

The Baton



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OF THE JULLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC
FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

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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.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC

Frank Damrosch, Leopold Mannes, Howard Brockway, Carl Bricken. These names, which represent the Dean of the Institute of Musical Art and three members of the Theory Faculty, appear among the composers in a new book entitled, "New Songs for New Voices." The volume is edited by Louis Untermeyer and by Clara and David Mannes, and includes pen drawings by Peggy Bacon. Other song writers who have contributed to the collection are: John Alden Carpenter, Mana Zucca, Sandor Harmati, Charles Wakefield Cadman, Cecil Burleigh, J. Rosamond Johnson, and Elizabeth S. Coolidge. A review of the book will appear in the next issue of THE BATON.

Yehudi Menuhin writes from San Francisco on the eve of his departure for the east: "When I think of my friends here and then of my friends in other places, I decide it is worth while to leave my friends here just for a little time in order again to see those elsewhere." Following a San Francisco concert on December 5th, the Menuhin family will come to New York for Yehudi's appearance with the Philharmonic-Symphony on December 27th and 28th. His recital will take place on January 6th. A story about the studies and activities of the violin genius, aged eleven, who was a student of Theory at the Institute three years ago, will appear in the January issue of THE BATON.

Lamar Stringfield, an artist graduate of the Institute in the Department of Flute, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Composition last June, has scored the Bach Organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor, to be played by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra this month. The Mar-mein Dancers will be soloists at this concert and Hans

Lange will conduct. Mr. Stringfield is also busy composing a Symphonic Poem, "Ode to the Blue Ridge," and arranging for Barrère's Little Symphony, some negro melodies and the Southern Mountain Suite. He will go to Washington, D. C., in February to conduct the National Opera Association and later to Asheville, N. C., to conduct the Asheville Symphony Orchestra which he organized three years ago.

Musical Art Quartet. One of our finest chamber-music ensembles. This quartet consists of Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman, Marie Roemaet Rosan-off (all artist graduates of the Institute of Musical Art) and Paul Bernard. John Erskine, well-known literary figure and president of the Juilliard School of Music, assisted in the performance of the Brahms piano quintet. John Golden Theatre, December 2nd.

Lillian Fuchs, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, appeared in a quartet recital given by the Helen Teschner Tas Quartet, at Steinway Hall, December 3rd.

Rhea Silberta, a well-known composer and pianist is giving two lecture recitals at the Hotel Plaza on the mornings of December 4th and December 19th. Miss Silberta is a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art.

Isidor Gorn, one of our younger pianists and a former student at the Institute of Musical Art, gave a recital at Town Hall, December 5th.

Ida Deck, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art and one of the best woman pianists, played at Town Hall, December 8th.

Clara Rabinovitch, a most excellent pianist and an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, appeared in recital at Town Hall, December 12th.

Harold Berkley, a member of our Violin Faculty gave a

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The Baton

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THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

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Christmas in Many Lands

Glimpses of Holiday Festivities

By Elizabeth Stutsman

CHRISTMAS! There is perhaps no word with a greater wealth of associations than this. The Yuletide spirit, flowing through the thought of mankind as through a giant circulatory system, from the heart to the arteries, farther and farther away through the delicate capillaries, and back through the veins to the heart, reaches all people in its devious way, and creates in them a universal feeling of good will. For, though all nations are not steeped in the religious Christmas tradition, they do attach to the season of the New Year many of the same sentiments and customs which we link with the Christian festival.

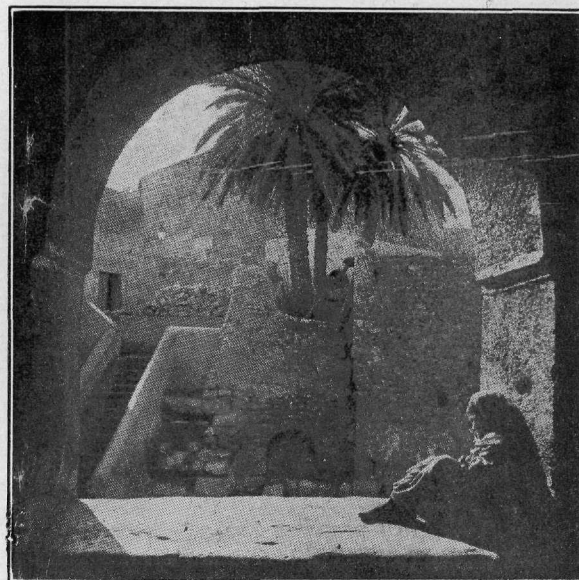
There are certain ideas which are more closely connected in our minds than others with Christmastide; and these the whole world, irrespective of race, nationality, or religion, emphasizes alike. Joy, beauty, mysticism, love, humor—all the myriad qualities that represent the finest things in human nature—are especially prevalent during this period of increased emotional intensity. But the manner of expressing this wonderful vitality varies delightfully with differences in climate, and racial temperament, and religious belief.

It is a distinct shock to those of us who are accustomed to snowy Decembers, to conceive for the first time a mild, balmy Christmas with no starlight sprinkling the white world with diamonds, no icicles hanging from porch roofs, no enchanting frost forests etched on the window-panes, no placing of seeds and suet and popcorn outside for the lively little winter birds. Yet there are many students here at the Institute who come from the southern part of the United States and from other southern foreign lands, who must have a very different concept of the holiday month; and to those newcomers, Yvonne Parigot de Souza from Brazil; Royden Susumago from Hawaii; Laurence Dill from Bermuda; Arif Vedgdi Morally from Constantinople; and Loo Mei How from Shanghai, winter will certainly have no part in remembrances of the festivities of Christmas or the New Year. Sophie Cogan from Odessa; Sandy Jones from Toronto; Helga Lökke from Oslo, Norway; Madeline Newcombe from Halifax; and Anna Uretsky from Quebec, will, on the other hand, recall the bitter cold and the blizzards which Santa Claus must brave on Christmas Eve.

If we could ride with him on that night, as he circles the globe in his overflowing sleigh drawn through the sky by prancing reindeer with jingling bells on their harness, what fascinating things we should see! In Germany, Christmas trees

tall enough to touch the ceiling, hung with beautiful chains of bright paper, gleaming colored ornaments, gilded and silvered nuts and apples, and radiant lighted candles; and families standing before them, singing "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," and "O Tannenbaum." Then the children, dancing with excitement over their toys, reluctantly being put to bed; and the elders drinking hot punch and eating the famous German Christmas cakes.

In France, to which we owe so many lovely Christmas songs, cathedrals filled with people



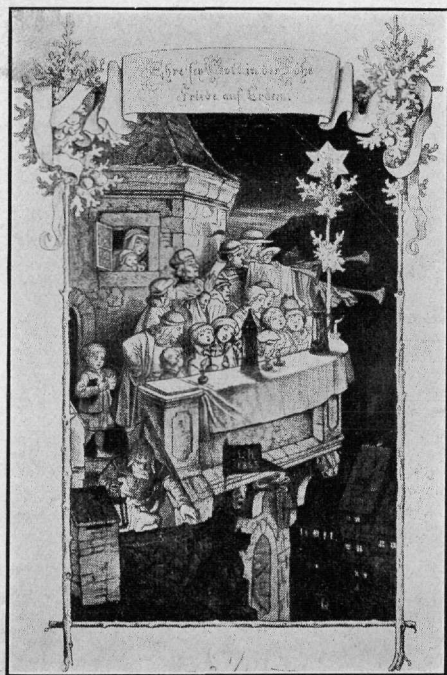
Palestine, the land of the first Christmas

come to listen to the music of the old masters, and stay to Midnight Mass, later making merry at a supper called "Reveillon"; the children putting their shoes near the chimney in the belief that "Le Petit Jésus" will come to fill them. The holiday atmosphere lasts through New Year's Day when everybody, even strangers on the street, greet each other with the wish for "Bonne Année! Bonne Santé!"

In Serbia we should see households gathered in the dining-rooms, eating after a two-day feast; we might be there at the arrival of the Little Man of the Fire, who is a young boy from a neighboring home bringing a bottle of holy water, a coin, and incense, symbols of the gifts of the three Wise Men.

We should hear in Italy, echoing through the

countryside all night long, the singing of religious recitatives by men from the mountains who go from house to house, accompanying their songs with bagpipes, and returning to their homes after Christmas is over. We should glimpse people playing cards, attending Mass between eleven-thirty and two-thirty, and eating elaborate suppers. We should find the youngsters tucked in bed, not waking intermittently in the hope of catching Santa at his work, but dreaming of the quantities of artistically decorated and exquisitely flavored candies and cakes, peculiar to Christmas, which they have consumed.



CHRISTMAS CAROL SINGERS
"Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

In Russia there would have been a day of fasting until six o'clock, followed by a good dinner and expectation of the arrival of the Christmas spirit, whom they call Frost Red Nose. During the meal perhaps poor children will have come and sung under the window, so beautifully that it would be difficult to believe them untrained; and they will have been invited in and fed. Christmas day is one of open house, much like our New Year's, with visitors constantly coming and going in an atmosphere of good cheer.

Christmas Eve in Poland would reveal to us people enjoying feasts which would make our Thanksgiving dinners small by comparison; for they include, among other things, nine kinds of fish cooked nine different ways. Here, after having found them wanting in many countries, we should again see fir trees hung with presents. Town and country folk would be on their way to Midnight Mass in a delightful confusion of

sound; sleigh bells and gay shouting and laughing making the echoes ring.

West Africa would show us competitions in physical sports, the contenders being masked and speaking in foreign languages; and people going for vacations to the seashore or mountains.

In Japan we should go to the street fair which would be in progress, with colored lanterns and cherry blossoms in profusion. There is no manual work done in the holidays; the Japanese dress in their best clothes and pay calls. There are magnificent displays of fireworks. And outside the doors, we should discover a pine, a bamboo and a plum branch, instead of the wreathes of holly and mistletoe which decorate our thresholds.

In Palestine, the Feast of Lights might be in progress. This Feast is the symbol of a long-past miracle which occurred after Judas Maccabeus had saved Judaism from the pagan Greeks, and the Temple at Jerusalem was being re-dedicated. There was only one flask of holy oil left for the ceremony, but it kept flowing for eight nights, until new oil had been prepared. The commemoration of the victory, and of this miracle begins with lighting one light on the first night, two on the second, and so on until the eighth night has passed. The time is one of joy and gifts are exchanged as an expression of love.

In Merrie England we should hear groups of men, called "waits," playing airs characteristic of the English Church, on the street corners. They might play also some of the well-loved Christmas Carols on brass instruments—"God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," or "Good King Wenceslas." Perhaps the singing of a church choir would ring through the crisp air as they serenade their parishioners. We should see the children's stockings, left conspicuously empty on chairs in the chimney corners. Not until the next day would the plum pudding appear in its blaze of lighted brandy, to enhance the gayety and fun.

On the plantations in the south of this country, Christmas Eve is sometimes interestingly spent in the Sugar House, where we should come upon charming ladies and gentlemen in evening dress dancing and drinking hot punch made of sugar cane juice, in the mellow, dim light of lamps.

In some cities of the north, growing evergreen trees would be twinkling with colored electric lights strung through their branches, or two small trees framing doorways would dance with color, as if attracting a host of glorified fireflies, shedding a radiance more warming to the heart of the passing motorist than his heavy fur coat.

It is almost time again for us to surrender ourselves to the flood of feeling, and to be caught in the tangled web of poetry, myth, whimsicality and love, which we call the "Christmas Spirit," the creator of a real reciprocity of good will among all men.

Christmas Night

Weihnacht, a German Folksong

Arranged for Chorus by Frank Damrosch.

Reproduced through the courtesy of G. Schirmer, Inc.

Poco lento, semplice.

Sop I Stil - le Nacht, heil - ge Nacht! Al - les schläft, ein - sam wacht Nur das traute hoch - hei - li - ge Paar. Hol - der Kna - be im lo - cki - gen Haar,
 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is held in slumber's might Save the lov - ing, saint - ed pair. Wondrous babe with ra - di - ant hair

Sop II

Alto I Stil - le Nacht, heil - ge Nacht! Al - les schläft, ein - sam wacht Nur das traute hoch - hei - li - ge Paar. Hol - der Kna - be im lo - cki - gen Haar,
 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is held in slumber's might Save the lov - ing, saint - ed pair. Wondrous babe with ra - di - ant hair

Alto II

Baritone Solo.

Schla - f' in himmlischer Ruh', Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh'.
 Sleep in heav - en - ly peace. Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

TENOR I.

Stil - le Nacht, heil - ge Nacht! Hir - ten erst kund ge - macht,
 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Shep - herds first heard a - right

TENOR II.

Stil - le Nacht, heil - ge Nacht!
 Si - lent night, ho - ly night!

BASS I. II.

Durch der En - gel Hal - le - lu - jah Tönt es laut von fern und nah: Je - sus der Ret - ter ist da, Je - sus der Retter ist da.
 Hal - le - lu - jah in heav - en - ly sphere; An - gels sang it far and near: Je - sus, the Saviour is here, Je - sus, the Saviour is here.

Durch der En - gel Hal - le - lu - jah Tönt es laut: Je - sus der Retter ist da, ist da.
 Shep - herds first heard an - gels sing it far and near: Je - sus, the Saviour is here, is here.

Durch der En - gel Hal - le - lu - jah Tönt es laut: Je - sus der Retter ist da, ist da.
 Shep - herds first heard an - gels sing it far and near: Je - sus, the Saviour is here, is here.

SOPRANO.

Stil - le Nacht, heil - ge Nacht! Got - tes Sohn, o wie lacht Lieb' aus dei - nem göttlichen Mund, Da uns schlägt die ret - ten - de Stund;
 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Son of God, oh how bright Shines thy love up - on the earth! Thou hast saved us by thy worth.

ALTO.

TENOR.

Stil - le Nacht, heil - ge Nacht! Got - tes Sohn, o wie lacht Lieb' aus dei - nem göttlichen Mund, Da uns schlägt die ret - ten - de Stund;
 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Son of God, oh how bright Shines thy love up - on the earth! Thou hast saved us by thy worth.

BASS.

Je - sus, in deiner Ge - burt, Je - sus, in deiner Ge - burt.
 Je - sus, by thy birth, Je - sus, by thy birth.

Je - sus, in deiner Ge - burt, Je - sus, in deiner Ge - burt.
 Je - sus, by thy birth, Je - sus, by thy birth.

Music in Every-day Life

With a Word on Musical Careers

By George A. Wedge

Music in this country has not until recently been considered an essential in the lives of the people. It was a luxury, a pleasant accomplishment for the young lady, and a path of ruin for the young man. There were few parents who would decide upon the musical profession for their children.

Music reaches most people in some phase of their every-day lives. For example, it is a part of most religious services. There is no question that the singing of hymns gives more pleasure to the musically untrained individual than any other part of a service. For the moment he is taking part in the performance and is satisfying a desire for self-expression. Music, more than any other art, has the power to take us out of ourselves; for the moment to wipe out all difficulties, to open up and make it possible to realize our ideal. In some communities where the people are descendants of European singing-countries, there have been singing societies to further community spirit. Gradually large industries have organized choruses, orchestras and bands, realizing that in no other way can labor unrest be so effectually taken care of.

All musical performance fulfills our desire to sing. Those who have voices, use them. The less fortunate have to be content with the piano, violin, the orchestra, the band. As we listen to a concert we are singing. How much more enjoyment there is in listening to some familiar composition,—because of mentally taking part in the performance. When the music is strange and unknown we are barred from taking part.

But music goes further. It stirs our emotions and stimulates our imagination. We all know to what extent the music of a well-synchronized movie adds to our enjoyment. There are definite rhythms, chords and styles of composition which are "sure-fire" effects, such as the music which accompanies a storm, the villain, and sob-scenes. And as music is heard more and more and becomes better known, it stimulates our imagination without external means. We furnish our own pictures from our own experience.

Enjoyment of good music comes with familiarity. The work which is being done in music education increases the artistic development of a community. Young men and young women are being trained to a better performance and understanding of what is fine in musical expression. They will, in turn, through their playing and teaching, spread these ideals.

Dr. Frank Damrosch has been a pioneer in

music education. For years he was head of Public School Music in New York City. He realized that as America became more and more prosperous from her tremendous industrial interests, she would, with the leisure that comes with prosperity, turn to cultural and artistic developments. Music, having the most universal appeal of all the arts would need well-trained musicians to teach and perform, as interest increased throughout the country. Dr. Damrosch saw no reason why a musician could not be trained in America as well as in Europe, at much less expense and in a manner embodying all the good points of European training, made practical for the Americans. Twenty-four years ago he founded, with an endowment given by Mr. James Loeb, the Institute of Musical Art, a non-commercial school in which a pupil could study not alone piano and voice, but where he would have a complete education in all branches of music. Since that time a great many schools have been organized throughout the country, and a great deal of money has been turned into endowments for music education.

The radio has brought undreamed of changes musically to the home. It has enabled us to hear music of all types, and even though we may not be musicians, we have become discriminating in what is good or pleasing in both the classical and so-called popular music. No one can foretell what the next five years will develop. As is already known, there is the beginning of musical educational broadcasting this winter by Mr. Walter Damrosch, but no matter to what extent musical education is developed through the radio, the necessity for and the work of music schools will be enhanced. Our boys and girls, though they may not become professional musicians, should be given the opportunity of musical study. It will mean an added source of mental and spiritual enjoyment and help to relieve the tension of our strenuous existence.

A musical career is a life of self-denial and hard work. Like all careers, success is attained as much by untiring effort as through natural talent.

It is important to be musically curious; not to be content with the few pieces in our repertoire, but to read all the music which comes within our grasp, never to miss an opportunity to hear good music of all types. And it is necessary to be musically honest, at all times to keep an estimate of our ability by comparison with the great musicians, and to strive through constant study to attain our ideal.

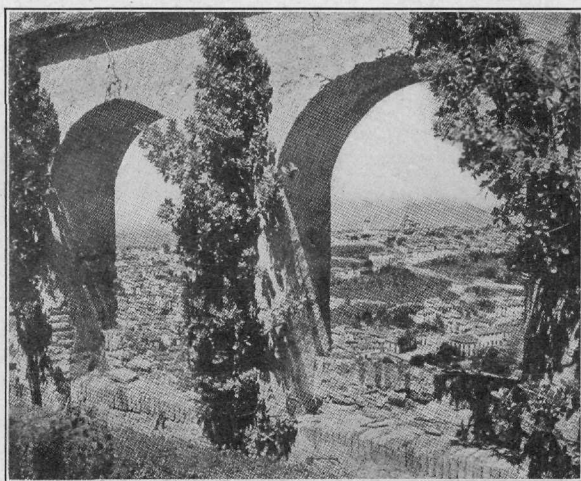
Royal Adventures in Spain

Homeward Across the Atlantic in a Sailing Yacht

By Laurence Dill

ON the same day that the smaller yachts started off in the race from Sandy Hook to Santander to try for the cup given by the Queen of Spain, we left New York, though on something far more substantial than a sailing yacht of under 50 feet, the "Conte Grande" being about 22,000 tons.

The voyage wasn't very exciting. Most of the passengers were Italians on their way home for the summer, so of course there was plenty of music. I had the good fortune to meet a lady who had once been a student under Joseffy and Paderewski. She gave me a few words of advice about how to practice,



Granada viewed from the Generalife Palace

and was much surprised when I told her that my teacher at the Institute had advised me almost in the same words!

The orchestra played beautifully. Owing to their afternoon concerts, the week at sea passed very pleasantly for me, and we were almost sorry to leave the vessel at Gibraltar.

We had been steaming through the "straits" for about two hours; on our left, a few miles away, stood the mountainous, yet extremely fertile and cultivated coast of southern Spain, while to our right, much farther away, was the African coast, low lying and vague, with sand dunes here and there, extremely bleak looking. After a while the Spanish coast appeared to end in a point, and as we approached it, we saw straight ahead, looming through the misty heat, the Rock of Gibraltar. Although at this time we were about eight miles away from it, we were at once struck by its immense size, and the nearer we came to it, the more imposing it became, until, at last, we were within half a mile of it. Here the steamer slowed down and we were transferred to a small passenger ferry-boat and taken ashore. The

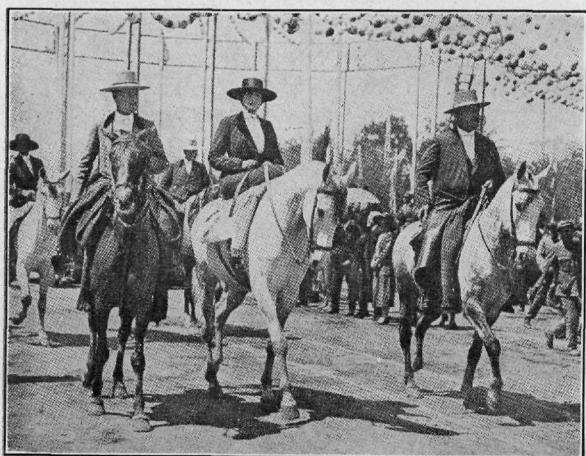
first thing we saw on nearing the wharf was an English "bobby" who fitted in perfectly with everything, Gibraltar being an English possession. Soon we had docked, and after collecting our trunks and bags, we hired a victoria and drove away from the wharf, stopping to show our passports at the gate. Now we were in Gibraltar's main street. Everywhere there were Spaniards in peasant garb carrying baskets, and as we drove along the narrow street we passed shops displaying Spanish shawls and mantillas. After having lunch at the only hotel, which was very English, we found a guide and drove through the rest of the town and around Europa Point, the southern extremity of the peninsula. On our way we passed the public gardens which were flaming with bougainvillea. Near here were the officers' quarters, and as we followed the winding road towards Europa Point, we could see the Navy Yard some few hundred feet below us on our right. Here also we could see the arms of the camber, in which were two British cruisers. After passing around Europa Point, we obtained a splendid view of the other side of the mountain, which stretched at least 3,000 feet above our heads, partly shrouded in mist. Here the road ended in a curve, encircling a quaint village, in which the fronts of the houses faced a beach. Here again was the Spanish-English element, the houses being Spanish in style, yet having the cleanliness and well-kept appearance of the English homes. Now, having seen the rock from all points, we returned to the town and bought some Spanish shawls and mantillas. We then ferried to Algeciras which is about five miles across the bay from Gibraltar. We arrived late in the afternoon, and it was twilight before we were through arguing with the customs officers who insisted on taking all our cigarettes from us. Squeezing into a victoria, we were driven to the Maria Christina Hotel, and although we were all dead tired, yet we sat up and gasped with admiration as we drove into the grounds. The hotel looked out over the Mediterranean and was surrounded by the loveliest garden; in fact, it was more like a private estate than a hotel. How quiet it was driving slowly along the road through the garden to the house, so cool and calm in the twilight. Arriving at the hotel we had our first real chance to try out our self-taught Spanish. It was rather disappointing and we finally resorted to pointing to the word in the dictionary which we were trying to say.

Awakening at dawn, we dressed and packed hurriedly and caught the train to Granada. It was a long and tedious journey, the train crept along through cultivated fields for an hour or two, and then the country became mountainous. Now we were following a dry river bed which wound, full of

boulders, a few hundred feet below us. Soon we were passing through short tunnels, at the entrance to which the tiny whistle would shriek and we would be plunged into darkness for a few minutes. There were no lights on the train, which went so slowly that little urchins would jump onto the step from time to time and beg for a cigarillo. Late in the afternoon we saw a large city ahead, the country having grown much flatter. This city was built partly on a hill, behind which rose higher hills, backed by the Sierra Nevada, second highest mountains in Europe, continually snow-capped.

A guide met us at the station and we went by bus up a steep and tortuous street to our hotel, which overlooked the whole city and country miles beyond. The next two days we spent at the Alhambra, the Palace of the Moorish kings. Here one sees the most beautiful mosaics in the world, the colors of which grow finer with age. Unfortunately the art of making them is lost.

Here the kings had their Harem chambers, Turkish baths and swimming pool, all highly decorated with tiles and beautifully carved lace-work windows.



The Queen of Spain at Seville during Fair week, wearing the Andalusian "male" hat.

We were all taken sick at Granada from eating ice. We had been warned not to drink the water in Spain, but we forgot that ice is made from it!

After three days at Granada, we left for Seville. The train journey this time was terribly hot, and when we arrived at Seville, it was 115°! Seville is the hottest city in Spain, being only 15 feet above sea level, while Granada is over 1,000 feet above. At Seville we saw the Palace of Peter the Cruel, called the Alcazar, surrounded by magnificent gardens containing a glorified maze.

Here, once a year, Seville has a festival, and as a practical joke, all newcomers get a wetting from the hidden fountains with which the paths are lined. Those who have been here before, step aside and watch the fun.

The only thing I liked about Cordova, our next stop, was a Roman bridge which spans the Guadalquivir River. Madrid was very exciting. We went to see the Prado picture gallery and spent hours gazing at works of Velasquez, El Greco and Murillo.

Madrid actually has a subway although its population is but half a million. The King's Palace at Madrid is well worth seeing, being seven times the size of Buckingham Palace in London. The king has 80 horses to choose from when he goes riding, and dozens of saddles. Both Madrid and Seville are very popular in winter. The majority of the population go to Santander or San Sebastian on the Bay of Biscay in summer, to escape the extreme heat, having their winter homes in Madrid or Seville. While at Madrid we went to a Spanish Cabaret. Almost as soon as we got there, two Spaniards acquainted themselves with the two girls and taught them how to tango. It was very exciting watching them, they all took it so seriously. After that came an American foxtrot and then either a specialty dance with castanets or an imitation of a Toreador.

Santander is situated on the Bay of Biscay and is built on a peninsula, on the point of which stands the King's Palace. Our Hotel was on the hill looking down on the town, and also had a fine view of the ocean and harbor, so we did not have to leave the hotel to see the arrival of the yachts in the New York-Santander race.

The day after we arrived, the first yacht, the Nina, sailed around the Capo del Mayor and flags were hoisted, and everyone dashed down to the Yacht Club to go out to meet her in the reception boat. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the palace and the royal family went out in the King's yacht to receive and welcome the successful entry, while the other welcoming craft followed the Nina up the harbor. Then everyone landed at the Yacht Club, and of course there was a lively party for a while. The whole of the French fleet was in the harbor, also the Detroit, and each time a yacht came in, all the sailors lined the decks and cheered. The Nina and Elena arrived on Monday, the Atlantic and Guinevere on Tuesday, the Pinta Wednesday, the Mohawk on Thursday, and the Zodiac on Saturday. We were a little worried about the Zodiac, as her wireless had broken down, but knowing that she was seaworthy and not built for speed, we waited in silence.

The night of the day that they arrived, the King and Queen gave a ball at the palace in honor of the visiting Americans. Everyone had a very jolly time, and I had the honor to be presented to the Infantas Beatrice and Christina, and to dance with them. They are very charming and as kind and natural as can be. The next day the King and Queen and the Princes came on board the Zodiac to inspect her. The King and Queen were much interested in the accounts of the trip and complimented my brother-in-law on the neatness of his yacht.

That night there was a large dinner given by King Alfonso at the hotel, to which we were all invited, and after that a dance was held on board his steam yacht, the Maria Christina. Our recollection of this is rather dim, for the barroom was open to everyone!

The King invited us all to the bull fight, which is to a Spaniard what afternoon tea is to an English-

(Continued on Page 17)



By Gerald Tracy

AFTER all, what person has not come to the point of satiation from too constant association with the enchanting Muse of Music? Boredom and irritability are only two of the sad consequences, and they are not worth nursing when one considers the fact that even a lowly movie can quickly dispel the ill feeling. Of course, there are many other ways of diversion, but we mention movies because it has been brought to our attention that the renowned critic, Mr. W. J. Henderson, is a regular and enthusiastic patron of the new "art" and fourth largest industry. He avers that nothing so relieves the anguish of ears which have listened intently to concert after concert, as a good spree for the eyes at the movies. There will be no peace for sensitive ears soon, and a nice quiet evening at home, while not the only alternative, will be the only effective antidote to the "talkies."

Old Dame Gossip has evidently been perambulating up and down Fifth Avenue, for she reports that at number nine hundred and ninety-five, there reside Mrs. Lewis S. Wolff, Mrs. Enrico Caruso and Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

Speaking of give and take, Mrs. Lewis S. Wolff, who is one of the most valued friends of our institution, has been a subscriber to the New York Philharmonic for forty-nine years. And she wasn't inveigled into the proposition through an endurance contest, either! She did it through genuine interest, and realizing that next year would be the half-century mark, she laughingly wondered if Mr. Arthur Judson would reward her with some free tickets! Free tickets are no joke with the Philharmonic-Symphony.

Mrs. Morris Loeb, in whose husband's memory the one thousand dollar prize is awarded each June at the Institute, found Jascha Heifetz to be one of her shipmates going abroad last summer. Heifetz, at that time, was always the center of a group of ladies who paid him adoring attention. Later in the summer, however, the group evidently dwindled down to just one adoring lady, for before fall had set in, the charming Florence Vidor had become his bride. Miss Vidor is now on the coast, and Mr. Heifetz has just arrived in New York from Europe. Help us to find the hidden meaning!

The following is from Franklin P. Adam's column "The Conning Tower" in the *New York World*: "It takes the advertisers a long time to act. In Winnipeg day before yesterday, Mr. Fritz Kreisler cut the index finger of his left hand while shaving. His concert had to be canceled. Now then, if he had used what brand of razor wouldn't he have cut his finger?"

You singers! Have you ever experienced the novelty of singing to the accompaniment of a Duo-Art, or Ampico roll? Unlike the "sympathetic" accompanist who watches carefully every move of the soloist, ready to slow up, hurry up, or skip a couple of measures in pursuit of the prima donna's whim, the Duo-Art accompaniment roll ploughs doggedly on with unvarying exactness, interested only in unwinding its several hundred feet of punctured paper, and then, in being able to rewind as comfortably as it unwound! To sing with such a severe taskmaster is obviously a tricky business, and Leslie Gompertz, a graduate of the Institute and former pupil of Madeleine Walther of our faculty, who is the reason for this speculation, says that it is excellent for rhythm. Miss Gompertz is to sing at the Aeolian Company with her only accompaniment, a Duo-Art roll!

And this will be quite interesting to those who are not finding sight-singing to be an especially exciting subject. It is taken from a review of the English Singers by Chotzinoff: "Mr. Kelly in one of his delightful very English speeches again reminded us that the old madrigals were written for home and not for public consumption, and that an English hostess of that period would distribute the voice parts to her guests and family after the dinner dishes had been cleared away. We have supposedly made a great general progress in the appreciation and performance of music since those days, yet it is inconceivable that one could find six guests in the whole of Long Island and Westchester who would be able to read at sight any piece in the repertoire of the English Singers. However, it is just as improbable that the week-end guests in Surrey and Kent sang their madrigals with anything like the artistry of the English Singers, or that the old music was ever heard by the men who created it, in just the way we heard it yesterday."

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

By Janet Anderson

I dreamed I was a child again,
Beside a Christmas tree,
And all the things that I had wished
Were hanging there for me.

A China doll, a Teddy bear,
A dog that said bow-wow!
Ah, all my golden childhood dreams
Were hanging on that bough.

I woke—the sky was desolate,
The whole great world was bare,
But lo! my golden dreams came true
For you were standing there!

EVERYONE who is enraptured by a creation, whether it be a musical, literary or pictorial masterpiece, feels a certain curiosity about the creator. We, who have known in "The Pines of Rome," the charm of the nightingale's song in a moonlit garden of the Eternal City, and have thrilled to the persistent rhythm of an advancing army of Roman conquerors returning through the misty dawn of the Appian Way to the Capitoline Hill bathed in the glory of the rising sun, cannot but be interested in the composer of this tonal fantasy. Ottorino Respighi it is and he explains his symphonic poem, thus: "While in my preceding work, 'The Fountains of Rome,' I sought to reproduce by means of tone an impression of Nature, in 'The Pines of Rome' I have used Nature as a point of departure in order to recall in my music memories and visions. The century-old trees which dominate so characteristically the Roman landscape become testimony for the principal events in Roman life.

"The introduction of a phonograph record of a real nightingale's song in the third movement of the tone-poem has caused considerable discussion in Rome, in London, in New York, wherever the work has been played. It has been deemed radical, a departure from the rules governing legitimate orchestral usage. But I do not believe in sensational effects for their own sake. I simply realized that no wind instrument could satisfactorily reproduce the real bird's song nor would a coloratura soprano sound other than artificial for the purpose. Therefore I resorted to an exquisite record of a nightingale's song which I recalled having once heard in a shop. That is all there is to it. The orchestral scoring of this portion of the symphonic work mirrors the dreamy, subdued air of the woodland at the nocturnal hour. Suddenly there is a silence and the voice of the real bird rises, with its liquid notes accompanied only by pianissimo trills of the muted violins, harp tones and a soft chord of the 'cellos and violas."

Dedicates Opera to Rethberg

Mr. Respighi had arrived on the Majestic the day before the American premier of his new opera, "La Campana Sommersa" ("The Sunken Bell"), at the Metropolitan Opera House, November 24th. His first evening was spent going over the score with Tullio Serafin, the conductor. A large audience at the matinee performance the following afternoon applauded the singers,—Elisabeth Rethberg, Giovanni Martinelli, Giuseppe De Luca, Ezio Pinza, and Nanette Guilford,—who had successfully surmounted the tremendous difficulties of an intricate score, and accorded an ovation to the composer who came before the curtain with the artists. A man of medium height, with broad shoulders, massive brow and thoughtful eyes, the Italian tone-poet showed a marked resemblance to the immortal Beethoven. He was presented with a wreath sent by the Board of Directors.

The manuscript of the opera now bears a tribute to a great artist from a great composer. Enchanted by the beautiful singing of Mme. Rethberg, whom he had never before heard, the composer at once dedicated the score to her. The Metropolitan's production of his work was pronounced superb by Mr. Respighi.

"Hauptmann's play, 'The Sunken Bell,' is a masterpiece of modern German romantic literature," remarked the Maestro, "and it attracted me to make a musical setting of it because it offered unique possibilities for the stage. It is fantastic yet in degree realistic and *Rautendelein* is a fascinating heroine

O t t o r i n o

The Composer

By Dorothy



Mrs. and Mr. Respighi
At Villa Gerster, the home of Mrs. Fritz Reiner in Italy.

not quite woman, nor yet sprite."

The critics, while praising many admirable features of the new opera, agreed that the Respighi of the orchestral works is still preferable. One noted musician was heard to declare the opera "somewhat experimental," which would indicate interesting operatic achievements by Respighi in the future.

Opera is not a new medium for the composer. His "Belfagor," somewhat akin to Verdi's "Falstaff" in comic style, has been produced at La Scala in Milan, and elsewhere. The theories of operatic writing, which are being set forth by a contemporaneous Italian composer whose work will later this season reach the Metropolitan, were cited. Mr. Respighi smiled and shook his head. "I have only one theory," he claimed, "and that is—talent. One must have the gift for writing and the result will be music. He believes that the vocal parts in opera should be "melodic," that the voice should have "sung recitative" and he refers to Monteverdi as his model in this.



Elisabeth Rethberg, Ottorino Respighi on the Metropolitan Opera House at
"The Sunken Bell"

Respighi

of the Day

Crowthers



Left to right: Ottorino Respighi, an Italian officer, Mrs. Fritz Reiner, Mrs. Ottorino Respighi and Fritz Reiner.



(Photo by Carlo Edwards)

Ottorino Respighi, and the stage of the Metropolitan after the premier of *Unken Bell*."

"I have no preference in composition," he said, when questioned. "The form makes no difference to me, in fact I work on several styles at the same time. The creation of 'La Campana Sommersa' covered a period of about two years with many interruptions to work on other compositions and to tour as conductor and pianist.

"Do I enjoy being a soloist? Oh, no!" he exclaimed with emphasis. "I should like to be only the composer."

Rome has been the home of Mr. Respighi for fifteen years. There he and Mme. Respighi, a Mexican by birth and a

singer of note, reside in the Palazzo Borghese, once the dwelling of a Prince, Paolo V.

"It is a very quiet place to work," he said. "And Rome today is not a good place in which to reflect. The Seven Hills constantly echo the sound of motor horns."

Elisabeth Rethberg and her husband, Albert Doman, will be the guests of the Respighis at the Palazzo Borghese during the period Mme. Rethberg stays in Rome for operatic appearances re-

quested by Premier Mussolini. "La Campana Sommersa" is one of the works to be given this spring.

It was through the kind intercession of Mr. Doman that an interview was arranged at short notice, only a few hours before Mr. Respighi's appearance as piano soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, prior to his departure from New York on a tour which will take him to the west coast as soloist with various orchestras.

During several interruptions in the conversation when trunks were taken out and urgent telephone calls made it necessary for the composer to absent himself a few moments, the gaps were charmingly filled by a review of incidents in his life recounted by Mrs. Fritz Reiner, who was present. She is the daughter of the late Etelka Gerster, the famous diva.

"The first time I ever met Ottorino was at my mother's villa near Bologna, Italy, when I was a girl of sixteen. We were giving a performance of Mascagni's 'Zanetto.' After many rehearsals, Ottorino, the pianist, tired of Mascagni's music and added harmonies and embellishments that were distinctly Respighi. We singers were sometimes much confused thereby, which he thought highly amusing! His improvisations were wonderful, however, and in them was foreshadowed the future greatness of the composer.

"Several years later, in Berlin, my mother's class of singing students,—which included Julia Culp, Sigrid Onegin, Madeleine Walther of your Institute Faculty, and myself,—were presenting Monteverdi's 'Ariana' in a concert to be attended by the Emperor and Empress. It was necessary to have the work arranged for orchestral accompaniment, and my mother did not hesitate a moment in deciding who was the best fitted to do the work. She sent for Respighi, who was then a student in Berlin."

It is probable that through this early association with the Gerster household, the Italian composer acquired much valuable knowledge about the possibilities of the human voice and how to write for it. All the parts in "La Campana Sommersa," though difficult musically, are extremely singable, according to Mrs. Reiner.

The Composer at Work

Respighi's musical training was begun under the guidance of his father in Bologna, where the composer was born in 1879. At the age of thirteen he became a pupil at the Liceo Musicale in his native city, studying violin with Sarti and composition with Martucci for seven years. Then, attracted by the work of Rimsky-Korsakoff, he went to St. Petersburg and placed himself under the instruction of the famous Russian for two years, after which he became a pupil of Max Bruch in Berlin. In 1913 he was made a professor of composition at the Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome, the world's oldest music school. In 1924, by the unanimous vote of the Board,—among the members of which was the well-loved Puccini,—Respighi was appointed Director of the Academy. This post he was forced to resign the following year, due to pressure of work in composition and to the necessity of fulfilling concert engagements in Europe and America.

Aside from the symphonic works and the opera already mentioned, Respighi is best known in this country through his lovely songs, many of which had the benefit of Mrs. Respighi's musicianly interpretations when she sang them in recital here; through his *Sinfonia Drammatica* and *Belfagor Overture*, first played by New York orchestras in 1925; through his *Gregorian Concerto* for violin and his *Concerto in the Myxolydian Mode* for piano which were given their initial American

hearings in 1926; and through his Toccata for piano and orchestra in which he recently appeared as soloist.

As two of the titles would suggest, Mr. Respighi finds the liturgical modes sympathetic. "It has been my intention throughout my works in this style," explained the composer, "not to recreate the exact accents of plain chant, but to utilize the very beautiful harmonic quality of some of these modes, which possess a richness incomparably greater than the more common modern scales, despite the use of old harmonic color.

"The contemporary Italian school of musicians,—Pizzetti, Alfano, Casella, Malipiero, De Sabata, Tommassini, Castelnuovo-Tedesco and others,—had its beginning in impressionism. We stem from this school but for some years we have not been of it. The Italian genius is for melody and clarity. Today there is a noticeable return to the less sophisticated music of our past,—in harmony to the church modes and in form to the suite of dances and other charming forms. This is no doubt good, providing we all cling to our own individualities and really express them, and strive to be modern but not eccentric, intellectual but not to the point of clogging the imagination."

Music in America

A notable gathering of celebrities of the musical, theatrical and social world paid homage to Mr. and Mrs. Respighi at a reception given by Mme. Rethberg at the Ambassador Hotel the day after the premier of "La Campana Sommersa." Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Damrosch and several of the Institute Faculty.

Mr. Respighi, seated at a table near the orchestra, thoughtfully regarded the jazz players and the dancers who included many otherwise sedate artists of opera and concert. Someone asked him how he liked syncopation. He shrugged his shoulders. "It is not new any more but quite an old story," was his reply.

The Italian tone-poet expressed admiration for American musical enterprise and the large enrollment in our conservatories. The work of the American Academy in Rome in particular interests him. He tells of personal acquaintance with several of the young American composers who have been resident there. "Their work is very promising," he said. "I also have a number of American pupils in Rome, with whom I am well satisfied.

"Clearly the creative day of America is at hand," he added. "We are all looking for something vital and dynamic to come from the United States which will be an expression of the life which seethes in your cities. It is the most intense and interesting of any in the world. And—you have such a capacity for work!

Phonograph and radio experts are busy looking up centennial possibilities for next year. The best bet today is the 1929 Centennial of Chopin's 21st birthday.

—Hollister Noble.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC

Institute Artists and Others

By Lloyd Mergentime

(Continued from Page 2)

concert in the Recital Hall of the Institute on the evening of December 5th. Mr. Berkley played a Sonata by Fauré, and compositions of Szymanowski, Reger and Bach.

James Friskin, a member of our Piano Faculty, is to give a recital in the Recital Hall of the Institute of Musical Art on Saturday afternoon, December 15th. Mr. Friskin is playing the G minor Sonata of Schumann, "The Children's Corner" by Debussy, and compositions of Chopin, Bridge and Franck.

Evsei Beloussoff, a member of our Violoncello Faculty, is to give a recital in the Recital Hall of the Institute on Wednesday evening, December 19th, with Emanuel Bay, pianist, as assisting artist. The program includes sonatas by Beethoven and Brahms and Tschaikovsky's Variations on a Roco Theme.

English Singers. A truly artistic organization. Town Hall, December 1st, December 8th, December 22nd.

Vladimir Horowitz. A most prominent member of our younger group of pianists. Carnegie Hall, December 3rd.

Josef Hofmann. One of the greatest. Carnegie Hall, December 9th.

Efrem Zimbalist. A great player and a fine musician. Hotel Barbizon, December 11th.

Flonzaley Quartet. This is their farewell season and they are giving an extra non-subscription matinée with Harold Bauer as assisting artist. Don't miss them! Town Hall, Saturday afternoon, December 15th.

Fritz Kreisler. The chief of them all. Carnegie Hall, Wednesday evening, December 19th.

League of Composers. This progressive organization is presenting new works for mechanical instruments and unusual combinations. Among those assisting will be Harold Bauer and the Lenox String Quartet in a performance of a new quintet by Emerson Whithorne. Town Hall, Wednesday evening, December 19th.

Oratorio Society. Presenting a performance of Händel's "Messiah." Carnegie Hall, Wednesday evening, December 26th.

Beethoven Association. One can always be assured of a most entertaining and musical evening. Town Hall, Thursday evening, December 27th.

Among the Orchestras

The Philharmonic-Symphony has already presented several novelties on its programs. Among them have been, Kurt Atterberg's Symphony in C major which won the \$10,000 prize in the Schubert Centennial Contest; Simon Bucharoff's Ballet Scene from his opera, "Sakhara," and two miniature tone-poems;

(Continued on Page 17)

F r a n z S c h u b e r t

An Appreciation

By Samuel Cibulski

MUSICIANS' lives are as a rule very fertile fields for highly imaginative and gossipy story-telling. They are replete with many romantic and exotic amours, with anecdotes of their temperamental eccentricities, etc., etc. Schubert's life is unique in this respect—that there was nothing sensational or extraordinary in it. The short number of years of his life—only 31—were years of silent struggle against poverty and the general indifference towards his music. He was not of the iconoclastic or revolutionary type who, like Beethoven, could hurl his defiance against the corrupt social and political life of society, more particularly that of Vienna. He lacked the irresistible power and virility of the reformer who is capable of forcing his personality and ideas upon the world. Schubert hardly ever raised a voice of protest against his miserable condition, and seemed content to live with his small group of admirers in their narrow and circumscribed life. His life—that is, in his association with people—was devoid of any dynamic vitality. It was an existence breathing “tranquillity and gentle familiarity.”



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).

The reason for this tragic state of affairs—indeed it was tragic—is to be found in the fact that he was the child of a class whose inherent philosophy and ideology he unconsciously expressed. Schubert was the first great composer who belonged to the “bourgeoisie,” the small burgher class of Germany which was then only in its formative period of economic growth. It had not yet

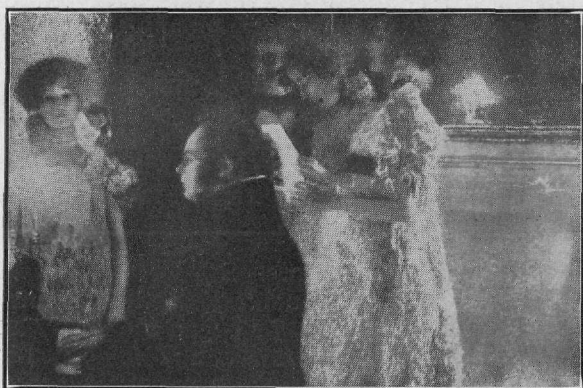
developed that dynamic revolutionary philosophy which was to lead it to victory in '48. It was slowly gathering force and momentum for those memorable days—and in his music Schubert “breathed something of that German *Volkseele*—soul of the people—which with lyre and sword, was headed for the stormy spring of 1848.”

From his early youth little Franz was impregnated with his class ideology; he found it most abundantly in his home environment. His father, the schoolmaster, whose life was passed within the confines of the classroom, very likely inculcated in his children (there were fourteen of them!) the spirit of contentment with things as they were, and of happy resignation to their social status. This explains why Schubert throughout his whole life “bore all his joys (little as he had) soberly and decorously and put up with sorrow in a meek spirit, and not without a certain enjoyment so long as it came in a tolerably picturesque form.”

As it was stated before—Schubert's life was devoid of any sensational or startling events. From his early childhood he began to display his extraordinary talent for music, and composed at an early age. It is the same story of the precocious child, or more exactly, of the genius, who only needs a few lessons in harmony and counterpoint to outstrip the creative capacity of the teacher. Witness the statement of Michael Holzer, with whom little Franz studied: “When after a few months he told me that he had no more need of any help from me, but would go on by himself, indeed I soon had to acknowledge that he had far surpassed me, beyond hope of expectation”; and so Schubert set up shop for himself. The musical art has had many such gifted “infant prodigies.” A classic example is to be found in Mozart, his predecessor; but there is a remarkable difference which, I believe, places Schubert far above Mozart. It is true that the earliest compositions of Schubert show the work of a youngster—both in conception and development of his musical ideas, expressing them often in the dress of superfluous Italianism, the vogue of the day. But through it all one can clearly and unmistakably perceive the composer's marked individuality which he retains till the very end, ever becoming “broader and fuller.” At the tender age of fifteen Schubert had already composed masterpieces in the field of song, and at seventeen had written “Der Erlkönig,” and “Gretchen am Spinnrade,” which are alone sufficient to place him in the highest rank of composers. Mozart on the other

hand only reached his full maturity in the last years of life, e.g. his "Don Juan," but even there the spirit of the Italian Opera is unmistakably felt. It is indeed most extraordinary to see Schubert, a mere boy, compose songs which express the most profound human emotions, as if he had already lived a whole life, and had experienced all its joys and sorrows!

To understand Beethoven's life, the mental agony caused by the oppressive malady, and the bitter struggles against rock-bound traditions—is to possess a cue to the meaning of his music. It was forged out of life itself. But Schubert sang with the same ease and spontaneity as the birds in the fields. His life is not mirrored in his music—"Music and music alone was to him all in all. It was not his principal mode of expression, it was his only one; it swallowed up every other."



Franz Schubert at the clavier playing one of his songs.

Because of this condition Schubert never engaged himself in any discussion on worldly matters—that meant very little to him. He avoided all arguments, and maintained strict silence, the most striking thing about this little man (he stood five feet one inch in his socks!). Franz Eckel, Schubert's schoolmate, states in one of his letters that "Franz was almost entirely uncommunicative except about those things which concerned the Divine Muse to which he dedicated his short but complete life, and whose favorite he was," but when he was irritated he usually "spoke in short sentences, or took refuge in the Viennese expression, 'Wusz' (nonsense)." And yet this was the man capable of writing such inspired music that speaks to us in the most alluring and seductive as well as in the most commanding and authoritative terms.

Though Schubert wrote immortal compositions in almost every department of music, his highest genius is unquestionably stamped in his songs. He transformed the song from an "ephemeral and banal" jingle into a most perfect vehicle for the fullest expression of the whole

gamut of emotions. In his instrumental compositions he closely followed the paths traversed by his predecessors—they are conceived and developed in the formal styles,—but in the Lied Schubert asserted his strong individuality and casting aside all marks of tradition, raised it to the highest pinnacle of artistic perfection. Robert Franz was fully conscious of his indebtedness to Schubert when he declared that Schubert's immortal service to the song consisted in the undeniable fact that he injected warm and pulsing life into it—and that viewed in this light, Beethoven's "Adelaide" was only a cold marble statue.

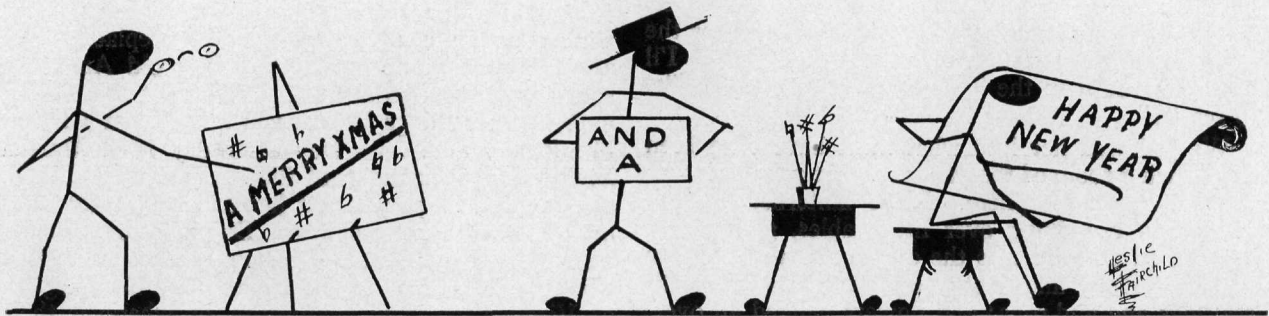
In setting a poem to music Schubert never sought to force himself forward, but rather completely identified himself with the poet, fusing the melody and the words into one synthetic whole—inseparable and logically knit together. The purpose of the music was to bring out the poet's meaning in the clearest and most effective way,—to get at the very heart of it; herein he paved the way for Wagner's later innovations which completely revolutionized the opera. Schubert's music "changes with the words as a landscape does when the sun and cloud pass over it." The melody was a spontaneous outgrowth of the text. In discussing Schubert's wealth of originality in the melodic line, Mr. Finck aptly stated that he surpassed the Italians—who hitherto had had almost a monopoly of vocal music—not only in regard to the artistic union of verse and melody, but in the charm, flow, and variety of melody.

Schubert's startling originality is most clearly seen in his modulations with which he was capable of conveying the slightest shades of meaning of the poem. In his hands modulation acted like a magic wand giving sparkling vitality to the melody. One can no more disengage the instrumental accompaniment from the vocal part in Schubert's songs than the orchestral part from the vocal declamation in the Wagner music drama. The very choice of key was the result of the emotional content of the poem, as Hans Hollander states: "aside from a most delicate psychological use of major and minor, his sensitive feeling for musical color induced him to give each individual song a tone-character corresponding to its text-mode."

Such, in brief, was the genius of the greatest song-writer of all time. He died at the height of his creative power,—known to but a small group of friends. But who is there now who has not heard Schubert's name, and not been transported by his delightful music! There is no other musician "so universally known and appreciated as Schubert." No one to my mind, so aptly summed up Schubert—the man and the artist—as his school friend, Anton Holzapfel, who always used to say: "He was a little man, but he was a giant."

A Christmas Carol

By Joseph Machlis



ALREADY the world was waiting for its coating of fresh, spotless snow; and the jingle of sleigh-bells; and the happy smiles of temporary Santa Clauses parading in all the glory of red and silver before the show-windows of department stores; and the excitement of shopping matrons keeping their offspring in tow; and all those other feverish symptoms so necessary to the proper Yuletide festival-mood. I, too, was eagerly awaiting the week of relaxation from duties and work, resolved to occupy myself with nothing more strenuous than amusement and rest.

But it was not fated thus. Two days before Christmas Eve I was summoned to the telephone by a friend. Who was also a violinist. Who with great gusto informed me that he had a job to offer me, to play for the whole of the Christmas vacation. The chap who had originally got the job had been prevented from going at the last moment. So would I come along instead? He had no idea where, what, why, or for whom we were to play. But to be in the dark made it all the more interesting. Would I meet him at the Grand Central the very next morn?

On the train I asked my companion to show me the music. Music? He had taken none. What! Oh, that was perfectly all right. He had been told not to bring any, since our employer would furnish whatever it would be necessary for us to play. That sounded unusual. What more did he know about the matter? Not much, except that our employer was a woman. That sounded interesting. Expectant, we alighted at some unimportant local station.

A bus, a car, a taxi. Finally we had arrived. With not a little apprehension we walked up the broad avenue of trees, at the end of which emerged statelily the four slender white pillars beneath the low triangular ornamented portico, so indispensable a part of the scheme of the Colonial mansion. Before the massive door a little protruding red-brick gable, from which depended, at the tip of a wrought-iron bracket, a painted signboard: "At Ye Signe of Ye Greene Mud Turtle. Delicacies. Antiques. Tid-

bits in Ye Olden Yuletide Manner." Not very reassuring. But interesting, certainly. We debated which one of us should be the one to ring. Finally plucked up courage and did so. Were admitted and informed that Madame would be down at once. Thuswise it came about that there stalked into my life Mrs. Martha Livingstone Connaught.

"You see, I asked you to come up a day earlier,—we really begin to do business tomorrow,—because I always like to be sure that everything will be just so. It's a part of my nature, I suppose. I've been up here already a week. Quite alone, except for the Help. Of course it was lonesome. Not that I ever have depended much on company. In a life as tragic as mine, one has to learn to be independent." She paused, sniffed, sighed impressively, continued. "And, besides, I had so many memories connected with the old place. You see, this used to be our summer home, when Mr. Connaught was still living. He died just ten years ago. That's his portrait there, in the corner. He always used to say, 'You'll outlive me yet, Martha.'—But I mustn't get morbid. My doctors tell me it is extremely bad for my nerves to get morbid.—It was then that I got the inspiration"—there was a heroic ring in her lovely voice as she said this; she might have been Joan of Arc,— "to open my little shop on the old Place. We're on the state road from New York, so that motorists doing New England pass by. I depend upon their getting thirsty or hungry or tired at just about this spot. And when they come I serve them tea or tid-bits, plus atmosphere. Real old Yuletide atmosphere, Colonial atmosphere, early American period;—and you are part of the atmosphere I serve."—She smiled affably. For a moment I began to feel alarmed. "I put you behind a dark screen in the tea room, and you make me soft, sweet music, to harmonize with the color scheme and the lighting effects; and to make a background for me while I sell a few antiques. Not any of this vulgar jazz, or those ear-splitting modern things. But selections like 'When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day,' or 'Just a Song at Twilight.' Those lovely old things

that mean so much;—that stand for the nobler, finer things of life; the things that are really worthwhile. You know what I mean, loyalty and trust. . . .

"Ah, the trials and hardships which surround a woman of birth and position and sensitive feelings, when she has to face the world alone. You simply cannot imagine what I suffer." Her distraught eye lighted on the chipped candlestick lying in a corner. She picked it up, ran her finger caressingly over the cracks, and murmured, "It's an Antique—now. I'll have to place it in the Tea Room. Would you like to see it?"

We followed her into what must have once been the drawing room of the mansion. At present it was draped with atmosphere. Little lanterns, in dark green and red, hung over little tables, giving that "tavern effect" which is the dream and ideal of our Village. Holly and mistletoe, a real fire-place with real logs and andirons; and flowers banked all over, massed among clocks and vases, dishes and candlesticks, fantastic trays, bric-a-brac and porcelains, which were Mrs. Connaught's stock of Antiques. In a corner stood the sombre screen from behind which we were to pour forth the Atmosphere. Early American atmosphere, Colonial atmosphere, Yuletide atmosphere. And in the windows fluttered little cards engraved with "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men." I felt like a page out of Dickens.

Mrs. Connaught placed the candlestick lately elevated to the dignity of an American Antique, on one of the tables.

On the morrow business began. How describe Mrs. Martha Livingstone Connaught in full sail. What inventiveness! What resourcefulness!

We, dreamily hidden behind the screen, emitting genuine Colonial atmosphere through the soft chords of "Mighty Lak' a Rose, Specially Arranged for Violin and Piano." A sweet restfulness pervades the early-American-period scene. A log splutters lovingly in the genuine fireplace. A lady with chauffeur, husband, maid and children has just descended from her car, thirsty, to order some tea. While the happy Yuletide charm is warming the cockles of the great Lady's heart, Mrs. Martha Livingstone Connaught puts in her appearance. Distinguished-looking, quietly, courteous, poised, the perfect Hostess receiving, she superintends the pouring of the tea. And goes about her work. Ah, the lady has asked if these things are for sale. Well, of course they are really heirlooms. The lady has heard of the Livingstone Connaughts, of Virginia. Yes, English, a younger branch of the family of the Viscounts Connaught of Connaughtshire. Oh yes, very old, Mayflower. For example, that candle-holder there, slightly cracked, from great-Aunt Sarah. Been in the family for generations. At Valley Forge General Washington often sought refuge at the Connaught mansion. That candle-holder lighted him to his chamber. For sale? Well, of course the lady understood . . . a gentlewoman in straitened circumstance . . . only that could induce her to part with the historic heirloom. Of course the lady has heard of the Virginia Livingstones. Yes. Of course. Thirty-

nine dollars, really the very lowest she could consider. Special Holiday price. Very well, she'll have it wrapped up at once.

The lady of the limousine couldn't let such an opportunity go by. She had a million, but she lacked a grandfather. And the grand manner of the Livingstone Connaughts.

Day after day the Yulelog burned cheerily and merrily and gleefully in the genuine fireplace. Day after day we pumped out the lovely old American songs that mean so much and represent the higher, finer, cleaner things in life, you know what I mean, like loyalty and. . . . Day after day Mrs. Martha Livingstone Connaught, of the . . . yes, very old . . . Mayflower . . . poured out her tea, her lovely well-bred voice, and her eloquence. Day after day mistletoe and holly saw some more empty spaces where had stood the heirlooms of the Livingstone Connaughts, of Virginia, or New Hampshire, or wherever their ingenious descendant saw fit to place them.

In such original company time speeds. All too soon passed the holiday week and came that snow-flecked morning when, valises in hand, ready to leave, we descended the stately staircase of the old mansion. But a stony silence faced us. Wondering, we approached Mrs. Connaught's desk. Where awaited us, in an envelope addressed in her firm writing, our cheques and a note,—dated the evening before.

"Dear boys: I am so sorry that I could not wait to say good-bye to you personally. But I had to depart suddenly. . . . You know how it is when a woman is forced to face the world all alone. . . .

"I am leaving for each one of you, as a token of my regard and appreciation, a set of hand-painted tea cups. You will find them, already packed, in the bottom drawer. They are very antique, coming from my great-grandmother Jane Mary, who had them from her Aunt Hepzibah. As a matter of fact, it is precisely from these cups that Betsy Ross sipped her tea,—she was then a guest at the Livingstone Connaught mansion in Delaware,—while she did her sewing on the first American Flag.

"I wish you every success in your careers. Music, as you know, beautiful, lovely music, means so much,—stands for those nobler, finer, wholesome things of life, the things that really matter.

Sincerely,

MARTHA LIVINGSTONE CONNAUGHT.

"P. S. Remember always to love antiques and atmosphere. Love them, admire them, if you must. But never part with good money for either of them. Which is the last piece of advice from a lady who has dealt in both long enough to know."

The bus rolled away, with us in it. Through a bend in the road I glimpsed my last of the old house with its honest-to-goodness Colonial pillars, "At Ye Signe of Ye Greene Mud-Turtle." Farewell, most glorious of Women,—brilliant, witty, amiable, suave, imaginative—and efficient. Farewell! My heart was heavy within me, and I felt like the—page out of Dickens.

AMONG THE ORCHESTRAS

(Continued from Page 12)

Cassado's "Catalonian Rhapsody" and Ottorino Respighi's latest composition, a "Toccata, for piano and orchestra." From December 10th until December 24th, the orchestra will be under the direction of Walter Damrosch. Mr. Damrosch is presenting two novelties which may prove to be of particular interest. They are George Gershwin's newest symphonic work, "An American in Paris" (December 13th); and "America," a new symphony by Ernest Bloch (which won first honors in the *Musical America* competition and is to be given its premier by five different orchestras on the same day). Mr. Gershwin and Mr. Bloch are looked upon as two of the outstanding figures among American composers and much is expected of them.

The Philadelphia Orchestra which is again under the direction of that magnetic personality, Leopold Stokowski, has brought several interesting novelties



George Gershwin

Who has composed a new symphonic work,
"An American in Paris."

to New York. Among them the "Dances Africaines" of the leading composer of South America, Villa-Lobos; also a composition of Yves de Casiniere, "Hercules et les centaurs." Mr. Stokowski is retiring, for the time being, in favor of Ossip Gabrilowitsch who will endeavor to uphold, and successfully we believe, the high standards set by his predecessor. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, conductor of the Detroit Symphony and one of our greatest pianists, will make his first appearance with the Philadelphia Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 18th.

The Boston Symphony on November 22nd presented the first performance in New York of Stravinsky's latest creation, a ballet, "Appollon Musagete" (Apollo, Leader of the Muses). Opinions as to the merits of the work were varied. Some thought it fine, others said that it was decidedly inferior.

The Opera

"Manon," Massenet's charming opera, will be revived at the Metropolitan, December 22nd. Mention of the new Respighi opera, recently produced, appears on page 10.

ADVENTURES IN SPAIN

(Continued from Page 8)

man. It was quite like going to a football game, only far more thrilling.

On the higher parts of the stands are the boxes, over the fronts of which the senoras, decked in mantillas and veils, hang their shawls. Below are the common crowds who do all the whistling and hissing. A brass band plays the Spanish National Anthem as the royal family arrive, and then everything starts.

The bull suddenly comes into the ring from a side door and walks uncertainly, as a rule, out towards the center of the ring; then, seeing a toreador holding his red coat before him, he charges at him, or rather at the red coat, for the toreador is to one side, and the bull dashes past without touching him. This lasts until the bull is nearly tired out. Then the matadors step out with their banderillas—barbed sticks—each man carrying two, and when the bull dashes at them they raise these in the air and drive them into the bull's back. This infuriates the bull and the hairbreadth escapes are repeated. After three matadors have shown their skill, the swordsman steps out into the center of the ring, and shielding his sword with a red coat, awaits the bull. When the latter charges, the swordsman drives the sword, which is at least two and a half feet in length, deep into the back of the bull's neck. If the swordsman is clever, he may bury the sword to the hilt, thus killing the bull in one blow, but more often he is not so successful, and then he uses a dagger in the back of the head between the horns. That is all there is to it! And although there are sometimes seven bulls killed at one fight, yet it is a repeated process.

The next day the race to Bilbao came off, so everyone went there. Bilbao is along the Spanish coast from Santander. I stayed on board the *Zodiac*, which remained at Santander, having some repair work done in readiness for the return trip. By this time my sister and brother-in-law had left by train for Paris, but I didn't miss them, as I had lots of things to buy to amuse myself on the return trip. I bought just about everything except food—and that is what I needed most on the way back.

The captain bought a lot of supplies—how he managed to get them I don't know, because he didn't speak one word of Spanish. We left Santander on the 4th of August, a week after the *Zodiac* had arrived, and we weren't out of sight of land before our Diesel engine stopped. We would have put back to port, but well knew that it was next to impossible to try to get it fixed at Santander, so we decided to sail to America!

I suppose it really was an exciting trip, though at first I was too seasick to enjoy it. I was the only passenger, others being the Captain, wireless operator, and crew of Gloucester fishermen, 14 in all. The second day out, our bull meat, which we saw killed

at the bull fight, started to get bad, and within a week we threw it all overboard. Then someone discovered maggots in the sugar, and the flour was moldy, to say nothing of the water making us all violently sick, being Spanish water.

For the first week I came on deck merely to lie in the sun. We passed only three ships on our way across, two freighters, and the Samaria. About ten days out, we struck a southwester, which broke in the fore hatch, and filled the galley with water. Everyone was wearing oilskins and rubber boots, and it was great fun to stand against the mast and get soaked as the waves came over the side and swamped the deck. The steersman had to be lashed to the wheel. This lasted for two days, and during this time there was nothing cooked, as the fire in the galley had been put out by the water.

On the 18th day out we were surrounded by a school of porpoises, and the Captain said that we were near the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. Two days later we sighted land and the following morning we

sailed into the harbor of Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Of course the first thing we all did was to head for a restaurant, after shaving off our beards and trying to make ourselves presentable. The wireless operator and I spent a whole hour at our first meal on shore,—our first real meal in 21 days,—and we could hardly get up from the table after it.

Three days later the motor was all fixed. With some good food we left Liverpool, and two days later the harbor of Gloucester, Mass., loomed out of the mist. Here we were back to the dear old U. S. A. Did we rejoice? And how!

SCHUBERT ON THE HIGH C'S

Orchestras of the White Star liners Majestic and Olympic rendered Schubert programs on November 19th while in mid-ocean. Souvenir programs with Schubert's picture by Hans Schliessman were distributed. It is alleged that 8,000 mixed trout joined in the song Schubert wrote for their benefit; 2,402 porpoises sang Am Meer, and 5,750 sharks rendered "Wohin." At least 34,563 sea gulls were enlisted in the Schubert tribute and wheeled majestically above the ships while the lookouts sang Hark! Hark! the Lark!—*Musical America*.

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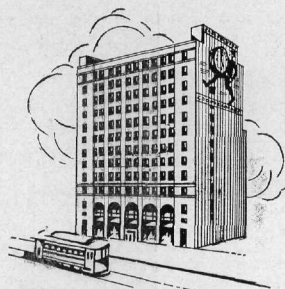
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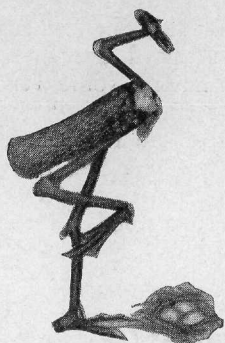
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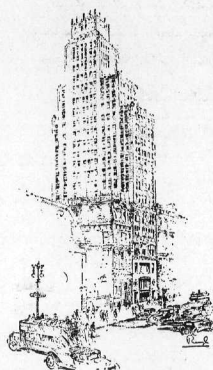
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