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# The Baton



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OF THE JULLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

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Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.

### Before the Public

*William Kroll*, member of our violin Faculty, and *Aaron Hirsch*, a graduate from that department, took part in a program under the auspices of the Henry Street Settlement on April 10 at the Grand Street Playhouse.

*Georges Barrère*, head of the flute department of the Institute of Musical Art since its foundation twenty-six years ago, has recently been appointed to the Juilliard Faculty. He will conduct a special class for students of wind instruments in the art and technique of ensemble music for these instruments alone and in connection with the string orchestra already established at the school. Mr. Barrère, who became a naturalized American citizen a short time ago, came to New York in 1905 at the invitation of Walter Damrosch, to become a member of the New York Symphony Orchestra. He remained with it practically without interruption until it merged with the Philharmonic in 1928. At that time Mr. Barrère resigned to devote his efforts entirely to solo work, the Barrère Little Symphony Orchestra, and the Institute of Musical Art.

Mr. Barrère was soloist with the National Orchestral Association at its seventh concert of the season. "Traditional 'bad weather for strings' was perhaps the better for Mr. Barrère, whose silver flute wove garlands of serene melody in Mozart's Concerto in D. A solo cadenza in the andante and an entire final allegro of spirited playing evoked an ovation." The Barrère Little Symphony appeared in a program with Maurice Chevalier at Carnegie Hall on April 11.

*Harold Morris*, of the Institute's piano Faculty, played his own piano quintet with the New York String Quartet at the League of Composers concert on April 12.

*Lonny Epstein*, of the piano Faculty, and *Hugo Kortschak*, violinist, gave a concert at the Neighborhood Music School on April 12.

*Edouard Dethier*, *James Friskin*, and *Georges Barrère*, all of whom teach at the Institute, participated in the Beethoven Association concert at Town Hall on April 13.

*Albert Stoessel* conducted a string orchestra from the Juilliard Graduate School.

*Margarete Dessoiff*, conductor of the Madrigal Choir and the Choral Class at the Institute, presented the Dessoiff Choirs, which she has organized and trained, in a concert at Town Hall on April 17. Among the instrumentalists who accompanied the singers in Charles Martin Loeffler's Psalm CXXXVII were *Robert Bolles* and *Carl Moore*, both students of flute at the Institute. The Dessoiff Choirs are two separate organizations, the Adesdi Chorus of women's voices and the A Capella Singers, which give joint programs. Professional singers and amateurs of merit are eligible to active membership.

The *Perolè String Quartet*, of whom *David Mankowitz*, violinist, *Lillian Fuchs*, violist, and *Julian Kahn*, 'cellist, are graduates of the Institute (the latter two have Artists' Diplomas) gave the fifth and last concert for children this season at the Barbizon-Plaza on April 18. The concerts were given under the auspices of the Walden School. The quartet, which takes its name from the first letters of the surnames of three of its organizers, has devoted much of its activity to concerts in private houses to invited audiences, but this season has also entered the regular concert field.

*Walter Edelstein*, a graduate of our violin department, gave a concert at the Barbizon on April 19.

*Howard Talley*, teacher in our theory department, *André Cibulski*, graduate in singing, and *Russell Kline*, graduate in piano, were among those who appeared in a concert at McMillin Theater, Columbia University, on April 22 under the direction of Percy Grainger. The program was given under the auspices of the Columbia Chapter of Pi Mu Alpha Sinfonia Fraternity.

*Nora Fauchald*, Artist Graduate of the Institute's department of singing, was soloist with the University Glee Club of New York at Carnegie Hall on April 24. She sang Mark Andrews's "Highwayman."

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## The Baton

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# A Musical Interlude

## Tales of a Mid-Winter Vacation

By Mrs. Frank Damrosch

I AM sure the readers of THE BATON, when they look at the picture of their Dean, sitting at ease on a comfortable chair on one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic Coast, will never believe that he would far rather have been in his chair at his desk, talking to one of you about your work. . . . We left New York on March 17th in the hope that two weeks of southern sunshine would do much to bring back health and strength after the long illness of the winter. The journey down was comfortable and uneventful and when we woke up in the morning and looked out of our train windows we were passing through miles and miles of peach orchards in full bloom. Even the sordid little villages were made gay with a touch of pink in every little yard. When we left the train that evening we had a thirty mile drive through oak and pine woods and across several bridges over rivers and lagoons until we reached the "Cloisters," the attractive inn where we spent our holiday.

"Sea Island Beach" is one of the "Golden Isles" off the Georgia coast—the "Spanish Main" when the western world was young. This part of the South is full of interest. Here Spain established missions a century before the missions of California were built. From these Islands came the live oak timber of which some of the first ships of the American navy were built, among them the famous "Constitution" which won the brilliant victory over the British frigate "Guerrière" in the War of 1812. It was during this engagement that the American sailors, on seeing the British shot bounding off the solid oak sides of their ship, dubbed her "Old Ironsides."

It was here too, that Charles and John Wesley, founders of Methodism, preached and sang, and on one of our drives we saw the great live oak under which John Wesley preached to the Indians in about the year 1735.

On "Saint Simons Island" of which Sea Island Beach is a kind of annex, the first great battle of the Western World was fought, the battle which ended the supremacy of the Spaniards in North America. Sea Island Beach is an ideal place for those who are young and active, and for those who, like us, went there for rest and quiet, it is quite perfect. We spent our days out of doors. A five minute walk was all your director could manage during the first few days and we sat for hours in the lovely patio where the azaleas and the wisteria

made gorgeous splashes of color against the white Spanish architecture and the deep blue sky overhead. Later we took walks along the quiet roadsides under huge live oak trees and cedars fantastic with their garlands of grey Spanish moss. But best of all we loved spending hours and hours on the beach, with the ever-changing colors of sea and sky and watching flocks of wild geese winging their way northward.

Summer had come to the South and they knew that up North, spring was in the air. And so we too realized that it was time for your director to turn his face northward and to get back to his work, strengthened and refreshed by his stay in this lovely part of the Sunny South.

### A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAN

To the Students of the Institute of Musical Art:

I am afraid when you see my picture in this issue of THE BATON you will think: "Everybody works but father." I want to assure you, however, that my long absence has not been voluntary, but the result of a long and severe illness and of a still longer and exasperatingly slow convalescence.

Thanks to the splendid loyalty of our faculty and the administrative ability and devotion of Miss



The Dean and Mrs. Damrosch, hard at work on Sea Island Beach, Georgia!



Frank—in fact, to the helpful spirit of all connected with the Institutè, the work has gone on just as well as if I had been present. I have, of course, been kept in touch with all activities of the school, but regret that I could not come in direct contact with you as I did in former years by hearing each student at mid-year. However, it is to your own interest to do your utmost and I have no doubt that your reports will show that you do not need me to spur you on.

I hope that I will be permitted to greet you all at the Commencement Exercises.

—Frank Damrosch

## IMPROVISATIONS

*On Institute Themes*

“Composer and arranger of everything from opera to jazz”—that is the title by which Claude Lapham, former student of the Institute of Musical Art, is known to orchestra leaders, song writers, vaudeville actors, and others who have good musical ideas in need of a little reconstruction, repairing, or upholstering. Mr. Lapham's career in commercial music during the last fifteen years has brought him into contact with most of the composers to whose music America dances (and hums in the movies) and has given him interesting and varied types of work. From 1915 to 1925 he was pianist-conductor in New York theatres. During certain periods of that time he was also head arranger with Irving Berlin, arranger for Leo Feist, M. Witmark, and Harms, Inc., and studied composition with Dr. Goetschius at the Institute of Musical Art. Within the next four years he had organized his present arranging bureau, had become Vincent Lopez's first arranger, and had conducted his Knights of Melody Band in Texas Guinan's club. In 1928 he went to Europe, where he spent six months working in London, Paris and Berlin.

A letter received from Mr. Lapham recently, tells of his latest work. “I was in England all of 1928 and part of 1929—left New York last June and en route to Hollywood came via Mexico, stopping off in Mexico City and broadcasting. I had a perfectly marvelous time there for two weeks, as the Mexicans are great lovers of American music, and there were several receptions and dinners. Fortunately, my Spanish is almost as fluent as my English, and so I felt very much at home. Then I came on to Hollywood, where I have been composing, arranging and playing for the talkies. The three latest pictures on which I have worked are the Christie comedy, Charlie's Aunt; Harold Lloyd's Feet First; and now Tabu, the Murnau South Seas picture, on which I collaborated with Dr. Riesenfeld. With best wishes always.”

Another former student, Benjamin Swalin, who was a member of THE BATON Staff while he was studying violin here, writes as follows: “During the last several months I have had the pleasure of receiving issues of THE BATON, which I have read with great interest and delight. In case you may be interested in my work here in this charming city

of Vienna, I shall offer a few details. My study is at the Musikhochschule and the University of Vienna. At the former institution I am busily engaged with studies in violin under Professor Dr. Feist, composition with Dr. Marx, and a course in conducting at the Kapellmeisterschule under Hofrat Professor Wunderer of the Wiener Staatsoper. The work in the Kapellmeisterschule gives me an opportunity such as I have never before experienced; for here I have the privilege, every two or three weeks, of conducting the Akademie Orchestra in various symphonic works. Dr. Marx is exceedingly interesting. His compositions are valued very highly here; hardly a month goes by that at least one of them is not performed. Next month Mr. Giesecking, the pianist, is playing Dr. Marx's second piano concerto with orchestra, here in Wien.

“At the University my work is done more or less at my leisure. The system is entirely different here, insofar as a student is not held to regular attendance at lectures. Among the Vorlesungen (lectures) that I attend from time to time are: Die Philosophischen Probleme in ihrem Zusammenhang, by Professor Schlick; Die Kunstgeschichte im Rahmen des Erdkreises, by Professor Strzygowsky; Musik-psychologie, by Professor Lach.

“My efforts are directed principally toward getting a doctorate, which I hope to acquire by June, 1932, if I remain here next year. It seems to me that a Ph.D. from the University of Vienna would be a great asset to me in every respect.

“Vienna itself is a very attractive city. The architectural magnificence of the Ringstrasse, including such buildings as the Staatsoper, the Rathaus, the Parliament, the Burgtheater, the New Hofburg and the Börse, is memorable indeed. Then there are such old edifices as the St. Stephan's Cathedral and the Karlskirche, dating centuries back and carrying with them much of the old Viennese tradition. The Staatsoper is worthy of especial mention, not only because of its structural beauty but also because of the excellent performances that one may hear within its walls. There are such eminent artists as Frau Lehmann and Frau Nemeth, Herr Piccaver, Herr Mayr, and others. The staging is always of the first order, the ballet excellent, and the orchestra is among the best. Here one has the privilege of hearing Richard Strauss direct his own operas, as well as those of Mozart and other of the best-known operatic composers. Needless to say, Strauss is very much loved.

“Last November while attending a concert, I met Walter Edelstein. And only this week at the Hubermann concert, a man came up to me and introduced himself as Philip Scharf, another former Institute student. The latter is now living permanently in Europe.”

\* \* \*

An Institute graduate (we won't reveal his name) wrote recently that he was going to subject his beard to manslaughter. It had had much man's laughter already, he said.



# Piano Lessons on the Air

## An Account of NBC's Musical Venture

By M. H. Aylesworth and Others

**M**ORE than 600 music teachers this afternoon (Tuesday, April 14) visited NBC times Square Studio to witness NBC's piano-playing broadcast, "Music in the Air," directed by Osbourne McConathy, noted music educator, and to hear M. H. Aylesworth, President of NBC, in an informal address of welcome and explanation of the course.

The studio program began promptly at 2:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, when Alois Hav-



*Sigmund Spaeth, author of the popular book "The Common Sense of Music," who conducts the Keys to Happiness Hour. (Courtesy of Musical America)*

rilla, NBC announcer, greeted the visitors, briefly outlined the purposes of "Music in the Air" and introduced Aylesworth, who spoke from notes, and was followed by Pierre V. R. Key, well known to NBC radio audiences and Editor of *Musical Digest*.

**ANNOUNCER ALOIS HAVRILLA:** Good Afternoon, Ladies and Gentlemen, or may I say colleagues, for it is not so long ago that I was a music teacher. For that reason, perhaps, I am especially happy to be the first representative of the National Broadcasting Company to welcome you today.

We are about to give you a visual demonstration of Music in the Air, a program, as we have often said, designed to foster and encourage the desire for self-expression in music. This program, as you know, is made up of a series of practical and progressive lessons in piano playing taught by means of charts and pedagogic methods familiar to many of you who teach piano classes in our school system.

Those of us who live in the Metropolitan District are rich in educational and musical advantages offered us freely in schools, music settlements and public culture courses. We often fail

to realize that in the less populated districts of our country thousands of people are fairly clamoring for the advantages we so often take as a matter of course. To such, the radio has been a source not only of pleasure but of great inspiration. The mail which comes to the radio stations contains many pleas for instruction in all lines of education. The National Broadcasting Company has consistently endeavored to enlarge the scope of its educational features and at a tremendous expense this particular series, Music in the Air, was started in January.

The Company wishes to emphasize particularly the fact that these programs are given solely to stimulate interest in piano playing and to encourage every listener at least to attempt to play a few notes or chords on the piano, thereby arousing a desire for further study. This seems like an undertaking well nigh impossible of achievement, but it is being brought to realization.

We of the National Broadcasting Company are proud to have as our guide and mentor Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, a man of keen vision and prophetic foresight, one through whose wise and generous administration the public is able to enjoy the foremost advantages of education, science and art.

When this program idea was first presented to him, Mr. Aylesworth at once realized that in it lay the basis for a possible musical renaissance in America, and so with generous enthusiasm he granted the use of the vast facilities of the National Broadcasting Company for this great experiment in musical education.

It is now my honor to present to you the President of the National Broadcasting Company, Mr. M. H. Aylesworth. (Applause.)

**MR. M. H. AYLESWORTH:** Ladies and Gentlemen: Inasmuch as our few cardinal rules provide that you cannot orate and that you cannot run overtime, I feel that it would be better for you and the great listening audience which does not have the opportunity to be here, to read a few notes rather than to lecture or make an oration.

So I will do so, first welcoming you and thanking you for coming to our Times Square Studio and hoping that sometime you all can come up to our building on Fifth Avenue and 55th Street to see our many studios and our big entertainment show at that location.

I do not feel altogether a stranger in this assembly, for my father was an educator—first as President of Drake and later as President of the Colorado Agricultural College. I was reared in a pedagogical atmosphere.



No art—if you call it that—could have developed with the almost startling suddenness which has characterized “radio,” reaching and influencing the millions, without experiencing some criticism. And this peculiar and as yet only partially developed medium must, for the present, and until television has been perfected for practical use, express itself to its vast audience through the medium of the ear alone.

Members of our audience are called “listeners.” Now, we are quite as conscious as some of our critics of the fact that in the 30,000,000 homes of the country there are some 15,000,000 receiving sets used several hours each day.

We are quite aware that the “listeners” themselves are inactive while listening. They are non-participants in the activity, except as they derive pleasure, mental stimulation or cultural development as a result of what they hear.

But, thinking people are fearful that we may develop a nation of peoples willing and habited to listening—having formed a custom—and unmoved because of the ease of consuming their leisure in this manner to master cultural pursuits themselves.

I am not myself in accord with this view, and hold that in the entire history of human experience there is no knowledge to justify such a conclusion. Millions read their newspapers and still think for themselves. No craving to express oneself—as a journalist, a musician, a painter, or in any field of culture or art was ever satisfied by reading the writings of someone else, hearing music played by another, or gazing upon a painting, if one himself wished to paint.

The desire to express oneself is inherent in the human scheme, and the natural hope to excel in some form of self-expression should be encouraged.

It has been said that radio does not use its great influence, does not utilize its tremendous power derived from daily contact with the millions to the highest possible end.

I am prepared to agree that radio by no means has achieved perfection, either of transmission, or of the matter transmitted. But, I do not agree that in its practical operation it fails to adopt, promptly, every improved method or material that human ingenuity offers.

It must be remembered that the medium of radio has its limitations. It reaches the ear alone. There is no purpose in broadcasting unless there are listeners. We cannot handcuff listeners to their receivers and lock their dials in position to enforce listening. A broadcast is wholly at the mercy of the tuning dial on the receiving set. Probably 10 programs are competing for the “ear,” of each receiver in the whole United States. The one which gets it is the one that the owner of the set prefers to hear. There are those who suggest that radio should do more than it does along serious educational lines. And I agree that in theory it should. But, can it?

It is futile to hope that it can, unless a means

can be found to make educational programs as interesting to the mass of listeners as are programs of entertainment.

Remember, that in the average living room there are assembled in the leisure hours of the home, theoretically, father, mother and children. Father perhaps would prefer to hear the baseball and sports returns, news of the day, market reports, and such like information, along with some good music, either popular or standard. Mother would perhaps prefer information of particular interest to women, reports of local or national social significance and some good music. Children, depending upon their age, are impatient of anything but entertainment, and when it must be had through the ears alone, this means music, drama, stories and so on.

So, the broadcaster must strike that happy medium giving each something of what he or she, young, middle-aged or old will accept.

Of all forms of self-expression in art, that of music comes most naturally to most people, and also lends itself ideally to the uses of radio. Music expresses all of the emotions, balances and tranquilizes all mental stress, affords an outlet for all moods. From the cradle to the grave, there is solace in its strains, joy and pleasure in its rendition.

It is sad but true that in recent times, to a considerable extent, self-expression in music—in the home—has waned. We would like to influence a revival of interest in this altogether lovely pastime.

So, we have undertaken an experiment to test whether or not this marvelous thing called “radio” may be made to serve such an end. The National Broadcasting Company and associated radio stations have contributed their facilities, entirely free of any commercial sponsorship, to the test.

The test itself consists of a series of 12 introductory demonstrations of the manipulation of the keyboard of the piano. We chose the piano as the most logical instrument, chiefly because there are more pianos than any other musical instruments in the homes of America; and because it is equally adaptable to the uses of the child and the adult.

In the development of the experiment we have had the invaluable assistance of such men as John Erskine, Osbourne McConathy and Sigmund Spaeth, leaders of the piano industry, and a staff singularly inspired by the possibilities of the test.

Musical educational authorities have waited and are awaiting open-mindedly the results. So are we. We have had not a single adverse comment as yet—and it is far too early to predict what the result will be.

We know that more than 60,000 people have sent for the free charts that are used in these demonstrations. We know that large numbers of letters are coming from pleased parents to tell us that their children are listening to and learn-



ing these lessons. We know that some thousands of adults are practicing and participating. These things we know. We hope to create a sufficient interest in musical self-expression on the piano in the minds and hearts of these thousands to induce them to continue their studies under competent personal teachers. And that is where you can, and I hope will, assist us.

Bear in mind, this whole plan depends, for its success, upon the number of individuals we can interest sufficiently to inspire them to continue under a personal teacher. It is no part of the plan to take your place, to substitute for you, but rather to develop thousands of students who will come to you interested in learning to play, and anxious to be taught.

I thank you again for your presence here and hope that we will retain your interest through this remarkable experiment. Thank you. (Applause.)

ANNOUNCER HAVRILLA: I want to say in your behalf, Thank you to Mr. Aylesworth for giving us so much of his very busy time in coming here and addressing us.

And now I have the pleasure of presenting to you a man whose witty and interesting comments on music are enjoyed by every musician, Mr. Pierre V. R. Key, Editor of the *Musical Digest* and weekly radio commentator on musical events over the National Broadcasting Company networks.

This afternoon we have asked Mr. Key to give you his reaction to our program. Mr. Key!

MR. PIERRE V. R. KEY: Mr. Havrilla, Mr. Aylesworth, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a privilege as well as a pleasure to be here this afternoon, but I see by the hour, that I am placed very much in the same position as the American dramatist, Augustus Thomas, found himself when he was attending a dinner. He was called on unexpectedly to say something. He arose to his feet and standing behind his chair searching his mind for a topic that was proper and suitable to the occasion, he heard a friend who was a bit of a wag call out to him, "I say, Gus, what are you going to talk about?" Whereupon Thomas fixed his eye on the man and drawled, "I am going to talk about a minute."

Since our time is limited—we have in a very short time to begin our Music in the Air, I shall confine my talk to about a minute, but I am going to try to touch on a few facts that I think are important to us all, facts that have to do with people who are susceptible in the slightest degree to the influence of good music. In these days, when music is emerging from the confusion with which both the arts and the industries have been surrounded for the past few years, any widespread effort that has to do with constructive effort is of very great value.

When this plan of the National Broadcasting Company was formulated to aid thousands of persons, seniors as well as juniors, to shake hands with themselves musically, those of us whose job

it is to broadcast unusual events, not only through Printer's Ink but by word of mouth were moved to enthuse. I can assure you that when a newspaperman is prompted to enthuse, it must be something out of the ordinary. I can think of no endeavor in the past decade of such paramount significance or destined to exert so much influence in the direction of stimulating self-expression in music than these two hours, Music in the Air, conducted by Mr. McConathy, and its companion, Keys to Happiness, which is directed by Mr. Spaeth.

Musicians and others active in music affairs have expressed to me their very great surprise that something of this kind hadn't been done before now, something you understand, to make those persons who would like to learn to play the piano just a little realize how easily it can be done; how easily, without a great deal of mental effort, without a great deal of labor, you can acquire the simplest fundamentals of pianoforte playing. I think it is right here that the great value of the National Broadcasting Company project lies, not that it is a plan to teach piano playing over the air, since it isn't that, it couldn't be as a matter of fact, because that isn't a practicable measure, but I do know, and I think you will all agree with me, that the value of this project lies in the experiment itself; in the fact that it is calculated to do more to recreate a desire to play the piano and to send more pupils into the studios of you teachers than any other one effort which we can recall to mind as having happened in the past few years.

I think because of that fact we ought all to be glad that the National Broadcasting Company has for its chief a man like M. H. Aylesworth, who has the vision to see and the decision to act in large ways.

I should like to say more if there were time, for I believe this country is face to face with the greatest forward push in music we have ever known, but this crystal curtain must come down presently through which you are all going to have the honor to see the wheels of Music in the Air go round. Thank you very much for your attention.

\* \* \*

At 2:57 P. M. the six-ton crystal curtain was lowered, automatically indicating the conclusion of the informal part of the program and the beginning of the broadcast.

Throughout the broadcast many of those present frequently consulted graphically illustrated "Music in the Air" piano-playing charts tendered them individually at the studio entrance as they arrived. In this way the visible audience of piano pedagogues followed the trend of instruction by chart and observed the actual radio demonstration behind the glass curtain.

McConathy directed the program throughout the period on the air. He was assisted by Havrilla who sang a baritone selection and Caroline Gray, NBC

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# George Chadwick

## *The Career of an American Composer in Retrospect*

By Irving Kolodin

WHEN the history of American music finally comes to be written a place of honor and distinction must be reserved for the works of George Chadwick. Indisputably American (a great grandfather fought at Saratoga) his achievements bluntly refute the supposition that the fundamental stock of the American people is lacking in musical sensitivity. How fertile that soil is can only be ascertained when its cultivation has been more intensively pursued, but we may infer its possibilities from the products of a generation much less favored than the present one, and realize that a tradition is slowly taking shape and will inevitably become a reality. Chadwick's death on the fourth of April closed a career that for more than fifty years had had but one purpose and direction; whether consciously or not, his life has been spent in the development of an indigenous musical culture, and as a composer, conductor, educator and pedagogue, his services have been beyond any other man of his generation. And now, when the facilities for a musical education are at least as favorable in America as in any other country (and in many ways more favorable), it is well to remember that such a condition is comparatively recent, and entirely fitting that our indebtedness be fully realized.

At the time of Chadwick's birth, in 1854, there existed no trace of serious music by native composers. There were popular songs, whose "popularity" seems to have been uncommonly ephemeral, and there was considerable church music, but in any large sense America could have well been termed "the land without music." His father was a business man in Lawrence, Massachusetts, who was sufficiently fond of music to direct an amateur chorus in his leisure hours. Both of his sons received musical training, George being taught by his older brother. There seems to have been no inclination for either of them to study music as a career until George had absorbed all his brother could teach him, and he had commenced to journey to Boston for more advanced instruction. Still, as his academic education had been completed, he entered his father's business, apparently content. But as his musical training progressed his keenness became greater, and when he was eighteen he entered the New England Conservatory, studying primarily the organ, and also harmony. During the next three years his skill as an organist became a matter of public notice, and he began to give lessons and to play in concert. When he was twenty-one he secured a position as head of the music department in a small college at Olivet, Michigan, where in addition to teaching the organ and piano and theory, he lectured on musical aesthetics and history, and conducted several choirs and glee clubs. He remained here a year, but having become convinced that music was to be

his life work, he was determined that the insufficient training he had received should not remain a permanent handicap. He had exhausted the resources available even in Boston, whose musical life, viewed by current standards in the United States was that of Vienna besides Bombay. He conferred with his father, who could not agree that his son should become a professional musician, and pointed out the indeniably greater stability of the life insurance business (in which he had grown opulent). However, we may assume that George felt that there would always be the life insurance trade, if a haven was necessary, and assembling the savings of his year's labor, he sailed for Europe; lacking his father's blessings, but firm in the conviction that his course was the only one possible. At this time, 1877, there was no choice but to go to Germany. Whether the final choice rested upon Berlin, Munich or Leipsic depended on what branch of music the student desired to cultivate. Chadwick had been directed to Berlin by one of his former teachers, but after a short stay there, he decided that the Conservatory at Leipsic would be of greater utility to him, and he entered the composition class of the celebrated Jadassohn. With him he remained for two years, a period which we may be certain was the determining factor in his entire musical life. Jadassohn has become a symbol of punditry and formalism in music, to the extent of overshadowing the essential solidity and substance of his teaching. Curiously, erstwhile students of his have recorded that his teaching at the Conservatory was superficial and of little benefit. However, with Chadwick, he took exceptional pains. From the first lesson he had decided that the "American" was a real talent, and worthy of consideration. He set Chadwick at the labors of counterpoint, and occasionally relieving this tedious study with freer composition, gradually developed in him a real polyphonic sense, and the ability to write with clarity and facility really "muscular" music. All of his scores reveal the horizontal character of his writing. It rests securely on the foundation laid by this study. He wrote, at this time, a string quartet that received much favorable comment, and an overture to Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" that was even more highly regarded. By now, 1879, he realized that he had absorbed the essence of what Jadassohn could teach him, and feeling himself no longer the student, but the composer who needed the experienced hand of another composer to guide him in actual writing, he sought out Rheinberger, in Munich, and went to work with him. Here he spent almost a year devoted chiefly to orchestration, and richened by the multitude of influences in artistic Munich, he sensed that henceforth he must be his own mentor, and in the spring of 1880 returned to Boston.



Some intimation of his accomplishments had preceded him, and shortly after his return he conducted the "Rip Van Winkle" overture in Boston. He began, also, his mundane life—he opened a studio, accepted several posts as church organist and choral director, and commenced to teach the organ. To this pattern, the whole of his mature life conformed; and with slight variations, each year was very much like the preceding. Important occurrences include his appointment as director of the New England Conservatory in 1897, the acceptance of several honorary degrees (from Yale, and Tufts College) and election as a fellow of the American Academy of Art and Letters. In addition to the steady stream of compositions, which grew regularly each year, there was the excellent text-book on Harmony, which has been, since its publication in 1897, an authoritative and much used volume. This work reveals an



George Chadwick  
(Courtesy of Musical America)

intelligent, keen mind, strikingly free in its conclusions. He did not hesitate to adapt his fundamental conceptions to the inevitable developments since its first publication, and the fifty editions that have since been issued reflect the utility and essential stability of work. On that shelf of American scholarship which would include such volumes as Thayer's "Beethoven," Huneker's "Chopin," Krehbiel's "Afro-American Folk Songs," Henderson's "The Art of the Singer," Goetschius' "Applied Counterpoint" and the more recent works of Wedge, Redfield and Robinson, it has an honored and enduring place.

His numerous works for orchestra, organ, chorus, and ensemble groups have never suffered from the burden of over-playing, at least in New York. Boston hears them frequently, and his achievements are highly regarded there. But the general lament in

New York for "significant" American works has created an occasional hearing for that which is new and possibly meritorious, and denied a hearing for that which is possibly not new, but undeniably meritorious. George Chadwick was, as I have hinted, the product of a society in which music, as a personal expression, was non-existent. His musical culture was entirely European, more specifically, German, and it cannot be considered an indictment that he sought to continue what he had been taught to admire. Though we may find in his works strong influences of Brahms, of Wagner, of Strauss, they are still predominantly individual; there is no subservience to a particular mode of composition, but simply a sincere desire to learn from the masters he loved, and to create, in their image, his own expression. That he lacked the qualities of originality and predestination for composition that stamps a work with universal interest, cannot eclipse the essential value of his accomplishment nor obscure its importance to us today. His work, together with that of MacDowell, Arthur Foote and H. T. Parker represents the musical output of the generations from the Civil War to the World War, and, indeed, sums up America's musical heritage. Before we marvel at its scantiness, we should be aware that in 1900, a volume by Rupert Hughes (to which he gave the title "Famous American Composers") devoted pages of serious discussion to the works of Ethelbert Nevin and John Philip Sousa. We should not need to draw upon such resources to fill a volume of contemporary American composers, and we mark the progress of the last fifteen years as indicative of a development which will in due time satisfy our greatest hopes. To function as an artist in surroundings that are all but congenial is a task that only the greatest enthusiasm and absorption can support. Drawn into his little world of Boston and its music-making, Chadwick lived and worked, if not for his countrymen, at least to his own heart's content. For him, the greatest boon was the facilities for the performance of whatever he wrote; the Kneisel Quartet regularly performed the chamber music, when a new work was ready, and the Boston Symphony the symphonic works.

Much of his success as a teacher and as director of the New England Conservatory is due to his charm as a personality, and the lively, unacademic quality of his scholarship. An acquaintance reports that a short time ago he heard a performance of a work by Chadwick, at which the composer was present. Following the concert he encountered Chadwick, and expressed his admiration for the piece; to which Chadwick replied with a laugh, "Ah, that work has whiskers." And even his harmony text-book reveals the lively mind when he says, "No progression is *right* if it can be altered for the better. No progression is *wrong* if it cannot be altered for the better." A distinction which in itself would have made George Chadwick a notable musician. Enduring fame has arisen from much less. But Chadwick requires no apology or defense: his achievements are set in black and white, on bars and staves, in a way which emphatically says "America has music."



**S**AMUEL LIONEL ROTHAFEL, né Rothapfel, alias "Roxy," drew back in surprise when asked if it were true that he had had no musical training.

"No musical training!" he exclaimed. "Why, I've had probably the best musical training in the world." Then, at the incredulous look on the face of his interviewer, who had been informed that Roxy had "never had a lesson in his life," he relented and added, "If you mean technical musical training, no, I have not had any of that. But for the last fifteen years music has been part of my daily life. I have been constantly associated with music and musicians in the theatrical business—and what better way is there of becoming thoroughly acquainted with it than that of hearing it very frequently?"

Mr. Rothafel sat at his desk in an office in the Palace Theatre in New York City, an office which might have been the drawing room in a very beautifully appointed and comfortable home. A large brass bowl of flowers (the unbending, strikingly colored, masculine variety) accented one side of the room. Soft-hued drapes, drawn from the windows, let in light and permitted one to see the block-like outline of surrounding buildings. The rug was thick and soft beneath one's feet. An open fireplace hinted of moments of leisure and relaxation not often enjoyed by business men in this metropolis, where the English custom of a few moments' respite at tea time has not yet been introduced, or at least has not been approved.

Roxy's career as a purveyor of entertainment to the American public has been the result of a desire to make people drop out of the swift current of life once in a while, float calmly in more tranquil waters, and return invigorated to the rushing stream. "I saw in the movies something which would relieve the tension of the American business man," he said. "Never since the beginning of time have we known the kind of business intensity which the American man engages in today. He holds himself down to his problems and keeps his energies at white heat for hours. Unless he could have some means of relaxation, mental, physical and spiritual, our men and women would be destroyed in a generation. Their minds and bodies would be burned up with the friction of the daily grind.

"The main thing is that their relaxation must be easily accessible, appropriate to their needs, and inexpensive. They need romance, beauty, information, new ideas, art, architecture, music. My ideal is to bring to as many people as possible, artistic beauty, most of all music, music, music!"

As he sat there, pondering for a moment over his signature on the cover picture for THE BATON, it was amazing to think that



*Roxy, working hard at his task of providing entertainment for America's leisure hours.*

a man, unable to read a note of music, lacking the ability to play any instrument, should have musical contact with the people of America far more frequently than the greatest virtuosos. For Roxy, through the many moving picture houses of which he has been manager, and through his radio programs, has been able to reach every week during the year, an incalculable number of times as many people as may be reached through a symphony hall or opera house.

## “Roxy” The Man Who W

By Elizabeth

His biography, like that of many other eminent men of our country, is an inspiring and encouraging story to those young people who are poor in material resource but rich in ideas and idealism. Some years ago Gustave Rothapfel, a German shoemaker, and his wife, Cecelia, from Poland, came to the United States and drifted to the little lumber town of Stillwater, Minnesota. There Samuel was born. Mr. Rothafel continues in his own words:

"It is quite unlikely that any day in my life was or will be as important as July 9, 1882—that was my birthday and necessarily marks the beginning of my career (18 years to 1900, plus 31—total 49. Right!) As a youngster, I was like most others of the day and of the environs of Stillwater—given to a certain amount of mischief. An occasional broken window as the result of an improperly aimed snowball, or the report of a bit of sharp-pointed hardware having been placed upon someone's chair was always sure to bring down the paternal ire upon my head.

"When I was thirteen my family came to New York. After quite a search for work I was able to persuade John B. Collins, who was then in business on 14th Street, that I would be a valuable asset to his business as a cash boy. Perhaps he was impressed by my earnestness, for he agreed to hire me at the grand and glorious salary of \$2 a week. After the first week, however, he showed signs of im-



x y

## Works at Our Play

th Stutsman

patience. The end of the second week found me with my second \$2 but without my job.

"During the next year or so I landed, and lost, one job after another. I cannot blame those good but gossiping persons who came to regard me as the family black sheep and ne'er-do-well. Yes, I was shiftless and a dreamer, but in all my shiftlessness I was building up, entirely unknown to myself, a symposium of impressions which has followed me through the years and left me with a keener, deeper and more appreciative picture of human frailties and kindnesses. I have been in intimate contact with some pretty rough characters, but have yet to find the one in whose soul there is no flame of decency or humanity or even a hidden love, despite an exterior that would indicate none of these attributes.

"When I was still in my teens, I became a book agent and made myself a most unwelcome visitor at many homes. I believed in the books I was offering for sale, felt sure they would bring pleasure and profit to those who would read them; but the reception extended me, as soon as the object of my mission was made known, was a most frosty negation. This kind of thing discouraged me greatly. I found it difficult to reconcile my ideas of what life should be, with life as I found it.

"Like many another discouraged youth who finds it hard to make an honest living and has no particular trade or talent to fall back upon, I joined the Marines. My years with them were like turning the pages of a book of romance. Nights and days at sea; glimpses of strange lands; adventure, movement, color, strange sounds, exotic perfumes. I drank it all in with an insatiable thirst.

"It was a wonderful experience but the time came when I wanted something else. I didn't know what, but I quit and started out again as a book agent. But this time, I want to tell you, I *sold* the books! They were 'Stoddard's Lectures'; illustrated books of travel, you know. Of course that was something I

was interested in, for by this time I had gone pretty nearly all over the world myself. But it wasn't just that I could sell books of travel because I had traveled; I had got a grip on two things: the need of discipline and the power of imagination. I used the discipline on myself, and the imagination on my customers.

"You wouldn't think coal miners would buy 'Stoddard's Lectures', would you? Well, I knew they would, because I sold a lot of those books in the coal district of Pennsylvania.

"One reason why I have accomplished what I have in the motion picture field and in radio is that I know how gladly people will respond to the fine things of life if you give them a chance.

"Finally I found myself in Forest City, which wasn't a city at all, but a typical mining town, rough and tough and ugly! However, it was a great town to me, for it was there that I fell in love with the girl who later became my wife.

"So far as the match was concerned, I was eager and she was willing; but her father voted 'No.' He thought I was a rover and

a good-for-nothing. He didn't believe I would stick to anything. I vowed I would and he put me to the test of proving it.

"It was *some* test, believe me! He owned a saloon in Forest City, and he stipulated that I should work for him as barkeeper at \$15 a week. I had been making a good deal more than that. And as for a bartending job, that was one thing I never had done and had no desire ever to do. But I wanted his daughter!

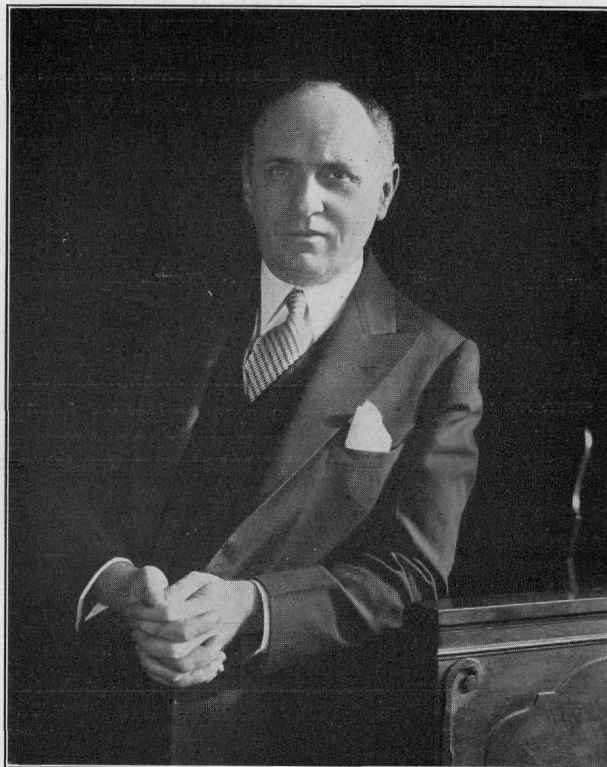
"I stayed there a year and a half; I married the girl; and I cleaned up that saloon, physically and morally, as much as a saloon *can* be cleaned up. We soon found that the old saying that two could live as cheaply as one was never set to music by a married person. Our entrance into matrimony cut a rather large slice in the family fortune and we held a council of war on the two subjects of Finance and Future.

"The findings of the council were that we should go into the motion picture business immediately.

So we did. Back of the saloon, in the same building, there was a dance hall. On pay days, the miners used to hire it, have some kegs of beer, two or three alleged musicians, and get rid of a good part of their money before the night was over.

"I persuaded my father-in-law to let me turn this dance hall into a motion picture theatre. I bought a second-hand screen and projection machine, hired a pianist, and charged 5c admission. Two hundred chairs were borrowed from the local undertaker. Every time there was a funeral I couldn't give a picture show because the undertaker wanted the chairs. Finally I bought some second-hand chairs of my own, so I could stop worrying over people's health.

"Well there in that little dance-hall theatre I started in a crude way to do the things I am doing now. I can say without affecta-



Mr. Rothafel, in whose theatres, it is said, seven Metropolitan opera stars began their singing careers.



tion that I began trying even then to create something beautiful for people who have an unsatisfied longing for beauty.

"After the evening performance, when the audience had left and the house had again been put in order (I did the janitor work, painted the signs, secured the meager publicity available, and attended to the thousand and one details of a small-town theatre), I used to experiment with the projector in an effort to improve the quality of our pictures. Then too, there was the presentation to be worked out, for even in those days I realized that the form of presentation was to play a great rôle in the success or failure of the silent drama. In order to save enough to pay the musicians and others it was necessary to run my own machine. But the return for all this effort was not great and showed me that the field was not large enough.

"I therefore went to Philadelphia and got a job with Keith's. While with them I originated and developed what has come to be known as twilight production, a system of subdued lighting making it possible to do away with the dark theatre.

"Later, while working in Milwaukee, it was my good fortune to meet Sarah Bernhardt, whose screen version of 'Queen Elizabeth' we were showing. She watched what I was doing, saw me rehearsing the orchestra, etc., and one day summoned me to her dressing room and had me explain, through an interpreter, what my plans and ideas were."

Bernhardt was enthusiastic about Mr. Rothafel's work, especially his desire to provide the finest music possible in his programs, and encouraged him greatly by commenting favorably upon the presentation of her picture and by predicting a great future for him.

"To please a fine artist—that was one thing," he said. "But would the *people* care about the beauty I wanted to give them? Would they 'stand for' the good music I intended to have played? I believed they would."

From Milwaukee Mr. Rothafel came to New York where he took charge of the Regent Theatre, then the Strand, and later the Capitol, the Rialto, the Rivoli and the Roxy. During the second decade of the nineteenth century the American Telephone and Telegraph Company conducted a series of experiments at the Capitol Theatre which resulted in the broadcasting on a particular Sunday evening of their regular musical program. Reports were received from radio listeners in Chicago, Canada, Cuba, Georgia, Kentucky, and vessels at sea, an experience new and thrilling to the pioneers in radio broadcasting. Weekly concerts on Sunday evenings resulted.

"The idea occurred to me then," resumes Roxy, "that here was an ideal medium for us to use in sending the most beautiful of songs and music into the homes of the unseen audience. We were inspired by the thought that we could make life more livable and bright for those shut-ins who for one reason or another could not leave their homes, who, in a word, were deprived of those pleasures which we so freely enjoy and frequently fail to appreciate.

"My many years of showmanship have only made me keener to produce entertainment of a nature that makes the audience feel thankful that they are alive and in a world where, despite the cynics, there is plenty of happiness for those who will make even a slight effort to brighten the lives of their fellows."

That Mr. Rothafel has been successful in making people glad to be alive is due in no small measure to careful study and observation of radio audiences. How can an unseen audience be studied? Let him explain. "Sometimes when I am in a radio studio waiting for our turn, I watch the effect of personalities unknown to me, at the moment they come in contact with the public. There is something psychic about the result. The same waves of air which are carrying away the words or music of the performer—or other waves of much the same sort—bring back the reflection of the public mind. An experienced observer can sense in a minute or two whether the performer is succeeding. And without exception I would say that the big factor in success is personality, no matter what the medium of expression.

"When we go to a theatre, virtually all of our senses are put to use. We see the speaker or dramatic spectacle, we hear the words or music, we are comfortable or otherwise. Each faculty is employed in some way. The radio audience, seated quietly in its thousands of homes, employs primarily but one sense. All of its faculties are concentrated on listening, probably the simplest of all our conscious efforts, simpler even than seeing. Few distractions affect the radio audience. It is at ease. The whole power of its collective intelligence centers in the sound waves which converge in the receiving instruments. Therefore a performer receives a fixed attention impossible to obtain in any other way, and for that reason his audience is more critical, more understanding. It comprehends his personality fully and accurately. Its sympathy is whole-hearted when he can command it. Imagination is the greatest power in the world. It is the thing that moves mountains and captures audiences. The public has a quick, sympathetic imagination; it has more intelligence and good taste than it is usually credited with having. There is one secret route to the public heart—first, be sincere; then lay hold of its imagination."

Presto! Change-o! We are now transported to the broadcasting station where the following picture meets our eye. "Here is the microphone. Everything is ready. A girl singer steps up to the instrument. Now just observe the impresario. He raises a finger, the girl watches his face, and at the sign of an eyelid she begins to sing.

"As the first notes rise, Mr. Rothafel 'registers' for her benefit how she is getting on. Her eyes never leave his face. A wag of the head, a shake of the finger, a change of expression, govern her efforts. For the moment the director is her audience, taking the place of all that multitude who are perhaps listening to some old ballad. Mr. Rothafel is no mean actor. He conveys to the girl every emotion she stirs. He has a plastic, expressive face; for the



moment his own personality drops away. He literally is the audience, sensing just how it feels, and as the girl goes on he carries her over every bad spot—if there happen to be any.

"Perhaps her expression is a trifle over-drawn; perhaps the pathos is a trifle too deep. Right there the director shakes his head and frowns and the expression comes down a key, into the more natural, easy mode which is needed. If the girl were singing by herself she never would know that she had reached a little too far, that her technique had faltered. But with a director at her elbow who literally turns on the psychic tap and interprets for her how the audience responds, she has an invaluable aid."

Soon Roxy and his Gang, a group of musicians he had organized at the Capitol Theatre which gave the Sunday night concerts, became so popular that they were frequently requested to appear in public. These repeated and insistent invitations raised a nice psychological point. "We fully comprehended that we were just ordinary folk like everybody else," Roxy explained. "Our radio entertainment was the best thing we could do, our finest effort. When the public saw us it might think we were a very ordinary crowd, after all."

Finally, however, they decided to appear in Providence, Rhode Island. "On the way over we found that everybody knew us. Our public acquaintance began with the sleeping car porter who addressed a half dozen of our performers by name just as intimately as though they had been friends for years.

"When we got to Providence the word of our coming had preceded us. I had never had such an experience! A newsboy came up to me in the station and said, 'Gee, Roxy, that was a great bill you had last Sunday, and the story you told sure was a whopper.'

"Everywhere we went in Providence people seemed to know us, first names and all. We were scheduled to appear there in a large store. When the time came a crowd filled the streets for blocks, everybody from mothers with baby carriages to staid business men, and they had such a welcome for us that we felt as if each one was our personal friend. It was a touching thing; it made us realize that we had a great responsibility to the public; that we must do better than ever before if we possibly could."

The list of Roxy's accomplishments would not be complete without mention of the widespread campaign he conducted for the installation of radio connection in every Service Hospital for war veterans. He and the Gang used to entertain two days each week at government hospitals, and when he realized how much enjoyment the disabled soldiers derived from these hours he persuaded newspapers to conduct a daily campaign for funds so that, through radio, their blighted lives could be made a little more endurable.

Nor must we omit the fact that he is now connected with the Radio-Keith-Orpheum circuit, and that he was offered by the Rockefeller interests some months ago the management of what is destined to be the greatest entertainment center in the world on its completion—Radio City, to be situated on Fifth

Avenue in the heart of New York.

Meanwhile he still thoroughly enjoys running shows. On April 26th he supervised an immense benefit performance given by the National Variety Artists' Association at the Metropolitan Opera House. Entertainers from vaudeville, musical comedy, motion picture stages and the radio took part, and one of the early numbers was the appearance of Roxy's Gang, conducted by their leader himself, in a Victor Herbert pot-pourri. (Roxy, who was a personal friend of Victor Herbert, was at one time presented by the American Society of Musicians and Composers with a bronze bust of the composer, a replica of the one which had been erected in Central Park. He also acquired the extensive music library which Herbert had collected, for the Roxy Theatre.) During the remainder of the evening Roxy stood in a small roped-off enclosure almost on the stage, where he could watch the performance very closely. Crowds of people stood backstage, awaiting their turn to go on; men in policemen's costumes, in the rags of tramps, in full dress clothes; girls in evening gowns, some garbed in feathers, some in rompers for tap dancing or acrobatics. All had brought friends or family with them; they ate sandwiches and drank coffee, talked, and watched as much of the show as they could see from the wings. Reporters stood at points of vantage taking notes. Now a colored man can be seen, sitting at a grand piano and accompanying himself in a song. The sparkle of his eyes and his white teeth reaches the onlookers in the wings. There is a wave of laughter and applause from the audience, two stage hands pull on some ropes selected from a row of many along the wall, and the curtain rises on another scene. Roxy has been greeting the performers as they run off-stage, talking to his associates, giving calm orders to pages, but he has never taken his attention from what is happening behind the footlights.

Unable to read a note of music from the staff, he can nevertheless conduct an orchestra and tell his assistants how to arrange a musical score. He has never studied "art." Yet he can transform a stage setting from mediocrity to a beautiful picture. He is not an electrician. Yet he knows exactly how to get the lighting effects he wants. He tells his artists where and how to stand, what to say, how to make their songs more appealing. He even suggests changes in the posing and grouping of dancers.

"The whole rehearsal was an amazing demonstration," writes a reporter who witnessed the preparation of one of Roxy's programs. "Not a single detail escaped him. He detected what every instrument in the orchestra was doing, and he was constantly directing changes which invariably resulted in getting better results.

"Do this with the flute—that with the harp—bring up the strings—cut out the tuba—sharpen the attack—not so fast!—make the violins sing with the soloist—write in a part for the violas, the voice needs more support—and then, just when he seemed to have all his attention centered on the orchestra, he would say, 'Take off that 37!' And from the shimmering

(Continued on Page 18)



# A Fit of Inspiration

*Furnished by a Feline*

By Albert Kirkpatrick

REMEMBER the story of Scarlatti's cat? You who have hitherto fed your biographical curiosity only on such crumbs as are offered in prefaces to volumes of Early Italian Music can form no sort of notion as to how the thing really happened. You may even be content to go through life believing those rational, uninspired accounts, but if you are in the market for vicarious musical thrills, let us suggest a few chapters of "Musical Sketches" by Elise Polko, translated from the German by an unidentified somebody who must have died out of sheer amazement at the results of his labor.

To approach this work properly one needs all of the indiscriminating enthusiasms of earliest adolescence plus a highly developed sense of humor. It might be well also to provide a commodious handkerchief and smelling salts. The following is a cutting of the cat story, from which you may judge of your ability to digest more:

He is seated before the door of the house, gazing thoughtfully into the distance. An orange-tree occasionally lets fall its odorous blossoms; he heeds them not; the rose-leaves sportively kiss his head, gay butterflies flutter around him; all in vain; the busy, moving life about him attracts him not. Yet passion and emotion are depicted upon his dark, nobly chiselled features, and his flashing Italian eyes contrast strangely with the Northern snow upon his head. It was the master Alessandro Scarlatti. A harp leaned against his chair, and before it a large black cat had seated herself with an indescribably serious air and with inimitable dignity. She was engaged in allowing the tip of her tail (which, like her left ear, was of a dazzling white) to dance gently over the strings, by which singular experiment the strangest sounds were, of course, produced. As her master was never displeased at her musical studies, she abandoned herself to them every morning; she would draw the tip of her tail, with the drollest gestures and leaps, to and fro across the harp, and then, overcome with emotion, would sing one of those old melancholy airs peculiar to her race, which, it is said, are capable of softening stones and driving men mad.

(The cat's life, Miss Polko leads us to believe, would have been idyllic had it not been for the visits of the German youth, Hasse, a favorite pupil who always brought his dog, Truelove. Truelove and Hasse both loved to tease the neurotic feline creature, and it is they who were responsible for the great scene of our story.) Scarlatti is speaking—"Today I am a bad companion and friend, Hasse, for I have so much in my head; all kinds of tones buzz confusedly in my ears, and still I cannot form a single melody out of them; I seek something pe-

culiar and original, and, not finding it, I am in despair! I beg you, do not torment me with your pranks, or I will twist your troublesome little dog's neck!"—"Hold, hold, Master Scarlatti," cried his visitor, "that will not be easy to do; although you are in a bad humor, you shall not touch my pet; you know that he was the parting gift of my dear



blonde German love, whose affection and fidelity accompany me as does my little Truelove."

The master turned towards the young man with a kind smile, and gazed upon his bright and almost childish countenance. The youth stood leaning against an orange-tree, surrounded by Southern splendor; his eyes were directed towards the heavens; did he dream of his beloved home in beautiful Germany, with her clear sky, bright green trees, gay flowers, and snow-crowned mountains—or did his longing thoughts fly to the fairest of all flowers, his far-absent, constant love? The clouds that had gathered around his brow soon vanished, as Truelove sprang upon him and licked his hands. The master lost himself anew in deep brooding, and his scholar was left to watch over the peace and order of the household; he did this for a short time, but, after delivering an admirable sermon to the two animals, he drew a small wig and a pair of spectacles out of his pocket, and decked the poor cat with them, despite all resistance. This appeared to particularly delight Truelove; he barked loudly, and danced in front of the despairing sufferer with the

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# What Do You Speak

## *The Institute's Tower of Babel*

By Margaret Kopekin and Frank Cirillo

**H**UNGARIAN, Polish, Spanish! The next few paragraphs, which conclude the biographies of those of our teachers who were born in foreign lands, are very cosmopolitan. But, *courage!* Read on; there is some very simple English at the end.

Sigmund Herzog was born in Budapest and studied piano at the Vienna Conservatory at the same time that Franz Kneisel was studying violin there. In addition to his devotion to the profession of teaching since coming to the United States, he has been Vice President and one of the most active members of the Bohemians' Club.

Herzog Zsigmond Budapesten született és a bécsi konzervatóriumon nyerte kiképzését a zongorában hol Kneisel hegedűművésznek volt kollegája. Az Egyesült Államokba jövele óta lelkes tanára a zongorának, úgyszintén alelnöke és tevékeny tagja a Bohemian Clubnak.

\* \* \*

Ignace Hilsberg was born in Warsaw, Poland, and studied at the Petrograd Conservatory. After his graduation he taught in Tomsk, Siberia, at a conservatory and made a concert tour of the Orient on which he was invited to play before the President in the palace at Peking. He then studied with Sauer at Vienna and taught at a conservatory in Athens, where he often played for the King. He has given concerts in Poland, Russia, Siberia, China, Japan, Egypt, Greece, Europe and the United States.

Miss Henriette Michelson left her birthplace, Warsaw, to pursue a life of music at the age of thirteen. She says that Betty Loeb, in memory of whom the Institute is endowed, led her to choose music as her life's work. She studied in New York, in Vienna under Sauer, in Paris under Harold Bauer and in London with Mr. Matthay, about whose teaching she is very enthusiastic.

\* \* \*

Ignacy Hilsberg urodził się w Warszawie w Polsce. Studjował w Konserwatorjum w Petrogradzie. Po ukończeniu studjów został profesorem w Konserwatorjum w Tomsku na Syberji, w owczas urządził ture koncertowa w południowej Asji podczas ktorej był zaproszony wystąpić w palacu przed prezydentem w Pekingu, w Chinach.

Później Pan Hilsberg kształcił się specjalnie we Wiedniu pod prof. Sauer zostając nominowany jako profesor w Konserwatorjum w Atenach, gdzie często grał przed królem. Pan Hilsberg odbył tury koncertowe, w Polsce, Rosji, Syberji, Chinach, Japonji, Egipcie, Grecji, w Stanach Zjednoczonych.

Panna Henrieta Michelson w 13 tym roku życia opuściła rodzinne miasto Warszawę na dalsze studia muzyczne. Przybyła do Nowego Yorku gdzie, Betty Loeb w pamięci ktorej jest ufundowany Instytut Muzyczny, zachęciła ją do wybrania muzyki jako prace na przyszłość. Studjowała w Nowym Yorku, we Wiedniu pod prof. Sauerem, w Paryżu pod Haroldem Bauerem, i w Londynie pod prof. Matthay o jego nauce odnosi się ona z wielkim entuzjazmem.

Carlos Hasselbrink is the only Spanish musician who teaches at the Institute. He was born in Colombia, South America.

"I began to study violin in Havana, Cuba, at the age of eight years. At thirteen years I was one of the first violins at the Havana opera house until I was sixteen. During this time I was giving and playing at concerts with Tamberlick and Mme. Ilma de Murzka, celebrated singers, and then went to Paris to finish my studies. I returned to Havana, gave a few concerts, and came to New York."



*A street familiar to Dr. Richardson when he was a student.*

Empezé a estudiar el violin en la Habana cuando tenia ocho años. Tocaba entre los primeros violines de la edad de 13 años hasta la edad de 16, en la Opera, dando y tocando Conciertos con Tamberlick y la gran cantante Ilma de Murzka durante ese tiempo; y entonces fui a Paris a continuar mis estudios. Despues de dar varios Conciertos a mi Vuelta a la Habana, vine a Nueva York.

\* \* \*

Many of our teachers whose native tongue is English were not born in the United States.

Dr. A. Madeley Richardson of the theory department is English. He went to school at Keble College, Oxford, and at the Royal College of Music in London, later becoming organist and director of music at Southwark Cathedral in London. He is the author of many books on choir-training, organ accompaniment and the art of extempore playing.

Dr. H. Becket Gibbs is also English, and had the opportunity of studying at the Royal College in London, and at Paris, Brussels and Cologne. He has been especially interested in church music, and his choir of sixty men and boys which he trained while a member of the faculty of the Cincinnati Conservatory was well known for recitals of the music of Palestrina. Dr. Gibbs lectures on music appreciation at the Institute.



Glasgow, Scotland, was the birthplace of James Friskin, who studied piano at the Royal College of Music in London. He once played for Joachim, who happened to be visiting the school, and after leaving college gave concerts in England and taught in London. He has composed for piano and strings, and has written short piano pieces and a book on practicing.

George Boyle was born in Australia. His parents were both musicians, and he received his early training from them. He made concert tours in Australia and New Zealand, playing as soloist in over 280 towns. Then he went to Berlin to become the pupil of Busoni, soon resuming concert work in Europe. He was the only instrumentalist chosen to perform at the first official reception to the King and Queen of Spain, sharing the program with the French actor Coquelin, to whom Rostand dedicated "Cyrano de Bergerac." He has composed symphonic works and a number of small pieces and songs, and has been guest conductor of several of the European orchestras.

Though his parents were American, Charles Seeger was born in Mexico City. He was given little musical education because his career was to be in the business field. But after graduating from Harvard he travelled in Europe, spending most of his time at the Cologne Opera House, and studying music. Some years after returning to the United States his health failed, and leaving the University of California where he was head of the music department, he built an automobile trailer and drove from town to town giving concerts with his wife! He has written songs, chamber and orchestral music, and contributes to the knowledge of Institute students through his lecture courses.

Gordon Stanley and Arthur Newstead, who teach piano, are both English. Mr. Newstead studied at the Royal Academy in London.

### A FIT OF INSPIRATION

(Continued from Page 14)

grace and agility of a tight-rope dancer. Scarlatti looked around at the group, and smiled to himself, whilst growling at Hasse, who, fearing a volcanic outbreak, enticed the animals into the master's room. The old piano stood open; the young man's fingers glided over the keys as he played a frantic witches' dance. Truelove jumped as though mad; at last, in the highest spirits, he sprang, with a cry of joy, upon the unhappy cat's back, clasping her neck tightly with his forepaws. Then the patience of the cat's soul vanished; with the thought: "to be or not to be," she tore around, endeavored to climb the walls, jumped, foaming and screaming with rage, over tables and chairs; the master's papers flew about like chaff; clouds of dust filled the little room. Hasse ran after them; his calls, his scold-

ings, were of no avail. The cat, exhausted, filled with shame at the insult offered her, and angry at her own weakness, conceived a grand idea—she would call her master to her assistance. She sprang upon the keys of the piano, trod upon them, coursed wildly up and down, and gave the heart-rending cry of her race. At the first singular tone, Truelove fell half senseless from the inspired one's back; a hollow accord announced this descent—the cat's spectacles followed—the wig alone remained. The confused tones became melody. Hasse listened; but the old master's face, beaming with the sunshine of passionate delight, peered amid the wild roses and vine-leaves into the open window, and he cried: "To my heart, cat! You have found it!" Nearly swooning, she rushed into his arms. Scarlatti immediately dismissed his madcap scholar until the following day.

When the young man appeared before his master on the next morning, Scarlatti showed him, with radiant and triumphant looks, a sheet of paper, thickly covered with notes, over which stood, in large letters, this title: "The Cat's Fugue." Master Scarlatti seated himself at the piano, and played; with joyous astonishment the young man recognized in the strange, artistically interwoven and reconstructed theme, the singular signal of distress and diabolical melody of the wild hunt which the despairing cat had performed upon the keys. Master and scholar laughed heartily at its conclusion; the crowned cat, however, sat upon the left shoulder of her master, who asserted to the day of his death that she had joined in the laugh like a human being.

### FORTISSIMO

(Continued from Page 2)

*Evelyn Schiff*, a student in the singing department, was soloist with the Heckscher Symphony Orchestra at the Heckscher Foundation on April 26. Miss Schiff was soloist with the Institute's Orchestra at its last annual concert on January 16.

*The Madrigal Choir* appeared in a program at the New School for Social Research on April 28, and at the Institute on April 29, directed by Miss Dessoff.

*Phyllis Krauter*, Artist Graduate of the 'cello department, made a mid-winter tour of the South and West, of which the high lights were appearances at Washington, D. C., at the British Legation; Atlanta, Georgia; and at Denver where she appeared twice as guest artist with the Civic Symphony. Upon her return she and her brother Karl, violinist, gave a program at the Institute and at Montclair, N. J. Miss Krauter also played with the Elshuco Trio in New York and gave a sacred program at the Brick Church. On April 18 she gave a joint recital with Aurelio Giorni, pianist, at Hartford, Conn., and was featured with the Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Civic Symphony on April 28.



# A Viennese Waltz

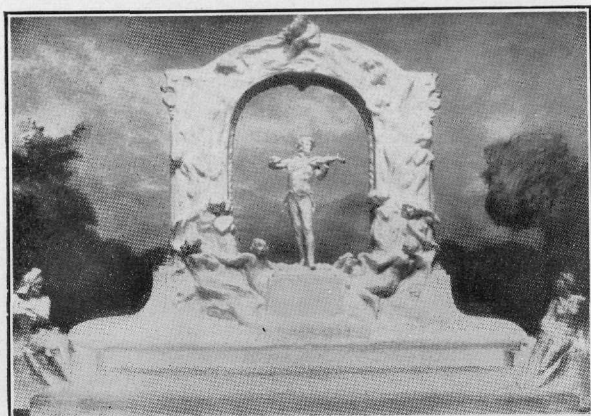
## The Fountain of Youth

By Joseph Machlis

SATURDAY night at the Lieblings'. Sue, the oldest, ran up and down the corridor.

"Ma, will you tell Rob to hurry? He's been taking a shower for the last forty-five minutes, an' I'm not dressed yet, an' it's almost eight. Rob, are you getting out of there?"

"Do you want to take a walk? Do you think it's gonna rain?" a rather husky tenor responded from the bathroom. Meanwhile Millie, the youngest, burst into the kitchen in her wrapper.



Monument in Vienna to the Waltz King, Johann Strauss.

"Ma, I can't find my slip! Where'dja put it? And I've got to meet Lew at Times Square eighty-three. I'll never make it, I know I'll never make it."

"Ma, z'my omelette ready?" Rob shot past with a swish of his bathrobe. "I've not shaved yet and—holy smokes, someone's gone and swiped my collar-button! I say, dad, have you seen my collar-button? Have you an extra—"

It was not before half past eight that Mrs. Liebling dropped into a chair and surveyed the kitchen table, that was littered with half-finished cups of coffee, with the sprinkled remains of a hasty meal. Gradually the noise and confusion seemed to settle down like the smoke-screen after a heavy artillery attack. She roused herself with a jerk, and fell to clearing away the dishes. That done, she removed her apron, tidied herself a bit, and went into the living-room.

Mr. Liebling sat buried behind his newspaper, wreathed in a pale mist of cigar smoke. At his wife's entrance he pulled out his watch.

"We still have time to make a movie, Bertha. Want to go?"

She sank into the arm-chair, half shutting her eyes. "Oo, but I'm tired. Do you want to go?"

"Not specially." He glanced at her and smiled.

"All right, then, we'll stay home and listen to the radio." Mrs. Liebling leaned her head against the little groove in the back of her arm-chair. A fat Japanese floor lamp filled the room with a soft rosy glow, and lit her face. It was the face of a dark little woman, with restless dancing eyes. Her eyebrows were still jet black.

Liebling turned on the radio and said, "I wish you wouldn't take on so every time the kids go out. The fuss you make, one would think it was you that were going to have the good time."

"Maybe it is . . . I want them to enjoy themselves now. It's their turn, and they won't always be young." A shy, tired smile lurked in the lines about her eyes. "Make it a little softer, Paul. It's so restful when it's soft."

Liebling turned the knob of the radio. The announcer's voice came through warmly persuasive.

"Tonight the National Operetta Company . . . excerpts from Johann Strauss's masterpiece, 'Die Fledermaus' . . . comes to you through courtesy of the National Fuel Company, whose quality product. . . . Be kind to your furnace with National Fuel . . . 'Die Fledermaus' . . ."

With a throb and a rush the orchestra struck up the Overture, compounded of all the grace, the coquetry, the half regretful tenderness that is the magic of the Viennese waltz-king.

Mrs. Liebling gave a start and sat up. "Paul, you remember?" A smile flitted across her face.

He looked up from his paper. "What?"

"What! Why, 'Die Fledermaus.' The first operetta we saw together. Don't you remember?"

They were now beginning, in a very luscious pianissimo, the luscious love-theme. Mrs. Liebling nodded her head in time to the music. "We sat in the first row balcony, remember. I was wearing a tight little jacket of blue plush. They were all the rage then. And three feathers on my hat. Three, Paul. And my new boa! It was the first time that we had walked arm-in-arm. Remember?"

He shook his head good-humoredly.

"It was the old Thalia Theatre, wasn't it? We walked all the way back, singing. You had a good ear in those days, no?—All that spring, wherever we went, the band played the 'Fledermaus' waltz. Oh, how we used to dance to it!"

A mellow tenor voice filled the room—the kind of voice that, by all the laws of light opera, belongs to a tall slender dark-eyed young man who also happens to be a prince in disguise. When the solo was over, the orchestra plunged without further ado into the dashing, rollicking 'Fledermaus' waltz.

Mrs. Liebling sprang up. The corners of her mouth curled up in a mischievous way. "Paul, you



know what? Come! One more waltz!"

"O, you!" He grinned sheepishly. "I've not danced in—"

"Never mind! No excuses." She dragged him up out of his seat, took the cigar out of his mouth, pulled his arms about her waist. Once more the merry waltz theme came back, sparkling, compelling. Liebling's face assumed a fixed, determined expression. Away they went, careening across the room.

Soon the self-consciousness faded from their faces, the old steps came back to mind. Round and round they swept, with a lilt and a verve and a heigh-ho. And each time that the music gave a little jerk and a filip—(you know where: it makes your heart go up and down)—they stamped their feet in time-honored fashion, smiling at one another.

Suddenly the music died down. They remained staring at each other, red-faced, puffing, slightly embarrassed, like a pair of naughty children that have been caught red-handed. Then, simultaneously, they burst out laughing.

"Oo, but that was good!" Mrs. Liebling drew a deep breath. She was still panting. "Just like in the old days." She sat down on the sofa, a curious little glint in her dark eyes. "But times have changed, Paul. Long ago we'd have kept it up all evening. And now . . ."

He bent over her tenderly, thoughtfully. "Times have changed? No, Bertha, we—we've changed. We're just a little older."

There was a pause. Then the mellow tenor voice, that by all the laws of musical romance must belong to the tall slender dark-eyed prince—in disguise—took up once more the ageless love song of "Die Fledermaus."

### PIANO LESSONS ON THE AIR

(Continued from Page 7)

staff pianist who played several brief selections by way of additional illustration.

At the conclusion of the broadcast the crystal curtain was raised and Ernest A. Ash, President of the Associated Music Teachers' League, enthusiastically expressed his views on NBC's effort to restore piano playing in the American home to its original place of pleasant occupation. Havrilla concluded with informal announcements.

The program this afternoon represents one of two weekly "lessons" staged on the air by NBC, the other being heard each Saturday morning, between 11:30 and 12:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time and known as "Keys to Happiness." Sigmund Spaeth conducts the "Keys to Happiness" broadcasts, which are heard through a coast-to-coast network including WEAf, New York.

"Music in the Air" was heard in the New York area through WJZ.

### "ROXY"

(Continued from Page 13)

folds of the great silk curtain at the back of the stage, a yellow light would fade and leave it a sheet of melting rose and blue and silver."

Roxy stated that the reason he first conducted an orchestra, though he knew none of the motions, was because he wanted to! He made his debut as an orchestral director in Milwaukee. He smiled as he recalled it and said, "I conducted with a drum stick! I would give twenty years of my life if I had had a fine technical training in music," he continued. "As I look back on my life I believe that if I had it to live over again I would even go without food if necessary to obtain excellent instruction. Every child should be given a musical education. You never know what talent may be developed; it is impossible to go through a door until it is opened. However, I must say emphatically that the musical profession is not a lucrative one except for those at the top, and it should not be undertaken as a career except by those who love it so deeply that they have no choice in the matter.

"My theory is that every man has his given quota of musical talent. It is just as much a part of us as our flesh and blood. It has been given to us for some fine purpose, and is a force which should be understood, trained and appreciated, just as we are taught to read and write. A fine training in playing an instrument is a tremendous intellectual asset. People often seem amazed that I can conduct an orchestra. This I do because I have heard the works over and over again and have in my mind a mental picture of the melodies and harmonies—which is not connected in any way with any form of musical notation.

"Music is like a huge tapestry—to me, a tapestry of human emotions. It seems to me that it must be born in the composer's soul in the same way, only he has the ability to write it down. I must depend upon my ear and memory. But, after having heard over and over again the finest music of the world for orchestra, I formed standards of taste which, with a natural musical instinct, enables me to regulate the tempos, the crescendos, diminuendos and rhythm by means of my baton in a way which the orchestra understands and which seems to meet with warm favor from audiences. My advice to parents is most emphatic. Give your children a fine musical training. It is needed now more than ever; it is just as much a mistake in this day to neglect to teach a child to play an instrument as it is to neglect to teach him to read."

Roxy has received millions of letters since he first began broadcasting, which he confesses have been the measuring gauge for his radio activities. "The beginning of radio broadcasting brought with it this new type of response. Sincere efforts have always been applauded and the growing audience of radio listeners found the writing of letters to be the readiest form of applause. As is well known, there is no other type of entertainment which has called forth so great a flow of written comment.



"We find an element of cooperation in the correspondence that is probably absent in the mere act of applause. We find a definite, constructive desire to help and participate in the cause. The writer lets us know not only that he is enjoying the broadcasts, but also what he would like us to give him in the future.

"Many writers do not hesitate to speak personally about themselves. They have grown so accustomed to our weekly presence in their homes that they take us into their confidence. They talk about their domestic troubles in great detail. Others ask advice in the matter of business undertakings. But the request that is most common is advice on the following of a musical career.

"The response from the radio audience is not in all cases a written one. It often comes as commercial value received. We have been the recipient of everything from food to clothing and from paintings to floral specimens. Merely to catalog the offerings of good-will that have come to us would be the task for the curator of a museum. But a notion of what they are can be derived from the fact that we have eaten home-made pie sent from Massachusetts, sat on a home-made chair from Kentucky, and worn a home-spun jacket from Texas. I believe we possess a native product from every locality in the United States!"

Roxy (so named by a small boy who could not pronounce the difficult "Rothafel") has spent most of his life in providing entertainment for his fellow-countrymen. Now, it seems, they would like to return the favor. He has calculated that the invitations to Sunday dinner which he has received in recent years would provide for him and his family for three generations!

\* \* \*

Editor's Note: The foregoing article was obtained from a personal interview with Mr. Rothafel and from information printed in the *Etude*, the *American Magazine*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Radio Broadcast* and the *N. Y. Times*.

### THE "REST"

There is no music in a "rest," but there is the making of music in it. In our whole life melody, the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of time. God sends a time of forced leisure—sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and we lament that our part must be missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator.

How does the musician read the "rest"? See him beat time with unvarying count and catch up the next note true and steady as if no breaking place had come in between. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him we shall strike the next note full and clear.

—John Ruskin.

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