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VOL. I NO. 5

BAGN

THE
MUSICAL
REVUE
OF
THE
INSTITUTE



Price 15¢

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

of the Institute of Musical Art at Aeolian Hall,

Wednesday evening, June 2nd

The Institute of Musical Art, which is concluding its twenty-first year, gave its Commencement Program June 2nd, in Aeolian Hall, with sixty-five students receiving diplomas. Honor awards were presented to five of the graduates by Dr. Frank Damrosch, who has been director of the institute since its foundation in 1905.

The members of the board of directors were guests of honor, including Paul D. Cravath, president; Felix M. Warburg and Felix E. Kahn, vice-presidents; Paul M. Warburg, treasurer; John L. Wilkie, secretary, and Edward D. Adams, Harold Bauer, Dr. Damrosch, Frederick I. Kent, Alvin W. Krech, Mrs. Sam A. Lewisohn, James Loeb, Mrs. Morris Loeb, Dr. Eugene A. Noble, Mrs. Charles D. Norton, Mrs. M. D. Herter Norton, Mrs. John T. Pratt, Edwin T. Rice, James Russell, Leopold Stokowski, Herbert N. Straus and Samuel A. Tucker.

—*The Herald Tribune*

PROGRAMME

Overture Leonore No. III **Beethoven**

ORCHESTRA OF THE INSTITUTE
Willem Willeke, Conductor

Concerto for the Piano in E minor **Chopin**

First movement: Allegro maestoso
CECILE BROOKS
Frank Damrosch, Conductor

Concerto for the Violin in B minor **Saint-Saëns**

First movement: Allegro non troppo
LOUIS KAUFMAN
Willem Willeke, Conductor

Four Partsongs, a cappella **Brahms**

"All meine Herzgedanken," Op. 62, No. 5
For Six Voices
"Nachtwache," Opus 104, No. 1
For Six Voices
"Nachtwache," Opus 104, No. 2
For Six Voices
"Von alten Liebesliedern," Op. 62, No. 2
For Four Voices

MADRIGAL CHOIR OF THE INSTITUTE
Margarete Dessoff, Conductor

Concerto for the Violoncello **Saint-Saëns**

Allegro non troppo
Allegretto con moto—Tempo I
JOHN ALDEN FINCKEL
Willem Willeke, Conductor

Address to the Graduates

THE DIRECTOR

Presentation of Diplomas

Overture The Merry Wives of Windsor **Nicolai**

ORCHESTRA OF THE INSTITUTE
Willem Willeke, Conductor

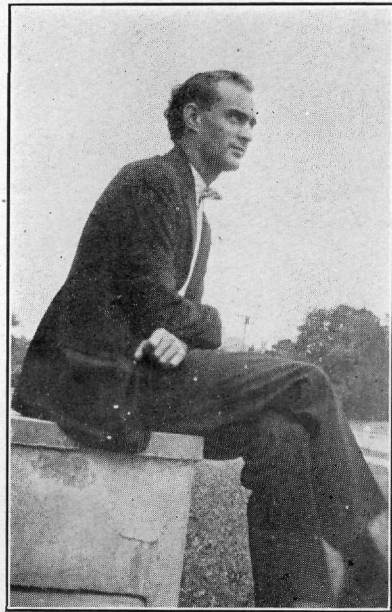
HONORS

The Morris Loeb Prize of \$1,000 given each year to the student of outstanding talent and accomplishment throughout the course was awarded to John Alden Finckel, to be used for further study in this country or abroad.

He also won the silver medal for having received highest honors in the artists' course.

The Faculty Scholarships, an annual Christmas present from the Faculty members to Dr. Damrosch, were awarded to Cecile Brooks and Ruth Penick.

The Isaac Newton Seligman Prize of \$600 for excellence in original composition, which is awarded according to the merits of compositions played at the annual recital given by the Composition Class, was divided as follows: \$400 to Louis Greenwald for his "Third Rondo for String Quartet and Piano" and \$200 to Charles McBride for his "Fantasy for String Quartet."



*John Alden Finckel, who received the
Morris Loeb Prize of \$1,000*

RADIO NOTES

WJZ upset the schedule and created several moments of satisfaction for those who find Chopin and Saint-Saëns not productive of mental indigestion these days, despite the opinions of the impresarios. From the commencement exercises of the Institute of Musical Art, via a pick-up that gave the orchestra an averagely good reproduction and treated the piano and violin soloists with complete accuracy, came the Chopin "E Minor piano concerto" and the Saint-Saëns "B Minor violin concerto." The broadcast was the brightest spot of its kind in several evenings.

—*The Herald Tribune*

THE CLASS OF 1926

Recipients of Graduate Diplomas

(Arranged Alphabetically in Departments)

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLIN

Applebaum, Samuel

My first violin teacher was Robert Griesenbeck of Newark, N. J., who worked very hard with me and interested me in chamber music. For eight years I played in a string quartet which he coached with the help of Laslett Smith of New York University. For two years I studied with Alexander Bloch of New York City and took theoretical courses with Mr. Bingham and Mr. Mason at Columbia. In my high school years I obtained some conducting experience. Until very recently I conducted a string ensemble which has made some public appearances. During the summer of 1923 I studied with Mr. Svecenski and in October entered the Institute as his pupil. I hope to remain here until I graduate from the Artist Course.

Barkow, Eugene

Born sometime in or around 1902. Died the night of my violin examination. Hail from Milwaukee, Wis., the home of famous beer gardens (in the days of yore), where I spent most of my life. Studied music for many years. Heard one day that they taught music in New York, so I came down to see if it were really true. That was two years ago. And here I am!—studying with Mr. Hasselbrink.

Hirsch, Aaron

In 1921, at the age of eleven, I awoke musically to the extent of enrolling at the Institute to receive my first real instruction in music. To be sure, at kindergarten I had had some training for, at five, I was solo accordion player. I spent three years at the Institute under the guidance of Mrs. Seeger, to whom I owe much, both as a teacher and a friend. I am extremely grateful to my present teacher, Mr. Gardner, for the interest he has taken in my work. I look forward to many more lessons with him.

Krokowsky, Minna

Formerly of Chicago where I was soloist with the Chicago Mendelssohn Club under Harrison Wild and with the Little Symphony Orchestra at Orchestra Hall. Born in Russia but studied only in America with Alexander Zukovsky of Chicago and Franz Kneisel at the Institute.

Rabinow, Paul

I was born in New York, May 8th, 1908. After two years of outside study, I came to the Preparatory Center of the Institute. I studied there two years under Joseph Fuchs and Elias Lifschey. I then came to the Institute and studied with Samuel Gardner with whom I have been for the last four years.

Samilowitz, Abraham

I was born in New York City. At the age of nine I began taking violin lessons. I played in the grammar school orchestra and won a medal

for music at graduation. After graduating from De Witt Clinton High School, I spent a year in C.C.N.Y.; but then I decided to give up college and devote all my time to music. I have been here for four years studying with Mr. Fonaroff and Mr. Dethier.

Shapiro, Meyer

For those who may not be aware of the fact—I was born! The date to be exact was December 14, 1907. From my earliest childhood I showed enormous musical talent. My father's greatest pleasure was to carry me in his arms and pace away the early morning hours to the magical rhythm of my musical bawl.

Then came my early training. My chosen instrument was the violin—a four-stringed box with a voice of feline qualities. I finally landed at the Institute (aeronautically speaking) to study with Mr. Gardner. While here, I have encountered my greatest obstacle in the performance of fingered tenths. So I decided to take a course with Prof. Carmine Grange. Now I can perform with ease twelfths in jazz rhythms. I shall return for further conquests in the fall.

Shalett, Edward

My life, I imagine, has been more or less eventful to me only. I come from the Sunny South—Chattanooga, Tenn., to be exact—where I studied violin until I decided to come to New York to enter the Institute and study with Edouard Dethier under whose tutelage I have been for the last three years. I expect to be back to continue my studies next year.

Silverman, Max

I was born in Russia and was brought to this country when I was a year old. My family located in Pittsburgh, which is still my home. When I was nine years old, my mother decided to have me study the violin. Thus I began my musical activities.

One of my happiest recollections is having received a gold watch in 1920 as an award for an essay describing the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Pittsburgh. The presentation was made by Leopold Stokowski.

In 1924, I came to the Institute to take advantage of the wonderful opportunities for a musical education. I have been studying with Mr. Svecenski. Since I have been in New York, I have played in the orchestras of the Capitol and the Strand and have also been a member of the radio troupe known as "Roxy's Gang." As for the future, who can tell?

Swalin, Benjamin

Born on March 30, 1901, in Minneapolis, Minn., of Swedish parentage. Began violin studies under tutelage of my father who was an amateur violinist. At eleven years of age, studied with Otto Meyer, a local teacher, and later with George Klass. Graduated from high school and

immediately became a member of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Emil Oberhofer. Remained with the organization two years. In May, 1921, came East to study with Franz Kneisel. Entered the Institute in 1923. Winner of the "Jenny Lind Memorial Scholarship" in November, 1921. Spent three summers in Kneisel Colony at Blue Hill.

The next two summers spent adventuring—a hike from New York City to Minneapolis and a midnight ascent, alone, of Mt. Washington in New Hampshire. Student at Columbia University. My plans for the future are uncertain though I am greatly interested in some foreign work. To the Institute I shall remain profoundly indebted.

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLONCELLO

Cartwright, Paul

I was born up-state in Rochester,
A musical town for a start;
But I'd hoped some day to register
At the Institute of Musical Art.

Through scales, sonatas and concertos I've
waded;
Chords I've inverted and cadences evaded;
But isn't it fun when our parents are waiting
To write home and say, "I'm graduating!"

Krane, Charles

Two years of my early childhood were spent in studying the piano, then for a period of five years the violin, and finally from 1918 on, the cello has absorbed my attention. I am a graduate of the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh and have played professionally in theatres for a number of years. I have been studying with Mr. Willeke.

Zundel, Lola

I was born in Harbin, China, in 1909. My father was a conductor and my mother a singer. When I was five years old my parents moved to southwestern Asia where we travelled for a while over the Caucasus Mountains. Finally Tiflis, a city near the Black Sea, became our new home. There at the age of seven I began my musical education. I studied until the revolution in Russia broke out. A year later we came to America. An absolute stranger in this country, my father inquired about the best cello teacher in New York City. Mr. Willeke's name was given to him. I became a pupil of Mr. Willeke and a few months later entered the Institute. My greatest ambition is to become a good cellist and a good musician.

DEPARTMENT OF SINGING

Albin, Dorothy

Born in Blue Point, Long Island (like the oysters). Played the piano by ear until my mother decided I should be a violinist. In two years time I discovered I would make a better singer! Attended a New York school and played in the orchestra there. Graduated from the Cazenovia Seminary where I sang in the chorus under Dor-

elle Snook who told me to study singing. When I started at the Institute I didn't know a key signature. Took my first piano lessons here and started my vocal studies with Mrs. Stewart.

I hope to come back next year to continue singing and to take the piano course.

Morton, Elizabeth

My parents were born in Norway. I, however, was brought up as a small part of a large family in New Rochelle. As far back as I can remember, I have sung in church. In my junior year at high school, we put on "Pinafore" and the "Pirates of Penzance." I was Josephine in the first and Mabel in the other. The training gave us some self-confidence if nothing else. But the best years have been spent here at the Institute. I shall always be grateful for the three years under the influence and guidance of Mrs. Toedt.



Ruth Penick, who received a faculty scholarship

Nathanson, Morris

I was born in Jerusalem, Palestine, at the beginning of the century. I sang alto as a child in different choirs. After having graduated from the Teachers' College in Jerusalem, I was compelled, as a Turkish subject, to serve in the Turkish army during the World War. Being musically inclined, I was placed in the military band where I learned to play the flute. Three years later, toward the end of the war, I was taken prisoner by the British. I then decided to come to America to study music. I first went to Montreal, Canada, where I studied one year under the Faculty of Music of the McGill University. Then I came to New York to study at the Institute of Musical Art

with Mr. Meader, and later with Mr. Street. Until I reach the concert stage I shall continue my position as Cantor.

Roegne, Lisa

I was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Before entering the Institute I studied voice with Mme. Baldwin. I continued my vocal studies at the Institute with Mrs. Stewart. At present I am the contralto soloist at the Congregational Church at Stamford, Conn. The aim of my life is to become a good artist.

Ward, Edythe

When I was fifteen years old I was soloist in our church and at seventeen I sang with the orchestra at Fairport, N. Y. My parents took me to different New York teachers for opinions regarding studying. They decided I was too young. In the meanwhile I went to business until four years ago. At that time I was induced by a friend to study at the Institute. I am thankful for this opportunity and consider these four years as "priceless jewels in my future treasure." I have been studying with Mrs. Toedt.

Watson, Andrew

I have always wanted to study music and, now that I have graduated, my greatest ambition is to continue my musical education at the Institute of Musical Art until I am a full-fledged musician. I have been studying with Mr. Lamson.

Williams, Ruth

Born in Rochester, N. Y. Attended preliminary schools in Kingston, Batavia and Jamestown, N. Y. Attended Jamestown and Syracuse High Schools, graduating from the Central High School in Syracuse. Took the regular vocal course for two years at the Crouse College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University. Entered the Institute in the fall of 1924 and have been studying with Miss Walther.

Wilver, Dorothy

Until I was fourteen, I couldn't even sing "Yankee Doodle" and my family always persuaded me not to try. My first opportunity came when I sang in an operetta written by an author in our town. I had studied piano but hadn't progressed very far. My parents were advised not to let me study until I graduated from high school. Consequently I waited four years looking forward to coming to the Institute. Mrs. Toedt has been my teacher here.

Worth, Theodore

I was born in "little old New York" February 7th, 19—. Music has always attracted me. At the age of three I helped my brother one day by rosinning his violin bow with a banana peel. Much to my surprise and consternation, my efforts were not appreciated. At seven I was transported to Yonkers. It was there, eleven years ago, that I started my career as a musician by winning a scholarship in piano at the Yonkers Institute of Musical Art, where I studied with a teacher who called me a "marvel," but. . . . At the end of a year I gave it up. At the Yonkers

High School I took a four year music course under Dr. Victor Rebmann, which gave me a foundation for my work at the Institute, where, during my first year I studied with George Meader and for the past two years with Mme. Baldwin.

DEPARTMENT OF PIANO

Baratz, Sarah

I was born in New York City twenty years ago. A graduate of the Institute from whom I took piano lessons, started me along the right path musically. I entered the Institute five years ago while still attending Eastern District High School, and have studied with Miss Augustin.

Bevan, Richard

For the benefit of those who have a mania for sending birthday cards, I was born May 21st, 1900, at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. I was a member of the orchestra and other musical organizations in Wilkes-Barre High School where I was a student. I started the real serious study of music in 1922 when I entered the Institute. My studies were interrupted, however, by a very unusual opportunity to travel around the world on the S.S. Belgenland. I profited by the tour in hearing music of all nations. I hope to continue the study of theory and composition. I have been studying with Mr. Haubiel.

Bonnerwith, Amy

Before I entered the Institute, nothing very eventful took place. I was quite young when I started my musical studies. My one ambition, which I finally realized, was to study at the Institute. The past three years will always remain cherished in my memory as the happiest in my life. I am deeply grateful to one who has done so much for me and whose charm I shall never forget—my dear teacher, Mrs. Hough.

Brooks, Cecile

I am a born and bred New Yorker. After being graduated from the George Washington High School, contrary to my music teacher's attempts at dissuasion from further academic education, I became a student at Teachers College. In my junior year, owing to the affiliation of Teachers College with the Institute, I began studying with Mr. Friedberg, ultimately taking the regular piano course. I still have a lingering desire to finish my last year at college and receive my degree. If this will interfere with further piano work, I shall abandon the idea.

Cipolla, Marie

I was born in Italy in 1901. I came to America in 1906, and settled in New York City. I attended a small music school in the city and graduated from its regular piano course. In the fall of 1922, I entered the Institute and have been studying with Mr. Haubiel.

Cole, Kathryn

Born in Meadville, Pa., in 1906. Lived most of my life in Buffalo, N. Y. Graduated from Buffalo Lafayette High School. Began music studies at eight years of age.

Two recital programs given when fifteen and

sixteen years old at the Twentieth Century Club of Buffalo. Entered the Institute in fall of 1924. Studied with Mr. Friskin.

Fish, Mary

I have studied the piano more or less ever since I was seven years old, but concentrated study dates only from the time I was preparing to enter the Institute. I learned the advantages of studying here from a violin student at the Institute with whom I used to play. I have been studying here with Mrs. Fyffe and Mrs. Harris. I hope to continue my work at the Institute either in the Normal or the Supervisors' Course.

Fox, Mignon

I was born in New York City in the spring of 1907. The first one to give me music was mother (and she's still giving it to me!). At the age of four and a half years we went to Flatbush to live and mother sent me to a little private music school in the neighborhood conducted by Miss Mabel Cilley. I continued studying with her through my grammar grades at school. During my high school years I studied under Ernest A. Ash of Brooklyn. Owing to the kind interest of Mr. Bassett Hough of Columbia University, I was enrolled here at our beloved Institute in the fall of 1923. I have studied here with Miss Strauss and Mr. Friskin.

Gehrig, Gladys

I have discovered during my two years at the Institute that my only claim to fame lies in my three daughters. They are my past and future, musically and otherwise. (Most frequently it has been "otherwise"). Mr. Friskin has been my piano teacher at the Institute.

Ginsburg, Sadie

I come from Russia but lived there only one year. When I came to America, I settled in Massachusetts. I graduated from the Amherst High School in Amherst, Mass. During my senior year, I studied piano with Miss Blanche Goode of Smith College. The following fall I entered the Institute to study with Miss Augustin.

Green, Dorothy

I was born in Montgomery, Alabama—(the number of the house was "13"—however, I managed to graduate this year). I began to practise at the age of six months with two fingers on a toy piano—(that is why the rest are weak). I graduated from Horace Mann High School in 1923 and entered the Institute the next fall. I have studied with Miss Strauss and Mrs. Bergolio.

Green, Reine Dorothy

When I first came to the Institute, I underwent a series of severe shocks. At boarding school I had had a vague notion that I could play the piano—the way one does at boarding school. Naturally I have not quite recovered from the new and overwhelming discovery that I am "not so good." As to plans for the future, I had expected to die of sorrow if I did not graduate or

die of joy if I did. I have been studying with Miss Augustin.

Guindani, Rina

My parents came from the famous musical city of Cremona in the northern part of Italy, but I was born in Newark, N. J. I attended school in Kearny, N. J., where I was the pianist of the first school orchestra organized in the town. In high school, from which I graduated in 1922, I was solo pianist. Now that the grand struggle for a diploma is over, I am looking forward to a summer in Europe with Cremona as my destination. I have been studying with Mr. Sieveking.

Gutentag, Dora

I was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, but lived there only a short while. The early part of my life was spent traveling through Europe. I first studied music in Paris. When I finally returned to Buenos Aires, I went to high school, continuing my study of the piano at the same time. Four years ago I came to New York to enter the Institute. I have been studying with Miss Augustin.

Irwin, William

At the age of eight or nine I began studying the piano with my mother. Two years later I started the violin under Charles Letyler of the Louisville Conservatory of Music. At twelve I received a scholarship in piano at the Louisville Conservatory. I held the scholarship for three years studying under Mrs. R. E. Hunt. At the same time I continued studying the violin. My last two piano teachers before I left Louisville were Miss Alma Steedman and Mr. Frederick Morley. In Chicago I studied with Percy Grainger upon whose advice I came to the Institute.

I have met most of my expenses by working in the "theatre": training voices for the opening of the Heckscher Theatre; writing music for the plays, "Love for Love" and "Beyond," both of which were produced by the Greenwich Village Theatre group; playing the piano with a string quartet for W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged," which was produced by the Stagers; and finally training voices and playing the piano in John Gay's "Polly."

For the past three years I have been with Mr. Friskin with whom I hope to study much longer.

Kraus, Milton

I was born in New York City in 19--? (does one have to tell one's age?). My parents not being musical, I inherited no tendencies in that direction. However, I am told that I would quiet down in the midst of crying if I heard singing. I can never forget the day I could whistle a melody correctly. Perhaps that started me off on my musical career.

At the age of nine I began to study the piano and made rapid progress. I studied until my last two years at high school when I stopped for lack of time to devote to it seriously. I greatly enjoyed improvising at the piano although I had not the slightest idea what I was doing. At my high

school graduation exercises I played with the orchestra the first movement of Schumann's "A minor Concerto" and as an encore Chopin's "B flat minor Scherzo." These two selections I had studied entirely by myself. The director of the school orchestra encouraged my musical ambitions. And so I came to the Institute for further training. I have been studying with Mr. Newstead.

I sometimes accompanied violin students during examinations and in this way had the privilege of coming in contact with the late Franz Kneisel who made a profound impression upon me.

Among my outside activities I can count those of teaching and of playing in dance orchestras under Vincent Lopez, Carl Fenton and others.

In all probability, I shall come back to the Institute for further study, especially in theory, for, "sotto-voce," I have aspirations to become a composer.



Cecile Brooks, who received a faculty scholarship

Leland, Hildur

My birthplace itself, Kenyon, Minn., held but small opportunities for musical experience. Fortunately my background was supplied by my family who, through quartets and trios, played from the time we were small children, gave me my first conception of chamber music.

My first *professional* venture was made at the age of twelve as the town movie pianist. From that time my interest has been centered in that field. Realizing the necessity of some knowledge of the organ for fulfillment of my ambition, I began the rudimentary study of it at college and at the same time began my first serious piano study. Incidentally I gained a smattering of vocal training through touring with the St. Olaf Choir.

The magic represented by the name, Dethier, having fascinated me from childhood, I came to New York for further study.

Lewis, Adelaide

I have spent all my life traveling east in a covered wagon from Lafayette, Indiana—in fact ever since 1905. Whenever the caravan stopped, I used to practice: my folks say I could play the *Imp* at an unusually early age. I came to the Institute at the suggestion of a teacher I met in slowly wending my way eastward. My teacher here has been Mr. Newstead.

Liggett, Marion

I began my career in 1904 in Dallas, Texas. I graduated from the Southern Methodist University in Dallas. But I finally found my way to New York and the Institute to study with Mr. Friskin. Next winter I plan to go to Paris.

Penick, Ruth

She was born in the land of the Cow Boy, Texas. She graduated from the University of Texas and finally arrived in New York. She has studied piano ever since she was eight years old. Two of her teachers are graduates of the Institute—Miriam Landrum and Myra Smith. She was elected secretary of the Senior Class of 1926. Since then she has had writer's cramp. That is the reason why she couldn't write her own life history. She has studied the past year with Mr. Haubiel.

Peterson, William

I am a graduate of the University of Utah with the B. S. degree. I have studied piano with Harold Morris, Edwin Hughes and Frank La Forge. I have been accompanist for Lucy Gates, concert singer of national fame, for Margaret Romaine of the Metropolitan Company and for Emory Randolph, New York tenor.

Popkin, Maurice

Before entering the Institute, four years ago, I did practically everything but study music. My training was limited to a half year of college harmony and about a year's lessons on the piano.

I keenly feel the lack of early formal discipline. Although late in finding a career, I hope to stick to it, making composition rather than the instrument, my forte. I have been studying with Mr. Friskin.

Posnak, Yetta

My life history to date is not a very eventful one. I was born in New York and have always lived here. My childhood was spent in the prosaic manner of most other American children.

Coming from a family of musicians, what else could I do but become a musician myself? And wishing to become a musician what else could I do but come to the Institute to study? I have been studying with Miss Strauss and Miss Michelson.

Santo, Lillian

So far nothing of great importance has happened to me. I was born in Hungary and lived there most of my life. I started my musical education at the age of ten studying the piano under the guidance of my mother. After a few years

(Continued on Page 10)

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VOL. V.

JUNE, 1926

No. 9

LEOPOLD AUER

When the Institute was deprived of its most famous teacher, Franz Kneisel, none felt the loss more deeply than the teachers and students of the violin department. The teachers lost a leader, guide and friend; the students lost the hope and inspiration of some day being chosen for Mr. Kneisel's personal class.

There began an anxious discussion and surmise as to whom the Director would choose to replace the irreplaceable and the guesses included practically every violin virtuoso and teacher in America and Europe. Not any of them, however, seemed to possess all the qualities desirable for this very important post. What can be done?

As usual the solution was as simple as the egg of the Columbus problem.

"Warum in die Ferne schweifen?

"Sieh,' das Gute liegt so nah'."

Leopold Auer, the grand old man of the violin, still full of youthful vigor, full of interest in the rising generation of talented violinists and able and willing to transmit to it the traditions of the great schools of violin playing, was available and met our Director's overtures with sympathetic response.

The plan agreed upon is as follows: Prof. Auer will devote four hours a week, two hours on Mondays and two on Thursdays to the Institute. Each violin teacher, having any students sufficiently advanced and talented to satisfy Prof.

Auer's requirements, will send these students to Prof. Auer's class on certain predetermined dates. They will then play for him and receive his criticism and instruction.

Under this plan, Prof. Auer's influence will not be concentrated on only three or four of the most talented students, but will be diffused through the whole department—an arrangement of incalculable value.

And all this will be provided by our Institute without any additional expense to the students benefited by the plan. We have reason to be proud and grateful to our Alma Mater.



Members of the Institute Class in Dalcroze Eurythmics.

BON VOYAGE

Our director, Mr. Frank Damrosch has gone to Europe for the summer. He sailed from New York with Mrs. Damrosch on June 10th. They will visit Berlin, Vienna, Provence and the French Pyrenees. May they have a glorious trip and return to us safely in October!

LOUIS SVECENSKI

We announce with deepest sorrow the death of Louis Svecenski at the Lenox Hill Hospital on June 18th. Funeral services were held at Campbell's Chapel Monday morning, June 21st, at ten o'clock.

This news arrived just as The Baton was going to press. We will prepare an article on Mr. Svecenski's career to be published in the next issue which appears in October.

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 the demonstration of the excellent work done by the composition classes. The program which took place on Saturday, May 15th at 2:00 in the Recital Hall was as follows:

Composite Songs,

Harmonized by Mildred Nesson

- a) Little Blue Pigeon
- b) The Snow

Preparatory Center Children

Andante Ruth Parker
Ruth Parker (Grade III)

Spanish Dance Julius Cohnne
Julius Cohnne (Grade IB)

Andante con Moto Hazel Arnold
Sidney Sukoenig (Grade II)

Moderato Robert Rodwell
Beatrice Caruso (Grade II)

Homophonic (Small) Forms, for the Piano

a) Romance Adelaide Lewis
Adelaide Lewis (Grade III)

b) Moderato Betty Lief
Betty Lief (Grade III)

c) Andante Evelyn Sedgwick
Evelyn Sedgwick (Grade III)

d) Legende Regina Holmen
Regina Holmen (Grade III)

Polyphonic Forms for the Piano (Developed from a given Motive)

a) Two-part Invention in E flat,
Abraham Samilowitz
Sidney Sukoenig (Grade IV)

b) Two-part Invention in F minor
Victor Weeks
Sidney Sukoenig (Grade IV)

Fugue in Contrary Motion for String Quartet,
John Alden Finckel
(Grade V)

Louis Kaufman Theodore Rautenberg
Minna Krokowsky John Alden Finckel

Three-part Fugues in B, D flat minor and E flat
Clyde Sewall
Edith Heinlein (Grade V)

Sonata-Allegro for Piano, Violin and Cello,
Ronald Murat
(Grade VI)

Maurice Popkin, Ronald Murat and Alfred Adams

Sonata-Allegro (Intermediate) for Piano,
Howard Talley
(Grade VI)

Evelyn Finn

Variations for Piano Louis Greenwald
Katherine Bacon (Grade VI)

Homophonic (Small) Forms,
(Developed from a given Motive)

a) Partita for Clarinet and Piano,
Valentine Righthand
Gladys Mayo and Angel del Busto (Grade III)

b) Scherzo for Piano Arthur Loeserman
Russell Kline (Grade III)

c) Mazurka in E minor for Violin and
Piano Paul Rabinow
Paul Rabinow and Frances Obletz (Grade III)

Polyphonic Forms for the Piano

(Developed from a given Motive)

a) Three-part Gigue in A minor Max Meller
Max Meller (Grade IV)

b) Two-part Invention in D Helen Croll
Helen Croll (Grade IV)

c) Allegretto in Canon for Flute, Maude Kindred
(Grade V)

Paul Siebeneichen, Theodore Rautenberg and
Maude Kindred

Fantasy for String Quartet Charles McBride
(Grade VII)

Louis Kaufman Theodore Rautenberg
Benjamin Swalin Charles McBride

Sonata-allegro for the Piano Maurice Popkin
Maurice Popkin (Grade VI)

Five Songs Gladys Mayo
(Grade VI)

1. A Gift, 2. Birds, 3. Care, 4. Mouse,
5. Sea Birds
Carolyn Allingham

Third Rondo for String Quartet and Piano,
Louis Greenwald
(Grade VI)

Louis Kaufman Theodore Rautenberg
Benjamin Swalin John Alden Finckel
Louis Greenwald

FLAMING YOUTH

(Dedicated to Graduates of 1926)

Some will set the world on fire,
And who the blame will shoulder?
Here a spark—there a spark—
Some will only smoulder!

Some will smoke and some will burn,
Flick'ring some, in doubt—
Some are never fanned to life,
And some, again, die out!

Yet, if you blaze, or if you burn,
Or find your joy in smoking,
I hope it be a "lucky strike"
That you will smoke—no joking!

—Edna Titlar

RETURN OF WALTER DAMROSCH

Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, who has returned to America, has been decorated by the King of Spain with the Medal Isabella Catholica. Mr. Damrosch will introduce "Spanish Scenes" by Halfers, the Madrid composer, and Honegger's symphony, "Three Preludes to d'Annunzio's Phèdre." Copeland's "Music for the Theatre," given last year at the concert of the Composers' League, will also be played.

(Continued from Page 7)

with a private teacher, I continued to study for one year in Budapest and another in Vienna.

In 1921 my family migrated to America. Then I was forced to give up studying for a while. I gave many lessons then to help my parents along and to fulfill my greatest ambition to study at the "Damrosch School." By the fall of 1922 I had accumulated enough funds to enter the Institute. I have been studying with Mr. Haubiel.

I have enjoyed the time I have spent here very much and feel very indebted to all my teachers, particularly my piano teachers, Mr. Newstead and Mr. Haubiel.

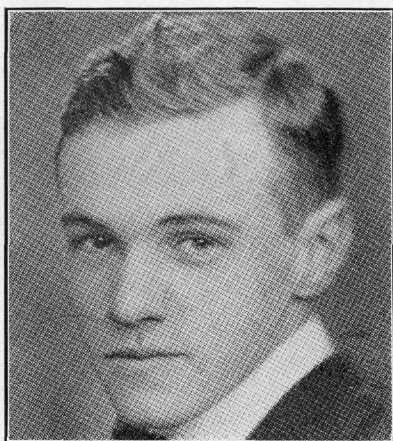
My musical plans for the future are indefinite, but I do hope to continue my studying and teaching.

Sherer, Theodore

Born in Kearney, Nebraska. Went to school there—high school and two years of college. Studied music at the same time. Entered the Institute in the fall of 1923. Have been studying with Mr. Newstead.

Underwood, Roy

I hail from the Sunflower State where I began musical studies by attending the Fine Arts Department Courses at Bethany College. I gave up music in favor of two years experience in the Marine Corps during the war. Later, however, I



Charles McBride, who received \$200 of the Isaac Newton Seligman Prize

decided to go back to music and studied piano about two years with Mollie Margolies now of this city. I have tried my hand at high school music work, conducting glee clubs, orchestras and bands. I have been studying with Mr. Denton.

RECIPIENTS OF POST-GRADUATE DIPLOMAS

Brewster, Gwendolyn

Teachers' Diploma in Piano

Born in Minneapolis, Minn. Attended high school there and graduated in 1921. In musical activities at high school. Came to the Institute

in 1922 and graduated from the regular piano course in 1924. I have been studying with Mr. Friskin.

Finckel, John Alden

Artists' Diploma in Violoncello

I began my musical career at the age of thirteen. At sixteen I entered the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. Later the same year I went to Philadelphia to study with Hans Kindler and the two succeeding years I spent in Boston under the guidance of Alwin Schroeder.

In 1921 I entered the Institute where I have remained these four years in constant fear of being bodily ejected. However, succeeding in my work, each year I returned greeted by "What, you here again?" on the part of my various instructors. It is with a feeling of much unhappiness that I leave the Institute. I have been studying with Mr. Willeke.

Heinlein, Edith

Certificate of Maturity in Piano

I was born in Brooklyn, one of a family of thirteen. I was graduated from Manual Training High School. I entered the Institute in 1921; was graduated from the regular piano course in 1924 and received a certificate of maturity in 1926. I am proud of two facts: that my father is a direct descendant of the German poet, Goethe, and that I am a graduate of the Institute. I have been studying with Mrs. Hough.

Kindred, Maude

Teachers' Diploma in Piano

Certificate of Maturity in Piano

I have lived all my life in Brooklyn, but hope for the best. 1904 was the beginning of a most prosaic life with a few exceptions in the way of interesting incidents personal and otherwise. I served four years in high school, having tried both Erasmus and Girls' High. I played in the Theosophical Lodge in Brooklyn for one year and in odd moments have had several office jobs in divers capacities. Then I had a sudden inspiration to come to the Institute. My ambition is to write music. I have been studying with Mr. Morris.

McBride, Charles

Artists' Diploma in Violoncello

I was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1902, and was raised in Youngstown. I was graduated from Youngstown High School and attended the Dana Institute of Music in Warren. After hearing the Kneisel Quartet when it played in Youngstown, I wanted to study with Mr. Willeke. Later I met Mr. Willeke at Chautauqua where he was conducting the New York Symphony. Mr. Willeke told me there was one place in his class. I immediately came to the Institute and filled the vacancy. I was graduated from the regular cello course in 1922, and the Teachers' course in 1925. Next year I am returning to Cleveland to play in the Cleveland Orchestra.

Menk, Mary

Teachers' Diploma in Piano

Born in Newark, N. J. on the sixth of July,

having declared my independence only two days after a similar action on the part of these United States of ours—the vital difference being that no fire-crackers were shot off in celebration of my announcement. Since then I have travelled very extensively—approximately two thousand trips from Newark to New York and return. Between the intervals of travel I graduated from high school. Then I decided to let music take its course with me at the Institute. I have been here five years with Miss Augustin. Last year I participated in a concert with Giuseppe Danise at Town Hall. This year I was to have appeared in a concert with Stracciari but fortunately for the audience I became ill and could not appear.

Sussman, Ida

Family legends have it that I was born and I think there is a good deal of truth in that. The date (also true) is May 24, 1904—and the place is



Louis Greenwald, who received \$400 of the Isaac Newton Seligman Prize

New York City.

I started to study at the age of seven. Ever since then I have been torturing the neighbors, giving untold agony to my friends and have watched the silent martyrdom of my parents. Five years ago I entered the Institute. Here I found friends whose patience exceeded Job's. For five years Mrs. McKellar has hammered and hewed and finally succeeded in sending me forth to teach.

Zuckerman, Sadie

Date of Birth: I regret that I am unable to remember my date of birth as it is now a number of years that I have been professionally seventeen.

Place of Birth: Dear old New York.

Instrument: Piano. I studied the piano so that I could evade becoming a school teacher. I have had some private teaching at home with an alarm clock to attract my attention. I have spent six years at the Institute and have a feeling that if I stay a few more years I might become a Trustee.

Aims: To further my study with a most adorable teacher and friend, Miss Augustin.

RECIPIENT OF CERTIFICATE IN ANALYTIC THEORY

Halbwachs, Martha

I was born in the quaint and historic village of Sachetts Harbor, N. Y. My father being an army man, we did not stay there long but moved to Fort Hamilton.

One of my sisters is responsible for my start at the piano by making me envious of her taking lessons. I was twelve when I really did get the chance to study with this army post teacher and I studied with her for two and a half years. During this time I played the organ in a tiny church on Sunday mornings and for the Army Y. M. C. A. in the evenings and for their movies two and three times a week during the war.

I was forced to give up studying then until I entered the Institute in 1921 as an intermediate piano student. The next two years I studied both piano and organ and at the same time gave many lessons, had a position in a church, and directed a choir. Last year I was graduated from the regular piano course.

MISSING LINKS

The biographical chain in this Graduation Issue of The Baton is lacking a few links to make it complete. We regret the omissions but the delinquents did not respond to the editorial request for information. Mention is here made of them as being recipients of diplomas from the Institute this year. Department of Piano: Naomi Bontz, Ruth Braine, Eugenie Cheroff and Jennie Levin; Department of Violin: Irving Finkstein and Arthur Loeserman.

SENIOR CLASS EVENTS

The Senior Class Dance took place on the evening of May 29th in the Rehearsal Hall of the Institute.

The Class Dinner was held on the evening of June 1st at the Institute. It was followed by the Class Show, "Apologies of 1926," in the Recital Hall. Particularly outstanding was the "Lecture," in which Theodore Worth impersonated Mr. Seeger, and the scene, "Keyboard Harmony Class" which included some clever improvisation on a syncopated theme.

ALUMNI NEWS

Nora Fauchald, Enrique Ros and Margaret Hamilton, all graduates of the Institute of Musical Art, have been announced as winners in the Stadium Concert auditions conducted recently by the National Music League.

RAINY DAY ADVENTURES

A Story

By Dorothy Crowthers

It was a dismal, rainy afternoon. Betty Quade stood perilously near the edge of a precipitous rock and gazed dejectedly at the leaden fog which hung over the sea. Her yellow slicker made a bright daub of color on the gray canvas of the scene.

"Contemplating suicide?" called a cheery masculine voice, which brought color to Betty's face and a glow to her eyes.

"Why, Jack, I thought you'd gone deep-sea fishing."

"Not today; I found something more exciting to pass the time." He paused in his walk along the shore path. "Where's the gang? Doing the usual rainy day stuff?"

"Yes," answered Betty. "The Club House is as full of smoke as the crater of an active volcano. We danced to the 'Vic' till the poor overworked thing gasped and died; then the boys strummed their ukuleles and gave forth such a nasal tenor that I left the stifling place and took to the great open spaces, be they ever so damp and chilly. Oh, what is so rare as a stormy day at a resort," concluded Betty dolefully.

"Cheer up, Betts," responded Jack with what seemed little sympathy. "There's always your music!"

"I've practiced all morning, you heartless wretch. There's a limit to one's endurance. Recreation is part of anyone's program for efficiency. But one has to grin and bear the weather man's whims."

"Into each life some rain must fall,

Some days must be dark and dreary," chanted Jack with a tantalizing grin.

"It's easy for you boys to make light of it," she pouted. "You can go off and brave the elements in any sort of daring adventure."

"Oh, sure," agreed the other swaggeringly. "Got a date with one right now. So long, see you at the dance tonight." And as he went on his way, there was an amused twinkle in his eyes but the girl did not see it.

She bit her lip. Jack's indifference annoyed her. She was popular with almost everyone but she had somehow failed to interest Jack. With a shrug of her shoulders she dismissed the subject and, picking her way among the rocks, regained the shore and followed a road toward the center of the village. The rain came down in torrents.

Disgusted she stopped and looked about for shelter. Not far away was the Library, an attractive Colonial building. It was rather more imposing than would be expected in a village of the size but Betty had heard it was given to the town with the complete collection of books belonging to a wealthy summer resident of the section. She decided to investigate.

She was astonished to find several cozy, homelike

reading rooms. In one, an open fire crackled alluringly. She sat down before it and surveyed the shelves of books about the walls. No one else was there except a kind-eyed elderly lady, the librarian, who approached Betty.

"Can I get you something?" she inquired with a gentle motherly tone. "Have you any special interests?"

Betty was embarrassed. "Nothing in particular, thank you," she replied. Then on second thought, "Something in the line of music history, perhaps. I'm a musician."

"Oh, how lovely," exclaimed the librarian. "What pleasure you must derive from that."

"Lots of it is drudgery," Betty assured her. "We don't have the leisure to indulge in reading, for one thing."

"Not in the summer, perhaps?"

"Well, no doubt, we might, but we lose the habit," admitted the girl apologetically. "Besides we hear so much about the necessity of broadening our minds by acquainting ourselves with the sister arts such as literature that the very idea scares us off."

"Of course," laughed the librarian understandingly. "I don't blame you for avoiding serious literary study during your vacation time. But there are so many delightful stories. I can't bear to think of your missing them. There's a very human little book which would appeal to you, I think." She hunted a moment on one of the shelves. "Here it is, 'The Street of Seven Stars,' the story of a violin student in old Vienna, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Pure fiction, no music history," she added encouragingly.

"Thank you very much. I'll stay awhile and look it over. It's such wretched weather outside." She opened the book and began reading:

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

The old stucco house sat back in a garden, or what must once have been a garden when that part of the Austrian city had been a royal game preserve. Tradition had it that the Empress Maria Theresa had used the building as a hunting lodge, and undoubtedly there was something royal in the proportions of the salon. With all the candles lighted in the great glass chandelier, and no sidelights, so that the broken paneling was mercifully obscured by gloom, it was easy to believe that the great Empress herself had sat in one of the tall old chairs and listened to anecdotes of questionable character; even, if tradition may be believed, related not a few herself.

The chandelier was not lighted on this rainy November night. Outside in the garden the trees creaked and bent before the wind, and the heavy barred gate, left open by the last comer, a piano student named Scatchett and dubbed "Scatch"—the gate slammed to and fro monotonously, giving now and then just enough pause for a hope that it had latched itself, a hope that was always destroyed by the next gust. . . . The situation was a difficult one, but hardly, except to Harmony Wells, a tragedy. Few of us are so constructed that the suite "Arlesienne" will serve as a luncheon, or a faulty fingering of the Waldweben from

"Siegfried" will keep us awake at night. Harmony had lain awake more than once over some crime against her namesake, had paid penances of early rising and two hours of scales before breakfast, working with stiffened fingers in her cold little room where there was no place for a stove, and sitting on the edge of the bed in a faded kimono where once pink butterflies sported in a once blue-silk garden. Then coffee, rolls, and honey, and back to work again, with little Scatchett at the piano in the salon beyond the partition wearing a sweater and fingerless gloves and holding a hot-water bottle on her knees. Three rooms beyond, down the stone hall, the Big Soprano, doing Madama Butterfly in bad German, helped to make an encircling wall of sound in the center of which one might practise peacefully.

Only the Portier objected. Morning after morning crawling out at dawn from under his featherbed in the lodge below, he opened his door and listened to Harmony doing penance above, and morning after morning he shook his fist up the stone staircase.

"Gott in Himmel!" he would say to his wife, fumbling with the knot of his mustache bandage. "What a people, these Americans! So much noise and no music!"

"And mad!" grumbled his wife. "All the day coal, coal to heat; and at night the windows open!"

* * *

Betty laughed aloud. The librarian brought her another book. "'Great Short Stories of the World,' is a newly published collection, and in it I find at least three dealing with music. You might like to look at this too." The girl accepted it gratefully. The first story was by a Spanish author, Becquer.

MAESE PEREZ, THE ORGANIST

"Maese Pérez is here! Maese Pérez is here!"

At this shout, coming from those jammed in by the door, every one looked around.

Maese Pérez, pale and feeble, was in fact entering the church, brought in a chair which all were quarreling for the honor of carrying upon their shoulders.

The commands of the physicians, the tears of his daughter—nothing had been able to keep him in bed.

"No," he had said; "this is the last one. I know it. I know it, and I do not want to die without visiting my organ again, this night above all, this Christmas Eve."

His desire had been gratified. The people carried him in their arms to the organ loft. The mass began.

Twelve struck on the cathedral clock. . . . the little bells rang out in vibrating peals, and Maese Pérez placed his aged fingers upon the organ keys.

The multitudinous voices of the metal tubes gave forth a prolonged and majestic chord, which died away little by little, as if a gentle breeze had borne away its last echoes.

To this opening burst, which seemed like a voice lifted up to heaven from earth, responded a sweet and distant note, which went on swelling and swelling in volume until it became a torrent of overpowering harmony. It was the voice of the angels, traversing space and reaching the world.

Then distant hymns began to be heard intoned by the hierarchies of seraphim; a thousand hymns at once, mingling to form a single one, though this one was only an accompaniment to a strange melody which seemed to float above that ocean of mysterious echoes, as a strip of fog above the waves of the sea.

One song after another died away. The movement grew simpler. Now only two voices were heard, whose echoes blended. Then but one remained, and alone sustained a note as brilliant as a thread of light. . . . Suddenly a cry was heard in the organ loft—a piercing, shrill cry, the cry of a woman.

The organ gave a strange, discordant sound, like a sob, and then was silent. . . .

* * *

Betty was like someone starved. The feast was too rich and tempting to allow her to finish anything. She wanted to taste each thing; she glanced at por-

tions here and there, already planning time in which to read them all thoroughly. The next story marked was a translation by Lafcadio Hearn from the Chinese literature of the 15th century.

THE STORY OF MING-Y

That day all the air was drowsy with blossom perfume, and vibrant with the droning of bees. It seemed to Ming-Y that the path he followed had not been trodden by any other for many long years; the grass, was tall upon it; vast trees on either side interlocked their mighty and moss grown arms above him, beshadowing the way, but the leafy obscurities quivered with birdsong, and the deep vistas of the wood were glorified by vapors of gold, and odorous with flower-breathings as a temple with incense. The dreamy joy of the day entered into the heart of Ming-Y; and he sat him down among the young blossoms, under the branches swaying against the violet sky, to drink in the perfume and the light, and to enjoy the great sweet silence. Even while thus reposing, a sound caused him to turn his eyes toward a shady place where wild peach-trees were in bloom; and he beheld a young woman, beautiful as the pinkening blossoms themselves, trying to hide among them. Though he looked for a moment only, Ming-Y could not avoid discerning the loveliness of her face, the golden purity of her complexion, and the brightness of her long eyes that sparkled under a pair of brows as daintily curved as the wings of the silkworm butterfly, outspread. . . .

There was a drowsy music in her voice, as of the melody of brooks, the murmurings of spring; and such a strange grace in the manner of her speech as Ming-Y had never heard before. . . . "I have heard," she said, "of your rare talent, and of your many elegant accomplishments. I know how to sing a little although I cannot claim to possess any musical learning; and now that I have the honor of finding myself in the society of a musical professor, I will venture to lay modesty aside, and beg you to sing a few songs with me. I should deem it no small gratification if you would condescend to examine my musical compositions." . . .

The serving-maid, obedient to the summons of a little silver gong, brought in the music and retired. Ming-Y took the manuscripts and began to examine them with eager delight. The paper on which they were written had a pale yellow tint, and was light as a fabric of gossamer but the characters were antequely beautiful, as though they had been traced by the brush of Hei-song Ché-Tchoo himself. . . .

"Oh Lady!" he cried, "these are veritably priceless things, surpassing in worth the treasures of all kings. This indeed is the handwriting of those great masters who sang five hundred years before our birth. How marvelously it has been preserved!" . . .

"Dear Ming-Y, let us chant his verses together, to the melody of old—the music of those grand years when men were nobler and wiser than to-day."

And their voices rose through the perfumed night like the voices of the wonder-birds—of the Fung-hoang blending together in liquid sweetness. Yet a moment, and Ming-Y, overcome by the witchery of his companion's voice, could only listen in speechless ecstasy, while the lights of the chamber swam dim before his sight, and tears of pleasure trickled down his cheeks.

So the ninth hour passed, and they continued to converse, and to drink the cool purple wine, and to sing the songs of the years of Thang, until far into the night. More than once Ming-Y thought of departing, but each time Sié would begin, in that silver-sweet voice of hers, so wondrous a story of the great poets of the past, and of the women whom they loved that he became as one entranced; or she would sing for him a song so strange that all his senses seemed to die except that of hearing.

* * *

How often, thought Betty, had she heard music so exquisite that her "senses seemed to die except that of hearing." The Chinese story particularly intrigued her fancy. Even so, she left it unfinished for

the present, to peruse the next story which was by Willa Cather.

A WAGNER MATINÉE

At two o'clock the Symphony Orchestra was to give a Wagner program and I intended to take my aunt; though, as I conversed with her, I grew doubtful about her enjoyment of it. . . . I asked her whether she had ever heard any of the Wagnerian operas, and found that she had not, though she was perfectly familiar with their respective situations, and had once possessed a piano score of "The Flying Dutchman." I began to think it would be best to get her back to Red Willow County without waking her, and regretted having suggested the concert. . . . I had felt some trepidation lest she might become aware of her queer country clothes, or might experience some painful embarrassment at stepping suddenly into the world to which she had been dead for a quarter of a century. But, again, I found how superficially I had judged her. She sat looking about her with eyes as impersonal, almost as stony, as those with which the granite Rameses in a museum watches the froth and fret that ebbs and flows about his pedestal. . . .

The first number was the "Tannhäuser" overture. When the horns drew out the first strain of the "Pilgrims' Chorus," Aunt Georgiana clutched my coat sleeve. Then it was I first realized that for her this broke a silence of thirty years. . . . The overture closed, my aunt released my coat sleeve, but she said nothing. She sat staring dully at the orchestra. What, I wondered, did she get from it? . . . I watched her closely through the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," trying vainly to conjecture what that seething turmoil of strings and winds might mean to her, but she sat mutely staring at the violin bows that drove obliquely downward, like the pelting streaks of rain in a summer shower. Had this music any message for her? Had she enough left at all to comprehend this power which had kindled the world since she had left it. I was in a fever of curiosity, but Aunt Georgiana sat silent upon her peak in Darien. She preserved this utter immobility throughout the number from "The Flying Dutchman," though her fingers worked mechanically upon her black dress, as if, of themselves, they were recalling the piano score they had once played. Poor hands! They had been stretched and twisted into mere tentacles to hold and lift and knead with; on one of them a thin worn band that had once been a wedding ring. As I pressed and gently quieted one of these groping hands, I remembered with quivering eyelids their services for me in other days.

Soon after the tenor began the "Prize Song," I heard a quick drawn breath, and turned to my aunt. Her eyes were closed, but the tears were glistening on her cheeks, and I think, in a moment more they were in my eyes as well. It never really died, then—the soul which can suffer so excruciatingly and so interminably; it withers to the outward eye only; like that strange moss which can lie on a dusty shelf half a century and yet, placed in water, grows green again. She wept so throughout the development and elaboration of the melody. . . . The second half of the program consisted of four numbers from the "Ring," and closed with Siegfried's funeral march. My aunt wept quietly but almost continuously. . . . The deluge of sound poured on and on; I never knew what she found in the shining current of it; I never knew how far it bore her, or past what happy islands. From the trembling of her face, I could well believe that before the last number she had been carried out where the myriad graves are, into the gray, nameless burying grounds of the sea or into some world of death vaster yet, where, from the beginning of the world, hope has lain down with hope and dream with dream and, renouncing, slept.

* * *

"This has been a real 'best seller' this winter." The librarian, now thoroughly pleased with Betty's increasing enthusiasm produced another book. "It is by Franz Werfel, the young German writer who has created so much comment."

"I've heard of it," rejoined Betty eagerly glancing at the beginning.

VERDI, A NOVEL OF THE OPERA

"No admission today. It's a private performance." . . . The wrinkles round the stranger's eyes smiled—a charming smile.

"So?" he said, "then I must go round, Dario."

The old man with the Austrian beard stood speechless, he made a cucking sound and then, a light breaking on him, he began to beat his head.

"Oh, Signor Maestro! What shall I do? My heart is in my mouth! There you are, unchanged as ever, and I did not recognize you! And you are paying us a visit? You are honouring us. You must not stand here! You must be received. I will run and tell the secretary."

"Nothing of the kind," Verdi patted his arm. "Nobody is to hear a word of my being here. I was in Venice for the day and I am going back tonight. It was only by chance that I happened upon the old theatre."

"I understand! Incognito! Not a word! A king's visit." . . . At this moment the final C major of the music rose in a wild crescendo of kettledrums. After the moment of complete silence that follows such music, the applause broke out in loud sustained "Vivas!" The younger musicians, most of them pupils of the Benedetto Marcello Lyceum, acclaimed the Master. . . . Instead of leaving the house, as it was still possible for him to do unperceived, the Maestro quickly mounted the four steps to one of the doors of the hall. The darkness of this slightly raised position gave him a feeling of shelter.

The circle was dispersing. Already several students had passed Verdi on their way down the corridor to find gondolas to take them home.

Then came the great man himself, the crowd pressing and pushing behind him. Wagner wore evening dress under a light overcoat, and carried a silk hat in his hand. The great vaulted skull, pale and downy white, shone transparently, as if an unearthly light burned within it. His slight body swayed with the force of the restless vitality that was pouring from him. . . . No one seemed to notice how the earthly vessel of this fierce vitality throbbed and quivered as if over-charged. But his wife, beside him, was nervously seeking to calm him, to stem the torrent of his words, to hasten his steps and, as soon as might be, to rescue him from his crowd of followers. . . . Maestro Verdi stood quietly in the shadow of the huge doorway. As the intoxicated throng swayed towards him, he realized how little he valued the storms of applause that had come to himself, the torch-light processions and the worship that a whole nation had offered him; all the deification he had experienced counted for nothing to him—it was offered not to the maker of melodies but to the melodies themselves. The five letters of his name had become the burning symbol of Italian music. But they were only a symbol. The man behind that name, behind these works, remained dark and unknown.

As he gazed at that figure surrounded by the pressing crowd, a strong consciousness grew upon the Maestro's mind that here it was not the work that counted, but the man. Here, as with the Corsican usurper, the work was the man. As far into the future as his ardent soul might reach, he would be deathless.

In that eventful moment the eyes of the two men met. The drama of the stars unrolls in aeons, that of men in hours or days or years; but the history of the soul is instantaneous and unconscious.

* * *

Betty's reading was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a familiar voice speaking to the librarian. She looked up startled to see Jack. She was too astonished to utter a word. He saw her and stopped short. A guilty expression spread over his countenance as though some secret of his had been found out.

"You here?" he ejaculated at last.

"Yes, and you here?" she echoed. Then they both laughed heartily.

"There's more real adventure to be found here on a rainy day, Betts, than outside in the storm." He blurted it out like a confession and there was more warmth in his look than the girl had ever noticed before. "A pipe, a good book, an easy chair and—romance. I never thought you cared about this sort of thing."

"I never thought I did, either, Jack; but I'm making a lot of discoveries today. Won't you show me what you've been reading?"

"Like nothing better, if you'll come to the smoking room where I've been sitting." The librarian, watching them go, smiled sympathetically.

"Here," said Jack, "is a description by Robert Louis Stevenson, that particularly pleased me. May I read it aloud?" Betty nodded.

THE WRECKER

I love to recall the glad monotony of a Pacific voyage, when the trades are not stinted, and the ship, day after day, goes free. The mountain scenery of trade-wind clouds, watched (and in my case painted) under every vicissitude of light—blotting stars, withering in the moon's glory, barring the scarlet eve, lying across the dawn collapsed into the unfeatured morning bank, or at noon raising their snowy summits between the blue roof of heaven and the blue floor of sea; the small, busy, deliberate world of the schooner, with its unfamiliar scenes, the spearing of dolphin from the bowsprit end, the holy war on sharks, the cook making bread on the main hatch; reefing down before a violent squall with the men hanging out on the foot-ropes; the squall itself, the catch at the heart, the opened sluices of the sky; and the relief, the renewed loveliness of life when all is over, the sun forth again, and our out-fought enemy only a blot upon the leeward sea. I love to recall, and would that I could reproduce that life, the unforgettable, the unrememberable. The memory, which shows so wise a backwardness in registering pain, is besides an imperfect recorder of extended pleasures; and a long-continued well-being escapes (as it were, by its mass) our petty methods of commemoration. On a part of our life's map there lies a roseate, undecipherable haze, and that is all.

Of one thing, if I am at all to trust my own annals, I was delightfully conscious. Day after day, in the sun-gilded cabin, the whiskey-dealer's thermometer stood at 84. Day after day, the air had the same indescribable liveliness and sweetness, soft and nimble, and cool as the cheek of health. Day after day the sun flamed; night after night the moon beamed, or the stars paraded their lustrous regiment. I was aware of a spiritual change, or, perhaps, rather a molecular reconstitution. My bones were sweeter to me. I had come home to my own climate and looked back with pity on those damp and wintry zones, miscalled the temperate.

"Beautiful," breathed Betty. "Stories of the sea would especially tempt me, I'm sure."

"Do you mean it?" cried Jack. "You've all the joy of Conrad at your command," and he waved his hand toward a set of books. "I was just looking at this story of Kipling's, about a lighthouse keeper. Don't you like the way it starts?" They read it together.

THE DISTURBER OF TRAFFIC

(From *Many Inventions*)

Of the English south-coast Lights, that of St. Cecilia-under-the-Cliff is the most powerful, for it guards a very foggy coast. When the sea-mist veils all, St. Cecilia turns a hooded head to the sea and sings a song of two words once every minute. From the land that song resembles the

bellowing of a brazen bull; but off-shore they understand, and the steamers grunt gratefully in answer.

Fenwick, who was on duty one night, lent me a pair of black glass spectacles, without which no man can look at the Light unblinded, and busied himself in last touches to the lenses before twilight fell. The width of the English Channel beneath us, lay as smooth and as many-coloured as the inside of an oyster shell. . . . 'Look,' he said, and I saw that the dead sea-mist had risen out of the lifeless sea and wrapped us while my back had been turned. The pencils of the Light marched staggeringly across tilted floors of white cloud. . . .

"That's the way our sea-fogs come," said Fenwick, with an air of ownership. 'Hark, now, to that little fool calling out 'fore he's hurt.'

Something in the mist was bleating like an indignant calf; it might have been half a mile or half a hundred miles away. . . .

'Little fool!' Fenwick repeated. Then listening: 'Blest if that aren't another of them! Well, well, they always say that a fog do draw the ships of the sea together. They'll be calling all night, and so'll the siren. We're expecting some tea ships up-Channel'. . . . then we spoke as men together, each too interested to think of anything except the subject in hand. And that subject was wrecks, and voyages, and old-time trading, and ships cast away in desolate seas, steamers we both had known, their merits and demerits, lading, Lloyd's and above all, Lights. The talk always came back to Lights: Lights of the Channel, Lights on forgotten islands, and men forgotten on them; Light-ships—two months' duty and one month's leave—tossing on kinked cables in ever-troubled tideways; and Lights that men had seen where never light house was marked on the charts.

I tell here, from Fenwick's mouth, one of those stories that was not the least amazing. It was delivered in pieces between the roller-skate rattle of the revolving lenses, the bellowing of the fog-horn below, the answering calls from the sea, and the sharp tap of reckless night-birds that flung themselves at the glasses. It concerned a man called Dowse.

* * *

"All out, closing time," came in gruff tones from an attendant. Jack looked at his watch.

"Great Scott! Had no idea it was so late. Let's,—" he hesitated. "May I read some of my favorites aloud to you—some every day perhaps?"

"Every day, rain or shine," assented the girl with an emphatic nod. "And the rainy days, extra time!"

The attendant jingled his keys impatiently. As Betty and Jack went forth into the night, the wind howled savagely. A flash of lightning revealed them sauntering leisurely, arm in arm, quite oblivious to the storm. The attendant grunted and mumbled something about "young idiots," but then he could not possibly have been expected to understand. He was old and wizened. And it is just as well he could not hear Jack say, with unwonted tenderness, "In 'Beau Geste,' another fascinating story, it says and truly,—'twenty is a great age at which to be—with love in your heart and life before you.'"

"Life and books before you, it should have said," corrected Betty happily.

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