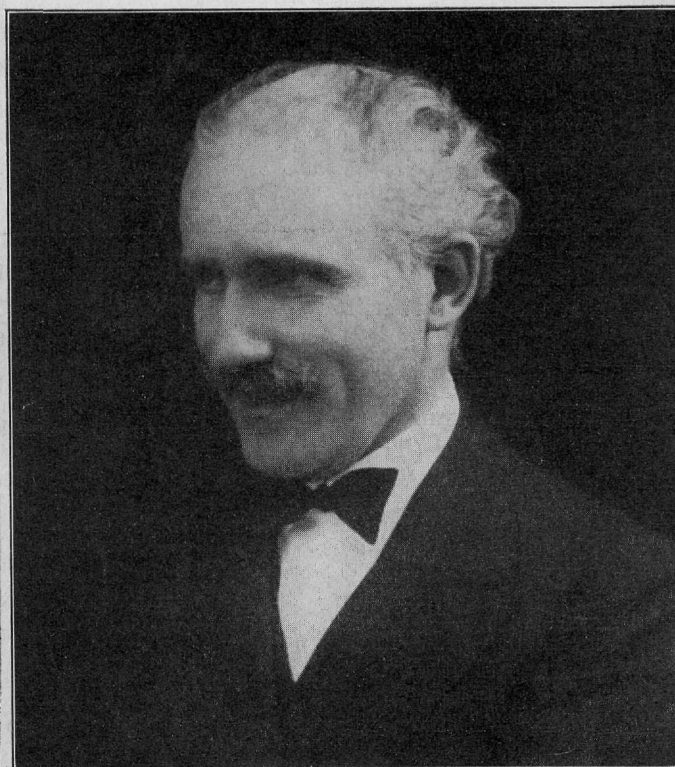


The Baton

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



*To the Baton
Arthur T. Collins*

IMPRESSIONS OF TOSCANINI
A Few Personal Glimpses

FAMOUS MUSICIANS OF A
WANDERING RACE

THE GREAT CHALIAPINE
His Story

THE GREEN ROOM
A Short Story

CHOIR PRACTICE
A Sketch

Vol. VII. No. 5

March, 1928

15 Cents a Copy



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.

IN EXPLANATION

In the article on the "Golden Jubilee of the New York Symphony Orchestra," in the February issue of *THE BATON*, we failed to make it clear that Dr. Frank Damrosch is the founder of the Symphony Concerts for Young People. This series was opened in 1898 and continued under the leadership of our Dr. Damrosch until 1910. We quote from *THE BATON* of November, 1922, wherein we said: "On Saturday, November 11th, was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Symphony Concerts for Young People, Saint-Saëns' Suite, 'Le Carnaval des Animaux' was played by the Orchestra with Alfred Cortot at the first piano, Walter Damrosch at the second, and our own Dr. Damrosch conducting. Our interest lies in the fact that Dr. Frank Damrosch is the founder of these concerts and the audience at this particular concert was composed of many of those who were young people at the time of their inauguration."

PHILIP MORRELL: Violin Recital (Town Hall, March 3rd, evening). Graduate of the Institute.

MARGARET HAMILTON: Piano Recital (Town Hall, March 7th, evening). Artist graduate of the Institute.

FELIX SALMOND: 'Cello Recital (Town Hall, March 11th, afternoon). Member of the Faculty of the Juilliard School.

MARIANNE KNEISEL STRING QUARTET: (Town Hall, March 13th, evening). Miss Kneisel, the first violin of this organization, is a graduate of the Institute.

CARL FRIEDBERG of the Institute Piano Faculty will be assisting artist at the above concert.

WILLIAM KROLL: Violin Recital (Carnegie Hall, March 21st, evening). Artist graduate of the Institute and member of the Faculty of the Institute.

ARTHUR LOESSER played at a concert of the Musical Forum at the Gallo Theatre on the evening of February 26th. He is an artist graduate of the Institute.

THE MUSICAL ART QUARTET, consisting of Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman, Marie Roemaet Rosanoff (all artist graduates of the Institute) and Paul Bernard, gave a concert of Chamber Music at the Guild Theatre on the evening of February 26th.

GERALD WARBURG, a former Institute student, and **LAMAR STRINGFIELD**, an artist graduate of the Institute, were assisting artists at a concert of the American Orchestral Society given on February 27th at Mecca Temple.

AT HOME

ALTON JONES, an artist graduate of the Institute and an associate teacher in the Piano Department, will give a piano recital at the Institute on March 14th.

THE MADRIGAL CHOIR and **STRING ORCHESTRA** of the Institute gave a concert at the McMillin Theater of Columbia University, the evening of March 9th. The program appears on page 8.

AND DON'T OVERLOOK

IN OPERAS: (At the Metropolitan Opera House.) Puccini's *La Rondine* revived this month with Bori, Gigli, Fleischer and Tokatyan. Beethoven's "Fidelio" to be given Wednesday evening, March 14th, for the first time this season.

IN ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS: (At Carnegie Hall, Mecca Temple and the Metropolitan Opera House.) New York Symphony on March 1st and 2nd conducted by Arthur Rodzinski, with Nina Koshetz as soloist; 8th and 11th conducted by Maurice Ravel, Samuel Dushkin, soloist; 16th, 18th, 22nd, 25th conducted by Oscar Fried and Fernando Arbos. Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini, March 1st, 2nd, 4th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 29th, 30th, 31st. Philadelphia Orchestra, March 6th and 20th, under Pierre Monteux. Boston Symphony Orchestra, March 8th and 10th, conducted by Serge Koussevitsky.



*The New Rage in the Musical World.
(Courtesy of the Musical Digest.)*

IN RECITALS: Vocal—Bach's "St. John's Passion" was presented by the Society of the Friends of Music, Town Hall, March 4th, afternoon; Feodor Chaliapine, Carnegie Hall, March 7th, evening; Schola Cantorum, Carnegie Hall, March 14th, evening; Galli-Curci, Carnegie Hall, March 18th, evening; English Singers, Town Hall, March 24th, afternoon. Violin—Fritz Kreisler, Carnegie Hall, March 17th, afternoon. Piano—Walter Gieseking, Carnegie Hall, March 11th, evening; Ignace Jan Paderewski, Carnegie Hall, March 24th, afternoon; Sergei Rachmaninoff, Carnegie Hall, March 31st, afternoon.

IMPRESSIONS OF TOSCANINI

Personal Glimpses

*By Murray Paret**(Grade III—Organ Department)*

THE hall was empty and dark,—its blackness accentuated by the luminous glow on the stage.

Against the shadows the slender figure of a man was dimly outlined. His black coat was buttoned tightly around his throat. Only the white head and white hands were visible against the sombre background. It was Toscanini conducting a rehearsal. What an impressive picture of a great master! It was all I could see through the crack of a door at the back of the stage, but it was enough. I must be satisfied with this inspiring glimpse for no one is admitted to rehearsals—excepting, of course, Picciu! Who is Picciu? He is Toscanini's best little friend—Toscanini's hobby—his dog. Picciu is an important character. He always listens with interest to the master's work at rehearsals. And he sits in a box! Mme. Frances Alda gave Picciu to Miss Wally Toscanini, last year when the Toscaninis sailed for Italy. But Picciu liked the master of the family best so they have become great companions. He is the pet of the family, and the center of attraction.

From my vantage point I could see Toscanini reach for a new baton. He had just broken one—or rather, another one. There was a deep silence, a burst of Italian, a few words of English, and then the music started again. No, no! It must be *perfect*! It must always be perfect! Toscanini will have nothing else. It must be played strictly according to the printed page—no deviations, no original interpretations. It must be *exactly* as the composer meant it to be. Atmosphere is an important factor. The orchestra must enter into the mood of a composition and recreate it accurately and vividly. Toscanini is very insistent about this. Another baton is shattered! He never uses a score—in fact, he knows from memory even the bowings and letterings! He can sing, for instance, the melody of a certain instrument two bars before such and such a letter.

But Toscanini is quiet, involuble. I recalled his attitude at concerts. He does not seem to care about the tremendous applause which he receives, or the adoration exhibited by all the world. He is preoccupied. His bow to the public is grave and austere. There is the feeling of "far from all human touch" when in his presence. One cannot even interview this great man, for publicity holds no attraction for him.

As I waited by the stage door, I thought of my own experience the day before. I had gone in quest of a photograph,—an autographed one! I telephoned Miss Toscanini first, and was invited to come to their suite at the Hotel Astor. As it was fairly early in the morning, the master had not yet arisen, but his daughter received me most cordially. I explained my mission and she left the

room, reappearing in a minute with several photographs from which I was offered a choice. I then summoned all my courage and asked her if she would ask her father to sign it! Again she disappeared into the other room, explaining that she would see if her father was awake. I sank into a deep armchair and waited—breathlessly—hopefully. I glanced around me. The room was small but cozy, with pictures, papers and magazines scattered here and there. A portable phonograph was on the floor, open, with a half played record on it. Several Valentines were arrayed on the desk. The telephone was buried in the pillows of the sofa, as if to muffle the intruding sounds of reality and humdrum life. A subdued conversation in Italian could be heard in the adjoining room of the suite where I waited. Soon Miss Toscanini returned and gave me the picture. With much excitement I saw written on it, "To The Baton, Arturo Toscanini." The ink was still wet! How much I appreciated the help and interest of this charming daughter of the illustrious master, who was so quiet and unpretentious! This was an experience to be remembered.

But I was awakened from my reveries and recalled to my present surroundings at the rehearsal by the sudden opening of the door where I was listening. What was I waiting for? Nothing—everything—anything! The orchestra members came out in groups and alone. Here was one who carried an Italian dictionary! Another proudly exhibited to me a souvenir which he prized—a baton which Toscanini had broken a few minutes previously! There was a general bustle and hubbub as the orchestra put away their instruments and went out. Mme. Toscanini passed with Picciu under her arm. I flitted from one person to another, asking questions and listening to remarks. One told me that Toscanini knew over a hundred opera scores and countless symphonies; that he could look at a new score for an hour, and then close the book and conduct it from memory. Another exclaimed, "He is the most genteel and thorough musician I have ever known." And still another said, "Toscanini symbolizes the slogan, 'an ounce of perfection is worth a pound of mediocrity.'" They all agreed that working under Toscanini required intense effort and concentration, but was indeed very inspiring.

When the crowd had gone and the lights on the stage had been put out, and the gloom of the dark and empty hall was increased by the silence, I still waited. But to be rewarded—for down the stairs came the great musician. As he passed, he looked at me, first suspiciously, and then he quickly smiled and swept on with Mme. Toscanini, Mr. Ariani and Mr. Max Smith (two

friends of his who are always with him). As they stepped into the waiting car, Picciu decided to take a view of the city. Mme. Toscanini called excitedly, and after much commotion the tiny Belgian Griffon was persuaded to ride in state on his master's lap. Toscanini, oblivious to all that went on, sank back in a corner of the car, seemingly weary from his morning's work and deeply pensive. Despite the conversation of his friends, he buried himself in a book—perhaps a score. And away they whirled—the mighty Toscanini and the little Picciu!

Acknowledgment is due Mr. Isadore Strassner, Mr. George Rabinowitz (husbands of two of our teachers), and Mr. Albert Marsh (graduate of the Institute), all members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, for their helpful information.

MUSICAL LAUGHS

Musicians take themselves and their art altogether too seriously. They would be much more prosperous if they didn't. The astonishing popularity of jazz is due to the fact that it exploits the funny side of the art, hitherto absurdly neglected.

When musicians gather at clubs or dinners they always indulge in pranks. Delightfully jazzy was Schubert's habit of rejoicing his friends by humming his "Erl-king" with comically exaggerated expression of its tragic details, through a comb wrapped in tissue paper.

Caruso was proud of his skill as a cartoonist and had every reason to be so. He was greatly disappointed when Mark Twain failed to invite him to a dinner he once gave in New York to eminent cartoonists. "Perhaps," he said plaintively, "he knows me only as a tenor."

In browsing about in a book shop, a volume of "Musical Laughs" attracted our notice. It was written by the late H. T. Finck, former music editor of the *New York Evening Post*. A few gems are here corralled and reprinted by courtesy of Funk and Wagnalls, Publishers.

* * *

An Old Violin

Louis Persinger, the American violinist, was on a concert tour. In one small town, he mentioned to the local manager that his violin was over two hundred years old. The manager scratched his head a minute and then whispered: "Well, say, young man, don't say anything about it, and maybe the audience won't know the difference."

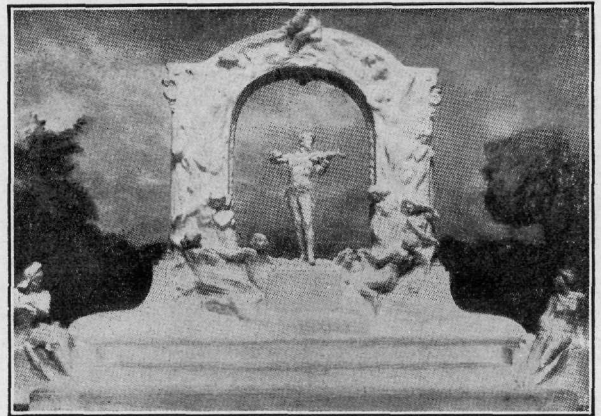
* * *

An English Joker

Here is a joke from the British metropolis: "The country visitor was doing London, and went to a well-known concert hall. He was particular to inquire the prices of seats, and the obliging attendant said, 'Front seats, two shillings; back, one shilling; programs, a penny.' 'Oh, well, then,' blandly replied the countryman, 'I'll sit on a program.'"

Rebuked the Girl

Among the pilgrims to a Viennese shrine, where a piano used by Beethoven is preserved, was an American girl one day who walked airily to the instrument and began playing a careless tune. Then, turning to the custodian, she said, "I suppose you have many visitors here every year?" "A great many," was the reply. "Many famous people, no doubt?" "Yes; Paderewski came recently." "I suppose, of course, he played on this piano," said the girl, her fingers still on the keys. "No," said the verger, "he did not consider himself worthy."



Monument in Vienna to the Waltz King, Johann Strauss.

A Waltz at Her Burial

An amusing story, which has the additional merit of being true, is related of an old lady in Vienna, whose greatest joy in life had always been to listen to the waltzes of Strauss as played by his orchestra, and who ordained in her last will and testament that a Strauss waltz should be played at her funeral, for which each member of the orchestra was to receive a ducat.

The heirs objected at first, on religious grounds, to carry out this plan, but the provisions of the will were distinct, and could not be violated without endangering their own claims; so Strauss and his musicians were engaged and placed in a circle around the grave, and while the coffin was being lowered they played the favorite waltz of their late lamented admirer.

* * *

The Worm Turned

Liszt hadn't much more reason to love the critics than Wagner had. They were always "after him." Once in a while he sharpened his tongue and talked back.

One day when three friends called on him he suggested a game of whist. Two of them were willing, the other confessed he didn't know a thing about whist.

"Ah!" replied Liszt, "then you can be our critic!"

FAMOUS MUSICIANS OF A WANDERING RACE

By Gdal Saleski

(Excerpts reprinted from the above book by courtesy of the Bloch Publishing Company.)

MUSIC, creative and interpretive, has been and still is, immeasurably enriched by the artistic contribution of a race which evidences extraordinary talent. Anyone who teaches large groups of music students is aware of the fact that the pupils of Jewish origin exhibit a more facile gift and seem to possess a more natural musical instinct than those of any other nationality. Nearly every important concert testifies to the greatness of a musician of the Wandering Race.

Gdal Saleski, a 'cellist of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has compiled a most comprehensive volume in which he lists an astonishing number of composers, conductors, violinists, 'cellists, pianists, singers and others who trace their ancestry to the Jews. It is not merely a collection of biographical sketches. There are delightful anecdotes and personal glimpses of famous artists.

The book is of particular interest to us, because included in it are names familiar to the Institute of Musical Art: Frank Damrosch, Leopold Auer, Louis Edlin, Samuel Gardner, Sascha Jacobsen, William Kroll, Hulda Lashanska, Mischa Levitzki, David Mendoza, Yehudi Menuhin, Leo Ornstein and Bernard Rogers.

The following excerpts have been chosen from Mr. Saleski's book as representative portions of interest.

The author wishes to make clear at the very beginning that the words "Jew" and "Jewish" are not used in their religious or national sense. The method of approach is purely a racial one. He has isolated all these musicians into this one volume for the simple reason that all of them have in their veins that fire to which the Jewish prophets gave utterance in the time of Jerusalem's glory.

He realizes that a number of those included in this volume, though reputed to be of Jewish origin, are now of a different faith. He is not concerned with their religion, past or present, but solely with their racial roots, as in the case of the Damrosch family. Dr. Leopold Damrosch, father of Frank and Walter, was born of Jewish parents but later was baptized in the Christian faith.

The Name of Damrosch

Present and former pupils of the Institute of Musical Art rejoice in the satisfaction of having been under the gifted guidance of a Damrosch.

That name is probably the most distinguished and vital in the annals of music in America. The father, Leopold, and the two sons, Frank and Walter, have enriched the musical culture of this country more than anyone else. (Mr. Saleski writes eloquently of them in his book.)

The musical life of America took tremendous impetus from the energetic and intelligent labors

of Leopold Damrosch. His name will always be mentioned with respect as one of the most talented and extraordinary conductors of the New World.

In 1858, Damrosch moved to Breslau, Germany, to accept an appointment as conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra. All the great artists who passed nearby, visited the city, and invariably stopped at the Damrosch home. Among these were Wagner, Liszt, von Bülow, Tausig, Cornelius, Joachim, Rubinstein, Lassen, Auer, Clara Schumann and Raff, with all of whom he established the most friendly and intimate relations.

He proceeded in 1871, to New York, to ascertain whether or not the new field offered a career and a living. How well he gauged the situation and how well he fitted into the new order of things musical in America is a matter of history. Dr. Damrosch was a violinist of the first order. Upon his arrival in New York he made his debut with the Philharmonic Society, playing the Beethoven Concerto. His compositions number some forty vocal and instrumental pieces, including a symphony, a festival overture, an oratorio and several cantatas.

After the failure of Italian Opera under Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House tendered Damrosch the directorship for the 1884-1885 season. He accepted and sailed for Europe to procure singers for a season of German opera in New York. His productions, especially of the Wagner operas, were epoch-making, but the burden of opera, concert and oratorio proved too great a strain. During a rehearsal of Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion," he collapsed and never recovered, passing away on February 15, 1885, of pneumonia. The responsibility of continuing his work fell upon his sons, Frank and Walter.

The great American educator, Frank Damrosch, was born in Breslau on June 22nd, 1859, and began his musical education under his father's guidance in the city of his birth. At the age of eleven, he came to America to join his father. In New York he continued his piano studies under Joseffy, Jean Vogt, Pruckner and von Inten.

From 1882 to 1885 Damrosch conducted the Denver Choral Club, organized by himself, and from 1884 to 1885 was music supervisor in the public schools of that city. From 1885 to 1891 he was chorus master of the Metropolitan Opera House. In 1892 he resigned in favor of the People's Singing Classes, which later developed into the body now known as the People's Choral Union, which has accomplished much for the cause of popular training in choral singing in New York City.

In 1893 Damrosch founded the Musical Art Society, an organization of about sixty selected

professional singers, who sang a *cappella* music, old and new, with a degree of finish and style not heard in America before. Its dissolution occurred in 1920, due to lack of financial support.

Frank Damrosch's greatest service in the cause of music in the land of his adoption is the establishment by him of the Institute of Musical Art in 1905. It was generously endowed by the Jewish philanthropist, James Loeb. This school has raised and stabilized the shifting standards of musical education and pedagogy in the United States, and has since its establishment numbered among its ranks many well-known artists, such as Mischa Levitski and Sascha Jacobsen. Damrosch has done wisely in introducing the Anton Rubinstein requirements in his school, for no pupil is accepted who has not been graduated from high school, or who cannot show the equivalent of such an education. Solfeggio, harmony and theory are compulsory subjects.

Dr. Damrosch is the author of "A Popular Method in Sight Singing" (1894), and "Some Essentials of the Teaching of Music" (1916). He was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Music by Yale University in 1904.

No one has provided more musical entertainment for the people or labored more industriously in the cause of musical art than has Walter Damrosch. Fate seems to have prepared him for his vocation. As conductor, pianist and lecturer he has ever been an alert and indefatigable advocate of good music. Walter Damrosch was born in Breslau, Silesia, on January 30, 1862. In "My Musical Life," he writes, "my first appearance in an orchestra was, I am sorry to say, a rank failure. I was only a boy of fourteen years, and my father had prepared a charming operetta of Schubert's, 'Der Häusliche Krieg,' for a summer night's festival of the Arion Society. In this occurs a delightful march of the crusaders with one loud clash of the cymbals at the climax. It did not seem worth while to engage a musician at full union rates for this clash only, and I was therefore entrusted with it. At rehearsals I counted my bars and watched for my cue with such perfection that the cymbals resounded with great success at the proper time and in the proper manner. But at the performance, alas, a great nervousness fell upon me, and as the march proceeded and came nearer and nearer to the crucial moment, my hands seemed paralyzed. When my father's flashing eye indicated to me that the moment had come, I simply could not seem to lift the cymbals, which suddenly weighed like a hundred tons. . . . As soon as I could I slipped out of the orchestra pit underneath the stage and into the dark night, feeling that life had no joy for me. I could not bear to hear the rest of the opera or to meet my father's reproachful eye. . . ." In 1882 Walter was sent to Europe to advance his musical culture through contact with prominent musicians, among them Liszt, von Bülow and Brahms. He was also privileged to meet Wag-

ner and his wife at Bayreuth, where he attended the first production of "Parsifal."

Another member of the Damrosch family is David Mannes, brother-in-law of Frank and Walter. He is known in the United States for two things: first, the Mannes' School of Music, founded by himself in New York, of which he is director and owner; second, his directorship and conductorship of the Metropolitan Museum of Art Saturday Evening Free Concerts in the same city.

Kreisler and Heifetz

Hats off! The King comes! And his name is Fritz Kreisler! It was said that Paganini's playing was a magic of the devil. Kreisler has a finer magic—the magic of entire self-subordination. Before his tone listening becomes a spiritual faculty. No other violinist so melts the listening mind, ear and heart into a common pleasure, a sublimated and suffusing sensuous delight.

Kreisler did not become famous overnight. His growth from a modest beginning was steady and unaided by chance. The author of this volume well remembers the empty halls that resounded to Kreisler's inspired playing on the few occasions when he heard this superb master, still without fame, and was enchanted by him; in Leipzig (1907), and later in St. Petersburg (1910 or 1911). To quote his own words: "From the age of 20 to 27 I struggled hard for recognition. I played every bit as well then as I do now, but people did not understand it." Fritz Kreisler was born in Vienna on February 2, 1875.

Kreisler was in Switzerland at the outbreak of the war. On July 31, 1914, without waiting for a summons, he started for Graz, the headquarters of his regiment. In the middle of August he was sent to the front. He was in the thick of the fighting against the Russians in Galicia. On the night of September 6, the trenches were rushed by the Cossack cavalry. Kreisler was severely wounded by a lance, and was left for dead in the trenches. Toward morning, however, his orderly crept to the trench and carried him back to the hospital. Two weeks later he was sent to Vienna, and was finally discharged from military service, not, however, before he had received a medal of honor and promotion.

Returning to America in 1915, Kreisler resumed his concert tours, but when the United States entered the conflict, objections were made on the grounds that he was an alien. He cancelled his engagements and retired into private life until the end of the war, when he resumed his career and found his popularity even greater. "I was only seven when I attended the Vienna Conservatory," he says, "and I was much more interested in playing in the park where my chums waited for me, than in taking lessons on the violin. And yet some of the most lasting musical impressions of my life were received there. Some very great men played at the Conservatory when I was a pupil there. Joachim, Sarasate in his prime, Hellmesberger and Rubinstein, whom I

heard play the first time he came to Vienna. I really believe that hearing Joachim and Rubinstein play was a greater influence in my life, and did more for me than five years of study."

The greatest technical genius of the violin of the present day is undeniably Jascha Heifetz. He is the technician par excellence since Paganini and Wieniawski. His style is of the utmost refinement and he invests everything he plays with a classical purity of line and loveliness of



Frank and Walter Damrosch when they arrived in America.

tone. He was born in Vilna, Russia, on February 2, 1901. From his earliest days he showed a remarkable responsiveness to music and seemed to take instinctively to the violin.

Jascha Heifetz himself realizes the advantage of the thorough training he received during his years at the Russian capital. "When I was studying at the Conservatory in St. Petersburg," he says, "we were not considered properly taught if we knew only our own instruments. We violinists, for instance, had to study piano, and of course viola. We were required from time to time to play in different sections of the orchestra, for the benefit of our sight reading, and we had to know the theory and technique of performance in duets, quartets and all forms of musical en-

semble. I think I was with Professor Auer about six years."

It happened that in the summer of 1911, Heifetz was engaged to play soli at an exhibition in Odessa. He arrived there unheralded and unknown, but after his first three appearances his name fairly rang through the crowded streets of the Black Sea port, the young boy becoming overnight the idol of the population.

The author, who was also one of the soloists at that concert, remembers the huge crowd of over 28,000 that Heifetz drew to the big open-air arena, and the mad demonstrations of the throngs, who nearly killed the prodigy with their uncontrolled adoration.

The child's god-like playing and cherubic face so hypnotized them that each one of them was eager to see and touch the chosen one of the gods. The people refused to leave the grounds. Little Jascha, his parents and two younger sisters, could not pass out by the artists' quarters since all exits, windows as well as doors, were blocked by a raving, undulating crowd. The family was nearly suffocated with fright and lack of air. I succeeded in summoning a whole police division, and with its help rescued the family from the over-enthusiastic attentions of the audience. Hiding Jascha under my cloak, I broke through the surging crowds, but some one saw the child's face, and we were seized and overwhelmed and the boy was exposed to view. In the grand frenzy we were separated from the other members of the family, and had to search for them until late into the night. In the meanwhile, the parents, who had to force their way through a different exit nearly died of anxiety over Jascha's fate, until they found that he was safe.

The Heifetz family came to the United States in 1917 by way of Siberia and Japan. Great as a wunderkind, Jascha Heifetz is also great as a man. He is no longer the boy-wonder in velvet jacket and long curls. He is now a man of the world, a student of affairs, and a connoisseur of art and literature. In his New York studio apartment, surrounded by rare books purchased in London, Berlin, Paris, Tokio and Sydney, and his collection of Oriental curios, rugs, carvings and unusual decorations, the distinguished violinist works and receives his many visitors. A great lover of lights, he has them so arranged that he can at will get the desired effect to fit the various moods of the evening. He remains, in spite of all the tributes paid him, the modest man he always was. In his apartment there are countless medals, gold and silver wreaths, as well as many works of Orientals given him in the Far East as expressions of appreciation. Heifetz was also awarded membership in the French Legion of Honor.

Blasé Opera-goer (to country cousin who is vigorously applauding). "Hands cold?"

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Vol. VII

MARCH, 1928

No. 5

A LETTER TO GEORGE A. WEDGE

Seattle, Wash.
January 16, 1928.

My dear Mr. Wedge,

I believe you will be interested in the work one of your pupils is doing here in Seattle, so I am taking this opportunity of sending you one of my announcements and telling you how much I appreciate the assistance of your books, which I use exclusively.

When I came here in October, I found it necessary to do some teaching so I took a swift survey of the situation and discovered that Seattle needed some sort of conservatory background for its many music students. As elsewhere, the singers and violinists are the ones most sadly lacking in this particular. I had great difficulty convincing the teachers themselves, until by good fortune I approached Mr. Jou-Jerville. This gentleman is a fine musician, a first prize graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, and a man well known and liked throughout the west. The result is that I have pupils from all over the state, some of them very fine singers, and I feel that the undertaking has been well worth while.

You will be amused at my fear lest my pupils might know more about the subject than I, but after the first lesson, I was confronted with the fact that not one of them knew *scales*!

I remember one of our problems in the Normal Class was how to present this material if we had only one hour a week to do it in. A practical solution is not easy with class lessons, and it is here that I rely on your books for their balance and conciseness. I also wish to thank you for one particular instruction, "Think the sound, first." Therein lies the secret, does it not?

Very sincerely,

Loma Roberts.

CONCERT OF THE MADRIGAL CHOIR AND STRING ORCHESTRA OF THE INSTITUTE

At the McMillin Theater

March 9th, at 8:15 P. M.

Serenade, Opus 48.....	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
STRING ORCHESTRA OF THE INSTITUTE	
Motette, "Jesu, meine Freude".....	<i>Bach</i>
MADRIGAL CHOIR OF THE INSTITUTE	
Serenade in D minor, Opus 69.....	<i>Volkman</i>
STRING ORCHESTRA OF THE INSTITUTE	
Violoncello Obligato, OLGA ZUNDEL	
Six Madrigals of the 16th and 17th Centuries	
MADRIGAL CHOIR OF THE INSTITUTE	
Prelude and Fugue, Opus 85.....	<i>Moszkowski</i>
STRING ORCHESTRA OF THE INSTITUTE	



(Courtesy of the Musical Digest.)

A Studio Incident not seen by the Listeners-In.
Signalling the accompanist to refrain from an avalanche of tone—for the sake of a pianissimo effect.

BACK-YARD

By Edna Bockstein

(Grade II—Piano Department)

I had to snap
A lucid cable of glass
Before I could pin the steaming wash
To the line.
The pieces stiffened as I hung them—
Crisp, thin squares of ice
Swing in rigid undulation.
When I have thawed my thick, numb fingers,
I shall fill my arms with this cold, sweet whiteness.
Even in winter, one may gather in a harvest.

One of our prima donnas was recently disturbed by some knocking at the door of her apartment on Eighth Avenue, where she was practicing. She opened the door and was confronted by a foreman from the Subway Construction Company.

"Is you the lady what's practicing here all mornin'?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered rather proudly.

"Well, then, please lady," he replied, "don't hold on them high notes so long. The men have knocked off three times already, thinking it's dinner time."

—Victor Rosenblum.

(Grade II—Orchestra Department)

THE GREAT 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.)

"**A**RTIST of the Imperial Theatres." That is the title Chaliapine ordered printed on his visiting cards, as soon as he had signed the coveted contract. "It was a designation," admits the singer, "which much flattered my self-esteem and of which I was very proud!"

Following the period of study with Usatov, the kindly teacher who not only taught him the art of singing but culture besides, Chaliapine had some degree of success in smaller opera companies. He had been the recipient of bouquets from feminine admirers and had experienced the delightful sensation of hearing his name whispered significantly by strangers. His head was turned and he considered himself already a celebrity. What was his dismay, therefore, to find himself severely criticized in the newspapers for his performance of a new rôle at the Imperial Theatre. Even the management was censured for having entrusted the rôle to an "ignorant young nobody."

"Thank goodness, that humiliation occurred at the very beginning of my career as a singer," says Chaliapine. "It did me good by sobering me and compelling me to think seriously about myself and the profession I was engaged in. It stripped from me the impudence and excessive self-confidence with which I was infected!"

During that season in Petrograd, Chaliapine made many friends among painters, singers and actors. He especially recalls Gorbunov whose gift of mimicry and intonation enabled him to conjure up in a few words an entire picture. Much was to be learned from him. On one occasion a "meagre, slender, and, so to say, not very noticeable child," played the piano so superbly that it was almost incomprehensible. The child virtuoso was Josef Hofmann. The most pleasant incident was meeting the composer Rimsky-Korsakov during rehearsals of one of his works. Chaliapine was greatly interested in this "taciturn, meditative composer, whose eyes were concealed behind double glasses." Rimsky-Korsakov was treated with scant consideration at these rehearsals, whole pages being struck out of the score of his opera.

There was a ballerina at the Imperial Theatre who somewhat interested Chaliapine. She spoke no Russian and his Italian was limited to, "Allegro andante religioso moderato," so there were amusing pantomimic sessions!

It was on a trip to Moscow to call on this same dancer that Chaliapine encountered Mamontov, a wealthy patron of music, whom he had met before. Mamontov persuaded Chaliapine to join his opera company in Moscow and gave the singer carte blanche to do whatever he wished in interpreting and creating rôles and in costuming

them. "If you wish a new opera to be staged, we will do it," Mamontov assured him.

He married the Italian ballerina, Tornaghi, the summer of 1898. Rachmaninov was the leader of revels for the occasion.

The study of Chaliapine's greatest rôle,—that of "Boris" in Moussorgsky's opera of the same name,—was begun with Sergei Rachmaninov, who was then conductor of Mamontov's opera company. The now famed pianist had graduated from the Conservatoire only a few years previously, and he did much in acquainting Chaliapine with harmony and the technical side of music. So enthusiastic was the singer over the opera "Boris" that he learned not only his own rôle, but every rôle both male and female. The usefulness of this complete knowledge of an opera was so apparent that he studied all other operas that way. Not content with acquiring the average understanding of a character he was to interpret, Chaliapine determined to study minutely "Boris" as an historical figure. To this end he obtained an introduction to a noted professor of history at the University of Moscow. Chaliapine remembers vividly a stroll through the woods among lofty pine trees while the historian related events and dialogues as though he had been an eye-witness. "The figure of Tsar Boris arose before me powerful and interesting," says Chaliapine. The following winter, "Boris" was produced in Moscow with great success.

In the spring of 1901 a telegram was sent from the theatre La Scala in Milan asking Chaliapine his terms for an engagement to sing Boito's "Mephistofele." Unable to believe that the offer was authentic he telegraphed Milan asking that the message be repeated. There was no mistake. For several days he could not make up his mind to attempt the new opera and in a tongue unknown to him; he ended by requesting 15,000 francs for ten performances, thinking that would settle the matter. But his terms were accepted! He was torn between joy and fear and decided to spend the summer in Italy learning the new score. Rachmaninov asked to go with Chaliapine, and incidentally to help him study the opera. It seemed important to both of them that a Russian should be asked to sing in Italy where there were so many celebrated artists. They settled down quietly at Varese on the San Remo road, near Genoa. Chaliapine was captivated by this sunny country and its happy inhabitants.

Extremely nervous prior to his appearance he was unable to sleep for some nights and went to the first rehearsal with considerable misgiving. The director of La Scala, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, reassured him, however. The conductor was no less than Arturo Toscanini. In the cast was a young man named Enrico Caruso, who sang the rehearsal in

mezza-voce; Chaliapine did the same. The young conductor seemed a forbidding person who did not smile as everyone else did. "He was a man of very few words," says Chaliapine in his description of the occasion. "His manner when correcting the artists, was very brief and rather harsh. One felt that he knew his business and would not be argued with. In the middle of the rehearsal he suddenly turned to me and said hoarsely:

"Listen, signor! Do you intend to sing the opera as you are singing it now?"

"No, of course not," I answered in confusion.

"But, my dear sir, I have not had the honor of being in Russia and hearing you there. I don't know your voice. Please be good enough therefore, to sing as you will do at a public performance!"

"I felt that he was right, and began to sing with the full power of my voice. Toscanini frequently stopped one or the other of the singers, for the purpose of commenting or advising them, but said nothing more to me. I did not know what to think, and went home after the rehearsal in an uneasy frame of mind.

"If he did not stop me," I thought, "he must disapprove of me."

"Next day there was again a rehearsal in the foyer, where the walls were adorned with old portraits and photographs. Everything there inspired respect. What artists it had seen!

"The rehearsal began with the Prologue. I sang the opening with my full voice. When I had finished Toscanini stopped for a moment, and with his hands still resting on the keys of the piano, his head a little inclined on one shoulder, said in his hoarse tones, 'Bravo!'

"The unexpected comment resounded in my ears like a shot. At first I did not understand that it referred to me, but as I was the only person who had been singing, I was obliged to assume that his approval was intended for me. Greatly rejoiced, I went on singing with enthusiasm, but Toscanini did not say another word to me.

"The rehearsal over, I was summoned by Signor Gatti, who spoke very kindly to me and said: 'I am glad to tell you that you have pleased Toscanini very much.'"

The story of Chaliapine's extraordinary success in Italy is a thrilling narrative in itself, but too long, alas, for repetition here. Soon after that, he was invited to sing in the theatre of Raoul Ginsburg at Monte Carlo. Among the artists appearing there, was the inimitable Maurice Renaud.

By this time the fame of Chaliapine had reached America and he came to New York to fill an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House in the season of 1907-08. He was much excited over the journey and interested in our bustling city, though the persistent newspaper reporters somewhat bewildered him. His initial performance was "Mefistofele" and with him in the cast was Geraldine Farrar. The performances of "Don Giovanni" in which he appeared were conducted by the late Gustav Mahler.

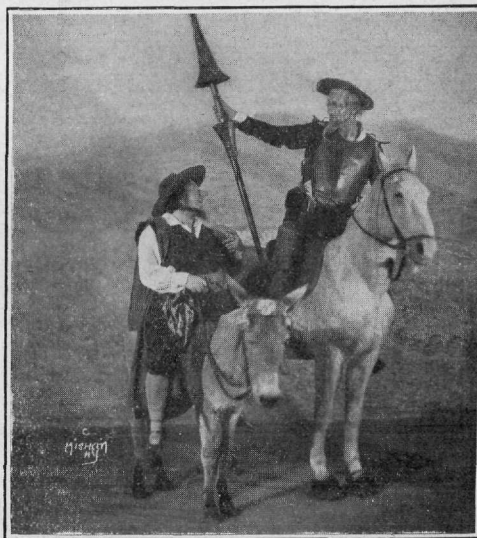
For some unaccountable reason the great Russian

artist did not receive his just acclaim from the American public. His artistic ideals were misunderstood and he left our shores in an unhappy frame of mind. In striking contrast were his triumphs in Paris under the direction of Diaghilev who presented a season of Russian music at the Opéra. Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninov, Scriabine and Nikisch also participated in these performances. The coronation scene of "Boris" was given with great magnificence. The death-scene created an overwhelming impression.

South America was the next to receive Chaliapine. He sang in Buenos Aires and then returned to Europe to appear in London at Covent Garden. He received an ovation from the London public and was as popular with persons of high rank as the simple working people. During a performance of "Boris," His Majesty the King received him in the royal box.

Jules Massenet wrote the opera "Don Quixote" expressly for Chaliapine, who was deeply moved when he first heard the score played by the composer at his Paris home on the left bank of the Seine.

The singer was in the "Ville Lumière" on July 25th, 1914. He left there for Germany, but in Belgium the train was stopped. War had been de-



Chaliapine as Don Quixote and De Luca as his faithful servant, Sancho Panza.

clared! He had to make his way back to Paris mostly afoot, occasionally riding in wheeled vehicles. With great difficulty over passports he finally succeeded in returning to Russia via England and Norway. Seven years of hardship followed, during which time he gave generous aid to the cause by establishing two hospitals and by giving of his art in various ways. Later he was forced to sing to obtain enough food to keep from starving to death.

At last in 1921 he was able to obtain the necessary aid to leave Russia. Both London and New York sent for him to appear in opera. On the steamer bound for America his companions were the composer Richard Strauss and the writer H. G. Wells. Gatti-Casazza of the Milan days welcomed him to the

(Continued on Page 14)

THE GREEN ROOM

A Short Story

*By Joseph Machlis**(Grade VI—Piano Department)*

THE cumulative silence of a thousand whispers expectantly hushed; the rustling of programs hastily consulted; the hands of the artist poised over the keyboard;—and then the procession of introductory chords wavering into the darkness of the balconies.

One obscure dot in the multitudinous tapestry of the crowded auditorium, a little black-and-gray haired woman sits upright, stiffly; her eyes fixed intently on the center of the stage; her fingers pressed against the black bag in her lap. The nervous beating of her heart tricks the regular pulsation of the music into some distorted syncopation. But gradually she regains her composure. The certain, flexible fingers of the pianist, domineering the unresisting keys, now cajoling, now commanding the great ebony-black instrument, impart to her the reassuring fulness of their strength. The consciousness of his mastery admits of no doubt. She rests more easily against the back of her chair, surveying the surrounding darkness teeming with heads.

Many people—who have come to hear him play. Again and again the thought comes, fantastically strange, too wonderful for comprehension, a thought to be fondled, like some joy which foreshadows its swift passing. Many people—who have all come to hear him—to hear her son.

As the artist plays on, he rises out of himself, above himself. He has ceased to be an entity in black-and-white seated in the center of a dimly-lit stage. Rather has he become a voice, winged, impersonal, through which is articulated the timeless thought of a great Master; or the painter of a mighty canvas projecting before the eyes of the many, the obscure aspirations, and regrets, and sadnesses of each animated and colored by the witchery of his gifted imagination. Perhaps in this lies the greatness of her son's art—its power to set free the fancy of the listener, so that he may snatch from forgetfulness the elusive magic of some half-remembered mood.

About her, too, the music weaves its filmy web, shutting out existence, until faces have receded into distant unreality. There is left only a narrow path which leads from her half-closed eyes to the face swaying above the keyboard; and on that vision-path, with a vividness which mocks reality, the ever-strange, ever-familiar sequence of images from the past.

A slender-hipped, dark-eyed girl staring with bewildered delight at the fulness of life unfolding to her, mist-enveloped in a dream of the giant world. A slender, wide-eyed wife, still bewildered, but beginning to suspect that somehow life has slipped her by in the darkness of all-powerful circumstance. A tired, clear-eyed mother, having called the dream a deluding jest, yet seeking to recapture the essence of it in the infant at her side.

The boy has run into a neighbor's. His fingers stumble over faded keys; he listens fascinated, intent on every tone; at last the vacillating outline of a melody patched together. She hears with amazement; suddenly the flash of an idea, the vision of something great and mysterious, which is to leave in its wake quiet, but unshakable, resolve. That which life had withheld from her she would place within the grasp of her son. For him the joy of accomplishing; for her, through him, the vicarious joy of realization.

Twilight. A sewing-machine hums its deadening monotone. She sits up, to relieve the pain of protracted labor. From the adjoining room the tinkle of a tiny piano. A difficult passage repeated again and again, with steadily increasing fluency. She rouses herself, returning to her work with redoubled energy, as if to recover the precious minutes of reverie. The music is lost in the metallic buzz of the tireless machine.

Morning. A terrible ordeal. She taut, on a cushioned sofa, he at the piano at the opposite corner; between them a volatile little man walks back and forth. Abruptly he motions the player to stop.

"It is enough. He will play, that boy; yes, he will play!"—and they return happy, she holding his hand tightly clasped in hers, as if to transmit to him, thereby, the strengthening energy of her hopes.

Slow, agonizing years, those, of poverty leering with a genteel grin; bleary with midnight hours of ceaseless effort; of self-denial and self-obliteration in the face of the far-off, but sternly beckoning Vision. And ever the difficult passage is played more firmly; and ever the boyish hand is clasped in hers, each of them deriving encouragement and solace from the other. Until, finally—

Evening, one never to be forgotten. His debut. The details fade confusedly into a conglomerate mass of lights. Then a long, narrow corridor which led to the strange little room coyly hidden behind the stage; the green room, as it is known to soubrettes, clowns, ballerinas and artists the world over; remembered as the spot where, on that terrible first night, one waited nervously. Remembered also as the spot where one was breathlessly embraced and congratulated, while the sound of applause echoing from the auditorium, brought with it a glimpse of that elusive phantom-form, a Career. Some there are who learned later that not for them was the triumph of the green room; they remember it doubly well, but with a sad regret, not unmixed perhaps with a little bitterness.

As she entered it hastily that memorable evening of his debut, one glance passed between them, of understanding. He took her in his arms, her sister's voice laughing in her ear: "Just fancy,

dear, he wouldn't even kiss his aunt. He said you must be the first one!"—and a weakening wave of love had gripped her with breathless pain. Then it was she knew how tired she was; then also she realized that though the sacrifice had been great, the joy. . . .

Path of bygone visions shattered by a burst of applause. With a start she is torn back to the present. Before her the mature profile of the artist, and in its shadow she can trace the profile of a little boy tinkling on a neighbor's piano; walking home, his hand in hers, from a curtained studio; practicing in a dingy room while she sews on; that profile well-known, intimate, changeful. He is now playing the Marche Militaire,—song of militant youth. A cascade of glittering octaves, the surge of a mighty rhythm which brooks no resistance. The pomp of a bygone chivalry lifts aloft its flashing helmet.

But to her it is the joyous victory-cry, an absorbing vision become reality.

Jerky little steps down a long, draughty corridor. Walls painted half-yellow, half-green, gazing at each other with the hungry melancholy of buildings which were never beautiful, and are now old. Jerky, eager steps towards the padded,

discreet door of the green room. A few yards more, and a long-loved face above hers.

Quicker. The door of the green room swings noiselessly open to her touch. She advances; her eyes have circled the room, have found the object of their search. She stops, for a moment hesitates. In a trice she has slipped back into the corridor, while the noiseless door of the green room shuts from her view the two figures within.

The sensation of dropping through an opaque endlessness. A doleful wall in a draughty passage; on it, with painful vividness, that scene. Her son, with the complete absorption possible to childhood or genius, bent over a white hand. The woman strangely, disquietingly familiar.

Why does one feel so calm at unexpected moments? Yet really nothing about which to be agitated. She must be a silly, sentimental old woman, as if it matters. And a childish treble laughing in her ear "just fancy, dear, he wouldn't even kiss. . . . He said you must be the first one." She should have been expecting it all along. The way of the world. Ah, yes, she had noticed the lady several times at his concerts. It had to be so. He would be happy. But it was sweet to have him a little boy, his hand confidently resting in hers. Now he was a man, and would go. Gone. So that was it. His art, his soul,—to a strange, far-away world; his soul, his body, to a strange, far-away woman; and for her,—for her the patient silence of the empty dream. Things are unreal, they slip through one's fingers. But sometimes memories may be caught and retained. Ugly combination, yellow and green. Why hadn't they thought of painting it . . . what queer thoughts come into people's heads at the wrong time. Better go in before someone sees her standing motionless before the door. Draughty old corridor, leading out to dark nowhere.

She pressed her rebellious lips into a determined smile, and entered the green room.

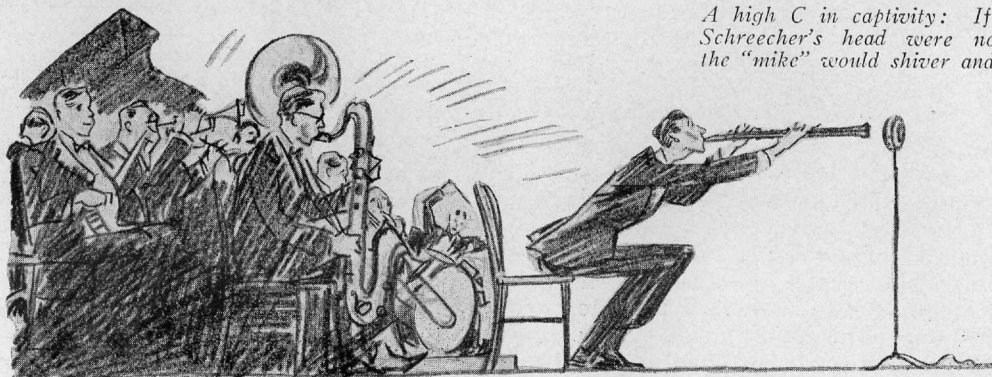
(Confessions of an Alumnus to be resumed in the April issue with "No Man's Land.")

More Studio Incidents the Listeners-In Do Not See

(Courtesy of the Musical Digest.)



A high C in captivity: If Madame Schreecher's head were not turned the "mike" would shiver and shudder.



When the clarinet has a prominent part in any composition, it must be in the first row of the orchestra.

CHOIR PRACTICE

*By Morris Markey**Reporter-at-Large for The New Yorker
(Reprinted by Courtesy of The New Yorker)*

THE snow fell softly, giving mellowness and warmth to the light that came from a few windows in the street and muffling the sounds of the distant traffic. Half way down a quiet block, the doorway of a small yellow church stood open, casting a square of radiance upon the whitened sidewalk—a square wherein moved the heavy shadows of one or two who lingered upon the steps.

Presently there was the sound of laughter along the street, and two more figures came out of the darkness. There were greetings, heavy and guttural—the stamping of feet—amiable curses upon the weather. A little of the speech was in German, but the most of it was in a fluent, thick approximation of English. Those who had but arrived grunted and exclaimed as they tugged at their galoshes, and shook the snow from their hats. “All have come but you,” said a young woman—one who had been waiting.

“But we are here!” cried the taller of the newcomers. “Ach, ve are here!”

They all burst into laughter. It was decided to enter, and after a moment the door had closed behind them. (A little stealthily, one followed them—quickly hunting out the darkest corner and settling down among the shadows.)

Two clusters of lights hung from the ceiling of the little church. In their illumination it seemed a warm and cheerful place. There were the customary rows of hard, oaken benches. Thin pillars supported a shallow balcony that ran around three sides. The floor was of polished wood, covered in the aisle spaces with runners of some cheap carpet. Against the outer darkness, the stained windows looked pale and ghostly—and also a little ghostly was the bare, empty pulpit with its huge Bible spread open. Behind the dais on which the pulpit stood were the choir stalls, and from these soared upward toward the vaulted roof the hundred pipes of the organ. In the air hung the faint, dead scent of last Sunday's flowers—last Sunday's perfumes.

The people who had come were clustered about the organist—eight or ten men and women of curiously disparate age and stature. Two of the men were tall, huge of shoulder, with blond mustaches and enormous laughter bubbling from their throats. Another was short, with the figure of a porpoise. His head was entirely bald, and even the women laughed without restraint when he complained lugubriously, “Mein billiard ball—it is cold.” The women were quite businesslike. One of them, a tall, pale creature who wore spectacles, fingered a pile of music expertly. Two others, alike as peas in their merry corpulence, chaffed with the men. There was one girl, young and pretty, who remained a little shy of their exuberant compliments.

Suddenly, the organist called them to silence. “You vill,” he demanded, “die strictest attention pay!” He was square, military, with fierce, pursed lips and glaring eyes. His hands smashed together with a sharp explosion. “Ve shall try die B Minor Mass of Bach! You see, I am generous to you—you vill not outrage dot moosic! You vill not make me ashamed for trusting you!”

He plumped himself abruptly down upon the bench, his feet worked spasmodically for a moment, and with hands uplifted he swung his head about—as if he would trick them into some impertinent gesture, and catch them in the act. To his disappointment, perhaps, he encountered only grave, attentive faces. And so he turned back to the keys.

A deep, throbbing chord came from the pipes, incredibly rich and sweet, and in a breath the strange mystery of music had descended upon the church. The measured phrases came with deliberation, swelling and dying, giving a vague hint now and then that they might soar into ecstasy but always stopping somewhere short of that, and dropping with resignation into the earthly voice of supplicant humanity. When the last note had died against the rafters far overhead, the organist turned slowly about to face his listeners. He made a slow, somewhat pitying gesture.

“You haf heard,” he said.

They nodded eagerly, and exclaimed in admiration. His voice had broken the spell, and their voices tried a measure here and there. He addressed them in his drill-sergeant's voice, demanding their attention to this page and this line, to that unusual phrase, to that subtle change in tempo.

“Sing not too loud,” he ordered.

He gave the beat—their voices lifted: a little hesitantly at first. Their eyes were fixed upon the sheets which they held in their hands. Their heads bobbed up and down, keeping time. Their shoulders rolled with the cadences—and sometimes one would essay a slight, awkward gesture. He interrupted them many times. He chided them for their obtuseness. He played a measure over twenty times, for the tenor—and for the soprano he sang out another measure in a high, squeaky voice that might have been ludicrous but for his fierce earnestness, his enormous preoccupation. After half an hour, he turned to them with sudden quiet in his voice.

“Ve shall now sing die Bach,” he said.

They sang it—all through, without interruption. It may have been rather bad singing. The organ may have been a rather poor thing, as organs go, and the organist himself may not have been a fine musician. But as the fine, disciplined cry of old Papa Bach swung on, the deep har-

monies thundered against the vaulted roof, the severe melody repeating itself over and over again in the passion to make itself understood—one was caught in a surge of splendor and of beauty.

Very far away, in that moment, seemed the haste, and the high-pitched laughter, and the brittle vanity of Manhattan. Slums and mansions, greed and excitement and bickering and disillusionment seemed to recede. In these sounds—which after all were merely atmospheric waves beating against the ear with varying intensity—these fleeting, intangible sounds, there was an overwhelming reality. The world seemed old, and wise, and kind. No longer did the worship of a bearded god seem a stupid and romantic evasion of truth. In the rumble of those majestic sounds was something beyond good and evil, something which gave to man the momentary semblance of nobility.

In a far corner of the church, deep among the shadows, were two who had been sitting very close together at the first—staring into each other's faces and no doubt whispering now and then. One could see very little of them, except that the lad was tall, with blond, curly hair and a defiant lift to his chin. As the music reached its heights, they fell apart a little. They leaned forward, grave and intent, and they seemed to forget each other. Even when the last note had died unwillingly, echoing for a very long time among the crannies of the old church, they did not look at each other, but sat as people rapt.

The organist shuffled his music. The singers coughed a little and cleared their throats. They seemed unwilling to break the enchantment into which they had fallen. But presently it was broken. The organist swung about and popped his hands together in that explosive way of his:

"It vas nodd badt," he nodded. "It vas nodd goot, but it vas nodd badt! Sometimes, I think you haf die feeling. If you blease, ve shall now go over last Sunday's Palestrina. You made me veep ven you sang it. I did not know singing could so execrable be!"

They sang the Palestrina—but somehow they could not make it live. Their emotions seemed still caught helpless among those coils of old Papa Bach—or perhaps their emotions were spent altogether. Their voices sounded perfunctory—and they paid little attention to their master's interruptions.

"Ach—children!" he cried. And he made them sing one measure twenty times. They did it not at all to his satisfaction, and suddenly he cried out in fury—a bellowing exclamation which made the two in the distant shadows of the church half leap from their seats. They fell back with hidden laughter.

"Ach!" he cried. "I vill blay for you die only music dat you should sing! Sing dis! It is die limit of your cap-bacity!" And with savage

gusto he thundered the air of "Ach, Du Lieber Augustine." "Sing it!" he roared. "Sing it! Dot is your taste!"

Presently, they were filing down the aisles toward the door, putting on their coats, laughing and chattering merrily. The organist was among them, completely rid of his anger. It was a thing which he reserved for expression from his bench. They stood looking out into the snowy night.

"How comes der beer, Hans?" asked one.

"Goot, goot. It vas a goot year in der Bohemian hop fields. I bought two bales, and dey vas goot."

"Soon ve shall haf a bottling, eh?"

They broke suddenly into German, laughing over their plans for the beer bottling. Inside the church the lights went out. The sexton, incredibly old, bearded and wrinkled, with small, brown hands, came to lock the door. The boy and girl called good night, and went swiftly away. The others separated in the trampled snow before the steps, calling out mirthfully as they stamped into the darkness, "Gute nacht! Gute nacht! Gute nacht. . ."

THE GREAT CHALIAPINE

(Continued from Page 10)

opera house, where he was to appear in "Boris." "To this day," says Chaliapine, "I do not know who crowned me—the composer, my comrades, the artists, the chorus, the musicians, or the public. I only realized this—that on that evening I had indeed been crowned as an artist at the Metropolitan Opera House!"

In recalling the memorable ovations he has received, he concludes, "I cannot but admit that, although my life has been hard, it has had its rewards. I have experienced moments of the greatest happiness which I owe to the art I so dearly love. Love always bring us happiness, whatever may be its object; but the love we give to art is the greatest happiness in life!"

SET FREE

From the Chinese by Ssü-K'ung T'u

I revel in flowers without let,
An atom at random in space;
My soul dwells in regions ethereal,
And the world is my dreaming-place.

As the tops of the ocean I tower,
As the winds of the air spreading wide,
I am 'stablished in might and dominion and power,
With the universe ranged at my side.

Before me the sun, moon, and stars,
Behind me the phoenix doth clang;
In the morning I lash my leviathans,
And I bathe my feet in Fusang.

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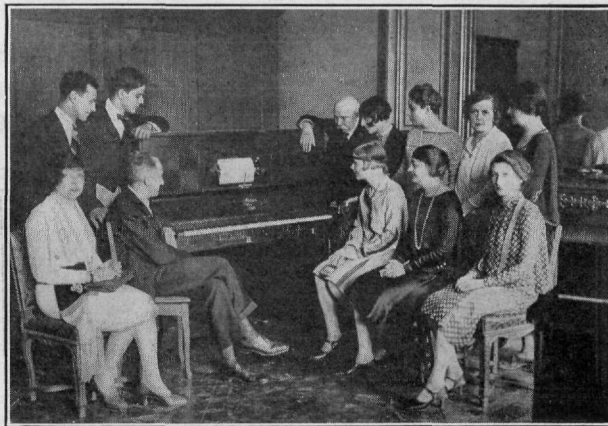
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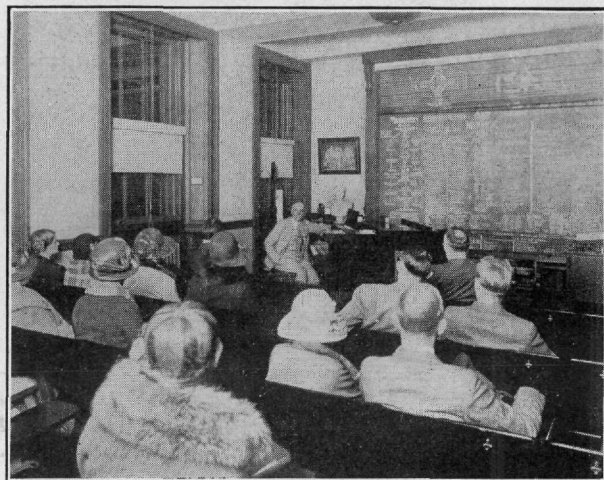
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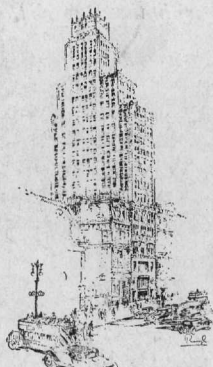
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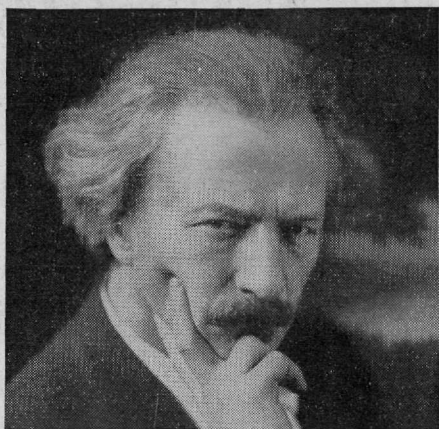
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