying light.

(The Evening Sun)

FRANZ KNEISEL'S CAREER IN AMERICA —CONCERT MASTER, QUARTET PLAYER, TEACHER

By Richard Aldrich

FRANZ KNEISEL had achieved a full and richly rounded career in this country, although he died at hardly the threshold of old age. His was a character and a personality and a musical nature that exactly fitted him to do what he set out to do. He had an iron will, an unyielding determination. He had the finest training that Vienna, in the '80s, still preserving the greatest of musical traditions, could give him. Like all who have reached high places in the art of music, he was precocious, though he was not an "infant prodigy." To be, when not yet out of his 'teens, concert master of the Hofburg Theatre of Vienna, then concert master of the Bilsse Orchestra of Berlin, a famous organization of its day—successor of Ysaye and César Thomson—and then to be summoned in his twentieth year to be concert master of the newly formed Boston Symphony Orchestra is a record that means much.

Those were days when Boston was angry and excited over Major Higginson's ambitious attempt to found a new orchestra in Boston and to import young musicians of talent to assure its competence. Mr. Kneisel as a youth succeeded the veteran Bernhard Listemann as concert master. There was bitter comment. The youth of Mr. Kneisel and the others—twenty of them there were—was an additional cause of irritation. The concert master was one of the youngest—"so young," said Mr. Gericke, "that he did not even know how to smoke. On our trip over I felt it my duty to teach him this art, in which he has certainly been a past master ever since."

Mr. Kneisel began his duties with the orchestra as concert master on Oct. 17, 1885. On Oct. 31 he made his first appearance with it as a soloist playing Beethoven's concerto. One of the most critical as well as distinguished members of the orchestra was heard to remark to his neighbor after the first movement, "Der Kerl spielt schön"—the fellow plays beautifully.

There was very soon a realization among them all that this "Kerl" was a person of power and distinction. He stood for a discipline in the orchestra at rehearsals that was then uncommon, and in many ways showed himself at once to be a concert master of a sort that had hardly been known here.

Mr. Kneisel himself once summoned up his conception of the concert master somewhat, in effect, as follows:

"The concert master is, in a way, the autocratic conductor's grand vizier, his executive officer, his chief means of making effective his wishes; and where the right relation exists his best friend and right-hand man. His functions resemble those of a constitutional monarch's Prime Minister. The king can do no wrong. If all goes well in the orchestra, it is the conductor's achieve-

ment; if anything goes amiss, it is very likely to be the concert master's fault. He must always see that all the instruments are in tune with one another before rehearsals and concerts begin. In most cases he sees that the violin parts are properly marked for bowing and phrasing, which he determines himself, in order that all shall play alike—though not always is uniformity of bowing considered indispensable. If there is a misunderstanding between the conductor and a player, the concert master's good offices are invaluable in setting it right. He advises the conductor as to the deficiencies or excellences of individual players, and may often be called upon to assist in engaging new men. If the conductor makes a mistake—and even the greatest conductor sometimes does—the concert master is there to see that the force of it is broken in some way. Few conductors are thoroughly familiar with the details of technique and the limitations and possibilities of all the orchestral instruments; and if the conductor gives a direction as to phrasing or accent that is impracticable, the concert master must be ready after the rehearsal to explain to the bewildered or derisive player that something else was really meant, and also to intimate to the mistaken autocrat that some modification of his desires had better be made. In case of direct need, should conductor and orchestra get into trouble in a public performance, the concert master must, if he can, bring them together again with the sound of his instrument, more potent than the conductor's stick. Or should a soloist miss a cue or make a false entrance, he must, if possible, give such a hint or catch up such a missing strand as shall set the unlucky one right."

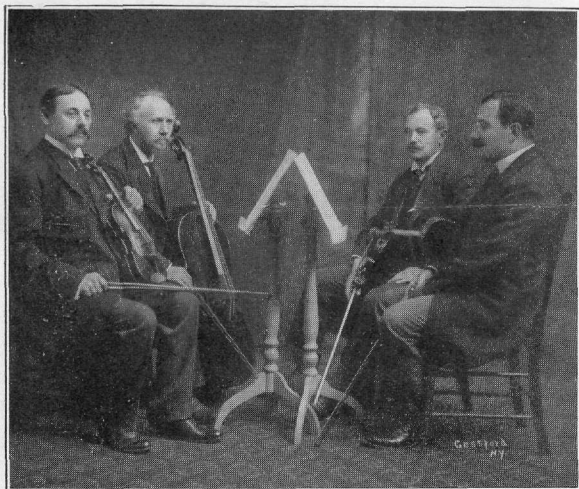
In short, such a concert master as this is of an importance to the prosperity of the orchestra only less than that of the conductor himself. It is rather the fashion nowadays to belittle the importance of the concert master as the result of the growth in the artistic position of the conductor; and perhaps, also, of his capacity and knowledge. But that is the sort of concert master Mr. Kneisel was. There have been, perhaps, few who have had so much influence and authority, so much knowledge, so much presence of mind and skill in the duties of the office as he.

* * *

It was part of Mr. Higginson's plan to found a first-rate string quartet in Boston as well as a first-rate orchestra, and the coming of Mr. Kneisel and the other "young lions of the Conservatoire," as Berlioz called another and similar group, gave the opportunity for it. Mr. Higginson established it and bore it on his shoulders, as he did the orchestra, for some years. The Kneisel Quartet gave its first concert in Boston in the old Chickering Hall on December 28, 1885.

The first concert of the quartet in New York took place in Steinway Hall on March 11, 1888. They gave no more till they undertook a series of four in the season of 1891-92. These took place in the ballroom of Sherry's old establishment at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. The first was notable as giving the first performance in America of Brahms's quintet, Op. 111. The quartet was then composed of Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski and Schroeder.

There was a hard row to hoe to get established in New York. After a time Mr. Kneisel was on the point of giving up his New York concerts, but the persuasion of a few ardent music lovers prevailed and induced another trial. The turning point came, and the public gave a firm and unwavering support to the organization, which continued till the end. That was in April, 1917, when, to the dismay of his admirers here and all over the country, Mr. Kneisel disbanded the quartet. In a communication to his patrons Mr. Kneisel said:



The Kneisel Quartet when it came from Boston to teach at the Institute

"The desire that the high standard which has been before us from the beginning should not be permitted to suffer depreciation has of late years been a cause of great concern to me; and the responsibility has become a burden—so great a burden, indeed, that I have reluctantly come to the decision to end the career of the Kneisel Quartet with the last concert of this season."

Once before, the Kneisel Quartet was in danger of dissolution. In 1907 negotiations were opened between Mr. Kneisel and the committee of the Philadelphia Orchestra to secure him as the conductor of that organization after the death of Fritz Scheel. He had had experience in conducting, and his powers were such as to assure his success in that capacity. An agreement with the orchestra was almost completed, but Kneisel was dissuaded in time by his New York friends, and the

Kneisel Quartet was saved for ten years more of activity.

* * *

It was as a quartet player that Mr. Kneisel made his greatest achievements and his most important contributions to American musical culture. Such playing as he offered was a new revelation here, where quartet playing had been generally a by-product, the result of orchestral players' leisure movements. With him it was, even from the first, a chief end. He spent upon it an enormous amount of time and labor in rehearsal, of thought, knowledge, mastery of style and infinite attention to detail. He had an unequalled knowledge of the literature and appreciation of diverse styles. He never brought forward in public performance any work, new or old, until he had become thoroughly imbued with its spirit as well as mastered its outward form and difficulties. This meant, sometimes, years of ripening by reflection, experiment and repetition. A fruit of such methods was his performance of the last quartets of Beethoven, for so long a sealed book to players and listeners alike. It is not too much to say that he first made them truly known to American audiences by mastering their technical difficulties in the matter of ensemble and perfect coordination of their parts and by penetrating their recondite spirit and laying it bare to comprehending listeners.

He believed it his duty to set before his public all the best of what was "modern" in the years of his activity. There was weeping and gnashing of teeth, sometimes, among his subscribers; but he never gave way when he thought there was something worthy of attention to be given. And many of the works thus received have since been accepted. An interesting episode was his playing of the "American" quartet and quintet of Dvorak, fresh from the composer's hand—"die Tinte noch nass"—and in the composer's presence. He knew Brahms in his summer abode near Ischl and played with him and for him his chamber music and that of others.

What Brahms mostly wanted to hear from him, besides his own works, was Haydn; Beethoven's quartets, he said, you hear from all quarters. But he never made any suggestions as to changing the tempo or the conception of his own compositions.

Among other things, Kneisel played him César Franck's quartet, which was then hardly known outside of France and which Brahms had never heard. He listened in complete silence, and when it was done spoke not a single word of comment.

* * *

Mr. Kneisel's work as a teacher was carried on from his earlier years, and since 1917 absorbed all his time and attention. His work at the Institute of Musical Art here was continued in the summers at Blue Hill, Me., whither a score of favored pupils followed him year after year and were subjected to the same kind of intensive discipline that prevailed in the winter. Hard work was a necessity for him, rest a rare luxury.

But when he did rest he knew how to discharge his mind of all preoccupations. He taught with love and devotion to art always uppermost, and he would not waste his time on incompetent pupils. To them he recommended other occupations than music. To those he did teach he put artistry, true musicianship as the end to be striven for rather than virtuosity. In the charming little music building put up in Blue Hill by the interest of a devoted friend, Felix Kahn, he taught ensemble as well as solo playing. They were golden hours of opportunity, and those who had the privilege of sharing them will always prize them as a unique privilege.

One of the things that Kneisel had near his heart in his later years was the Bohemian Club of musicians. He was one of its founders and was its President till his death. Perhaps the success of this organization of a class of men who have not always been able to get on together and dwell in complete harmony—the “irritable genus” of professional musicians—tells much of the most delightful and beguiling sides of his character.

It may well be believed that Franz Kneisel's work as a chamber musician, orchestral concert master, solo player and teacher will not soon pass from the memory of men. He achieved a great work for musical culture in America.

(*The Times*)

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MESSAGES OF TRIBUTE

The closest friends of the Kneisel family were constantly with them, so there was no necessity for verbal expressions of tribute and sympathy from them. Fritz Kreisler gave of his art at the funeral of his colleague. Excerpts from a few telegrams and letters of other celebrated friends are here given. The first is from the founder of the Institute.

* * *

The cable brought us the dread news of the death of your dear husband and I wish to send you the assurance of our sincere sympathy.

My veneration for this man and artist dates its beginnings to the days when I was still a student at Harvard. How many thousands will mourn your loss with you! I know with what love and devotion he spurred on the young people to their best efforts and how he shunned no trouble to give the best of himself at all times to his pupils. For this we are all forever grateful to him.

May you find the strength to bear your sorrow with courage and resignation in the beautiful words, “What thou lovest eternally is eternally thine.”

My dear wife and I sorrowfully press your hand.

—James Loeb

* * *

Salt Lake City, Utah.

The mournful news has just reached me. I can hardly believe that the great artist—the good loyal friend—dear Franz Kneisel, is no more. Your cruel bereavement is a severe loss to all of us. From the bottom of my affected heart I beg to offer you, Madame, and your family the

expression of my profound sympathy and most sincere condolences.

—Paderewski

* * *

Deeply distressed and shocked to hear of Mr. Kneisel's death. Heartfelt sympathy to you all in your great sorrow. Shall sincerely miss my dear old friend.

—Marcella Sembrich

* * *

With deepest sympathy to the wife of a great man.

—Josef Hofmann

* * *

Deeply grieved and shocked by unexpected death of your husband. We respectfully ask you to accept the expression of our sincere sympathy and condolence.

—Natalie and Sergei Rachmaninoff

* * *

Cable from Naples, Italy.

Mrs. Kneisel please accept my sincerest deepest sympathy in your great irreparable loss.

—Jascha Heifetz

* * *

Deeply grieved to hear that your dear husband, my dearly beloved friend, Franz Kneisel, passed away. I hardly can find the right words to offer you and your family to express to you my sympathy. The musical world of America is suffering an irreparable loss through his death. My wife and I send our deepest sympathy.

—Leopold Auer

* * *

Deeply grieved and shocked to hear of your great sorrow. The entire country will mourn with you in the loss of one of its most distinguished beautiful figures and the personal sorrow of his many friends cannot be measured. Thinking of you constantly with deepest sympathy which extends to all the members of your family.

—Albert Spalding

* * *

Please accept our heartfelt sympathy on the sudden loss of your dear husband. We want you to know that we feel with you in your bereavement and we hope you will bear it bravely.

—Elman Family

* * *

With the deepest sympathy of *The London String Quartet*.

* * *

Pray accept our most sincere condolences with all the musicians of America in your bereavement. We mourn the loss of the dear incomparable master whose contribution to the development of Chamber Music in the United States stands quite unparalleled in the history of Art.

—Flonzaley Quartet

(Continued on Page 16)

MEMORIES OF FRANZ KNEISEL

By Dorothy Crowthers

“THE dreamers are the saviours of the world. Men, through all their trials and sins and sordid vocations, are nourished by the beautiful visions of their solitary dreamers. Composer, musician, painter, poet, prophet, sage—the world is beautiful because they have lived; without them laboring humanity would perish.”

The world is more beautiful because Franz Kneisel has lived. His name recalls a long and brilliant career in the concert field and is significant as that of probably the greatest teacher of violin of our generation. The thought might inspire one with awe, but his kindly manner and genial, magnetic personality inevitably put one at ease, in the realization that this was not only a celebrated artist, but a man who was kin to humanity. To him beauty of art had to be attended by beauty of life; this he taught his pupils. He was rich in loyal friends and



Franz Kneisel with his wife and dearest friend, Felix Kahn, on the steps of the Kneisel Home at Blue Hill, Maine.

followers. He himself once said of his colleagues: “Kreisler, Ysaye, Paderewski, Joseffy are all big-natured men. There is no time for narrow mindedness. Any one approaching them will be impressed with their real human qualities. They are possessed of deep sympathetic feeling for those who have not been able to reach their height.” This was equally true of Mr. Kneisel.

Being possessed of great modesty, he was averse to speaking much of himself, but it was my privilege to spend many happy hours with him and his family in both Blue Hill and New York. Frequently he would relate interesting details of his life. (These are printed as they were originally published in THE BATON, in the present tense.)

“I was born in Roumania in 1865,” began Mr. Kneisel when in a particularly reminiscent mood, as he puffed a cigar thoughtfully. “My father was a military band conductor, a leader in the musical circle of our town. He was my first teacher. My three brothers all played the violin. There was one thing in which I was particularly fortunate, in recalling that formative period of my life. My teacher in Bucharest would not disclose his secrets

to my elder brother, but by the time I was able to study with him, he was old and willing to leave me the heritage of his art, and I profited greatly from his teaching.

“I began playing at the age of seven, and at ten entered the conservatory, where I studied with Mr. Wist for four years. From there I went to Vienna and studied with Professors Grün and Hellmesberger for two years and was graduated in 1882. Then I concertized.

Recollections of Brahms

“The most cherished recollection of those early days is the friendship of Johannes Brahms, the great composer. In 1882, at the home of the noted surgeon, Dr. Billoth, the master’s Quintet, Opus 88, was to be played for the first time from manuscript. Hellmesberger, the teacher of Kreisler, who was to play it, was called to conduct at the Ring Theatre that evening. Although still a pupil, I was asked to substitute and so had the great pleasure and good fortune to play under Brahms’ direction.”

At his first public appearance in December, 1882, Mr. Kneisel played Joachim’s violin concerto with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra with such success that he was at once engaged as solo violinist in the Orchestra of the Imperial and Royal Court Theater. Shortly afterward he became concert-master of the famous Bilse Orchestra of Berlin.

Continuing with Johannes Brahms, he described the amusing incident of his meeting with the great composer.

“In 1893 I went to Ischl, a resort where Brahms spent his summers. Upon my arrival, the first question I asked Nikisch, who met me at the station was, ‘Is Brahms here?’

“‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘you will meet him in the Cafe Walter, where he daily takes his coffee.’

“At one o’clock next day, I appeared at the appointed place. But when I saw Brahms, I was afraid to approach him. He seemed like a god to me—a veritable Wotan in appearance—and it seemed sacrilege to disturb so almost holy a personage by even timidly presenting my humble self. I went home disappointed, but determined to muster more courage for another occasion. About five o’clock Nikisch came to the hotel. ‘Kneisel, where have you been?’ he asked. ‘Brahms waited for you an hour.’ I was horrified, and explained my temerity. ‘But he expected you!’ returned Nikisch. After that rather unfortunate beginning, there were many happy days spent together.

“Brahms was a pleasant man and a deep thinker. He was naturally outspoken in his beliefs and had no trace of conceit. The atmosphere became rather strained when one expressed admiration for the beauty of his music. His cordial feeling for one ceased at that point. He did not like adulation. It was practically impossible to interview him. A question such as ‘What do you think of Wagner?’ would be answered very curtly. If any one hummed

(Continued on Page 10)

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GOOD FRIEND TO THE BATON

The Baton has lost a good friend. Prompted by his generous interest in the Institute paper he frequently ordered a hundred copies of an issue that pleased him.

The following kind message came to the editor at the beginning of a recent season.

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

—Franz Kneisel."

* * *

IN TRIBUTE

One of the most touching tributes to Franz Kneisel's memory was the performance at Steinway Hall, by his daughter, Marianne, and her Quartet, of the Cavatina from Beethoven's Quartet in B flat major.

* * *

FRANZ KNEISEL'S PUPILS

Sascha Jacobsen, the virtuoso and former pupil of Franz Kneisel, was honored by being asked to teach his master's class for the remainder of the season. Samuel Gardner, William Kroll, Louis Bostelmann, Karl Kraeuter and Conrad Held, also former pupils of Mr. Kneisel, are members of the Institute's distinguished faculty.

MEMORIES OF FRANZ KNEISEL

(Continued from Preceding Page)

one of his melodies he would be annoyed. One of my quartet members whistled a tune of his once in his presence, and Brahms, turning about sharply, remarked, 'Yes, I know it is from the B flat major Quartet,' at which the whistler stopped abruptly.

"On one occasion a well-known woman singer invited Brahms to an affair at her home. It was a half-hour's trip from Ischl, and it took considerable persuasion on the part of Svecenski and myself before he consented to make the journey. The singer, knowing of his extreme modesty and not wishing to offend him with any embarrassing scrutiny, admonished her eager and curious pupils to keep their shades pulled down while Brahms rode through the village. They respected her wishes, but it was very amusing, as we drove along the streets in an open carriage, to see eyes peering around the edge of the curtains. As Brahms was a stately man, with a beard, and easy to recognize, their vigilance was rewarded in most cases.

"After the coffee hour, he was wont to take long walks in the woods, and as he often wished to be alone, we never ventured to join him on these excursions unless invited. He always had his pockets filled with sugar for these jaunts; he used but one lump in his coffee, the other went into his pocket, and he gathered extra lumps from the others at the coffee table, thus adding to his supply. Then he would seek out peasant children, and throwing a few lumps of sugar among them, would exclaim, 'It is raining sugar!' They would look up in astonishment and grab for the sugar. Brahms was very fond of peasant children, and thought the children of the rich were inclined to be spoiled, because their parents made the mistake of praising them too much in their presence.

"Whom else of interest did I know, you ask? There were Sarasate, Joachim, Dvorak. The first, Sarasate, was a very reticent man, but had a keen sense of humor. At a story of some little happening, he would laugh like a young boy. He was a man of happy temperament, and curiously enough, though a silent man by nature, he played with much fire and passion, which seemed a puzzling combination of characteristics.

"Joachim was a tremendous personality, and very good-natured. Dvorak was a child at heart; he had no suspicions nor cynicisms. It has been my observation that the greatest artists are the best-natured men. They are too absorbed in their art and its ennobling influence to stoop to even think of worldly, petty things."

The Kneisel Quartet

"I first came to this country in 1885," continued Mr. Kneisel, "and lived in Boston for twenty years. While there I was concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and conducted the orchestra during the absence of Nikisch and after he left."

Since that time Mr. Kneisel has been prominently identified with American music. The clarity and correctness of his tone and a display of that fine, impeccable taste have ever been the distinguishing

characteristics of his work. His violin is a Stradivarius of 1714, formerly the property of Professor Grün, and is almost priceless in value.

Mr. Kneisel resigned from the Boston Symphony in 1903, in order to devote the greater part of his time to the Kneisel Quartet, in connection with which his name is best known to the public. (The history of Mr. Kneisel's activities as quartet leader and conductor will be found elsewhere in this issue.)

"Although I concertized for many years, it was a relief to give it up. Too much traveling and too many hardships are involved. One must be young and enthusiastic to stand the strain. I had an amusing argument with a porter as to which of us had covered the most territory in this country. He claimed an annual 45,000 miles and I had journeyed 32,000 miles a year!

"New York has been my home for twenty years, and I have been with the Institute of Musical Art since it opened. I was interested in Dr. Damrosch's idea to give serious young people the opportunity to study, who otherwise could not do so, as in European countries, where the conservatories are controlled by the government. The Institute is as good as, if not better than the foreign schools, for it is independent financially, and so can pick its students and give them the best instruction for a reasonable price. Dr. Damrosch is an ideal director. It is a pleasure to be associated in such an artistic atmosphere."



Franz Kneisel with his pupils at Blue Hill, Maine.

Hints on Violin Practice

The conversation, while on the subject of students, touched upon their work. "The length of time for practice depends upon the physical strength of the person. It varies greatly. One should practice as long as the mind can concentrate. There is no benefit from absent-minded practice. What is more, one should put his soul into his study. By that I mean that everything played should be felt. Five hours a day is a fair standard, three for technique and two for solo work. One may be a genius but without hard work and practice and patience he will never develop into an artist. There is a tendency on the part of students to appear in public while yet in an unripe condition. As a result

they burn themselves out quickly. Music may be likened to money in that if it is easily gained it is easily lost.

"Bowing is a very vital factor in violin playing," he continued. "In fact, it is more difficult to attain perfection in bowing than to acquire a flawless technique. Left-hand technique is the public school education while bowing is the high school education. The art of bowing helps one to express what the left hand has learned.

"I was asked a few years ago by the distinguished author, Frederick H. Martens: 'What is the secret of your method?'

"Method is hardly the word, I answered. It sounds so cut-and-dried. I teach according to principles, which must, of course, vary in individual cases; yet whose foundation is fixed.

"My experience has shown me that the fundamental fault of most pupils is that they do not know how to hold either the bow or the violin. Here in America the violin student, as a rule, begins serious technical study too late, contrary to the European practice. It is a great handicap to begin really serious work at seventeen or eighteen, when the flexible bones of childhood have hardened, and have not the pliability needed for violin gymnastics. It is a case of not bending the twig in time as you want the tree to grow. And those who study professionally are often more interested in making money as soon as possible than on bending all their energies on reaching the higher levels of their art. Many a promising talent never develops because its possessor at seventeen or eighteen is eager to earn money as an orchestra or 'job' player, instead of sacrificing a few years more and becoming a true artist. I've seen it happen time and again: a young fellow really endowed who thinks that he can play for a living and find time to study and practice 'after hours.' And he never does.

"The secret of really beautiful violin playing lies in the bow. Every pupil may be developed to a certain degree without ever suspecting how important a factor the manipulation of the bow will be in his further progress. He thinks that if the fingers of his left hand are agile he has gained the main end in view. But then he comes to a stop—his left hand can no longer aid him, and he finds that if he wants to play with real beauty of expression the bow supplies the only true key. Out of a hundred who reach this stage, only some five or six or even less, become great artists."

(Mr. Kneisel has prepared a small pamphlet, "Principles of Bowing and Phrasing" (Carl Fischer, Inc.), which gives clear explanations with ample illustrations and music examples for the guidance of serious violin students.)

"It is important that students learn to listen to good music. It helps to cultivate the sense of tempo. Just as an architect must plan his work, just as the painter must lend proportion to his objects, so must a musician have proportion in his playing in both tempo and rubato.

"To read the works of composers is vital to the

developing of interpretative qualities. The composer's meaning must be understood before it can be conveyed. Painting, sculpture and literature go hand in hand with music in building the edifice of musicianship.

"The drawback to music in this country is to be attributed to the large part business plays in the life of the people. In European countries, where commercialism is not so much stressed, art is held in greater esteem. Nevertheless, music has advanced tremendously in the United States in the past thirty years."

A great honor was conferred upon Mr. Kneisel in 1907, when he was invited to serve (with Colonne, Vidal, Dukas, etc.) as a member of the Jury at the Violin Concours of the Paris Conservatoire. He edited the "Kneisel Collection" (1900) for violin and pianoforte, in three volumes, and is the author of "Advanced Studies for the Violin" (1910). The degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon him in 1911, by Yale University and in 1915, by Princeton University. He is also an honorary member of the Harvard Musical Club of Boston, and of the famous musical societies of Europe. He is President of the Bohemian Musicians' Club of New York and President of the Musicians' Foundation, Inc., of New York, for needy musicians. The first concert under the auspices of that organization was given by the Kneisel Quartet.

Mr. Kneisel was married in Boston, in 1885, to Marianne Thoma, the Viennese violinist. They have four children, Victoria (now Mrs. Willem Willeke), Marianne, Franz and Fred Kneisel.



The most cherished recollection of Mr. Kneisel's early days was the friendship of Brahms.

The Kneisel Colony at Blue Hill, Maine

Mr. Kneisel and his family have spent their summers at their home in Blue Hill, Maine, for the past twenty-two years. On the grounds of the Kneisel estate there, in the shade of stately, broad spreading trees, the brilliant flower beds make bright daubs of color on the lawns. Across the sapphire waters, Mt. Desert is just visible peering

over the bristling backs of pine-clad islands stretched like sleeping watch dogs across the threshold of the open sea.

From the house with its gray shingles, white porch rail and window frames, gravel paths tempt one in many directions. A screened outer living room leads to the spacious interior which immediately gives the impression of soft light and flowers everywhere. Large wicker chairs, ample bookcases and a huge open fireplace lend an atmosphere of comfort and contentment. In this home may be seen some interesting and priceless souvenirs, one a photograph of Brahms taken at his home in Gmunden, in the Austrian Tyrol. The inscription on the back reads, "Aufwiedersehen, 1896. Der lieben Frau Kneisel zur Freundlichen Erinnerung an schöne Sommertage in Ischl, von ihrem herzlich ergebenen Johannes Brahms." (Farewell, 1896. To the beloved Frau Kneisel in kind remembrance of the beautiful summer days in Ischl, from her heartily devoted Johannes Brahms.)

"In the summer of 1896," said Mr. Kneisel, "when I took my quartet to London, we did not go to Ischl for the customary vacation. Brahms, missing us, wrote to a friend in London, asking where we were, adding that he had not allowed the owner of the house we occupied in Ischl to rent it to any one else. To our sorrow we never saw Brahms again, as he died April 3, 1897."

Mr. Kneisel first became interested in Blue Hill as a home when he was paying a visit there to Mr. Svecenski. One night he was surprised and delighted to note that his Strad violin showed no signs of dampness, an experience totally unlike any previous one he had had in sea air. The following summer, the Kneisels rented the home of Mrs. Kline, then the director of "The Bostonians." Mr. Kneisel then bought his present home and he has been a prominent figure in Blue Hill ever since. He has entertained many distinguished house guests, among whom are Fritz Kreisler, Josef Hofmann, Mischa Elman, Marcella Sembrich, Frank Damrosch, Wilhelm Gericke, Jr., Dr. Karl Muck, George Chadwick, Rubin Goldmark, Frederick Converse, Elena Gerhardt, Arthur Whiting, Charles Loeffler and Mrs. E. S. Coolidge.

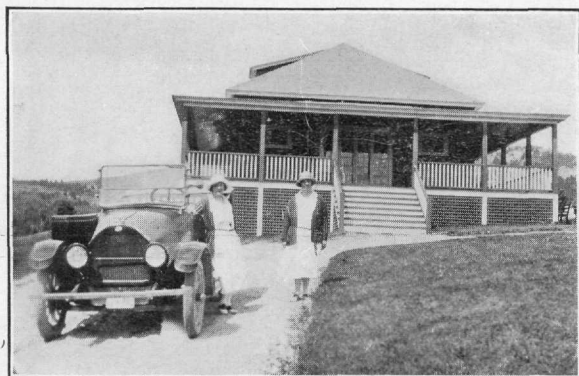
This entrancing point on the coast of Maine now harbors an exceedingly important musical colony. The place was dear to both the late Horatio Parker and H. E. Krehbiel where their respective families still maintain homes. The Italian villa of Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin at Blue Hill Falls, as well as the home of Willem Willeke, together with the residences of both Walter and Frank Damrosch across Blue Hill Bay on the Island of Mt. Desert, comprise just a few of the summer retreats of celebrities of the musical world, in this region.

A Mecca for Violinists

Blue Hill has especially become the Mecca for violinists. A friend of Mr. Kneisel's, a veritable Maecenas, has established there a building known as "Kneisel Hall," situated on the highest slopes of Blue Hill, perched like a bird just descended from regions celestial. It is clad like nature in raiment of

restful green and its classic simplicity is entirely in keeping with the landscape it adorns. From the spacious verandahs one sees the quaint village of Blue Hill, with white spires of colonial churches rising above the trees. The music of bells heralding the hours, intermingles with strains of Bach which waft through the open windows of the building. Instinctively one breathes a prayer of gratitude to God for this bit of heaven on earth, and to man for this new shrine devoted to the noblest of the arts.

Glass doors lead into the music room, which measures sixty-two by forty-eight feet. Two hundred chairs arranged on three different levels can be accommodated here, and for special occasions, the seating capacity can be increased to three hundred by the use of the wide verandahs. The mellow glow from four tall lamps with handsome parchment shades is reflected in the highly polished surface of the floor. Over the entrance is the fine head of a moose shot by Mr. Felix Kahn, and opposite, behind the Steinway grand piano and the music stands, rises the stone chimney with its large, old-fashioned fireplace.



*Kneisel Hall, Blue Hill, Maine
Mr. Kneisel's daughters, Victoria Willeke and Marianne
in the foreground.*

In the center of the mantelpiece one sees with a thrill of pride a portrait of our own beloved Director, autographed "*To Franz Kneisel in friendship and admiration, Frank Damrosch.*" To the left is a photograph of Henry E. Krehbiel, and to the right, one of Horatio Parker. An enlarged snapshot of Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Felix Kahn taken a year ago when the latter visited Mr. Kneisel at Blue Hill completes the notables grouped like guardian angels above the altar of this temple of music.

A room in the rear of the building enshrines a number of valuable individual photographs; one of Fritz Kreisler which reads, "*Meinen Freunden und tief bewundernden Collegen, Franz Kneisel, Boston, 1902.*" Another, "*To my friend Franz Kneisel in affectionate remembrance with every good wish from his ardent admirer Mischa Elman. 1919.*" Another, "*To my dear friend Franz Kneisel from Harold Bauer, 1912.*" Autographed pictures of Pablo de Sarasate, Jascha Heifetz, Thomas Tapper and Mrs. Tapper. A picture of Charles Loeffler, the composer, bears the words, "*To Franz Kneisel in*

remembrance of his old friend and admirer"; a large photograph of Eugen Ysaye upon which is written, "*A mon cher grand ami et collègue, Franz Kneisel d'affection et d'admiration. Boston, 1898.*" Most fitting of all the tributes is the one on the photograph of Theodore Thomas, "*To Franz Kneisel, a man who does honor to his adopted country. With appreciation. 1897.*"

Last and far from least of interest is a picture which in itself is so attractive that an exclamation of delight escaped me. With a smile of pleasure Mr. Kneisel warmed to the subject dear to his heart. "That is in Ischl where Brahms spent his summers. It is a farmer's house on the Salzburgerstrasse with a winding river beside it and the beautiful mountains of Austria rising behind. Brahms occupied the upper floor of the house and there are the windows of his bedroom, his music room, and the reception room where he kept the coffee machine and where many mornings about half-past eleven he used to give me a good cigar and an appetizer. From the windows we would often see the Emperor Franz Joseph strolling incognito and carrying a large umbrella because it rained much in Ischl. The Emperor had a summer palace near there." To the suggestion that the picture must surely have been taken from an aeroplane, Mr. Kneisel replied, "Only an acrobat could take it. A friend named Argiewicz knowing of my desire for that view of Brahms' house climbed a great tree and took a snapshot from which this has been enlarged."

The remaining room in the Hall contains a cupboard of dishes presented by Mrs. Morris Loeb for use at receptions, and on the walls are pictures of Shakespeare's country.

"We are very proud of these," continued Mr. Kneisel. "A complete set of Kreisler's records presented to the new Hall by Kreisler himself, a phonograph and machinery for reproducing the pupils' playing, donated by the Victor Company. In this way the students can hear themselves and judge of their merits and faults."

The most important new feature in the Hall is the prized possession of the entire private library of string music, catalogued and handsomely bound, presented by the late Gustav Schirmer. It contains five hundred Chamber Music compositions—a collection of great value. On the first page of every volume is engraved, "*To Franz Kneisel, in memory of Gustav Schirmer.*"

Returning to the music room Mr. Kneisel directed my attention to the ample bookcases on each side of the fire-place wherein were complete sets of Shakespeare, Dickens, Burns, Tennyson, Plutarch, Emerson, O. Henry, the History of Europe—ancient, medieval, modern,—and the Encyclopedia Britannica. There is also a comprehensive library of music and literature pertaining to the subject. These are enjoyed by the pupils in hours of leisure.

During July and August, a period of eight weeks, Mr. Kneisel's class of about seventy-five was always in session. It was comprised not only of many Insti-

tute students but professionals from all parts of the country. Mr. Kneisel gave lessons at the Hall from nine to one and from three to six. Every evening except Thursday there were ensemble rehearsals, from seven to nine-thirty, conducted usually by Mr. Kneisel and sometimes by Mr. Willeke.

The official opening of Kneisel Hall was on Wednesday afternoon, August 16th, 1922, when there was a musical program and a dedicatory address by Mr. Krehbiel. All the prominent persons who summer in this region were in attendance. In the absence of the Director in Europe, the name of Damrosch was represented by his brother, Walter, who made the trip by yacht from Bar Harbor for the event.

What an atmosphere for study in the clear, cool air of Maine, which is balm to physical fatigue, a tonic to tired nerves and invigorating to ambitious work! There were concerts given by Mr. Kneisel's string orchestra and soloist pupils which were enthusiastically attended by the many distinguished summer residents and the natives of the surrounding country. About August 25th, the summer season usually reached its height in a concert for the benefit of the Blue Hill Memorial Hospital. It was under the direction of Mr. Kneisel; thanks to his liberality and to the untiring efforts and devoted labor of Miss Marianne Kneisel the concert was always not only artistically delightful but financially successful. Nearly a thousand dollars was yearly realized.

Mr. Kneisel showed me an interesting letter from Robert Abbé, a friend in Bar Harbor. It read, "Your invitation to the opening of Kneisel Hall has been kept carefully before me to accept. I congratulate you and the Town of Blue Hill on this beautiful venture. It must remind you of the days when your audience here at 'Book End' (the estate of Mr. Abbé) outgrew our music room and the Building of Arts (Bar Harbor) was the result."

Mr. Kneisel's home in Blue Hill, not to mention Kneisel Hall, and also his New York City residence were always the rendezvous of famous personages. Every New Year's Eve there was a celebrated gathering at Mr. Kneisel's house, when the Kinder Symphony was invariably performed. Imagine Heifetz playing the nightingale!

A number of Mr. Kneisel's pupils who have already made names for themselves, continued to return to him for guidance. Among these were Sascha Jacobsen, Joseph Fuchs, Samuel Gardner, Helen Jeffrey and the concertmasters of several of the leading orchestras of the west.

In the minds of many artists and students centered in New York for the musical season each year there must linger sweet memories of a far hill, on the slopes of which a well-loved structure with windowed eyes closed by shuttered lids slumbers through the silent winter months.

* * *

And now, Franz Kneisel, his mortal existence finished, sleeps; but his influence which extends beyond the span of a little life, will remain as a beautiful heritage to mankind, forever.

A TRIBUTE

From Thomas Tapper

In Dr. Damrosch's brief but deeply felt eulogy of Franz Kneisel, two words were used to describe the spirit of the man. They struck one with immense force, for no other two words could quite so completely sum up the individuality of the man.

Dr. Damrosch described Mr. Kneisel as being outstandingly "gentle and friendly." Truly ennobling attributes. For he alone is gentle in whom there is a reservoir of strength and he alone is friendly who forgets himself in the oft bestowing of his interest.

These words remind one of the oft-recurring attribute referred to by the Psalmist—loving kindness. That, too, expressed the spirit of Franz Kneisel.

No need of eulogizing the genius of the man. He performed a long and faithful apprenticeship to the public and, in return, a true valuation has been given him.

But who can speak adequately of the man as teacher? As leader of so many young and gifted ones, for whom he not only laid out the path but taught them how to venture the first timid steps upon it.

In this, truly there was a service whose tones, as of a deep-voiced bell, will be echoed so long as any disciple of his is true to his memory.

Mozart's Requiem Mass is Sung in Memory of Franz Kneisel at Final Concert.

Mozart's Requiem Mass was sung in memory of the late Franz Kneisel by The Society of the Friends of Music. The distinguished violinist conducted the first concert of the society in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel thirteen years ago and up to his death was a member of the advisory board. It was therefore fitting that the final concert of the season should honor his memory.

The quartet consisted of Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano; Merle Alcock, contralto; Max Bloch, tenor, and Michael Bohnen, basso. The mass was impressively given.

—W. J. Henderson

* * *

New York Symphony Farewell

Before Beethoven's great C minor was performed Mr. Klemperer announced that the "Marche Funebre" from the master's "Eroica" would be played in memory of Mr. Franz Kneisel. Then followed moments of great impressiveness while, in the darkened auditorium, with the audience on its feet and the orchestra standing, Mr. Klemperer and his men played with superb tonal eloquence the splendid martial music in commemoration of the passing of a leading artist of his time.

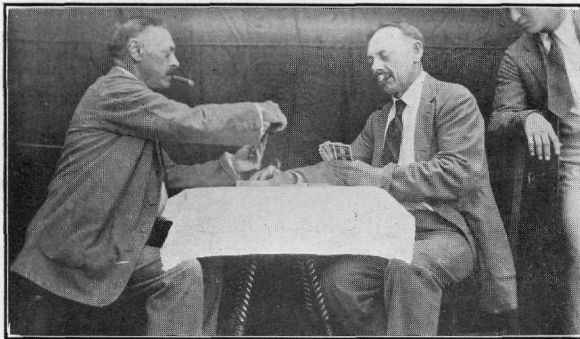
—The Sun

FRANZ KNEISEL, FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR

By Frederic Bierhoff

IT was indeed a real privilege for any one to be numbered among the friends of Franz Kneisel; for once one was admitted to that fortunate circle, there could never be any questioning of his affection and devotion. Just as he gave to his family the fullest assurance of his love, and to his work and his pupils his wholehearted devotion, so to his friends did he give his full confidence and affection. My only regret is that his friendship came to me too few years ago. Yet I am grateful for even that; for in those few years, I learned to love and respect him beyond any one else whom I have ever called friend.

Rigid and unyielding in his devotion to his profession, counting no sacrifice of time or endeavor too great, when his work required it, he had the happy faculty of throwing off his cares when the demands of his work had been met and of enjoying to the utmost the hours of relaxation which he allowed himself.



Mr. Kneisel having a game of cards with himself. This picture (the result of two snapshots being cleverly put together) was a source of much amusement to him.

I had the great privilege of knowing Franz Kneisel in his home life, both in this city and in Blue Hill, of being his companion in the latter place and of sharing his company on many occasions on the outings and fishing trips in which he delighted, and never did I find him other than the same kindly considerate lovable friend. It was as much due to my affection for him and his family as it was to beauty of the country itself that I decided to locate my summer home in Blue Hill within easy reach of his home.

I was, on several occasions, their guest in Blue Hill with Mr. Herzog, when we went on fishing trips in company with Mr. Kneisel and the late Mr. Krehbiel. Both of the latter were ardent fishermen and lovers of life in the open and were true sportsmen. Rain or shine, wind or weather found them always the same happy companions with never any "grousing" at discomforts or poor luck. It was always a part of the day's pleasure. And then the reminiscences of their rich experiences!

What wonderful evenings they were after supper, when enjoying our cigars or pipes, we listened while "Franz" and "Harry" related interesting stories of happenings and people from the rich store that was theirs. After Mr. Krehbiel had passed on, Franz and I repeatedly went after trout or bass and no matter what our luck, the days were always happy ones for me in his company. His only weakness was that he smoked incessantly, lighting a fresh cigar from the stub of the preceding, and when I would remonstrate that I thought he was smoking too much, there would come a twinkle into his eyes as he would answer: "These are especially light cigars. Try one!"

He loved a friendly game of cards and was one of the best and most agreeable players whom I have ever met. Whatever game he played, it was not long before he had mastered it and become an expert. It is said that a man's true character becomes apparent when he plays cards. That must be so for he was the same charming companion when he played that he was in everything else. Many a pleasant evening at dinner and at cards have I spent in his company and that of the other members of our little band of friends who, year after year, met at frequent intervals during the winter season. Did he and I go on a little trip, he never forgot to take along his cards and chips, and I would be asked if I didn't want to play a few games of "Rummy" or "Russian Bank" after lunch or after supper until it was time to turn in. Even on the trains we would be pitted against each other, and great was the rejoicing when one or the other of us managed to wriggle out of a particularly tight hole and win a game that had seemed lost. Up at Kneisel Hall, or at his home, or mine, when time would allow, or during the afternoon or evening when there was no ensemble class, the tournament would go on over our cigars with never anything but the best of feelings and never an unpleasant word or an argument.

He loved every stick and pebble of his Blue Hill home, and Kneisel Hall, the gift of his dear friend, Felix Kahn, was the pride of his life. How often have I stood with him to admire his home and the grounds surrounding it, and the view out over the waters of the bay, and have smiled as he proudly pointed out the trees he had planted and told me of the improvements he had made. How often have I motored up to the Hall, when he was nowhere else to be found,—for I knew he would be there. Together we would stand on the porch gazing out over the landscape and the bay, pointing out some beauty in the view which had impressed us; for he had the true artist's eye for the beauties of nature. And I shall never forget his pleasure when I decided to locate in Blue Hill, the kindness he and his sweet wife showed me during the time that my house was building. Day after day he came out to the place, and never did he miss saying some kind word. When at last it was

finished and we moved in, my wife and I decided to give a little house-warming to our good friends, the Kneisel family, and Mr. and Mrs. Rosebault. On the evening in question, just as we were finishing our dinner, we heard strains of beautiful music coming from I knew not where. We soon found out that it was the Marianne Kneisel Quartet who were serenading us. When they had finished, other music sounded from in front of the house. We all went out and there gathered on the lawn, were the rest of the pupils of the summer school who were also, at his suggestion, bringing us their serenade.

And how delighted he always was when anyone tried to give pleasure to his pupils. One was always made to feel that one had given him even greater pleasure than to them. They may not have known it; but he was interested not only in their musical progress but also in them deeply and personally. He often said that he wanted them to



Franz Kneisel with Mrs. Kneisel, his daughter, Marianne, his twin sons, Franz, Jr., and Fred, and his grandson, Franz Willem Willeke, taken at Blue Hill, Maine, 1922.

develop not only into finished musicians but also into men and women of refinement. Often we discussed one or another of them and I was amazed and touched to learn of the solicitude which he felt for their welfare. Truly, the young men and women who had the privilege of working with him have lost not only a wonderful teacher, but also a true tender-hearted friend.

Of his neighbors he always spoke well, and they likewise of him. Mr. "Kauneisel" was to them the most important of all the "summer folks" who came to Blue Hill. I have received several letters from native residents up there expressing keen regret at his death. They all recognized clearly the fact that it was through him, more than through anyone else that their little town has become famous in musical circles throughout the world. To speak of Blue Hill was to call up instantly the thought of Franz Kneisel and his Summer School of Music. They too have suffered a loss which can not be replaced. He is gone from them; but they will not soon forget him.

His passing away has left a gap in the circle of his friends which can never be filled. As for myself, there is no one who can take his place, for

I looked upon him as a beloved brother. I suppose that I shall look again upon the beauties of Blue Hill. The scenery will still be as beautiful, the sunshine still as bright, the waters of the bay still as blue, the moonlight will still bathe the countryside in silver and purple and paint its pathway across the waters, but each of these will have lost much of its charm for me, for a beloved friend will no longer be there to share them with me.

Who knows but that some day when the hour strikes for me also to pass on, I may again hear his cheery greeting: "Hallo! Doktor," and may again feel the warm clasp of his friendly hand. I hope so!

* * *

MESSAGES OF TRIBUTE

(Continued from Page 8)

This cable has come from my Father to the Symphony Society.

I know what a regret it must have been to him not to have been here for the beautiful service to Mr. Kneisel. All my life I have always heard my father speak of his great friendship and admiration for Mr. Kneisel. He will be one of the many who will miss him deeply.

Alice Damrosch Pennington
Cable

Convey Kneisels deepest sympathy.

—Walter Damrosch

* * *

Please accept our most heartfelt sympathy. The death of this wonderful man and great artist is an unforgettable loss. Our warmest thoughts are with you in your sorrow.

—Arthur and Ada Bodanzky

* * *

I wish to express to you how greatly I participate in the sense of loss which has come to you.

I know well that all New York, all of musical America mourns at the bier of Franz Kneisel.

I, who was permitted last year to witness the warm love and admiration which came to him from all sides at the celebration by the Bohemians of his sixtieth birthday and this year was able to spend an evening with him in intimate converse, am deeply conscious, not only of what his pupils and those nearest to him have lost, but that the whole world of music is poorer in the loss of this unswervingly sincere and genuine musician.

Pardon me that I address these lines to you even though I do not know you personally and express to you my sincere sympathy.

—Wilhelm Furtwängler

* * *

Boston, Mass.

Please accept my sincerest sympathy in the death of Franz Kneisel. In his memory the Boston Symphony will play at tonight's concert Beethoven's Funeral March.

...

—Serge Koussevitzky

Detroit, Mich.

I deeply mourn the loss of your husband, my dear friend of many years and an admirable artist who has always been a shining example of devotion to the highest ideals in art as in life. May I extend to you my wife's and my own deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement.

—Ossip Gabrilowitsch

* * *

San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Hertz joins me in sending you the assurance of our most heartfelt sympathy. We all mourn in the loss of Franz Kneisel, one of the finest musicians and loveliest characters, whose memory will be cherished forever.

—Alfred Hertz

* * *

St. Louis, Mo.

May I extend to you and yours Mrs. Ganz's and my heartfelt sympathy in your great bereavement. My dear friend of so many years of artistic companionship has passed on. Though I have not had the privilege of seeing him since my coming to St. Louis, except for a few moments, I have always kept for him a sincere admiration and affectionate friendship. The years of our coöperation will always be a cherished memory with me.

—Rudolph Ganz

* * *

Baltimore, Md.

I have no words in which to tell you of my grief over the passing of your beloved husband.

You will hear from all sides, of the universal admiration and respect in which he was held as a musician—the great musical aristocrat he has always seemed to me—and of the deep and tender affection which he inspired amongst all those with whom he came in contact. But it is something closer and more personal that I want to try and express to you. When my association with him began, now considerably more than thirty years ago, it was at a time when I was wavering and uncertain in my career and in fact trembling upon the brink of failure. It was his sympathetic encouragement and help, shown in many ways, which set me upon my feet and did more towards starting me toward the goal that I was so vainly struggling to reach than any single influence in my life.

Our performance of the Brahms Requiem we shall publicly dedicate to the memory of him, who, in his quiet, unassuming way did more for the cause of music in this country than all the rest of us put together.

—Harold Randolph

* * *

Permit me to express my condolence. The passing of your distinguished husband is a most serious loss to musical art.

—Giulio Gatti-Casazza

Los Angeles, Cal.

Nobody is more sympathetic in your terrible sorrow than I. I feel that I have lost one of my dearest friends. America has lost a great educator; New York has lost her most eminent musician; Chamber Music has lost her high priest. Dear love to you and your children.

—Elizabeth S. Coolidge

* * *

The directors and members of the Committee of the Friends of Music send their expressions of deepest sympathy to you and your family. Mr. Kneisel directed the first concert and many others and in every way helped with his support and advice which we remembered with deepest gratitude and pleasure.

—Harriet Lanier

* * *

Mr. Kneisel, without knowing it, was one of the inspiring sources of my love of art, for very often in my youth I came under the spell of his quartet and thereby received the enduring influence and inspiration of his art, all of which has been vividly revived in me of late by his sympathetic and beautiful personality. His memory will remain with us undimmed.

—Walter Hampden

* * *

My wife and I want to add our voices to the chorus of affection and sympathy which has come to you in these sad days. We hardly dare to think of the loss of your great husband for we are deprived of something necessary to our musical welfare and happiness—something which cannot be made up to us—so that our only consolation is to think of how triumphant and complete his life was and what an inspiration it will continue to be.

My experience with him in the artistic matters is the most important part of my education. No one gave me what he did in ideals and standards and I must acknowledge my indebtedness to him through you.

How many there are who are finer artists because of him! The last time I saw him was at the Institute when he conducted his students in the splendid performances of Beethoven and Vivaldi. It was for me, the climax of his life's work—the work of a great artist and a great teacher whose influence will be felt for years to come.

We all know that you were a very important factor in his artistic career and that we owe you much for what you did for him.

And so we send you our gratitude and love and hope that remembrance of the glorious past will make you reconciled and happy now.

—Arthur Whiting

* * *

Now the two good friends (Gustav Schirmer and Franz Kneisel) are joined and reunited in that invisible Quartet of immortals in the heavenly sphere with Schubert and Brahms and all the noble souls they so loved and admired.

—Grace M. Schirmer

Paul and I were so terribly upset to hear about your husband's death. We send you and your family our deepest sympathies and we feel for you so much in your distress.

—*Sophie Kochanska*

* * *

Dear, dear Friend:

It is too tormenting to be confined to my bed and not be able to manifest my love and esteem for you by assisting at the final honors for our dear friend.

The fact that poor Franz was called away from us was a dreadful shock to me and my heart goes out to you in deep sympathy.

We are distressed that the Lord in his infinite wisdom deemed it best to take him from us just now and we pray that He has prepared succor and comfort for you.

Please be assured of our devotion and friendship.

Affectionately,

—*Alma (Gluck) Zimbalist*

* * *

London, Eng.

We are deeply shocked and grieved at the sad news of your dear Franz's death and I hasten to send you a line of profound and most sincere sympathy.

I shall ever cherish the memory of the dear old friend—requiescat in pace!

—*George Henschel*

* * *

New Haven, Conn.

You have doubtless received many letters in regard to the passing of Mr. Kneisel, but I should like to add one more, for I held him in the highest admiration and friendship. I was one of the American musicians whom he helped in their early days. Much to my surprise he accepted and performed a quartet of mine written long ago, a work that I never expected to hear in concert. Throughout his career he aided many unknown, struggling composers. It was my good fortune to be one of them. I had the privilege of attending most of the concerts he gave in New Haven, for I began to go to them about twenty-five years ago. So I have always felt well acquainted with him.

—*David Stanley Smith*

(*Head of the Music Department at Yale University*)

* * *

Cambridge, Mass.

There are countless people who feel that the world is poorer for the loss of your wonderful husband. I am one of the multitude and can look back over thirty years to the time when his great art first delighted me.

That I was later able to come personally in contact with him, I regard as a very great privilege, the grateful memory of which will endure with me as long as I live.

—*George B. Weston*

(*Professor at Harvard*)

Princeton, N. J.

My husband and I would join the throng of your friends in a tribute to our dear friend Mr. Kneisel for we learned to love him dearly in all those years that he came to Princeton. We are so grateful to him for what he did for Princeton in creating here a real love for the best in music.

Please accept our sympathy in your great sorrow.

—*Philena Fine*

* * *

We cannot forget what Kneisel's work has meant to music in America—for he was most active at a time when taste was being formed—his influence was very great—and he never thought of himself—only of his art and his desire to help others to love it and keep it pure and noble as he did. In Boston he has never been replaced.

—*Wallace Goodrich*

* * *

Boston, Mass.

On behalf of the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the management, I send you the assurance of our profound sympathy in this time of great sorrow.

—*W. H. Brennan*

* * *

Chicago, Ill.

The Orchestral Association of Chicago, the conductor and members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra express to you sincerest sympathy in your bereavement. The musical world has lost in your husband's departure one whose devotion and loyalty placed him firmly in the affections of all music lovers of the world at large and we in the United States have lost a lovable friend.

—*Frederick A. Stock*

* * *

Baltimore, Md.

I am distressed beyond words to hear of the passing away of your husband, my good friend and colleague, and in behalf of the members of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, as well as myself, I want to extend to you and your family our heartfelt sympathy.

—*Ernest Strube*

* * *

It was a great shock to learn of Mr. Kneisel's sudden and untimely death. We have held him in highest esteem, both as a man and a musician, and he has been a most valued friend of ours for many years past. On behalf of Steinway and Sons, of Mrs. Steinway and myself I wish to express to you and your family our deepest sympathy with you all in your irreparable loss.

—*Frederick J. Steinway*

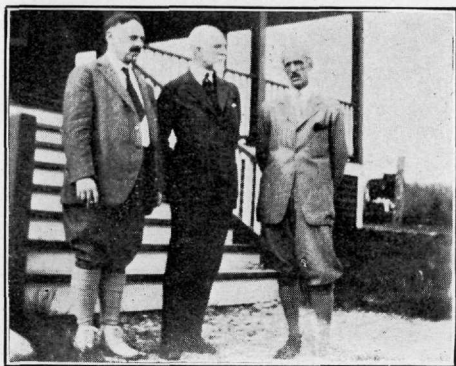
On this occasion of the deep and terrible loss of our beloved Master, Friend and Teacher, Franz Kneisel, may we, the Institute Class of 1925-1926, extend to you our heartfelt sympathy for your inexpressible loss.

Joseph Di Fiore
Walter Edelstein
Milton Feher
Fima Fidelman
Marjorie Harding
Louis Kaufman

Harry Klass
Minna Krokowsky
Winifred Merrill
Clara Reisenberg
Rose Slatkovitz
Benjamin F. Swalin
Abram Taffel

* * *

We, the pupils of Conrad Held, at the Institute send our deepest regret and sympathy. The loss of our great leader is keenly felt by us. We will greatly miss his influence. His personality and ideals will be with us forever.



Franz Kneisel with Charles Loeffler and Felix Kahn

Unfortunately space does not allow the publishing of the many other messages and tributes from distinguished persons such as Frank Bridge, Ernest Schelling, Toscha Seidel, George Meader, Sidney and Louise Homer, Herbert Witherspoon, Wanda Landowska, Wilhelm Bachaus, Edward Ziegler, Paula Gericke, Roentgen, Walter Bogert, Ernest T. Carter, the New York String Quartet, Frederick Cabot, Charles A. Ellis, Philip Hale of Boston, Harry Harkness Flager, Mrs. Jacob Schiff, Herbert N. Straus, Mrs. Samuel Lewisoohn, Mrs. Lewis Wolff, Dr. John Moorhead, T. Adamowski of Boston, Louis Bailly of Philadelphia, Paul Reimers, Germaine Schnitzer, Felix Winternitz, A. Siloti, Eugene Gruenberg, Paolo Gallico, Ottokar Cadek, Carl Engel, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Victor Harris, Henry L. Mason, Henry Goldman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seligman and innumerable others.

* * *

THE KNEISEL TRADITION

Franz Kneisel is dead. Several extraordinary factors in the musical life of America are dead with him, although as a matter of record these have been deceased a good number of years.

For the loss of the Kneisel Quartet there is no balm. It was an organization without a parallel in this country, and I very much suspect anywhere else. Mr. Zimbalist tells me that when he was a little boy at the Petrograd Conservatory it was pointed out to him that one of the advantages of a career of a virtuoso was the possibility of hearing the Kneisel Quartet in America. That is no longer a possibility. But the great violinist and musician has left a goodly

number of pupils in whom he has instilled his own passion for perfection, for that jealous guarding of fine taste, for that impersonal devotion to music which has become a Kneisel tradition. These pupils are scattered at strategic points of the country—in Chicago, in Detroit, in Cincinnati, in San Francisco. The tradition is in no danger of being lost.

—Chotzinoff
(*The Evening World*)

* * *

Marianne Kneisel Quartet

The Kneisel name will be perpetuated in the concert field, as the Marianne Kneisel Quartet is going to carry it from coast to coast on tour next season. The following clipping from the *Baltimore Sun* was a source of great pride to Mr. Kneisel just before his death.

Marianne Kneisel, who heads the string quartet named after her, and which gave a recital before the Baltimore Musical Club, not only is following in the footsteps of her father, Franz Kneisel, for years the particular genius of the Kneisel String Quartet, but appears to have inherited the spirit, the imagination and the refined taste of her father, for all of these qualities were exemplified in the performance given here.

Olga Samaroff wrote in *The N. Y. Evening Post* as follows:

Steinway hall was crowded April 7th, when Marianne Kneisel, the daughter of Franz Kneisel, and three other associates of her own sex made their bow as members of the newest chamber music organization in the concert field.

The large audience was plainly composed of devotees of chamber music, who, filled with strong personal feeling for the Father of the young first violinist, came to assist at the debut of this budding off-shoot of the famous Kneisel Quartet as a mark of respect to its founder. But if the gathering was in this respect a friendly one, it was also one of a most discriminating quality, and it must have warmed the hearts of the young debutantes to be greeted with an applause which proved more than mere kindness or perfunctory politeness.

Miss Kneisel has been fortunate in the choice of her associates. Lillian Fuchs, the viola of the new quartet, is especially good, both as a musician and a player, and good viola players among women are not numerous.

Miss Phyllis Kraeuter, a pupil of Willeke, provides excellent 'cello playing to the group, which is completed by Miss Elizabeth Worth at the second violin desk.

The program consisted of the Beethoven A Major and Dvorak F Major quartets. Marianne Kneisel has been brought up with chamber music and probably knows as much about its literature as many veterans of twice her years.

The playing of the young organization showed this as well as the results of the fine training and general background of musical culture which it has been the privilege of its members to have. An unmis-

takable sureness in the matter of tempo and phrasing displayed a knowledge of the best traditions.

* * *

Kneisel Hall at Blue Hill, Maine

Franz Kneisel! rings the name beloved of the muse,

Echo'd afar from Blue Hill's verdant slope,
Ling'ring on bay and inlet and sent back by the rocky

Isle of Mount Desert; whence, since no wines of Xeres grow to soothe the soul, its dwellers pilgrimage to

Kneisel's Hall of Youth—refreshing mind and heart.

An inspiration, solace, promise and fulfillment
His noble work there takes its joyous way—
Now let us give him our most hearty cheers!

—Written by Frank Damrosch
—In the Kneisel Guest Book at Blue Hill

* * *

Everyone will be happy to know that Kneisel Hall at Blue Hill, Maine, will be opened this summer as usual. Marianne Kneisel and Franz Kneisel Jr., will direct the activities and many of Mr. Kneisel's pupils will be there. There will be ensemble evenings and everything will be done to carry out the Master's wishes. In this way, both the Kneisel name and the Kneisel tradition will be lovingly perpetuated.

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