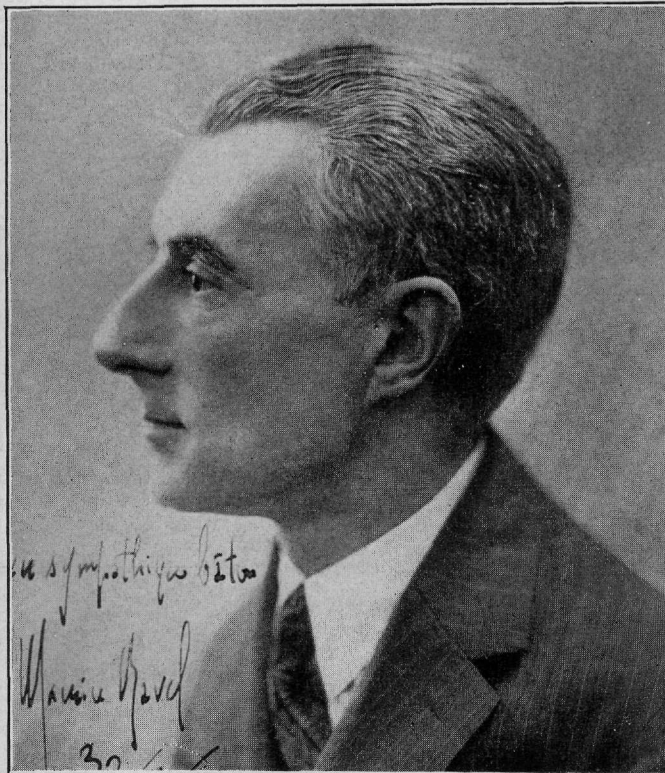


The Baton

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR
THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART
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NEW YORK CITY.
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Ravel's Autograph to The Baton

MAURICE RAVEL

Chats with the French Composer

W. J. HENDERSON REVIEWS
New Book by George A. Wedge

UNFINISHED MASTERPIECES
Pathos of Dreams Never Realized

AND BEETHOVEN LAUGHED
An Experience

MORE FAMOUS MUSICIANS OF A
WANDERING RACE

NO MAN'S LAND
A Story

Vol. VII. No. 6

April, 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.

KATHERINE BACON: Piano Recitals (Town Hall, April 8th, 15th, 21st, 30th, afternoons). Artist graduate of the Institute. In this series Miss Bacon is playing the complete piano literature of Schubert.

MARGARETE DESSOFF, a member of the Institute Faculty, is leading the Adesdi Chorus in a concert at Town Hall on the evening of April 18th.

PAUL KOCHANISKI: Joint recital with Sigismund Stojowski. (Town Hall, April 19th, evening). He is also appearing in a joint recital with Yolanda Mero at Steinway Hall on the afternoons of April 3rd and 10th. Mr. Kochanski is a member of the Violin Faculty of the Juilliard School.

PHYLLIS KRAEUTER, 'cellist and **KARL KRAEUTER,** violinist are appearing in a joint recital at Town Hall on April 23rd, evening. Both are artist graduates of the Institute.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT: Another Public Concert given by the Institute of Musical Art, will take place April 13th, at 8:15 in the McMillin Theatre of Columbia University. The program appears below.

Overture, "Der Freischütz".....*Weber*
ORCHESTRA OF THE INSTITUTE
Symphonie Espagnole, for the Violin.....*Lalo*
Allegro non troppo
DAVID MANKOVITZ
Walther's Prize Song, from "Die Meistersinger".....*Wagner*
SAMUEL CIBULSKI
Introduction to Act III, from "Die Meistersinger".....*Wagner*
ORCHESTRA OF THE INSTITUTE
Variations on a Rocco Theme, for the Violoncello
Tschaikowsky
OLGA ZUNDEL
Symphonic Poem, "Les Préludes".....*Liszt*
ORCHESTRA OF THE INSTITUTE

AT HOME

RHEA SILBERTA, pianist, and **LYN DONALDSON-MITTELL,** soprano, gave a joint recital at the Institute on March 28th. Both are Institute graduates.

ELENORE ALTMAN, a member of the Institute Faculty, and artist graduate of the Institute, gave a piano recital at the Institute on April 4th.

THE JUNIOR STUDENTS of the Institute gave a concert of orchestral, piano, and violin music in the Recital Hall on April 7th.

CONCERTS OF ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS by members of the Theory Classes of the Institute, will take place on the afternoons of April 14th and 21st, at 2 o'clock.

ALUMNI CONCERT

Wednesday, April 18th

Program of Original Compositions

Three Summer Sketches.....*Dorothy Fulmer*
Sonata for Violin and Piano.....*Reuven Kosakoff*
Group of Songs.....*Rhea Silberta*
Compositions for Violin and Piano.....*William Kroll*
Prelude and Concert Fugue for Piano.....*Ronald Murat*
Group of Songs by the following:
Robert Nelson Nathan Novick
Gladys Mayo Lillian Fuchs
String Quartet "From the Southern Mountains"
Lamar Stringfield
Three Negro Songs.....*Jacques Wolfe*
Ensemble for Flute, Oboe, Strings and Piano
Ethel Glenn Hier

Bernard Wagenaar's sonata for violin and piano, played by Ruth Breton and the composer in the annual competition of the Society for Publication of American Music recently, has been chosen the best piece of chamber music submitted and will be issued through G. Schirmer, Inc. Mr. Wagenaar is a member of the Institute Faculty in the Theory Department.

AND DON'T OVERLOOK

IN OPERAS: (At the Metropolitan Opera House.) The closing week of the season offers Mozart's "Così Fan Tutti," Wagner's "Tristan," Puccini's "La Rondine," Deems Taylor's "The King's Henchman," and Chaliapine in Moussorgsky's "Boris." April 14th, the Opera Company goes on tour until May 5th, giving performances in Baltimore, Washington, Atlanta and Cleveland.

IN RECITALS: Vocal—The Society of the Friends of Music, April 1st, Town Hall, afternoon, Brahms' "Deutsches Requiem." Violin—Jascha Heifetz, Carnegie Hall, April 15th, afternoon. Piano—Sergei Rachmaninoff, Carnegie Hall, April 22nd, evening. On the evening of April 18th, the New York Music Week Association is holding its final auditions at Carnegie Hall.

IN ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS: (At Carnegie Hall, Mecca Temple and the Metropolitan Opera House.) The New York Symphony and the New York Philharmonic orchestras brought their seasons to a close on April 1st at Mecca Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House, respectively. The New York Symphony was conducted by Fernandez Arbos, with Jascha Heifetz as soloist. As this concert was the last before the Symphony is merged with the Philharmonic, the final number on the program was the Adagio from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, conducted by Walter Damrosch. The New York Philharmonic was under the leadership of Arturo Toscanini. Numerous soloists and a chorus of 200 voices were assisting in a performance of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony." Philadelphia Orchestra, April 3rd and 17th, conducted by Pierre Monteux. Detroit Symphony, April 5th and 7th, under Ossip Gabrilowitsch in a performance of Bach's "Passion, According to St. Matthew." Boston Symphony Orchestra, April 12th and 14th, conducted by Serge Koussevitsky.

MAURICE RAVEL

Chats with the French Composer

"**H**LAS! for the inability to reduce the suavity, the politesse, the glitter of Maurice Ravel to dull and ponderous Anglo-Saxonism," laments Olin Downes, music editor of the *New York Times*, who visited the composer in Paris last summer. "He is urbane, Parisian, and very swift. His dress is exceedingly plain, fastidious, exotic."

They sat in a very charming garden known to a few, Ravel fussing with his food and sampling a liqueur. Mr. Downes looked and listened, finding it difficult to take eyes from a face which had at moments the very look of some old portrait of a Rameau or Voltaire. His Gallic felicity and irony were a delight.

Hollister Noble, managing editor of *Musical America*, at a recent luncheon given by W. J. Guard of the Metropolitan Opera, imparted to our editor interesting impressions of Ravel. "To reach his retreat in France," said Mr. Noble, "one must board a leisurely train at the Gare des Invalides, journey interminably to Versailles, thence to St. Cyre and finally to the country station of Montfort-L'Amaury. Here, in a small village with poplar-lined roads and a ruined tenth century feudal castle, dwells Maurice Ravel. During his infrequent visits to Paris he stays at an ancient hotel on the ancient and noisy Rue d'Athenes."

"His summers are spent at St. Jean-de-Luz, in the middle of the French Pays Basque, under the

born in 1875. He is of both French and Spanish descent. "Debonair, polished, cosmopolitan," Mr. Noble described him.

Of his music, although he has gone to various sources for his materials, "nothing came from his hands without the stamp of a new mind and a fresh artistic purpose upon it," declares Olin Downes. During his chat with Ravel he made some remark about a composer's sincerity. "I don't particularly care about this 'sincerity,'" said Ravel. "I try to make art."

The composer of *Jeux d'Eaux*, the brilliant *Rhapsodie Espagnole*, *La Valse*, the superb setting of Moussorgsky's *Tableaux d'une Exposition*, *Ma Mere L'Oye*, the inimitable one act opera, *L'Heure Espagnole* (produced by the Metropolitan Opera in 1925), and of the choreographic symphony *Daphne and Chloe* (regarded by the French as his masterpiece),—the composer of these wishes to stop composing to re-study his profession!

"Of course," he added, "if I ever did a perfect piece of work I would stop composing immediately. One just tries, and when I have finished a composition I have 'tried' all I can; it's no use attempting anything more in the same direction. One must seek new ideas."

The violin and piano sonata has a second movement of "blues." "And I take this 'blues' very seriously," he said, with an air of engaging candor. And then, becoming serious: "Why have not more of the important American composers turned to this 'blue' material and to other music of popular origin which has come to you from so many different sources?"

"You have so many musical strains. You have Scottish, Irish, Spanish, Jewish—an enormous number of influences at work in your country's art. The serious composer, of course, uses the popular melody in his own manner, takes it as his creative point of departure. I don't see why more of you don't do it."

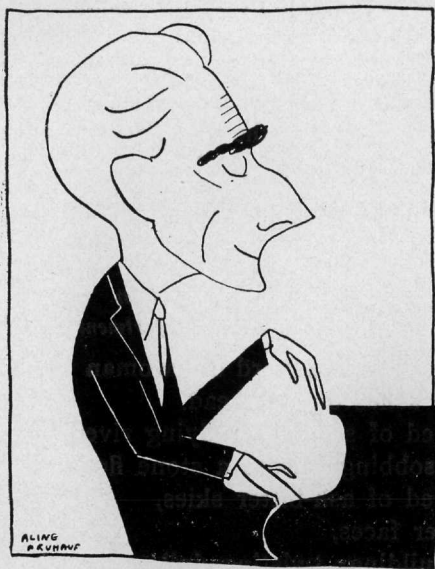
Ravel's estimate of contemporary composers is worthy of note. "Debussy was one incomparable artist, one individual of most phenomenal genius."

Of Stravinsky: "He is, happily, never content with his last achievement. He is seeking. His neo-classicism may be somewhat of an experiment, but don't think that Stravinsky has stopped. His last work, 'Oedipus,' showed that while he plays with old forms, he is actually finding something new."

Of Ernest Bloch: "A powerful and passionate nature; a true musician. I do not take his emphasis of Judaism too seriously; it is the most superficial aspect of him as a composer."

Of Sibelius: "A magnificent talent—I do not say a supreme artist, but a composer strong in feeling and color and inspired by his vast and sombre north."

He said of Schönberg that this gifted musician had worked deep into a maze of complexities of his own working, and that to a French artist such a course was inconceivable as a source of progress.



Ravel at the Piano.
(Caricature from *Musical America*)

foot of the Pyrenees, with its sheltered bay and picturesque mountain scenery. Other musicians who own villas there are Paul Kochanski, Alexandre Gretchaninoff, Maria Barrientos and among the visitors are Feodor Chaliapin, Nicolai Orloff, Mischa Elman, Maria Kurenko and Arthur Rubinstein."

Ciboure, an adjacent town, is where Ravel was

Nor did he think the direction taken by Vincent d'Indy one to which French composers would rally. Among the young men he found Milhaud one of the most promising; the remark had the flavor of politeness. Of Vaughan Williams, the Englishman, and surely a leader of the English school, who worked with Ravel for a period, he said:

"A real artist, who only realized his richness when he learned to be English!"

* * *

Undaunted, *The Baton* set out with determination to secure the celebrated Ravel's autograph. Through the kind assistance of Beckhard and MacFarlane, concert-managers, and of Arthur Lora, artist graduate of the Institute and flute soloist in concert with Ravel, a representative of our paper was introduced to the French composer at the close of a concert at the Hotel Roosevelt, March 30th. He was exceedingly gracious, manifesting a genuine interest in several copies of *The Baton* which were shown to him. The Toscanini issue elicited special comment.

He was quick in his movements and witty in his remarks, the while signing a picture, "To the sympathetic bâton!" And all this was accomplished in French—WITH DIFFICULTIES!

(More of Ravel's history will be found on page 10. Olin Downes wrote an article on the subject, in the *New York Times*, and Hollister Noble's articles appeared in *The Herald-Tribune* and *Musical America*.)

ALUMNI NEWS

NORA FAUCHALD MORGAN, soprano, artist graduate of the Institute, was awarded a scholarship at the Dresden School of Opera and the Dresden Opera House. Mrs. Morgan was soloist for five years with Sousa's Band and a 1926 winner at the Lewisohn Stadium auditions. She studied with Mrs. Theodore Toedt.

NICHOLAS G. J. BALLANTA-TAYLOR, who holds the Certificate for Practical Composition of the Institute, was awarded the Guggenheim Fellowship to continue his study of the music of the African people.



Reception Room of the Institute.

Newly decorated under the supervision of Mrs. Paul Warburg, sister of the founder, James Loeb, a painting of whom may be seen above the fire-place.

WESLEY SONTAG, violin graduate of the Institute, gave a program of his own compositions over the radio on March 31st from the Hotel Roosevelt (Station WRNY). The compositions were for violin and for voice. There were twelve songs by Mr. Sontag. Among the soloists was an Institute voice student, Elizabeth Richardson.

ASHES

By Edna Bockstein
(Grade II—Piano Department)

The world is a haggard old woman
Heaping ashes on her head.
I am tired of seeing the dying river
Slither, sobbing, across a stone floor.
I am tired of ash-bitter skies,
Ash-bitter faces,
Ashen buildings twisting dully upward,
A sickly orange sun leering through the mist, . . .
Faces, skies, buildings, thinning, drifting, swirling,
Like ashes on the wind.

I shall go home,
But only to cold ashes, and a dry staccato clock.
I have not even fuel
With which to build a fire.

NO MAN'S LAND

Confessions of an Alumnus

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

IT was on the way from Boston, cradle of American culture,—and how tiresome the best of infants can become!—that the violinist I was accompanying and the car we were travelling in, broke down, in one of those places which have a railroad station and two streets. At first I railed against the Fates. Then, we settled down in a house which had bay windows, and to my great delight, a piano; a square grand piano, relic of the Age of Innocence. I consoled myself, and prepared to work away until my companion and our vehicle had recovered from the hardships of the journey. The following day we ascertained that the Township of East Clapham Junction boasted a movie-house, a Main Street, a big sign "Kiwanis welcomes you to East Clapham Junction, where ocean and mountain meet," and a studio where Mme. Du Bois gave French, Music and Ballet-Dancing. When we weren't strolling through the elm-lined streets, I sat at that queer square grand practicing some things of Bach and Beethoven.

The third day of our sojourn, I received a letter. Wondering, since no one of my friends knew my temporary address, I opened it; wondering even more, I read: "May I welcome you, first of all, to the pleasant town of East Clapham Junction, 'where ocean and mountain meet.' It is indeed a pleasant task, in the case of two such distinguished artists. But East Clapham Junction has always shown itself more than ready to show appreciation of the arts. It was the first town of its size to bring down world-renowned artists. And all English authors on lecture-tours always make it a point to stop here. But then, after all is said and done, are not the arts the lovely part of life, nourishing and refreshing the rest, as the blue waters of the Skohawk River refresh the foliage of Clapham Valley?"

"Indeed, I may safely say that East Clapham Junction does not, emphatically not, content itself with being the most prosperous town of its size north of Squeedunk, having one Ford to every three and one-half inhabitants, and a most flourishing Chapter of the Daughters of the Rising Star, Women's Division B. P. O. E., which brings me to the point of this letter.

"As President of the Chapter No. 6823 of the Daughters of the Rising Star, which contains really the best people of East Clapham Junction, it is my duty to arrange the programs of our gatherings. And just this Saturday night we are having our annual Spring entertainment. I am sure that you will do us the favor of obliging with a few selections. Because, as I said before, East Clapham Junction does not content itself with merely the material things of life, but is keenly interested in all the arts, especially music.

And you will find a delighted and really interested audience. You may play real deep things, since they will be genuinely appreciated.

"You will, besides, be able to enjoy a very interesting program by our home talent, and I believe I shall also perform. As a fellow artist, allow me to hope for the pleasure of your consent. Sincerely, Mrs. Theodosia Hesselpeffer-O'Keefe, President, Chapter 6823, Daughters of the Rising Star; Chairman, East Clapham Junction Culture Club; Vice-President, Nathaniel Hawthorne Literary Club; author of 'Should Women Have Careers,' published by the East Clapham Junction Press."

I was impressed, intrigued, and slightly bewildered. What would impress the natives? I decided to begin with a stirring Sonata Movement of Beethoven, then a Chopin Ballade which I happened to have in pretty good shape, and wind up with a Liszt Etude.

Came Saturday night, and found me floating in one of the corners of the John and Priscilla Concert Hall, spacious, with ugly yellow walls and the ceiling of corrugated white tin-plate, with an inane design of interlocked circles. There were tables with white cloths and refreshments, as one sees at parish bazaars. There were also, wandering about in various directions, very much occupied, the Daughters of the Rising Star; who were either thin and tall or short and stout. The thin tall ones wore, as a rule, dresses of dark blue silk or dark brown silk, that seemed too long. The short stout ones wore dresses of dark brown silk or dark blue silk that seemed too short. Now and then were children, for no good reason at all. There were also husbands, with even less justification.

But now a little hubbub arose, as a new figure sallied in. One look at her was sufficient to convince me that she it was who had written me the pressing invitation. Down she swooped upon me, tall, broadchested, with a most wonderful baritone voice. In booming, authoritative tones she bade me welcome.

Now silence fell, as one of the tall thin ones in dark brown began to pipe in a soprano monotone, "It is quite unnecessary to introduce the first number on the program; Mrs. Theodosia Hesselpeffer-O'Keefe is too well known to all of us. Not only has she delighted us time and time again with her recitations, but she perhaps more than any other has helped to make East Clapham Junction the center of art and culture that it is. For, as she often says, 'It is not only the material things that make life worth living.' I am sure we all remember her recent helpful lectures on 'Brancusi and the Cubists,' and 'Why Classical Music Is Greater Than Any Other.' We may in-

deed be proud to have within our ranks such an unusually talented woman. But I will not repeat what we all know, and so. . . ."

Mrs. Hessenpfeffer-O'Keefe walked up to the platform. She might have looked coy, except that she did look elephantine. She smiled beatifically.

"I will begin tonight with an old favorite, 'Jean Desprez' by Robert W. Service." She began, dramatically articulating the opening lines, "Oh, ye whose hearts." The last time I had heard the lines had been in my early high school days. This was indeed more than amazing.

My fellow artist was in great form that evening. After the furore caused by "Jean Desprez," she continued with Kipling's "Gungha Din," and "The House by the Side of the Road." And then on through her repertoire, concluding with "The Rosary" and "John Gilpin's Ride." It was all very exciting.

Then Madame Du Bois played the piano while little Miss Theodosia Hessenpfeffer-O'Keefe sang and danced. One little girl recited a poem in French, which everybody called "simply adorable." Suddenly I heard the chairman speak my name.

In a flash, what I had clean forgotten, came back to me. I was one of the artists scheduled to perform that evening for the best people of East Clapham Junction who were deeply appreciative of all the arts, especially music.

As I walked up the steps, a sudden emptiness flooded my brain. That ravishing Sonata Movement of Beethoven, that Ballade of Chopin with its elaborate thematic development, that ingenious Etude of Liszt. But, no, impossible! I could not think of going through them. Certainly, I knew that. . . .

I sat down at the piano, and preluded over the keys. An eternal minute of indecision, hesitation, a terrible not knowing what to do. And then a sudden flash of inspiration, a flash of remembrance from the days when "Gungha Din" and "Jean Desprez" had thrilled adolescent emotions. Ferociously determined, I boomed the three opening notes of the C-Sharp Minor Prelude.

By that time I had slightly recovered my composure, so that when they demanded an encore, I proceeded unabashed with Liszt's Liebestraum. They were enthusiastic over the bit that I remembered from the "Polish Dance." I might even have gotten to "The Rustle of Spring" and "The Dying Poet,"—not wholly forgotten from those primordial primitive days,—but it was growing late. To close gracefully, I topped it off with Ethelbert Nevin's "Narcissus."

Mrs. Theodosia Hessenpfeffer-O'Keefe approached. "What was the first thing you played; I'm sure I've heard it somewhere before."

"Oh, I'm sure, too. It's called 'The Prelude' or 'The Bells of Moscow'."

—"The Bells of Moscow!" and what Elinor Glyn would call a soulful far-away look came into her eyes. "The Bells of Moscow—I love classical music . . . Bells of Moscow . . . I felt at once it must be about bells . . . so expressive, really. And what was that second? 'Liebestraum' or a 'Maiden's Dream of Love.' So sweet, too. I really think classical music is just too wonderful. But one must be sensitive to understand it, don't you think so?"

Mr. O'Keefe approached. He never said much, except when Theodosia wasn't near to interrupt him. He was one of the pillars of Kiwanis, and offered to show me the slogans Kiwanis had used during the "Boost-East-Clapham-Junction-Drive." They all were suspiciously characteristic of Mrs. Theodosia's literary style.

She recited again later in the evening, and made a charming little impromptu speech of thanks to the visiting assisting artist.

As we drove out into the State road, my companion looked back for the last time, and remarked, "Dinky little one-horse town." For a moment I had a vivid picture before my eyes of Mrs. Theodosia Hessenpfeffer-O'Keefe in harness drawing a heavy load; the load of all the culture and art of East Clapham Junction.

Next installment: DEBUT (not to be followed by any more. So you really must . . . etc.) in the MAY issue of THE BATON.

PENSIVE THOUGHTS ON INFANT PRODIGES

Young Bach copied music by moonlight
When merely a lad of eleven,
And Haydn could sing almost any hard thing
Before he was six or seven.

At a concert of London's elect
Young Mozart—or so I've been told—
Played his own overture, and I'm perfectly sure
The tickets were easily sold.

Chopin was so brilliant and winsome,
So charming, so tender of years,
His improvisations were quite the sensations
Of people with musical ears.

Beethoven, adorable baby,
When still very chubby and fat,
Sent his nursemaid away and devoted the day
To writing a thing in E flat.

Yet no matter how often I read
Of babies whose childhood was fiery,
I cannot hit G at the same time as C
Without getting hot and perspiry.

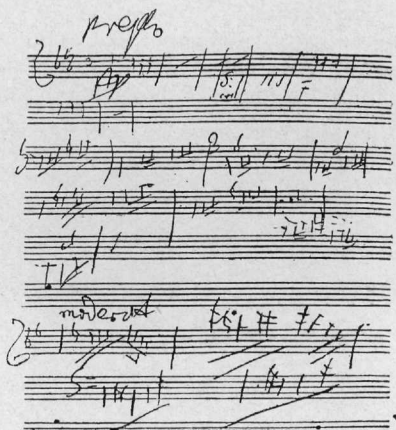
—Marianna Bonnell in *The New Yorker*.

AND BEETHOVEN LAUGHED

By Morris Goldstein
(Grade III—Theory Department)

HAVE you ever burned the midnight oil trying to invent a suitable theme for your theory lesson? And have you taken that theme to class, dreaming of the praise you would receive from your none too easily satisfied teacher? And after submitting that beloved composition, your instructor emits a cry—"Ah! We have here a very fine piece of work; a masterpiece . . . if you look on page six of Beethoven's piano sonatas, on the fourth line, you will find a duplicate of this." What a blow!

But, gentle reader, do not think for a moment that you are the only one with these troubles. Many a composer has set himself to write music and then later found out that his idea was an exact duplicate of one already existent. The writer himself has had this experience (although not claiming to be a composer), and a very harrowing experience it was.—And to cap the climax, whose music should it be—but Beethoven's!



The last notes Beethoven wrote in his famous notebook.

Even Beethoven had his worries. In reading about this great master, one often finds pointed out the marked similarity of several of his themes and subjects with those of other composers. Some authors give us examples, the most frequent of which is the comparison of the overture to Mozart's so-called juvenile opera, "Bastien et Bastienne" and the opening or principal theme of Beethoven's third symphony, the Eroica. Now, did he really adopt these various ideas or were they of his own conception?

It is well known that in Beethoven's period and previous to it, it was a common practice for composers to adopt or appropriate other composers' themes and work them out in their own individual way. It is in the working out of an idea that the composer shows his ingenuity. In any one of Beethoven's well known works—the fifth symphony, for example, the motive consists of four rapid notes. From this extremely simple motive a great symphony is evolved.

It is very easy to see, after playing over Mozart's piano sonatas, how Beethoven was influenced in his earlier years by this great master. Beethoven's first symphony is often said to be very Mozartian (if one may coin a word). The last movement, *allegro molto e vivace*, is a good example, but this refers mostly to style.

So it is very plausible that Beethoven created these doubtful themes out of his own head, just as you would your theory. I have heard people say, "I wish I had lived in Beethoven's time. Now there are no more musical ideas left." How nonsensical! What did Beethoven use for his ideas? We all know of his famous notebooks; the numerous re-workings and re-modelings. There are still new ideas which are yours for the asking—as long as you can recognize them.

Talking about Beethoven reminds me of the experience of my friend, M—. A short time ago, the New York Symphony was to play the already mentioned fifth symphony. On hearing this, M— decided not to miss this concert under any circumstances. Arriving at Carnegie Hall with a miniature score of the symphony in his pocket, he found to his dismay that the house was sold out with the exception of a few seats priced at \$2.50. Having only about fifty cents in his pocket, you can realize his predicament. This didn't discourage him, however (staunch soul!). He loitered around the box office, determined to get within the portals by hook or crook.

Things were going at a feverish rate . . . the concert was soon to begin. . . AN IDEA!! Why not tackle the ticket speculators? These men of the hour, to his astonishment, possessed a large number of fifty cent tickets which they were selling—for a dollar. This scheme failed, because, as you know, he had no dollar. The concert had begun . . . the tickets had fallen in price . . . only seventy-five cents . . . still too much . . . the second number had begun. . . A faint hope crept into M—'s mind . . . maybe the tickets would . . . no, such luck was not possible . . . then SUCCESS!! the impossible had happened. M— hurried up the stairs with his coveted ticket, hearing as he ran, the opening strains of the fifth symphony. Still, there were miles of stairs to climb to reach his seat. At last he saw the ceiling, which meant that his seat was near. M— remembered no more except that he had to hold his score about two inches from his face in order to read the tiny notes in the poor light.

Home at last. Hungry and tired. All for the fifth symphony. Poor M— sat down to rest his weary body and then, some one turned on the radio. Now, having the radio going full blast when one is very, very tired is annoying, especially when it happens to be playing the . . . FIFTH SYMPHONY!!! Even Beethoven, himself would have laughed, don't you think so?

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No. 6

RHYTHM IN MUSIC

A Review

By W. J. Henderson

(Dean of American Music Critics and Member of the
Faculty of The Institute of Musical Art.)

GEORGE WEDGE has written a book about rhythm in music. This is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." If all the readers of THE BATON had to hear as much musical performance as I do they would know that deficiency in rhythmic comprehension is one of the commonest failings of both players and singers. The right amount of contrast between accented and unaccented notes is wanting and this want obscures the melodic form of the music. Uncertain rhythm also betrays itself in the use of incorrect duration of a note which increases the blurring of outline.

Mr. Wedge has contributed to the literature of music a clear and comprehensive study of rhythm. In doing this he has served the art admirably. His method of illustrating by quotations of verse is apt and illuminative. When he goes further and provides linguistic forms for the elucidation of various rhythms, he sends glowing shafts of light through what many students must have found to be the dark places of the subject.

Many years ago Sidney Lanier, poet and musician, wrote a book showing the similarity between musical and poetic rhythm, but the rhythms of music are far more numerous and permit of greater extension than those of poetry. This Mr. Wedge has demonstrated clearly. But he has also proved that, no matter how rhythms are compounded, the student who has grasped the fundamental principles of time and accent will be able to resolve the most elaborate forms into their elements and to preserve in perfect profile the melodic outline.

Every student in the Institute ought to read

this book and reread it till he has thoroughly absorbed its information. There is no deader musical performance than that in which rhythms are blurred. No beauty of tone or agility of technic can overcome the handicap of bad rhythm. Mr. Wedge has rightly said that the beating of the pulse is the most powerful factor in a musical performance. When a man's pulse does not beat he is as good as dead. It is the same thing with music.

FOR AND AGAINST THE MERGER

The front page of *The New York Times* on Tuesday, March 27th, presented the startling headline: "Symphony Merged with Philharmonic—Toscanini to Direct—World's Finest Orchestra with Adequate Endowment Is Aim of Sponsors—Mengelberg a Conductor—Damrosch Agrees to Serve as Associate—Season Will be Lengthened—New Concert Hall Sought."

The reason given for this radical step was that the directors of the two organizations had "unanimously reached the conclusion that the cause of orchestral music in New York City would be promoted by the concentration of the efforts of the consolidated society upon the support of a single orchestra—a permanent orchestra second to none in the world and a music hall worthy of the City of New York."

The music page of *The Times* on Sunday, April 1st, offered an article headed: "Merger Grievous Heifetz." The violinist expressed surprise at the "almost disinterested calm" with which New York accepted the announcement; the lack of any evident distress over the swallowing up of a symphony orchestra which has been heard by 8,000,000 persons. "Indeed, editorials were printed in praise of the event," he adds.

"Certainly the greatest city in the world should be able to support two symphony orchestras. I know it can do so." Mr. Heifetz does not agree with the directors that the amalgamation will be for the betterment of music. Furthermore he pointed out that the city will suffer from the loss of competition which, he declares (and rightly), adds zest to the musical life of a nation.

To one music lover, who had been a frequent attendant at New York Symphony concerts and who watched Walter Damrosch conduct the closing offering of that organization, came the keen regret that the greatest city in our country should become reduced to one orchestra and that one conducted not by an American who has done more than any other musician to advance musical development in the United States, but by a foreigner, admitted master though he is. THE BATON is interested in the opinions of its readers on this subject and invites comment.

Sliding Scale

"What is the rent of this room, including the use of the piano?"

"Well," suggested the landlady, "perhaps you'd be so good as to play me something first." —*Travelers' Magazine.*

MORE FAMOUS MUSICIANS OF A WANDERING RACE

Gershwin, Friml, Romberg, Chotzinoff, Godowsky, Gabrilowitsch, Bauer, Lehmann, Levitzki, Ornstein, Ravel.

By Gdal Saleski

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

Gershwin, Friml and Romberg

George Gershwin was born in Brooklyn (New York), on September 26, 1898, and received his education in the public schools there. It was not until his thirteenth year that he started to play the piano, but after four months' lessons he played so well that friends of his father advised sending the young pianist to Europe to study. The advice was not followed, however, and different teachers in turn were employed. Gershwin then studied harmony under Charles Hambitzer, with whom he also continued his piano study until the latter's death. Later he continued his harmonic studies under Edouard Kilyeni and Rubin Goldmark. At the age of sixteen he began work as a "song-plugger," for J. H. Remick, music publisher, sometimes playing all day for vaudeville acts and until two and three o'clock in the morning in cafés.



George Gershwin
Of "Rhapsody in Blue" fame.

On November 1, 1923, Gershwin made his first appearance as a serious performer on the stage of Aeolian Hall, in New York, as accompanist for Eva Gauthier, in a group of his own songs, and on February 12, 1924, his "Rhapsody in Blue" was played for the first time by its composer and Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

In the spring of 1925, Gershwin, whose original talent was immediately recognized by Walter Damrosch, director of the New York Symphony Orchestra, was commissioned by the Society to compose a concerto for piano and orchestra; and it is probably a circumstance without parallel in America that before a single note of the work was written he had signed contracts for six performances of it with the New York Symphony Orchestra in New York, Brooklyn, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Rudolph Friml was born in Prague, on December 7, 1881. His parents were very poor. He had

as schoolmate Jan Kubelik, a struggling young boy like himself. These worked together for six or seven years, studying, composing, playing, earning a little money now and then by semi-amateur appearances.

Daniel Frohman, famous theatrical producer of New York, happened to attend one of their concerts and signed him up for a tour of American cities. Friml's latest triumph is the "Vagabond King" (1926), which played at the Casino Theatre, in New York City, for several months. The Vagabond's Song in this piece is particularly interesting. It has an exuberance because the heart of it comes from some wild Roumanian gypsy folk tune.

The music of Sigmund Romberg exercises a spell that few can resist. At the present time, the name of Romberg is identified with "The Student Prince," one of the outstanding successes of the theatrical year of 1925-26.

Sigmund Romberg never had to suffer financial hardships. Born about thirty-nine years ago, of Jewish parents, near Szeged, Hungary, his education was most liberal, including technical and academic training. The melodies of Strauss and Lehar enchanted him and gave him his first inspiration.

About thirteen years ago he reached New York with a letter of introduction from Franz Lehar to J. J. Shubert, the Broadway producer. For a time the future composer was a pianist in the Café Boulevard on Second Avenue near Tenth Street, where Eric von Stroheim, now a famous movie-director, worked as cashier. His opportunity came when Shubert commissioned him to write the music for a Winter Garden production, "The Whirl of the World," presented in 1914.

Like most Hungarians, Romberg is sentimental by nature. Two summers ago he visited his parents, residing in Croatia. But first he took a flying trip to Belgrade, where he assembled a thirty-six piece orchestra. Returning to his parents, he invited both to attend a concert given solely for themselves. After distributing the scores of his best musical compositions, Romberg mounted the platform and directed a performance of all his works, himself acting as conductor. Whenever his aged parents applauded, he bowed his acknowledgments as if in the presence of a vast audience. "That was the greatest thrill of my life," he said.

Pianist and Critic

One of the pre-eminent piano accompanists and music critics is Samuel Chotzinoff, who was born in Vitebsk, Russia, on July 4, 1889. His father was a rabbi and teacher of Yiddish.

Chotzinoff came to the fore as an able accom-

panist, when in 1911 he made a concert tour with Zimbalist. In the following years he was accompanying artist to Zimbalist's wife, Alma Gluck, and also to Frieda Hempel. He reached the peak of his career as accompanist when, in 1919, he undertook a tour with the celebrated violinist Jascha Heifetz, whose sister Pauline he subsequently married in 1925.

Chotzinoff's early musical articles began to appear in *Vanity Fair*, and other American magazines in 1923, and on the resignation of Deems Taylor he became music editor of the *New York World*, one of the most important of the metropolitan dailies.

Godowsky, Gabrilowitsch, Bauer, Lehmann

The one thing in the world to which Leopold Godowsky objects most emphatically is being called a pianist! This seems strange in view of his world-wide reputation as such, but an explanation from Godowsky himself throws a new light on the matter. A pianist, according to him, is one, whose sole medium of expression is the keyboard, one whose instrument is the be-all and end-all of his existence, and the end as well as the means of his artistic expression. Godowsky, on the other hand, has a broader concept of art; and while the piano has served him as an excellent medium, he finds an equal, if not surpassing, satisfaction in composition and travel. Back from the Orient, where he concertized again during the season of 1924-25, just long enough to complete his "Java Suite," he made ready to leave New York once more in September of 1925, this time for a tour of Egypt, Assyria and Palestine.

One day Gabrilowitsch was to play in a town which, although "short on art was long on cash." To the citizens of the town Ossip Gabrilowitsch was simply another of those Russians with the unpronounceable names. Then somebody discovered his illustrious family connection (for Gabrilowitsch is the son-in-law of Mark Twain). The men of the town woke up and hustled to the concert. Every man who had ever white-washed a fence or read the other homely adventures of Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn was curious to see anything that touched him, Mark Twain, no matter how distantly.

When Gabrilowitsch stepped out on the stage, he was astonished to find a huge audience overwhelmingly masculine. But half-way through the program he overheard a comment that enlightened him, when one man whispered loudly to another: "He may be Mark's son-in-law, but he sure can play!"

As Gabrilowitsch quaintly remarked, "That particular recital represented to me the triumph of music over literature, for at the end of it the audience undoubtedly was liking me for my music and not simply because of my illustrious American affiliation."

Born of a musical family, Harold Bauer began studying the violin at the age of six, with Pulitzer. At ten he appeared in public. At

twenty, he went to Paris expecting the musical world to bow before him. He had very little money, but was determined to stay there indefinitely, for he loved the glamorous city. He found that engagements as a violinist were not easy to get, but that piano accompanying was apt to be more marketable. Bauer decided to use his knowledge of the instrument and, after a few weeks practice, succeeded in securing several engagements. His first chance came very soon. He was asked to substitute for another man who was to accompany Paderewski on a second piano. "At that time," says Bauer, "I knew about enough to be able to play the essential notes in a difficult passage—those that could not be spared!" Paderewski was evidently impressed for he gave him helpful hints from time to time, and got him a job.

"The first thing for a student to learn," Bauer says, "is rhythm and self-expression. He should dance and sing before he ever touches an instrument. He should learn to express himself through gestures and voice. Singing is a vast help in learning correct phrasing. The child will learn that the true phrase should last as long as the breath required for its delivery. I would never start a child's actual lessons with scales." Harold Bauer was an intimate friend of the late Debussy, the two artists holding each other in high esteem.

Of the singers, Lilli Lehmann is a very important one. Walter Damrosch, in "My Musical Life" says in part, "On the afternoon of days that she had to sing 'Isolde,' she always sang through the entire rôle in her rooms with full voice, just to make sure that she could do it in the evening. Compare this to those delicate prima donnas who, on days when they have to sing, often speak only in whispers in order that their precious vocal cords may not be affected."

Levitzi and Ornstein

The Institute of Musical Art has been the musical home of many of the geniuses of the House of Judah.

To us they have brought the inherent artistic gifts of their race, seeking development. From us they have taken their full-blown talents offering them to an appreciative and acclaiming musical world.

Prominent in the concert field is Mischa Levitzki, whose art combines the perfect technique of the experienced genius with the virile fire of enthusiastic youth. He is a commanding figure in the pianistic world of today.

Mischa was born in Kremenchug, Southern Russia, on May 25, 1898. At the age of three he showed a remarkable sense of rhythm, playing the drum in an orchestra made up of his own family. Neither of his parents was particularly musical, and they were not at all anxious for a musical career for their son. However, on the insistence of a local pianist, he was taken to Warsaw, where he studied with A. Michalowski (an excellent routine teacher), from 1905 to 1906. At

the age of eight, his parents brought him to New York, where he studied at the Institute of Musical Art under Stojowski for four years. His outstanding talent caused friends of the family to advise that the boy be taken to Europe for further study. With his mother and younger sister Bertha, he arrived in Berlin, his heart set on becoming a pupil of Ernest von Dohnanyi. Over the telephone, Dohnanyi held out little hope and tried to put the boy off by saying that perhaps there would be a chance the following year. However, Levitzki was insistent and pleaded for a hearing and at last an appointment was given him for the next evening after dinner.

When Dohnanyi came out from his dining room the following night, he found awaiting him a small boy in knickerbockers. He was not only amazed but annoyed. His was the master class,



Mischa Levitzki, once an Institute pupil.

and all of his pupils were of maturer years. He had no time for beginners as he supposed the child to be.

"Are you the new student from America?" he asked, none too graciously.

"Yes sir," answered the boy whose feet scarcely touched the floor when he was seated.

"Don't you know that we don't admit pupils under sixteen to the Hochschule?" began the pianist, and before Levitzki could answer he added, "and I personally have never taught children," this with a perceptible emphasis on the last word.

Levitzki was determined not to be dismissed in this summary fashion and asked that he be allowed to play one piece. Dohnanyi at length consented and the boy played "La Fileuse" by Raff. When he had finished, Dohnanyi without

other comment asked him to play something else. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" followed.

"Come tomorrow morning at eleven to the Hochschule for the entrance examination," said he, as he gravely bent down and shook hands with the boy. Mischa was unanimously voted a member of Dohnanyi's master class.

Another pianist whose name has caused considerable stir in musical circles, is Leo Ornstein, an Institute graduate. He was born on December 11, 1895, in the same Russian town which was the birthplace of Levitzki.

His marked talent made him, at an early age, a favorite of those aristocratic salons where music was cultivated, and he was spoiled and petted to a degree by the music-loving society of the Russian Capital.

Soon after the Russian Revolution of 1905, the entire family fled to America, arriving in 1907.

On the lower New York East Side, on Attorney Street, Leo Ornstein gradually sloughed his Russian skin and became an American boy. He went to school, he practiced,—for he had no intention of giving up his music,—he played with other boys in the block. He attended the Institute of Musical Art, where he had been given a scholarship. His teacher in theory and harmony at the Institute was Dr. Percy Goetchius.

A kindly lady, Mrs. Tapper, herself an excellent pianist and pedagogue, became exceedingly interested in the boy, and took him under her wing.

The Rhythmic Ravel

To Maurice Ravel belongs priority among the composers of the French Modern School. Ravel was born on March 7, 1875, in Ciboure, France, near the Spanish border, and was educated in Paris. In childhood he showed an extraordinary and peculiar sense of rhythm, as well as general musical ability. At the Conservatoire he studied piano under the famous De Bériot, and under Pessard he studied harmony. His earlier works are the "Habanera" (1895) and the "Rhapsodie Espagnole." But his thirst for more advanced musical knowledge and particularly counterpoint necessitated further study, and he devoted himself to this study under Gedalge and Gabriel Fauré. He resembles the latter in his ability to maintain a respect for classical formulae while adopting extreme harmony and rhythm.

His newest opera, "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," was performed on February 26, 1926, at the Opéra Comique in Paris.

In his search for new and delicate tone combinations Maurice Ravel in his new opera added to the conventional instruments a whip, a rattle, a xylophone, a slide flute, a curious piano with four stops called a "Lutheal," and a nutmeg grater. Full of daring innovations in harmony and instrumentation, Ravel's score, notwithstanding protests of the music critics, is held by many persons to add to his reputation as one of France's foremost composers.

THE WAY MAN LEARNED MUSIC

By Wesley Sontag

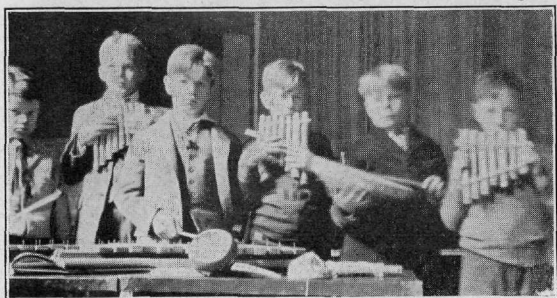
(Violin Graduate of the Institute)

TO the average child the intricate difficulties of the violin or the piano seem endless and progress creeps along at a slow pace. Why should a musical experience be denied to a child because he has no great gift in that direction? Music above all things surely was made for everyone to enjoy, and in order that every child should benefit by an acquaintance with the best of music and be able to play that music with his friends and like to do it is the purpose of this course—"The Way Man Learned Music."

As you know, we take the child to the workshop and let him build his own musical instruments.

The first element of music which primitive man experienced and which is still a most vital factor in music, is rhythm. Rhythm puts life into the savage warrior, for rhythm means life—neither person nor music can live without it. So in order to experience music from its earliest beginnings, we make the drum as our first instrument. The drums are decorated with designs in keeping with the method of fastening in the skins and there are authentic Indian stories to illustrate each drum design.

The practical use of the drum for us is to play and be able to recognize note values and rhythmic combinations of notes in music. There are the Indian Dances to give us a fundamental rhythmic feeling and it is in combination of playing the drum and doing these dances that the child becomes acquainted with that most mysterious subject of music—time.



Saying it with music!

As the principal objective of this approach to music study is to acquaint children with the best of music from the very beginning, such composers as Beethoven, Wagner, and our own American composer, MacDowell, are represented in the drum music.

After the drums, we take up the pipes or primitive flute, on which the child, in cutting and tuning, discovers pitch and tone quality. These pipes are tuned in the key of A major, and you may be interested to know that A major is the tonality in which most birds sing. Through playing the bird calls we come into close contact with the different steps of the scale—tune our pipes

and learn how to play on them. The Indian music is again used in the beginning because the Indians are the nearest to us of those who used this sort of primitive flute or flageolet. There are different examples of Sioux, Omaha and Chippewa Indian songs and flute calls which are played on these pipes. For music from the classic composers, original material from the flute literature of Handel, Mozart and Beethoven is used.

The third instrument is the African marimba. It is made up of different length bars of mahogany and the tone is produced by tapping these bars with small hammers. The material used is from representative percussion music of compositions of Saint-Saëns, Wagner, and the Bell Music from Mozart's "Magic Flute," through representative folk songs of all nations to music which Bach wrote for the clavichord.

Naturally not all of this music is written for only one voice, so that the experience of playing in parts is of great assistance in the understanding of the harmonic background of the music—a thing usually neglected. Music of Beethoven, Schubert, and a symphonic composition of Haydn are usable for these instruments. Careful selection has made adaptation unnecessary and the child comes in contact with the original scores. Thus he not only learns the language of music and speaks it on a variety of instruments, but stores up within himself bits of priceless beauty.

A FEW REMARKS BY CHOPIN

In Toronto, an organist had drawn up the order of a Sunday service, and it was in type ready for printing, when the death of an important personage made a change necessary. The organist telephoned to the printer and instructed him to change the Postlude to "Funeral March, by Chopin." When he arrived at the church, this is what he found at the end of the list. "A few remarks by Chopin."

A JOSEFFY STORY

Joseffy used to tell this story:

He was present at a rehearsal of a Richter concert in Vienna when a Bruckner symphony was being prepared. The composer, seated far back in the dimly lighted hall, listened enraptured to his music, performances of which at that time were very few and exceedingly far between. Suddenly Richter struck a snag in the manuscript, at a place where the orchestra was working up an impassioned climax. Seeing that the passage repeated, Richter turned and called to Bruckner: "F' or 'F' sharp in that chord?" Leaping to his feet, his face blazing with excitement and pleasure, the composer yelled: "Anything you like, Herr Kapellmeister; go on, go on!"

—From "Musical Laughs" By H. T. Finck.

PATHOS IN UNFINISHED MASTERPIECES

(From the Editor's Scrap Book)

JOSEPH CONRAD made a heroic effort to bring "Suspense" to conclusion before death removed the pen from his hand. There is pathos in Mrs. Conrad's account: how he worked on, through the final weeks of his life, writing "with great labor" and reading aloud as he wrote, so that the text could be typewritten at the same time.

All creators of art leave behind something unperformed—if it be only an unrealized dream of earlier years. Most artists bequeath concrete evidence of objectives embraced and not fully won.



A Schubert Evening.

Left to right: Bauernfeld (playwright), Schubert, Kupelweiser, Beethoven, The Fröhlich Sisters—to the singer Schubert dedicated many of his songs), Mayrhofer (opera singer), Schwind (painter), Count Spaun (host), Vogl (singer), Grillparzer (foremost Austrian playwright).

Studios are full of canvases on which painters mean, or meant, to put a little more time; which lack, perhaps, the deciding stroke of brush. Certain of Rodin's sculptures in the Paris musée devoted to his work appear half finished—even just begun—features or lines of the form emerging from a block which remains largely uncut.

In the Medici Chapel in Florence, however, may be encountered unmistakable proof of another sculptor's imperfect consummation. Here Michael Angelo planned a far grander treatment than eventually developed. The famous "Madonna and Child" he left unfinished because the marble was short in bulk.

A recent notable instance of broken endeavor in this field is provided by the huge Stone Mountain rock relief, begun by Gutzon Borglum, which terminated ignobly in a clash of temperaments.

Music, too, confesses journeys never ended. Most celebrated is Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. Mozart, a catalogue of his compositions reveals, left unfinished nine sonatas, nine concertos, two symphonies, twelve rondos, one operetta, eleven church and thirty-two miscellaneous pieces. Puccini died with an opera yet some way from its final curtain.

Scientists have laid down their tools with quests unfulfilled. Engineers have passed on, surrendering projects half carried through.

Statesmen have died with speeches undelivered; campaigns have been stayed by death.

"So much to do; so little done," was the departing lament of Cecil Rhodes. In salient contrast stands the triumphant if despairing cry of Alexander the Great: "No more worlds to conquer!"—though, had the illustrious warrior but guessed, his victory was less authentic in compass than he supposed it to be.

Celebrations have turned into grief, and *vice versa*—we remember Hamlet's bitter retort:

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Wine has been spilled and bread has remained uneaten. It is recorded that Beethoven's last words, referring to some delicacies sent to his sick bed by a friend, were: "A pity—a pity—too late."

To all things begun and not ended attaches a sense of everlasting suspension.

In the theatre a play is interrupted. It must continue through eternity, its story never fully told, its characters forever moving toward a rest they may not attain. That tragic performance of "Our American Cousin," Tom Taylor's eccentric comedy, in the midst of which Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, comes to mind. Asa Trenchard and designing old Mrs. Mountchessington had traversed their dialogue in the third act. The latter had flounced off with a taunt, to which Asa, looking after her, rejoined:

"Society? Well, I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, you darned old sockdolaging man-trap!"

The house roared with laughter. Then a pistol report struck mirth to silence. A President had been shot, and the play was forgotten.

But in the realm of creative art that which is unachieved does not necessarily carry a stigma of wasted pains. "It is not only in finished undertaking that we ought to honor labor," Robert Louis Stevenson once remarked. "A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely end."

Stevenson himself quitted life with two books uncompleted, "Weir of Hermiston" and "St. Ives." Of the former a critic writes: "The pity of it—that Stevenson should die just when he had come into his own—is felt by all who loved the man and his work. 'Weir of Hermiston' is a full head and shoulders above any other of its author's longer writings."

A few years ago the curiosity of the literary world was piqued by the announced publication of two unfinished novels by Henry James. "The Sense of the Past" and "The Ivory Tower," though not, perhaps, of masterpiece calibre, were yet extremely interesting, particularly since with each volume came a set of notes—the sort Henry James invariably used.

There is something memorable and haunting

about the act of turning pages which one knows in advance are to lead at last to the broken sentence. In Keat's "Hyperion," however, we have a fragment of another sort—one voluntarily put aside. An editor's note informs: "The poem was intended to have been of equal length with 'Endymion,' but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding." Keats admits that, to him, it seemed "too Miltonic." He was dissatisfied and later strove to rewrite it—an effort that proved still less successful. The last lines of the original poem trail off without a period.

* * * *At length*

*Apollo shriek'd; and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial * * **

Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," in which the tide of the Renaissance in England has been said to have reached its height, was left imperfect; George Chapman, famous for his Greek translation, ultimately finished it. Macaulay's "History of England" cannot but impress one as a vast creation; yet its five volumes, we are told, comprise merely a part of the immensely vaster sum conceived by that author. Buckle's "History of Civilization" likewise fell short of the intended scope.

Chaucer did not realize in its entirety the project on which he embarked with his "Canterbury Tales." It had been his hope to carry on the narrative, taking his charming pilgrims to Canterbury, recounting their adventures at the shrine of the "holy blissful martir" they had come so far to "seke," and relating as well their return. Thus the "Tales" were to have been many times their present number.

Much the same fate overtook Spenser, some three centuries later. His "Faerie Queene" was commenced at Kilcolman, Ireland, where the poet lived as a political exile. Spenser turned to the "Faerie Queene" as "a solace to his soul."

Then there was Sterne. Sterne, so whimsical, so extravagantly discursive in his manner of writing, never set *Finis* to either "Tristram Shandy" or the "Sentimental Journey."

Nor does Byron escape much the same posthumous situation as regards his most controversial work, "Don Juan." Had he not yielded to the entreaties of Mme. Guiccioli, there might have been many more than the present sixteen cantos.

"I regret," he writes to Murry, "that I do not go on with it, for I had all the plan for several cantos—different countries and climes * * * I meant to take him on the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle and adventure, and to make him finish as Anacharsis Cloots in the French Revolution. To how many cantos this may extend I know not, nor whether (if I live) I shall complete it." Another poem, "Childe Harold," was not rounded into perfect aggregate either—or at any rate Byron contemplated adding two cantos, and a couple of years before his death was planning "a run down to Naples" for the purpose of "studying the country." *Ars longa, vita brevis.*

Charles Dickens, vigorous and keen to the end, died suddenly, in 1870, with "The Mystery of Ed-

win Drood" half done. Twelve instalment numbers had been contracted for and but six had been furnished the editor when that industrious pen was forever relinquished. Commenting upon this abrupt intervention, H. A. Spurr, in an essay on unfinished writings, said: "There is something sadly, movingly significant about the last page of the book, written on the last day of its author's conscious life. A Spring morning in the old cathedral city is there described; yet it is the cold shade of the tombs in the churchyard upon which the writer dwells, with an unconscious foreboding of the coming event."

The last paragraph of "Edwin Drood" is, however, a great deal more cheerful; and quite as appropriate it seems that Dickens's final words should have conveyed a cheery atmosphere.

"Denis Duval" was Thackeray's contribution to the long list. This romance, abundant memoranda reveal, was to have carried its author into the French Revolution, and it is likely that in it Marie Antoinette would have figured. Alexandre Dumas, that incredibly prolific genius, who dashed off hundreds of novels, and "signed his name to many which he did not write," was destined (perhaps inevitably rather than surprisingly) to leave a book half completed. This was "Isaac Laquedem," and its story was really that of the Wandering Jew.

George Meredith fades into dots—as does Ruskin. The latter, although he brought the curtain ceremoniously down on his invaluable excursions in art criticism, had only begun to realize upon the page his great anticipated flights in political economy.

There is no truce and there is no reprieve. But sometimes accident occurs, usurping in still sadder guise the Dark Angel's prerogative. Fire destroyed many years since, Olive Schreiner's magnificent study of woman. All but a fragment went up in smoke; this pitiful but eloquent survivor appeared as "Woman and Labor"—brave monument to what was lost beyond recalling.

One of the most poignant incompletions in literature brings us to the bedside of that noble American poet, Sidney Lanier. His life was a ceaseless battle with death and adversity of fortune. He had outlined a series of poems, to be called "Hymns of the Marshes," of which two were written: "The Marshes of Glynn" and "Sunrise." This last was his masterpiece.

Lanier wrote it in the Winter of 1880, "when too feeble to raise his food to his mouth and with a temperature of 104 degrees." "It seems," says William Hayes Ward, "as if he were in fear that he would die with it unuttered."

The poet's passionate yearning trembles in the concluding lines of "Sunrise," where he longs to

*Labor, at leisure, in art—till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend sun,
The day being done.*

WILL ROGERS says Spring is coming. He can tell by the Poetry and the Real Estate ads. "A Poet exists all year just to get his Poem published in the Spring. Then when he sees it in print he starts getting next Spring's verse all ready. As for the early Spring Real Estate ads. . . ! ! !"

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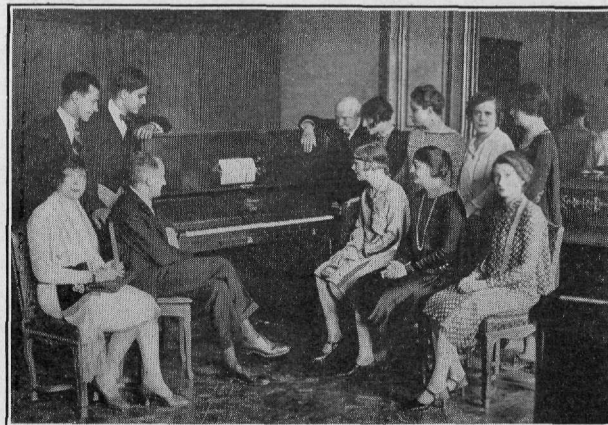
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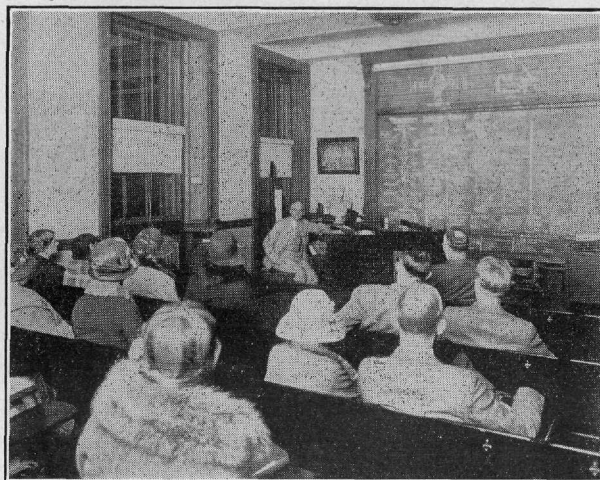
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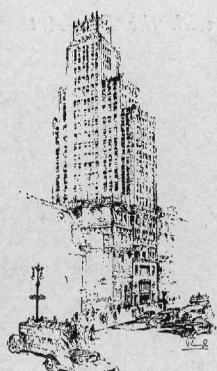
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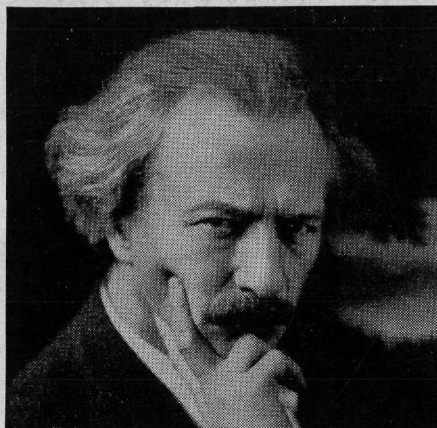
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