

THE NEUME

1906



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THE NEUME

VOLUME II



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PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX

c

FROM
Mrs. Charles H. Ferguson
133 Hemenway Street
Boston, Mass.

To
OUR TEACHER
COUNSELLOR
F R I E N D
W A L L A C E
G O O D R I C H



By the CLASS OF
1906





WALLACE GOODRICH, Acting Director 1905-1906

Prelude

STIMULATED by the success of THE NEUME '05, the Class of 1906, through its Board of Editors, presents its first contribution to English literature and art. Though our task has been arduous, it has been lightened by the hearty co-operation of students, alumni and friends. To all who have in any way aided us we extend sincerest thanks. If there shall be aroused a more vital interest in the welfare of the Conservatory, our recompense will be sufficient.

May none who find themselves in the following pages in the limelight of publicity take offense: our spirit is ever kindly. After all, are not *our* foibles your fun: then, why not *your* foibles our fun?

So bon voyage, NEUME '06!

THE EDITORS.

New England Conservatory Calendar 1906-1907

FIRST SESSION begins Thursday, September 20, 1906, and closes Wednesday, February 6, 1907.

SECOND SESSION begins Thursday, February 7, 1907, and closes Wednesday, June 26, 1907.

CHRISTMAS VACATION (one week), December 23 to 29, inclusive.

EASTER VACATION (ten days), March 29 to April 7, inclusive.

All teaching and business in the Conservatory is suspended on legal holidays.

The First Session of 1907-1908 begins September 19, 1907.

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Charles Perkins Gardiner

MR. GARDINER was born in Boston in 1836. He springs from one of the oldest families in this country, a family that includes merchants, doctors, lawyers, and ministers of note. Beginning in private schools he advanced to the Boston Latin School, and later entered Lawrence Scientific School, where he made a special study of chemistry. After a year spent in travel in Europe he returned to Boston, entered the law office of his father, and has ever since been connected with legal affairs.

In 1865 he was elected a trustee of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and the following year was made treasurer, a position which he has held until his resignation in January, 1906. He is also a trustee of the Perkins Institute for the Blind. He was elected to the Board of Trustees of the New England Conservatory in 1895. The following year he became Vice President, and in May, 1898, he was honored with the Presidency. Since he became President the institution has made more rapid strides than ever before, until now it is the largest and best equipped Conservatory of Music in the world.



Charles D. Gardner

President.

George Whitefield Chadwick

MR. CHADWICK is another product of old American stock. Born in Lowell, his musical studies were begun with his older brother, and continued at the New England Conservatory. In 1877 he went to Leipsic, where he began his first thorough study of Composition under Reinecke and Jadassohn. Then came the study of conducting with Abel, and a more advanced course of general Composition and Organ under Rheinberger.

The dominating influence of Rheinberger on the modern American school is due greatly to Mr. Chadwick, for he was the first American to study with the German master, thereby influencing a large number of young American musicians to become his pupils. In 1880 he returned to Boston and became a teacher at the Conservatory. Elected to the position of Director in 1897, Mr. Chadwick immediately proceeded to put the Conservatory curriculum upon European lines. Under his *régime* more thorough work and a higher standard of artistic finish are demanded. Moreover, the excellent teaching force of the institution has become known to the general public as never before.

As a teacher he has had under his guidance such prominent musicians as Horatio W. Parker, Arthur Whiting, Wallace Goodrich, and Henry K. Hadley. He has been conductor of the Boston Orchestral Club, Springfield Musical Festivals, Worcester Festivals, and is now the conductor of the Conservatory Orchestra and Chorus. As a composer he stands in the front rank of American musicians; and is even regarded by some as the greatest living Anglo-American writer.



G. F. Chadwick

Director

James Cutler Dunn Parker

MR. PARKER was born in Boston in 1828, and comes of one of the oldest families. Although educated for the law, his interest in music led him to decide upon that as his life work, and took him abroad for further study (1851-1854) at Leipsic, under Moscheles, Plaidy, Hauptmann, Rietz, Richter and others. On his return he was for thirty-five years organist at several Boston churches—for twenty-seven years at Trinity Church.

Mr. Parker has written much music, almost exclusively of a religious character. He was the first great American composer of large choral works, of which the most important are two sacred cantatas, "The Redemption Hymn," and "St. John"; a secular cantata, "The Blind King," and an oratorio, "Life of Man." As a teacher his influence has been widespread and profound. In the early seventies he was the leading instructor at the New England Conservatory of Music, and his pupils always excelled. For fifteen years he has been the esteemed Class Inspector at the same institution. Mention should also be made of his scholarly translations from several different languages, of various songs and of works on the theory and practice of music.



Jas. C. D. Parker

Inspector

Ralph L. Flanders

MR. FLANDERS was born in Carroll, Maine. He comes of good old New England stock, both branches of his family running back to Revolutionary times. Entering business as a bookkeeper when nineteen years of age, he won rapid promotion, and in two years was taken into the firm, later becoming the head of the concern.

Mr. Flanders came to the Conservatory as Assistant Manager in July, 1899. His exceptional experience in business had given him excellent training for the position. Immediately his agreeable personality and genuine business ability were felt in the management, and gradually there spread abroad a knowledge of a change in Conservatory affairs. In January, 1904, he was elected Manager—one of the youngest men ever entrusted with the responsibility of so large an institution. It is a recognized fact in the Board of Trustees that to Mr. Flander's wise administration is due the present excellent financial condition of the school; also the increase in pupils and income in the past two years.

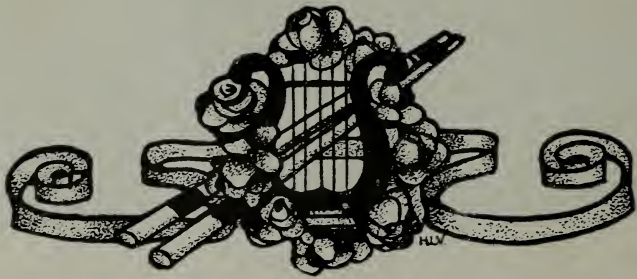
In the able Manager the student body finds a true friend. Approachable always, sympathetic, ever ready to respond to the need of advice or material help, Mr. Flanders has won a powerful hold on the esteem and affection of the students.



Ralph L. Flanders

Manager

FACULTY



ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA-ADAMOWSKA,
Pianoforte.

Born in Lublin, near Warsaw, Poland. Her early study of music was pursued at the Warsaw Conservatory with Professor Strobl and Alex Michalonski, afterwards with Paderewski; has had an extensive concert career in this country and abroad; member of the famous Adamowski Trio.

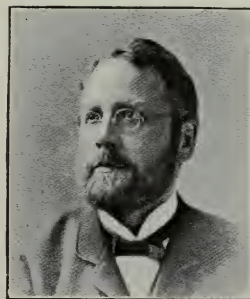


ESTELLE J. ANDREWS, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Baltimore, Md. Graduate of the Peabody Institute Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, Md.; pupil of Carl Faelten and Helen Hopekirk, Boston.

CARL BAERMANN, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Munich. Pupil of Wanner and Wohlmuth, later of Liszt; studied Composition with Lachner. Was appointed instructor in Munich Conservatory, but decided to settle in Boston, where he came in 1881. He has toured extensively as a concert pianist, and is a teacher of international reputation.



DAVID BLANPIED, *Pianoforte and Theory.*

Born in Galena, Ohio. Pupil of William Apthorp, George Whiting, J. C. D. Parker, John O'Neil and Harry Wheeler.



LUCY DEAN, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Illinois. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1891; pupil of Dr. Maas, Mrs. Maas and Carl Faelten of Boston; Leschetizky in Weimar; and Buonamici in Florence. Noted accompanist.

CHARLES DENNÉE, *Pianoforte and Pianoforte Sight Playing.*

Born in Oswego, N. Y. Studied Piano with A. D. Turner and Madame Schiller, Harmony and Composition with Stephen Emery; special study of Beethoven with von Bülow during his last trip to America; has toured extensively as a concert pianist, appearing in over one thousand recitals and concerts previous to 1895. Teacher at the Conservatory since 1883. A composer of note.



ALFRED DE VOTO, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Boston. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1898 under Charles Dennée. Member of the Municipal Music Commission of Boston since 1898. Pianist of the Longy Club of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Has toured the country several times as soloist with the Boston Festival Orchestra.

J. ALBERT JEFFERY, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Plymouth, England. Educated at the Leipsic Conservatory under Reinecke, Wenzel, Richter and Jadassohn; studied in Paris with Ferdinand Praeger; Organ and Church Choir Work in London with Roland Rogers, Sir George Martin of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Luard Selby of Rochester Cathedral. Has written piano compositions of merit.



EDWIN KLAHRE, *Pianoforte.*

Born in New Jersey. Studied under O. Klahre; later pupil of Liszt, Lebert and Joseffy in Piano; Composition, with Schulze in Weimar, Bruckner and Goetschius in Stuttgart; Violin, with Scharwenka.



FREDERICK F. LINCOLN, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Massachusetts. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1881; studied under J. C. D. Parker, A. D. Turner, Carl Baermann, Carl Faelten and Stephen Emery.

F. ADDISON PORTER, *Pianoforte; Superintendent of Pianoforte Normal Department.*

Born at Dixmont, Maine. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1884, after a five years' course with A. D. Turner, Stephen Emery and George W. Chadwick; studied in Leipsic with Hofmann and Freitag; has published a large number of compositions.



GEORGE W. PROCTOR, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Boston. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1892; pupil of Leschetizky in Vienna; studied Composition with Nawratil and Mandyczewski; has had an extensive career as concert pianist.



EUSTACE B. RICE, *Pianoforte and Solfeggio.*

Born in Wayland, Mass. Studied Piano, principally under Edwin Klahre and Carl Baermann; Organ, under George E. Whiting and Henry M. Dunham; Harmony and Composition, under George E. Whiting and Dr. Percy Goetschius; Theory, under Stephen A. Emery and Louis C. Elson; Solfeggio, under Samuel W. Cole.

CARL STASNY, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Mainz. Pupil of Ignaz Brüll, Vienna; Prof. Wilhelm Krüger, Stuttgart; Franz Liszt, Weimar; extensive career as concert pianist in Europe and America.



ANNA M. STOVALL, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Mississippi. Attended Columbus College; graduated from New England Conservatory in 1895 under Carl Stasny; toured as concert pianist; Mr. Stasny's assistant for nine years.

MARIE E. TREAT, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Ohio. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1900; pupil of Charles Dennée.



H. S. WILDER, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Worcester, Mass. Studied Piano with B. D. Allen, B. J. Lang and A. K. Virgil; Organ, Voice and Harmony, with other teachers of note. Has written songs, church music, etc., conducted choruses, and has had as pupils many well-known pianists and teachers.

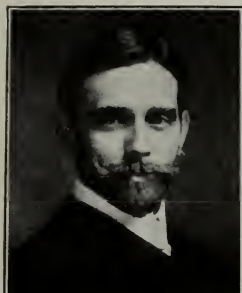
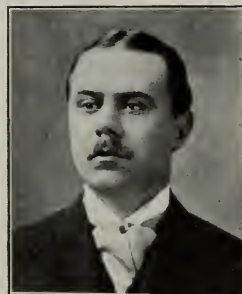


HENRY M. DUNHAM, *Organ.*

Born in Brockton, Mass. Studied Organ at the New England Conservatory under Whiting; Counterpoint, principally with J. K. Paine. A well-known composer in vocal and instrumental forms; church organist of wide reputation.

HOMER C. HUMPHREY, *Organ.*

Born at Yarmouth, Maine. Received early musical education under E. A. Blanchard of Yarmouth; later studied Organ with Wallace Goodrich; Composition with G. W. Chadwick; Piano with Alfred De Voto. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in the years 1901 and 1902.



ARTHUR DWIGHT BABCOCK, *Voice.*

Born in Dudley, Mass. Studied at San Diego, Cal., and was graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1903, under Mr. Charles A. White.

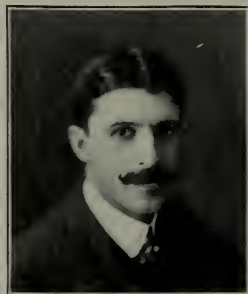


WILLIAM HERBERT DUNHAM, *Voice.*

Born in Brockton, Mass. Pupil of Augusto Rotoli and Dr. Guilmette. Boston; Shakespeare, London; Vannuccini, Florence; Koenig and Sbriglia, Paris; Coggi, Rome; Benvenuti, Milan.

ARMAND FORTIN, *Voice; Superintendent of Vocal Normal Department.*

Born in Oxford, Mass. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1895, under Wm. L. Whitney. Studied also with Vannuccini, Florence.



PERCY F. HUNT, *Voice.*

Born in Foxboro, Mass. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1898, under William H. Dunham; studied with Vannuccini, Florence, and Bonhy, Paris.

MADAME FIDÈLE KOENIG, *Voice.*

Born in Marquette, Mich. She has lived most of the time since she was fourteen years of age in foreign countries, in Italy, Cuba and France; received her musical instruction from Mr. Fidèle Koenig, *Chef de Chant* of the Grand Opera of Paris, whom she married later; continues her studies during the summers with the modern French composers, and teaches at the New England Conservatory during the winters.



CLARA TOURJÉE-NELSON, *Voice.*

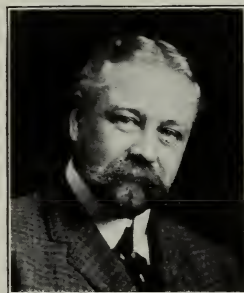
Born in Rhode Island. Graduated from the New England Conservatory; studied Voice with Augusto Rotoli, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil and Sarah Fisher; Opera School work with Samuel J. Kelley; also pupil of G. W. Chadwick and A. D. Turner.

CLARA KATHLEEN (BARNETT) ROGERS, *Voice.*

Born in Cheltenham, England. Educated in Leipsic Conservatory; Piano, under Moscheles and Plaidy; Voice, with Professor Goetze; studied Piano in Berlin under von Bülow; Voice, under Frau Zimmerman; also studied Voice in Italy under San Giovanni; has published both vocal and instrumental music.

CLARENCE B. SHIRLEY, *Voice.*

Born in Lynn, Mass. Pupil of Charles A. White; also of Dubulle in Paris; has traveled extensively as soloist in the Eastern states; is one of the leading oratorio and concert tenors of New England.

ALICE MABEL STANAWAY, *Voice.*

Born in California. Graduated from University of Nevada; graduated also from the New England Conservatory in 1898; pupil of Augusto Rotoli and Charles A. White, Boston; Dubulle, Paris; studied in Opera School under Oreste Bimboni.

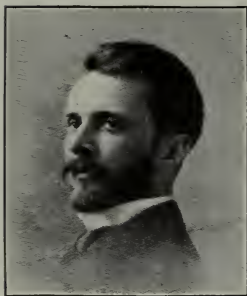


F. MORSE WEMPLE, *Voice*.

Born in Albany, N. Y. Studied Voice with Charles A. White of Boston, and Dubulle of Paris; Baritone Soloist; well known as church and concert singer; makes a specialty of recital programs, in which he is eminently successful.

CHARLES A. WHITE, *Voice*.

Born in Troy, N. Y., where he studied Piano and Singing; went abroad in 1879; entered Leipsic Conservatory, where he studied under Rebling and Grill; continued Voice Study with Lamperti; taught in Troy and Albany, after returning home in 1882; organized the Troy Choral Club, which he conducted until called to the New England Conservatory in 1896.



JOSEF ADAMOWSKI, *Violoncello*.

Born in Warsaw, Poland. Educated in Warsaw Conservatory; studied in Moscow under Fitzenhagen and N. Rubinstein; graduated with honors, diploma and medal. Member Boston Symphony Orchestra.

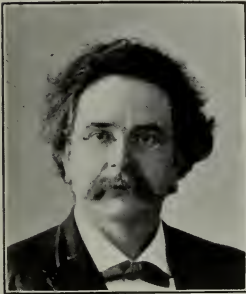
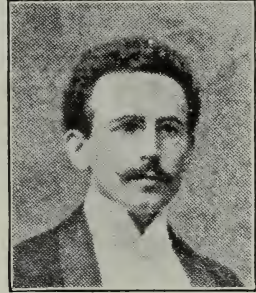
EUGENE GRUENBERG, *Violin; Superintendent of Violin Normal Department*.

Born in Lemberg, Galicia. Pupil at Vienna Conservatory, of Heissler, Violin: Bruckner and Dessoff, Composition; and Hellmesberger, Chamber and Orchestra Music. Has played for the last twenty-five years under the world's greatest conductors.



MAX O. KUNZE, *Double Bass.*

Born in Dresden. Graduate of Royal Conservatory of Music; played as Principal Bass in the Warsaw Symphony Orchestra; later was a member of von Bülow's Orchestra, with which he came to America; engaged by Emil Paur of Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1894; has taught at the New England Conservatory since 1899.

EMIL MAHR, *Violin.*

Began his study of Violin with Joachim in Berlin in 1870; played as one of the First Violins in the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth in 1876; spent several years in London as solo violinist and conductor; came to the New England Conservatory in 1887.

CARL PEIRCE, *Violin.*

Born in Taunton, Mass. Studied six years with Leandro Campanari; organized Municipal String Quartet of the City of Boston in 1898; at present a member of the Peirce-Van Vliet String Quartet.

FELIX WINTERNITZ, *Violin.*

Graduated from Vienna Conservatory under Grün, in the same class with Kreisler; winner of a gold medal; came to America and played two years with Boston Symphony Orchestra before touring the United States as soloist; has been a member of the Conservatory Faculty since 1899.

ARTHUR BROOKE, *Flute*.

Born at Gomerall, England. Studied under Packer of the Scotch Orchestra; came to America in 1888; played First Flute with the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, and joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1896.

DANIEL MAQUARRE, *Flute*.

Born in Brussels, Belgium. When nine years old, began musical education under his father and well-known musicians; studied three years at the Paris Conservatory with the celebrated Monsieur S. Caffanel; graduated and won first prize in 1896; for three years First Flute at the Lyric Theatre in Paris; soloist with Mme. Nevada during her American tour. Member of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

LE ROY S. KENFIELD, *Trombone*.

Born in Belchertown, Mass. Toured extensively with opera companies; two seasons with the Stetson Opera Company; three seasons with the Boston Ideal Opera Company; two seasons with the Emma Juch Opera Company; now member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

LOUIS KLOEPFEL, *Cornet and Trumpet*.

Born in Thuringia. Has appeared as soloist in all the principal cities of Europe, and held important positions in Court orchestras; in 1891 he was engaged by Damrosch as First Trumpet in New York Symphony Orchestra; he was tendered position of First Trumpet at Court Opera House, Berlin, but chose to accept position in Boston Symphony Orchestra.



FREDERICK SCHORMANN, *French Horn*.

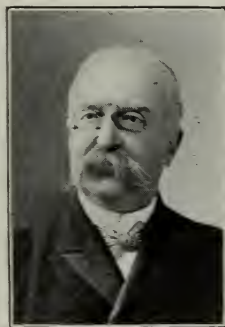
Born in Cassel, Germany. Pupil of A. Schormann: First Horn player of the Royal Theatre in Cassel. Since coming to this country Mr. Schormann has been associated with many of the best orchestras, including the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

HEINRICH SCHUECKER, *Harp*.

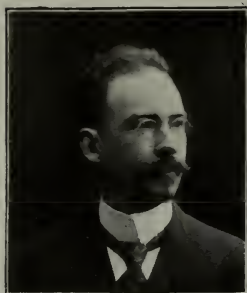
Born in Vienna. Studied with his father: graduated from Vienna Conservatory in 1884, under Professor Zamara: became a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1886: has won reputation as one of the two great harpists of the world.

LOUIS C. ELSON, *Theory*.

Born in Boston, Mass. Studied Piano with August Hamann of Boston: Voice with August Kreissman: and Composition with Carl Gloggner-Castelli of Leipzig: a celebrated lecturer and writer on musical subjects: one of Boston's best-known music critics

BENJAMIN CUTTER, *Harmony and Composition*.

Born in Woburn, Mass. Studied under G. F. Such. Julius Eichberg and Stephen Emery in Boston: Violin with Singer, Harmony with Goetschius, and Instrumentation with Max Seifriz in Stuttgart: has written several standard text-books: composed extensively, especially for strings.

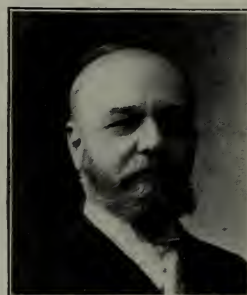


HARRY N. REDMAN, *Pianoforte, Harmony and Composition.*

Born at Mt. Carmel, Illinois. Pupil of George W. Chadwick; has composed a large amount of piano music and songs; also, several violin sonatas and two string quartets.

SAMUEL W. COLE, *Solfeggio and Music in Public Schools.*

Born in Meriden, N. H. Pupil of S. B. Whitney and John W. Tufts at the New England Conservatory. Author of musical text-books. Conductor of People's Choral Union of Boston.



CLEMENT LENOM, *Solfeggio and Oboe.*

Born in Gilly, Belgium. First prize in Oboe and Superior Solfeggio, Brussels Conservatory; studied with Massenet; taught Solfeggio in the Normal School of Music in Paris; conducted orchestras at Geneva, Rouen and Aix les Bains; established this year at the New England Conservatory a course in French Solfeggio, which is practically new in America.

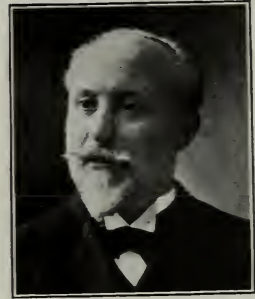
MADAME AUGUSTO ROTOLI, *Italian.*

Born in Rome, and received early education partly in a convent in that city and partly in a French school. She was a pupil of Signor Rotoli, with whom she studied singing. She came to America with her husband in 1885, a few weeks after her marriage, and has lived in Boston since that time.



CAMILLE THURWANGER, *French Language and diction.*

Born and educated in Paris, where he resided until he came to Boston in 1884; the first part of his life was mainly devoted to Fine Arts and vocal music as an accomplishment; after his arrival in Boston he gave his time to teaching French. He has made a long and deep study of the phonetics and musical pronunciation and articulation, generally included in the word "Diction": is an authority on this subject.

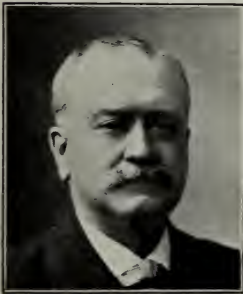


E. CHARLTON BLACK, *Literature Lectures.*

Born in Liddlesdale Parish, Scotland, near the Old Manse of Sir Walter Scott; graduated from Edinburgh University in the same class with J. M. Barrie: received LL.D. from Glasgow University; now Professor of English Literature in Boston University.

ELIZABETH I. SAMUEL, *Rhetoric, English and History.*

Born in Bennington, Ill. Graduate of Mt. Holyoke: took a medical degree: special work at Boston University.



GEORGE W. BEMIS, *Guitar and Mandolin.*

Born in Boston. Studied with his father: teacher at New England Conservatory for the past twenty years.



OLIVER C. FAUST, *Pianoforte and Organ Tuning.*

Born in Pennsylvania. Entered the New England Conservatory in 1881; studied Piano under J. C. D. Parker; Organ, Henry M. Dunham; Harmony, Stephen Emery; Voice, A. W. Keene; and Tuning, Frank W. Hale; author of the text-books, *The Pianoforte Tuner's Pocket Companion* and *A Treatise on the Construction, Repairing and Tuning of the Organ.*

GEORGE L. GARDNER, *Tuning.*

Born in Oswego, N. Y. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1890 and has been connected with the institution since that time.



CLAYTON D. GILBERT, *Concert Department.*

FRANCES A. HENAY, *Hand Culture.*

Born in Boston. Studied Physical Culture with Dr. D. A. Sargent of Cambridge, and Baron Nils Posse of Boston; has taught in New England Conservatory since 1889.

GEORG VON WIEREN, *German.*

Born in Eddigehausen, near Goettingen, Germany. Graduated from University of Goettingen 1877, with degree of Candidate of Theology; from the Teachers' Seminary in Hanover 1899, with certificate of Supervisor of Public Schools; connected with the Conservatory since 1901; makes a specialty of scientific German.



WALLACE GOODRICH, *Organ, Analysis, Harmony and Composition.*

Born in Newton, Mass. Studied at the New England Conservatory under Henry M. Dunham, Organ; George W. Chadwick, Composition; and Louis C. Elson, Theory; has also studied with Josef Rheinberger, Munich, and C. M. Widor, Paris. Founder and conductor of Choral Art Society of Boston; organist at concerts of Boston Symphony Orchestra; organist at Trinity Church; author of various essays on musical subjects, and compositions for chorus and orchestra, and for orchestra; translator of many valuable works from the French.

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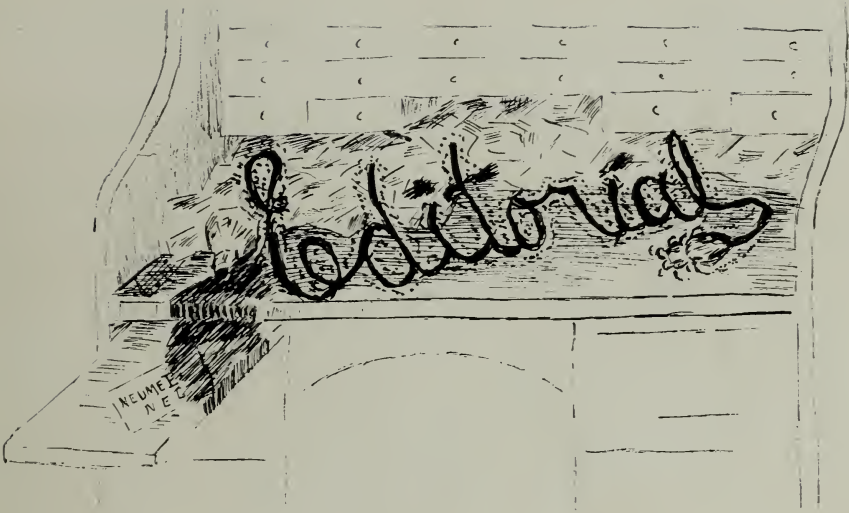
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J. P. FREEMAN

E. W. BLY

F. H. ROCKWELL



THE feeling that students in professional music schools underrate, and to a degree are ignorant of, the kind and value of the work done in music in the Collegiate Institutions, prompted an investigation of this subject. Our aim was to ascertain the standing of music among the liberal arts in the institutions of learning of the United States, and to compare academic methods with those of professional schools.

To that end the following list of questions was sent to twenty-five of the leading colleges and universities :—

1. Are courses in music on par with the regular electives (counting toward a degree) ?
2. Are students in the Music Department only, enrolled as regular students of the institution ?
3. Does the Music Department receive the support of the general faculty ?
4. What means are employed to interest the students—lectures, concerts, recitals, etc. ?

Twenty-three out of the twenty-five responded, thereby giving us authoritative information from which our deductions have been made. We take up the questions in order.

Three universities—Princeton, Brown, and the University of Virginia—reported no Music Departments, and no instruction in music. Leland Stanford and Williams have no Music Departments : the former provides

for lectures and illustrations by the university organist, but no credit is allowed for the same: and the latter includes lectures on Musical History in the Department of History of Arts and Civilization.

The colleges that give theoretical courses in music which are on a par with other electives counting toward the degree of Bachelor of Arts are seventeen in number: Amherst, Boston University, University of California, University of Chicago, Colorado College, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Mount Holyoke, University of Michigan, Northwestern, Oberlin, Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Yale. Such studies as Harmony, Theory, History of Music, Counterpoint, Analysis, Composition, and Instrumentation are the theoretical studies for which credit is given. A much smaller number of this representative group of colleges allows practical work, that is, the actual playing or singing, when combined with theoretical studies, to count toward the degree of A.B.

Smith College stands alone in allowing music to be offered as an entrance requirement, either Harmony, or practical work with a slight knowledge of Harmony, being accepted. Yale admits students to two practical courses, those in singing and violoncello playing, without requiring accompanying theoretical studies. The University of Pennsylvania requires not only a knowledge of the rudiments of music and English, but also the ability to play on some instrument, preferably the organ or piano. Harvard and Smith offer graduate courses in music leading to the degree of A.M. The degree of Doctor of Music is not given at these institutions, but at Harvard its full equivalent, Ph.D., may be taken in music as in any other departments of the University. Yale and the University of Pennsylvania confer the degree of Bachelor of Music.

We find that Yale, Oberlin, University of Michigan, University of Pennsylvania, and Northwestern have Music Departments organized independently, each under its own head or dean; Yale and the University of Pennsylvania are the only ones that give a music degree, the others simply granting diplomas for proficiency in music.

All of the colleges are uniform in demanding full college entrance requirements for those who desire to study music.

None of the institutions except those having independently organized departments are desirous of receiving students to specialize in music. They are about evenly divided in their rating of such students, some regarding them as regular college students, while others class them as specials in music.

The attitude of the Faculties in general is that of co-operation toward advancing the standard of theoretical courses in music. At Columbia there is a strong sentiment toward allowing advanced practical work to be placed on the same basis with theoretical work. The general sentiment among college presidents is greatly in advance of a few years ago, in allowing the admission of music into regular elective courses.

As to the means employed in arousing and maintaining interest among students, we find a great diversity. Most of the colleges are supplied with well equipped modern organs, so that organ recitals are frequently given. Miscellaneous concerts and recitals by the students, at which original compositions are played, recitals by noted artists, and, in many instances, presentation of choral works by student choruses,—all these are popular forms. From one of the colleges came the interesting fact that “Creation is in preparation.” Instrumental music ranges from full orchestra to “Æolian Orchestrelle.” Without exception the colleges have glee (many, also, banjo and mandolin) clubs from the student body, under student management—an organization which even some professional schools of high standing seem unable to support. Note should be made of the rather unique course in Practical Æsthetics at Vassar, by Professor Gow; of the excellent plant at Wellesley, which includes two music halls and two large organs; and also of the vested choir of Mount Holyoke, the largest vested choir in America, if not in the world, comprising one hundred and eighty students. We would also mention the reciprocal relation between Harvard and the New England Conservatory of Music.

As to a comparison of the courses in the academic and professional schools, we quote a few pertinent remarks from Professor Macdougall, of Wellesley: “A college gives a broad education, and a conservatory gives a musical education. . . . For study in Musical Theory or History there is great respect, and that it has a place in the college curriculum is freely admitted. There seems to be in college an invincible prejudice against doing things in favor of talking about things. . . . It must be added that the musician is too often a very one-sided individual; he cares as little for the interests of general education as the one-sided college instructor does for the interests of musical education. . . . If you wish to be a virtuoso, do not go to college; the colleges by their somewhat irrational demands on their students, make it almost impossible for a person gifted musically to get both a “liberal education” and a virtuoso’s musical education. But if you desire to be a good, all-round musician, by all means go to college.”

While we recognize the truth of Professor Macdougall's statement, we believe that nowhere can there be a greater opportunity for broad culture along general lines, and for thorough work in music, both theoretical and practical, than in our own New England Conservatory; for by the reciprocal relation now in vogue between Harvard University and the New England Conservatory of Music, properly qualified students of the Conservatory have the privilege of attending certain courses in Harvard, among which are those in English, French, and German Literature, Physics, Fine Arts, etc. On the other hand, properly qualified students of the Harvard Music Department are admitted to the Conservatory orchestra and chorus, and courses in ensemble, choir training, and liturgical music. Another avenue of culture open to Conservatory students who desire to develop themselves in lines other than music is afforded by the alliance of the Conservatory with Emerson School of Oratory, the largest and most influential school of expression in America.

Under these conditions is not there offered the best of opportunities for both a liberal and a virtuoso's musical education at the New England Conservatory of Music?





The Alumni Association

F. ADDISON PORTER	<i>President</i>
HENRY T. WADE	<i>First Vice President</i>
PERCY J. BURRELL	<i>Second Vice President</i>
MRS. CLARA TOURJÉE-NELSON	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
CLARENCE E. REED	<i>Financial Secretary</i>
EUSTICE B. RICE	<i>Treasurer</i>
ALFRED DE VOTO	<i>Auditor</i>

What has the New England Conservatory of Music done for its Alumni?

What have they done for the Art of Music in America?

What have they done for the Conservatory?

THE New England Conservatory is without doubt the best known school of music on this continent, and its influence is felt from ocean to ocean. From the remote towns (where nothing better than Fisher's Hornpipe or Clayton's Grand March has been heard) as well as from the larger cities throughout the land, it has drawn to itself those who, although they possessed the requisite talent and ambition for a musical career, were entirely ignorant of just what course to follow. It is here, at this critical turning point in their life, that the Conservatory begins its great work in attracting them to a musical center like Boston, where every advantage is to be had, and in starting them on the right course.

Many an earnest student has felt the thrill of satisfaction at finding himself at last within the walls of the school of which he has dreamed perhaps for months, or even years. He goes to his first lesson with much interest, mingled with more or less curiosity and dread, and he soon learns that while the instructor would gladly help him in every way possible, still there is much that he alone must do, and he has his first glimpse of the Parnassus to be climbed. He begins to realize for the first time the broad course of study which the Conservatory has prepared for him, and his ambition is stimulated to meet every difficulty which may present itself.

That the Conservatory has ever surrounded its pupils with a musical atmosphere pregnant with the best thoughts of the great masters, cannot be questioned for a moment. Nothing but the best class of music has ever been taught within its walls, and the pupils, whether in class room, practice room, or concert hall, live in this musical atmosphere. They are taught to analyze, to play, to listen intelligently to, and to appreciate the best works of, the classic, romantic, and modern schools.

Unconsciously the taste of the students is being developed, and they are growing into quite different beings, thinking different thoughts, and storing up within themselves forces which, if used aright, will make their life work a pleasure to themselves, and a benefit to all with whom they come in contact.

To be sure, the greater number of musical students in America are young women, but let us realize what a musical education means to a young woman; it makes her independent and self-supporting, more intellectual and refined, an ornament in society, and a pleasure to her family and friends.

Let us compare this musical education from a practical standpoint with the college course, which many young women take in order to be able to teach, should they ever need to do so. (It is understood that every young woman should finish her high school course before giving her whole attention to her music.)

It is not necessary to draw upon the imagination for this comparison. Take, for example, one of many cases that have come to our notice recently. As it is natural to expect, the young woman is married between the age of twenty and thirty. Her husband is usually able to supply the necessities of life, and many of the luxuries. She has only to think of her home, her social engagements, or perhaps she has the care of a small family. This may go on smoothly for eight or ten years, but before the husband has had time to save for the future he is suddenly taken away, and when his affairs are settled the wife and mother finds that there is nothing left, and that she must in some way earn enough to support herself and children.

The young woman who through her college education was fitted to take a position as teacher eight or ten years before, is wholly out of line for such a position now. She has had no incentive to keep up her studies: while the one with the musical education has found it a pleasure to herself, her husband, and her friends, to keep up her music, and the concerts which

her taste has naturally led her to attend have kept her up with the times, so that she is able to take a position in a school, or to start a private class, and as a rule she can earn more than the average school-teacher.

When we realize these facts, and think of the hundreds of young women the Conservatory has educated and sent out to all parts of this vast country ready to help, entertain, and through their art to elevate the tastes of all those about them, to take the refining influence of music into the home, and to earn the necessities of life, if need be, we can but wonder that men and women of means still look upon all this as a luxury; and while they leave money for all kinds of schools and colleges, never think of leaving a dollar for this great Conservatory of Music, where money is so much needed, and would do so much good.

While speaking of what the Conservatory has done for its alumni, we would not forget the many young men and women for whom it has obtained, through the Bureau, positions as teachers in the best schools and colleges, and for whom it stands, with its up-to-date methods, as a tower of strength and support.



The question, What have the alumni done for themselves, or what are they doing for the art of music, is a difficult one to answer, as it must cover such a wide range. While the writer could give the names of those filling important positions, yet for fear that some who deserve most honorable mention may be forgotten, let us just recall some of the work being done and some of the positions being filled by members of the alumni.

Let us begin with Grand Opera, where we can point with the utmost pride to those who have attained to the most eminent rank as singers.

As Composers many are well known, while as Orchestral and Choral Conductors as well as members of the best orchestras, including the Boston Symphony Orchestra, they have made marked success.

We find them occupying the Chair of Music in various colleges, and as members of the Faculty of the larger schools all over the country, including our own Conservatory. We find them in the public schools; we find them as private teachers, doing their best in all grades of the work; as organists, choir masters, and church singers, we find them in nearly every town and city of any size in the land.

Who can estimate the value of their influence in the home? Think for a moment how many of our great masters owe their ultimate success to the inspiration and early training of their mothers.

An important point not to be overlooked is the value of the presence and influence of alumni in making up a musical audience. Before the greater works of art can be given with success, there must be an *intelligent musical audience* to listen to them. Consider some of the masters, Wagner for instance, waiting forty years for an audience to listen to and appreciate some of his greatest works.

If we are to become *a musical nation* (and I have not the slightest doubt that we are) there is much work yet to be done in educating the masses. In the last half century the New England Conservatory of Music has without doubt done more, through its alumni and special students, to develop and elevate the musical taste of the people throughout this nation than any other force or agency.

The Alumni Association of the New England Conservatory of Music was organized through the influence of the founder of the Conservatory, Dr. Eben Tourjée, in 1880. The first president was Miss Sarah Fisher, now Mrs. Austin C. Wellington, and her successors have been Mr. Alfred D. Turner, Mr. Henry M. Dunham, Miss Clara S. Ludlow, Mr. Frank E. Morse, Mr. John D. Buckingham, Mr. Charles H. Morse, Mr. Everett E. Truette, and Mr. F. Addison Porter. The aims of the Association are to perpetuate and intensify in its members fidelity to their Alma Mater, and to bind them together in a spirit of true friendship and mutual helpfulness; to assist worthy students by the establishment of a loan fund, free scholarships, and prizes, and by aiding in the endowment of professorships when these helps shall become practicable; and in general, to aid the Conservatory, assist each other, and further the true progress of art.

The names enrolled on the books as members of the Association up to June, 1905, number six hundred. I am sorry to record the fact that the Association in the past has been something like a sieve: many members have come in but have dropped out through a hole the size of a fifty cent piece, which is the amount of the annual dues. The reader must not think for a moment that it was to save the fifty cents that caused them to drop out. On the contrary, we believe that had the dues been a larger and more convenient sum to send, many would still have been members of good standing.

This difficulty, we believe, has been obviated by the establishment of a Life Membership (\$5), which I am glad to say has met with the most cordial approval, and we already have a good list of life members, among them being many of the old members who had dropped out.

While the Conservatory is, as I have said, a sustaining force back of each alumnus, a united alumni is a tremendous force back of the Conservatory, and we should each realize our duty to our Alma Mater by taking a deep interest in all things that are for the good of the school. The united influence of the alumni has made itself felt for the good of the Conservatory in the past, and we trust that it will in the future.

It is unfortunate that we are unable to lend financial aid the same as the alumni of Harvard and other colleges, but that is hardly possible, for, although musicians we believe get more out of life than the man who gives his time to making money, they rarely become wealthy. However, this does not mean that the alumni are doing nothing for the school. Every member who goes out from it takes its message to all those with whom he comes in contact, and a careful canvass has shown that over ninety-eight per cent of the pupils from a distance are here through the influence of those who have been here before them.

The average pupil sent here is able to remain from two to three years only, and it is easy to see that the better he is prepared before coming, the higher rank he can attain in that time. Therefore, the efficient training gained by those who take the Normal Course in Voice, Violin, or Piano-forte enables them to go out as experienced teachers, and their work will, in the future, do more to elevate the standard of excellence in the New England Conservatory of Music than anything else.

The familiar quotation, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," does not hold true in regard to the Conservatory, for over two thirds of the students reside in Massachusetts.

The Class of 1904 has the honor of establishing Class Day. The Class of 1905 brought to life THE NEUME, with all its wisdom, jokes, and grinds; while the Class of 1906 is doing even more than its predecessors to develop and maintain class spirit among its members.

Three more talented and enthusiastic classes have never graduated from the Conservatory. Who can foretell the influence they are to exert for the advancement of the art of music in America, for the good of the Conservatory, and for the life and usefulness of the Alumni Association?

I strongly hope they will realize that, while each may exert an influence for the good of his art individually, much greater results can be reached by uniting with a force tending in the same direction, like our Alumni Association, and this is quite in line with the spirit of progress in the present century. A brilliant career to the Class of 1906!

Boston, May, 1906.

F. ADDISON PORTER.





Class Roll

OFFICERS

HENRY FAY LOOK	<i>President</i>
ANNINA McCRORY	<i>Vice President</i>
SOPHYA WILHELMINA FREDERICA LINS	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
JENNIE WILBER McCRILLIS	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
CLAUDE ERNEST HACKELTON	<i>Treasurer</i>
IREDELL IDA BAXTER	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>

PIANOFORTE

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ANNIE MAY COOK 327 Pearl St.,	Cambridge
ABBIE GILLETTE DAY	Lakeville, Conn.
EVELYN HELEN DOLLOFF	Gardiner, Me.
JOSEPHINE PEARL FREEMAN 1100 Madison St.,	Le Mars, Iowa
CLARA ELDRIDGE FROST 227 Franklin St.,	Cambridge
ANNIE MAY GREENE	Sycamore St., Waverly
CLAUDE ERNEST HACKELTON 888 Huntington Ave.,	Boston
NYRA WATSON HARTMAN 599 Cambridge St.,	Allston
LESLIE STEARNS HENRY 18 Walnut St.,	Taunton
GENEVA DELL HODGDON 73 Rogers Ave.,	Somerville
REAH JENNESS	Deseronto, Ont.
ELIZABETH FLY KIRKPATRICK	McComb, Miss.
MICHAEL JAMES LALLY	Clyde St., Brookline
MAYE EVANGELINE LAWRENCE,	70 University Ave.,	Delaware, Ohio
BARNARD LEVIN 349 Blue Hill Ave.,	Roxbury
SOPHYA WILHELMINA FREDERICA LINS,	219 E. Franklin St.	Kenton, Ohio
CLARA FRANCES MALLORY	West Hartford, Conn.
ANNINA McCRORY	"The Senate," Altoona, Pa.
ANNA LOUISE McLAUGHLIN 27 Partridge Ave.,	Somerville
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RUTH EUGENIA TUCKER	Ingleside, Winthrop
FRANK VIGNERON WEAVER	218 North St., New Bedford
JESSIE WELLER	Sigourney, Iowa
BESSIE KNOX WOODARD	113 W. Martin St., Raleigh, N. C.

ORGAN

ALBERTA HARRIET AMSTEIN	Shelburne Falls
HARRISON DENHAM LE BARON	46 Hill St., New Bedford
WILMOT LEMONT	Frederickton, N. B.
HENRY FAY LOOK	Vineyard Haven
CLARA FRANCES MALLORY	West Hartford, Conn.
JENNIE WILBER McCRILLIS	40 Maple St., Hyde Park
FLORENCE BEATRICE SMITH	Pueblo, Mexico

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CHARLES HENRY AMADON	53 Thomas Park St., Boston
CAROLINE ELIZABETH EDMOND	451 Chestnut Ave., Trenton, N. J.
EVA MARCH	"The Hamilton," Norristown, Pa.
LYDIA BRYSON McCORMICK	Fairchance, Pa.
HILDA SWARTZ	187 So. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.
MENIA HOYT WANZER	28 Thetford Ave., Dorchester

VIOLIN

HELEN DEARBORN DAGGETT	27 Dorchester St., South Lawrence
SAMUEL LÉON GORODETZKY	92 Leverett St., Boston
MAUD MEDLAR	203 Huntington Ave., Boston
ERNEST McLELLAN SHELDON	383 Cherry St., West Newton

TUNING

RALPH WARREN CADWELL	Valparaiso, Ind.
LEONARD PIERCE GOULDING	South Sudbury
JONES BOYD KAUFFMAN	Mifflintown, Pa.
FLOYD LEON KENYON	McClure, N. Y.
GEORGE W. B. KRESS	Chambersburg, Pa.
HERBERT LAWTON	8 Brooks St., Maynard
FLOYD HAZLETT ROCKWELL	Bradshaw, Neb.
GRANT ALVIN SPEER	McKees Rocks, Pa.
HERMAN WALKER WOOD	Milledgeville, Ga.

A Review

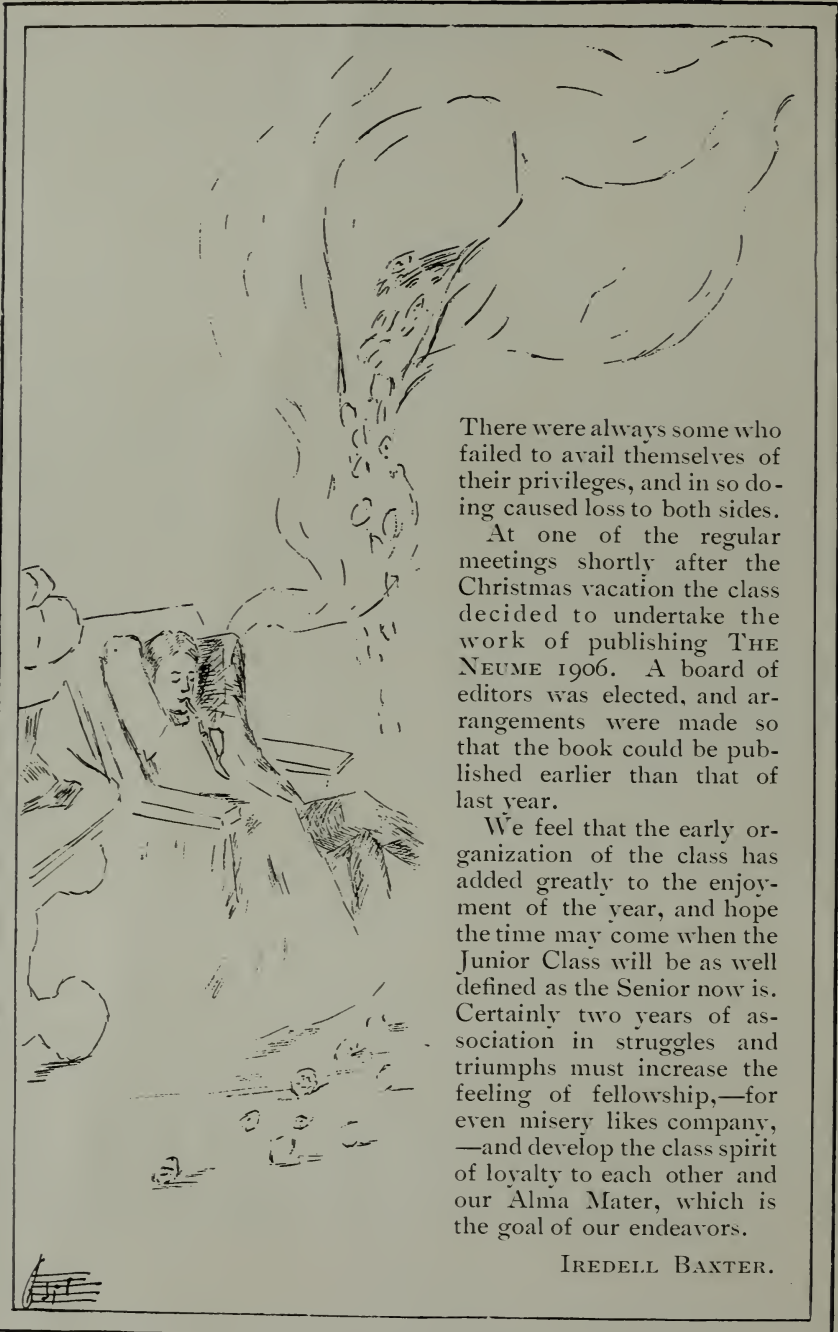
OUR class can claim the honor of being the first to organize as Juniors during the year previous to graduation. While this organization took place only in June, and was incomplete in many respects, still it was a step in the right direction. Some of those on the Junior Class roll changed their minds before fall about the wisdom of attempting such a feat as the graduating examinations from the New England Conservatory. Others, again, must have received inspiration or addition of nerve in some way during the hot summer months. Certain it is that the *personnel* of the class in September, 1905, differed materially from that of the Juniors of a few months previous.

It was not until after the Senior entrance examinations, which took place in October, that we had any definite idea whom we could count upon as Seniors. This examination was an innovation in itself; one of those thrilling surprises which students at the New England Conservatory are ever and anon encountering, and yet which never grow old or lose their effect: namely, to send our hearts down to our boots with a thud and the cold shivers up our spines. But, like many another affliction, it proved a blessing in disguise, for it enabled us to ascertain that we had a class of fifty-seven eligible for graduation.

This, perhaps, is not a great deal to know, but it was such a vast improvement on former conditions that many of us were bold enough to venture to our first meeting in October, at which the Acting Director gave us an encouraging and inspiring talk. A little later the officers for the year were elected. Then followed the discussion of such interesting things as class color, motto, pin and the like. After many noble efforts on the part of the long-suffering pin committee, the class was finally satisfied with a design. Shortly after Christmas we had the lyre to appear with our '06 in full view.

The Class of 1905 had left us a splendid example,—not to mention a bulletin board,—and we determined not to fall below the standard set, but if possible to go a little beyond it. The first step toward this end seemed to be the necessity of getting acquainted: our work here is so individual, the courses so distinct, that there were many belonging to the class who were total strangers to each other.

A committee was appointed to plan a social affair of some kind. The result was a Hallowe'en party, which we were requested to attend in costume. At first sight this does not seem to be the quickest way of becoming acquainted with people one had difficulty in recognizing in their ordinary clothes. However, when we had unmasked and discovered who it was that had groaned at us from the depths of a white sheet and pillowcase, and realized that some of our officers were capable of taking the part of clowns with great success, we did feel more at home with each other. This led to many such meetings of one kind and another, which were productive of much enthusiasm and class spirit among those who attended.



There were always some who failed to avail themselves of their privileges, and in so doing caused loss to both sides.

At one of the regular meetings shortly after the Christmas vacation the class decided to undertake the work of publishing THE NEUME 1906. A board of editors was elected, and arrangements were made so that the book could be published earlier than that of last year.

We feel that the early organization of the class has added greatly to the enjoyment of the year, and hope the time may come when the Junior Class will be as well defined as the Senior now is. Certainly two years of association in struggles and triumphs must increase the feeling of fellowship,—for even misery likes company,—and develop the class spirit of loyalty to each other and our Alma Mater, which is the goal of our endeavors.

IREDELL BAXTER.



Junior Officers

RAY L. HARTLEY

President

LUCILLE DUNN

Vice President

ELEANOR REIER

Secretary

HERBERT KINNER

Treasurer

BESSIE PARMENTER

Assistant Treasurer



IT is with a great deal of pleasure that the Juniors present themselves to THE NEUME and its readers for the first time. It is also with great pleasure and a sense of satisfaction that we look back upon this our first year of organized existence.

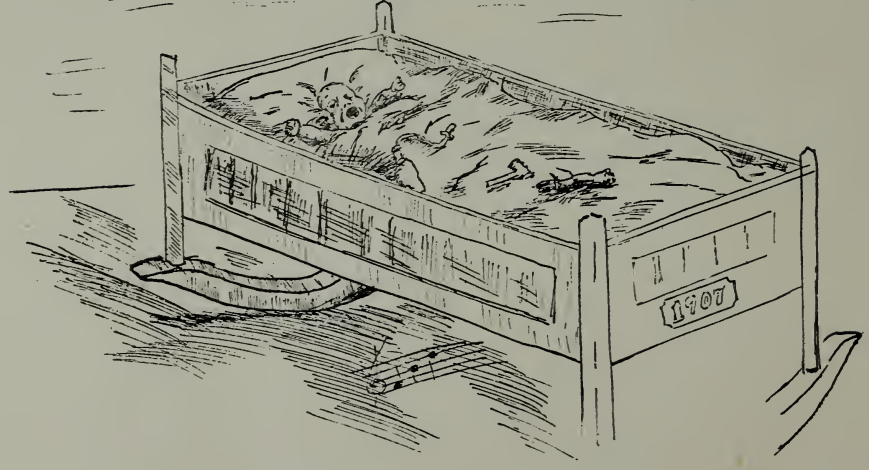
When the Seniors of last year asked the undergraduates to get together to help them in a Class Day celebration, a seed was sown which took deep root in the minds of some of us, and grew into a healthy, full grown Junior Class. And when last fall this same body of undergraduates separated into two classes, Senior and Junior, there was ushered into our school life a new and very valuable addition. Since that time there has existed a kind of school spirit and friendship between the students which was a much felt want in our Conservatory life, and which we hope will continue to exist in years to come.

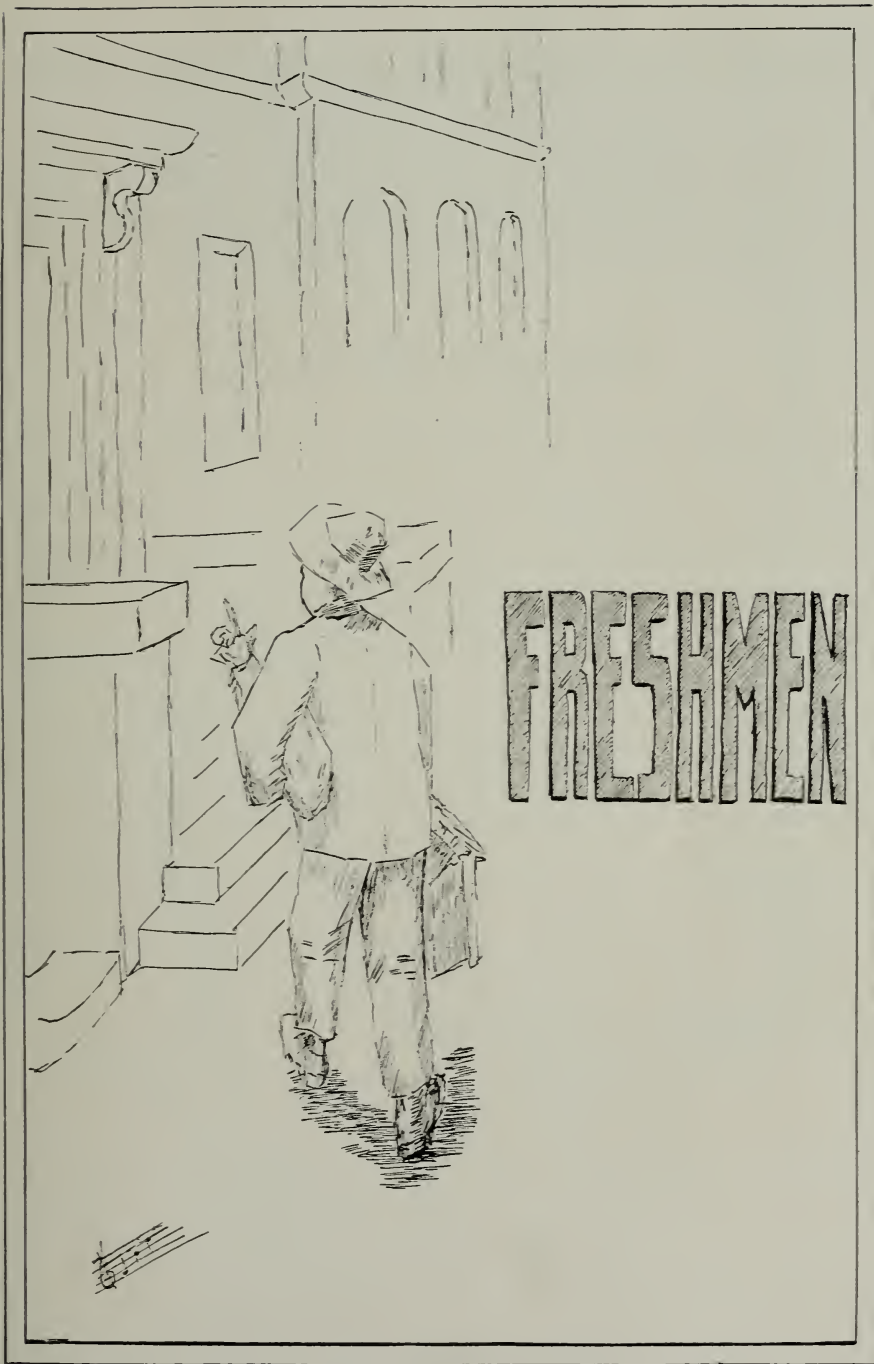
The Juniors organized last October, and one of the most enthusiastic workers in this new movement for a school spirit, Mr. Cole, was elected president. Very soon a reception was given in the gymnasium, at which the Juniors became acquainted, and learned to know each other in a way they had not before. From that time on we have held some kind of social affair once a month. We also had a class meeting once a month—perhaps. The November social was held at the home of some of the boys, and we all had a most enjoyable time playing hearts—some on the tables and some on the stairs. After cards came dancing. We have also had two theatre parties during the year.

The first of February brought around another election of officers. In this month we held a whist party with dancing in the gym.

At least we can say that we have been of some help in bringing about an *esprit de corps* which existed as never before in the history of the school. We hope that this new movement will be taken up by our successors, and that next year there may be a more enthusiastic Junior Class than we have had. We feel that we have accomplished that which we set out to do; namely, “to promote good fellowship among our classmates, and loyalty to Alma Mater.”

RAY L. HARTLEY.



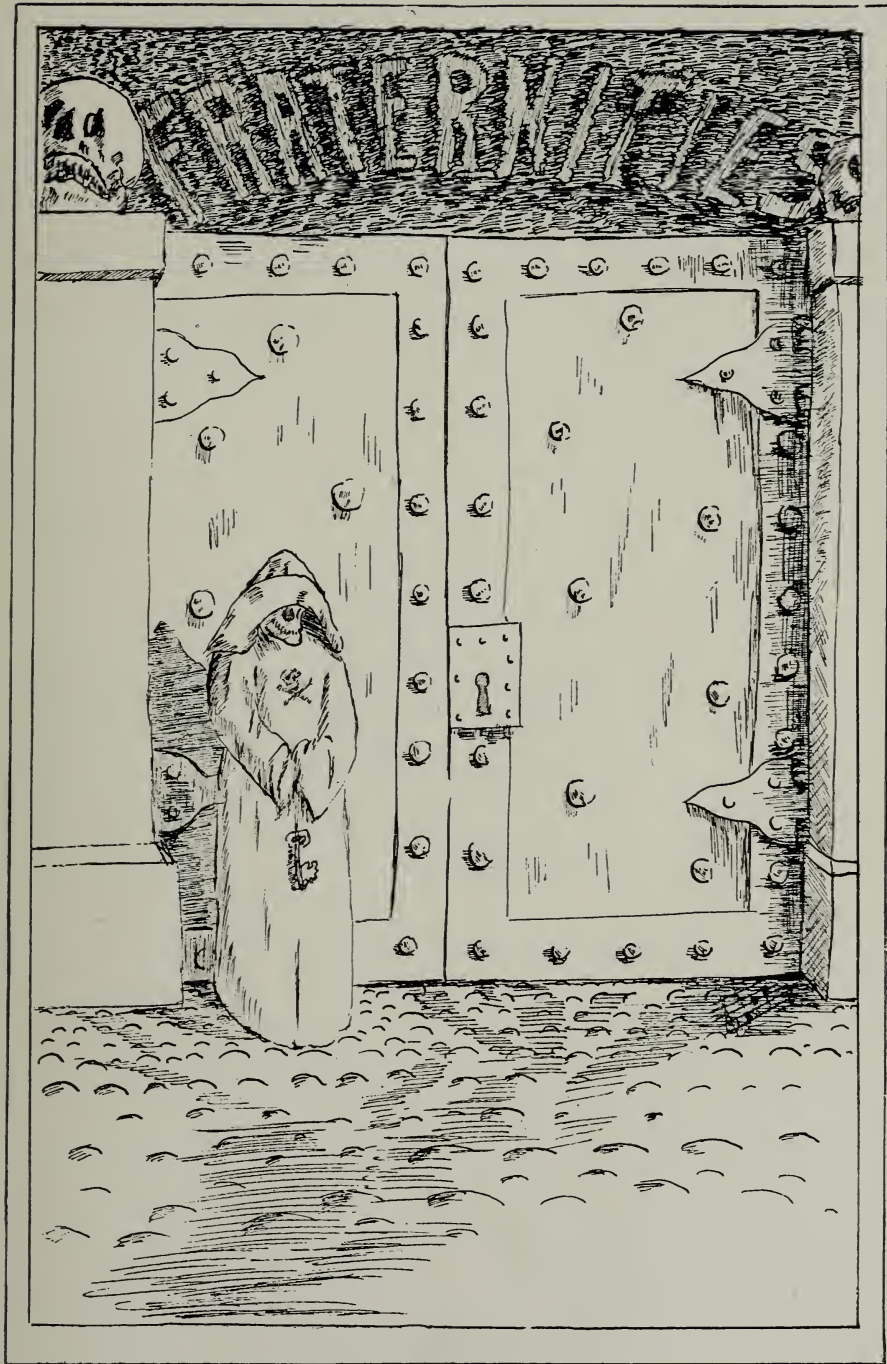


FRESHMEN

Freshmen Officers (?)

WILLIAM DRISCOLL	<i>GRAND MOGUL</i>
ILLDE A. WITHERELL	<i>CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER</i>
MARIE E. GEIGER	<i>ALTERNATE ADVISER</i>
SAMUEL W. COLE	<i>LECTURER PLENIPOTENTIARY</i>
OSSIAN E. MILLS	<i>FINANCIAL EMBARRASSER</i>
JOHN McLEAN	<i>CHIEF FACTOTUM</i>







Sinfonia

ESTABLISHED AT NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
 BOSTON, OCTOBER 20, 1898

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	New England Conservatory of Music	.	Boston, Mass.
BETA	Broadstreet Conservatory of Music	.	Philadelphia, Pa.
GAMMA	Detroit Conservatory of Music	.	Detroit, Mich.
DELTA	Ithaca Conservatory of Music	.	Ithaca, N. Y.
EPSILON	University School of Music	.	Ann Arbor, Mich.
ETA	Cincinnati College of Music	.	Cincinnati, Ohio
THETA	Syracuse University	.	Syracuse, N. Y.

ALPHA CHAPTER

HORACE WHITEHOUSE	.	.	.	<i>President and Councilman</i>
ALBERT HALE	.	.	.	<i>Vice President</i>
WILSON T. MOOG	.	.	.	<i>Second Vice President</i>
HAROLD A. COLE	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
OSSIAN E. MILLS	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>
RAY L. HARTLEY	.	.	.	<i>Warden</i>
H. FAY LOOK	.	.	.	<i>Librarian</i>
T. CLIFFORD CAMPBELL	.	.	.	<i>Associate Editor</i>

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ALBERT J. STEPHENS
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 FRANK V. WEAVER
 ARCHIE M. GARDNER
 ERNEST SHELDON
 F. PERCIVAL LEWIS



Alpha Chi Omega Sorority

FOUNDED AT DE PAUW UNIVERSITY, GREENCASTLE, IND., OCTOBER 15, 1885.

DIRECTORY OF ACTIVE CHAPTERS

ALPHA	De Pauw University	Greencastle, Ind.
BETA	Albion College	Albion, Mich.
GAMMA	Northwestern University	Evanston, Ill.
DELTA	Allegheny College	Meadville, Pa.
EPSILON	College of Music, University of Southern California	Los Angeles, Cal.
ZETA	New England Conservatory of Music	Boston, Mass.
THETA	University of Michigan	Ann Arbor, Mich.
IOTA	University of Illinois	Champaign, Ill.
KAPPA	University of Wisconsin	Madison, Wis.

ALUMNAE CHAPTERS

Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit, and Boston.

ZETA CHAPTER

ACTIVE MEMBERS

ELIZABETH BATES	IDA KIRKPATRICK
EDITH BLY	FLORENCE LARABEE
EVANGELINE BRIDGE	ALMA MARTI
WINIFRED BYRD	SARA MORTON
BLANCHE CRAFTS	RACHEL OSGOOD
GERTRUDE DAMON	MABEL PAUTOT
LOUISE DANIEL	MERLE REYNOLDS
CAROLINE EDMOND	CAROLINE SCHMIDT
FANNY JOHNSON	HILDA SWARTZ
ELIZABETH KIRKPATRICK	IRMA WATSON

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. H. H. A. BEACH	MME. FANNY BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER
MME. HELEN HOPEKIRK	MME. JULIA RIVE-KING
MISS MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG	MME. ADELE AUS DER OHE
MISS MAUD POWELL	MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW
MME. ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA	MME. MARIA DECCA

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

MISS MABEL STANAWAY	Mrs. CLARA TOURJÉE-NELSON
Mrs. PAULINE WALTMANN-BRANDT	Mrs. RALPH L. FLANDERS
Mrs. CHARLES A. WHITE	MISS SARAH MAUD THOMPSON



Pi Phi

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	Bucknell University	Bucknell, Pa.
BETA	New England Conservatory	Boston, Mass.
GAMMA	Miss Gordon's School	Philadelphia, Pa.
DELTA	Barnard College	Barnard, N. Y.
EPSILON	Maryland College	Sutherville, Md.

BETA CHAPTER

ACTIVE MEMBERS

ADAH CASKEY	FRANCES PEABODY
ETHEL CONDON	MARIE THOMAS
JANICE GRIFFIN	MARY ALICE WALLER
ELIZABETH MARCY	EMILY WILSON



Beta Tau Pi

ACTIVE MEMBERS

ANNA ALLEN

ETHELWYN CEPERLEY

HELEN CROSBY

HELEN DAGGETT

CHARLOTTE DANIELS

GRACE FIELD

ELIZABETH HOPPER

BELLE MOORE

EDNA NAILL

LAURA O'KANE

PAULINE O'KANE

SUE SMITH

DAGMAR SORENSEN

ATHENE STERLING

IRENE STERLING

KATHERINE QUMBY





Kappa Phi

ANNE M. BURKE

ROWENA HOWARD

N. ALICE HENDERSON

OLGA W. OLSEN

CECIL M. OSBORN





EBEN D. JORDAN

An Appreciation

ABEN D. JORDAN, son of the late Eben D. Jordan who was one of the mainstays of the Conservatory in its early growth, was born in Boston. He was graduated from Harvard in the Class of 1880, and received in addition a fine musical education. Prompted by his own inclination in musical tastes and influenced by the respect and affection for his father, Mr. Jordan has taken a most active and most practical interest in the work of the New England Conservatory of Music.

We take this opportunity to acknowledge publicly the deep gratitude which the Senior Class feels toward this generous patron of the institution. The question is often asked, "To what is the phenomenal growth of the Conservatory in the last few years due?" We believe we speak truthfully when we say to no one thing as much as to Mr. Jordan's munificent gifts.

We are not at liberty to speak of the large donations made privately: we touch upon only one gift, that of Jordan Hall and its magnificent organ. Did the donor even realize the extent of the value of such a gift? From the material side, the yearly income from rentals of the Hall has been, and will be, a continual source of financial strength. From the artistic side, Jordan Hall affords the most favorable conditions for the presentation of musical works of all kinds, solo or *ensemble*. It makes a most suitable home for the chorus and orchestral rehearsals and concerts. Were it not for its spacious stage area our combined orchestra and chorus concerts would be impossible. Moreover, through Jordan Hall the world's greatest artists are brought right within our doors. Can any other institution of music in America boast of such a high grade of musical atmosphere within its own walls?

We reiterate that all these favorable conditions which we enjoy, and of which we are justly proud, are made possible through Mr. Jordan's generosity: hence these few words of genuine appreciation.



JORDAN HALL ORGAN

Specifications of the Jordan Hall Organ

Compass of Manuals, C to c₄Compass of Pedale, C to g₁

GREAT ORGAN

Diapason	16 feet	Flute	4 feet
First Diapason	8 feet	Octave	4 feet
Second Diapason	8 feet	Twelfth	2 $\frac{2}{3}$ feet
Flute (Gross Flöte)*	8 feet	Fifteenth	2 feet
Gemshorn	8 feet	Mixture	4 ranks
Gamba (for solo work)	8 feet	Trumpet	8 feet

SWELL ORGAN

Bourdon	16 feet	Flute (harmonic)	4 feet
Diapason	8 feet	Violin	4 feet
Bourdon	8 feet	Dolce Cornet	4 ranks
Viola	8 feet	Trumpet	16 feet
Aeoline	8 feet	Cornopean	8 feet
Gamba (for solo use)	8 feet	Oboe	8 feet
Quintadena	8 feet	Vox humana	8 feet
Voix Celestes, 8 feet (2 ranks)			

CHOIR ORGAN (In Separate Swell-box)

Dulciana	16 feet	Flute (Rohr)	4 feet
Diapason	8 feet	Piccolo	2 feet
Bourdon	8 feet	Fagott	16 feet
Salicional	8 feet	Euphone (free reed very light)	16 feet
Dulciana	8 feet	Clarinet	8 feet
Flute (Traverse)	8 feet		

PEDAL ORGAN (Augmented)

Bourdon	32 feet	Violoncello	8 feet
Diapason	16 feet	Flute	8 feet
Violone	16 feet	Bourdon	8 feet
Dulciana	16 feet	Octave	4 feet
Bourdon	16 feet	Trombone	16 feet
Soft Bourdon	16 feet	Trumpet	8 feet

*The qualifications in parentheses do not appear upon the register-knobs; they are given here for purposes of information.

Specifications of the Jordan Hall Organ (Continued)

COUPLERS (Operated by Tilting Tablets Over Swell-keyboard)

Swell to Great Unison	Swell to Swell at Octaves
Swell to Choir Unison	Swell to Great at Octaves
Choir to Great Unison	Swell to Swell at Sub-octaves
Swell to Pedale Unison	Swell to Great at Sub-octaves
Great to Pedale Unison	Choir to Great at Sub-octaves
Choir to Pedale Unison	

COMBINATION PISTONS

Six and Release, operating upon Swell and Pedale
 Five and Release, operating upon Great and Pedale
 Four and Release, operating Choir and Pedale
 General Release, Pedale Release

COMBINATION PEDALS

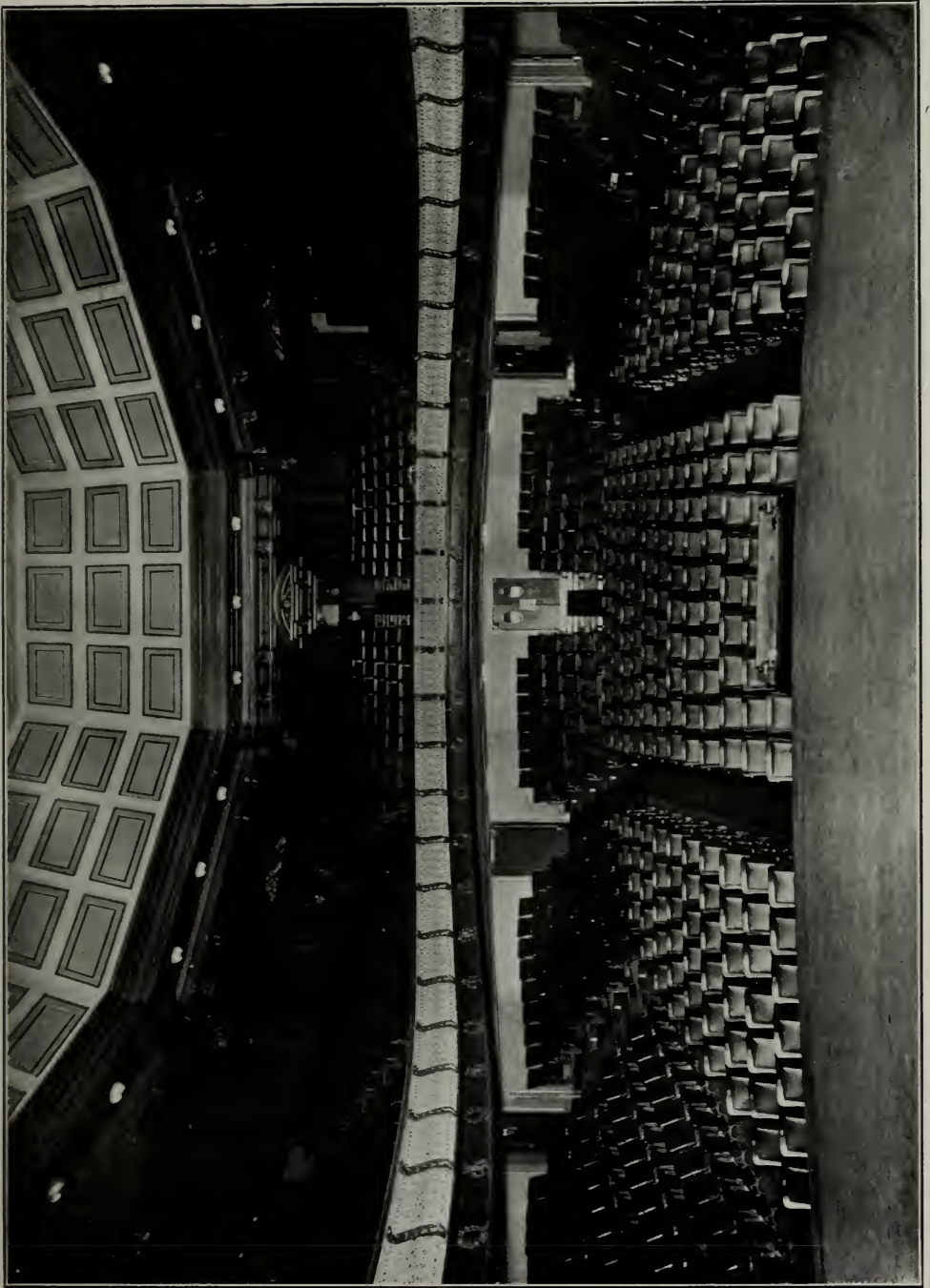
Four and Release partially duplicating Swell Pistons
 Four and Release partially duplicating Great Pistons
 (Operated by foot—pistons on pedal frame)
 General Release
 Full Choir
 Four Collective Pedals, affecting entire organ
 Crescendo Pedal, with indicator at keyboard, showing exact position at all times
 Sforzando Pedal

MECHANICAL PEDAL MOVEMENTS

Great to Pedale, reversible
 Balanced Pedals for Swell and Choir boxes
 Tremulants for Swell and Choir

ACTION

Electro-pneumatic throughout, except connections with swell-boxes
 Pedal keyboard, radiating and concave
 Action extended to keyboard in front of the stage
 Manual-key action provided with device for restoring modified touch of track-organ



JORDAN HALL.



SIGNOR ORESTE BIMBONI

A Tribute

IN attempting to write an appreciation of what Sig. Bimboni achieved with the Opera School, I can begin in no better way, it seems to me, than by briefly sketching his career as conductor of opera, which extended over a period of thirty years or more. During this time he directed in nearly all the important opera houses of the world, and was identified with the début of great singers in new roles as well as with the initial performances of successful operas.

Sig. Oreste Bimboni was born in Florence, September 11, 1846, of a musical family, his father being one of the violinists at the Pergola. His early training began in his native city under the direction of Dechamps, Mabellini, Cortesi and Vannuccini. He was master of chorus under the last two, who were at that time noted operatic conductors in Italy. He studied later with Taubert in Berlin. At the age of eighteen he made his first appearance as director in Bastia Corsica. He remained in Italy for two years, meeting with success in different cities, and then went to Berlin in 1867, where he was under the management of Pollini for a year. From that time he directed with great success in, among other European cities, Moscow, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Naples, Milan, Lisbon, Hamburg, London, and in all the large cities of North and South America; dividing the honors with such celebrated singers as Patti, Nordica, Melba, Calvé, Lucca, Nevada, Gerster, Maurel, and with others of lesser note. He also devoted some of his time to composition, his chief works being the operas *La Modella*, *Haiducul* and *Santuzza*, first produced in Berlin, Bucharest and Palermo respectively.

Twice he interrupted his musical life to follow the fortunes of Garibaldi, of whom he was an ardent admirer. He made his last appearance in America with the Imperial Opera Company in 1896, when he created a furore in Boston and New York by his masterly conducting. Soon after this he retired, with the intention of leading a quiet life in Florence.

This life of inaction palled on one of his temperament, however, and when in 1901 he was offered the directorship of the prospective opera school he accepted, and soon after arrived in Boston full of enthusiasm and impatient to begin his duties. Not only enthusiasm, but confidence and courage were necessary for the task that lay before him: for up to the time of his advent opera schools were a theory rather than a fact. Attempts had

been made from time to time to establish such schools, but the results, as shown in public performance, did not indicate a systematic and thorough training such as the operatic stage demands. Bimboni, besides possessing personal magnetism, fiery temperament, keen perceptions, indomitable will and great musical intelligence, was by long years of training peculiarly qualified for the position. He could coach his pupils in the action and in the voice part of all the roles, and he knew the *mise en scène* of the operas even to the smallest detail. He could, moreover, directing the orchestra himself, produce on very professional lines whatever scenes had been studied in the school.

The first public performance, given in the Boston Theatre after the first six months of study, showed what he could accomplish with purely amateur material, when, before an audience that half expected the usual crude and oftentimes amusing exhibition, he surprised the best friends of the school with results that called forth the warmest praise from all the critics. The effect of his triumph was felt all over the country, and through its influence opera schools were established in all musically important cities. The work of the school under his direction is so generally well known that a detailed account seems unnecessary. For four years he gave to it all the splendid energy and ability that he possessed, and the progress of his pupils bore ample testimony to the fact.

The public performances of increasing difficulty that were given from time to time were a replica of the first in point of excellence. Under his guidance and instruction pupils gained experience that has since proven of inestimable value to them. Many who are now successfully appearing in public can testify to this. He gave his best to the very end, and at his last public appearance he conducted, with his accustomed energy and authority, the most ambitious performance the school had yet attempted.

His untimely death has taken from the Opera School a broad-minded man, intensely interested in the Conservatory, who tried at every opportunity to further its interest here and abroad, and whose great loss is best realized by those who were associated with him in his work.

ARMAND FORTIN.

Jordan Hall Recitals

1905-1906



- SEPTEMBER 27. Recital by Advanced Students.
 - OCTOBER 6. Organ Recital by Mr. Homer Humphrey.
 - OCTOBER 20. Song Recital by Mr. F. Morse Wemple, assisted by Mrs. Charles A. White.
 - NOVEMBER 3. Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Edwin Klahre.
 - NOVEMBER 13. Pianoforte Recital by Mr. William Dietrich Strong.
 - NOVEMBER 17. Recital by Advanced Students.
 - NOVEMBER 24. Concert by the Conservatory Orchestra and Advanced Students, conducted by Mr. Wallace Goodrich.
 - DECEMBER 20. Concert by the Conservatory Chorus, assisted by Mr. Clarence B. Shirley and by Advanced Students and the Conservatory Orchestra. Mr. Wallace Goodrich, Conductor.
 - JANUARY 5. Recital by Advanced Students.
 - JANUARY 11. Organ Recital by Mr. Henry M. Dunham.
 - JANUARY 17. Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Frank Watson, Class of 1905.
 - JANUARY 22. Concert by Students of the Pianoforte and Vocal Departments, assisted by Members of the Conducting Class and by the Conservatory Orchestra. Mr. Wallace Goodrich, Conductor.
 - FEBRUARY 7. Pianoforte Recital by Mr. George Proctor.
 - FEBRUARY 16. Pianoforte Recital by Mr. William Dietrich Strong.
 - FEBRUARY 23. Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Carl Baermann.
 - FEBRUARY 27. Concert by the Conservatory Chorus, assisted by Advanced Students and by the String Orchestra. Mr. Wallace Goodrich, Conductor.
 - MARCH 9. Concert by the Conservatory Orchestra, assisted by Advanced Students. Mr. Wallace Goodrich, Conductor.
 - MARCH 19. Third Annual Recital of Zeta Chapter of Alpha Chi Omega.
 - MARCH 23. Recital by Advanced Students.
 - MARCH 29. Concert by the Conservatory Orchestra, assisted by Advanced Students. Mr. Wallace Goodrich, Conductor.
 - MARCH 31. Pianoforte Recital by Miss Edith Wells Bly.
 - APRIL 2. Organ Recital by Mr. Homer Humphrey.
 - APRIL 5. Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Richard E. Stevens, Class of 1904.
 - APRIL 11. Concert by Advanced Students and Conservatory Orchestra.
- * * * * *
- JUNE 4. Senior Class Concert.

Taste in Art and in Life

A Few Aesthetic Considerations

EUGENE GRUENBERG

(By request)

THE instinct for beauty is universal. All human beings endeavor to beautify their existence by improving life's surroundings, and by securing every possible satisfaction to their five senses. They succeed more or less, according to the development of their æsthetic judgment, which we call "taste," and which depends upon their moral state, their religion and their culture, as well as upon social and climatic conditions.

It seems easy to agree that beauty is not only the purpose of art, but the aim of life. We speak, indeed, of a beautiful life, beautiful characters, beautiful deeds, even of a beautiful death. Beauty is not a "matter of taste," but a matter of highly purified taste. We should, therefore, attempt to improve the latter unceasingly, and to bring it as near perfection as may be.

There can be only *one taste*, strictly speaking, as there can be only *one truth*. A creation of art is either beautiful, or it is not. There ought to be a code of fundamental rules for the science of æsthetics. Unfortunately we do not know them well enough, and consequently there has been constant war between the foremost critics of art, ever since Aristotle undertook the establishing of an evangelism of beauty. If a man has a bad taste in his mouth, he feels it, and he knows it. But many have a bad taste in their eye, in their ear, in their mind, and do not know it. Only study, consideration, comparison, insight and good will can cure that kind of disorder. Some great men, to be sure, have been very narrow in their understanding of art. Witness Goethe, who thought so much of Meyerbeer and so little of Beethoven and Schubert; also Shopenhauer, who, after having received from Wagner—his ardent follower—a copy of the *Nibelungen*, with the author's dedication, said to one of Wagner's admirers: "Why, that wretch may be a great poet, but he is no musician at all. I still adhere to Rossini and Mozart!" How ferociously Wagner was attacked and condemned by Count Tolstoi, is well known. Bismarck had absolutely no sense for music, but he had the courage and honesty openly to confess it. But great men can afford to err, where others who are not great should by all means try to improve. *Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.*

There is yet an immense amount of barbarism and misunderstanding prevailing in the realms of taste and beauty. "Taste" must not be confounded with "style," nor "beautiful" with "interesting." The style will change, but not the taste. The beautiful appeals more to our eye (our ear, in music), the interesting to our intellect. Both qualities may, but *need not* be combined. In the majority of cases they are not. When our beloved music teacher, speaking of some new, and for him too radical composition, said, "Very interesting," we knew at once that he did not like it.

We would have known it even if he had not rolled his eyes and twisted one end of his martial moustache in a most terrifying manner.

We have in art the classic (or antic), the romantic and the modern styles, each governed by generally accepted principles. The difference lies in their purpose and object, as well as in details of shape, line and color, that is, in artistic conception. But the form of beauty remains the same; viz., idealization without violating the eternal laws of beauty, as taught by nature itself. Necessarily there will be, from time to time, an elemental revolution, caused by some extraordinary genius, which makes the world of art tremble as by an earthquake, destroying old beliefs and substituting new ones. Such a genius is welcome. But nowadays we see arise so many Messiahs and destroyers that we perceive lose our confidence in their divine messages.

What shall we think, for example, of the proposition to combine the arts of painting and sculpture? The greatest factor in appreciating and enjoying a piece of art is our imagination. This wonderful faculty has to *complete* what art only *suggests*. We see a landscape or a scene at the waterfront; it is only an illusion, but our *inner eye* is inspired to a glorious vision of real meadows, woods, mountains, brooks, of big vessels, huge waves, the majestic ocean, the infinite sky. How ridiculous would be the attempt to place within a picture's frame real trees, brooks, mountains, vessels, and ponds, all in miniature! Would it not be as far from reality, as from idealization? And imagine the statue of Venus of Milo painted over! What artist could ever hope to give to her colors producing that dream of beauty which only our imagination is able to see? A painted Venus is possible only on a canvas, for then our imagination is given the opportunity of *conceiving plastically* the perfect form of that ever fascinating goddess.

The combination of poetry and music, as we find it in opera and oratorio, is no argument against the aforesaid. The elements of poetry are not strange to the art of music; in fact, all the arts are permeated with poetry. And experience teaches that the imagination of the listener is not checked, but, on the contrary, aroused by music-dramatic performances. Still, a good deal has been said against the union of poetry and music, some going so far as to call the opera an utter insanity, and the adoption of music as an accompanying feature nothing more nor less than a sacrilege, involving the degradation of a noble art to the humiliating role of a servant. To settle this particular question definitely will probably remain the task for some future time.

In the kingdom of music we have arrived at a critical point. Melody or harmony, the war cry which has excited and inflamed generation after generation, seems now to have lost its significance. After all, melody has hitherto held its own, and so has harmony, only in various shapes, qualities and doses at different times. Melody received its true meaning through harmony, and the latter found in the former its reason for existence. Without harmony there is no melody, and *vice versa*. But in music *one axiom* has always been considered vital,—the *unity of harmony*. Now the foundation wall of that old stronghold is being jostled by the extremists! If these men are right, then good-by to harmony; a new era dawns; enter—cacophony and discord.

Men cannot exist without innovations. After many fanatic struggles and striking evolutions in which rhythm, melody, harmony, counterpoint and polyphony, in turn, were worshipped in intoxicating orgies, it was rather difficult to find a new golden

calf. But one was found; and its priests claim to have solved the question of music for all time. May be; but if the new theory is correct, it is not for the reason of being new. The new grows old, and the old grows new; in other words, there is nothing new under the sun.

It is hard to satisfy a modern *Ueber Genie* (over-genius). Anything which smells like ordinary or conservative stuff is banished with contempt. Consecutive fifths are antiquated spice already, and scales without semitones are the least thing expected from a man who desires to pass for a modern and "original" writer. But in order to shine among the select "ultras" one must, mind you, understand how to compose in two different keys at the same time; an *opus* so manufactured is sure to be the *pièce de résistance* in any modern concert program. The most dreary, shocking, dismal subjects will no longer satisfy our present creators of operas and symphonic poems. Should a libretto deserve the honorary title "modern," it must beat by a hundred miles the imagination of such fellows as Poe, Ibsen and Belot in frightfulness, distastefulness and morbid perversity. Where we are driving to only the Lord knows. There are modern compositions in which nothing will remind you of the leading key but the signature, and, possibly, the last measure. How can we speak at all of a key in such cases? Suppose a painter is color blind and paints all his grass and leaves purple, will you accept it for green? Or an author publishes a book under the title *In Italy*, and you find it a description of Ireland. Would you not call it a farce, or consider the writer crazy? From the sublime to the ridiculous is only a step; is it only a step back again? *We hope so*, for therein would lie the great consolation that, sooner or later, the true principles of beauty may be legitimate again, and *good taste* in art, a new Phenix, arise to lasting glory and sovereignty. Amen!

The contrast of beauty is caricature; the caricature of good taste is poor taste. Also in life! In our school days we read that the old Hellens enjoyed "a beautiful life," especially during the times of Pericles and Aspasia. The question arises, What is beauty in life? what *is* a beautiful life? One fool can ask more questions than a thousand wise can answer. For instance, why was the world created? why is the zebra striped? why must we pay bills? why are there triangles? why was Beethoven born? But, returning to our own question, it is gratifying to see the best thinkers agreeing that not so much the features satisfying eye and ear, and not alone comfort, wealth and material success make life happy and beautiful, but, incomparably more, all that which appeals to our *inner* senses, to our intellect. What do we admire in a man? what do we call beautiful in him? Above all, the high standard of his mind and conduct, his ethical value, not his appearance or abilities, fascinating and brilliant as these may be. In life, beautiful is identical with good, noble, true and pure. Many have ventured to outline the rules for beauty of life. But it is hard to appreciate written laws of an æsthetic nature, especially with reference to life. Serious observation, contemplation and experience will do us infinitely more good than all the dry books on good taste and behavior on sale in every bookstore under such titles as, "Do!" and "Don't!" The best advice we can think of is, be as fair to others as to yourself. *Be*, and you will have your reward. The lack of fairness results not necessarily from a mean disposition, but sometimes from a lack of discrimination and discretion, as well as from misunderstanding one's social standing.

The terms "equality" and "liberty" are often misconstrued. Only a political, a national meaning is allowable to these expressions, not one of individual authority and calibre. Let there be no mistake about it—there is great variety of rank and standing depending on the outer and inner qualities and value of the individuals. Gold is better than dirt, the lion belongs to a higher order of mammalia than the pig or jackass, and an American Beauty's fragrance is sweeter than the odor of garlic. The President of the United States could fill most any office to perfection, but how many would be able to be President only for five minutes? Would you not say that merit, age and knowledge should be approached with respect and deference? Yet there are some incurable duffers who do not seem to think so, because they boast in "equality." Such people have no idea of fairness and modesty. A conspicuous member of this large family is the gentleman who busies himself with worshiping his own dear self and magnitude. He will tell you scores of interesting little incidents connected with some very great and famous persons, and he will manage to appear himself as the most conspicuous figure in every story. "Homer and Shakespeare, the two greatest poets of the world, spoke so little of themselves in all their works that their very existence became a matter of doubt." This little aphorism is quite to the point.

Courtesy, regard and modesty are graces which go far to embellish life. How little this is recognized can be seen from the shocking forms of greeting still common among young people. Many a time we have seen a young man enter a private room without removing his hat. The forms of greeting have always and everywhere been considered indispensable marks of esteem and respect. They have been strictly adhered to just as all other conventions. Style and form of greeting differ very much among the nations of our globe. The old Greeks and Romans used simply the spoken word in salutation, as *chaire, ave, vale, salve*, etc. The Turks cross arms in front of their chest, while making a low bow; the Arabs place the left hand on the chest, kissing the friend's cheeks and their own right hand; the Kalmucks snuffle at each other and rub their noses together; the Thibetans stick out their tongue, gnash their teeth, and scratch their ears, and so forth. We do not feel inclined to recommend any of these variants of greeting, but some style of homage must be accepted also by us. As a matter of fact the raising of the hat has been agreed upon as the proper form of greeting in civilized countries since about the beginning of the seventeenth century. To violate this rule is, therefore, an offense. Exaggeration is, of course, never desirable, and exceptions are quite possible. To decide in such cases we must depend on tact and discrimination. When in the court room, in the presence of the judge, you will remove your hat; even a cowboy must, little used though he may be to etiquette at his ranch. On the street, in public places like depots, museums and offices, excepting such of a private character, we are not expected to remain bareheaded for any length of time, not even while conversing with a lady. On the other hand, it is not clear why we should not pay to a man we respect the same tribute of courtesy which we pay to a lady, so long as we agree that everything has its time, even such things as politeness, ceremony and etiquette. *C'est le ton, qui fait la musique!* In distinguishing the demands of the case we display our taste. It is quite different, whether one enters the White House or a circus, a stable or a conservatory of art. Even cannibals must learn to comprehend this.

"The end justifies the means." This motto of the Jesuits has been often harshly criticised, yet is admissible at times. A physician may prescribe a dose of poison in order to save a life, while, if he shocks a patient by forecasting the approach of his death, "within a year or so," he is guilty of criminal brutality. To put it mildly, that physician does not show very good taste. Nor do those friends of yours who will, nine times out of ten, tell you, "Why, you don't look at all well to-day!" How in the world can it give any comfort to a man to hear that he is looking sick? This is not the way to express one's sympathy, and it can have only one effect, viz. to make a man—sick. The life is so short, and brings so many gloomy experiences, that we should mutually endeavor to make it as rosy and cheerful to each other as possible. Opinions may differ in certain matters, and every individual should be at liberty to live up to his own gusto. But this freedom—even in a free country—cannot go so far as to annoy in any degree one's neighbor, else the latter may feel disposed to get even with him who dares disturb the peace of his life by extravagant behavior. We may suffer by a terrible necktie; it may be beyond our comprehension how a man can be fond of the smell of Limberger cheese, or of the taste of castor oil; but such things are, after all, individual. For instance, an acknowledged French expert on neckties who, by the way, happens also to be one of the greatest living actors, recently declared any trace of symmetry to be positively destructive to the beauty of a necktie, and that accordingly we should fold our neckties in darkness. Would it not, by the way, be well for modern composers, painters and sculptors, to do their composing, painting and sculpturing in pitch darkness, so as to avoid any trace of harmony and symmetry? As long as our senses are not offended painfully, a good deal can be tolerated. Unfortunately certain people do not seem to realize the meaning of humanity, decency, dignity and form. Form is too often treated with neglect, not to say contempt. But, is not art itself erected on the two pillars, *contents* and *form*?

Bad manners have always been a source of indignation and disgust, challenging the keenest protest of the refined. We do not refer to the professional ruffian, but to such otherwise honorable individuals as, owing to some missing link in education or disposition, exhibit habits which must be called rustic and repulsive. The bearing of certain scientists and artists, for example, is simply unendurable. Buried in their books and dens they lose all interest in gentility, form and society, expecting the whole world to make allowances for their grotesque peculiarities. Then, again, there are those who will indulge in all sorts of doings which cause one physical pain or disgust. They will drive you to despair by pounding the piano in a summer hotel, hacking for hours the most vulgar ragtime, or perpetrating infernal noises of every description, detrimental to all who came for rest and recovery. Men who are not ashamed to expectorate in the presence of others, ladies who visit theatres and concert halls crowned with mammoth hats, autoists who constantly and recklessly endanger the unprotected life of unsuspecting pedestrians,—all these qualify themselves as nuisances, and whoever is a nuisance shows decidedly a lack of good taste. Not any less annoying are those table companions who, evidently not acquainted with the purpose of the fork, shovel big wagon loads of food into their mouths *with a knife*. The meal over, they chew their beloved toothpick in your presence—one of the most disgusting habits to be thought of. Can you imagine the old Greeks hanging round with toothpicks in their mouths?

Now, we have seen that taste rules the world. The quality of taste displays itself in all our doings, but most particularly in control of ourselves, in our ability to abstract ourselves from all prejudices, and preserve our own judgment intact from the influences of the mode and its caprices. Times may change, but the sterling quality of taste, beauty and morals, never. Are not the Ten Commandments holding good as the basis of all humanity; and is not the beauty of Venus and Helen liable to cause as much mischief now as it did in times of yore? There was hardly ever a commonwealth which considered such habits and faults as sarcasm, bragging, fault-finding, lamenting, domineering, stubbornness, stinginess, dissipation, jealousy, gossiping, etc., to be means of temporal prosperity and elevation. To be happy one must, before all, learn to content one's self with one's lot, and unlearn the longing for the unattainable. He who is unable to appreciate what he has, who looks with a grudge at his neighbor's happiness, is a crank, neither offering nor deserving sympathy. He will feel sour all his life long, and the glory and grandeur of nature and art will forever be a secret to him. What he lacks is—humor. Truly happy are those mortals who are blessed with that incomparable treasure, that unique, heavenly element, called humor. What would life be without it? Humor is the incarnation of life. It inspires, invigorates, fructifies, purifies, lashes, tries, condemns, liberates, consoles, rewards. It is the supreme judge in all questions of taste, and marks the pinnacle of artistic creativeness. Without humor there would be no Shakespeare. The influence of humor upon the intellectual and ethical development of the human race is immeasurable. A man of humor cannot help being happy. And if he ever should feel "blue," his humor will enable him to have recourse to his beloved *work*, that sweetest of all medicines in life.

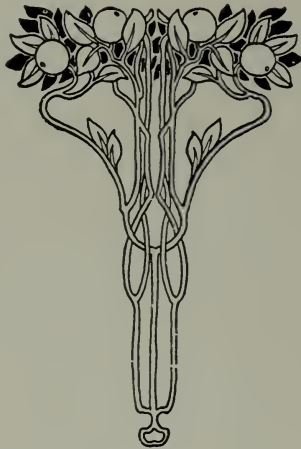
People of great activity have little time for spells of depression and discouragement, although they need not be prevented from finding time to enjoy all the noble pleasures of life. Think only of Shakespeare, Goethe, Voltaire, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Wagner, Raphael, Durer, Rubens, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Stradivarius!

You are astonished that a single author's works should be so numerous as to fill a spacious bookcase, or more. But a simple arithmetical example will explain how much can be accomplished by regularity and industry. Suppose an author produces for thirty years, writing say four pages (print) a day, that would give in two months a volume of two hundred and forty pages, in one year six, and in thirty years one hundred and eighty volumes. Alexandre Dumas wrote about every two weeks one volume of two hundred and sixteen pages. This would make twenty-four volumes in one, and seven hundred and twenty in thirty years. Raphael died at thirty years of age, and his works number more than three hundred. Lope de Vega wrote about five hundred dramas of different sizes. Wonders of artistic productiveness were accomplished by Mozart, Schubert and other great masters who have died young.

Of course, not even the greatest artists could do much without *inspiration*. Inspiration they *must* have, though it be nothing but the vision of the publisher's or manager's check. We cannot find, therefore, anything better for the conclusion of this article, than to offer to all the young artists *in spe* of the New England Conservatory of Music our warmest wishes for a continuous and prosperous inspiration. All have probably heard of old King Midas, famous for his ass's ears, and for his ability to turn, whatever he touched, into gold. Let us hope, then, you may all find ideal

publishers and managers resembling Midas, not necessarily as to his ears, but in that other qualification.

And now, as a final suggestion, may we be permitted to recommend to all our young friends of either sex to consider what has been said above as to the sublime masters' industry, and the fact that the latter proved to be a divine source of infinite happiness and satisfaction, not only to themselves, but to the rest of the world. Let us all join in admiration of genius and of the ideal. May we succeed in finding therein inspiration for unceasing work, improvement of intellect, and elevation of *taste in art and in life!*



Interlude

PERHAPS I *did* look like an eavesdropper: anyway, I was one. I went in to speak to Mr. Flanders, and finding him with his usual leisure (?), I took a chair in the corner by Mr. Trowbridge's desk and resigned myself to any diversions that might come along. I had not long to wait.

A modestly dressed, pleasant-faced woman approached Mr. Trowbridge with a smile. "I want a lady singer with a good voice and a great deal of 'chic' to sing a group of French songs: can you furnish me with one? She must have artistic finish, and her pronunciation must be excellent, for it will be a critical audience." "Why, yes, madame: we have a soloist who will satisfy you, I am sure. How much do you pay?" "Well—er—I can only pay one dollar"—rapidly—"but this is an afternoon of readings to be given at a Back Bay home, and, you know, if the singer were *liked* she might be called upon for an engagement where there would be more pay. I am the reader, and you know it means a great deal to appear before *such* an audience." Shades of Jupiter, a finished artist, a Parisian, for one dollar!

The next on the scene was our popular Miss Sour. "Yes, I sang at that church in the 'Island Ward,' as you call it, for a month, but I got through yesterday. The organist simply couldn't keep within shouting distance of me. Miss Frances, who went there when I did, you know, played all right, but the committee told her two weeks ago that the new choir (mostly young girls) would not agree to sing unless they could have a nice-looking young man for an organist and director. I think the chairman felt a little cheap about it, after having told Miss Frances how pleased they were with her work, for she said, 'Well, you see they're young, and a young man *appeals* to them!'" This incident reminded me of the story of the old maid and the owl: "Oh, I don't care who, so long as it's a man!"

Miss Sour had just finished filing her application for another position when a demand came for a soprano. "We've a small, struggling society in M——," the gentleman explained, "and are just starting a choir. We want a soprano of fair quality and strength of tone to lead the choir. She'd have to come out to rehearsal Saturday night and two services Sunday." "You pay?" "Well, we can give a dollar and a half a week." "And car fares?" "Why, no. I thought students would jump at the oppor-

tunity for the practice and advertising." Travel sixty miles, pay sixty cents in car fares, be the mainstay of the choir, and receive ninety cents for the work! Surely music is a remunerative profession, thought I. (This position is still open to applicants.)

Just then the telephone bell rang. "Good pianist? Yes; oh, yes; orchestral experience.—Violinist? Several of them.—In a restaurant? Three hours a day—Oh, yes, they've had a great deal of experience, and are first-class players—You pay? Meals only!!—No sir, apply to the Italian street band." Good for Mr. Trowbridge, I said (mentally though, for I was apparently watching the Friday afternoon rushers gather at Symphony Hall).

Driving rapidly toward the Conservatory I saw a swell turnout,—silver mountings, liveried coachman, footman, etc. A lady alighted, and in a few minutes came into the office. She was stunningly dressed; big picture hat, furs, diamond ear-rings, and a diamond sunburst. At last, thought I, we've got out of poverty zone. Here's an engagement worth while. "I am Mrs. X. I have charge of the music at the entertainment of our club. I want a young lady to play some piano solos. I want a first-class artist, for we've had some of the best players in the city, and I want my program to excel all others. I want to hear her play first for there will be a brilliant audience, and I don't want any selections that won't please." "Well, madame, I'm sure we have several young ladies that would satisfy you. You are willing to pay?" "Oh! I can't pay anything; our club never pays anything; and it's such a brilliant audience ——." Well, really, madame, our players usually make their own selections when they play for charity." "Charity! charity, sir!! This is *not* for *charity*; this is for the Gossiping Gadders Club!!!" 'Twas too much for me. Even the hardened manager stared blankly in front of him. I fled precipitately.



Reminiscences of Grand Opera Singers

HERE is nothing so disconcerting to the young aspirant after fame as to be overcome with stage fright, just when a kindly providence has given the first opportunity to show a new talent to an admiring world. Yet there should be nothing discouraging in this, for all, or nearly all, great artists either suffer permanently from stage fright, or at least have felt it at more than one period of their artistic career. Indeed, I think that no great musician ever approaches the moment of his or her appearance in public without a certain amount of trepidation, a sinking of the heart, or a heightened nervous tension. Highly strung nerves are part of the artist's equipment, empowering him to feel his rôle acutely, to throw himself completely into the personality of the part he is taking, and they naturally bring also sufferings that coarser natures escape. I have known many whose names are known the world over, and for the encouragement of those of you who are as yet only striving after fame I will tell you what I know of their feelings when about to appear on the stage, either concert or operatic.

Let us begin with Madame Patti. Several times I have been behind the scenes when she was to sing one of her famous rôles. She was nervous, excited, irritable to an intense degree; in fact she suffered from stage fright. Of course it does not take the same form in all persons. For instance, Jean de Reszke shuts himself up in a room and speaks to no one the day he is to sing. The public are told that he is studying his part, but it is only another form of extreme nervous tension. His brother, Edouard de Reszke, on the contrary, is apparently not at all affected, and pursues his ordinary avocations with, at least outwardly, calm and steady nerves. One day when the brothers were lunching with us my little daughter brought in her kittens at the close of the meal. There were five tiny, black fluff balls, and with childish impetuosity she put them all five on Edouard de Reszke's shoulders. He laughed gayly and was pleased; for according to his belief black cats brought luck, and five must surely mean a great success. He was to sing that night, and declared it would be a great night for him in his famous rôle of Mephistopheles.

Campanari does not appear nervous, but he insists upon cooking his own dinner the day of his appearance in public. This is simply a sort of

nervous restlessness very hard to control, and I have often wondered if he ever got over it, or what would happen if he could not follow out his own queer wishes. Probably he would simply find something else to do. Madame Sembricht is very restless; moves from place to place and changes her occupation without any apparent reason. Not even her favorite books can hold her attention for many minutes at a time. Madame Calvé, for all her apparent *sang-froid*, is almost as timid now as at her first appearance. I remember one day some years ago when Madame Melba was singing Lucia, which was to be followed by Madame Calvé in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, I was talking to Madame Calvé behind the scenes while waiting for my husband: it was in Mechanics Hall, and the house was crowded. After a tremendous burst of applause I said to her, "Isn't it lovely to see so many people who came just to hear you sing?" The applause for Lucia burst out again, and Madame Calvé turned to me almost crossly saying, "Oh, they did not *all* come to hear me!" Again Madame Calvé was singing Mignon in the opera of that name. She was extremely nervous, as it was her first appearance in that part. As the opera progressed this feeling was heightened by the apprehension that the rôle did not suit her at all, and that she somehow failed to identify herself with Mignon. This so worked upon her already overwrought nerves that she fainted dead away, and could of course not sing any more that evening. She never attempted the part again either, though the general public was told that Madame Calvé had been taken suddenly ill.

At one time Madame Patti and Madame Scalchi sang together in many operas. Now Madame Patti has always been inclined to order people about, and Madame Scalchi was gaining ground and had many friends and admirers, so that at times she was inclined to resent the somewhat dictatorial tone of her great rival. One day at Mechanics Hall, where the dressing rooms were but hastily boarded up partitions, Madame Scalchi, not knowing that Madame Patti was near, began to relieve her mind by saying just exactly what she thought of her. Her tirade over, what was her surprise and chagrin to hear the prima donna remark in a cold, calm voice coming from just the other side of the partition, "Good evening, Sophia." Nothing further was said, but they never sang together again.

Madame Melba, with her colder nature, is of course less accessible to nervousness of any kind, and therefore makes no difference in the disposition of her time the day she sings in public. Madame Nordica and Madame Eames are both very nervous. I have been behind the scenes many times

with Signor Rotoli, and have often remarked that when the evening was happily over they appeared to feel as though some weight had been removed from their minds, though surely there was no question of their success, great artists as they both are.

Signor Rotoli, despite the many, many times he had sung in public, never approached a concert calmly. His nervousness was so intense that it affected those surrounding him to a very marked degree. Many times I have been almost ill with a sort of sick fear, and would have liked to leave the concert room so great was my dread that he would break down—a very unfounded fear, for he became perfectly calm and self-confident once on the platform. It was only the thought of singing that made Signor Rotoli nervous; the actual singing was always a delight.

I think perhaps one great secret of the success of these artists lies in the fact that the greater the artist on the stage, the simpler and happier their lives are apt to be in private. They seem to throw off all care, all thought of the tragic parts they assume, to forget the tremendous emotions that have convulsed them, and to become at once just natural, one might almost say, ordinary people. I have spent many pleasant hours with them, and remember in particular one New Year's Eve in New York. Madame Sembrich entertained us all in her beautiful apartment. About twenty-five of us sat down to dinner. Several of the operatic singers were present, Mr. Damrosch and his charming wife, Signor Rotoli and myself. The evening remains as one of my pleasantest memories. Gay stories were told and toasts given: we laughed as gayly as though concerts and operas did not exist. After dinner our hostess and her husband danced a quaint Polish dance with the grace and abandon of two happy children.

And so in closing I say to you, Have courage. To be nervous is perfectly natural, and does not imply failure at all. There is no way of either avoiding or curing this feeling of "stage fright." Try to live simply, to know thoroughly the part or song or piece of music you are to perform, and instead of anticipating failure do not think of the end of the concert at all. Keep your mind on the present, and remember for your greater consolation that all great artists suffer more or less, and that therefore when you are very nervous you are suffering in very good company.

MADAME AUGUSTO ROTOLI.

Made by Hand

NOTHING is of greater interest to the composer of music than the traces of individuality and personal characteristics which are to be found in the hand-writing, and especially in the musical manuscripts, of other composers. And when these composers happen to be the greatest masters of the musical art, it is little wonder that their manuscripts should have acquired a monetary worth out of all proportion to the original valuation of the works themselves. In fact, it is safe to say that an authentic manuscript of Bach, Beethoven or Mozart is now literally worth its weight in gold.

There are many collections of these priceless things scattered through Europe, besides those in the public libraries. In the Royal Library at Munich (where I was once *locked in*—but that is another story) there are many works by Orlando Lasso and the early contrapuntal composers: at Milan a remarkable collection of operas by the early Italian composers, even back to Peri and Monteverdi: in the Vatican at Rome, much interesting church music; and in Berlin, in the Royal Library, reams upon reams of the works of Bach, as well as many things by Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart and others. Many private collectors also possess interesting specimens, and among them Prof. Siegfried Ochs, of Berlin, is perhaps the most fortunate. To spend a morning with this cultured and delightful gentleman in his library is a pleasure to be remembered for many a long day. Not only are his specimens in most cases beautifully clear and well-preserved writings, but many of them are well-known and complete masterpieces of the great composers. Professor Ochs is well known as an authority on the works of Bach, and of this master he possesses the manuscripts of a complete church cantata. With his large family of hungry little Bachs, it was necessary for the "father of music" to economize in his music paper, which he often ruled himself. In this piece the three or four lines not required for the score of the cantata are used for the score part of another piece. The notes are so crowded that they almost touch each other, but everything is beautifully clear, and without corrections of any kind.

And here is a large portion of one of the early Italian operas by Handel,—the only manuscript by him in Germany. The great black masculine notes still glisten with the sand, which in those days took the place of blotting paper, and it reflects the light like gems, if one examines it closely. Of Beethoven, Professor Ochs possesses many examples, both in musical

ACCIDENTS



“The Damnation of Faust”

By the Conservatory Orchestra, Assisted by His Satanic Majesty,

March 9, 1906

You will make a loud noise in the musical world,
And crowds of fine people will come :
You'll play with an orchestra of fame and renown—
The instrument will be the bass drum.

—*Sibylline Book.*

The Sandman must have been responsible for what I saw. He was on the program just before.

Faust entered bravely and started the music. All was quiet and serene for a few minutes. This did not last, for the Fiend soon put in his appearance. He viewed the scene from afar, and then withdrew. I suppose those who do not believe in the Sandman did not attach any importance to those few vigorous drum beats near the beginning of the piece. If they had believed, they would have known them as the welcome accorded their patron by the tyros of the drum and cymbals.

Faust saw and comprehended, quieting them with a wave of the hand. Peace had been restored but a moment when the musicians became agitated. Suddenly the Fiend jumped to the stage from between the organ pipes. Crash! Bang!! The whole orchestra felt his presence. Faust waved his arms to and fro to keep the players within bounds. The Fiend approached him and began a slow dance accompanied by his neophytes on the drum and cymbals. Faust, resisting his incantation, beckoned to the sinners on the back row to have done. But they did not see him. With eyes fastened on the cloven hoofs of their patron, they followed his every move with a *clash* and *bang*. The Fiend quickened his pace. Faster and faster he danced. Faust tried to resist. He directed all his attention to the rear of the stage, but it was useless.

So fast had the Fiend's motions become that the drummer, unable to follow each individual movement, doubled up behind his rack and set to work in dead earnest. The cymbals, not to be outdone, whacked fortissimo, prestissimo! With a few frantic gestures of appeal Faust gave up the unequal contest. The Fiend, seeing his victory, disappeared with a final deafening bang.

I awoke. There was the conductor bowing and smiling like the hero of the play who, having been killed on one side of the curtain, comes to the other side to show that in spite of the arch fiend he is still alive. I looked toward the back row of the orchestra. It was vacant!

N. B.—Green room gossip has it that the conductor said that the German band was a little off in spots.—[ED.]

N. B.—His Satanic Majesty was not present at the second Damnation.—[ED.]

A Musical Love Story

A young conductor loved a maid,
 And her he did adore so,
 That he grew thin as Romeo:
 Not only so, but *morceau*.

But she did not return his love,
 The haughty little queen:
 Her station higher was than his,
 With many "bars" between.

Yet without "measure" still he sighed,
 And murmured with a "quaver."
 "A fugue good years may make me rich,
 And then I'm bound to have her."

But still she spurned the tender "chord,"
 Which every nature hallows,
 And said to him, "Be off! Now 'march';
 You're fit to deck the 'gallops.'"

This "clef"-ed him to the very heart,—
 To sneer at his condition!
 And then a fierce and wild despair
 Entered his "composition."

He took to drink, to drown his woe,
 And said, in "tones" laconic,
 "To those who have been crossed in love,
 Beer is a 'dire tonic.'"

He'd often to the "counter-point"
 Where beer was sold by measure,
 And say: "It is my 'Dominant'
 And only ruling pleasure."

"I never thought to find repose
 Upon this mundane sphere,
 But this 'composer' stills my grief;
 I do ad- Meyer-beer."

The maid, the "tenor" of her way
 Kept on, with purpose haughty:
 She's punished for her "base"-ness now,—
 She's still a maid—and *forte*.

L. C. ELSON.

Hints to New Pupils

1. If you anticipate studying harmony, take plenty of tonic before you begin.
2. Better not try sliding down the banisters—they'll come out!
3. If you think "Mac" can't do a sprint, try to slip in to a concert.
4. Begin now to think up something hideous to cultivate as one of your distinguishing characteristics.
5. Materials for the study of harmony—book, pencil, paper, and ear-wads.
6. When you go to a recital don't comment on the program: wait until you get home where nobody can hear you, then consult a pronouncing dictionary.
7. ☺—Ask Miss Perkins.
8. If you are cultivating positive pitch, stay out of sight-playing.
9. Cheer up! If you can't ride in an automobile you can ride in the next thing to it—the elevator.
10. Don't expect to be a favorite by smiling at teacher—work!

A Feather in Stasny's Cap

CHORD ANALYSIS CLASS

TEACHER: "Now, what is the basis of all music, anyhow?"

Oppressive silence, deep thinking.

TEACHER: "Can't anyone in the class tell me what the fundamental of all music is?"

Silence again; then, with triumphant voice, Stasny pupil: "Fundamental! Technic!"

ULTRA MODERN

HARMONY CLASS

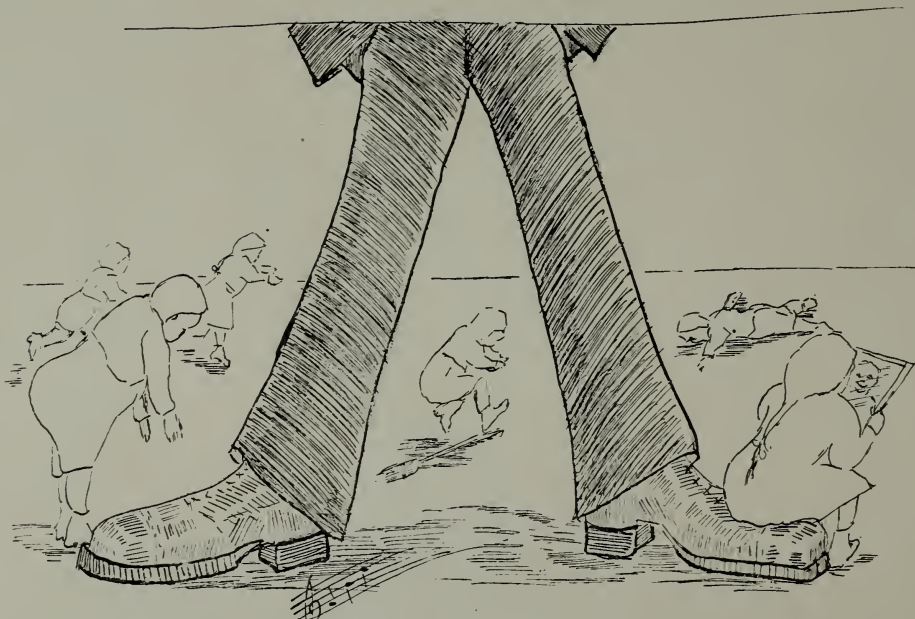
PUPIL: "Last year's class regarded those as hidden fifths and octaves."

MAESTRO: "Well! *This* class is modern, not antiquated."

CONCERT DEPARTMENT



LOOK PLEASANT



DEAR JACK :—

You've got an entirely wrong idea of the work of the Concert Department class. I know Lucy Ramrod made light of the class when she was at home Christmas vacation, and said all the sarcastic things she could about dish-washing, kneading bread, acrobatic and gymnastic feats, etc. But then, Lucy is so stiff and awkward I don't wonder at her remarks. She is really not the most sylph-like being I've ever met!

The object of the class is to train the student to be at ease before the public. You'd think there wouldn't be any need for such a course at the Con., but if you'd attended the concerts regularly as I have, you would realize the need of some kind of work in this direction. Why, I've seen girl after girl walk across the stage and do up her hair right in front of the audience. I wouldn't be afraid to bet ten dollars that every one of them had spent two hours before the mirror before coming to the hall, so it wasn't from lack of preparation; it was simply self-consciousness. Now, the teacher in Concert Department dwells on these awkward acts until their ridiculousness is impressed on the memory of the pupil. Then again, I saw one person keep the whole orchestra waiting while she jiggled the piano stool up, then down; then she dusted the piano keys, wiped her face and hands on her handkerchief, carefully placed the choice fabric on the piano rack, and we all thought she was ready to begin. But no! oh, no! There was a hasty spring from the piano stool, a few more twistings, more flouncing of the skirts, another grab at the handkerchief, and at last the composition was allowed to begin. If that girl was in the department class, I wonder what the teacher said to her, next lesson?

Then I've seen young ladies, when presented with bouquets, make a grab at the flowers like a hungry tramp at Boston baked beans. As for the fellows, heavens, Jack, don't ask me! The organists all run down to the console as though they were shot out of a cannon. Other fellows I've seen stalk across the platform with one hand up to the nose. When it comes to bowing—well, I've been uncertain many times whether students were bowing, or whether they had been seized with sudden pain internally and doubled up like a jack-knife. Still, even this is better than the way some do—turn their backs to the audience and walk off the stage with no more recognition of the applause than as though the people were so many sticks. Such behavior always makes me swearing mad.

I guess I've run on enough. When you come on to Commencement you won't see any of the things I've spoken about, for all who take part that day are Seniors; hence have long since outgrown such uncouthness. Don't you think, Jack, I've learned something besides music since coming to Boston? Guess I'd better sign myself,

Yours for lectures on manners, morals, etc.,

BOB.

BOSTON, April, 1906.

Prize Competition

Wishing to stimulate the efforts of young American composers, and desiring to awaken an interest in the higher branches of art, the editor of the NEUME has come to the conclusion to offer as a prize to be competed for by native talent a *seven octave hand organ*, in a beautiful rosewood case, with carved legs.

The classes of compositions which may be attempted are:—

1. A one-voiced fugue, either free or strict. It may be in "canon" form, but must not be "rifled" from any other composer.
2. A slumber song for Calliope.
3. A serenade for cymbals and bass drum.
4. A "pop" song, with some original allusions to "mother."
5. A sacred song, with some novel "crystal stair," "pearly gate," and "golden harp" effects.
6. A concerto for hand organ and street band.

Easy French Lessons—à la Ollendorf

FOR CONSERVATORY STUDENTS

Does the handsome (*jolie*) miss take lessons of the good music teacher? Oh, yes, the handsome miss takes lessons (*leçons*) of the good music teacher. The hours of the good music teacher are very short. Are the bills of the music teacher also short? No; the bills of the music teacher are very long. Do you know of other teachers besides the teacher of your sister's friend? Oh, yes; I know that of the son of the gardener. What is the matter (*qu'a-t-il*) with the music teacher? Has he shame (*a-t-il honte*)? No, he is not ashamed; he is jealous.

Has the sister of the baker talent? No, she has not talent, but she has the "Maiden's Prayer." Has the grocer's brother the fine sonata? He has not the fine sonata, but he has "Hiawatha." Can you hear the soft tone of the great violinist? No, I cannot hear the tone of the great violinist: that is why I applaud. Has the lady in the blue silk pain? No, she has not pain, but she is singing (*elle chante*): her hearers have pain. Is the cat in trouble? No, the cat is not in trouble, but my cousin is practicing on his violin. Will he play some more? Yes, he is very studious.

L. C. ELS ON.

The Neume Business Manager

He's busy in the morning,
 He's busier at night;
 He is the busiest person
 That ever came in sight.

He's hunting ads or hunting girls,
 He's busy all the time;
 As for piano tuning,
 That's merely a side line.

Should you meet him he'd say to you:
 "Excuse me, I must pass;
 I'm in an 'awful' hurry
 Because I have a class."

Now gentle reader, listen,—
 'Tis enough to shock a preacher,—
 The library is the class room,
 And "Punker" is the teacher.

Many will remember that two years ago, after the completion of the second organ at Trinity Church, a special evensong was given. At the close Mr. Goodrich was to play several numbers, and the attendants were supplied with programs. It was later found that many people did not profit greatly by them.

The last number was a Bach prelude and fugue, while the one just before it was of a more subdued and quiet nature. At its conclusion the occupants of one pew took their departure, and their neighbors, evidently thinking everything was over, did likewise. Soon very few were left in the church, and seeing the situation, Mr. Goodrich closed the organ and withdrew also.

At this point the following conversation was overheard:—

YOUNG MAN.—"Why, he didn't play that last number, did he?"

YOUNG WOMAN.—"Yes, he must have; they are all leaving."

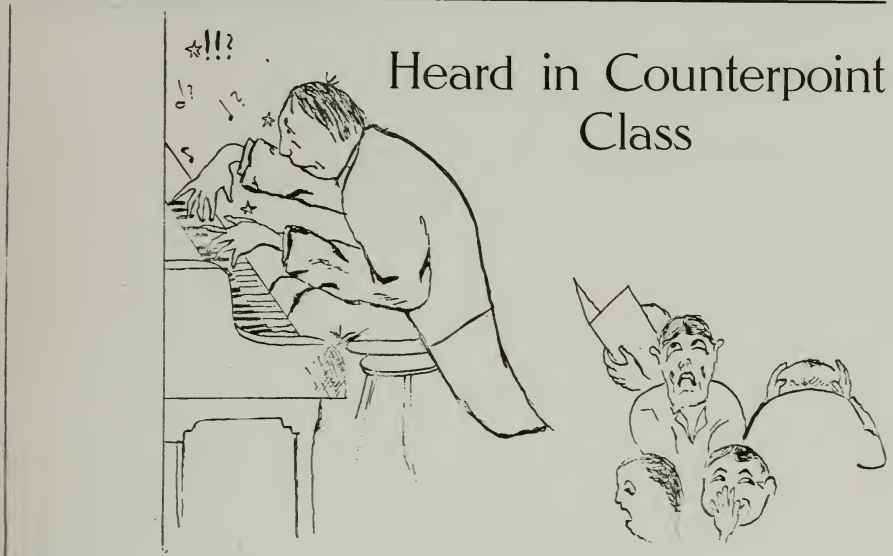
YOUNG MAN.—"Was that last piece a fugue? What is a fugue, anyway?"

YOUNG WOMAN.—"Oh, something you play with your feet."

Converse's Counterpoint Class

In counterpoint we have to read
 Four clefs at once, and also heed
 The things we must and mustn't do—
 Not only that, but play it, too!
 Each sits and shakes and hopes by chance
 That he to-day "my way won't glance,"
 Or that "he doesn't know my name,"
 Or that "he sees my wrist is lame."
 A pianist or not, it's all the same.
 A fiddler hasn't any claim:
 We try our very best to "hear it,"
 And just when we think we're near it,
 The sound of wailing from a fiddle
 Breaks in and makes it all a riddle.
 We watch the notes—they seem to dance,
 And then the clefs begin to prance.
 We calm our nerves and take good aim:
 Alas! what sounds! it's just a shame!
 Our fingers are not long enough,
 Our brains won't work, we make a bluff,
 When suddenly there comes a hitch—
 Our bluff is o'er, we're in the ditch!
 One thinks, "My courage is mighty weak,
 But happy thought, I'll take a sneak."
 Another, as he begins to mop
 His brow, "I'll let this study drop."
 * * * * * *
 Insane with grief that we have done
 With counterpoint (it's lots of fun),
 It breaks our hearts to realize
 We'll no more o'er it agonize.

FLORENCE B. SMITH.



PUPIL, struggling with four-clef exercise: "I'd rather do almost anything else than play the piano."

SYMPATHETIC TEACHER: "I'd almost rather you would."

Members of the Composition Class were proudly submitting to the teacher their first attempts at hymn tunes. Their contented smiles suddenly turned to looks of dismay as Mr. Noelte handed over his first symphony in full score. Seven pupils have not been seen or heard of since.

Style

Who says "The Con" is without style?
Well, no one does, or I should smile.
Style is displayed at every turn:
Why, money's nothing; let it burn.

We find the styles in every class,
And dodge the styles on many a lass;
But in the lecture hall ne'er stir,
For we can't see 'round Sue's new fur.

We have a check room, strong and sound,
But style in there is never found;
For if it were, we could not say,
"Why, what a pretty boa on May!"

So, if you are at all in doubt
Regarding things we've "spoke" about,
Just peek at us some lesson hour,
While dodging feather, plume and flower.

Found in class room in Tuning Department :

Each student will tune a Virgil Clavier for a test.

EASY MARKS	MARKS	REMARKS
PICKERING	66	— ! — ! — — — it all anyway!
GUINNE	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	Tee-hee. "Well, I'm a Hum-binger."
ROCKWELL	86	"O girls, how's that now?"
WOOD	00 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	"Ain't I it?" Well, may be.
HOLLENBECK	01	"I'm dreaming of thee."
GOULDING	91	"Gee! I'm hungry. Let's eat."
WARE	95	"Come on boys. I'll lead, you can follow." Wow!

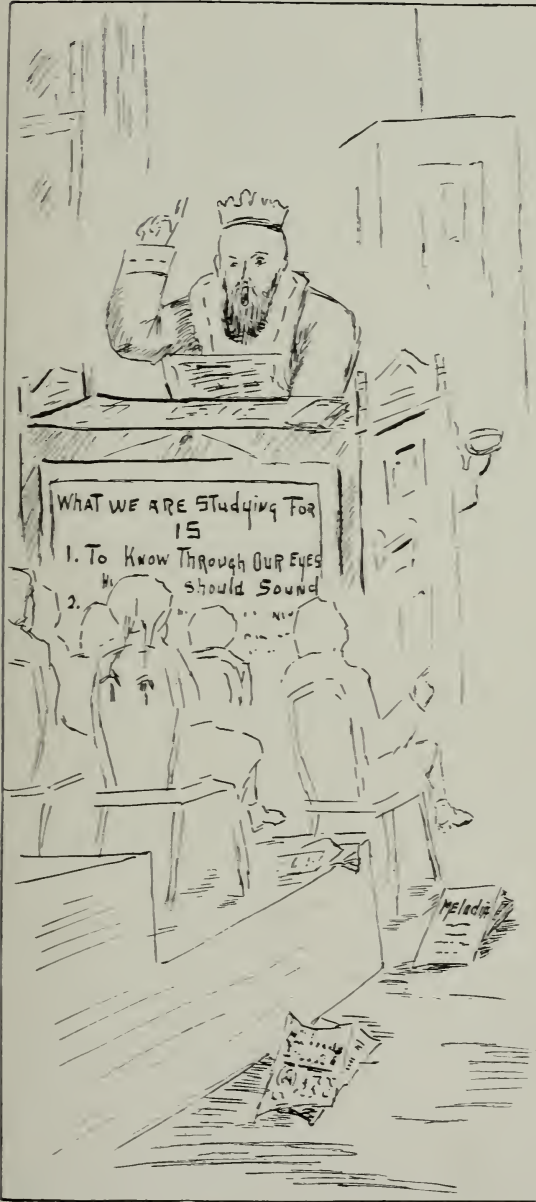
By order of

OH SEE FAUST.

That Cornetist Down Below

To the men of all vocations
 There is due a bit of praise,
 But there's one whose dire creations
 Oftentimes my angers raise.
 When his faithfulness to study
 Causes him to toot and blow,
 Waking me from peaceful slumbers—
 Blank cornetist down below—
 As he toots on his horn
 From midnight until morn,
 Intermissions seem to give him inspiration:
 And there's often in that blast,
 Which I pray may be the last,
 Something that doth savor of a deep damnation.

Now those nightly admonitions,
 With my shoe upon the floor,
 Were unheeded premonitions
 Of a crepe upon a door,
 In that I continued knocking
 All the harder with my shoe,
 While the vile cornetist mocking
 With his toots the harder blew.
 And he tooted his horn
 'Till his lungs were all torn:
 Of a sudden he was stopped by something bursting!
 'Twas blood-vessels and a jaw.
 Peace be to thee—*au revoir*.
 One more "Gabriel" is there now among the thirsting.



The King of Coles

Old King Cole
Was a slow old soul,
And didn't have
Much "go."
But *our King Cole*
Is a merry old soul—
Acquaints us
With Solfeggio.

Old King Cole
Had a pipe and a bowl,
And sometimes
Fiddlers three;
But Samuel Cole
Puts body and soul
Into lecture
Courses—free.

With "three hours' work"
To class we go,
Which is our King's
One wish:
While there we sing
Of "to-ma-to"—
Our good King's
Favorite dish.

Now while to you
It might seem fun
To speak of
These things so,
I'll warrant they
Who've been there know
Things happen
At Solfeggio.

Extravagant Sympathy

The volunteer choir had assembled for the regular Saturday night rehearsal, and an alto reported to the organist, who was also the director, that their leading soprano was very ill,—in fact not expected to live. Before the morning service Mr. Organist was told that the faithful soprano had passed away.

Now Mr. Organist was of a gentle, thoughtful disposition, and wondered what could be done to show proper respect. The evening service made evident the evolutions of his brain. All the hymns and anthems were of a most solemn nature; the voluntary, offertory, and postlude were all in minor keys; and to make everything complete, a beautiful wreath of white flowers was fastened to the vacant chair.

Monday morning came a note from the soprano, "I have almost recovered; will be on hand next Sunday." The organist wept—the florist's bill!

PEGGY.—"O Jess, are you going to hear the Fifth Symphony to-night?"

JESS.—"You bet; and say, don't let me forget my opera glasses, will you?"

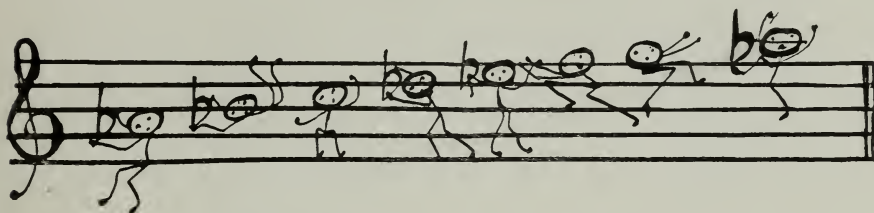
One windy day Mr. Gr--b-rg met Mr. L--gy, who appeared rather muddy and dishevelled, and remarked, "What is the matter, the wind?"

"No, the *wood-wind!*"

POL.—"My mother was a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours"—

CLARENCE.—"Get out!"

POL.—"After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep."



A Passionate Scale

A major loved a maiden so
 His warlike heart grew soft as "Do."
 He oft to her would sweetly say,
 "To me you are a sunlight 'Re.'
 "Without you life would wretched be:
 My dearest angel, fly with 'Mi.'
 "My sweet, you are my guiding star:
 I love thee, whether near or 'Fa.'
 "There's none so fair from pole to pole:
 You are the idol of my 'Sol.'"
 The maiden blushed and said, "Oh, 'La,'
 You'd better go and ask papa."
 Then he arose from bended knee
 And went her father for to "Si."
 They married shortly after that,
 And now are happy in "A flat."

—LOUIS C. ELSON.

A VERY TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT. The editor in chief was doing nobly in imitating Richard Strauss in a last rehearsal for a concert. A few careless, giggling girls sang through a rest, about which he had warned them particularly. Hearing the mistake, he raised his right foot two feet and brought down the same, saying in his most severe tone, "We've drilled for four rehearsals on that one thing, and the concert comes to-morrow night. Now every father's son or mother's son or daughter's son, whoever does it then—*will be spotted!*"



A HIGH SOPRANO

She plays sweet tunes on her piano :
 Her organ touch is not too bad :
 The notes she sings are high soprano,
 Like those high bank notes coaxed from dad.



You thought you had music burned into your
 soul,
 But you never were destined to reach such a goal ;
 Better leave your air castles and come down to
 earth,—
 It's time you did something of a little more
 worth.



Five years as a starving musician you'll spend ;
 No pupils, no income, but troubles no end.
 At last leaving music you'll come to your senses,
 And work in a bakeshop to pay your expenses.



OUR POPULAR GIRL

Three cheers for a girl who knows more than
 one thing,
 Who likes to be useful as well as to sing.
 There are plenty of people who know only their
 books :
 We can do without some things, but not with-
 out cooks.

Personal Press Puffs

MR. FLANDERS

There's a pleasant person yonder
 Whose great task it is to ponder
 How to make financial wheels go smoothly on.
 It would need much meditation,
 And prove a great vexation,
 And drive right near distraction
 An ordinary one.
 But our Business Manager's keen,
 And he always can be seen
 At his post, in the thickest of the fray.
 And as well as keen he's kind,
 A true friend the students find,
 An adviser of wise mind,—
 The inspirer of this lay.

MR. TROWBRIDGE

Do you want a situation
 For the year or through vacation?
 Simply go and tell your tale to Mr. T.
 He will give a listening ear,
 And he'll *do* as well as *hear*,
 And your troubles all will vanish, you will see.

MRS. ALLEN

If a matter is perplexing,
 And it needs some careful fixing,
 Ask Mrs. Allen:
 For she knows how things are run,
 And her influence gets things done:
 See Mrs. Allen.
 If you seek a kindly mind
 To which all the Con's inclined,
 Find Mrs. Allen:
 What she sets about she'll do—
 The manager says that's true—
 Our Mrs. Allen.

MISS WOOD

In aspect really quite petite,
Has dignity and grace :
A kindly face, a kinder heart—
Good things in little space.

MISS PERKINS

We go to her for good advice
Ne'er failing to receive,
And many people would better fare
If by it they would live.

MISS MARTHA PERKINS

Always pleasant, day by day,
Making the best of things, her way,
Gaining and keeping her friends, they say,
That is Martha P.

MR. MILLS

There is a man who fear instills
Because he must collect the bills,—
To pay them all it nearly kills—
He even figures down to Mills.

MISS ACKER

If our pet organ A is out of repair
Just tell Miss Acker your tale ;
You'll find her so pleasant you'll cease to be cross ;
She'll make it all right without fail.

MISS KEITH

Miss K., who's in the counting house
A-counting out the money,
Is noted for her pleasant way
And disposition sunny.

MISS BAKER

Are your funds down rather low
As around the Con. you go?
Do not try to be a fakir,
Better go and see Miss Baker.

EDDIE BERRY

If you want an errand done in shape,
Eddie's the one for you:
He will grasp what you want and start off at once,
And get back the same day, too.

MISS WITHERELL

She's not the kind of *clinging vine*
Of whom the poets tell:
That her opinions are her own
Is a fact we know full well.

MISS GEIGER

Miss G. is the one you want to see
If you wish to ask a question:
She's prompt and kind, and you'll surely find
She won't begrudge you attention.

MR. McLEAN

A rising vote of thanks we'll give
To our good friend well known,
For Nineteen Six appreciates
The kindness he has shown.

GUY McLEAN

A new department will arise—
'Twill be a great attraction:
For Guy, whose skill is known to all,
Will teach dramatic action.

RUSSELL KENDALL

If you've no organ card in your door
You'd better start and hustle,
For someone's coming down the hall
Who goes by the name of Russell.

JOHN O'BRIEN

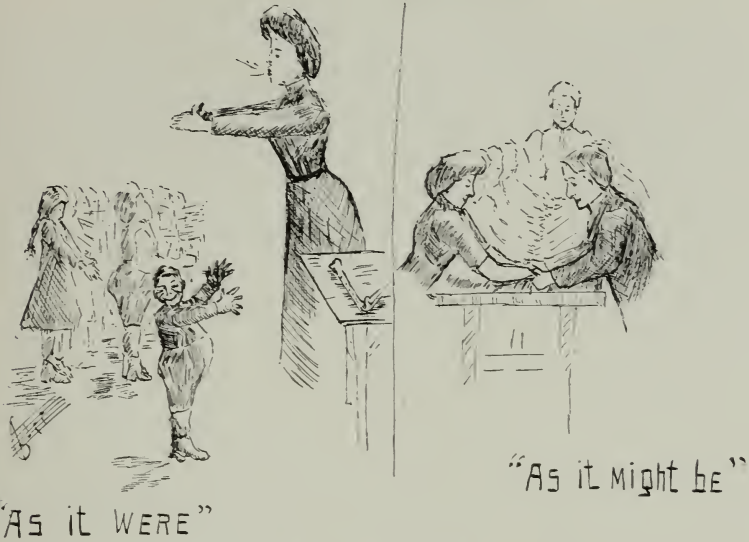
Though Jack may have his ups and downs,
His disposition's steady ;
When in his car you wish to ride
You'll always find him ready.

THE GRENHAM SISTERS

Josie or Flossie, it matters not,
Every day they're on the spot,
To fill up all the cloakroom nooks
With hats, coats, umbrellas, books.

Light-haired Lizzie, always busy,
Doing what he can :
He's the one that slams the door—
The elevator man.





o HAND CULTURE o

Violin teacher to young hopeful: "What is the difference between C and D?"

"About an inch."

"Why do you sit in that position to play 'cello? You may play like a bird, but you look like a hippopotamus."

A fond aunt was interested in her niece's music, and questioned her as to her progress. "Yes, I'm getting along pretty well. I used to be a measure behind, and now I'm a measure ahead."

A young man, graduate of Brown University, was teaching Latin and History in a private school in New Orleans, where one of our graduates was laboring. Not claiming to be a professional musician, said young man was really a splendid clarinet player, and won quite a reputation by several public performances. He happened to be particularly pleased with Miss X.'s accompanying, and in fact refused to play with a substitute at the piano.

One day Mr. Y. promised to appear in a concert a few weeks later, and as the time approached he was reminded of his promise. Mr. Y. was particularly busy, and it hardly seemed as if he could keep his engagement. Therefore he addressed the man who accosted him something like this, "Well, I will play because I said I would, but I assure you not without misgivings." And then to his surprise the man replied, "Oh yes, play with *Miss Givings* or any accompanist you like!"

IMPERTINENT REMARKS

Feels good on the back—BAXTER.
 Five (?) years in the wood—WOOD.
 Never scratched yet—SPEER.
 The smile that won't come off—ADAMS.
 Guaranteed harmless—GOULDING.
 Little yellow angels—CARLSON AND FREEMAN.
 Goes on like a coat—(Bib and) TUCKER.
 He won't be happy till he gets it—ROCKWELL.
 Best for babies—DAY.
 Unceda—COOK.

DECEPTIVE RESOLUTIONS

MISSSES G. AND W.—To exclude all gentlemen from the Information Office.

MR. ROCKWELL—I will not hold any more office hours in the reception room.

MISS WHITELY—Never to wear that black bow again.

MISS WACHNIANSKI—To part with my well-earned reputation as professional lobbyist.

MISS SWARTZ—I will attend class meetings.

THE JUNIOR CLASS—We will stop hanging around the feet of Mr. Beethoven and go to Solfeggio.

MISS SWEET—I will put up my *high soprano* voice for safe keeping and use mezzo for the present.

SENIORS—We will attend Ensemble Class regularly.

MISS BLY AND MISS LARABEE—We will not break any more piano strings in Room 48.

A SALESMAN

To get that importance driven out of your head,
 Plenty of bad luck and hard knocks you'll need:
 Though when you get humble and down to hard work,
 We'll see what is in you and know you'll succeed.

FIRST STUDENT: "They say Noelte is going to graduate in 1907."

SECOND STUDENT: "What in?"

FIRST STUDENT: "Advanced music copying, I guess."

DOUBTFUL

SCENE, Editor's sanctum. Mr. L. was concluding an oratorical effort, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous, when he noticed a puzzled expression on the face of one member of the staff and said, "Miss B. doesn't quite know whether I am crazy or not." "But I decided that long ago." was the reply.

We learn in organ tuning that to repair a bellows it is necessary to crawl inside. Rather difficult to imagine Mr. H. C. as an organ tuner, isn't it?

"Doctor" is always late; and he doesn't curl his hair either.

The greatest achievement in the world of science that we can imagine would be the discovery of a preventive for the clattering of one's knees and teeth when about to appear in a concert.

We had the good fortune to hear Mr. H. C., the organist of Unity Church, practicing "Bedelia" on Jordan Hall organ.

E. P. TO 1905 GRADUATE: "How long have you been studying here, Miss ——?"

"Three years."

"Why, I've been here seven; but then *I* had a beautiful voice when I came."



"Wasting his talent"

?

He vows that when he heard me play
 That rhapsody by Brahms
 In Jordan Hall, his heart gave way
 A captive to my charms.
 He said my runs were strings of pearls,
 Like drops of crystal hue,
 Excelling all the other girls—
 I wonder is it true?

He vows that when I reached page ten,
 And played those mighty chords,
 His feelings heavenward soared, and then
 They grew too deep for words.
Wenn ich an deine Augen seh'
 Beholding deeps of blue,
 To breathe is bliss, to live, a song—
 I wonder is it true?

He vows that genius such as mine
 Was born the world to sway,
 And that it fills with love divine
 His loyal heart always.
 As sunflowers east to west the sun
 With constant gaze pursue,
 He'll worship me till life is done—
 I wonder is it true?

A summer boarder who was particularly struck with a piece which the orchestra had just played wished to make known her appreciation to the conductor. "Oh, Mr. ——" she said, "that is a charming bit: the *rymth* (rhythm) is simply delightful."

"Well, what have you brought for me to-day?" asked the organ teacher.

"More Rink," said the pupil; "those choracles (chorales), you know."

President of the class to Miss B., who had just made a motion. "What did you have in mind?"

Miss B., meekly, "I haven't any mind."

What is Just One Moore's favorite fruit? The Olive.

MME. Y.—"Your daughter has improved wonderfully in her piano playing."

MRS. Z.—"I'm so glad to hear you say that—if you really mean it."

MME. Y.—"Why, I don't understand you!"

MRS. Z.—"Well, you see we didn't know whether she was improving or whether we were merely getting used to it."

OLD, BUT GOOD.—In a cemetery in France the widow of a composer, having planted her husband, placed the following beautiful thought on his tomb:—

He has gone to the only place
Where his music can be excelled.

Another widow saw, admired, and imitated it, but unfortunately her defunct husband was a pyrotechnist: so his epitaph read:—

He has gone to the only place
Where his fireworks can be excelled.

"I would rather be noisy than crazy."

BACCALAUREATE

To avoid any dissensions that might arise from sectarianism, in planning for the Baccalaureate service we suggest that the Senior Class follow out the plans which 1905, because of the limited time, was not able to put into effect. "The gymnasium seems to be the best place for the service. A pulpit can be improvised from the parallel bars; the trapeze and rings which hang from the lofty ceiling can be draped back gracefully; the rope ladders can be hidden by the class flowers; a few palms will hide the chest expanders and other machines upon the sides of the room. The class, faculty, and immediate friends will occupy reserved seats on the floor, and the students who wish to attend will find ample room on the running track. Music will be furnished by the tuning department; other particulars to be announced later."

TRUE—AND WHERE DID IT HAPPEN?

TEACHER.—"Sing that first note."

VICTIM.—"But I don't know what it is."

TEACHER.—"Well, never mind: *sing* it."

Many frequently *think* the following question, which was recently put orally by one of our faculty: "Why doesn't the elevator come up when I make the buzzer go buzz?"

FIRST ADMIRER.—"Doesn't Miss Whitely get a fine, large tone?"

SECOND ADMIRER.—"Yes; but I think she could get Moore if she resorted to the cornet."

A girl who was unusually fastidious about her appearance was quite annoyed by several small warts which suddenly came upon her hands. She went to a physician, who began a series of treatments by putting acid on the offending members, which, though not really a painful performance, grew rather tiresome. One day she heard a Conservatory student praising Hand Culture, and asked eagerly, "Why, what is 'Hand Culture' anyway? Would it be good for *warts*?"

VERY SLOW PROGRESS.

MRS. QUERULOUS.—“I'm very much dissatisfied with my daughter's progress under your teaching. You give her Concone exercises when she can read very difficult music and sing songs beautifully. And then her enunciation is no better than when she began.”

TEACHER.—“But, madame, how many lessons has your daughter had?”

MRS. Q.—“Three already!”

A young man had given a boy at a settlement his first music lesson, and had tried to show him very plainly about the notes—the head, stem, and flag. At the second lesson he undertook a review, and finding the boy's memory faulty he tried to help him out. Finally, pointing to the boy's head, he said, “Now, Chris, what is that?” Quick as a flash came the answer “Me *nut!*”

A well known singer of Boston, after having received her notice of dismissal from the church choir, was given a solo to sing the following Sunday, the words of which ran thus:—

“I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a day.
Do not detain me, for I am going —”

She sang it, needless to say, with the deepest feeling.



TWO PART SONG FORM

Conservatory Athletics

BASEBALL

Late last spring the curtain of Con Athletics arose when the Tuners trimmed the Sinfonia to the tune of 44 to 43 (more or less). The feature of the game was the umpiring. "Four strikes, McLean: I guess you're out." After two innings the umpire was granted "leave of absence" in order to catch a train for Philadelphia to umpire a Boston-Philadelphia game the next day.

The cheering of the *multitude* of Con girls helped Vivy put the ginger into it. Attendance, 4.

N. B. "Instrumentalists are advised to play baseball, as it will give them a fluent technic."

BOWLING

Bowling is now occupying the center of the stage, as the Keeper of the Mass. Ave. alleys will tell you when he says, "Good-day, boys: come again; (we need your money)." For fine points on the game refer to Jones, who will shortly sail across the pond to teach the Englishman how to mow down the thin pins. The only thing Jones fears is that he might get a triple strike, and remind him of baseball days.

"Bind up your dead wood, Hartley,—not that in the gutter, however, as the pin boy wants that."

ARCHIE.—"Come and bowl *one* string. Stupp."

STUPP (wisely).—"How many?"

Whoever desires an efficient scorereeper kindly refer to Noelte (7+8=18). Noelte, "There can be modern arithmetic as well as modern music." (For the latter refer to Ralph.)

WRESTLING

FIRST FRESHMAN.—"Have you tried wrestling yet?"

SECOND FRESHMAN.—"Yes, indeed! with *solfeggio*."

CANOEING

Canoeing is certainly popular at the Con, especially with the fair sex, who are very fond of Mr. Charles.

GYMNASIUM

Last, but not least, is our splendidly equipped (?) gym.

FIRST JUNIOR.—"What do you think of our gym?"

SECOND JUNIOR.—"Splendid for exercise. Why, three years ago I took a five mile run around it looking for 'parallel bars.'"

FIRST JUNIOR (just after harmony exam).—"Did you ever look for 'parallel fifths' in it?"



"In close harmony with a Redman."

AN ODE

Should you ask me whence this rhyming? " You must do for graduation.
 Whence these sounds of bitter wailing? You must harmonize these trebles.
 I should answer, I should tell you, You must decorate these basses."
 " From the land of wit and learning, Crouch before the rack these victims,
 From the land of the O'Yankees. Waiting for some inspiration,
 From the great school in the Northland. Waiting for their hearts to sing it,
 From the room of golden sunsets. Fingers waiting to transmit it.
 Where doth sit the mighty Redman, Jewish harps in cruel bondage
 ' The musician, the sweet singer.' " Easier sang than these poor Seniors.
 If still further you should ask me, Many warnings had been given.
 " Wherefore, then, this lamentation? " Of Solfeggio, the cruel one,
 I should hasten to inform you Who, with mighty sweep of weapon,
 That this great chief of instruction, Weeded thin the ranks of Seniors.
 With his war paint and his weapons, Future classes, now, in pity,
 Tortures to despair poor students, Of another foe we warn you,—
 Tortures them along this fashion : Arm yourselves for fiercest battle,
 Harmony on keyboards sounded, Always watching for his arrows,
 As expression of their beings, 'Till his octaves you have plundered ;
 " Improvising." some folks call it. 'Till his skipping you have conquered ;
 " This," the Redman boldly tells us, 'Till subdued he lies before you,—
 Keyboard Harmony his name is.

EVA MARCH.

AMONG THE AUTHORS

The Art of Being Soft; or, The Science of Susceptibility. By A. A. NOELTE. An invaluable work by a writer of much experience along his partuilar line. For sale by the Swartz Sisters.



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The Charms of an Ensemble Existence. By BACON and BLY.



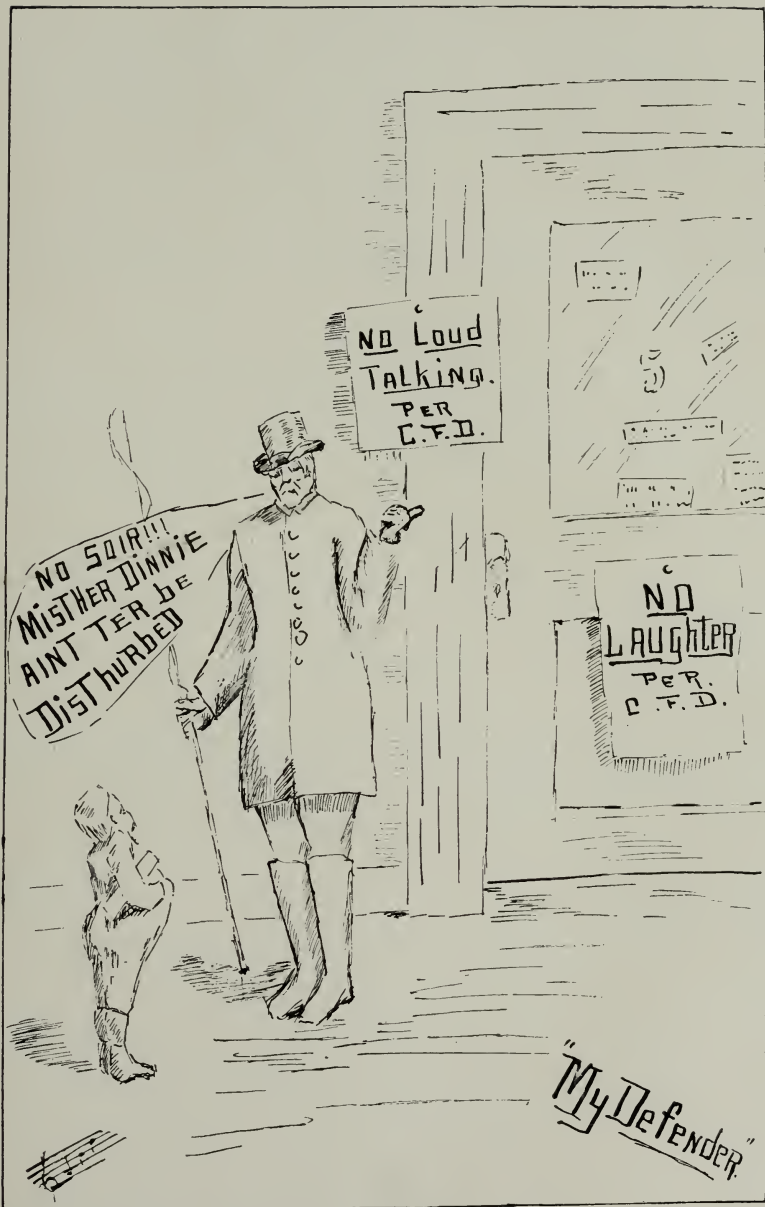
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—ANNIE MAY COOK.



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PER
C.F.D.

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NO
LAUGHTER
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WILMOT LEMONT

ELSON'S MUSIC DICTIONARY

By LOUIS C. ELSON, Professor of Theory of Music at the New England Conservatory of Music

Ever since Tinctor, about 1475, wrote the first music dictionary, there has been an endless succession of books dealing with musical definitions. This is but natural and proper, since the musical art is constantly changing. A music dictionary, unless frequently revised, easily drops behind the times.

There are no obsolete terms in Elson's Music Dictionary, but every necessary word is included, with its pronunciation. By pronunciation is meant a phonetic spelling in the English language, not merely accent marks. This applies as well to composers' names; for instance, Rachmaninoff—Rachh-*maht*-nee-noff.

In addition to 289 pages containing the definitions and pronunciations of all the terms and signs that are used in modern music, are the following:

Rules for pronouncing Italian, German and French.

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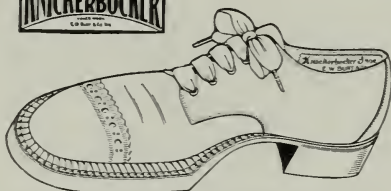
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