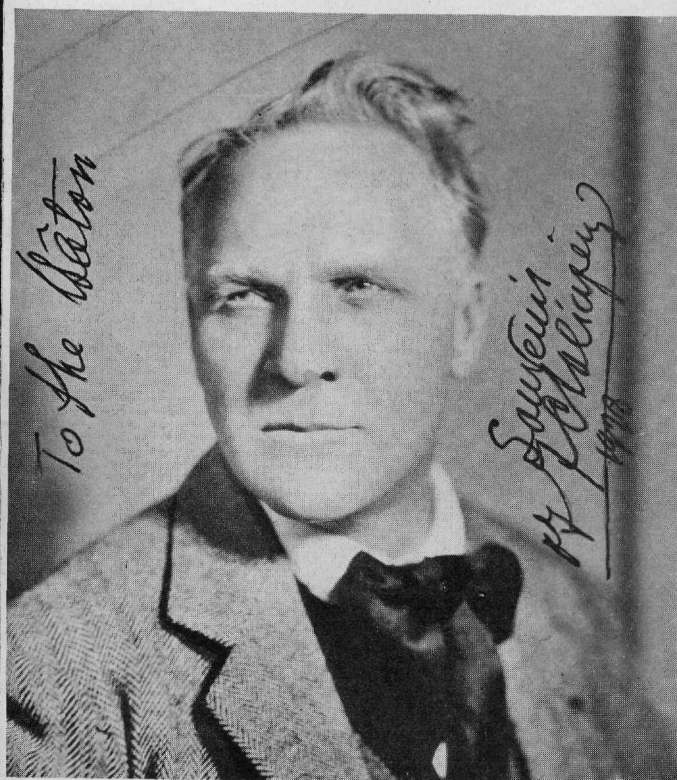


# The Baton

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



*"To The Baton,  
Souvenir of F. Chaliapine"*

THE YOUNG CHALIAPINE  
His Story

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE  
A Damrosch Celebration

FANTASIE-FONTAINEBLEAU  
A Diluted Love Story

THE TRAVEL BLUES  
A Solution

TOOTING OUR OWN HORN  
More Interviews with The Faculty

Vol. VII, No. 4

February, 1928

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*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.*

**OLIVER DENTON:** Piano Recital (Town Hall, February 7th, evening). Member of the Piano Faculty of the Institute.

**ALTON JONES:** Piano Recital (Town Hall, February 16th, evening). Artist graduate of the Institute and associate teacher in the Piano Department.

**MINNA KROKOWSKY:** Violin Recital (Steinway Hall, February 17th, evening). Graduate of the Institute where she studied with Franz Kneisel.

**KATHERINE BACON:** Piano Recital (Town Hall, February 25th, afternoon). Received the Artists' Diploma at the Institute.

**JULIAN KAHN:** 'Cello Recital (Town Hall, February 27th, evening). Artist graduate of the Institute.

**ELSHUCO TRIO:** Chamber Music Concert (Engineering Auditorium, February 29th, evening). The trio comprises Willem Willeke, William Kroll (both members of the Institute Faculty), and Aurelio Giorni.

**ERNEST HUTCHESON,** Dean of the Graduate School of the Juilliard School of Music, appeared in a piano recital with Guy Maier and Lee Patison, on January 27th.

**BERNARD OCKO,** artist graduate of the Institute, appeared in a recent recital with Maria Jeritza at the Hotel Plaza.

### AT HOME

**CONRAD HELD** accompanied by **CARROLL HOLLISTER** gave a recital at the Institute, January 24th. Mr. Held is an artist graduate of the Institute and a member of the Violin Faculty. Mr. Hollister is an Institute graduate.

**GEORGE BOYLE** of the Institute Faculty gave a piano recital at the Institute, January 31st.

**GEORGE FLEMING HOUSTON,** a graduate of the Institute where he was a pupil of Gardner Lamson, will give a song recital at the Institute the evening of February 29th. Mr. Houston is a member of the American Opera Company and has received very laudatory comment from the New York music critics for his recent performances at the Gallo Theatre.

**ORCHESTRAL CONCERT:** The fifteenth Annual Public Concert given by the Institute of Musical Art, will take place February 22nd, at 8:15 in the McMillin Theatre of Columbia University. The program appears on page 8.

### AND DON'T OVERLOOK

**IN OPERAS:** "The King's Henchman" by the American composer, Deems Taylor. Lawrence Tibbett and Edward Johnson give magnificent impersonations of the King and his Henchman. Rimsky-Korsakoff's fantastic and exquisite "Coq d'Or" newly revived this month in a double bill with "Madonna Imperia" by Alfano, who completed the score of Puccini's "Turandot"; Debussy's superb setting of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" and Montemezzi's beautiful score of Benelli's highly dramatic "L'Amore dei Tre Re." The art of Edward Johnson as a singing actor of superlative quality is an indispensable element in the full enjoyment of the last two operas. And, —do not miss the performances of the Annual Wagner Matinée Cycle: "Tannhäuser," February 15th; "Das Rheingold," February 24th; "Die Walküre," March 1st, "Siegfried," March 7th; "Götterdämmerung," March 16th; "Die Meistersinger," March 22nd; "Tristan und Isolde," March 29th. Gertrude Kappel is a truly great artist in Wagnerian rôles; Michael Bohnen and Friedrich Schorr give memorable performances.

**IN ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS:** (At Carnegie and Mecca Halls and the Metropolitan Opera House.) New York Symphony conducted by Walter Damrosch, February 10th and 11th, with Dusolina Giannini, soloist; 12th with Vladimir Horowitz as soloist; 16th and 19th with Harold Bauer, soloist; 23rd and 26th, Rudolph Laubenthal as soloist. Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini, February 4th, 5th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 23rd, 24th, 27th. No soloists have been announced as yet. Philadelphia Orchestra, February 7th and 21st, conducted by Pierre Monteux. Boston Symphony Orchestra, February 2nd and 4th, conducted by Serge Koussevitsky.



(Courtesy of the Musical Digest.)

*A guest conductor's lot is not a happy one.*

**IN RECITALS:** Vocal—Dusolina Giannini, Carnegie Hall, February 1st, evening; Feodor Chaliapine, Carnegie Hall, February 15th, evening; Violin—Fritz Kreisler, February 3rd, evening, Carnegie Hall; Piano—Walter Gieseking, Carnegie Hall, February 12th, evening; Sergei Rachmaninoff, Carnegie Hall, February 18th, afternoon; Benno Moiseiwitsch, Town Hall, February 12th, afternoon; Chamber Music—London String Quartet, Carnegie Hall, February 26th, afternoon; Flonzaley Quartet, Town Hall, February 28th, evening; 'Cello—Pablo Casals, Town Hall, February 26th, afternoon.



## THE YOUNG CHALIAPINE

## His Story

(Incidents retold from "Pages From My Life" by Feodor Chaliapine. Copyright 1927, by Katharine Wright. Quoted portions reprinted by kind permission of Harper Brothers, Publishers.)

IF you have had the good fortune to crowd your way into the Metropolitan Opera House on a "Chaliapine night" you have probably witnessed the unforgettable coronation scene in "Boris Godounov" when, amid the orchestral crashing of cymbals, the clanging of deep-toned Kremlin bells and shouts of "Gloria! Gloria!" from the riotously colorful stage throngs, appears a tall figure of majestic bearing in the regal robes and crown of a Tsar. In their hearts all music lovers must have joined in the cry of "Glory!", not for the Tsar Boris but for the artist Chaliapine. "The last of the great ones," sighed an eminent music critic at one of these performances. When, later in the season, you again hear him in opera, it will be interesting to have read the many and varied phases of life through which he passed before achieving his present fame. These are disclosed in his fascinating book, "Pages From My Life," recently published.

Imagine the great Chaliapine as a small boy of six, terrified by the darkness in a room where he and his tiny brother and sister were locked while the mother worked out by the day scrubbing floors and washing clothes. They used to snuggle down under the coverlet, hardly daring to breathe lest a witch or ghost appear. The whole family lived in this one room in the town of Kazan in that part of Russia near the Asiatic border.

A kindly lady who occupied a better flat in the same house took an interest in little Feodor and had her sixteen-year-old son teach him to read. For some unaccountable reason Feodor could not remember which way to turn the pages. Finally, he thought he had mastered this art, as he terms it, only to discover he was rereading the previous page. Scoldings and bitter tears finally accomplished satisfactory results!

Part of the daily life of this period of Chaliapine's life was constant beating. "Usually, I did not feel very much hurt when I got beaten," he says, "it seemed to me to be the way of the world. Drubbings seemed to be lawful and inevitable." His father's drunken debauches were largely to blame.

The child's first introduction to music was when one of the daughters of the landlord played the piano. In his inexperience he thought the lady had turned a handle and the music made itself inside the case. He considered that very clever and was eager to have a similar music box. It so happened that a piano was being raffled in the neighborhood; his parents took a ticket at one ruble and—won it! Alas, the piano was kept locked and in spite of entreaties, he was not allowed to touch it for fear of breaking it. But, about that time when an illness overtook the boy, he was permitted, much to his amazement, to sleep on the piano instead of on the floor as was customary.

Yakov Mamonov, a clown celebrated in the Volga

country, was probably the first to awaken Chaliapine's interest in the world of make-believe. The charm of the street artists, their bright costumes and their jollity fascinated the lad who was wont to stand for hours before their booth. After Easter when the strolling players departed, the town square so recently full of gaiety, seemed a veritable cemetery to him.

In a nearby shop a smith used to sing at his work and Feodor's mother, sitting at her window, often joined in. The way the two voices harmonized delighted the boy. He ventured to croon a third part and was encouraged by the smith who said, "Go on, Feodor, sing. You will be all the merrier for it. A song is like a bird—let it out and it flies away!"

One Saturday evening when chilled from playing in the snow-covered square, Feodor went inside a neighboring church to get warm. The harmonious singing of the choir boys thrilled him, and pushing nearer he saw they were singing from paper which contained lines and black dots seeming entirely incomprehensible. Soon after this occurrence the Chaliapine family moved to a suburb where a choir-master occupied a room in the same house. The shy little Feodor, in much confusion, asked whether he might be taken into the choir. In great seriousness he sang a few notes to the accompaniment of a violin. He apparently had a voice and an ear, the choir-master declared, so he was initiated into the mysteries of notation. For three months Feodor sang gratis and was then rewarded with a salary of a ruble and a half a month. (A ruble normally, is worth about fifty cents in paper or about seventy-five cents in silver.) Later, he received all of six rubles a month besides a ruble or so for a funeral or wedding. He gave most of his earnings to his parents but kept back enough to buy sweets and to attend the circus to see the clown Yakov Mamonov! "What a fine business singing is," thought Chaliapine. "A great pleasure to oneself, and besides that they pay you!"

His first excursion into the realm of composition was an attempt to write a trio. The tune was not difficult to compose and the second voice seemed easy as he was under the impression that it simply moved along in parallel thirds with the first part, but the third voice did not harmonize at all with the other two, much to his astonishment. He knew nothing of counterpoint and had placed sharps and flats at random. However, he struggled on, finally working it out somehow and was able to earn a little with his Opus 1. Incidentally, it was written in lilac ink!

Chaliapine declares he was a careless, idle scholar, because he learned his lessons quickly and preferred to spend his time skating,—on one skate, as two would have been too expensive. He frequently sold his school books to get money with which to buy candy. The result was that he scarcely ever knew his lessons. His father ended by apprenticing him

to a bootmaker. "Learn to make boots and you will be somebody in the world," he said.

About this time all three Chaliapine children contracted scarlet fever and Feodor was the only one to survive. He was again apprenticed to a bootmaker where he was mercilessly beaten. It seems to have been due to the strength of his bones rather than to any lack of energy on the bootmaker's part, that the boy was not made a cripple for life. In the autumn when darkness came earlier, he was forced to work in semi-obscurity because the master was too miserly to light a lamp. Food was none too plentiful, either. Feodor got so thin that he began to fear his bones themselves would shrink away.

He was then set to work for a wood-carver, who sent him to the market-place to fetch large, heavy planks of birchwood. He was only ten years old and his strength was not equal to the task. Once, when he could not drag the planks and began to weep in despair, a kindly gentleman inquired the cause of his distress. When he heard the trouble he carried the wood himself and threatened the master with the law.

By spring, he was completely exhausted and hard swellings appeared on his feet; he pretended great pain in the hope that his father would let him leave work and play in the open. Much to his dismay, he was taken to a hospital where he was sure the doctor would discover nothing serious to be the matter. Science, however, came to the rescue. The doctor seemed deeply interested and forbade his father to let him walk much. "Going to the drug store to get the prescribed embrocation," says Chaliapine, "I limped still more, out of respect and gratitude to science."

It seemed as though he were going to have a happy, carefree life again and more time to sing, but alas, life was spoiled for him by the fact that he had learned to write a good hand. He was set to work copying tedious law documents containing words too big for his understanding.

When he was twelve years old, an incident occurred which was perhaps the most potent influence in his early life. A friend who also sang in the church choir was eager to go to the theatre and urged Feodor to buy a ticket. Most reluctantly he finally agreed, and found himself in the gallery, where he had to stand and balance himself by holding on to the ceiling. Chaliapine's own description of his impression is interesting. "I looked down with astonishment into an immense well surrounded by semi-circular benches and saw that its dark floor was covered with rows of chairs. The theatre was lighted with gas, the smell of which, from association, has throughout life continued to be pleasant to me." Of the play he continues, "What I saw shook me to the depths of my being, and I looked on at these wonders unwinkingly, without a thought for anything else. When the final curtain fell, I still stood there, enchanted by a waking dream—a dream I had never dreamt before, but which I had always anticipated. People shouted, pushed me about, but I still stood there. When they began to put out the

lights I felt very sad. It seemed incredible that all that life could have come to an end.

"It was strange to see that it was still daylight out of doors. I went back to the theatre and bought a ticket for the evening performance. They played 'Medea'; I looked on, literally, open-mouthed. In the midst of an entr'acte, I noticed suddenly that I was slobbering, which very much upset me. The theatre made me quite beside myself. Going home through the empty streets in which the infrequent lamps seemed to wink at one another sleepily, I stopped here and there, calling to mind the eloquent speeches of the actors, and reciting them aloud, imitating the manner and gesture of each of them.

"'I am a queen, but a woman and a mother!' I mouthed in the quiet of the night, to the surprise of the sleepy watchmen. A morose-looking passer-by enquired, 'What's the matter?' I ran away in confusion!"

Sometime later a touring opera company came to town. Feodor was overwhelmed with a world in which people put ordinary conversation into song. He tried this mode of life in his own home, chanting commonplace dialogue, much to the consternation of his parents.

But the theatre had become a necessity to the youth. No longer satisfied to be a mere spectator, he determined to explore the regions back-stage. After a number of futile attempts, he succeeded in penetrating the mysterious realm of marvels. It was during a performance of "L' Africaine" and he was delighted to find himself surrounded by Indians, Spaniards, carpenters, firemen. Wild confusion reigned. Ropes and machinery screeched. It all enchanted the young Chaliapine who soon became a super, submitting joyfully to having his face blackened with burnt cork, in the cause of opera.

He vividly remembers Iliashevitch in the role of Mephistopheles. Once, when the boy was passing his dressing room, the artist gave him twenty kopeks to buy some grapes for him. Iliashevitch rewarded him with a little bunch of the grapes. He carried them for some time, trying not to crush them so that he could take them to his mother, but, as he had never tasted grapes, curiosity overcame his affection for his mother and he ate them himself!

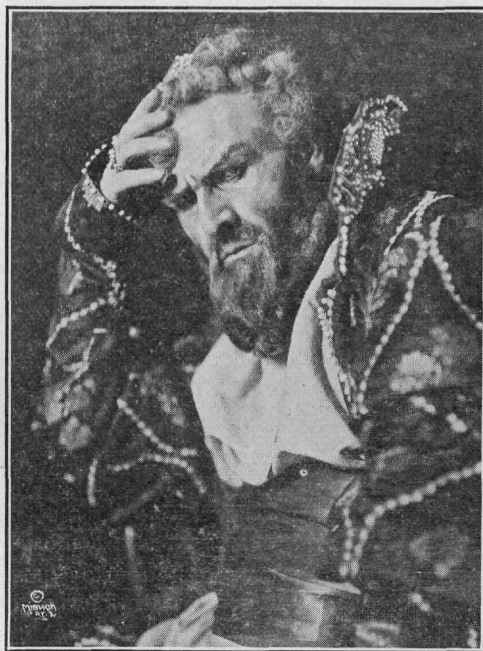
The idol of the day was the tenor Zakrjevsky. Chaliapine remembers with what awe he used to stand before the dressing room door on which there was a brass plate bearing that name, and how his heart would beat in the hope that the door might open.

It so happened some years after that, that Chaliapine met Zakrjevsky, then a semi-invalid, forgotten and almost a beggar. "Such is the fate of the singer," Chaliapine declares. "He is the toy of the public, and nothing more. When his voice is gone the man is lost, he is forgotten by all and abandoned like a wooden soldier which was once a child's favorite but of which it has grown tired. If you do not wish to suffer the same fate as the idol of my youth, 'strike the iron while it is hot'; work while



you have strength, unsparingly!" Wonderful advice to young artists.

When Feodor finished school at the age of thirteen, his father, annoyed at the boy's fondness for the theatre, for books, and for singing songs, again put him to work, this time behind the counter in a pawn-broker's shop. There Feodor sat from nine until four o'clock each day listening to dismal people haggle while snatches of operatic airs floated through his mind.



*Chaliapine in his most famous rôle of "Boris" in Moussorgsky's opera.*

One summer, he was offered, through the intervention of a friend, a small part in an open-air performance of a play called "Gendarme Roger." In order to free himself from his duties in the law office, he pretended to be tortured by unbearable headaches, thus freeing himself for daily rehearsals. The great night arrived and the play began. Chaliapine remembers to this day the terrible sensations he experienced; how his heart pounded and his legs seemed to give way under him. He was pushed on to the stage and although fully aware that he had to act alive, to move and speak, he was rooted to the spot, his hands were leaden, and he could not emit a sound. From behind the scenes came hoarse whispers commanding him to speak—to say something; they even threatened to hit him with something, but nothing was of any avail. Everything swam before his eyes. "I felt as though I should sink through the floor or die," avers Chaliapine. The curtain was rung down and the infuriated stage-manager beat him with rage and tore the costume from his still immovable form. For two days thereafter, the would-be actor hid in a shed afraid to come forth even to seek food. As a result of his pro-

longed absence from the law office, he was dismissed from work.

Feodor's mother baked a kind of cake which she sold in the streets, but this was somewhat unremunerative. Unable to obtain occupation as a choir-singer, since his voice was changing, Chaliapine wandered for days half-starved through the streets unable to find work. He used to frequent the quays on the banks of the river Volga, where for long hours he would watch the ceaseless toil of the boatmen who sang "Dubinushka" and the now famous "Song of the Volga Boatmen." He yearned to go away, and, persuading his parents to sell what they had, they removed to Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea. It was the boy's first experience in traveling or meeting people from outside his home town. He was suddenly conscious of how big the world was!

The Chaliapine family lived in a two-room hovel on a court-yard full of broken down wagons and old carriages. "We had no money and we quietly, but none the less surely starved," says Chaliapine. His mother began again to bake and sell pastry. It was hard when hungry not to be allowed to touch a morsel of these goodies. Later, when his mother was able to find work washing dishes on the steamers, she would bring home scraps of food, even bones with a little meat left on them.

The boy was now sixteen and his voice was gradually becoming a baritone. Attracted to a pleasure garden called the "Arcadia" he was given a part in the chorus but without pay. At any rate he was happy in the theatre. His father felt differently and tore the score of the music into bits. Enraged, the lad decided to go away; he seemed to be of no service to his parents and they made no protest at his going as it meant one less to feed. He again sought the River Volga and voyaged northward on a tugboat that hauled barges. At various points of loading he acted as stevedore, sometimes carrying sacks of flour much too heavy for him.

Arriving again at his native town of Kazan he sought out an opera company which was appearing there and was engaged. Overjoyed to be in a theatre troupe once more he asked in salary only enough to live on. When he discovered his needs to be six rubles less than his salary of twenty rubles a month he returned the surplus to the manager, much to the latter's astonishment. The season opened at Ufa and it gave the singer a tremendous thrill to see his name on the posters: "Second basses of the chorus, —Afanassiev and Chaliapine."

The singer relates many amusing incidents which occurred in this company,—his embarrassment in his first pair of tights when, as one of the front row of the chorus, his overly thin legs would not cease trembling; of his initial attempt in a solo part when, disregarding his associates on the stage, he stiffly sang his role with eyes glued on the prompter; of his failure to acknowledge the applause, not dreaming it could be for him; of his retirement to a chair which unfortunately had been removed, thus landing him ignominiously on the floor with a terrible thud

(Continued on Page 10.)

## FANTASIE-FONTAINEBLEAU

Confessions of An Alumnus

By Joseph Machlis

(Grade VI—Piano Department)

THAT summer I spent at Fontainebleau, studying at the Conservatoire Américain. Quite a number of us were there. It was being done then.

Against the solitude of many gardens crouched the Palace, which contained the Conservatoire and the groups of young women from Keokuk, Iowa, and points east, who liked their music with atmosphere; also contained the incidental young men. Also, in another more secluded wing, the council chamber of Napoleon, the boudoir of Marie Antoinette, and the cradle of the King of Rome. Here Melisande's father was caretaker.

Against less pretentious gardens crouched the Pension, which contained my room, a dining-room, and Melisande. Also Melisande's mother, who conducted the boarding house. On certain evenings when her husband had to remain at the Palace, she prepared a steaming supper which Melisande delivered to him, I accompanying, in a pewter dish. On my way from Pension to Palace, I always attempted to translate for my companion's amusement, "Who takes care of the Caretaker's daughter, while the Caretaker's busy taking care?"—But somehow it didn't work.

Melisande and I stopped before the massive gate, already locked. It was after the hours that the Palace was open to visitors as a historic museum. Now the hush of an August twilight enveloped the massive overhanging roof and the countless red-brick chimneys which sprouted upwards at random, as from some vast Medusa's head. From across the broad quadrangle glimmered the windows of the Conservatoire. But here it was dark, except for the light in the Caretaker's room. Responding to Melisande's call, he opened the gate for us.

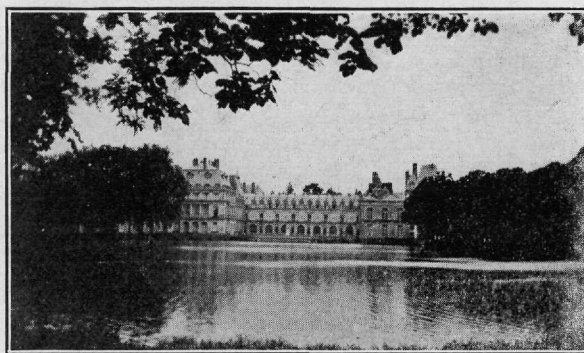
After a few moments of talk, we turned to leave. As we came out, the young moon, hitherto crimson and serene, was swallowed whole in sudden clouds. The forest became alive and throbbing with a quivering gust of wind; raindrops beat rhythmic patterns on the flowers,—one of those unexpected showers which break into a calm summer evening like a sneeze.

Melisande and I hastily returned. We decided to seek refuge in the Palace until it should stop raining, not forgetting first to obtain parental consent.

I followed Melisande as, with swift and certain steps, she sped along the marble emptiness of the corridor, pushed open a door at its end and disappeared in the gloom beyond. I paused, hesitant, on the threshold. Gradually my eyes accustomed themselves to the half-darkness. Near one corner stood an immense tapestried arm-chair in which Melisande had already managed to make herself comfortable. Between sweeping draperies and the window I distinguished the polished contours of a grand piano, with beautiful carving in the period of Louis

Quatorze or Quinze; whichever I guessed, it always turned out to be the other.

Never before had I been in the Palace at night, and I breathed deeply the strangeness of it. There was the magic of black velvet in that room. Portraits on the wall faded into unreality; crystal candelabras shimmered evanescently, seeming to depend from nowhere. I put my hands on the keys and



"Against the solitude of many gardens crouched the Palace."

struck a chord, very softly. It died away in lingering echoes. Now the silence seemed to intensify itself. I could clearly hear Melisande breathe, evenly, at the other end of the room. A gentle swishing sound, or mayhap it was the patter of raindrops on the outside of the thick walls. Or say rather the rustle of a heavy silk train over the marble staircase, as a lady descended from the distant balcony. Her hair, powdered and curled, rose straight back from her forehead. She smiled to the man who came to meet her at the foot of the staircase, a self-important personage in a gem-studded costume, with legs too round perched on heels too high. A courtier who had stationed himself near the piano whispered to his companion, "Pompadour looks happy tonight. I'll wager the King is going to declare war with Prussia." The other courtier wiggled one ear as a sign that he agreed; his face, however, stiffened into an expression of gravity and he bowed low as the Pompadour swept by.

But now other women were descending the marble staircase, while other men emerged from the sides to meet them. Soon the room was thronged; little groups were formed, conversations became animated. And no one seemed to mind or observe the great differences in the dress of the various groups, the fashions of different centuries. The low cut gown, elaborately plained behind, of Du Barry, whose hair was powdered. There the square cut neck, the triangular pearl head dress of Diane de Poitiers. Now descended the staircase La Vallière, wearing her famous pendant of diamonds; in the first flush of her beauty, as yet undimmed by sorrow



and despair. They were all returning, the long line of lovely women who had lived, and loved, and lost, in the polished silences of that room at Fontainebleau. The courtiers continued to gossip with great gusto of yesterday and tomorrow.

But suddenly the full resounding voice of Pompadour was heard above the din, imposing silence. "Come, my Lords, the hour advances. Select your partners for the Minuet!" For the nonce confusion and much running to and fro, as the couples ranged themselves in symmetrical semi-circles round the room. Pompadour surveyed the scene with impatience. "Can it be that child has not yet arrived? What could my dear Maria Theresa have been thinking of when she brought her up? Never on time. . . never. . . Ah, there you are. . ." as light footsteps beat hurriedly down the marble staircase. "Come, you're late again, Marie Antoinette. I always maintain. . . well, never mind. . . we'll begin right now." Down the staircase came Josephine and Eugenie, met by their consorts, Napoleon the Great and the Little. Now the line of the Ladies of Fontainebleau was complete,—those who, in various ages, some for the space of many years, some for one brief supreme intoxicating moment of power, had directed the fortunes of France. I began to play the Minuet.

Dance of grace and insinuation, of promises almost given, of faith almost kept. Round and round they swayed; in one animated mass of color. Courtly the bows, low the curtsies, sparkling the eyes. Two of the dancers paused to rest near the piano.

"Tonight, Marquise?" She pouted insouciantly. "No, I'll be too tired. Tomorrow." He protested. "Tomorrow! That's a terrible word. There may be no tomorrow." The Marquise laughed. "Ah, you and your eternal fears—I'll tell you tomorrow. But come, let us dance; it is so wonderful to dance!" They were lost to view among the others.

The man's mournful, pleading words distressed me. They were infectious of chill and gloom. My fingers refused to minuet further. They strayed restlessly over the keys, into a Prelude of Chopin's, that short, sad sequence of deep chords filled with premonition of catastrophe. Yet the dancers seemed not to notice the change of rhythm. They continued to minuet more and more feverishly. I played more loudly the slow chords of the funeral chant. But they heeded not.

I noticed that the number of dancers had been gradually decreasing. Now only a small group were left, in the center of the hall, beneath the crystal candelabra, ranged around Marie Antoinette. They seemed to be tireless, and with abandon pirouetted over the smooth floor. Softly, in an agony of terror, I tolled the chords of the C-minor prelude, the knell of the doomed. Still they continued heedlessly to dance. Suddenly the queen stopped, with distraught eyes looked about her. The others pressed closer in their never-ceasing circles. In a hollow voice she murmured, "Too late—I was always—too late."

In the silence a little group huddled fearfully together. A terrible waiting silence, scattered to bits

by the voice of the guard, singsong. . . . "The Revolutionary Tribunal. . . guilty of treason. . . following condemned. . . guillotine. . ." As he read the names, the same fearful hush. "The carts will be waiting in an hour. You will be ready." Another voice repeated. "One more hour. . . the final hour. . . come. . . the last Minuet!"

Again I began to play the short introduction, as the dancers, pallid, ranged themselves in symmetrical semi-circles. The dance was on. . . the Court of Louis staged its last Minuet. Two of the dancers stopped to rest a moment near the piano. . . "Marquise, did you say tomorrow?" He looked into her wild eyes, smiled sadly. "Tomorrow, a terrible word. There may be no. . . Come, let us dance. It is wonderful to dance."

Deeply moved, I sprang up from my place. It had stopped raining. The moon had torn herself free from the clouds and was pouring pale light into the room. Yes, it was so wonderful to dance, I repeated, fervidly. Melisande, did she hear too? She had been sitting there listening; listening to me as I unlocked memories of Fontainebleau through the magic of ivory keys. Had she heard too?

Eagerly I turned to approach the arm-chair in the corner. Ah, divine silence!—I stopped in the middle of the room. What was this swishing sound which dared to invade the divine silence? The sighing of an old tree in the wind? The ripple of a fountain in the garden? But no, it could not be. . . merciful gods. . . it could not be. . . !

And yet there could be no further doubt. Into the silences of the room, rich in memories and in soft, comfortable seats, came a thick guttural breathing. My Lady Melisande. . . oh how could I bear to say it? . . . was fast asleep!

I bounded from the room seeking refuge from the humiliation, wherever my eyes would lead me; almost collided with the Caretaker finishing his supper. "And Melisande—where is she?"

"She sleeps,—my Lady sleeps!" I replied bitterly. "Ah, poor dear, she must be so tired."

I hurried into the garden. The night was a pale, purple patch, threaded together with a myriad of silvered swaying branches. I was overwhelmed by Melisande's treachery, completely crushed.

There was a restfulness in the garden; as though here too, after their dance had ended, had come the women of Fontainebleau, now grown old and wise. Pompadour spoke, and there was melancholy questioning in her voice.

"You think it important? Yet who shall say what is really important? See,—forgotten are the wars of the Louis, which cost so much of human life. And this, the palace they built in an idle moment, is now their chief glory. Forgotten are my intrigues and the hatred I bore Frederick. And remembered,—my coiffure which established a new fashion. Is it not to weep? Or smile?"

I heard, and lightly laughed. Was it not to weep, or smile?

NEXT INSTALMENT:—"No Man's Land"—(Not a war story.) In the March issue.

## The Baton

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### ANNUAL PUBLIC CONCERT

At the McMillin Theatre, Feb. 22nd, 8:15

Overture, Oberon .....WEBER  
Orchestra of the Institute  
Conducted by WILLEM WILLEKE  
Concerto for Piano.....GRIEG  
JEANNETTE EPSTEIN  
Unfinished Symphony .....SCHUBERT  
Orchestra of the Institute  
Variations for 'Cello .....BOELLMANN  
CARL STERN  
Symphony No. VI, Third Movement....TSCHAIKOWSKY  
Orchestra of the Institute

### ATTENTION OF THE ALUMNI

You are invited to submit compositions for the annual composition program by the Alumni of the Institute of Musical Art on April 18th, 1928. The works may be for voice, any instrument or combination of instruments. Last season this concert was an outstanding event in the series of programs given by the Alumni Association. We are most anxious to make this year's program equally interesting. Compositions should be in the hands of the program committee not later than March 1st so that the works selected can have proper rehearsals.

Address compositions to George A. Wedge, Institute of Musical Art, 120 Claremont Avenue, New York City.

### ALUMNI GOSSIP

Miss Nora Fauchald has been a soloist with Sousa's Band for five consecutive summers. In addition, this year she toured for several months through the middle west appearing with the Toledo Choral Society and Detroit Symphony Orchestra. She also dedicated the new Minneapolis Auditorium, seating 10,000 people, where she sang for a week. She has had engagements with the Columbia University Chorus singing with Dan Beddoe in St. Paul. Her appearances have always met with success. She

received the Artists' Diploma from the Institute in 1922 where she had studied with Mrs. Toedt. She won the Stadium Audition in 1926.

The Fradkin Fiddlers, consisting of Milton Feher, Irving Finkstein (both Institute graduates), Max Hollander and Wladimir Selinsky (Institute pupils), are now playing at the Roxy Theatre.

The Greenwich, Conn., Symphony Orchestra, Willem Durieux, Conductor, gave a concert at the High School Auditorium in Greenwich, on February 1st. George Barth, graduate of the Institute, is the concertmaster of this organization.

Sweet and low, at Fontainebleau; practicing a six-seven with two sharps and a flat in French, which superhuman task was attempted last summer by Henri Bové, Horace Greenberg, Wendell Keeney, Crucita Moore, Theodore Rautenberg and Louise Talma, who were the representatives of the Institute at the Conservatoire Américain.

One of them tried to compose an improved musical setting for La Marseillaise. Another, a symphonic tone poem to one of La Fontaine's fables, presumably the one about the fox and the grapes. Such are the terrible effects of a changed environment. And all of them brought back many interesting memories of La Belle France.

Mr. Paul G. Hanft, when not too busy with his duties as Dean of the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music, finds time to regret that three thousand miles separate him from Carnegie Hall. Among other things, he writes, "I am sending you a copy of the catalog of our school here. Look it over and you will find some interesting influences of the Institute." Far-reaching, to say the least.

Miss Grace Gertrude Williamson is entering upon her sixth year as head of the Vocal Department at Birmingham School, Birmingham, Pa.

### AT CEDAR

By Edna Bockstein

(Grade II—Piano Department)

The crunching of snow beneath my feet feels like  
the sand-dunes at Cedar,  
Sun-white they lay in the wind, as these traitorous  
hills in cold splendor.  
Come, let us plunge through the drifts, and stumble  
and reel in their softness,  
Come, let us choke with the wind, and be lashed in  
the face by the snowflakes—  
Thus was I choked and lashed by the wind-swirled  
sand at Cedar.  
Be still, now, with your profane voice, as it is still  
at Cedar.  
I am not sad, I was purged of it all in the coldness—  
The crunching of snow beneath my feet is that of  
the sand-dunes at Cedar.



## GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



(Courtesy of Musical America.)

Herbert Photos (Inc.)

*Frank Damrosch, Walter Damrosch and Their Aunt, Marie von Heimberg, Who Attended the First Concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Fifty Years Ago, Discussing Plans for the Golden Jubilee Celebration of the Orchestra Which Occurs February 10.*

THE New York Symphony Orchestra celebrated its Golden Jubilee with the opening of the musical year late in October. The season of 1927-28 marks the rounding out of the first half century of America's second oldest symphonic organization.

It was in 1878 that Leopold Damrosch organized a group of seventy musicians and gave his first concert in old Steinway Hall in Fourteenth Street. Symphony orchestras were in their infancy at the time. Indeed the conductor of the only other existing one, Theodore Thomas, did not feel there was room for two, and on the arrival of Dr. Damrosch in this country issued his famous warning, "Remember, Dr. Damrosch, whoever crosses my path, I crush."

Old files of fifty years ago reveal that for his first program Dr. Damrosch chose Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Goldmark's Sakuntala Overture, the Overture to Die Meistersinger and Raff's Concerto for violin, which was performed with the assistance of the famous violinist, Wilhelmj.

That first year and for a number afterwards only six concerts and six public rehearsals were given. Now the activities of the Symphony Society have extended to a point where a hundred performances are given each season in New York and on tour. Under the leadership of Leopold Damrosch and later of his son, Walter Damrosch, whose directorship of the orchestra comes to an end coincidentally with the close of the first half century, the history of the orchestra thus far has been one of constant pioneering. The Symphony Society introduced to this country many of the important works of Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Sibelius, Stravinsky, Elgar and Rimsky-Korsakoff. It has given first presenta-

tions of many works of the French School, including Debussy, Ravel, Enesco, Chausson, d'Indy and Dukas. In 1909 it gave the first American Beethoven Cycle. Such distinguished artists as Paderewski, Saint-Saëns, Kreisler, Tschaikowsky, Sarasate, Lilli Lehmann, von Bülow and Marianne Brandt have made their first American orchestral appearances under the auspices of the society. It was Damrosch who first conceived the idea of performing the works of Wagner on the concert stage.

The New York Symphony was the first major orchestra to make country-wide tours, visiting many cities that had never before heard a symphony concert.

On these tours it penetrated the South, the Middle West, Canada, and even the far West of California and Oregon. It is estimated that in the past five decades the orchestra has travelled 400,000 miles, playing to between eight and nine million people. It was due to these early tours that a number of the now great symphonic orchestras in other parts of the country were established by local citizens, who were ambitious enough to have such an organization of their own.

Financial necessity brought about the development of the tours. But money problems ceased and the future of the organization became ensured in 1914 when Harry Harkness Flagler, now president of the Symphony Society, undertook to defray the annual deficit. It was Mr. Flagler who also made possible the European tour of 1920, thus far the only European tour made by an American orchestra. In the summer of that year by special invitation of five foreign governments, the orchestra visited Belgium, England, France, Holland and Italy. Five years later it went to Havana to give a series of concerts under the auspices of the Cuban government.

Another piece of pioneering of the Symphony Society was the establishment of the Young People's and Children's Concerts. Dr. Damrosch undertook the first series of Concerts for Young People just thirty years ago. The idea proved so successful that he later organized a second series for children from six to twelve years. So great was the demand for seats at these concerts that it was necessary to move them both from Aeolian to the larger quarters of Carnegie Hall. The idea of the Children's Concerts has spread not only to other parts of this country but also to Europe. London now has a similar

series, which Dr. Damrosch himself helped to establish on special request from that city.

For some years the Symphony Society has followed the policy of inviting guest conductors for a part of each season. Among those who have appeared in the conductor's stand have been Albert Coates, Bruno Walter, Vladimir Golschmann, Eugene Goossens and Otto Klemperer. This year there are five guest conductors. Fritz Busch of the Dresden Opera House, who made his American debut last year, opened the season on October 21. He was followed by Ossip Gabrilowitsch of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Walter Damrosch, although he is no longer regular conductor of the orchestra has consented to appear for one month as guest conductor, in addition to continuing as director of the Young People's and Children's Concerts. The other two conductors will be Maurice Ravel, distinguished French composer, and Enrique Fernandez Arbos, conductor from Madrid.

### THE YOUNG CHALIAPINE

*(Continued from Page 5.)*

in full view of the laughing audience; of his consequent decision that he had no gift for the stage!

The vicissitudes which followed, make up a story as exciting and fascinating as the most thrilling novel; delightfully farcical episodes, moments full of pathos; adventures full of color; incidents steeped in almost unbelievable tragedy. He was in a number of touring opera companies, each of which seemed to come to grief through lack of funds or, as in one instance, because of an epidemic of cholera. During his travels he was able to return once to see his parents. They were having a struggle for existence; the father was without regular employment and the mother had been driven by poverty to begging in the streets. Shortly after that she died.

One cold winter Chaliapine was left in such straitened circumstances that he had to sell his overcoat and could afford only bread and tea as food. Homeless, unable to sleep on the benches of the park on account of the sleet and winds, he was forced to seek nightly refuge in the loft of a deserted shed. Finally, compelled by hunger, he sang in a dark den in Baku, patronized by ragged ex-convicts who gave him food and drink in exchange for his songs. Unwilling to act as accomplice in an intended murder, Chaliapine deserted these companions and became again penniless. His clothes were tattered and he went without a morsel to eat for as much as four days at a time. In his despair he became haunted by the idea of shooting himself. "Actually I really wanted very much to go on living," he says, "but how was this to be done?" On the threshold of a firearms shop where he intended to get a revolver, a friend encountered him and, hearing of the singer's misery, took him home and fed him. He was also able to obtain a clerkship at the railway where his fellow employees became interested in his fine voice and arranged a hearing for him with the local Professor Usatov, once an artist of the Imperial Theatres.

In the belief that his voice was a baritone, Chali-

pine sang Valentine's aria from "Faust" for Usatov. To his inquiry as to whether he might study singing, the teacher replied decisively, "You must!" That was the beginning of the Russian basso's brilliant career; his financial troubles ceased; Usatov taught him gratis; many engagements followed, which took him to the Imperial Theatre in Petrograd and later to Moscow where Mamontov, a rich patron of music gave Chaliapine the opportunity to develop his genius to its fullest extent. But that is another story. Incidents from the life of the artist in Paris, Monte Carlo, Milan, London, Buenos Aires and New York will be touched upon in another issue.

It is keenly regretted that space does not allow at least a summary of Mr. Chaliapine's extraordinary autobiography,—extraordinary because of the amazing individual whose life has been so crowded with interesting events. The powerful personality of this artist is apparent on every page of the book. His manner of relating his experiences, his attention to picturesque details of description produce a story peculiarly vivid and potent. It is a volume which should not be disregarded by any student of the art of music. Solace, encouragement, inspiration are to be found therein. Should you never aspire to the greatness of a Chaliapine in your field of endeavor, you will meet within the pages of his book many less celebrated persons who were dear to the Russian basso but who fell short of the high goal he attained.

"It may seem that I am relating a lot of trifles about people of no importance," he remarks, "but these trifles meant much to me. We all learn from little things. Life's trifles penetrate into the mind as dust into velvet, sometimes poisoning the spirit and sometimes ennobling it. The great people speak for themselves. Nobody remembers these little people who live unknown and perish in silence, though they too can love, and comprehend the beautiful, and feel a thirst for the higher life."

*(Incidents selected and retold by the Editor.)*

### ACCIDENTALS

MR. CHALIAPINE'S AUTOGRAPH, one of the most difficult to obtain, was secured for BATON readers through the kind intervention of Miss Wright, who revised, enlarged and edited his book.

NEWS FROM THE HOUSE OF MENUHIN came in a letter just received from Yehudi's father: "During the absence of Mrs. Menuhin, who is in the South convalescing, I am supervising affairs and have my hands full! . . . We actually contemplate going out ranching within the next thirty days. . . . The three children have the time of their lives, between the sunny hills, the new master-six Buick (our latest acquisition), lessons, practice, reading and food!"

Through an error in last month's interview, we failed to mention that Miss Soudant had studied with Mrs. Theodore Toedt. Apologies.

Cover Design of THE BATON from an idea in *The New York Times Magazine*, which printed a series of etchings by ANTON SCHUTZ.



## THE TRAVEL BLUES

## A Solution

By a Poor Musician

IS it right? Shouldn't there be a law against it? Or aren't you one of those unfortunates, like myself, who innocently peruse a Sunday newspaper only to have all the joy taken out of life by disquieting advertisements such as these: "It's spring-time now in Bermuda," "Lovely Indeed is Ireland," "West Indies, coral isles of the Caribbean," "Easter cruise to Spain," "Spend Holy Week in Old Seville," "Cruise luxuriously to the Mediterranean," "Italy, and the Continent by the Roman splendor ships," "Sail for the south any Monday, Wednesday or Friday," "De luxe tours to North Africa," and that especially helpful suggestion, "Fifty-seven honeymoon trips."

Even the trusty "New Yorker" lured us, all unknowing, through its amusing pages to snap at us from the back cover, "The Diamond Crescent of the Riviera, instead of shivering through the winter here." And the radio. Would you believe it? All done up in strains of Oriental music and purring stanzas from the Rubaiyat, about sultans and turrets, came the crushing information from a station announcer, that we had tuned in on Thomas Cook and Sons' Travel Talk about Constantinople.



*Grand Staircase of the Paris Opera.*

Should this be allowed, when, in our bitter determination, we pursue our musical destiny in noisy subways and frosty weather, unable for a single day to wander from our job? No. It's all wrong. Nor is one safe from the morning mail. An enticing folder recommends that we attend the forthcoming travelogues of Burton Holmes. A hollow laugh escapes us. But—is this not one solution for the travel blues? Five Sunday evenings under the expert guidance of that most polished of raconteurs, making verbal visits to well-loved places or those we have marked on a map in our hope chest; five pictorial feasts when the eye is regaled with vistas of

infinite beauty photographed with all the artistry of Mr. Holmes and tinted with the best of the colorist's skill; motion pictures which bring vividly to life the animation of Paris, Vienna, Rome and Honolulu.

We succumbed, and so delightful are our recollections of these evenings, we mention some of the topics touched upon (and there were many of note for musicians), in the belief that our readers throughout the country will wish to be apprised of the fact that when Mr. Holmes' tour brings him to their vicinity they should avail themselves of this treat; in the hope that these comments will revive the occasions for those who were present in Carnegie Hall and will urge others to be there next season.

"Every good American wants to go to Paris when he dies," it is said, and after listening to Burton Holmes on the subject we know why. In "DAYS IN PARIS" he described the glories of the city, not as one might describe a beautiful object in marble, but as a vital thing of which we were a part. We voyaged on the *Mauretania* with Tito Schipa, the opera tenor and his family; lunched at the American Club with our own "Lindy;" breakfasted at the sidewalk Café de la Paix and watched the world go by; had tea in Versailles at the villa of Sir Charles and Lady Mendl (Elsie De Wolfe). We cruised up the Seine viewing the famous bridges; ran the gauntlet of the Rue de la Paix (street of dollars and scents); visited the Opera House (the most beautiful in the world), paid our respects at the great monument to the dead,—the cemetery of Père Lachaise where repose Chopin, Adelina Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, Daudet, Molière, La Fontaine; filmed the boulevards from a motor car, studied Paris from the air; ascended the Arc de Triomphe and Eiffel Tower; viewed all the art treasures of the Louvre, etc., attended the races at Auteuil; saw the lovely Bois de Boulogne and other parks and the famous buildings of historic interest too numerous to attempt to mention here.

In "NIGHTS IN PARIS" Mr. Holmes described the frivolities of the city, the famous restaurants and night clubs, attended the artists' ball and after dancing till dawn, bathed at sunrise in the Fountains of the Place of Peace, breakfasting on onion soup at the far-famed market, the Halles Centrales. We visited the artists of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter, the book stalls along the banks of the Seine; saw the dwellings of the young Lieutenant Bonaparte, of Madame de Sevigné, of the actress Rachel, of Oscar Wilde; saw quaint streets of old Paris and the ballrooms of great palaces at Versailles and Fontainebleau. There were wonderful achievements in night photography, showing Paris illuminated, the fountains of Versailles in a nocturnal display and most beautiful of all, a moonlight study of Notre Dame and the River Seine.

In "VIENNA AND THE AUSTRIAN ALPS," we toured

in the motor car of Mme. Jeritza, with the diva and her husband, Baron Popper. We went with the singer higher than high C in an aerial cable railway to a lofty peak of the Austrian frontier. There were thrilling alpine experiences. In Vienna we saw the Opera House, the monuments to Beethoven, Mozart and Johann Strauss, all of whom lived and composed their immortal melodies in the city of the Hapsburgs. There were trips on the Danube which is not blue, to Salzburg where we called on the great Lilli Lehmann and on Max Reinhardt, and attended the Music Festival. Then to Mme. Jeritza's summer home on the Atter-See.

In "THE HEART OF ITALY" beauty ran riot. After lovely vistas of sea along the Italian Riviera we visited the villa of Sem Benelli, author of "The Jest" and of "L'Amore dei Tre Re," both now made into operas. At Verona we saw the tomb of Juliet, Romeo's garden and the House of Capulet; at Venice, Queen City of the Adriatic, we lounged on the beach at the Lido whence so many musical artists repair each summer, glided through palace bordered lagoons, strolled along the piazza at night where the band plays, or drifted on the waters of the Grand Canal while boat musicians sing beneath a full moon. Journeys were made to the hill towns of Sienna, Orvieto, Assisi, Perugia and Urbina where the painter, Raphael, was born. Pisa and Florence were not neglected; nor Rome, the Eternal City. Naples during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1906, presented interesting photographs taken under difficulties. Thence to sunny Sorrento to see the Tarantella danced; to Capri, favorite island of many artists of the brush; and along the Amalfi drive overlooking the azure sea where the sirens sing.

In "HAWAII," there were interesting pictures of types of people and of industries, but somehow one does not associate cold facts with this paradise. Rather there are visions of palm trees dreaming beside crescent beaches or waving their fronds from high precipices; in one's nostrils the heavy fragrance of the tropics and in one's ears the crooning songs and insinuating tone of the steel guitars.

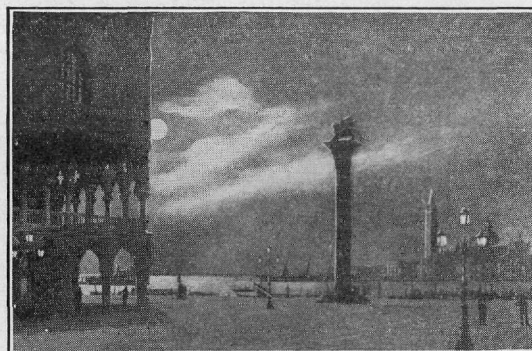
Dr. Damrosch, our Dean, after a recent sojourn in Hawaii, wrote of it as follows:

"Every afternoon the clouds mass themselves on the hills and the showers fall in the mountains while the setting sun paints rainbow after rainbow on the dark background. Occasionally there are little showers of rain as fine as dust, often while the sun is shining. The natives call it 'liquid sunshine.'

"And the flowers! But what is the use of trying to describe the glory of the flowering trees, the royal Poinciana, golden, pink, and purple showers, magnolias, mangos, ginger, hibiscus, etc. The meanest cottage is surrounded with them and becomes a thing of beauty.

"We found our stock of adjectives utterly inadequate to express the beauty, the wonder, and interest of it all. I hope the 'lei's' we threw into the sea before Honolulu faded from our sight, will ac-

cording to tradition, bring us back once more to the hospitable shores of these beautiful Islands."



*Venice, Where Music Fills the Night.*

And so, every phase of our wanderlure temporarily appeased, we are able to face with equanimity the Palm Beach news. We even work up a feeling of sympathy, as we listen to a recital by the incomparable Kreisler, that anyone should be so unfortunate as to leave New York. What with the billboards proclaiming that Kreisler will give another concert soon, that Heifetz will appear in recital, as will Paderewski and Rachmaninoff and the other great ones of concert and opera, we are able with indifference to fold away the maps, count our pennies and offer thanks to Allah for the job which keeps us close to the home fires and gives us the price of admission to the art from all the world.

## THE JOYS OF TRAVEL

*By Jack Spaier*

*(Grade IB—Violin Department)*

Would you like to know the allurements of Hawaii?  
 Would you like to see a little bronze-skinned boy  
 walk up a coconut palm?  
 Hawaiians singing at a "luau" on the beach in the  
 moonlight,  
 The Southern Cross sparkling in the purple-velvet  
 sky?  
 Would you like to enjoy the cool, enchanted islands  
 in the South Seas  
 Away from the humdrum of the busy life at home?  
 Or would you like to see Japan?  
 To sip tea in a tiny house?  
 To travel from lovely lakes through twisting tunnels  
 in a torch-lit boat?  
 To breathe the fragrance of the far east?  
 Or would you prefer to live the romance of Devon  
 and Cornwall?  
 To move among the relics of the temples dating  
 back to the time of the pyramids,  
 Ancient Roman settlements and the homes of Drake  
 and Raleigh?  
 To enjoy the bracing air of the famous health re-  
 sorts?  
 Would you like to enjoy all these delights?  
 It is simple, dear reader—  
 All you need is the money!



## TOOTING OUR OWN HORN

Interviews with the following Members of our Faculty

By Murray Paret

(Grade III—Organ Department)

Louis Bostelmann  
Lilian Carpenter  
Dorothy Crowthers

Richard Donovan  
Lucia Dunham  
Ada Fisher

Conrad Held  
Lillian Kempton  
Karl Kraeuter

Howard Murphy  
Beatrice Schneider  
Constance Seeger

Henry Sieger  
Ruth Stewart  
Howard Talley

I next attempted to find out what the voice teachers did with themselves. I couldn't get in touch with MRS. LUCIA DUNHAM at all, but facts about her were obtainable. She was born in New York City and was brought up in a musical home. She studied piano, singing and organ under private tutors at first and then continued her musical education at the New York College of Music. Church and concert work kept her busy for a while, and then she entered the Institute, where she studied with Mr. Freni and Mr. Henschel. After graduating from the Regular Singing Course she spent a year with Mr. Giraudet, studying operatic rôles. She taught singing, diction and piano in California in connection with the University, and also toured the country giving concerts. She spent one summer coaching with Lilli Lehmann.

MRS. LILLIAN EUBANK KEMPTON came from Abilene, Texas, to study here. Her work at the Institute was under Mme. von Niessen-Stone, Mr. Giraudet, Mrs. Toedt and Mr. Tanara. She took the diploma in the Regular Singing Course and the Artists' Diploma. She studied in the opera class.

My next victim was MRS. WOOD STEWART. She was waiting for a pupil so I helped her pass the time away by asking questions. She came from Parkersburg, West Virginia. She studied singing at the Institute with Mr. Henschel, Mr. Freni and Mrs. Toedt, and she is a graduate of both the Regular and the Artists' Course in Singing. During the latter part of her student days she concertized. She was soloist at the Madison Avenue Methodist Church for four years, and before that she sang in the First Baptist Church in Plainfield, New Jersey. "I now spend part of my time in Philadelphia where my husband is an Episcopal minister in St. Martin's Church. Since I've been married I have done concert work—touring the country, and have taught a lot, including one year at the Curtis Institute. I now have a private studio in Philadelphia and one here."

MISS LILIAN CARPENTER of the Organ Department was the next on my list as I went seeking more information about the Faculty. She said she hoped I would weave some high-sounding language around the bare facts! But the facts!—She was the first person to receive the Artists' Diploma in Organ at the Institute. Of course she studied with Mr. Dethier. She has done concert work both in the East and in the West. She was the first woman to give an organ recital at Harvard University. At all the big Organ Conventions Miss Carpenter figures, and at many of them she has given recitals. "Does playing in church make one religious?" "Well, I began in a high Episcopal church and now I play

for the Ethical Culture Society which has no creed!" She has been an officer in the National Association of Organists for over three years, and has taught at the Institute since 1921. "An organist's life is not a happy one at times. One is expected to play a service on a one-manual organ with a half-size pedal board—then later to prepare an hour's recital program on a five-manual organ with twenty minutes' practice on it!"

I caught MR. LOUIS BOSTELMANN headed for the Baton office—the very place! So I started the Violin Department interviews. But alas! Mr. Bostelmann was in a frightful rush and would only tell me that he has ten books on the market and that he had taught at the Lincoln School for five years. But I discovered other facts about him. He comes from Corning, New York. After studying abroad at Prague and Dresden, he returned to America and came to the Institute where he was a pupil of Franz Kneisel. He graduated from the Regular Violin Course, and later took the Teachers' Diploma and the Artists' Diploma. He organized, at the Director's request, a Junior Orchestra, which he has conducted ever since. For a while he taught, and later assumed the directorship in the Corning Conservatory which his father founded. Since he finished his studies he has remained at the Institute teaching, also doing private teaching, orchestral conducting and writing.

"But nothing exciting ever happened to me," argued MR. CONRAD HELD. "I was twelve years old when I came to the Institute from Columbus, Ohio. And I've been here ever since!" Even if he did not say so, we know that he graduated from the Regular Violin Course, the Teachers', the Artists', the Regular Piano and received the certificate for Practical Composition. He married a graduate of the Institute. He has been playing in The South Mountain Quartet and doing some concert work. But teaching both violin and piano at the Institute keeps one very busy!

MR. KARL KRAEUTER came from Columbus, Ohio, bent upon knowledge of the violin. His teachers were Letz and Kneisel, and his diplomas include those of the Regular Violin Course, Teachers', Artists', and the Certificate of the Practical Composition Course. He has done much quartet and concert work. He has been a member of The South Mountain Quartet ever since it was started, and in 1925 he played in the Flonzaley Quartet while Mr. Pochon was ill. He is now soloist at St. Nicholas Collegiate Church at Fifth Avenue and 48th Street. During the last several years at one time or another he has appeared as assisting artist with almost every chamber music organization playing in New York

or thereabouts. "I guess you know all the dark secrets of my recent musical life. An unflinching chain of concerts, lessons, writing and rehearsing."

MRS. CONSTANCE EDSON SEEGER was a Kneisel pupil also, graduating from the Regular Violin Course. Her home was Cambridge, Mass. After she married Charles Seeger, they toured the country together in an automobile trailer, travelling from town to town giving concerts. This was a most thrilling experience, and we hope she will tell us more about it some day. Just at present her three sons are home with her so she is entirely too busy even to be interviewed!

"I have nothing exciting to relate!" complained MR. RICHARD DONOVAN. But he very kindly told me about himself. He came from New Haven, Conn., and studied Organ and Piano at the Institute, under Mr. Gaston Dethier and Miss Strauss. He studied Diction with Mme. Baldwin also. Graduated from the Regular Organ Course and then two years later from the Regular Piano Course. While he was studying he acted as Organist and Choirmaster in various churches. He conducted the Wallingford Choral Society in Connecticut—an organization which gave oratorios with a large chorus and orchestra each year. After leaving the I. M. A. he carried on much the same kind of work in New York, and then was director of music at the Taft School in Watertown, Conn. Spent the summer of 1921 studying Organ and Composition with Widor in Paris. Five years ago he went to Smith College as Professor of the Theory of Music which he is still doing in connection with his teaching here. "I like leading the double life and would as soon pass the night on a sleeper as at the Ritz!"

MISS ADA FISHER was a pupil of Mme. Cahier. She first studied at the Curtis Institute and then came here as a student in the Normal Class. She was a Supervisor of Music for a while, and also taught high school in Pennsylvania.

I followed MR. HOWARD MURPHY around, getting a word here and a word there, until I had finally exhausted his supply of self-explanations! He came from Galesburg, Illinois, to study at the Institute. He graduated in the Regular Organ Course under Mr. Gaston Dethier, and later took the Certificate of Practical Composition. During his course he studied piano one year with Mrs. Fyffe. Since he graduated he has played the organ in the Grace Methodist Church, St. Mark's in the Bouwerie, and the Hanson Place Methodist Church in Brooklyn. He has taught in the Neighborhood Music School, Teachers College, Marywood College in Scranton, Pa., and in the Correspondence Course at Columbia. Mr. Murphy has written some songs, one of which "The Heron," was featured by Galli-Curci in her New York recital. Two sons keep him busy at home!

MRS. BEATRICE HAINES SCHNEIDER graduated from the Teachers' Course in Piano, and became an instructor at the Settlement Music School in Philadelphia, at the Curtis Institute, later returning to the Institute to teach in the Theoretic Department.

Again I heard the story of "there's nothing to tell about me!" It was MR. HENRY F. SIEGER. "I have led a very quiet life, studying here at the Institute. Last June I received the Certificate for Practical Composition, and this year I am very busy teaching—that's all! I also teach at the Bronx House Settlement."

"Just say that I am very busy teaching and writing my overture for the Certificate in Practical Composition," said MR. HOWARD TALLEY. He was graduated from the Regular Piano Course under Mr. Newstead and since then has been studying composition. He has taught at Columbia for the past two summers and does private teaching. Mr. Talley's five-voice Organ Fugue was played at the recital which was given as a tribute to Dr. Goetschius when he retired.

MISS DOROTHY CROWTHERS, as Editor of this magazine, refuses to be interviewed. However, it was possible to ascertain from the Institute records that she is a recipient of both the Artists' and the Teachers' Diploma in singing and of the Certificate in Analytic Theory. She was a pupil of Mlle. Madeleine Walther in voice and of Percy Goetschius in theory. As her assistant on this paper, I have heard her mention that she returned from Europe to study at the Institute, and have heard her speak of many interesting things she has done, such as traveling in China and Japan and—but there; I promised not to divulge any information!

This completes the list of our instructors who are Institute products. If I ever recover from trying to interview these twenty-four uncommunicative, or should one say modest, individuals, I may muster enough courage to tackle other distinguished members of our Faculty.

### OH, SAY CAN YOU SING?

Oh, say can you sing, from the start to the end,  
What so proudly you stand for when orchestras play  
it?

While the whole congregation, in voices that blend,  
Strike up the grand tune, and then torture and slay  
it!

How valiant they shout, when they're first starting  
out!

But "the dawn's early light" finds them flound'ring  
about.

'Tis the "Star-Spangled Banner" they're trying to  
sing,

But they don't know the words of the precious,  
brave thing!

Hark! "the twilight's last gleaming" has some of  
them stopped,

But the valiant survivors press forward serenely  
To "the ramparts we watched" when some others  
are dropped,

And the loss of the leaders is manifest keenly.

"The rocket's red glare" gives the bravest a scare,  
And few there are left to face "bombs bursting in  
air!"

'Tis a line of heroes that manage to save  
The last of the verse, and "the home of the brave!"

—From a Clipping.



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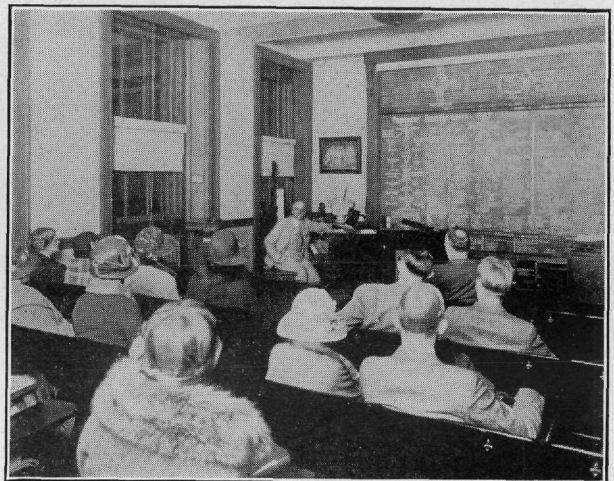
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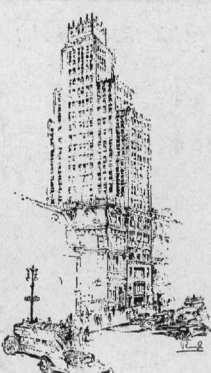
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