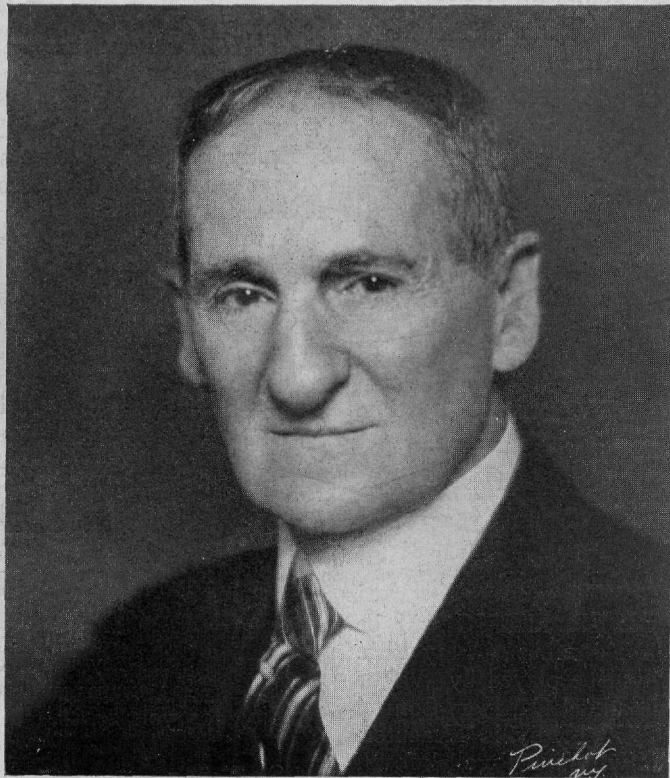


The Baton

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



*I have been a small part of the
Institute ever since it opened, but it
has been a large part of me. All
the girls and boys in it are dear
to me.*

F. J. Henderson

THE DEAN OF MUSIC CRITICS
Interviewed by the Editor

EAT, DRINK AND BE MUSICAL
By Leopold Mannes

OUR GRADUATE COMPOSERS
By Howard Talley

GLORIOUS GYPSIES
By Constance Collier

DEBUT
More Confessions of an Alumnus

Vol. VII, No. 7

May, 1928

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

THE BATON will publish in the June issue, which closes the season, biographical sketches of the members of the Class of 1928, accounts of the Commencement Exercises and of the Graduation Frivolities.

LOUIS GREENWALD, Institute graduate and recipient of the Seligman Composition Prize, has just returned from a tour around the world as accompanist for Efrem Zimbalist.

KATHERINE BACON, on April 30th at Town Hall, concluded her series of four piano recitals devoted to the music of Franz Schubert. High praise has been given her by the music critics following each concert and her audiences have been large and enthusiastic. Katherine Bacon is an artist graduate of the Institute and in private life is Mrs. Arthur Newstead. Mr. Newstead is a member of our Piano Faculty.

THEODORE CHANLER'S Sonata for Violin and Piano was played at a concert at the Edyth Totten Theatre on April 22nd. Mr. Chanler was at one time a student of the Institute.

THE JUILLIARD GRADUATE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA gave a concert at Town Hall on the evening of May 4th.

AT HOME

A CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC will be given at the Institute on the evening of May 12th. The Mendelssohn Octet will be played by Walter Edelstein, Lillian Fuchs, Samuel Gardner, Conrad Held, Julian Kahn, Karl and Phyllis Kraeuter, and William Kroll, all of whom are well-known artist graduates of the Institute. Messrs. Gardner, Held, Kraeuter and Kroll are now members of our Faculty. The Bax Quintet for oboe and strings will enlist Albert Marsh, another Institute graduate, as oboist. This concert closes the season's interesting series of Alumni Recitals under the direction of George A. Wedge. Following the program there will be a dance tendered by the Alumni Association to the members of the Graduating Class.

CONCERTS OF ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS by members of the Theory Classes of the Institute took place on the afternoons of April 14th and 28th. Detailed programs will appear in the June issue.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES will be held on Monday evening, June 4th at 8:15 at the McMillin Theatre.

THE ANNUAL MUSICAL COMEDY by the Graduating Class is this year of particular interest to THE BATON because the book is being written by Joseph Machlis and Lloyd Mergentime, both long active in the work of our paper. Jacob Chernis is composing the music.

DIPLOMAS

The following students passed their examinations for Post Graduate Diplomas:

Jennie Levin, Stella Levisohn, Ruth Penick and Valentine Righthand, Teacher's Diploma in Piano.

Emily Boekell, Teacher's Diploma in Organ.

Wendell Keeney and Joseph Machlis, Certificate of Maturity in Piano.

Aaron Hirsch, Paul Rabinow and Joseph Di Fiore, Certificate of Maturity in Violin.

Meyer Shapiro, Teacher's Diploma in Violin.

Olga Zundel, Certificate of Maturity in 'Cello.

Mrs. Genieve Lewis will play for her Artist's Diploma in 'Cello, Tuesday evening, May 22nd. Milton Feher, violinist, will play for his Artist's Diploma the same evening.

NONPLUS

By Murray Paret

(Grade III—Theory Department)

"Sing!" cried my Sight-Singing teacher.

"Sing!" cried my comrades in class.

"Sing!" for exams will soon feature—
Sing, or you *never* will pass!"

So I sang.



"Stop!" cried my neighbors in fury.

"Stop!" cried my folks in despair.

"Stop!" cried the Sight-Singing jury.

"Stop, and we'll pass you—with 'Fair'."

Oh well, we can't *all* be satisfied.



INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF A DISTINGUISHED CAREER

In which W. J. Henderson, author, critic, poet, musician and navigator reminisces.

An Interview

By Dorothy Crowthers

A Critic in Action

YOU must have seen him if you are a frequenter of operas and concerts,—especially those at which a new work is to be performed or a new artist is to appear. On one of these first nights, if you are among the initiated who know where to locate the seats allotted to the *New York Sun*, you may have been guilty of focusing your opera glasses upon the Dean of Music Critics, in the hope of discovering his reactions. But his expression is invariably as enigmatical as that of the Sphinx.

In the semi-obscurity of the darkened auditorium his rugged features are still discernible,—the determined mouth, chin thrust intently forward, piercing dark eyes and close cropped sandy hair. Motionless he sits, yet not quiescent. He gives the impression of mental forces vigorously in action, of the temporary abeyance of every sense except that of hearing, which is acutely alert. Whether it be for better or worse, musically speaking, his attitude is intensely earnest as if to keep faith with his reading public who are vitally influenced by his opinion. Such is W. J. Henderson, twenty-six years music editor of the *New York Sun*, and prior to that, of the *New York Times*.

Think what he has heard in his long career! Ears that have been charmed by De Reszke's golden notes and have hearkened to the noble strains of first Wagner presentations in this country, are oftentimes now assailed by strange sounds and stranger rhythms. Nevertheless, he achieves a miracle of open mindedness. "I listen with interest to everything new," he avers in a tone wholly genuine.

His daily music column with pertinent comment of current performances and his Saturday night scholarly essays are universally read by discriminating musicians and music lovers. His amazing versatility enables him to discourse entertainingly on topics as widely dissimilar as descant and jazz.

A brief though eloquent summary of his attainments was delivered a few years ago at Princeton University. Presenting the degree of Litt. D. to Mr. Henderson, Dean West said:

"From college days his inextinguishable ardor for poetry, history, mathematics, music, fiction and adventure foretold a wonderful career. From his pen have flowed tales for the young, tales of the sea, a clear book on navigation used in the world war, essays and reviews, a novel and a book of poems, and many writings exploring the highways and byways of musical history from the splendor of the modern orchestra to the repose and elegance of earlier styles, and back even to the beginning of the Christian era.

"His vast knowledge, illumined by intuition and quickened by freely roving inquiry has brought him pre-eminent power in the realm of musical art. He is a living fountain of pure influence—deep, sparkling and refreshing."

This he most assuredly is to the Institute of Musical Art where he has been for twenty-three years a prominent member of the Faculty. Once a week the Recital Hall becomes a sanctuary of the art of song with W. J. Henderson, acknowledged the greatest living authority on singing, acting as high priest. The celebrated singers of the past are made to live again in story as he divulges to several hundred students the origin and development of vocal art through the ages. Appropriate songs and operatic excerpts are sung each week to illustrate his lecture. To the students is given the opportunity of singing these selections and the privilege remains a



W. J. Henderson resting after a busy musical season.

cherished recollection as I well know, having enjoyed the experience myself.

Every Tuesday shortly before noon Mr. Henderson's familiar figure enters the Main Hall of the Institute. No sooner has he arrived than he is claimed,—perhaps by Dean Frank Damosch for a chat in his private office, or by colleagues of the Faculty who exchange anecdotes with him, or by admiring students who ply him with questions. Freed for the time being from the responsibility of musical criticism, he is as gay as a school boy, with a ready wit and an endless chain of amusing reminiscences. Later, at the close of his lecture, he adds lustre to luncheon conversation at the Faculty table in the Institute restaurant. One feels that this unfailing sense of humor has imbued him with the spirit of eternal youth and kept liberal his outlook which might easily have become acrimonious, in view of changing artistic standards.

Cornered by the Interviewer

When the *Baton* acquired the interviewing habit, one of the first to be buttonholed was W. J. Henderson, but to no avail. He growled ominously every time he was approached. Cornered at last, however, he faced the ordeal of talking about himself,—and the narrative of a brilliant career and interesting life was unfolded for *Baton* readers. As the Dean of Critics has never before submitted to an interview for any magazine, we now wear in our cap a new feather, or should one say quill, in this case?

That hour after dinner when a busy man enjoys an interval of relaxation and the luxury of a smoke is the most conducive to reminiscences. Ensnared in a high-backed Spanish chair in his study at the Hotel Langwell, Mr. Henderson thoughtfully puffed his cigar, the while recalling incidents of the past. Everything around him seemed to reflect some part of his daily life,—the crowded bookcases, the spacious desk obviously in constant use, the photographs of cherished friends without whom no one is rich in treasure. A glance at these pictures shows autographed evidence of the affection and esteem in which this illustrious man of letters is held by celebrated artists. A famous portrait bears the inscription, "To dear Mr. and Mrs. Henderson in true remembrance of so many hours of real art work, yours most affectionately, Lilli Lehmann." Represented also are Nordica, Sembrich, Eames, Jean De Reszke, Caruso, Scotti, Dippel, Maguenat, Paderewski, Toscanini, Mordkin, and President McKinley with whom Mr. Henderson became well acquainted through some special newspaper work. A group photograph taken on the occasion of a dinner to Rudolph Schirmer at Delmonico's includes all those who represent the pinnacles of musical art. An engraving of the Meistersingers, a sketch of Brahms, a colored reproduction of Brahms' summer home at Ischl (the gift of Franz Kneisel), and the diploma of his honorary degree of Litt. D., complete the array of pictures.

Famous Friends

No wonder the Dean can write authoritatively of singing. In the days before the fire which destroyed the stage and forced the closing of the Metropolitan Opera House for a year, Lillian Nordica's dressing-room was on the 39th Street side on the stage level. When the great prima donna sang the role of Venus in *Tannhäuser*, which calls for an appearance in the first act and not again until the last act, the critic often sat with her by the open door of her room listening to the singers on the stage. "Now what did he do?" she would ask. To Henderson's explanation of his idea of the error Nordica would reply, "No, no, he did this and he should have done so," whereupon she would illustrate her meaning vocally. What singing lessons they must have been! Nordica was so perfect a technician that she was apparently never fatigued. "Whenever I met her the day after she had sung Brünnhilde in the taxing *Götterdämmerung*, her voice was as clear and lovely as a silver bell," he says.

Probably Mr. Henderson's dearest friend among

the artists was Jean De Reszke with whom he spent much time. They had many long discussions on voice technic and although he never actually studied with De Reszke, the singer would stand his friend against the wall and for two hours at a stretch make him go through the mechanics of breath control and of vocal drills. "There were many fascinating talks about interpretation," tells Mr. Henderson. "Whenever I asked why Jean had done a certain thing in a performance, he was always able to give a definite reason, so carefully thought out was everything and so intentionally executed.

"One of the most intimate friends of both Mrs. Henderson and myself is Marcella Sembrich," he continued. "We met her during her second season at the Metropolitan Opera. She is such a finished musician that our chats about music have been most interesting. Quite aside from any professional connection she would have been affectionately numbered among our friends because of her own charm.

"A tremendous personality is Paderewski," he mused, indicating the picture on the wall. "He possesses an enormous mass of information. Once when I called on him, as it was my custom to do, Paderewski was just starting for Steinway Hall to attend to some business in reference to his fall concert tour. 'Come along with me,' he urged. In the course of the conversation the subject of the approaching Presidential campaign arose and I was amazed to find that the pianist knew more about our politics than a citizen of our country. Schopenhauer was mentioned and he seemed to know by heart everything the German philosopher had ever said.

"Another pianist I have known since he was a child prodigy is Josef Hofmann. It was the habit at his early concerts for members of the audience to give little Josef a theme upon which to improvise. On one of these occasions I offered him a motif and he did very well with it. Hofmann is greatly interested in mechanics, in fact it is well known that he is an inventor of no small importance. He is reticent and hard to draw out."

Mr. Henderson saw much of his friends each summer in Europe. He used to stay at the Grand Hotel at Vevey on Lake Geneva. Many of the artists had places nearby; Sembrich at Ouchy, Ernest Schelling at Nyons, and others not far away. Although persistently invited to visit these famous personages he never accepted, preferring to enjoy their companionship while at the same time maintaining his independence. In his earlier days as critic he tried not to meet artists, feeling that he would in this way avoid any personal feeling for or against those about whom it was his duty to give a professional opinion. In later years, however, he finds it possible to know artists without being influenced in his estimate of their musical ability. He cannot recall how he happened to make the acquaintance of many of them. Chance in most cases brought them together.

At a dinner to Caruso he was placed next to Geraldine Farrar. They talked from seven until eleven without stopping. Paul Cravath who witnessed the incident asked Henderson next day what

Mr. Henderson, please to remember me
to Mrs. Henderson dearly and let me sign
myself with all my admiration yours
always truly, most affectionately

Lilli Lehmann.
May, anyway.
See our well-rend.

With kind regards
Sincerely
Guglielmo

or able to come
to us at that
time

I am very sincerely
Lillian Nordica

par que Jean de Reszke puisse
être malade comme tout le monde
il faut absolument qu'il perde
quelque chose! Heureusement
que mon business est à l'abri
de ces inimitations.

Au revoir, bientôt mon cher
ami d'avoir une bonne poignée
de main. Croix moi. M. de Reszke

Thaïs

last act. But she must not tell any body
else. With much love from Gubelmann
and myself to you both

Ever your friend

Marcella Sembrich

and to Mrs. Henderson
I am with my family
I would like a little Isherwood
you always give it. This is a
happy Paul

with best regards to Mrs. Henderson

Emma

vous remercie pour vos
élogieuses paroles
j'ai été profondément touchée
de vous les avoir inspirées

Proper. Cher Musicien
en mes sentiments les meilleurs
et ces plus distingués.
Calm

encouraged by the enthusiastic
way an effort was received.
Let me thank you two for all
the nice things you have been
pleased to write about my work
during the season, and to tell you
how very happy it has been.
With renewed thanks.

Cordially Edward Johnson

Letters written to Mr. Henderson by celebrated singers: Lilli Lehmann and her famous pupil, Geraldine Farrar; four well-remembered sopranos, Lillian Nordica, Marcella Sembrich, Emma Eames and Emma Calvé; two tenors of noted histrionic gifts, Jean de Reszke and Edward Johnson.

in the world he and the popular diva could find to discuss animatedly for four hours. "Voice technic," laughed the critic, "which only goes to show that we will talk shop in spite of the fact that Farrar is one of the few artists who can intelligently converse upon other topics than that all-absorbing one to most singers,—themselves." Bori he met at a tea at Alexander Lambert's, Serafin at a recent luncheon where he and the conductor had an enlightening conversation about contemporary Italian opera. Edward Johnson was introduced to him last year at a box party at the opera. Of others, he knows Toscanini, Bodansky, Gigli, De Luca, Didur, and of those now at the Metropolitan he is best acquainted with Scotti. They always have a joke to exchange. An old friend is Alfred Hertz with whom he had an amusing encounter in Holland. The Hendersons had gone from

Amsterdam to Haarlem to see the Franz Hals paintings. From the trolley they were about to enter for the return trip emerged Hertz, who threw up his arms in astonishment exclaiming, "Ach! It is impossible that we should meet in Haarlem," whereupon they all went back to Amsterdam for a merry dinner together.

Frank and Walter Damrosch have been his intimate associates for years. With the former, who was chorus director at the opera when they first met, he has been a pioneer in the cultivation of musical taste and culture among young Americans. As colleagues they began this work in 1905 at the opening of the Institute of Musical Art. When he first knew Walter Damrosch, the now famous Symphony conductor was a mere boy directing at the Opera House. To celebrate a Pan-American Conference at that time, a gala performance of "Trovatore" was given. Walter Damrosch conducted. As he left the stage Henderson met him. "Where in God's name did you get those

tempi?" inquired the critic. "I never heard the opera," admitted Damrosch.

A friend held in high esteem by Mr. Henderson was Franz Kneisel. When the Kneisel Quartet was disbanded, the critic commented as follows:

"As for those whose business it has been for years to make chronicles of the doings in concert halls, it can only be said that the Kneisel Quartet has been their rod and their staff, their solace in times of discouragement and their delight in sunny days of prosperity, always bearing aloft the banner of artistic truth and beauty, behind which the chroniclers have been glad and proud to march."

Prominent among Mr. Henderson's friends and admirers in the literary field, is William J. Guard, Press Representative of the Metropolitan Opera and former newspaper man.

"Should you ask me about the funniest people I've ever found, I would claim that distinction for the audiences at concerts and operas," announced the *Sun's* music editor. "Not long ago two ladies behind me read the program carefully. 'Symphony in E flat (Koechel 543), Mozart. Who is Koechel?' asked one. 'Oh, he's the man who arranged the symphony for orchestra,' said the other. Koechel catalogued the Mozart works, as every musician knows!"

If the score of a new work is available Mr. Henderson usually studies it in advance of its appearance. "It is not difficult to comprehend it at first hearing," declares the critic. "One only needs a little practice in analyzing during performance. At such a time I frequently rest my head on my hand and close my eyes to shut out all distractions such as conductors in action! In this way every sense is subordinated to that of hearing. Only sound is evident and I am therefore better able to concentrate upon the structure and musical content of the work. Readers who disagree with my judgment as published in the next day's paper, have been known to broadcast the news that W. J. Henderson reviewed the new work although he was asleep during the entire performance!"

Early Years as Student and Newspaper Reporter

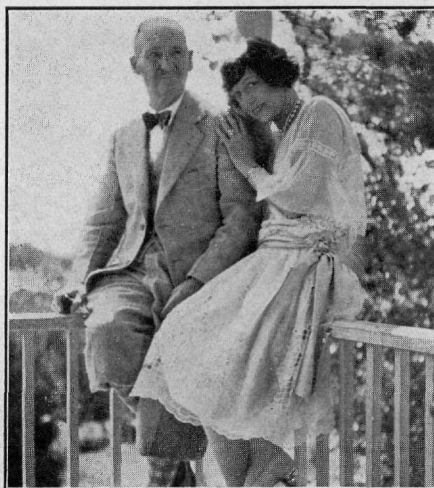
All of these incidents occurred in the full fruition of a notable career begun as near home as Newark, New Jersey, and as inauspiciously as boy reporter for the local paper of Long Branch, where the family spent their summers. William James Henderson received his first musical training from his mother who was a professional singer and amateur pianist. With her he began the study of piano at the age of seven. Later while attending the Freehold Institute Preparatory School he spent five years under the tutelage of Carl Langlotz (who, by the way, composed Princeton's song, "Old Nassau"). Altogether his training in piano extended over thirteen years. He went to Princeton University where he was pianist for the Glee Club. During vacations from college he reverted to newspaper work.

It was always in his mind that he wished to follow the profession of writing. There was much literary talk and literary thinking at Princeton during his undergraduate years. He was an omnivorous reader of all kinds of books, much of which has been valuable to him in informative material needed in his later work. He kept an exhaustive record of everything he read during collegiate days, although there was no set plan of books to be perused; he merely consumed whatever he thought might be of interest to him. The extensive philosophical discussion of the period covered esthetics and logic which bear on criticism. "W. J." was a member of Clio, one of the debating societies at Princeton, which developed his ability for extemporaneous speaking. As a student in the regular academic course, he received, in due time, an A. B. degree. Ten years later he took his A. M. degree.

Upon graduation he became a regular reporter on the *New York Tribune*. There he met one who became perhaps his closest friend, H. E. Krehbiel, then

music editor of that paper. He was the first in the newspaper profession to discover that Henderson knew anything about music. These two had many talks on the subject and together they studied scores at concerts and operas.

From the *Tribune* the young reporter went to the *New York Times*, where he sometimes assisted the music editor, covering musical events four or five times a week and once for a period of six months during the absence of the critic. The event directly responsible for his becoming definitely established in the critical profession was a concert of the Liederkranz Society of which the city editor was a member. Mr. Henderson went there one evening to find that Theodore Thomas and his orchestra with several prominent soloists were appearing. He informed the *Times* office that someone should be sent to cover the affair. The night city editor told Henderson to write up the concert and show it next day to the city editor. That was his first official music criticism and shortly after that he was appointed to the post of music editor.



Mr. and Mrs. Henderson at their villa in New Hampshire.

He never ceased to study during these early days. He took singing lessons with Angelo Torriani for two years, studied painting and drawing, at the same time learning much about art at first hand from painters whose studios he frequented as a reporter, applied himself to the study of architecture for no good reason except that he thought he ought to know something about it,—an attitude seldom met with in the youth of today,—and he went through a complete course of harmony by himself.

When he was deep in the throes of orchestration he had a unique and invaluable opportunity for its practical application. "W. J.'s" father was a theatrical man, at that time manager of the old Standard Theatre at which were given Pinafore, Patience, Billy Taylor and Iolanthe; the last was produced simultaneously with the presentation at the Savoy Theatre in London. There were about thirty-five members in the orchestra at the Standard and every Monday morning a rehearsal was held for the preparation

of a new operetta or the polishing of the current one. To these rehearsals the studious Henderson took his exercises in orchestration where they were played, thus giving him immediate knowledge of how they sounded. Every musician in that orchestra was a teacher to him, explaining the technic of his own instrument and its possibilities or limitations. One begins to understand why he is as great an authority today in the matter of orchestral music as of singing! Many a composer has envied him this early experience.

So proficient did he become in judging from the written page the exact effect which would be obtained when played, he seldom made a mistake, thus escaping those unpleasant shocks suffered by composers who discover in an initial performance not at all the desired result. On one important occasion Mr. Henderson was required to submit a composition to justify his election to membership in the Manuscript Society to which belonged local composers, who held two or three concerts a season at Chickering Hall for the performance of their own orchestral works. He wrote a waltz and copied the parts himself, as he could not afford to have them copied by a professional. At the rehearsal when the waltz was played, so accurately had he written that not a single note had to be altered. He added two notes to give a fuller effect to one chord and that was all.

Appointed to His Present Post

In response to a big offer made him by the *New York Sun*, W. J. Henderson in 1902 became music editor of that paper, the owners of which value his services so highly that they have made it possible for him to refuse munificent offers from other papers. Whereas music criticism used to demand a thorough discussion as detailed as program notes, there were fewer concerts to be written up. At present the reader hasn't time for a lengthy technical analysis except in a popular vein, but expects instead, an impression of the type of composition which was presented. The number of musical events to be covered nowadays is appalling, reaching in a single Sunday as many as eighteen.

As for what a critic should know—"Everything," declares the dean of them, "except possibly abstract mathematics and chemistry!" Apropos of his early attempt at acquiring languages, there was an amusing incident which occurred in Venice. Having drifted for an entire moonlit evening in a gondola on the Grand Canal, he wished to return to his hotel but was at a loss as to how to communicate the news to the gondolier. Racking his brains for a moment he made a sweeping gesture in the general direction of the hotel and sang forth in true operatic style, "Ritorna Vincitor." ("Return Conqueror," an aria in Verdi's "Aïda.") It worked like a charm! Mr. Henderson now reads and speaks French, German and Italian quite well, while Mrs. Henderson has an uncanny facility for languages.

During summer months that charming lady claims her husband's undivided attention. The picture on page six should convince anyone that this is not a difficult task. For eight or nine years every summer

was spent abroad, not in any one place but apparently anywhere from the west coast of Europe to the Black Sea and from Petrograd to the Mediterranean. In 1913 a tour of South America was made. In 1914 the Hendersons fortunately decided not to go to Europe but to take a trip in this country. They were in Alaska when the war broke out. The following year they went to Morrisville in northern Vermont, continuing to visit it for five successive seasons. In 1919 New Hampshire lured them away. They settled in New London where they still go every year to their summer residence, Twin Lake Villa, which is situated in the midst of beautiful country. "Absolutely no writing is done then," according to Mr. Henderson. "We motor, golf, canoe and dance."

There was a time, however when he had a strong predilection for the sea. A large part of his boyhood was spent in sailing. As he grew older the boats got bigger, until he was handling yachts and eventually reporting the American Cup Races for the newspapers. He learned navigation, was one of the charter members of the Naval Militia organized in 1889, and a line officer for twelve years. During the World War this Protean gentleman was Instructor of the New York Naval Militia, finding time in his busy life to go twice a week to the "Granite State" at the foot of 96th Street and the North River to hold classes. "Some of those nights were bitter cold and stormy," said Mr. Henderson. "But I was glad to do it. They were fine young chaps who in some cases went to sea never to return."

His Books

Formidable is the list of books written by this author and strange to say the best seller is a book on navigation, the smallest ever compiled on the subject, but it announces proudly on the title page that it is a complete exposition of the newest methods as used in the Navy and Merchant Marine. It appeared in 1895 but was completely rewritten in 1918 to conform to present usages.

Surprises are not over. He has published a book of exquisite poems "Pipes and Timbrels," collected from those which had appeared in magazines here and in London; a volume of "Sea Yarns for Boys,"—stories reprinted from *Harper's Young People's Magazine* to which he was long a contributor of juvenile stories; two books of fiction for boys, "Afloat with the Flag," based upon the rebellion of Admiral Mello's troops in Rio Harbor, and "The Last Cruise of the Mohawk," dealing with Farragut's fleet in the Battle of Mobile Bay; a novel of the opera entitled "The Soul of a Tenor," in which figure an American tenor and a Hungarian gypsy at the Metropolitan Opera House. This story, incidentally, was the incentive of another author's play, "The Great Lover" enacted by Leo Dietrichstein.

Of Henderson's musical works the first tome was "The Story of Music" comprising material he had used in a series of lectures which Alexander Lambert engaged him to give at the New York College of Music. "The Early History of Singing" was the outcome of his course here at the

Institute. "How Music Developed" embodies his idea of the principal points in the history of music.

His "Art of Singing" is used by many vocal teachers as a text book. "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music" was written to order for Scribner's Musicians' Library. "Preludes and Studies" is the collection of early essays to which his colleague, Lawrence Gilman, so often refers in his program notes for the New York Philharmonic Society. "Richard Wagner, His Life and Dramas" is the only book which combines the life of the composer, his art theories and the original casts which appeared in his music dramas. This took endless labor in verification, to which Cosima Wagner gave a few suggestions. "What Is Good Music?" is an especially valuable volume for the amateur, addressed as it is "to persons desiring to cultivate a taste in musical art." "Modern Musical Drift" is a collection of essays which were published in the *Times*. When asked how long he devoted to the writing of a book, he cited his "Fore-runners of Italian Opera" which required five years' intensive research work and reading, as for instance, twice through Symonds' seven volumes of the "History of the Italian Renaissance."

The form of literary work which most appeals to Mr. Henderson is editorial writing because any theme may be chosen. He and Brander Matthews were the only two Americans who contributed regularly to the *Saturday Review* in London, editorials on music and the drama respectively. One of his most famous editorials in the *Sun*, dealt with the correct way to concoct a mint julep.

Many articles from the pen of Mr. Henderson have appeared in previous issues of the *Baton*, to which he has been a generous contributor ever since it was founded.

Inquiry was made as to the routine of his days. "Well, naturally I get up," he began. "The morning paper is always read before breakfast. Writing late at night as a newspaper man must, we are not early risers. After breakfast I clip from the *Sun* of the previous evening all the items of the music column, paste them in a scrap book, of which there are many volumes, and index them. Three mornings each week are given to the material for the Saturday weekly essay. The other mornings are consumed with the looking up of facts concerning the daily musical offerings. From eleven until half past one each day I am at my desk, with the exception of Tuesdays when I go to the Institute. After lunch there are concerts to attend. These events I write up before dinner and before starting for the evening performance I read and relax a bit. At about eleven my two assistants arrive at my apartment with their copy which I go over carefully, as I am responsible for everything in my column." (Miss Sara Dunn has assisted him for six years.) "In

assigning the work for each day I must reserve for myself not always what might be most to my taste but what the public will wish most to have criticized."

In an adjoining den Mr. Henderson showed letters from so many celebrities that an autograph collector would have swooned with envy. Perhaps the most thrilling was one of four closely written pages in Tchaikowsky's own handwriting in which he thanks Mr. Henderson for devoting his time and talent to his glorification. "I feel that my music must speak for me as I am really of very little interest myself," it reads. The letter closes with a hope that the critic will live to see the composer's music recognized! This was before Tchaikowsky was well known in this country.

There was a pile of what he termed "go to hell" letters written by those who disagree with his opinion of things musical. Criticism is a very serious business.

Famous signatures from Mr. Henderson's collection of letters: P. Tchaikowsky, C. Wagner (Mrs. Richard Wagner), Gabriel Pierné and I. J. Paderewski.

And so, when you are hearing your next concert or opera, give a thought to those who must listen, not casually as does the average attendant at musical affairs, but attentively and analytically; who may not, when the performance is ended, dismiss it with an enthusiastic ejaculation of pleasure or an emphatic gesture of distaste, but must repair to the press room to explain the *why* of its merit or demerit; who when your eyes are closing in slumber, must work on into the late hours of the night to the monotonous drone of the typewriter, creating not an article to be thrust despairingly into the waste basket, not one to be polished at leisure with the aid of many reference books, nor yet one to be started and put aside till inspiration calls again. Only a tremendous capacity for rapid and accurate judgment born of long experience in the many-sided field of music, coupled with an enormous gift for writing eloquently at top speed, is capable of successfully feeding the never abating hunger of the daily presses. Such a one is W. J. Henderson, in whose brain Inspiration long ago took up a permanent abode.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MUSICAL

*By Leopold Mannes**(Member of the Faculty of the Theory Department)*

"WRITE about your impressions of music in Europe," said one of the subtle editors of *THE BATON*. She knew very well that even the most standardized Cook's tourist feels himself just a bit of a Marco Polo. These "Ladies of the Press" are uncanny psychologists when it comes to making people forsake the Steinway for the Eversharp.

At any rate, I am not sorry. I have an axe to grind and this is the perfect excuse. After extensive travels in Europe I have come home with a mission, a message to America. It is simply this: Our music student is receiving an incomplete musical education, incomplete because of one important omission. The auxiliary courses of Theory, Ear-Training, Sight-Singing, Composition, Ensemble and Analysis are not enough. One more item must be added: a travelling fellowship for study and practice in the art of food.

According to history, practically all famous musicians have gone through a period of café-hunting, for the love of food and drink has ever been inseparable from the understanding of music.

Consider how Vienna, Munich and Paris, musical centres of Europe, are noted for their cooking. And as for Italy, I soon found that most of Italian musical talent comes from the region around Bologna and also that its citizens are the terror of the Italian housewife. The very dishes shiver as they venture within range of the Bolognese nose and palate.

Ernesto Consolo, once a member of the Institute Piano Faculty is heartbroken at having a reputation as connoisseur in matters of the dinner table. An Italian newspaper with best intentions gave an account of his eminence in this field—and according to him, his dinner invitations have been dwindling ever since.

To find the best restaurant in town, follow the musicians. To find the musicians—ask for the best restaurant. This is axiomatic—and international. If you want anything from a musician, feed him—but carefully.

Those who do not love food and drink cannot love music for they lack the necessary contrast. At the risk of abusing the word "relative," the present tool of the parlor philosopher, I must point out that the "spirituality" of music lacks significance without reference to the "materialism" of existence. Each is the escape for the other. The terms are mutually relative. Whenever is food so delicious as after an evening of music? Is music ever so poignant as when the orchestra at the brewery in Munich plays the Leonore Overture No. 3—or when the Venetian Municipal Band plays the Prelude to "Tristan" while we partake of other things at a small round table in the square of San Marco? These mas-

terpieces are at a terrible disadvantage under conditions of spiritual auto-intoxication in our concert halls. Let us sit instead, at a small Paris restaurant half way up Montmartre,—order anything, for it will be delicious, and listen to five Conservatoire graduates play excellent chamber music. It may not have seemed so excellent in Town Hall—but that is quite natural. Good food and wine, yellow arc lamps among the trees on the boulevard, warm breezes of late May carrying a mixture of automobile-exhaust and perfume—these are the conditions for Bach, Beethoven and Brahms!

Two years ago I spent three months in Rome and expended untold energy in ferreting out the choice eating places. This gave me an entrée into musical circles that no other activity of mine could have effected. (Readers will please refrain from comment.) On this last visit I spent eight months in that city, and with my old list plus some new additions, resulting from many experimental tastes and sips, I was able to carry on an active musical existence. Moreover, I well remember how foreign artists would visit Rome for their solo appearances with the orchestra—and how, upon the instant of their arrival, their Roman colleagues would pounce upon them and lead them to a table in the latest discovery—(and the concerts were excellent!).

From all this it must be clear to the reader, as it is to me, that something is missing here. Even allowing for an unfortunate Congressional error in 1918, there is, after all, a way where there's a will. The trouble is obvious. We eat decidedly spiritual food and music loses in competition. Glance at the ethereal salads, the ascetic sandwiches, and the monastic furniture offered in "Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe" or in the artistic little tea room around the corner. What chance has music? After such a meal, the "Afternoon of a Faun" seems gross and cumbersome.

Let us try another experiment. After a glass of Vermouth, some mixed and salty hors d'ouvres, a steaming dish of egg-noodles freshly permeated by a tide of butter and parmesan cheese; then a filet of turkey rolled in egg and delicately fried in butter—surrounded by fresh green beans and interrupted (frequently) by some Sieneese white wine; followed by green salad, cheese, fruit, coffee and cognac—after this, I say, let us turn wistfully, to Czerny No. 1. Is it not beautiful?

What Luck!

"Schulz always was lucky."

"Why do you say so?"

"He underwent an operation because he swallowed a pearl in an oyster, and the pearl proved to be valuable enough to cover the cost of the operation and the funeral!"

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No. 7

OUR GRADUATE COMPOSERS

By Howard Talley

(Member of the Faculty of the Theory Department)

It is gratifying to the Institute to observe the increasing enthusiasm which is shown for each succeeding Composition Recital of our graduates. This interest prevails among those who write the works as well as among those students and friends who are called upon to interpret them.

The opening number on April 18th gave impetus to the program. Sidney Sukoëg established with skill and delicacy the proper mood of the Three Summer Sketches which Dorothy Fulmer composed for piano.

Next followed the ambitious Sonata for violin and piano by Reuven Kosakoff, played by the composer with the expert cooperation of William Kroll. The Fox Trot movement is well constructed and amusing. The players put it over with their clever showmanship. The Fox Trot will never be the medium to voice the aspirations of a people but expresses only their lighter moments. The rest of the sonata is conventional in style.

A group of songs composed by Gladys Mayo, Robert Nelson, Lillian Fuchs and Nathan Novick came next. They were sung by Dorothea Calhoun with pleasing quality of voice and charm of personality. She graciously consented to undertake the difficult task of interpreting the entire group. The accompaniments played by the respective composers (except the one by Robert Nelson who is in the west), ably expressed in each instance the message which was intended to be conveyed. Mr. Novick's two songs were especially effective.

William Kroll's violin numbers are fine examples of an inspired gift as well as excellent work-

manship. Mr. Kroll is an indefatigable writer and these pieces represent only a fraction of what he has already composed. Reuven Kosakoff played the accompaniments with sympathetic understanding.

Clara Rabinowitsch played the Prelude and Concert Fugue for piano written by Lillian Fuchs. This was the most scholarly number on the program. It is very difficult for the pianist, is not easy to listen to, but is distinctly cerebral and will make deeper impression the oftener it is heard.

The String Quartet, Opus 41, by Lamar Stringfield, is called "From the Southern Mountains." This material, fully orchestrated, has earned for Mr. Stringfield the coveted Pulitzer Prize, as announced on May 8th. The atmosphere of the locality is strongly depicted and the emotional content is of high quality.

It would not have occurred to anyone to predict that one of our undergraduates would score the biggest hit of the evening, but Ulysses Elam, a candidate for this year's diploma, accomplished just that feat. He was pressed in at the last minute to sing Three Negro Songs, with poems by Clement Wood, arranged by Jacques Wolfe. The combination of poet, composer and singer could not have been improved upon, nor could any one of them have been dispensed with. The songs demand just the quality of voice and interpretation which Mr. Elam is able to give, and the difficult accompaniments which Mr. Wolfe played so effectively brought to the performance the kind of climax which is always sought but not always attained. We hope to hear more from all of these artists.

The program was brought to a close with Ethel Glenn Hier's Suite for Chamber Ensemble. Miss Hier has distinguished herself by her compositions which have appeared exclusively on the programs of the Society of Women Composers as well as for her general contribution to music. She played the piano part of her suite, assisted by Lamar Stringfield, flute, Albert Marsh, oboe, Edwin Ideler, violin, R. Schenk, viola and Zelma Crosby, 'cello.

Try This on Your Violin

Sir—Here I am rushing for a train that will get me to Columbus, Ohio, by 9 o'clock tomorrow, where I am to be one of the judges of a beauty contest at Ohio State University. It all sounds strange to me, but if Ohio is really the place where women are beautiful at 9 o'clock in the morning you needn't expect me back.

JASCHA HEIFETZ.

Six-Cylinder Fiddling

There will be two musical numbers by Miss Florence Scrantom, violinist of the East Bay Trio. "Ave Maria" by Gounod and "Viennese Melody," by Chrysler.

Mr. Henderson's photograph on the cover page, was obtained through the courtesy of Pinchot, 595 Fifth Avenue.

TWO GEMS OF LITERATURE

Discovered by An Inveterate Reader

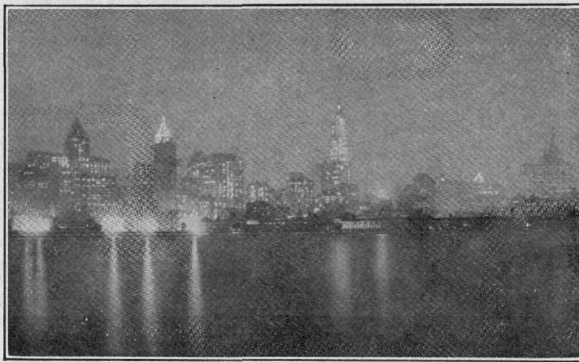
One of the most fascinating books we have come across of late is "High Lights of Manhattan," by Will Irwin, with exquisite etchings by E. H. Suydam. If you doubt our word read the description below, then, armed with the volume, betake yourself out where spring sunshine lures.

STRANGELY ELUSIVE SKY-SCRAPERS

(Courtesy of Harper Bros.)

It seems an odd thing to say of creations so massive and magnificent as the sky-scrappers; but they have a strangely elusive beauty. Seen from one point of view, they are a meaningless jumble, justifying every charge the foreigner used to bring against them; seen from another, they fall into a composition, as though a Michelangelo or some other super-artist had designed the whole group for a single creation.

On a cloudy morning the sky-scraper district becomes a pattern of slate-colored silhouettes on an ashes-of-roses background. If you have grown fascinated with sky-scrappers in mass, I recommend another and even more startling view. On some winter afternoon cross to the New Jersey shore and between five and six take the Cortland Street ferry back to Manhattan. At that hour and season it is already dark but the offices are not yet closed; every window blazes with electric lights from which the mists have filtered out the garishness. The distinction between buildings has disappeared now; only the sky-line wavers faintly against the glare beyond.

*New York at dusk.*

The rest is just windows—by thousands and thousands. It seems all one enormous structure, a palace beyond human imagination for splendor and height and extent. A primitive man, magicked onto the Cortland Street ferry at this hour would fall on his knees, believing that he saw the Heavenly City.

Still another view: Late on any fine afternoon but especially in summer, go to the New Jersey heights across the river—opposite Forty-second Street, say. As the sun drops low, it glares into the windows of the sky-scrappers all along the island and they give back the light in a flare of rose. I know an artist who sometimes crosses the river just to revel in this

effect. "It isn't art perhaps," he says, "but it is glory. It ought to be played with trumpets!"

THEY CAN'T KEEP IT FROM YOU

(Editorial in The Herald-Tribune)*Sea Motif from "Tristan and Isolde."*

More than ever the steamship literature for the coming season enlarges on the improved style of the accommodations and implies that all the old-fashioned features of ocean travel have been done away with. Well, they may have accomplished a good deal in this way, but not everything. They may have replaced portholes with windows and bunks with beds; there may be movable chairs in the dining saloon instead of the old fixed swivel seats, and the interior decorators may have outdone themselves to create the illusion you are at the Ritz or a modern country club. But you will still find some old-fashioned features about ocean travel, which we are happy to believe will never be done away with.

You will still go aboard by a bridge of adventure known as a gangplank, and you will still pursue your bags below to smell that delicious or execrable—according to your stomach's point of view—ship's smell which all the decorators in the world cannot eliminate; you will still be susceptible to an emotion when they hold open the valve of that shuddering deep-sea siren and the pier shed begins to move away.

You will still be astonished the first time in your morning tub that you see your bath stand up on one side and then come down and stand up again on the other. You will still find when you go on deck that there is a six-inch sill to step over and a wind-bound door to force open and have fly out of your hands; and there will still be that deck, solid as concrete and white as pumice, and still striped with cracks of tar; there will still be that blinding dazzle which is the morning sun and that tear-distorted map of indigo which is the deep sea. And forward, at the turn of the promenade, there will still be an elderly and aloof Dick Deadeye rubbing brasswork, alone with his imagining, as he was alone on the Santa Maria and with "Long John" Silver. And there will still be the inscrutable, silent progress of the ship; alone, as she was alone yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, and last night in the starlight.

No, they may try very hard these days to remove the evidences that you are on a vessel, but there is still a great deal of old-fashioned water to navigate between Ambrose Light and Bishop Rock, and when you have made the trip they can't keep it from you—you have been to sea.

GLORIOUS GYPSIES

*By Constance Collier
(Of the Cast of "Our Betters")*

[One evening recently a lovely voice was heard over the radio; it was Constance Collier speaking in behalf of the Actors' Fund. Her poignant appeal to us to remember those whose triumph is of an hour, applies in part to great artists of the operatic stage. Miss Collier, at the Editor's suggestion, very kindly wrote her remarks for publication.]

We actors in England are still termed rogues and vagabonds in the constitution of our country. The law has never been repealed, but somehow it is a glorious title. It suggests the high road, the morning sun, starlight nights, village greens; the days



"We give you the preciousness of our youth."

when actors tramped from village to village, all over England, not knowing where they would lay their heads and were termed strolling players! They slept in ditches and haylofts, trusting to God for their next meal. There were no magnificent theatres as there are today—no modern comforts—but the soul of the actor is the same; in spirit he is a rogue—a vagabond—a glorious gypsy!

If you have ever loved or admired any of us, close your eyes for a moment and throw your memory back to some performance that has thrilled you, that has taken your thoughts away from the material world and carried you into the dreams of make believe. For that is where we live—in memories! In shadows! Inconsequent and fleeting. We actors leave no record behind except in your loving hearts. We live only for the hour and the greatest performance passes away when the curtain falls. If you do not remember us, then we do not live!

Perhaps at this moment some great player, whom you have loved and who has helped you—with his imagination—to pass a glorious and laughing hour, is in the "Actors' Home" on Staten Island, living on his thoughts of your appreciation. The dear Juliet of your past may be a little old lady, smiling to herself and listening in her heart to the sound

of your past applause. Perhaps none of you who are listening in are old enough for memories yet, but when you watch us on the stage, be kindly and treasure us in your thoughts. We are the grown up children of the world. Every other art can leave a record, except the art of acting. Our triumph is of a day—an hour. You the great unseen public, to whom I am speaking, be tender with us. Remember as we come between the curtains to bow and smile good-night to you, we have given you a little bit of the preciousness of our youth—a drop of our heart's blood—a little bit of our lives.

GOETHE AND MOZART

Students of Keyboard Harmony who have enjoyed analyzing the Mozart sonatas this year, may be interested in the German poet's estimate of the composer. The following excerpt is taken from an article by Edgar Istel, in the April *Musical Quarterly*.

* * *

Mozart was always highly esteemed by Goethe, especially in later years, as is evident more particularly in the conversation with Eckermann. "The talent for music," observes Goethe, "may well be the earliest to manifest itself, for music is something innate and subjective that requires no great sustenance from without and no experiences drawn from life. None the less, a phenomenon like Mozart will always be a wonder that defies further explanation." On another occasion he says: "What is genius other than the productive force whereby feats are performed that can present themselves before God and Nature and, for that very reason, are permanent and fruitful of results. All Mozart's works are of this kind; in them there pulses a generative force that is felt through generation after generation, not to be exhausted and dissipated in the near future."

Goethe, referring to his own masterpiece, made to Eckermann the remark, "Mozart ought to have composed 'Faust.'"

Mozart's music with Goethe's verse! A lovelier union could hardly be conceived on earth. But Mozart, by seven years Goethe's junior, passed away forty-one years before him.

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More Confessions of an Alumnus

By Joseph Machlis
(Grade VI—Piano Department)

NINETEEN hundred and seventeen,—armies hurled against each other in the agonies of war, empires in the throes of dissolution, ancient dynasties tottering. Yet certainly these awful issues were dwarfed into insignificance that momentous day of my debut.

For momentous it undoubtedly was, every moment of it. The early hour when the firm maternal hand plunged my head into hot water and soap, attacking vigorously that inaccessible hinterland lying somewhere between the spinal cord and the backs of the ears. And later, when I gazed at my reflection in the mirror, cherubically immaculate in squeaking new shoes and navy blue serge. (The romantic black-velvet breeches, lace-collar tradition of Little Lord Fountleroy was, alas, already being rejected by a materialistic, prosaic trouser-wearing age). And still later, when I whiled away the tedium of a slow-waning afternoon by reading aloud, slowly and impressively, the words of the admission card: "Annual Spring Concert by the Pupils of Professor Ernesto Cappaccini. To be followed by Entertainment and Dance. Grand Ballroom, Palm Garden."

Finally evening. Tightly I clasped to my side the round music roll containing my two concert pieces. (Professor Cappaccini had one play with notes at the first concert; only at the third did he allow "playing by heart.") Thus forearmed, and flanked on either side, as well as before and behind, by various members of a solicitous, proud, adoring and palpitating family, I sallied forth.

Palm Garden. On the way I mused much over the name. It suggested Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," with oases, Saracens, and Richard Coeur-de-Lion resting beneath the kindly outspread swaying branches of the desert tree. The actual thing was different indeed from the anticipation,—is it not always so?—but this time at least not disappointingly. For the sands of the undulating dunes, substitute the clear polished expanse of a waxed, saffron-yellow ballroom floor. In place of the opalescent shimmering of the desert mirage, there was a wall of mirrors which multiplied the glittering lights into endless vistas. And even the valiant Crusaders galloping outside the walls of Acre had not more excitement than I, as I slid impetuously across the slippery floor, colliding with other sliding artists of the evening. I have since observed that it seems to lie deep rooted in the hearts of all normal children, this impulse that will not be denied, to begin sliding as soon as they are brought into a ballroom; annoying all the adults, except their own parents. These look on proudly.

People were coming into the hall. In a corner I espied my piano-teacher, the Professor himself, resplendent in gala evening dress, white starched shirt, and stretched diagonally across that, a red silk ribbon. I gazed with astonishment. It was the first

time I had seen him thus. He was fully as splendid as the men in the movies, diplomats in Mexico, intriguing Prime-Ministers in the Balkans, who always had whiskers and who were inevitably standing up waiting for the King to enter.

While rows of chairs were quickly arranged over the floor, we were all assembled back-stage, and seated in rows. There must have been about three-and-a-half dozen of us, each looking very shiny and new. Conversation was animated, a series of inquisitive remarks. Children seem to copy quickly the more mildly pernicious habits of their elders. (They are not yet capable of the vices.)

My neighbor said to me, "Is this your first concert?" She had assurance. "Yes, I wasn't in the last concert because I began to take from Professor Cappaccini only this year."

"Well, this is my third. I've been taking from him a long time. I take dancing, too, and elocution. I'm going to recite afterwards, and dance also. That's why it says 'Entertainment' on the ticket. My mother wanted me to take French, also, but I liked elocution better. I think it's more fun. I'm going to recite 'My Sister's Beau.' You don't know it, do you?" she added, commiseratingly.

"No," I whispered, in awed tones.

"So this is only your first concert. What are you playing?"

"'Poet and Peasant,' and for encore, 'Melody of Love.' (At that stage of my career I had as yet not begun to doubt whether an encore would be demanded.)

"Oh, so you're not advanced. I played 'Poet and Peasant' last year. Now I'm playing 'Light Cavalry Overture,' and two encores. I think I'll play first, because I've got to get through quickly and change into my ballet costume."

She sauntered away. I looked meekly after, sadly conscious of my own inability to hold the interest of so advanced a personage.

The program had begun. I was far down the list, and so had ample time to remain at one of the side stage-doors, and observe carefully those in the auditorium. The audience consisted of two groups, a minority of relatives of the performers and the rest. The rest chatted or moved from seat to seat when somebody else's child played, while the minority added to the confusion by emitting long hisses . . . sh . . . sh . . . sh . . . and furiously commanding silence. As soon as the next performer began, the group changed. Now those who had been talking stopped, listened, rigid and attentive, except when they looked angrily about at the others, hissing for silence; while those who had been previously engaged in shushing, now sat back and chattered.

I looked upon the stage. Professor Cappaccini was a black shadow; behind him loomed a baby grand, the first I had ever seen closely. He bent over the

performer, and steadied her by counting, "one—and—two—and—three—and."

A bubble of applause floated through the hall. Now it was my turn. I walked across the stage, placed one hand upon my abdomen and bowed low. The other hand held my music roll. I unfastened it and spread my pieces on the dark mahogany stand.

I can still see you, across the space of intervening years, you two brilliantly colored covers. One in green, with large Gothic letters, "Poet and Peasant," and in parentheses slightly below, "Dichter und Bauer." Pictured were young men, one tanned, hatless, holding a hoe; the other seated beside him, pale, fragile and dreamy-eyed, the poet. And the other piece, "Melody of Love," with the composer's name beneath it,—J. Englemann,—and the publisher, "Schmidt—Boston"; a balcony, a buxom damsel, a serenader beneath, whose breeches always seemed to me to be too tight for him. Many hours I spent with you two, filling in the faces with blue crayon, outlining your Gothic letters with red pencil, distorting your appearance as I distorted your contents.

I began the "Poet and Peasant." I had a very defined interpretation for this piece. There was the charming waltz theme, where dancers made merry, oblivious of the peril which was soon to befall them. Then came the Allegro Agitato, which at various times I associated with the sudden attacks of Indian Cowboys, or Mexicans. Here I would let loose into a tremendously loud banging in the bass, spiced with pedal, which seemed to me very effective and dramatic.

Professor Cappaccini bent over me with his warning pencil, seeking possibly to restrain me somewhat. I swept onward, however, as a hurricane. My performance was a great success. In a corner I observed by aunt applauding enthusiastically. I arose, dutifully placed one hand upon my abdomen, bowed low, reseated myself, and proceeded with the encore.

The concert was at an end. Now all the parents were satisfied. The dance began. I resumed my pastime of sliding across the floor and colliding with the dancing couples. Then the floor was cleared. The Grand March was to take place.

Once again I can see you, Professor, leading that march around the ball room, pale, weary-eyed, grey-haired, stoop-shouldered, and never in time with the music. I stood in the corner, beside two matrons who looked it.

"Would you ever believe it, that's his wife, he's old enough to be her father."

"If you'll ask me, he looks like her grandfather, I can't imagine what she saw in him, he isn't worth so much at that. Besides, did you notice that young fellow who was near her all evening, they say . . ." She stopped suddenly, having noticed that I was listening intently. When will adults learn that children know all, see all, hear all?

This was my last, as well as first appearance at Professor Cappaccini's concerts. It was his also. Three months later, while I was in the middle of "Zampa Overture," he injured himself. He had gotten upon a chair to reach something down for his wife. The chair broke. He never recovered. So I was told.

I have one priceless souvenir of you, Professor. My copy of the von Bülow edition of the Beethoven Sonatas, a huge volume bound in green paper, contains, in your neat handwriting, the dates when I finished each sonata. These dates happen to be two weeks apart. And so I learn even now, to my great surprise, that I finished the Waldstein, op. 53, April 3rd, nineteen seventeen; the op. 54, April 17th; and the gigantic Appassionata, exactly two weeks later.

Shall I blame you, Professor, for the hours and years of mine that you wasted? Shall I blame you for the cups of tea, and the short naps, while I read at sight the melodies of the Pathetique, improvising a left hand accompaniment? Shall I blame you;—or perhaps yours was the greatest wisdom, to leave your pupils to teach themselves, since you could teach them nothing. I cannot say. You have gone to reap your reward, via the hole in the rickety chair. Certainly the gods, who know all, have known also how to mete you out your due.

(Persuaded by enthusiastic readers and the urgent request of the Editor, the author of the Confessions of an Alumnus will extend the series to include the last BATON of the season,—The June issue,—in which will appear his "Jazetto.")

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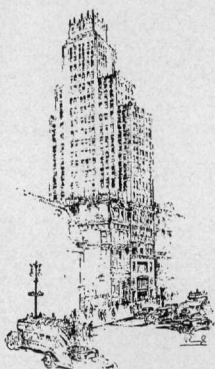
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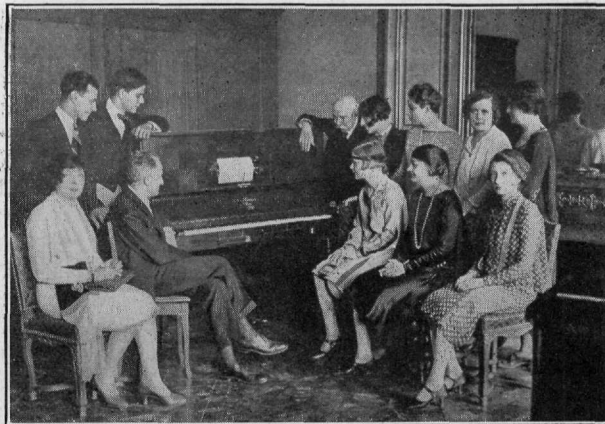
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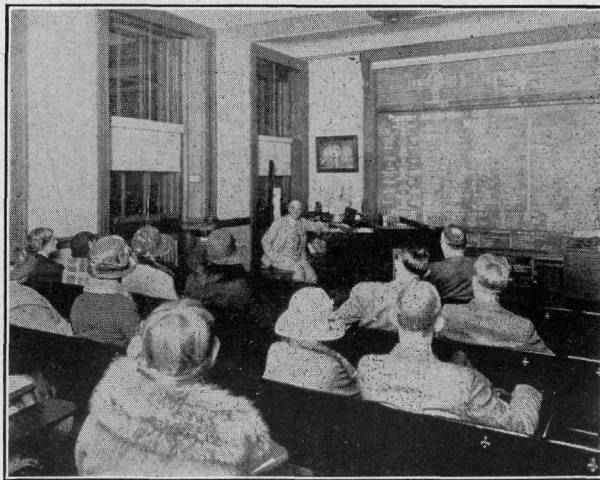
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NEW YORK



*Eastman School—Professor Penney teaches
with the Duo-Art*

SAMUEL GARDNER

of the Violin Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art
**WILL TEACH THIS SUMMER
 IN NEW YORK**



In addition to his classes at the summer session of Columbia University, he will hold sessions twice a week regularly at his studio

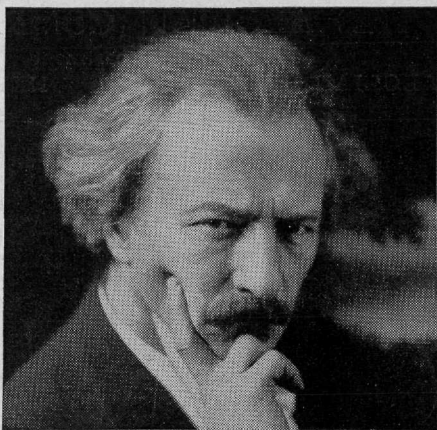
430 West 119th Street.

From June 1st to August 18th

This is the first summer in several years that Mr. Gardner has remained in the east.

Students wishing to make application may reach Mr. Gardner at the Institute or at the above address by mail or telephone CATHedral 3720.

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