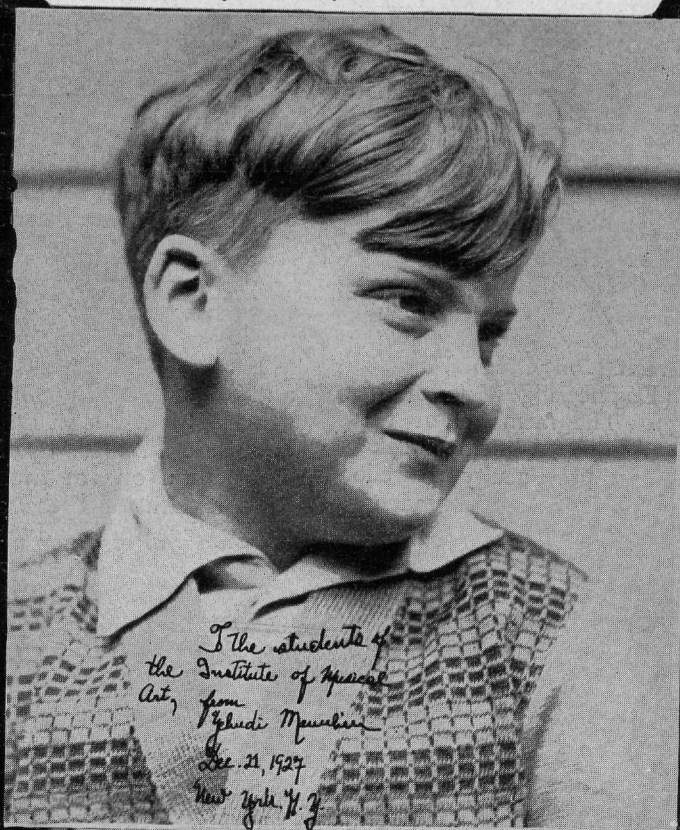


The Baton

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR
THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART
OF THE
Juilliard School. of Music.
NEW YORK CITY.
FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN.



*To the students of
the Institute of Musical
Art,
from
Yehudi Menuhin
Dec. 21, 1927
New York N. Y.*

*Wonder-Child of the Violin
As the Institute Remembers Him*

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF
YEHUDI MENUHIN
By the Editor

MUSIC IN THE COLLEGE
By Frank Damrosch

A LESSON FOR YOUNG SINGERS
By W. J. Henderson

TOOTING OUR OWN HORN
Interviews with the Faculty

THE TENDER HOUR
More Confessions of an Alumnus

Vol. VII, No. 3 January, 1928

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RE SILVERMAN



The Baton endeavors to recommend the operas, concerts and recitals of especial worth and interest to music students. Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.

PHYLLIS KRAEUTER: 'Cellist (Town Hall, January 4th, evening). Artist graduate of the Institute where she studied with Willem Willeke. Recipient of Morris Loeb Memorial prize of \$1,000. One of three who won the Naumburg award last year.

CARROLL HOLLISTER: Pianist (Steinway Hall, January 6th, evening). Graduate of the Institute. Pupil of Arthur Newstead. On this occasion appearing in a sonata recital with Lilla Kalman, violinist and former pupil of Franz Kneisel.

RUTH BRETON: Violinist (Carnegie Hall, January 9th, evening). Formerly at the Institute where she was a pupil of Franz Kneisel.

RHEA SILBERTA: Pianist (Hotel Plaza, January 11th, morning). Graduate of the Institute. Appearing with others in a lecture-recital on Russian music. (Hotel Plaza, January 25th, morning.) A lecture-recital on Oriental music.

ELSHUCO TRIO: (Engineering Auditorium, January 11th, evening). The members of this Trio are William Kroll, violinist; Willem Willeke, 'cellist, members of the Institute Faculty; Aurelio Giorni, pianist. Mr. Kroll is an artist graduate of the Institute and recipient of the \$1,000 Loeb prize.

LEO ORNSTEIN: Pianist (Town Hall, January 12th, evening). Appearing on the program of the League of Composers. Pro Arte Quartet also participating in this concert. Mr. Ornstein is a graduate of the Institute.

CLAIRE CASTEN SHEFTEL: Violinist (Steinway Hall, January 12th, evening). Former pupil of Franz Kneisel at the Institute.

LONNY EPSTEIN: Pianist (Steinway Hall, January 14th, afternoon). Substitute teacher for Carl Friedberg last year. Now a member of the Faculty.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET: (Guild Theatre, January 15th, evening). The members are: Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman, Marie Roemaet Rosanoff (all artist graduates of the Institute and each a recipient of the \$1,000 Loeb prize, successive years) and Paul Bernard. Mr. Jacobsen is a member of the Institute Faculty.

JUILLIARD SCHOOL ORCHESTRA: (Engineering Auditorium, January 15th, evening).

MARIANNE KNEISEL QUARTET: (Guild Theatre, January 22nd, afternoon). Miss Kneisel is a graduate of the Institute and daughter of the late Franz Kneisel, for many years head of our Violin Faculty. In this concert Leon Goossens will also take part.

STRINGWOOD ENSEMBLE: (Town Hall,

January 24th, evening). Arthur Loesser, artist graduate of the Institute, is a member of this organization.

TOLLEFSEN TRIO: (Town Hall, January 29th, afternoon). Carl Tollefsen is an Institute graduate.

GEORGE HOUSTON: Institute graduate appearing with much success in the artistic productions of the American Opera Company.

AT HOME

ANNIVERSARY CONCERT, commemorating the birthday of Betty Loeb in whose name the Institute was endowed by her son, James Loeb, twenty-three years ago. The concert takes place annually in the Recital Hall of the Institute and is attended by members of the Loeb family, their friends, and the members of the Institute Faculty.

The program is devoted to the works of Schubert and consists of a group of songs by Hulda Lashanska with Frank La Forge at the piano, and ensemble numbers by the Musical Art Quartet assisted in one of them by Gerald Warburg, 'cellist. All of these artists (except Mr. La Forge) are former Institute students.

AND DON'T OVERLOOK

IN OPERAS: (At the Metropolitan Opera House), Bizet's "Carmen" revived on January 13th with an interesting cast to include Maria Jeritza, Edward Johnson and Lawrence Tibbett; Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" and "Walkure" this month; the popular Galli-Curci has returned to the opera; and don't fail to hear the great Chaliapin in whatever he may appear. His initial performance of the season is in Gounod's "Faust."

IN CONCERTS: All the programs of the New York Symphony and Philharmonic Orchestras. Toscanini, Gabilowitch and Sir Thomas Beecham will be among this month's conductors.

IN RECITALS: Violinists—Kreisler, Heifetz, Szigeti; Pianists—Ravel, Friedman, Schelling, Gradova; 'Cellists—Casals. Further details of these interesting programs will be found in daily newspapers.



The past month presented more than the usual number of musical thrills. The return of Farrar to concert and of Homer to opera; the appearance of Yehudi and the farewell of Schumann-Heink are all events to remain long in the memory. (The above picture is from an idea in the Musical Digest.)

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF YEHUDI MENUHIN

Violin Genius Once a Theory Student at the Institute

By Dorothy Crowthers

A SUNNY-HAIRED cherub of eight years, plump and rosy, with dark expressive eyes, sat in the front row of a class gathered in Room CC of the Institute of Musical Art, two Novembers ago. Clad in white silk blouse and short black velvet trousers, his chubby, bare legs not reaching to the floor, he was in striking contrast to the twenty other pupils of college age in more subdued attire. So youthful an addition to the class was somewhat of a surprise, especially as the grade was not the earliest but the one known to us as 1B. The child's mother sat beside him, an uncommon occurrence in an Institute classroom. Deciding to let these perplexing matters rest for the moment, I proceeded as usual, to call the roll. Reaching the last name on the list, I made a brave attempt: "Master Men—Menuhin." No response. "How *do* you pronounce your name?" I queried in desperation. "Yehudi," came the prompt reply. This ingenuous answer was completely winning.

For two hours each Thursday morning the most interested and responsive pupil was this little boy. It was never necessary to question his ability to grasp the work of this grade. In Ear-Training (consisting of Melodic and Harmonic Dictation) he was unfailingly accurate, having, in common with many violinists, absolute pitch. Melodies with intricate rhythmic design were written with such rapidity and perfection that he was jokingly accused by his teacher of being a mind-reader, at which he would chuckle with delight. The notes he wrote were fat and round like himself. He exhibited equal facility with intervals, greatly amusing the rest of the class, who were intent on listening to the sound-combinations, by blurting out every tone played before anyone else could write down a note. The only matter which puzzled the young Yehudi was the subject of chords. It took a little explaining and guiding of his tiny hand to get the voices in the correct register. Violinists invariably have trouble thinking in terms of the bass staff. In Sight-Singing (Solfège) he warbled exercises in a high childish voice, true and clear. Especially vivid is the memory of a Christmas Carol we practiced as a duet, Yehudi looking and sounding like an angel singing the soprano part. His harmony class was with Mr. Wallingford Riegger, who is no longer with us and therefore unable to contribute any recollections.

His violin teacher was then, as now, Louis Persinger, who brought the child east with him from his home in San Francisco. Samuel Gardner of our Violin Faculty, who had heard Yehudi play in the west during the summer, suggested to Mr. Persinger that the boy be brought to the Institute for study during the time he was to be in New York.

Not having heard of the acclaim the little violinist had already received for his appearances in San Francisco, I was amazed to receive tickets "with

love from Yehudi" for a concert at the Manhattan Opera House on January 17, 1926. Induced by an affectionate interest in the pupil, I went expecting to be indulgent of the worthy effort of a child; but to everyone's astonishment he was a diminutive artist of extraordinary powers. Because he was then unheralded, extensive publicity did not result from his achievement though in many ways it was as great a triumph as his recent one.



Yaltah, Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin at play in Central Park.

All these recollections flashed through my mind the memorable night of last December 12th. Had he, in the two year interval, become too conscious of the magnitude of his talent? Had the insidious influence of international adulation spoiled him? Meanwhile the boy, to outward appearance unaltered, played his way right into the hearts of the vast throng crowding Carnegie Hall and brought musical New York to its feet shouting and applauding. Forthwith the city's presses began turning in his behalf and weighty words from the pens of sage critics, interviewers and editorial writers found their way into the music columns. It seemed as if Yehudi Menuhin was more of a curiosity of the genus prodigy than the very real little boy of Institute days.

It was therefore with misgiving that I first accepted an invitation to luncheon. In the absence of Mrs. Menuhin, who was still in the hospital following an operation, Mr. Menuhin acted as able housekeeper in their apartment at the Hotel Colonial in 81st Street. He was busily preparing real home-made soup, chicken and other delicacies more wholesome than restaurant fare. "We prefer to picnic for the sake of privacy," he explained. Yehudi entertained by showing his treasures in the living-room.

"Mozart gave me that beautiful picture of him—

self," announced this lad aged all of ten, directing my attention to the well known picture of the boy Mozart tuning his violin.

"Who gave it to you?" I asked, thinking I had misunderstood him.

"Mozart!" the small host insisted. Then he burst into a ripple of laughter. After all, this was the same Yehudi as of yore, fun-loving and joyous. The realization came as a relief.

Most of the photographs bore interesting inscriptions. That of his violin teacher carried this message: "To dear Yehudi, hoping that he will one day develop into a great artist,—one who will prove to be not only the *master* but also the worthy *servant* of The Beautiful. With the love and admiration of his friend and teacher, Louis Persinger." That of Alfred Hertz was signed, "To dear Yehudi Menuhin in remembrance of the Tchaikovsky Concerto and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, November 16, 1926, with sincere wishes for a great carrière." Paul Paray, conductor of the Paris Symphony Orchestra had written: "Pour Yehudi Menuhin à qui je dois une des plus pures émotions de ma vie, (to whom I owe one of the purest emotions of my life) Paris, Février 1927." Another photograph was inscribed "To dear Yehudi, fiddler by the Grace of God, from his friend and admirer, Sam Franko."

"This is a good one," I exclaimed, laughing. Yehudi climbed up on a chair to see what I meant. There, on another picture of Mr. Persinger, were the words: "To Yehudi, the joy and despair of my life." The boy chuckled knowingly.

The books on piano and desk attracted my notice. A collection of Roumanian Fairy Tales was inscribed on the title page by Queen Marie. The Menuhins, following their sojourn in Paris, spent a summer in Roumania with Georges Enesco. While there, Queen Marie requested that the prodigy come to play for her. He did not go, however, as the parents decided it would be giving the child too much notice,—the same reason which made them decline several other royal invitations and the urgent request for Yehudi to play at the reception to Lindbergh in Paris. Before they left Roumania, however, the Queen came to see the Menuhins and stayed several hours.

An amusing story in this connection is to the effect that when Marie asked the boy why he had not come to see her, as all Americans had been so charming to her while in the United States, he replied that in her country she was the Queen "but in America every woman is a queen!"

"What sort of books do you like best?" I inquired.

"Good books," came the emphatic response.

"But do you prefer exciting stories?"

"I really don't know," he answered thoughtfully. "I love all books that are good." There were plenty in evidence,—The Arabian Nights, Les Misérables in the original French, Ruskin's Poems, Treasure Island, David Copperfield and several books on mathematics, history and grammar testifying to hours of academic study.

"Here is a letter Joachim wrote me," asserted the

imp with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, and giggled with delight when I looked at him reproachfully. This letter written by Joachim to a student of music on the subject of the Bach Chaconne,—that it should be played according to mood rather than rule—was the gift of a friend to Yehudi.

"Have you heard the story of Vieuxtemps and mood?" asked the little violinist. "He used to smoke a big cigar and hold it near the *f* holes of his violin so that when he played the Bach Chaconne he would smell the smoke and think of a cathedral!"

There were compositions written and dedicated to Yehudi by various musicians and a unique bronze plaque engraved in remembrance of his first concert in Paris, February 6, 1927, by the Orchestra Lamoureux. The members of this orchestra were so enthusiastic over the little American boy's performance of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" that they followed him all through the streets of Paris at the close of the concert.

Yehudi has two small sisters,—Hephzibah, quiet and gentle, and Yaltah, eager and vivacious,—both blonde and each in her own way possessed of as much personality and childish charm as their now famous brother. Yaltah and Yehudi, similar in temperament, are in frequent and amusing altercation. Instant and respectful obedience to the parents' wishes is a marked characteristic of each child.

As luncheon was ready the little ones were soon lined up on one side of the table, their three golden heads bent intently over bowls of soup. No wonder these children are healthy; each one drinks a quart and a half of milk daily. Yehudi loves milk and one day, when thirsty from walking and denied a drink, he came home and consumed all there was in the house!

He speaks slowly and enunciates clearly, never slurring a last syllable as do most Americans. His conversation is refreshingly devoid of the personal pronoun, I. He does not speak of his art or his concerts unless questioned, preferring to discuss such dissimilar topics as Wagner and his operas of which he is eager to hear more performances, dogs which he adores, some of the new scientific inventions (aeroplanes and television) which interest him, and anything with an element of humor in it. If one were to present a list of the things Yehudi likes best it would be a delightfully heterogeneous mixture such as this: Beethoven, Bach, and of course Handel, Haydn and Mozart; St. Bernard dogs; icy weather; the new Cadillac cars; French pastry; the measured tread of the knights in "Parsifal"; San Francisco; ice cream; playing ball and climbing rocks!

His daily routine is quite simple. He rises at seven and spends half an hour doing Swedish gymnastics which includes rolling on the floor to reduce, as his mother teases him about being chubby! It is this sturdy constitution which gave him the stamina to go through the taxing concert he gave here, however. Then follows breakfast and *what* an appetite, declares the father. From half past eight until half past eleven there are three hours of intense concen-

trated practice of the violin,—scales in thirds, the Tartini trill as a daily exercise, Paganini's Caprices, some review and some new work on concertos, etc. His instrument is a full-size Grancino and there are rumors of a Guarnerius to be given to him by a wealthy San Francisco friend. An approaching birthday celebration seems significant.

Practice is no hardship; he loves it and enjoys this part of the day more than any other. The parents are careful never to interrupt him. If it is found necessary to enter his room during these hours of practice Yehudi is too absorbed to notice anyone's presence, and if asked later what he had been playing at such a moment he looks genuinely astonished, saying, "But you are only fooling: you weren't in my room this morning."



Courtesy of the Literary Digest

Another famous "We"—The Boy and his Violin.

Three hours of this sort of concentrated study is equivalent to six hours of ordinary practice. Until he was seven years old the boy was allowed not more than an hour and a half of practice a day. When one recalls the program he played recently which would have staggered many veteran musicians, it is easy to believe that concentration is the secret of this child's tremendous accomplishment. His memory is prodigious. Once when Zimbalist was to hear him play, he memorized not one movement of

a new concerto as instructed by his teacher, but the entire composition. This was between a Wednesday and Saturday. Memorizing has already been accomplished automatically when he has worked out a piece to his musical satisfaction.

After a twelve o'clock lunch each day, three or four hours are spent in the open air hiking and climbing over the rocks. When I expressed concern at the danger to the hands of the violinist, the father told of an incident in San Francisco. Yehudi was trying to ride a new bicycle which had been given him. Alfred Hertz, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra of that city, saw him and remonstrated. "Don't you know that you might hurt your hand, Yehudi, and be prevented from playing at the next concert?" As music comes first in the affections of the boy, he is sweet about giving up the things which might be harmful.

In the late afternoon academic lessons occupy the time. Algebra is an intellectual adventure to him; all literature is a joy, from the wonderful Grimm's Fairy Tales to the poetry of the Bible which delights him. Everything is fun, in which connection Mr. Menuhin mentioned a recent occurrence. When Walter Damrosch heard that the boy intended to play Beethoven's famous concerto with the New York Symphony Orchestra, he reminded Yehudi that it was a difficult composition in which it was easy to make mistakes and as there would be many in the audience who knew the concerto, there might be adverse criticism hurtful to his career. The small violinist merely replied, "But I don't care about a career. I just want to have some fun playing with the orchestra." A good suggestion for fathers of other aspirants,—instead of worrying about a career for their young hopefuls, let them try to have all the fun they can in doing difficult things well.

Yehudi, who had been out of the room during the latter part of the conversation, returned waving a small object in silver foil. "A souvenir Strad for you," he cried. It was a cake of Czechoslovakian chocolate in the shape of a violin. That is one piece of candy I shall never eat! He presented also a photograph of himself smiling happily, which he had inscribed, "To my beloved teacher." He offered one of his precious books which he thought I might like to read and fruit to take home from a basket which had been sent him. His generous impulses seemed unending.

Mr. Menuhin announced it was time for a hike in the park, so the three children bundled themselves into leggings and warm wraps and were soon ready each with ball in hand. Yehudi's was a tennis ball which he exhibited with much pride, at the same time illustrating its bouncing superiority! Once inside the park he appointed himself "General," not of soldiers as he doesn't like armies, but of hikers. I, as guest, had the place of honor behind the "General," followed by the two little girls with the father bringing up the rear. The "General" taught us certain signals by which we were to be guided in turning to right or left, halting, or proceeding in line. Then off he started at a merry pace, leading the way up

steep rocky paths, more than I ever knew to exist in a well-mannered city park! The consuming ambition to seek and surmount difficulties climbing ever upward was as evident in his play as in his work. When his father finally besought him to take a more level, sedate trail the dejected "General" pronounced that "no fun."

It had been my duty during the walk to guide Yehudi across the various streets and roadways while Mr. Menuhin took care of the small sisters. To pilot one's self safely through New York City traffic is task enough, but to have a prodigy under one's protection is somewhat staggering. As the boy put his hand trustingly in mine I was suddenly conscious of what responsibility the mother and father of this child must feel at all times.

Huyler's was the last stage in our afternoon rambles and was the scene of an ice cream soda revel. Grave decisions had to be made as to flavors. Yehudi, of the "baffling maturity in music" was delightfully boyish in so serious a moment, wavering between pineapple, strawberry, cherry, peach and crushed raspberry, deciding on the last and further confusing a distressed waitress by requesting an unheard of addition of malted milk to his drink. This our hero called an "improvised soda" which he finished by deliberately and gleefully gurgling through a straw as his "solo" for the party.

Christmas Day it was my pleasure to attend the opera matinee with this interesting family. Their enthusiasm over "Hänsel and Gretel" was charming to witness. Yehudi, who had studied the score in preparation for the event, uttered many whispered exclamations such as: "Now they're going into the woods; here comes the Sandman; that's the witch; hear the cuckoo!" One of the little girls asked in bewilderment, "Yehudi, qu'est-ce que c'est cuckoo?" And with considerable indignation in regard to the Sandman, "C'est une *femme*." The sisters lapse more naturally into French than English, due no doubt to having lived in Paris at a receptive age. At the close of the opera their brother was busy enlightening them as to the mechanics of broomstick riding and the witch's probable release through a stage trap-door to escape actual burning in the oven! The second opera of the afternoon was "Cavalleria Rusticana" which, much to my surprise, held the attention of the youngsters quite as much as Humperdinck's lighter musical piece. A pair of opera-glasses, passed constantly from one to the other, furnished the children much entertainment throughout the afternoon. The little girls were a picture in Roumanian dress with tiny ermine muffs and neckpieces. How fortunate for Yehudi to have the companionship of these sisters. Perhaps they too will some day be famous! They are at present studying piano.

There were other delightful hours spent with these charming children, crowded with incidents which leave in the mind recollections of a boy energetically bowing an imaginary violin, the while carolling to "diddle, diddle, diddle," phrases from certain compositions and asking whether his companion remem-

bered the passages; of a boy, hand on hip, tripping merrily through the steps of either a Roumanian dance or a Highland fling; of a child's breathless excitement over a new bow just received as a surprise from his father. Gratitude seems to be an inherent trait as exemplified by his insistence upon seeing a certain prominent musician who had been helpful when needed and therefore not to be forgotten when his usefulness had ceased.

The same kind providence which instilled in Yehudi so much musical ability and power of interpretation of the beautiful, has given to his parents all the wisdom and nobility of character required by the sacred trust placed in their hands. They are gentle, cultured folk, of extraordinarily sane judgment and genuine modesty, determined against all odds to make the lad's life normal; to guard him from ruinous flattery and to refrain from exploiting him at any time. They welcome constructive criticism of the boy's playing because an article of that sort can be shown to him. All the newspaper effusions following his recent appearances on the concert stage are being kept in a locked brief case and will be given to him when he is twenty years old. At that time he will also acquire a voluminous scrapbook, full of other laudatory press notices and letters, which is now at the offices of Evans and Salter, his present concert managers.

For those who may not have read the newspaper articles containing biographical data, a few facts are appended. The child's father was born in the Ukraine and his mother in the Crimea; they came to this country when quite young and both before their marriage received degrees from New York University. Yehudi was born in New York but when less than a year old the family moved to California. Mr. Menuhin taught mathematics in a school near San Francisco and later became Superintendent of a group of private schools. Neither of the parents claim to be musical though Mrs. Menuhin plays the piano. Unable in those days to afford a nurse, they were forced to take the baby Yehudi with them to the concerts of the San Francisco Orchestra at which they were regular attendants.

The violin section of the orchestra chained the attention of the infant and he persisted in pointing his tiny finger at the concertmaster, Louis Persinger, the same who is today his music master. When able to make himself understood he begged for a fiddle, thus unconsciously planning his own destiny. He had learned to handle a bow by the time he was two years old and at four he began serious study. His first public appearance was at the age of five when he played the de Beriot Concerto No. 9 at a students' concert given by the Pacific Musical Society. When he was seven he appeared as soloist at one of the Young People's Concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The net receipts of his New York recital two years ago were, upon his return to the west, generously donated to the orchestra of his home city. Munificent offers are constantly being declined. Irrate managers, unwilling to see the wisdom of these refusals, attribute the attitude of the

Menuhins to arrogance. Some however, have been fair enough later to admit their mistake.

When the father was asked how it was possible to gauge development of a phenomenal talent in order not to overtax it, he shook his head. "Every problem is individual and must be solved accordingly. Use common sense and above all," he said with a smile, "take no one's advice!"



Yehudi Menuhin with Dorothy Crowthers, in whose classes he was a student.

Yehudi is never at a loss for an answer. There is a story particularly pleasing to the newspaper fraternity, about a lady, who, after one of his recitals, exclaimed effusively, "My dear child, you play better than Paganini!" "Oh! and have you heard Paganini?" replied Yehudi.

Mr. Persinger claims that anything once told to the boy never has to be repeated and is never forgotten. The study of Harmony begun at the Institute was continued in Paris under the guidance of Noel Gallon of the Conservatoire. It might interest Baton readers to know that one of Yehudi's last requests before leaving New York was that The Baton be sent to him regularly.

The Menuhins are proud to acknowledge that Yehudi is an American product. There is nothing to be gained by keeping him abroad for study so they are returning to San Francisco for the lad to be under the tutelage of Louis Persinger. The western city is surprised and delighted to find that the child, in whom it feels a sort of ownership, will continue to make his home there, instead of moving to New York as is customary with most who win fame.

He departed this week for San Francisco where the Mayor and a delegation of distinguished citizens were to welcome him to his home city. On January 22nd, in a concert especially arranged to take place on his eleventh birthday, Yehudi will play in the huge Exposition Civic Auditorium before a throng of 12,500.

Not until January, 1929, will he be heard here again in concert. At that time he will appear as soloist with the orchestras of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago, besides giving a recital in each of these cities. The intervening year will be spent in quiet study and the natural recreations of youth. In view of this safeguarding, one dares to hope that the artist who comes back to us will be the same lovable child, inevitably taller, but unchanged in simplicity of manner and buoyancy of spirit.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG SINGERS

By W. J. Henderson

(Dean of the New York Music Critics and Member of the Institute Faculty)

Mme. Schumann-Heink's career of more than fifty years should furnish a much-needed lesson to young singers, were it not true, as Mr. Edison not long ago remarked, that the young do not take advice. They know everything, and people who have lived through the experiences of sixty or seventy years of life can tell them nothing.

Because Mme. Schumann-Heink had learned the fundamental technic of vocal art, she was able to sing for fifty years. If she had set out with an insufficient equipment to bear the burdens of all her great operatic roles, she would not have lasted long enough to make her remarkable concert career.

What a pity we have learned so much about the tricks of publicity. Mme. Schumann-Heink made her own publicity by a display of Paganini feats of the voice. Today the young singer, half trained and unable to imitate Mme. Schumann-Heink, seeks for some scheme to get on the front page of a newspaper, which, of course, is not done by singing. Public interest, thus excited, is not directed at the vocal performance, but towards the extraneous matter. Why do not some of them try Ruth Eldering to the South Pole or being the first prima donna to swim to Honolulu? After accomplishing some such achievement a young woman should expect mobs to besiege opera houses just to see her. And very many of these young canaries should be seen and not heard.

If Mme. Schumann-Heink retires from the concert platform and the stage she may perhaps teach singing. The writer does not envy her the undertaking. The way she learned her art will not appeal to the glorious youth of the present. This is a get-rich-quick age. No one desires to prepare to sing fifty years.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, passing magnificently into the twilight of a life beautifully spent, must have in her heart a satisfaction which these cheap sensation mongers will never obtain, no matter how much money they amass. We have frequently quoted Philip Gilbert Hamerton's words: "You cannot put an artist's day into the life of any one but an artist."

What a lovely list of artist's days Mme. Schumann-Heink must have in her memory! As she passes majestically from the public gaze she may possibly murmur the words of the wise ruler of Israel: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

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A LOEB ANNIVERSARY

Activities of the Institute's Founder

The recent appearance of the two hundredth volume of the Loeb Classical Library coincides so nearly with the sixtieth birthday of the founder of that most notable of all recent classical publications that it is doubly an opportune occasion to congratulate Dr. Loeb.

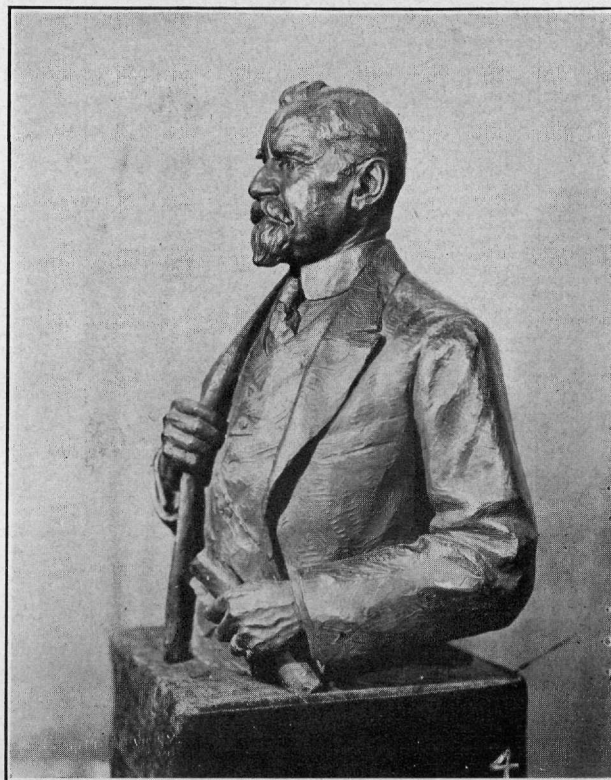
James Loeb retired in 1901 from the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. into practical philanthropy. In 1905 he founded and endowed the Institute of Musical Art in New York. He endowed a lectureship in the Archæological Institute of America as a memorial to his friend and teacher at Harvard University, Charles Eliot Norton, the first president of the Institute. He found time to translate and publish two French masterpieces, Decharme's work on Euripides and Croiset's book on Aristophanes. His private benefactions, especially since the war, have been innumerable, but, in the main, unknown to the public.

In 1912 Dr. Loeb set himself a task in which his heart lay, namely, "to make the beauty and learning, the philosophy and wit of the great writers of ancient Greece and Rome once more accessible by means of translations that are in themselves real pieces of literature." Such was the idea back of the endowment that began soon to produce the Loeb Classical Library, a series which includes, or is to include, all that is of value and of interest in Greek and Latin literature, from the time of Homer to the fall of Constantinople. Now the two hundredth volume of that splendid series appears. Several "stately and inimitable translations, classics of the English language," have been kept, but most of the translations have been newly made by the best of our scholars in Canada, Great Britain and the United States. This library constitutes a uniform series of the best texts, carefully edited, excellently translated and well printed. Such an undertaking alone is a great life work.

AN INSTITUTE CELEBRATION

The new oil portrait of James Loeb, now hanging in the reception room, is a gift of Mrs. Jacob Schiff, Mrs. Isaac Seligman and Mrs. Paul Warburg, sisters of Mr. Loeb. It was painted this year by W. A. Hildenbrandt, in Munich.

"Far from Home," the oil painting by Bouguereau, representing two youthful musicians in the Piazza di Spagna, Rome, has been placed in the reception room.



Dr. Frank Damrosch, "The Soul of the Institute," perpetuated in bronze by Malvina Hoffman.

New furniture, new lamp and side-lights, woodwork of paler color, black marble mantelpiece and floor in effective contrast to decorative touches of brilliant red, give the reception room new glory. The occasion is the sixtieth birthday of the Institute's founder, James Loeb, and the annual celebration, at a concert in the Recital Hall, January 16th, of the birthday of his mother in whose name the Institute was endowed.

YOSHIE FUZAWA

It is with great sorrow that we inform our readers of the death of Yoshie Fuzawa. On November 20th word was received from the principal of the Mary L. Colby School in Yokohama, Japan, that Miss Fuzawa had died on November 8th after an illness of five months. She had been a student of Mrs. Fyffe's at the Institute for several years and after her return to Japan she taught in the Colby School. Her sweet and lovable personality endeared her to all with whom she came in contact and this sad news will be a shock to her many friends.

MUSIC IN THE COLLEGE

By Frank Damrosch

(Dean of the Institute of Musical Art)

IT has been said that man (and therefore woman) cannot live by bread alone, by which is meant that he requires something besides mere material sustenance. His soul must be nourished as well as his body and this nourishment should be a varied diet consisting not only of the meat of religion, but also of the pleasant fruits of great literature, the fine arts and music.

The commonly accepted interpretation of the word Education is the training of the mind and of the body. The spiritual development is assigned either to religious influences, to special study of the fine arts, to life experience or—to chance. But should not the true education include everything that makes the coming man grow to the fulness of his powers, be they great or little? Should not the school offer as carefully considered and prepared courses for the awakening of the inner life, the spirit, as it does for the mind in its academic curricula and for the body in its gymnasiums?

Surely the spirit—the soul—is of greater importance than the perishable body which includes the perishable mind unless that mind is illuminated by the imperishable spirit.

Until quite recent times the various functions of education were kept strictly apart. There were schools, colleges and universities which devoted themselves chiefly to academic and physical training with religious, usually doctrinal, teaching sometimes included in the curriculum. But doctrine is only the vessel which contains the true spirit of religion and it does not inspire or feed the soul's longing for uplift. Consequently this education omitted the very influences which could have imbued the students' development with the zest and ardor without which all labor is a burden instead of a joy. For again, it is the spirit that urges man to do his best work, not the fear of the teacher's censure, the school's discipline, the dread of examinations.

In recognition of these facts educational institutions have in recent times found it necessary to bring the arts into association with the academic work and in some instances notable results have been achieved. I believe, however, that the best use of these media of culture has not yet been developed in most of our colleges and it is this particular aspect of the matter which I would like to discuss.

In order that music (and what I say about music may apply to other arts) may become an integral part of college education it should be so planned that its influence reaches not only those who are musically gifted but *the entire student body*.

The main objective should be to acquaint all students with the best in music, from the folk-song to the works of the great masters; to point out the aesthetic principles which govern the various forms of musical composition and to outline the history of the art and the lives of its most famous exponents.

Just as every one should know something of the art of Michel Angelo, Rafael, Rembrandt, Van Dyck,

etc., or the writings of Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, etc., so the names of Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Brahms, Wagner and many others should be associated with the best examples of their works.

For it is acquaintance with their *music*, not the spelling of their names nor the dates of birth and death, which matters. Formerly it was difficult to get this acquaintance except by students in large cities with opportunities to hear symphony concerts, operas and recitals of all kinds, but today one can hear the best music performed by great artists reproduced by various mechanical devices such as the Victrola, the Welte-Mignon, the Duo-Art and the marvelous Radio which brings a symphony concert in New York to the shepherd's hut on the vast and lonely plains of Saskatchewan.

The hearing of each musical composition would give the instructor the opportunity to make it the basis of valuable information as to form and content, its composer's life and the general character of his works.

So much for general musical culture.

In addition, students might be encouraged to sing in mass choruses, using the folk-songs of all nations in unison, two-part or three-part arrangements. Practically all students could take part in this exercise as it requires no special musical gifts and the results of such mass singing under a competent instructor can be of great impressiveness and even of high artistic quality. Of course, the ordinary, so called Community Singing leader's methods would be out of place. In this way all students, no matter what academic course they may pursue, would come under the cultural influence of music.

And now we must face the question as to whether the college, primarily an academic institution, should also undertake the musical training of those who think they have special musical gifts.

In my opinion this may be done without loss of efficiency in the academic work under certain conditions, namely, if this musical training is kept separate as an art education, and as such does not follow the lines of the academic regulations. A student in Latin, mathematics or history can be expected with due application to cover a prescribed amount of work in so many semester hours and pass examinations which measure fairly accurately the amount of his knowledge. This is not the case in the study of art. The student may play a given composition correctly as regards notes and phrasing and yet fail to render its spirit either because of immaturity or lack of the imaginative quality which must be present in all art. Is he to be judged by the faithful observance of the required number of semester hours of attendance, of so many hours conscientious practice, the mechanically correct playing? If so, the credits allowed for such work are a farce as to measuring his real musical capacity. And

yet the poor student will expect this recognition, for he has faithfully tried to earn two or four points towards his degree. And that is where the shoe pinches. In other words, can any students majoring in music towards an A. B. degree hope to reach the artistic standard worthy of an academic degree after devoting only ten hours of practice a week on his instrument? We find that from twenty-five to thirty hours are needed by our Institute students to earn our Certificate of Graduation.

It is difficult to combine academic training and art training and do justice to both. An academic course of four years toward a bachelor's degree can be definitely prescribed and a good student can easily earn this degree; but in music one cannot measure progress by the computation of semester hours nor by the mechanics of performance.

I am heartily in favor of departments of music in colleges, but they should not be run on academic lines. There should be no credits towards an academic degree. Let those who want to major in practical music attend the regular music department, adding such academic courses as may be necessary to their mental and cultural development. Let the diploma of the music department certify to the graduate's musical qualifications, but do not mix an art training with the academic towards a degree.

Music, as a cultural subject has its proper place in the general academic curriculum of a college in the manner I have outlined; but it is out of place there as a special study towards professional use and standing. This should be done in a special school, having its own atmosphere, its own ideals, its own methods of measuring the quantity and quality of the students' work.

In this way the music department and other art departments would be the younger sisters of the academic department, the older and wiser sister. The former may be the more beautiful daughters of the *Alma Mater*, the college, but they need the older sister to stimulate them to serious work.

In this way the standard of the academic degree would not be lowered, the art education of the talented musician would be benefited and intensified and as for the reward, the rose is as sweet whether it be called "degree" or "diploma."

I believe that music should be part of each individual's life as a precious relief from drudgery and cares. It gives wings to the spirit and enables it to soar above the sordid realities of life into realms of thought and feeling.

To attain this result it is not necessary to be a trained musician but it is desirable that one should be a trained listener and therefore the college should teach *all* its students how to listen to music with all that this implies.

Richard Rodgers, formerly a student of theory at the Institute and now familiar to theatre-goers as composer of the scores of "A Connecticut Yankee," "Peggy-Ann" and others, alleges to know a man who awoke on New Year's Day, still a bit dizzy from a dizziness that had come upon him the night before, and looked over the edge of his bed to see a cat walk into the room. "You would," said the man to the cat, in a dour voice, "come in here and stamp your feet!"

SOME INTERESTING FACTS

Do you know which department is the largest in the school? How many students there are all together? How many students have come from other countries to study here? What they do in the Preparatory Centres? Here are a few facts!

The total number of students is 1,040. The Piano Department is the largest, having 419 students. The Violin and String Department comes next with 225. There are 123 in the Singing Course, 61 in the Supervisors' Course, 40 in the Orchestral, and 28 in the Organ. The balance are in the Theory Department or do special work.

There are fourteen students who are visiting us from foreign countries. They include four from Canada, three from China, and one from each of the following: Palestine; Trinidad, B. W. I.; Esthonia; Finland; Hawaii; Jerusalem and Armenia.



One of the Dears in Keyboard Harmony Class

In the Preparatory Centres there are 275 children ranging in age from 5 years to 15. There are 26 centres located in 12 different places. Classes are held at the Institute every Saturday morning from 9 to 12 when all the children come for Theory, Eurythmics and Choral Singing. There is a Toy Orchestra and also a Preparatory Centre Orchestra conducted by Mr. Bostelmann.

The Violinist's Daily Technical Half Hour

By Louis J. Bostelmann
(Member of the Institute Faculty)

This book was written for the busy teacher, the serious student and the advanced amateur. It contains twelve short studies covering the important principles of violin technic, and its daily use will enable those whose time is limited to develop and retain their technic with a single practice period of thirty minutes or less.

"The Violinist's Daily Technical Half Hour" should prove invaluable to students concentrating upon a definite lesson; by its use they may systematically review the essential elements of technic which they have previously studied.

Scales, thirds, sixths, octaves, tenths, etc., combined with varied bowings, require daily practice, which can only be carried out by using concise and carefully planned studies which, like these, have been specially written for the purpose.

The reading of the short comments and directions preceding each number will at once make the value of the book apparent.

TOOTING OUR OWN HORN

Interviews with the following Members of our Faculty

By Murray Paret

(Grade III—Organ Department)

Elenore Altman
Samuel GardnerElizabeth Harris
Sascha Jacobsen

William Kroll

Arthur Lora
Belle SoudantHelen Whiley
George Wedge

Interviewing twenty-four teachers the week before Christmas is no joke! How they *love* to be stopped, asked questions, made to talk—just as a real vacation is about to begin. And how elusive they are!

Why should we interview twenty-four teachers? Because these twenty-four grew up as part of the Institute, studied here, and then became teachers. Isn't it thrilling to realize that some of our illustrious faculty once learned the same lessons we are now learning? That this one, or that one, once studied with the same piano or singing teacher with whom we are now studying? Some of these teachers have gone out and taught in other places, some have become known in the concert field, some have composed, and still others have just stayed home and taught here. But where? And when? And what? Determined to find out all the details I set forth on my interviewing campaign.

MR. SAMUEL GARDNER was one of the first to submit to cross-examination. He studied with Mr. Kneisel and graduated from the Regular Violin Course, the Artists' Course, and received the Certificate for Practical Composition. He shared the Morris Loeb prize with Miss Mary Blue. He started to study trumpet but after four lessons decided that the violin was his forte. "My first wonderful experience took place the year after I left the Institute. On August 1st, 1914, the war broke out and I was in New York getting ready for military training. Spirits were low. Suddenly one morning a telegram came from my teacher, Kneisel, from Blue Hill, Maine. It read, 'Come at once to join my quartet—Kneisel.' You can imagine a youngster receiving orders like that! Within thirty-six hours I was seated opposite the great Kneisel, deeply engrossed in the wonderful Schumann A major quartet. Mr. Hans Letz, the regular second violinist of the quartet, was caught in Europe and could not get back, so for six months I had a glimpse into as wonderful a musical experience as anyone could be privileged to have. It left its mark. I don't ever expect to have another like it. Such great desire for perfection does not often exist in ensembles." After that there came many and different kinds of experiences. Mr. Gardner played for a year with the Chicago Symphony, appearing as soloist six times. In 1918 his first string quartet won the Columbia University Pulitzer prize of \$1,500, followed shortly afterward by a prize of \$500 for an orchestral thesis. He appeared with the Philadelphia Orchestra as violinist, composer and conductor, then toured the country obtaining much inspiration in the Arizona desert and mountains and the Grand Canyon. After that he toured Europe, and then returned to do concert work in this country. He was guest teacher at Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon. During the last year Mr. Gardner

has given two recitals in Carnegie Hall and had many new compositions published.

I then pursued MR. SASCHA JACOBSEN and at last got this information from him. He came from Russia when he was eleven years old and joined the class of Franz Kneisel. He received the Artists' Diploma and the Loeb Prize of \$1,000. Since his debut in 1915 he has toured the country extensively, giving recitals and appearing with principal orchestras including the New York Symphony, the Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Symphony. Since last season he has devoted part of the time to chamber music, being first violinist of the Musical Art Quartet. He introduced the Quartet and Sonata for Violin, Piano and Drum, by Antheil, which created great excitement last season.

And now I will tell you one of MR. WILLIAM KROLL's big secrets! He was one of the elusive ones—one who did not want to be interviewed. But there is always a way! When he was a boy he went to Germany, where he studied at the Royal High School under Marteau, then returned to this country and while finishing his academic work he gave two recitals in Aeolian Hall and one at the McAlpin. He met Kneisel and soon afterward joined his class. Since he graduated from the Institute with the Artists' Diploma and the Loeb Prize of \$1,000. He has devoted most of his time to chamber music being a member of The South Mountain Quartet. He has had several compositions published. I know he told the Editor that he was proud to be a member of the Institute faculty and that he enjoyed teaching—when the pupils practiced! He married a former Institute student.

As this ended the Violin Department, I turned to the Orchestra to find what teachers preceded us as students. Only MR. ARTHUR LORA. I was beginning to think, even if it was hard work trying to catch these teachers that at least I was being repaid for my trouble by the interesting things they told me! Mr. Lora received our Artists' Diploma in Flute. "I played in the Berkshire Chamber Music Festival, the wood-wind quintet members being leading players of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic. Several concerts of the International Composers' Guild with Varese, Klemperer, etc. Solo and obbligato flutist with many singers. I have been asked to play on January 15th a Ravel program with Maurice Ravel, Salzedo, Greta Torpadie, etc., etc. Last August I married Alyce Lambrix, a pupil at the Institute."

In the Piano Department, the first one with whom I talked was MISS ELENORE ALTMAN. She has been with the Institute ever since it was founded! While she was studying music in Vienna, she heard of the fine new school which Dr. Damrosch was starting in America, so she came here and—"When

I played for Dr. Damrosch, he looked kind and said in a saddish voice, 'Well you know it isn't perfect.' What a phrase! How many variations on that theme have I heard since then? In all moods, all tempos—Allegro—Furioso—FF—and the PP—whispering behind me." Miss Altman studied six years here under Mr. Stojowski, receiving the Regular Piano Diploma, and the Artists' Diploma. She made her debut shortly after that in the Belasco Theatre and then went to Europe for concert work. The World War broke out while she was in Switzerland so she remained there for eight months, taking some lessons from Paderewski. The next year she returned to the Institute to teach, where she has been ever since, teaching and doing concert work. She was born in Galatz, Roumania.

After much waiting, following and telephoning, I finally caught MRS. ELIZABETH HARRIS. She is always very busy, and she was especially so at this time with the Preparatory Centre Christmas Recital. Tupelo, Mississippi, is her home. Mrs. Harris studied piano in Berlin with Heinrich Barth and then came to the Institute. Here she studied with Miss Michelson and took her diploma in the Regular Piano Course. In Mississippi she had a school of 150 pupils, before she came to New York to teach. "While teaching piano I tried to learn to play the violin, but after two months I gave it up as a hopeless job!" Mrs. Harris has written a book entitled "Learning to Listen" which is to appear very soon. "But the Preparatory Centre keeps one so busy that there isn't even time to think what one does with oneself!"

As most of our Theory teachers were once students here, I now had before me the largest group to interview.

"Why, certainly," said MISS BELLE SOUDANT when I asked her for an interview. "I graduated in both Regular and Teachers' Course in the Vocal Department, and also in the Regular Piano Course. I put in my first two years at the I. M. A. studying voice under Mme. von Niessen-Stone. She invited me to spend a year in Europe, living with her, and being her accompanist—also her assistant teacher. This was before the war and I remember many happy times spent with the young officers of the Bavarian army. I did a lot of professional accompanying and teaching. I taught at Centenary Collegiate Institute for Girls in New Jersey, was head of the music department at Hamilton Institute for Girls in New York, and also taught at Smith College. I had the great pleasure of being one of the soloists at the Madison Avenue Methodist Church under Mr. Wedge. The rest of the time I have been busy teaching at the Institute. Oh, yes, I come from Collinsville, Conn."

And now to interview MR. GEORGE WEDGE! I entered his office with my paper and pencil and waited for a nod of approval. And what a shower of facts came forth! Places upon places where he had taught, played, conducted, etc.! First of all, he came from Danbury, Conn., and entered the Regular Organ Course, in which he graduated under Mr. Gaston Dethier. Then he graduated from the

Regular Piano Course, also under Mr. Dethier. He studied Theory under Daniel Gregory Mason and Percy Goetschius, and took the Certificate for Practical Composition. Besides his regular work he studied Diction under Mme. Baldwin and German under Miss Firgau. For thirteen years he was organist at the Madison Avenue Methodist Church. He was also accompanist seven years for the Musical Art Society of which Dr. Damrosch was the director. He taught at the Settlement School in Philadelphia and then at the Curtis Institute; at New York University Summer School for nine years, being director the last year; at Columbia for two years; Theory and Lectures at the Witherspoon Studios for eight years; and was in charge of the assembly at St. Agatha's School for six years. We all know of his musical writings—many songs, four famous text books and many articles for magazines.

Elusive of the elusive, MISS HELEN WHILEY! Just try to interview her! But she *did* study at the Institute once,—studied violin. A graduate of Vassar, she came to New York for further instruction and found that ears are very important appendages in connection with music! Consequently she has devoted herself to teaching ear-training here.

In the February issue of The Baton:

Louis Bostelmann	Ada Fisher	Beatrice Schneider
Lilian Carpenter	Conrad Held	Constance Seeger
Dorothy Crowthers	Lillian Kempton	Henry Sieger
Richard Donovan	Karl Kraeuter	Ruth Stewart
Lucia Dunham	Howard Murphy	Howard Talley

HARMONY IN THE SUBWAY

As I sat near the rear door of the end car on a downtown train last Sunday morning I was aware of a new vibration, an additional sound rising above the usual din of the subway. The tremor seemed to come from the rear vestibule. Above the shrieks of the brakes and the whirr of the wind as the train roared through the cavern there came a distinctly musical note, a whole gamut of notes, in sharps and flats, and "oooo's," "aaaaah's" "eeee's" and humming sounds and gurgles.

Curious, I peered out, to see a young man standing with his back to the doorway, singing the scales out into the receding darkness. He took a high G on "la-la-lah" as the train pulled in toward Thirty-third Street. He subsided at the station, but resumed his vocalizing when the train pulled out. When the rumble and roar and whirr of the subway was the loudest he sent out the clear, clarion tones of a well-known anthem. It rang out true and lovely.

At Fourteenth Street he hurried through the car. He had his music roll under his arm. He was red in the face, flushed from his exercise, or blushing perhaps lest he had been overheard.

Who would dream of the noisy subway as a haven for songbirds denied the privileges of vocalizing within the cardboard walls of New York city apartment or boarding houses?

A clipping contributed by Belle Soudant and endorsed by her as an excellent way to practice Sight-singing!

CONFESSIONS OF AN ALUMNUS

The Tender Hour

By Joseph Machlis

(Grade VI—Piano Department)

A BRIGHT expanse of wall stretched away from the four sides of the picture frame, which was mahogany, shiny and new. And which enclosed, more pleasing to my eye than any rare portrait, a smiling white document. Lovingly I read, the while I lingered with pleasure on each syllable, "Teacher's Diploma." Driven into the ghastly past were the nightmare monsters of my student years, the drudge courses, the worrisome exams. Happily gone. For now I was finished, graduated, commenced. Let the world come, in the shape of hopeful mammas, sweet little boys, darling little girls, all bright and keen-eyed,—imbued with a desire to be led and educated; I, the Guide and Teacher,—all thirsty to taste of the nectarine fountain of the Muses; I, the soda-dispenser.

Into the soft dreaminess of my reverie tore, clashed and jangled the telephone bell. "Hello—piano teacher—recommended to me by . . . you see, it's this way." I was happy and flushed as I hung up the receiver. I was to give my first lesson to Kenneth, one and only young hopeful of Mrs. Melissa Bunnet. Three o'clock—till four, or say four-fifteen (being a first lesson, it might take a bit longer), which would still leave me time to meet an urgent five o'clock appointment.



From the Musical Digest

Mrs. Melissa Bunnet.

What would I say, and do? Laboriously I coned my note-books, bursting with toilsomely-acquired wisdom. "The Psychology of Teaching," "The Philosophy of Pedagogy," "Intimate Psycho-Analyses of the Most Successful Music-Teachers of the 19th Century," and last, but greatest, "The Gentle Art of Teaching."

The hours of the morning dragged interminably. I dressed with meticulous dignity, a cross between Jeritza and Prof. William Lyon Phelps.

For the tenth time, I adjusted my cravat; for the twelfth time, I repeated to myself the cardinal principle of the "Philosophy of Pedagogy"—*Don't be yourself—it won't do any good*,—clenched my teeth, fixed upon my face what I supposed to be a charming smile, counted three by the village clock, and rang Mrs. Melissa Bunnet's bell.

"Come right in, no, not this way, right here, Mr.

. . . . what is your name, I've forgotten it again, my memory's been positively dreadful since that attack of lumbago I had two years ago, no, it was one and a half, I've never been the same again, as I often say to Henry, but men are so unfeeling; Kenneth, Kenneth darling, come right over here; he's so sensitive, the dear, as most children with imagination, no—much more than other children, really. Kenneth! . . .," she repeated, displaying, like most women whose offspring have names of two syllables, a most astonishing swoop of sudden coloratura soprano, with a slight sprinkling of husky baritone, on the second syllable.

From the shadows of the little parlor in which I now found myself, every cubic inch of which seemed to be filled with padded sofa, stuffed easy-chair, fat cushion, or cozy foot-rest,—emerged, heaved and oozed the very incarnation of that little parlor. It was padded, soft, fat and cozy. You could even call it chubby. It was at that terrible adolescent stage when boys sprout unexpected bass voices, shyness, pimples, self-consciousness and shiny forehead. Yet it seemed not so shy or self-conscious as indifferent, apathetic, sleepily calm. Its eyes meandered up to mine, filled with many yawns. Then it sat down at the piano.

I tried to look encouraging, and encouraged; the second was a bit harder. In the nick of time I recalled principle No. 2 from the "Gentle Art of Teaching,"—*Gain the confidence of your pupil*, and cooed lovingly "Well, well, well," apropos of nothing at all. Next came to my mind principle No. 3, of the "Psychology of Teaching,"—*Find out whether your pupil has a past*,—(a musical past, of course). I ventured optimistically, "Could you tell me, Kenneth, how long you've been studying; or perhaps, you could play something for me?"

Kenneth, who had hunched himself into a rotund mass, lifted temporarily one of his half-closed eyes, peered in my direction for a moment, then, as though the sustained effort of holding his eyelid up were too much for him, looked down again. Before I had time to wonder whether he was intending to answer, Mrs. Bunnet's voice shot at me, like Hagen's treacherous spear, from the back. I turned round, and perceived that she had ensconced herself in one of the easy-chairs, a little cushion behind her head, a foot-rest beneath her feet. She rocked herself slightly as she spoke. Her voice had that incisive grating monotonous insistence of which the Southerner accuses the New Englander, and the New Englander the man of the West. It went on and on, that voice, adenoidal and persistent, like the Voice of the Fates.

". . . you see, it's this way . . . Kenneth really hasn't had the right teaching, and not the right encouragement either, his first teacher wasn't very good, a good soul, poor woman, her husband ran off

to Mexico with . . . people said all sorts of things, if one were to believe everything one heard, at which she took to teaching, but she didn't really know much about it. His next teacher was a lovely old man, Kenneth was getting along very nicely with him, but he died, caught pneumonia. Then, he had a young teacher, who came only five times, he looked at the clock to see whether the hour was up, and if there's anything I can't stand, it's a teacher who looks at the clock. I didn't like the one after that either, she kept him for four months on the 'Maiden's Prayer,' until I was ready to scream every time I heard it, that was when I had my nervous breakdown, two and a half years ago, no, it was two years ago, and as I've always said to Henry I'm positive that was one of the causes, but he says. . . . Men are so unfeeling, really. I'm sure he doesn't understand me, and that I really am a very. . . ."

I smiled sympathetically, half-apologizing for her in a rather vague way. And, recollecting principle No. 4 from the "Psycho-Analyses of Successful Teachers,"—*Draw your pupil out*, addressed myself to the mass on the piano stool, "Do you like to play, Kenneth? What music are you most fond of, Kenneth?"

Again, it raised one eye towards me, turned it in the direction of its mother, and then relapsed into stoic immobility. Again that voice hit at my vulnerable spot. ". . . you see, it's this way . . . Kenneth is very fond of music, besides, I've set my heart on his playing, I really think he has a lot in him, of course I don't expect him to be a genius, you know, but he's so sensitive, he's been a bit slow, but that's because I was obliged to change teachers so frequently, you see, I simply can't be pleased with just anybody, like so many mothers who don't know, and other mothers who simply don't care, I'm making great sacrifices to have Kenneth play, as I often tell Henry, but he always says . . . he really doesn't understand me . . . men are so . . . you see, when I was young. . . ." I deftly insinuated my voice into the breach, slightly frantic, again addressing Kenneth, determined this time to do or kill.

He stumbled through a "Simplified Arrangement of Ave Maria," while the village bell tolled gently the passing of the fourth hour. Or, maybe it was the clock in the next room. At four-thirty, Mrs. Bunnet was telling me why she had decided to give up a career for the home, and how her first nervous breakdown had come about. At five bells, she was deep in a recital of why her husband didn't really understand her, and of the third attack of lumbago coming upon the heels of the fourth nervous breakdown. I was slightly dazed, the overheated stuffy parlor was revolving about me. I was groping, and bidding adieu to a fleeting recollection of having had a most urgent appointment at five. At five-thirty, Kenneth was copying down the list of music he was to study, and I was trying to explain something or other. At six, I was standing, hat in one hand, the other on the door-knob, to keep me from reeling to the floor, and Mrs. Melissa Bunnet was just launching into an account of how she had discovered

the first signs of musical sensitiveness in Kenneth darling,—(the dear was still hunched on the stool, having relapsed into sleep while I was explaining to him how lovely it was to know how to play a C Major Scale,—did not the Spheres sing together at Creation, in C Major Scales?) but that I would have to proceed very, very carefully, because he was so . . . so . . . sensitive. And also why she never really could stand a teacher who looked at the clock, because, after all. . . .

At six-thirty, I staggered into the cold bleak night. She had finally remembered that Henry was due at seven, and here she had been so busy all afternoon, she had quite forgotten to prepare the lamb chops. She ran to phone for two cans of Vegetable Soup, and one can of Boned Chicken, Ready-To-Eat. In that interim, I achieved my hasty getaway.

The night was a crystalline pattern of purity, in which my feverish eyes saw strange antics. A sleeping hulk of flesh had sat down on a fragile white smiling document, which bore the ancient inscription, "Teacher's Diploma." And as he crushed it beneath him, a factory whistle blew hard into the distances of the burin-etched stars, shrieking, "So Sensitive!"

EPILOGUE

In the collected correspondence of our Author, I came upon the following note: "My dear Mr. . . . , I am sorry to be obliged to inform you that I have decided to discontinue Kenneth's lessons. You really don't understand the child, and besides" here, a word is indistinct on the faded yellowed paper; a round blot; like a tear of sorrow, or of joy.

NEXT INSTALMENT: *Fantasie-Fontainebleau*. (Almost a love-story, though a bit diluted.) In the February issue of *The Baton*.

WINTER DAWN

By Edna Bockstein

(Grade II—Piano Department)

Dawn rushed forth, shrieking along the sky,
His gusty garments lashed, and flung, and beat
A dead old blueness down upon the street;
His hoarse voice cracked a swift crescendo cry.

With blade of steel he slashed a million scars
Across the hilltops shrunk in shriveled fright,
His windy fingers, restless for the light,
Put out the sputtering candles of the stars.

LESSENING THE BLOW

(*The Baton* has decided to adopt this method in returning manuscript!)

A writer submitted a manuscript to a firm of Chinese publishers in Hong Kong, and received the following letter covering its return:—

"We read your manuscript with boundless delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors we swear that we have never dipped into a book of such overwhelming mastery. If we were to publish this book it would be impossible in the future to issue any book of a lower standard.

"As it is unthinkable that within the next ten thousand years we shall find its equal, we are, to our great regret, compelled to return this too divine work and beg you a thousand times to forgive our action."

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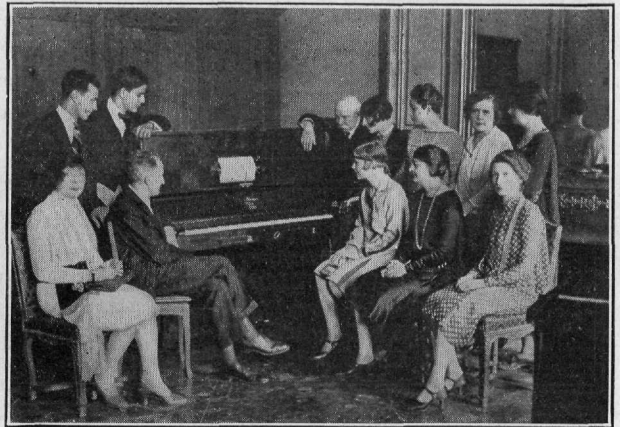
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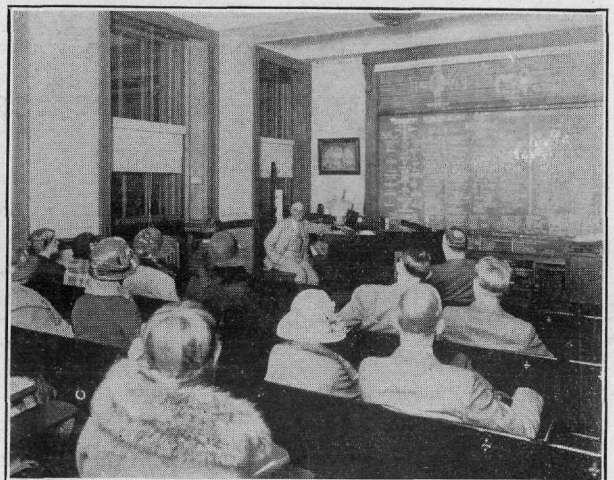
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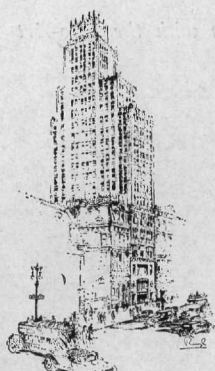
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