

THE NEUME

≈1905≈





Charles P. Gardiner.

THE NEUME



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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE

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NEUME BOARD 1905

To GEORGE
WHITEFIELD
CHADWICK



By THE CLASS
OF 1905



G. F. Chadwick

Preface



THE Board of Editors of the Class Book of 1905 present to the New England Conservatory of Music of Boston, its students and its friends, this, the first volume of its kind, THE NEUME. Broad though our field may be, since we proudly claim the institution of this long-needed publication, and have consequently had every phase of Conservatory life to treat at our disposal, we have necessarily been hampered by the absence of any previous attempt of this nature upon which we might hope to improve.

May our readers look kindly upon our feeble endeavor to appeal to the student body—to impress them with the fact that life really does exist in an institution of this kind; and may every class that is to come deem a year book of their own publication an indispensable part of their course, and freely profit by the many and varied experiences of the editors of THE NEUME.

THE EDITORS.



New England Conservatory of Music

CALENDAR, 1905-1906



FIRST SESSION begins Thursday, September 14, 1905, and closes Wednesday, January 31, 1906.

SECOND SESSION begins Thursday, February 1, 1906, and closes Wednesday, June 20, 1906.

CHRISTMAS VACATION (one week), December 24 to 30 inclusive.

EASTER VACATION (ten days), April 13 to 22 inclusive.

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

The first session of 1906-1907 begins September 20, 1906.



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Progress of the Conservatory

By H. N. REDMAN



TO be so devoted to an ideal that its realization becomes the chief object of an individual's life is, indeed, true evidence of that strange power which manifests itself in all leaders of a nation. The successful development of any enterprise demands from its creator strength of purpose, unconquerable will, and a faith which rebuilds after every defeat.

The New England Conservatory of Music, incorporated in 1870 by a special act of the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts, claims 1853 as the date of its origin, since in that year its founder, Dr. Eben Tourjée, first introduced into America the conservatory system of musical instruction. Dr. Tourjée had for some time been impressed with the value of the class system as it existed in the foreign music schools, and his earliest experiments were made in Providence, R. I., these resulting in the Providence Conservatory of Music. This institution having outgrown its environment was removed to Boston in 1867. Rooms were secured in Music Hall; the public became interested in the new school, and three years later it was incorporated under the present name.

The attendance became large enough to compel the removal of the Conservatory to more commodious quarters, and as Dr. Tourjée found it advisable to obtain a building suitable for teaching purposes, as well as affording enough room for a home department for the accommodation of the young women students coming from all parts of the country, in 1882 he secured the large building on Franklin Square, then known as the St. James Hotel, and for twenty years it was the home of the institution.

In 1885 Dr. Tourjée, finding the increased responsibilities of his enterprise too great for him to bear alone, a Board of Trustees, composed of representative men of Boston, was organized, and thereafter this Board managed its affairs. The founder of the institution was given the musical directorship for life. Fate seems at times most unrelenting in her cruelty, heartlessness, and ingratitude. To-day we may well stand with uncovered head before the bust of this man, who, because of his great art-love, counted



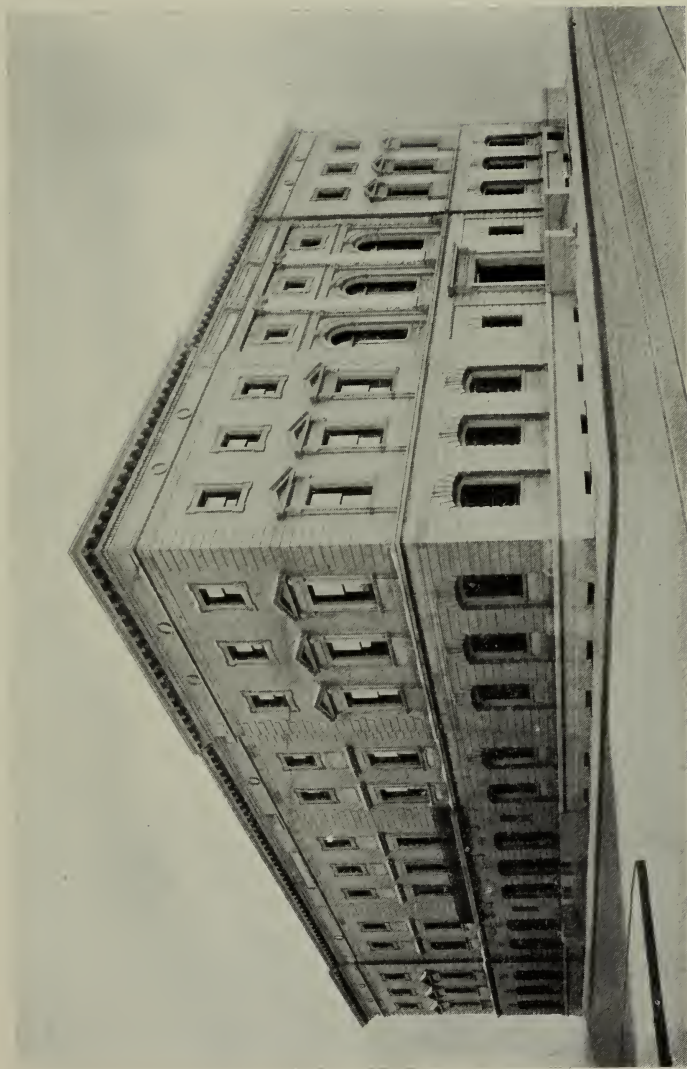
OLD CONSERVATORY
(Franklin Square House)

not the cost of the faith within him, but labored unceasingly for the achievement of a glorious ideal.

Failing health caused Dr. Tourjée to voluntarily withdraw from the directorship, and Mr. Carl Faelten became the acting director. The death of Dr. Tourjée occurred April 12, 1891, and the following month Mr. Faelten was elected to the office of musical director, from which office he resigned in June, 1897.

Mr. George W. Chadwick, for many years a member of the Faculty, and widely known in both this country and Europe as a leading American composer, was selected by the Board of Trustees to be both the director of the Conservatory and the head of the composition department. Mr. Chadwick entered upon his new duties by entirely re-organizing the musical departments of the institution. A higher grade of work was required, and students expecting to become graduates realized the value of the changes made, and the general public became aware, by means of the various recitals, opera performances, and orchestral concerts, that a new period had arrived in the development of the Conservatory.

For some time it had been apparent that eventually the Conservatory must erect a building which would fully serve its purpose. The school year 1902-1903 will remain the most important period in the later development of the institution. It is not needful at this time to describe the splendid structure, which will ever stand a noble monument to the art it represents, to its founder, and to the many persons who have been and are still deeply interested in the welfare of our beloved Conservatory. Then may we serve well our day and generation, and not forgetful of those who labored so gloriously for the people, press onward, remembering that "the end crowns the work."



NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

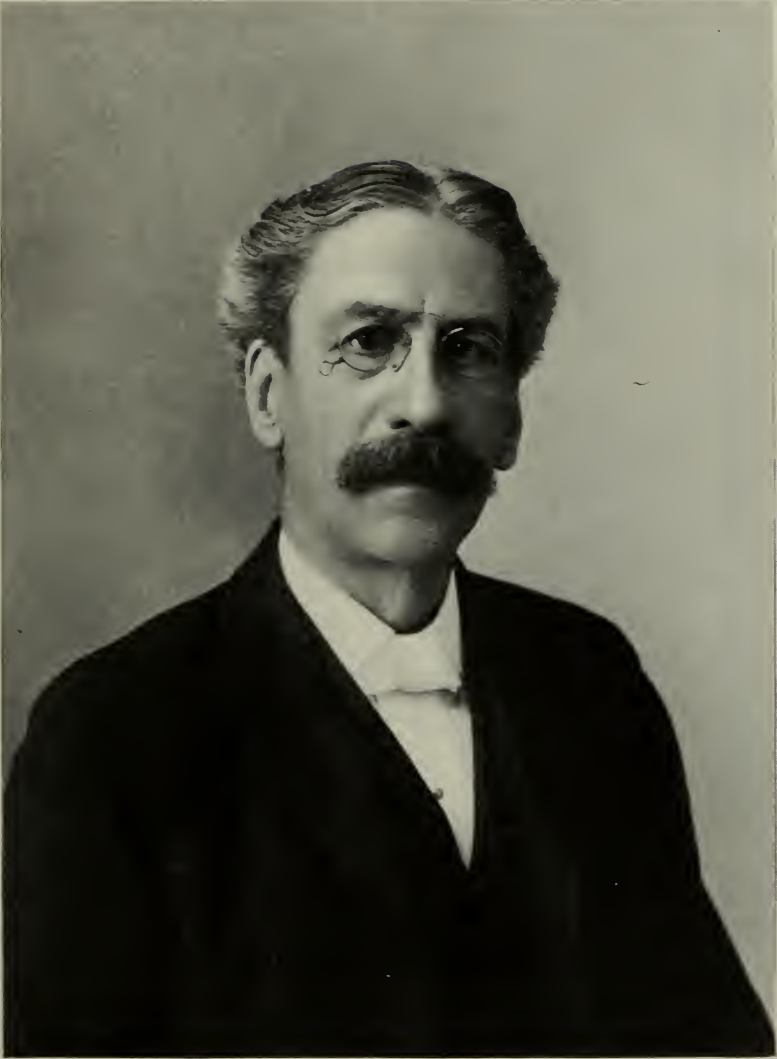
James Cutler Dunn Parker



BORN in Boston, 1828, of one of the oldest families. He was bred for the law and admitted to the bar before his musical bent asserted itself and sent him abroad to study music as his life work. He studied (1851-4) at Leipsic under Moscheles, Plaidy, Hauptmann, Rietz, Richter and others, and on his return was for over thirty-five years organist at Trinity Church, Boston.

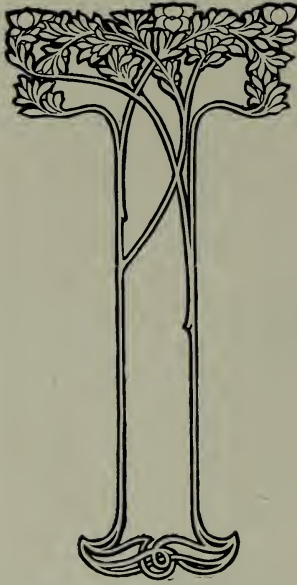
He has written much music, almost exclusively of a religious character. He was the first great American composer of large choral works, of which the principal are two sacred cantatas, the "Redemption Hymn" and "St. John," and a secular cantata, "The Blind King." As a teacher his influence has been widespread and profound. In the early seventies he was the leading instructor at the New England Conservatory of Music, and his pupils always excelled. 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.





John C. D. Parker

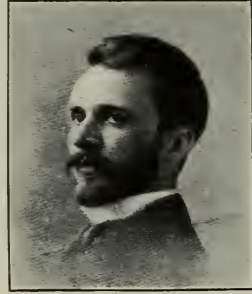
FACULTY



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JOSEPH ADAMOWSKI, *Violoncello.*

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

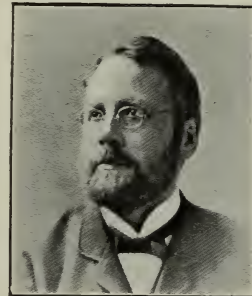


ARTHUR DWIGHT BABCOCK, *Voice.*

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

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.



ORESTE BIMBONI, *Coaching, Action and Stage Management in School of Opera.*

Born in Florence, in 1846. Studied in Italy; has taught in America since 1901; an operatic composer of wide reputation.



E. CHARLTON BLACK, *Literature Lectures.*

Born in Liddesdale 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.

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.



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.

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.



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 textbooks.



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.

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; composer of note.



ALFRED DE VOTO, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Boston. Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1898; has studied for the past ten years under Charles Dennée. Member of Music Commission City of Boston since 1898. Extensively known as a concert pianist.



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.

WILLIAM HERBERT DUNHAM, *Voice.*

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



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 Leipsic. A celebrated lecturer and writer on musical subjects.

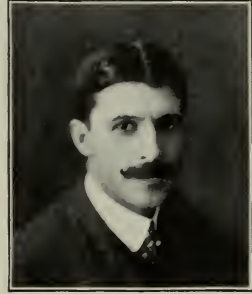
OLIVER C. FAUST, *Pianoforte and Organ Tuning.*

Born in Pennsylvania. Studied tuning at the New England Conservatory, where he has taught since 1891.



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

Born in Oxford, Mass. Pupil of William L. Whitney, Boston, and Vannuccini, Florence.



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.

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. Well known conductor.



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.



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.

J. ALBERT JEFFERY, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Plymouth, England. Educated at the Leipsic Conservatory under Reinecke, Wenzel, Richter and Jadasohn; 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.



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.

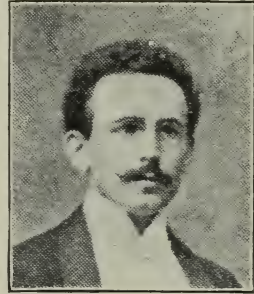
LOUIS KLOEPFEL, *Cornet and Trumpet.*

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.



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.

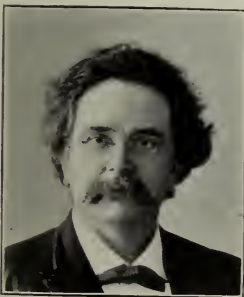


C. LENOM, *Oboe and Solfeggio.*

Born in Belgium. Graduated from Brussels Conservatory; studied at Paris Conservatory under Massenet and E. Gillet, Composition; E. Pessard, Harmony; played English Horn with Cologne Orchestra; was for several years member of orchestras of Nice, Monte Carlo, and has conducted orchestras at Geneva, Rouen and Aix les Bains; has been a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for four years.

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.



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.

CLARA TOURJÉE-NELSON, *Voice and Pianoforte.*

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.



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.*

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.



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

Born at Mt. Carmel, Ill. Pupil of George W. Chadwick; has composed a large amount of piano music and songs.



EUSTACE B. RICE, *Pianoforte and Solfeggio.*

Pupil of Carl Baermann; writer of text-books on musical subjects.

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

Born in Bennington, Ill. Graduate of Mount Holyoke College; special work at Boston University.



FREDERICK SHORMANN, *French Horn.*

Formerly a member of Boston Symphony Orchestra.



HEINRICH SCHNECKER, *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.

CLARENCE B. SHIRLEY, *Voice.*

Born in Massachusetts. Pupil of Charles A. White; a concert and oratorio tenor well known throughout the Eastern States.



ALICE MABEL STANAWAY, *Voice.*

Born in California. Graduated 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.

CARL STASNY, *Pianoforte.*

Born in Frankfort, A. M. Pupil of Ignaz Brüll, Vienna; Prof. Wilhelm Krüger, Stuttgart; Franz Liszt, Weimar; extensive career as concert pianist.



ANNA M. STOVALL, *Pianoforte.*

Graduated from New England Conservatory in 1895; pupil of Carl Stasny.



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.

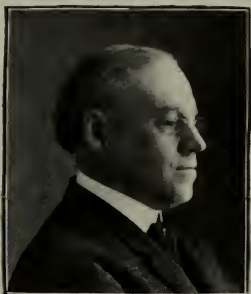
MARIE E. TREAT.

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



F. MORSE WEMPLE, *Voice.*

Born in Albany, N. Y. Studied Voice under Charles A. White of Boston, and Dubulle of Paris.

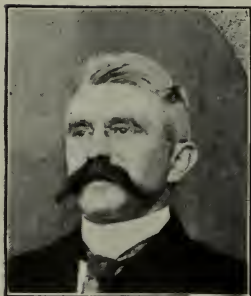


CHARLES A. WHITE, *Voice.*

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.

FELIX WINTERITZ, *Violin.*

Entered Vienna Conservatory at age of ten, graduated at Berlin, and continued under Grün in Vienna; came to America when he was seventeen years of age, 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.




GEORGE VAN WIEREN, *German.*

Also Professor at Boston University.


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.




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.




HOMER C. HUMPHREY, *Organ*.

Graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1902; pupil of Wallace Goodrich.



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.



ELSA BIMBONI, *Italian*.

CAMILLE THURWANGER, *French*.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD CHADWICK, *Composition*.

Born in Lowell, Mass. Studied at the New England Conservatory, and in 1877 went to Leipsic, where he began his first thorough study of Composition under Reinecke and Jadassohn; in 1879 he went to Dresden and entered the Royal School of Music, and became one of the first American pupils of Rheinberger, there studying Conducting with Abel; returned to Boston in 1880, became teacher at the New England Conservatory in the same year, and Director in 1897; Conductor of the Conservatory Orchestra and Chorus. In all lines a composer of international reputation.



Ralph L. Flanders

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>
ALLAN W. SWAN	<i>Treasurer</i>
EUSTACE B. RICE	<i>Auditor</i>

GIVE the Conservatory an enthusiastic student body, and loyalty to the Alma Mater will ever be the keynote struck by the Alumni. Nothing so happily forecasts a forceful alumni body as such a visible proof of the *esprit de corps* of a Senior class which strives to leave its impress upon its Alma Mater. So it is with the real appreciation of the worth of the young students who send forth THE NEUME that the Alumni Association congratulates the Class of 1905.

I have been requested to write briefly of the Alumni Association. May I be permitted to speak historically and hopefully. Not all can be said in the space at our disposal, yet it is our desire that the best in the Association shall find imprint here. The Alumni Association of the New England Conservatory of Music was organized in 1880. Its avowed objects are to perpetuate and intensify in its members their 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.

At the time of this Alumni organization the Conservatory was located at the old Music Hall in Hamilton Place, and had an attendance of some eight hundred pupils. Eben Tourjée, a name to be revered by all who

enter and leave the Conservatory, made his sweet and irresistible influence felt in this Association, which his wisdom and foresight told him could be of great service to the growing institution.

The first president of the Association was Miss Sara Fisher, now Mrs. A. C. Wellington, and her successors have been Mr. Henry M. Dunham, Mr. A. D. Turner, Miss Clara S. Ludlow, Mr. Frank Morse, Mr. Charles H. Morse, Mr. Everett E. Truette, and Mr. F. Addison Porter.

Each year the Alumni gather together for a banquet and reunion. On these occasions they meet the graduating class, form new friendships, and renew old ties.

It would be a serious omission if we did not ascribe to the Conservatory Alumni an expressive authority in the realm of music. The Conservatory has always sought to teach the best music and to cultivate the highest tastes and truest appreciation among its students. Some years ago the best music was but infrequently heard, and Conservatory and students were not blind to this deplorable condition. To-day in the musical world there is a great change for the better. The Conservatory graduates are entitled to credit and praise, for to them belongs the distinction of having exercised an influence greater than any graduate force, and possibly more dominant than any other force whatever, toward elevating the tone of music and inculcating in the public mind a finer appreciation of it. The ennobling influences in the homes presided over by so many who were once Conservatory students can never be measured from the public standpoint, yet music has played a wonderful part in training the alert ear and moulding the plastic mind of the young.

I have a real eagerness to name some of the famous musicians who have passed through the Conservatory, but to make such a distinctive list would be an invidious task. One may point with pride to the pinnacle of grand opera fame, to the best symphony in America, to the noted Faculty of our own Conservatory, and to many another one in the land, and to the directorship of musical institutions. We find the Conservatory pupil in all these exalted stations of life. Conservatory Alumni have also distinguished themselves as concert artists, book writers, and magazine contributors. We should not forget that the institution once embraced departments of elocution and art, both of which graduated those who have achieved note in their respective spheres. Some of our most talented elocutionists and actors received a share of their training in Music Hall and Franklin Square.

In short, the Alumni of the Conservatory has earned for itself a prestige in which it may justly take pride. They may return to the old school any day and look with a peculiar satisfaction upon the bronze tablet in grateful memory of Dr. Tourjée and at many fine books in the library, both the gifts of the Alumni Association to the Conservatory.

The Association retains its spirit of propaganda. It would choose that the final word in its contribution to THE NEUME serve as a missionary agent into the field of the Class of 1905. We are ever eager for new blood. We are urgent that you enroll yourselves in the Alumni Association. The effort is being made to place the membership upon a more permanent basis. Entrance or initiation fees have been abolished, and a life membership on a graduated scale of annual dues has been established. Assuredly the ambition and enterprise of your class may find its usefulness further enlarged and its loyalty yet more manifest by being one with us, and in so doing the Alumni Association cherishes the hope that the new member may feel that the reciprocal in life is not lacking toward him.

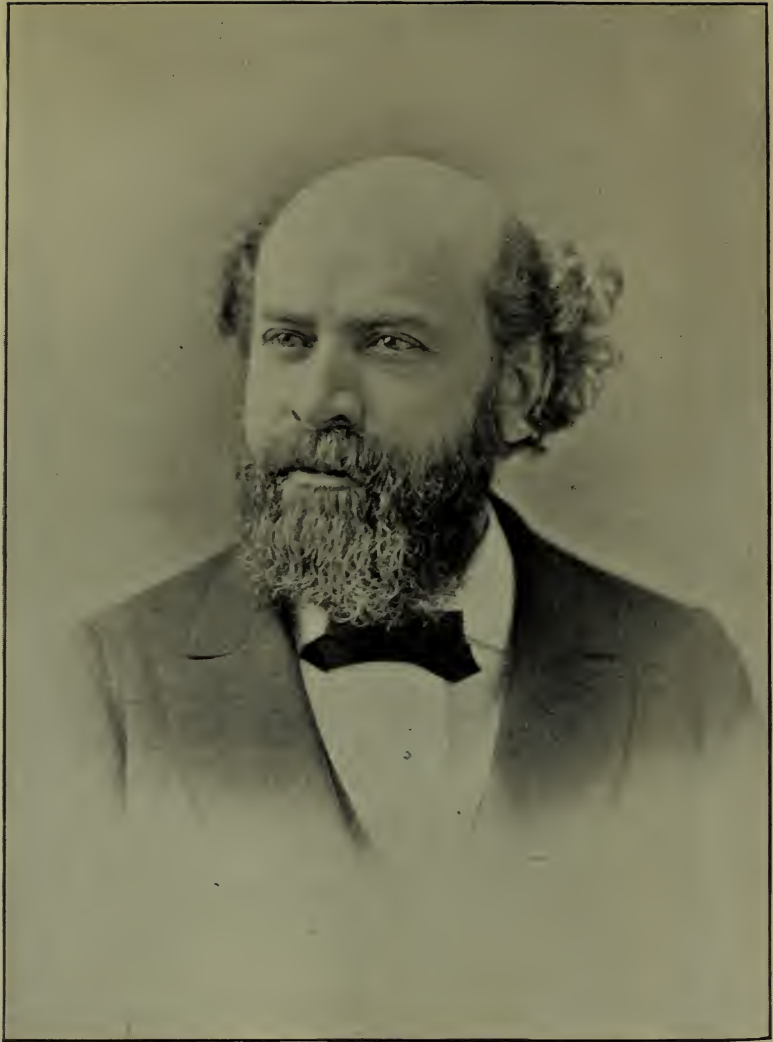
PERCY JEWETT BURRELL.

May 24, 1905.





POST GRADUATE



Eben Tourjée

FOUNDER OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The Development of Class Spirit

As Seen from a Post Graduate's Point of View



THE trite little saying, "United we stand, divided we fall," includes much of which I might say regarding class spirit. Who of us does not know the various experiences which befall a class divided into many factions; the many pullings this way and that, with freely expressed dissatisfaction, until the poor mortal known as the "president" is ready to resign in despair?

In class meetings, as in any public meeting, freedom of speech is widely indulged in, and only when there is one strong feeling uniting the class does it sail safely through the obstacles confronting it.

In the study of music at the Conservatory there is no systematic course covering any limited number of years similar to a college course. The many pupils enter with no definite idea of graduating. After a pupil has become accustomed to the life (and it usually takes one good year) she may decide that it would be nice to graduate, get a diploma, and be one of the favored (?) ones to share the excitements of Commencement; so she immediately arranges her work and feels that life is really worth while.

If she is to graduate as a teacher she may see posted in some conspicuous place a notice reading thus, "An important meeting of Juniors to organize the class and elect officers." At the appointed time she arrives, feeling very important (this is *not* personal), confidently expecting to find the Gym—every first meeting is held in the Gym—quite full of classmates, eager and loyal as she.

Unless she be one of a model class she will find herself almost the only member present; and after wasting precious time with a half dozen more or less interested students she goes away, rather disgusted, but wiser.

Several weeks pass before any other meeting is called, and our student goes through the routine familiar to us all. When the second notice of a meeting meets her eye she finds it is to consider the annual invitation issued by the Seniors to the Juniors to attend a reception. Presto! Where did all these people spring from? Why this sudden class interest? Can

it be that they are thinking of the refreshments? (Always bear in mind that the writer graduated from the old Conservatory—ice cream once a week and holidays.) And the student recognizes many friends who reside in the building. Suffice to say, the opportunity is at hand; a class is formed, president elected, and at last the student feels herself one of the glorious Class of 19—, which is to outshine every other class, have more geniuses, and altogether add to the already high reputation of the Conservatory.

So the class is launched, and the following year for our student means the Senior year spelled with a capital S. Of all you graduates, who does not remember the unusual importance connected with these class meetings—of the choice of colors, selection of pins, not to mention such little things as final exams in harmony, piano and the like?

The class spirit this year seems to be more general. And if there is in the president the combination of tact and good nature many little difficulties are smoothed down, and every member feels that spirit of loyalty which seldom comes into their lives.

If our student be one of the chosen few to be on the Commencement program she feels that her cup of joy is surely full (again I warn you, this is strictly impersonal), and such little remarks as having her head compared to a cabbage and the like, indulged in by a sorely tried teacher, are even borne for the sake of possibly being an honor to her class. And when Commencement is over, and she has become an alumna of the Conservatory, she appreciates more than ever the loyal spirit without which no class can work in unison.

Now, in taking up the thread binding the old Conservatory life with that of the new, we notice a decided change. Having no students' apartments in the Conservatory building causes a feeling of independence among the pupils. When one and all come from their homes, making the Conservatory the center, more of a strictly class spirit is called forth; all meet on one common ground, and each one has a chance to become better acquainted with her classmate. Especially was this true of the Class of 1903, which, though handicapped by the unfinished state of the building, was the first class to graduate from Jordan Hall.

With the Class of 1904 came the founding of Class Day; and well may this class be proud of its record. The facilities of the building made such an act possible, and certainly the Conservatory is important enough to have everything attending its Commencement equal to any college in the country.

The present Class of 1905, in issuing THE NEUME, has instituted a custom which I sincerely hope will never die. One does not realize how much a class paper or a class book means to the students. Of course I mean students who are loyally interested in their work and the institution in which they spend so much of their time. Class spirit means loyalty to one another and loyalty to their Alma Mater, and the success of an institution depends upon its students.

It is impossible to resist urging all prospective graduates to develop this feeling. Look at it in a broad sense, overlook the little unpleasantness, and when your dreams are at last realized, and you stand an alumna, may you raise your hand high above your head, and cry with heartfelt fervor:—

Alma Mater, Alma Mater,
May the love we feel for thee
Strengthen as the years grow longer,
And the tie that binds grow stronger
Towards our dear loved Alma Mater.

SARAH DELANO MORTON.





NELLIE W. SCHEIBLEY

HORACE WHITEHOUSE

ALMA P. MARTI

H. PAYSON PORTER

1904 CLASS OFFICERS

SENIOR





Officers of the Class of 1905



WILSON TOWNSEND MOOG	<i>President</i>
BLANCHE LLEWELLA CRAFTS	<i>Vice President</i>
SUSAN EMMA DROUGHT	<i>Secretary</i>
FLOYD BIGELOW DEAN	<i>Treasurer</i>
CLARA FRANCES MALLORY	<i>Historian</i>

Piano

MARY ANDREW	46 3rd St., E. Cambridge, Mass.
JANE MAY BACON	68 Stanton St., Dorchester, Mass.
EVANGELINE ROSE BRIDGE	104 Harrishop St., Roxbury, Mass.
WINIFRED MURIEL BYRD	197 Court St., Salem, Oregon
MARY ALICE CHURCHILL	45 Ketchum St., Buffalo, N. Y.
HELEN BARNARD CORY	162 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.
ISABEL TUTHILL DAVIS	Miller's Place, N. Y.
FLOYD BIGELOW DEAN	19 Jersey Ave., Ogdensburg, N. Y.
RALPH BEN ELLEN	Willoughby, Ohio
KATHARINE ESTELLE FISSE	3144 Allen Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
CHARLES FRANCOIS GIARD	262 W. Elm St., Brockton, Mass.
MARJORIE ELIZABETH GROVES	389 Northampton St., Boston, Mass.
ELLA MAY HILLPOT	Frenchtown, N. J.
LAURA BERTHA HUXTABLE	568 E. 5th St., So. Boston, Mass.
ETHEL GARRETT JOHNSTON	Tacoma Park, D. C.
HARRY B. KEELER	Mason City, Iowa
VIRGINIA LOU KELLY	Longview, Texas
RUTH ELIZABETH KERANS	Danvers, Mass.
ETHEL BLANCHE MCCRILLIS	26 Summer St., Hyde Park, Mass.
MARIAN PERCIVAL MINER	Jackson, Mich.
ANNA IRENE MORRIS	14 Intervale St., Roxbury, Mass.
LUCY LEE POWERS	64 Elm St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
MARY THERESA RILEY	218 Lakeview Ave., Lowell, Mass.
ELIZABETH LEE ROACH	204 Ewing Ave., Dallas, Texas

MINA FRANCES ROSS	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
SUYE SHIBATA	Tokyo, Japan
GERTRUDE HELLEN SMITH	587 W. Park St., Dorchester, Mass.
Mrs. EVA AUGUSTA SPARROW	153 Broad St., Pawtucket, R. I.
CARRIE BISHOP STANLEY	Willow Road, Nahant, Mass.
EDITH MAY WARDROP	25 So. Oak St., Mt. Carmel, Pa.
FRANK SEYMORE WATSON	319 So. Main St., Woonsocket, R. I.

Voice

IDA ELIZABETH BAGG	1048 Riverdale St., W. Springfield, Mass.
GERTRUDE DAMON	907 H St., Washington, D. C.
SUSAN EMMA DROUGHT	728 Ontario St., Port Huron, Mich.
HORTENSE ESTES	281 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.
GRACE GARDINER	26 Thomas Park, So. Boston, Mass.
EJENE HAMILTON STORER	250 Park St., W. Roxbury, Mass.
GRACE HELEN SWAIN	West Leeds, Me.
VIRGINIA MARILLA SWEET	15 Gotham St., Watertown, N. Y.
MINNIE DOROTHEA THULLEN	Youngstown, Ohio
FRED LYMAN WHEELER	182 So. Main St., Gardner, Mass.

Organ

HUGH JOHN DUGAN	State Soldiers' Home, Sandusky, Ohio
STANLEY EDWARD FULLER	Woodstock, Vt.
RALPH ADAMS LYFORD	676 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.
CLARA FRANCES MALLORY	West Hartford, Conn.
WILSON TOWNSEND MOOG	Forest Park, Baltimore, Md.
ROBERT ROSCOE STEEVES	Moncton, N. B., Canada

Violin

BLANCHE LLEWELLA CRAFTS	Maple St., Milton, Mass.
VIOLA MAY SHAW	421 High St., W. Medford, Mass.

Tuning

HARRY PARSONS HARTMAN	827 Market St., Williamsport, Pa.
HARRY NELSON KINSEY	Wichita, Kansas
G. SUMNER FRENCH	31 Stonehousehill St., Brockton, Mass.



Senior Class Concert

Tuesday Evening, May 2nd, 1905, Jordan Hall

At 8.15 o'clock



Program

BEACH "One Summer Day"

CHAMINADE "Come, my love, to me"

RHEINBERGER "Homewards"

CHORUS

HAUSER "Rhapsodie Hongroise" (violin)

Miss BLANCHE CRAFTS

SAINT-SAËNS "Aimons Nous"

DELL' ACQUA "Chanson Provençale"

Miss GERTRUDE DAMON

SAINT-SAËNS Barcarolle

Miss CRAFTS, Violin

Miss FRANCES ROSS, Pianoforte

MR. RALPH LYFORD, Violoncello

MR. ROSCOE STEEVES, Organ

WHITING Fantasie for Pianoforte and Orchestra

MR. FRANK WATSON

Orchestral parts played by DR. J. ALBERT JEFFERY

CHADWICK "To Heliodora"

"Lullaby"

"Behind the Lattice"

CHORUS

F. DE LA TOMBELLE, "Andante Toccata," from Sonata in E minor (organ)

MR. WILSON T. MOOG

1905



We the Class of Nineteen Five,
Active, strong and all alive,
Ever may our members strive
 To act the loyal part.
Glad our years in N. E. C.,
Faithful to its teachings be,
We our cherished goal shall see,
 Ne'er lose hope and heart.

Alma Mater! Hail to thee!
How we love thy spirit free!
Loyal will we ever be,
 Though far from thee we stray.
To our hearts thy love will cling,
Grateful homage will we bring;
Through the world thy praise we'll sing,
 Thy mem'ries cheer our way.

All the field of music vast,
That has glorified the past,
Has inspired us at our task,
 Kept us true to art.
Gathered here, an earnest band,
Firmly joined in heart and hand,
For the highest we will stand,
 Choose life's better part!

GERTRUDE DAMON.

Synthesis



THE honor is ours of being the first class to have taken and completed the course since the erection of the well equipped fire-proof building in which the New England Conservatory now has its home. This building has given increased facilities for study in all lines, and the growth and scope of the work is nowhere better illustrated than in the enlarged organ department. We ought to appreciate having lived in this day and generation.

Yet how long we can claim to have existed as a class would be surprising to an outsider; as a matter of fact, our organization began in December, 1904. And yet we say our class is the first to have its course in the new building, because the majority who compose it have taken the work during this period. Many of our number at first did not come with the intention of graduating, and did not plan their work with that in view; others have entered with work sufficiently advanced to allow them to take the course in two years. So within the last five years our noble class of 1905 has silently been gathering forces. But most of the work here is so distinctly individual, when compared to that of other schools, that one hardly knows in what year to expect to be graduated until some grand upheaval like the fourth grade examinations or the finals brings one to realize about where he stands.

Our officers were elected on January 7, and the names posted—the first official announcement that the Class of 1905 was really in existence. While we guessed from information culled in different quarters that we should have a class of over forty, never more than thirty-one during the next few months were brave enough to publish their hopes of being graduated this spring and become identified with the class. How many interesting class meetings and social functions they missed by being so faint-hearted!

Those of us a little more daring began to talk about such doubtful subjects as class pins, class color and flower, graduation plans, cap and gown, and how many meetings were thus furnished with food for reflection (since these subjects were usually laid upon the table until the next

meeting). One of our earliest decisions was to order a pin less pretentious than classes usually had, and to put the difference in price toward a gift from our class to the school—a thing which we hope will become a custom.

On April 8 a general shock was suffered by the hopeful candidates for graduation by the report that the final examinations would take place April 17 and 18, and the "pieces" would be heard May 8, 9, and 10. Then it was learned that forty-nine took those examinations—with a fewer number of conditions than any previous class, not to say more—we respectfully refer the reader to the director and class inspector for further information. We do not claim any remarkable brilliancy as a class, but we can conscientiously apply the remarks of some of our Faculty that we have been hard workers, and illustrate what an institution like ours can do to develop general musicianship.

We claim the honor, modestly, of taking the initiative in a few directions—this probably because our earlier class organization gave time for seeds of class and school spirit to spring up and bear fruit. We bequeath to the Class of 1906 the Senior Bulletin, which became a necessity to publish our appointments, and we hope that in the future it may continue to be used for their good.

On May 2 a class concert was given in Jordan Hall, entirely under the direction of the class, and we should like to see such a concert given each year. We seriously recommend that future classes consider the subject of presenting the school with a gift as a token of gratitude to Alma Mater. And we also hope that each year THE NEUME may be published, believing that there is a place for such a book in our midst.

We of the class do hereby urge ourselves and others who follow the art of music to be *broad*, and study subjects other than music; to read books on science and philosophy as well as on matters musical; to attend lectures on literature and topics of the day. Try a serious study of some exacting subject such as mathematics, and see how the discipline will sharpen the intellect for musical work.

Be the best possible musician, yet be always something more than a musician.

CLARA FRANCES MALLORY.

Japanese Music



THE Japanese music is very much different from European music. It is almost impossible to treat it as Western music. There are many different kinds of musical instruments, but the most popular and common are the samisen and the kote.

The samisen is a three-stringed instrument. It is a kind of guitar, but the tone quality and the tuning are entirely different. This instrument is used more generally than any other among the common class of people. The kote, or Japanese harp, is a thirteen-stringed and flat instrument which is played on the floor. (When at home, the Japanese sit on the floor to read, write, eat, sew, and in fact for everything they do, using no chairs). The strings are about half an inch apart, each stretched over a small bridge and tied at both ends of the instrument just as tight as possible. It is played with three fingers, with the ivory finger nail attached to a leather string.

All music is written in minor keys. There is no key relationship. A piece begins in one key and ends in another. There is no cadence; there is no method of notation. For this last reason, the amount of music is limited. Instruction is given by ear and by dictation, a short section at each lesson. The teacher plays and sings and the pupil plays after her. Afterwards they sing and play together until the piece is learned. It takes a long while to learn one piece. Since there is no notation, the pupil cannot take up any new piece to study by herself.

The people are getting hold of Western music very rapidly. It is only a little over thirty years ago that the Japanese government started the Conservatory of Music at Tokyo, at which time they applied for an instructor in America. Through Dr. Tourjée, Mr. Luther Whiting Mason went over to take the position, and laid the foundation of Western music in Japan. It has been very hard for the Japanese people to understand and adopt Western music, and they have taken very little interest in it, but the government takes a great deal of interest and encourages the people to make special study of it. They send specially talented pupils abroad to study either piano or violin.

They charge almost nothing at the Conservatory. By paying one yen, which is about fifty cents in American money, one can take all the studies required at the Conservatory, taking piano or violin in a class of three, theory, harmony and voice, all in classes, two lessons a week. Some of the Conservatory teachers give violin lessons down town in Tokyo, charging by the month only twenty-five cents, which is about twelve and a half cents in American money, and giving a half hour lesson a week. They have to do this in order to get the people interested in it, but the present outlook is very encouraging.

People are coming to be more interested in it, and pay more attention to it. Our public school music is most promising. As the time goes on, the new method and music may become more natural to the people as a nation.

SUYE SHIBATA, TOKYO, JAPAN.



Concert Department



Perhaps you think you're finished, and ready quite for fame,
When you've mastered Stasny's technique or that of others I might name;
Or when you've learned to warble like the far famed nightingale,
Or played a Bach fugue with your feet in a way to turn us pale.

You are very much mistaken, for your labor will be lost
If you've not had Stage Department, which you need at any cost.
In our school are many subjects, quite essential to be sure
To the rounded-out musician, and their value will endure.

There's Theory and Harmony and Composition, too;
And that other branch, Analysis, which tends to make us blue.
Solfeggio is a science by everyone adored;
We have to work on it like mad or get completely floored.

There are some who seek the spirit of the Violin to tame,
And some at Orchestration try their hand and dream of fame.
There are Lecture Courses five or six, and Normal teaching daily;
Recital class and Opera School, where everything goes gaily.

All these are very good, I grant, and needful in their turn,
But Department for the Concert Stage is what makes genius burn!
This most important study we pursue down in the Gym;
We're in full attendance every week, with never failing vim.

'Tis such a real necessity, that every student feels
He could no more do without it than an auto without wheels.
If you're needing entertainment, and have an hour to spare,
Just visit Mr. Gilbert's class adown the winding stair.

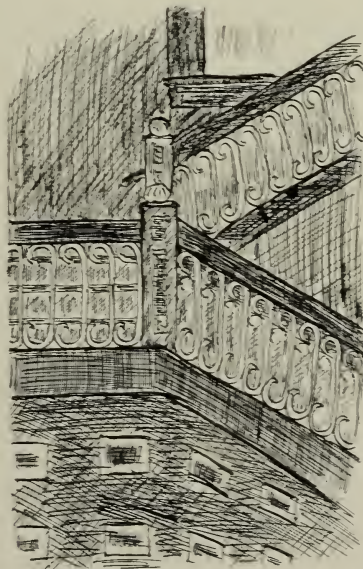
Here you will find us hard at work under careful training;
We sit and stand and walk by rule; reposeful ease we're gaining.
With matchless grace advancing to the center of the stage,
We bow for Mr. Gilbert 'neath his careful espionage.

An imaginary audience watches us perform,
And when our little stunt is done, applauds us long and warm.
We bow once more, and backward glide, then stop to bow again.
Oh! 'tis hard to place one's feet just so, and not trip on one's train!

There are very many things we learn in this instructive hour.
We're shown how relaxation will assist to highest power;
We're taught the proper way to sit on a piano stool,
And when before the footlights, though frightened, to look cool.

We're trained to be expressive with our faces and our hands,
And all our public conduct is laid out on careful plans.
Our angles are all rounded out, rough edges are smoothed down,
And a highly polished gentleman evolved from any clown.

And when success we have achieved, and great becomes our name,
We'll give all honor to the man who fitted us for fame.
So remember Stage Department, and if you've an hour to spare,
Just visit Mr. Gilbert's class adown the winding stair.



A Parable

CHAPTER I

1 And lo, it came to pass on the morning of the tenth day of the month, that the Chief Priests and Elders held a consultation, and a decree was put forth that the Scribes and Pharisees, called Seniors, should be judged.

2 And the Chief Priest, he of the House of Benjamin, caused a notice to be posted in all the principal places of the temple, advising the Scribes and Pharisees, called Seniors, that the trial should be on the morning of the seventeenth day.

3 And lo, while he yet spake, came another High Priest, he of the House of Samuel, crying in a loud voice that he should judge the multitude at the last hour of the same day.

4 Behold, when it came to pass when the days were accomplished, the Scribes and Pharisees went up into the Temple to be judged.

5 And they spake one to another words of cheer and counsel, and verily the door was opened and they went in to where he of the House of Benjamin presided.

6 And yet a little while tarried they in the torture chamber, and the door was opened, and their faces revealed the sorrow or joy in their hearts.

7 And verily they sat themselves upon the benches and wept.

8 And this was the morning of the first day.

CHAPTER II

1 And straightway when the eleventh hour had come, they took themselves to the Inner Sanctum, where he of the House of Samuel presided, and seated themselves before the Tribunal.

2 And the Chief Priest, Samuel, said unto them, "Behold, in the fear that ye enter into temptation, and lest your eyes seek counsel of another's labor, but two shall seat themselves in one row.

3 "And hearken unto my word when I say unto you to lend me your ears, and he that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

4 Then the Chief Priest, Samuel, stood up in their midst and smote upon an instrument of more than ten strings, and lo, a sound came forth.

5 And they asked him to strike it the second time, and he struck it the second time.

6 And they asked him to strike it the third time, and he struck it the third time.

7 Then the Chief Priest, Samuel, said unto them, "Verily, I shall strike it for you but once more as ye have heeded not my words from the beginning."

8 And a loud cry of lamentation went up from the multitude assembled.

9 Then it came to pass after this tribulation was over, the multitude went out to break their fast, and did eat and drink.

CHAPTER III

1 And behold, on the morning of the second day, the multitude gathered in the lower hall of the Temple, and shouts of joy, or wailing and gnashing of teeth, resounded as their sentences were told to them.

2 And the elect wept with the condemned and offered words of cheer for the second trial.

3 And lo, there were some who were not to be put to trial, and the others marvelled greatly at their vast learning, and whispered, one to another,—

4 "Here is he who is exempt. How unfortunate are we, oh, we of little knowledge!"

CHAPTER IV

1 And lo, it was noised abroad that Cæsar Augustus of the Temple had proclaimed to the Chief Priests and Elders that no one should be elected to a seat in the Alumni who could not sing anything his eyes beheld at the first trial.

2 And forsooth, this decree brought sorrow to many hearts, as there were many in the multitude who had been blessed with the gift of sight, but not *first sight*.

3 And verily they counselled together and wondered greatly what should be done with them.

4 And behold, a prophet came in their midst and said, "Be of good cheer, my brethren, for verily I speak whereof I know, and the councillors and rulers will judge you wisely."

5 But they were greatly terrified and believed him not.

6 And behold, when the hours were accomplished, and it came their turn to pass in to their trial, their tongues clave to their mouth, their jaws refused to open, their knees quaked with fear, so that, forsooth, they leaned themselves against one of the pillars of the Council Chamber until they could quiet the chattering of their teeth.

7 And as sheep before the shearers so they opened not their mouths.

8 But coming forth from the council chamber with beads of sweat upon their brows, they spake words of cheer to the waiting multitude, saying: "Be of good cheer. Possess thy soul with intervals. Gird on thy augmented fourths and diminished sevenths.

9 "Sing with all thy might, and as David of old smote the Philistines, so this our enemy, known as 'Solfeggio,' shall fall before us."

CHAPTER V

1 And when the seven days were accomplished when the multitude were to be judged by Cæsar Augustus of the Temple, they brought their talents to him.

2 And there were many who had not wasted their time in riotous living, but had gained many talents.

3 And when these showed their talents unto Cæsar he said unto them: "Well done, good and faithful students. Ye are worthy of a high seat among the Alumni."

4 But unto those who had brought but one talent he said, "I will give thee more time to go and improve thyself.

5 "I know thy work and service, notwithstanding I have a few things against thee. Show to me thy powers of first sight and all other things will be forgiven thee."

Thus endeth the acts of the Scribes and Pharisees, called Seniors.

1905 Primer



Perhaps to some who o'er this glance
 Inane 'twill seem, a work of chance,
 No meaning find you in its measure,
 Or faulty rhyme, to give you pleasure.
 Read not across but up and down,
 Be sure you notice cap and gown.
 U then will see the questions dire
 So prone to rouse the Seniors' ire—
 The much discussed bust and pin—
 Prolonging meetings till twilight dim,
 Inspiring all to feats of speech
 No statesman wise would dare impeach,
 Yielding a chance for rare display
 Of talents, long hid from light of day,
 Unheeded were, and slight appeared
 Beside the question far more feared—
 Enshroud ourselves or not, in gown
 To be laughed at by half the town?
 Confess now, you who wanted them,
 A gloomy sight we would have been.
 "Profs" look well in gowns of black,
 As oft in styles they're somewhat slack.
 No meaning have they to us "Grads";
 Degrees left out, we ape the fads
 Good folks elsewhere are said to have.
 O ye who for this classic garb
 With doughty courage fought so hard,
 Now weep no more but dry your tears.
 No one will fail to call you "dears,"
 As slowly gliding all in white,
 You'll angels seem of light, not night.
 (No need to mention mere man here,
 One never thinks his clothes are "dear";
 The tailors, only, know the truth,
 Forgetting not your note—his proof.)
 O let us then unite in song,
 "Right always triumphs over wrong":
 U can trust the taste of "Nineteen Five,"
 She's bound to be the Con's great pride.



GRINDS.

Extracts

May 1, 2, 3, Large rush to the bargain counter of the New England Conservatory music store: panic resulted, but no one injured.

May 8, 9, 10, Quaker Oats Firm solicited the Senior Class picture for "the smile that won't come off" ad.

May 10, Chafing-dish party in Gym. Seven chafing-dishes and six gentlemen present. Same date rumored that two Seniors attended Solfeggio: rumor denied.

May 13, Senior seen going to Solfeggio. Several people fainted.

May 17, E. J. dreamed that Mr. Cutter made her leap down to a six-four.

May 21, Senior Class gave Recital at Perkins' Institute. Institute is now closed!

We know a young girl from N. Y.
 Who never does things on the sly;
 But she always shows heat
 When she is called Sweet,
 Although there is no reason why.

There was a young maid called Irene
 Whose wit was exceedingly keen,
 But alas and alack!
 She would ever hold back,
 And was always afraid to be seen.

Pictures No Artist Can Paint

MISS POWERS—With a \$2,000 position.

MISS MINER—With a frown.

MISS BYRD—In a cap and gown.

MR. DEAN—In a hurry.

MISS SMITH—Without squash pie.

MR. DUGAN—Appearing in Grand Opera.

MISS HUXTABLE—In a rage.

MR. ELLEN—Attending a Senior class meeting.

MR. FRANK WATSON recently entered the editors' sanctum, and said he was about to apply for a divorce. We were greatly surprised as we thought he had come for a certificate.

FIRST SENIOR—"Does Mr. Keeler know about the special meeting?"

SECOND SENIOR—"No, I only told him once."

During a sight playing lesson one sultry day our teacher became very much distressed by the stupid blunders made by the members of the class. With a strong, stern voice he requested us to "please all play in the same key." As our teacher was making his ardent appeal a harmony teacher came to the door and hearing the reprimand, said, "What! don't you allow each one to play in a different key? Oh, give the young moderns a chance!"



TRANSPPOSITION - sight playing class



Esprit de Corps



LIKE many another term, college spirit is hard to define, yet we are all positive that there is such a spirit, and that we know when we rub up against the genuine article. Does it consist in ear splitting yells and flaunting banners on gala occasions? Surely not, though such manifestations are inevitable when the true spirit exists, and greatly promote *bonne camaraderie*. What a difference this exuberance of youth would make—say on the annual Founders' Day Picnic! Is not the true and worthy college spirit the loving gratitude which each one feels toward his Alma Mater—a gratitude which inspires in each the desire to work for the advancement, material, intellectual, artistic of the institution, which leads to a willingness to make sacrifices, if necessary, and which strengthens the determination that we will see to it, in the Platonic phrase, "that the Republic suffer no harm"?

Wherever college spirit is lacking class spirit will also be weak; conversely, a strong class spirit will generate a wholesome college spirit. Up to this year there has been manifest at the Conservatory very little institutional or class loyalty. The reason is obvious: the prescribed and elective system arranged with a view to completion of certain courses in a definite number of years does not obtain. The polity of the school does not call for the division into classes of the student body. Those who are or expect to receive diplomas at the close of the season are called Seniors—the only class perhaps worthy recognition.

Can conditions at the New England Conservatory be bettered or are they good enough now? The Director evidently thinks that there is room for improvement, and has taken a step in the right direction when he decrees that those who wish to graduate in a certain year shall take preliminary examinations two years before.

Now a practical hint or two as to helps in promoting class spirit. Following the excellent example of the Class of Nineteen Five, let there be a strong class organization early in the fall, of those who expect to graduate at the end of the season. Some wise superior might also gather the newcomers into a Freshman fold. This would provide for three classes: It,

Not It, and The Others. Class socials could be held frequently—informal affairs, where we could become better acquainted with the talents and character of one another. Class dues, too, are a wonderful bond. Strange what a community of sympathy and interest is aroused among those whose pocketbooks are touched!

What a magnificent opportunity there is for presentation of class plays in Recital Hall! Then if the class wished to tender a reception to the Faculty and Trustees, into what an artistic reception room the gymnasium could be transformed! The preparations for such events afford splendid chances for the promotion of friendships and class spirit.

Fellow students, we are studying the noblest of all arts in one of the best equipped institutions of its kind in the world. Shall there not be, then, loyalty to one another and to our glorious New England Conservatory?

FAY LOOK.



CLASS — 1906



JORDAN HALL



LIBRARY—INTERIOR



ORGAN IN JORDAN HALL

Built by the Hutchings-Votey Organ Company, Boston, 1903

Specifications of the Organ

Gift of Eben D. Jordan



Compass of Manuals, C to c4

Compass 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.



EBEN D. JORDAN

Specifications of the Organ

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

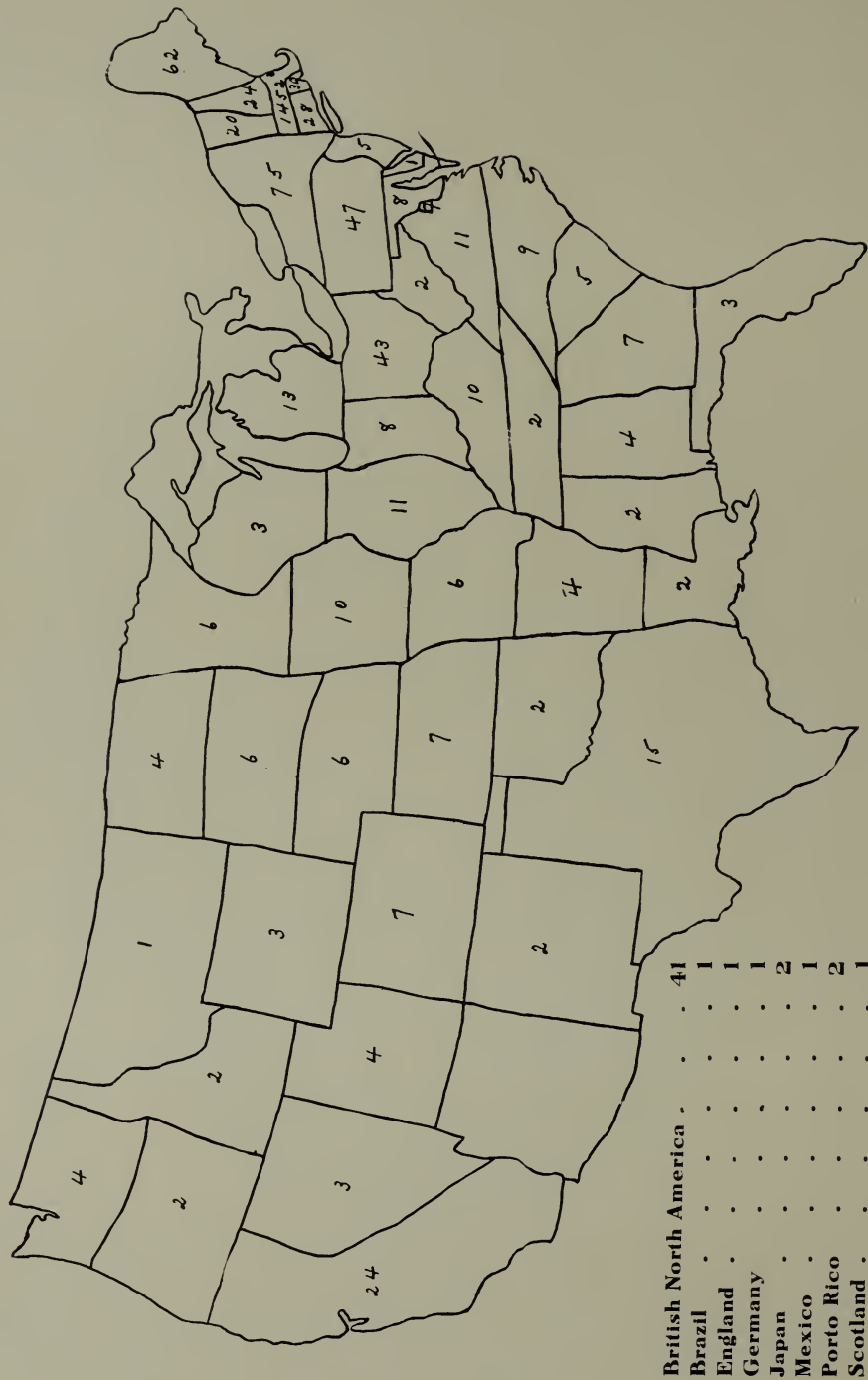
Great to Pedale, reversible
 Balanced Pedals for Swell and Choir boxes
 Tremulants for Swell and Choir

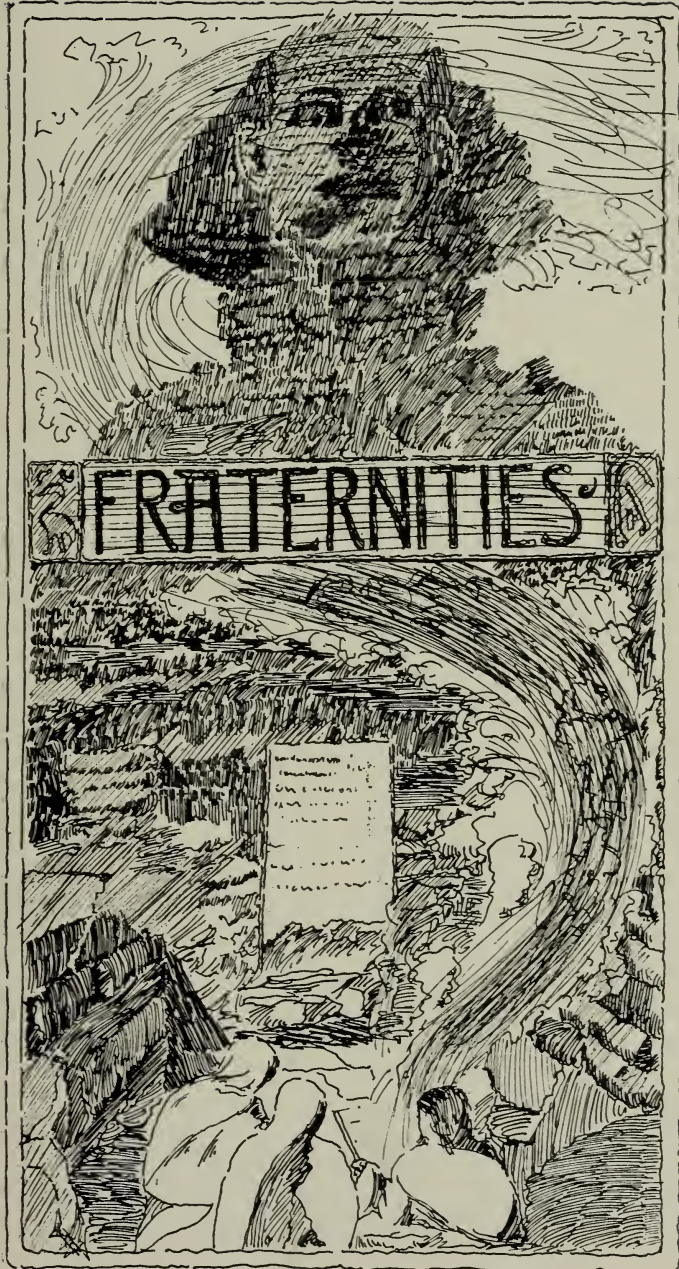
ACTION

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

Distribution of Students from the United States and Other Countries

Total Number, 2,062









Sinfonia



Established at New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Oct. 20, 1898

Chapter Roll

Alpha	New England Conservatory of Music .	Boston, Mass.
Beta	Broad Street 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

Active Members

FRANK S. BROWN	WILSON T. MOOG
PERCY J. BURRELL	ARTHUR A. MOULTON
GEORGE H. CAMPBELL	AUGUSTUS A. NOELTE
T. CLIFFORD CAMPBELL	ELISHA P. PERRY
GEORGE P. CHATTERLEY	CARL PEIRCE
HAROLD A. COLE	LOCKHART PINGREE
WILLIAM T. DAVIS	HARRY ROGERS PRATT
FLOYD B. DEAN	ERNEST M. SHELDON
ALFRED DI PESA	R. ROSCOE STEEVES
J. HERBERT DODGE	ALBERT J. STEPHENS
HUGH J. DUGAN	ERNEST T. STONE
STANLEY E. FULLER	EUGENE H. STORER
ARCHIE M. GARDNER	JOHN A. STROMBERG
CHARLES J. GIARD	SHIRLEY F. STUPP
ALBERT L. HALE	TADANORI TOGI
RAY L. HARTLEY	LINDLEY H. VARNEY
WILLIS C. HUNTER	GEORGE D. VIEIRA
HINTON H. JONES	ERNEST A. VIVIAN
HARRY B. KEELER	FRANK V. WEAVER
H. FAY LOOK	F. LYMAN WHEELER
RALPH LYFORD	HORACE WHITEHOUSE
D. CLIFFORD MARTIN	MILTON A. WOODBURY



SINFONIA FRATERNITY ROOM



Alpha Chi Omega



Alpha	De Pauw University	Greencastle, Ind.
Beta	Albion College	Albion, Mich.
Gamma	Northwestern University	Evanston, Ill.
Delta	Pennsylvania College of Music	Meadville, Pa.
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.

ZETA CHAPTER

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LILLIAN BULL	FLORENCE REED
WINIFRED BYRD	CAROL STANLEY
BLANCHE CRAFTS	KATE TEMPLETON
MABLE DAVIDSON	WINIFRED VAN BUSKIRK
GERTRUDE DAMON	ALICE WALK
LAURA HOWE	CAROLINE SCHMIDT
SARAH MORTON	BLANCHE RIPLEY

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Alpha Gamma Chi



Established at Ottawa, Ohio, in 1898

Alpha	Ottawa, Ohio
Beta	New England Conservatory	Boston, Mass.
Gamma	Cincinnati Conservatory of Music . .	Cincinnati, Ohio
Delta	Richmond College (contemplated) .	Richmond, Va.

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ANGIE E. COOMBS	EDNA SHEEHY
ALICE M. GILBERT	ELSIE M. STOKES
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ELIZABETH I. BICKFORD	GENEVIEVE G. GANNON
ELLA REYNOLDS BURNS	LO BELLE HIGH
GRACE COVER	CLARA RAIFE
AMANDA B. ELLINSINGER	HELEN B. SULLIVAN
MARY B. EVANS	SADIE S. WAITE

RAE WELLMAN





Pi Phi



Chapter Roll

Alpha	Woman's College	Bucknell, Pa.
Beta	New England Conservatory	Boston, Mass.
Gamma	Miss Gordon's School	Philadelphia, Pa.

BETA CHAPTER

Active Members

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ANNA R. STONE

JANICE GRIFFIN

ETHEL WILLIAMS

EDA COLTER

EMILY WILSON

MARGARET WILLIS

MARY JESSIE BROWNELL

ELIZABETH MARCY



Sigma Tau Theta



Active Members

FAITH W. KIDDER
HILDRED THANHAUSER
HILDA SWARTZ
JANET M. BAILEY

MARIAN TALBOT
BLANCHE THOMAS
OLIVE L. WHITELEY
JESSIE NORTHCROFT

Fortnightly Club



Organized December 1, 1902

Honorary Members

MRS. MARGARET AVERY	MISS MARTHA PERKINS
MRS. PAULINE WOLTMANN BRANDT	MISS SARAH PERKINS
MRS. ADELINE C. FERGUSON	MISS ELIZABETH I. SAMUEL
MISS ELLEN WHEELOCK	MISS MARIE TREAT
	MISS LUCY DEAN

Active Members

EDNA J. SHEEHY	<i>President</i>
HILDA SWARTZ	<i>Vice President</i>
FAITH KIDDER	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
HILDRED THANHAUSER	<i>Treasurer</i>
JANET BAILEY	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
FLORENCE ADAMS		LOTTIE McLAUGHLIN
ALBERTA AMSTEIN		ANNINA McCRORY
EVANGELINE BRIDGE		SARAH MOORE
LAURA BROWN		SARAH D. MORTON
WINIFRED BYRD		GERTRUDE NORTON
ALICE CHURCHILL		LOIS PARRY
ANGIE E. COOMBS		HELEN POND
MRS. JEAN ROBINSON-COUTHARD		ELIZABETH ROACH
BLANCHE CRAFTS		FRANCES ROSS
HELEN DAGGETT		CAROLINE SCHMIDT
NELL DONALDSON		MARGARET SEEDS
MADGE DIXON		IDA SOWERS
EMMA DROUGHT		GRACE SWAIN
HORTENSE ESTES		MARIAN TALBOT
BESSIE V. FARNSWORTH		BLANCHE THOMAS
LILLIAN GOULSTON		M. DOROTHEA THULEN
TERESA HANAWAY		WINIFRED VAN BUSKIRK
LAURA HOWE		MARY WILLIAMS
BELLE KROME		MARGARET W. WILLIS
ELIZABETH LINK		OLIVE M. WHITELEY

The Young Women's Christian Association



THE Association work aims for the development of spiritual life among the young women of the institution, and for training along such lines as will best fit them for future Christian life.

An interesting course of Bible study has been pursued during the year with a membership of twenty-three, Miss Sarah Perkins, Instructor.

Officers for 1904-1905

JEAN L. WOOD	<i>President</i>
LUCILLE VOGT	<i>Secretary</i>
KATE FISSE	<i>Treasurer</i>
JESSIE HAWLEY	<i>Chairman of Devotional Committee</i>
LU ETHEL HEWITT	<i>Chairman of Bible Study Committee</i>
NELL DONALDSON	<i>Chairman of Social Committee</i>





AUGUSTO ROTOLI

Augusto Rotoli



AUGUSTO ROTOLI was born in Rome, January 7, 1847. At the age of nine he entered the Hospice of San Michele and was chosen to be one of the choir boys for the Lateran and Liberian Chapels. At the end of two months he made his début as soloist at the Julian Chapel of St. Peters, his aria being the "*Ave Regina Cælorum*" of Tornelli. His passion for music, he said, dated from that moment. Great demand followed for his services in cathedrals and sacred melodramas at the Academy of Music.

At the age of eleven he was regularly engaged as soloist at St. Peter's on salary. Here he spent five years learning the traditional masterpieces of Italian art—the music of Palestrina, Porpora, and other favorite Roman ecclesiastical writers.

After losing his natural soprano voice, he devoted himself seriously to the principles of singing under Luchesi, whose direction he followed till in 1868 the title and position of "Master in the Academy of St. Cæcilia" was obtained. His success as organist, conductor and composer was becoming so recognized in Italy and other countries that in 1873 the Queen of Portugal bestowed upon him the insignia of the Order of the Cross, in recognition of his services to art. In 1876 he visited London for the first time, where he won subsequent distinction.

In 1885 Signor Rotoli accepted the position as vocal instructor in the New England Conservatory. He gave a farewell concert in Rome, which was a remarkable occasion. The aristocracy of the city, headed by Queen Margherita, who was for many years his pupil, paid homage to the great artist, whose loss was felt by all music loving Italy.

Rules for Attending Concerts

1. Come late.
2. Leave early.
3. Wear creaky boots, and make your entrance and exit at *pp* passages.
4. Encore everybody.



CONSERVATORY [Chrysanthemum]

5. Converse with your friends ; only a narrow mind is unsocial while music is being performed.

6. Instrumental music may be ignored ; it is generally meant as an accompaniment to conversation.

7. Violin music is an exception to the above rule. Listen attentively ; open your mouth at the softest passages ; the more you don't hear it, the finer it is.

8. Be wary lest you applaud too soon at very soft endings. Watch the performer ; if it is a soprano, she will shut her mouth ; if it is a violinist he will flourish his bow ; then you may safely stamp, whistle, clap, shout "Bravoo," "Bravee," "Bravah," or anything you like.

9. Loud endings are also to be applauded, but you need not wait for the end ; as soon as the singer hits the high note—go it !

10. Changes in programs are frequently made ; be non-committal.

11. There are many European modes of applause. Always use these in preference to the American manner ; shout "bis," "brava," "encore," etc., and somebody may mistake you for a great kanoozer (*connoisseur*).

12. You may hum the tunes if you know them. You may also hum them if you don't know them, but the former method is, on the whole, to be preferred.

13. It may be possible that you do not own the hall, singers, orchestra and audience, but there is no harm in acting as if you did.

14. Wag your head.

15. Beat time with your feet.

16. Paste these rules in your hat or bonnet.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Ludicrous Incidents in a Musician's Career

By CHARLES DENNÉE



MY earliest connection with musical affairs, as near as I can remember, dates back to one day when I had reached the tender age of five and was punished (in a manner I shall not dwell upon here) for following a hand organ all the afternoon, while the police and neighbors were searching the highways and byways for me. Candor, however, compels me to confess that it was not the music of the organ that attracted me; it was the droll little monkey accompanying the outfit.

Later on, being suddenly seized with a desire to play the piano, because I envied the popularity of two of my young friends who could play a few tunes, I was promised a piano and some lessons if I would consent to have a particularly troublesome molar extracted, which no previous amount of cajoling or persuasion had succeeded in accomplishing. The tooth came out and the piano came in. From such beginnings as these do careers sometimes spring.

One time, while waiting for my lesson, I heard my old teacher, Professor Schelling, say to one of the "sudden rich" women of our city, "It is useless for your daughter to study any more, Mrs. X——. I can do no more for her. Why? Because she has no talent and she lacks the necessary mental faculty." "Sure that naden't worry ye, sur," replied Mrs. X——. "Mr. X—— has plinty av money and he'll buy her onnything yez nade for her; just ye tell him where he can buy those things."

During my career as a concert pianist I had many amusing experiences. One evening a lady who posed as a very musical person and a great patron of art, invited me to play for some friends at her New York home. Among other things I played a piece I had just written and when I finished it she smiled sweetly and gushingly murmured, "Oh, thank you so much, that is my favorite nocturne." For a long time I wondered just who the joke was on.

While on a southern tour in 1885, it happened one day that by some oversight the box containing the legs and pedals of my grand piano was not taken out of the baggage car with the piano and I was obliged to set

the piano up on saw-horses and enlist the services of the stage carpenter to build a clumsy but useful substitute for the regular pedals. By draping the piano I managed to relieve the incongruous combination to a certain extent.

Another night when I braved the rigors of a blizzard to play in Lynn the piano became stuck in a snowdrift near Swampscott and I was given an upright belonging to the hall. In the middle of a solo I put down a pedal which proved to be the "soft stop," and the force of my foot broke the connection. I was obliged to apologize to the audience, while the janitor in overalls and jumper helped me tie the thing up inside of the piano with a piece of rope. I made a hit, but not of the sort I expected.

I picked up the "*Etude*" one day and in glancing through it I was amazed to find a letter inquiring about me and after it the editor's reply: "Dennée was a pianist, composer and teacher at the N. E. Conservatory, etc. He died four years ago." I had personally discovered no symptoms to indicate that I was in any sense "a dead one," so I wrote to the editor that I was a pretty lively corpse just about that time.

About eighteen years ago a lady called on me who had four girls whom she wished me to instruct. She asked my terms for half-hour lessons, and, after haggling over the price for some time trying to get a reduction, finally agreed that I should begin the lessons next day. Promptly to a minute she arrived with her four girls and handed me some money, saying, "I subboze I bay in advance, eh?" I counted it and remarked that she evidently intended to pay only one quarter of the sum that day. "Vun quarter? vat you mean? dot is it all! dot is the brice you say for vun-half hour a veek for my four girls, aind it?" It is needless to say that I lost four pupils right there.

All piano teachers have met those pupils who say they cannot recall the names of the pieces and studies they have had, "but one was in a yellow covered book and the other a green one; and oh, yes! I've played Tarantelle, and I've had a book of 'eetudes' by 'Kzurney.'" But I think the prize goes to the young lady who said in reply to the usual question, "The last things I played were the 'Choppin Valises' and one of his 'Shurzoos.'"

In the spring of 1902 I received a letter from a young man out West who had met one of my pupils. He said: "I want to study piano; how long will it take to graduate from the Conservatory? I have never played piano but I am considered a good musician and have had lots of experience; I played

bass drum in our band for three years and I am sure I can catch on quick."

A new pupil once gave me a great deal of trouble for many weeks. She could not seem to grasp the relationship between the playing muscles and the keyboard; touch and tone remained a sealed book to her. At last in desperation I asked her if the piano she practiced on had a very easy action,—was it an old-fashioned square or an upright? "Oh, I haven't any piano," she simpered, "I practice on my grandmother's melodeon." That seemed to be my year for such experiences, as it was only a few weeks later that I noticed one of the pupils who seemed to be a very bright girl would strike a chord, then look at her hands, then at the music and play it again. This stuttering became more pronounced when she played chords in the upper part of the keyboard. Questioning brought out the fact that "everything sounded wrong" on my piano. "Your piano is out of tune, evidently; how often is it tuned? It should be tuned four times a year at least," I assured her. Her answer staggered me,—the piano had been bought four years before and had never been tuned since. Her father came to see me very indignant. "When I bought that piano they guaranteed it for five years," he asserted, "and I am going in and tell them what I think." I finally succeeded in convincing him that the poor abused manufacturer was innocent of any false representation.

While one of my operas, the *Defender*, was being rehearsed, the chorus was at first long on tenors but short on basses; unusual, but true. One evening after rehearsal a comical looking little chap with a shrewd droll face stepped up to me and said he understood basses were needed; would I try his voice. He sang down the scale and managed to pump out a low G. I told him I was sorry, but his voice was too weak. He turned to go remarking, "I was afraid it would be; you see I'm a tenor, but I need a job and I thought I might squeeze in as a bass." Scenting some fun, I asked if he would let me hear the tenor end of his voice. He fairly astounded us all by singing up to high C in a voice at once so robust and pure in tenor quality that he was engaged on the spot. He proved equal to three ordinary tenors and was eventually one of the most valuable men in the opera, working into a small part. Such is the reward of persistence.

Down in Maine last summer a terrace was being made around the cottage next to mine and I strolled over to watch the two old men who were digging and doing the grading. They were both over seventy years

of age and looked as if they were made up for a rural comedy-drama. One of them saluted me something like this: "Be you the feller who was playin' on the pie-anner a minit ago?" I acknowledged my guilt. "Well, I'm a musicianer myself," was his surprising statement. "Are you, indeed!" I ventured. "Oh, yes, I play the fiddle. I'm considered abaout the best fiddler 'round here. I make fiddles, I do. I got one daown to the haouse that Lem North offered me fifteen dollars fer. He's a crank on fiddles; got one cost him fifty dollars, a real old one. Yes, sir, I play the fiddle; I've played into concert right in the Taown Hall here. I like classicle music the best, but you can't play it fer people here, no sir! they ain't eddicated up to it. I tell you, tho, you can't beat Mowzart, Faust and Trovatory, no siree! Them's my favorite composers. I don't care nuthin' abaout Wagner nor none of them new fellers." At this point I suddenly had business in the house—it was too rich. I felt that I must laugh or I should choke. I found my friends convulsed over the conversation and the utterly ludicrous combination suggested, and to this day they ask me how my brother artist is progressing with his shovel and fiddle technique, and if I have found a composer yet who can equal "Mr. Trovatory."



Recital Calendar for 1904--1905



- SEPTEMBER 27.—Recital by Advanced Students.
- OCTOBER 6.—Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Edwin Klahre.
- NOVEMBER 25.—Concert by Orchestra and Advanced Students. Miss Gertrude Damon and Mr. Frank Watson, soloists.
- NOVEMBER 30.—Recital by Students of the Advanced Classes.
- DECEMBER 19.—Concert by Orchestra and Chorus.
- JANUARY 9.—Recital by Mr. Carl Stasny, assisted by Mr. Wallace Goodrich and Mr. Percy Hunt.
- JANUARY 16.—Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Frank Watson.
- FEBRUARY 1.—Pianoforte Recital by Mr. George Proctor.
- FEBRUARY 8.—Recital by Advanced Students.
- FEBRUARY 24.—Concert by Orchestra and Advanced Students. Miss Dorothea Thullen and Miss Olive Whiteley, soloists.
- MARCH 3.—Concert by Chorus and String Orchestra.
- MARCH 13.—Organ Recital by Mr. Homer C. Humphrey, assisted by Mr. Alfred De Voto, pianist.
- MARCH 21.—Organ Recital by Mr. Henry M. Dunham.
- MARCH 27.—Song Recital by Mr. William H. Dunham, assisted by Dr. J. Albert Jeffery, pianist. Mr. Alfred De Voto accompanist.
- APRIL 3.—Pianoforte Recital by Mr. William Strong.
- APRIL 4.—Mustel Organ Recital by Alphonse Mustel, Organist-Composer, Paris. Mr. Alfred De Voto at the pianoforte.
- APRIL 11.—Performance of Conservatory Opera School at Boston Theatre.
- APRIL 14.—Concert by Orchestra and Chorus.
- APRIL 17.—Concert by the Sinfonia Fraternity.
- APRIL 24.—Concert of Mr. H. N. Redman's Compositions.
- MAY 2.—Concert by Senior Class.
- MAY 10.—Organ Recital by Prof. Harry B. Jepson of Yale University.
- MAY 11.—Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Edward Klahre.
- MAY 24.—Concert by Members of the Ensemble Class.
- MAY 26.—Concert by Orchestra and Advanced Students. Miss Georgina Nelson and Mrs. Inez H. Dunfee.



DORMITORIES

The Student Problem in the Cities



TO the sincere lover of his kind, and to him who seriously looks into the future, no problem is of more absorbing interest than that which concerns the young men and young women who are each year entering our great "homeless cities." Especially is this true as regards the student population of a city offering, as does ours, unlimited opportunities for culture in all departments of knowledge.

How shall this throng of youth, the world's promise, be suitably housed and fed, and, above all, be so protected and guided that they may successfully resist the varied and subtle temptations inevitably to be met, and gain the fullest and noblest development possible? Philanthropists and religious workers recognize that "the normal occupation during adolescence is consciously or sub-consciously to make life choices," and so estimate the importance of careful guidance and wise environment at this period, when the heart is impressible like wax, but retentive like bronze.

To an institution like ours this problem appeals strongly because of its immense student body, made up of young men and young women from all parts of our own land as well as from other lands. To its solution the President and Conservatory authorities have brought much thought and attention.

First of all, dormitories have been provided where a large proportion of the young women students find safe and pleasant homes under the care of women whose wisdom and experience eminently fit them for this position of guardians and preceptresses.

A Board of Visitors, among whom are many women of wide acquaintance with social and economic questions, are interesting themselves in the dormitory life, and coming into helpful personal contact with the individual student.

A committee from this same Board holds special relation to the student life outside the dormitories. Working with them, reporting to them, looking to them for assistance in meeting the varied needs which she discovers—social, financial and otherwise—is a Preceptress whose entire time is given to this department. She advises with the students officially, visits them in their rooms, keeping in touch with their home life, and thus continuing and strengthening the friendly relations begun by instructors and officers of the institution.

Broad as are the existing plans, new ones are continually being evolved out of the great demands and perplexities of this student problem of the cities, which our institution shares in common with all others having at heart the greatest good and highest development of youth.



SARAH ANNIE PERKINS, *Preceptress*

SARAH ANNIE PERKINS.

Conductors and—Conductors

By EUGENE GRUENBERG



THE narrow frame of a hastily improvised article will hardly allow a world's exhibition of material, interesting, rich, and profound enough to promise the desired elucidation on the subject in question. Still, having spent fully two decades of my life in playing with and belonging to the three great orchestras of Vienna, Leipsic and Boston, I have come in contact with so many conductors of (and also without) name and fame that it may not necessarily appear arrogant, if I take the liberty to appeal to the patience of my readers by submitting to them the following remarks.

Before all, it should be realized that the art of conducting is a very peculiar one. It cannot be studied and practiced like physical culture, nor like singing, nor playing the violin, by means of scales, arpeggios and études. It is not enough that one is blessed with powerful arms; nor does it follow that one who can compose operas and symphonies must be a fine conductor. This, of course, does not mean that a man must be a poor conductor *because* he is a good composer; every poodle is a dog, but not every dog is a poodle. Study and experience will *improve*, but they will not always *make* a conductor. When Léon Delibes for the first time conducted his lovely ballet "Coppelia" in a most fascinating manner, the remarkable statement was given out that he *never before* had held a baton in his hand! It would then not be so very ridiculous if a musician, asked whether he knows how to conduct, should answer: "I don't know, I haven't tried it yet."

There are many kinds of conductors: those who are born to be conductors and those who are born not to be conductors; there are nervous and fussy as well, as calm and phlegmatic conductors; those who have the score in their heads and those who have their heads in the score; then again, those who are insatiable in regard to drilling, tormented by a demonic, agonizing fear "something might happen"; and those blessed by an immovable confidence in their star of good luck, owing to which they will make rehearsals unexpectedly short, and create on the players' faces "that smile that won't come off." Conspicuous by contrast are the two extremes, namely, the ultra-conservative and the ultra-modern conductor; the former still fanatically adhering to the infallibility of tradition and conventionalism, the latter discovering every day new mistakes in old scores. Finally, we can easily discriminate the features of patience, politeness and delicacy in some, and on the other hand intolerance, impetuosity, and "divine" rudeness in others.

Theoretically speaking, Wagner was the greatest of all conductors (unless it was Berlioz), but not practically, for he very easily forgot himself—either hypnotized by the beauty or angered by the intolerableness of the music he happened to conduct. We have been present at a rehearsal in Vienna when he interrupted the playing of the orchestra in the midst of a passage with the words: "Oh, children, let us stop a moment; it is too beautiful—overwhelming—intoxicating!" And in the real performance it happened to him that he, three times in succession, gave the sign to the bass trumpet for a motive which was to come much later. He finally stamped with his foot and tried to suggest the motive to the player by gestures and rhythmical motions of his lips, until he was most humbly

reminded of the mistake by one of the musicians. "Why, of course," said he, laughingly, and everything was all right. Nevertheless, we all know that we owe the modern conductor to him and to his evangelism laid down in his essay, "Ueber das Dirigiren," and in other chapters of his epoch-making writings.

Liszt, the venerated master, was also as a conductor much talked about and commented upon. Radical, indeed, must have been the innovations introduced by him into the art of conducting, when we consider the controversies between his followers and their antagonists. We have read articles praising Liszt as the real messiah, and others calling him down as a grotesque, eccentric charlatan. In his later years his attitude as a conductor appeared to us of the younger generation absolutely not extravagantly or aggressively modern. But possibly growing age and the experience of a long and eventful life may have caused changes within him, contrasting with the symptomatic features of an earlier and more fermenting period.

I shall never forget a performance of his "Missa Sollemnis" ("Graner Festmesse"), in which I, then a pupil of the Vienna Conservatory, had the honor to play under the master's own direction. In fact, we did not have *one*, but *three* conductors at the same time. Officially, it was Mr. Eduard Kremser, the conductor of the concerts of the "Society of Music Lovers," who was announced as leader, while Liszt himself, standing like the Holy Ghost on an Eiffel-tower-high platform in front of Mr. Kremser, appeared to play the rôle of nothing more or less than a metronome. He mostly confined himself to giving the first few beats of every new tempo, while Mr. Kremser, catching the master's intention from a mirror fastened to one of the organ pipes, communicated to the mass of singers and players the inspiration reflected to him by the mirror. But it happened that the Abbé now and then forgot to give the cue (some were mean enough to claim that he fell asleep incidentally), or he all of a sudden started to swing his baton in a manner positively conflicting with the time beating of Mr. Kremser, which every time produced such a medley among the performers that Mr. Josef Hellmesberger senior, director of the Conservatory and first concert master, could not resist proving himself a real *deus ex machina* by using his fiddle stick in an extraordinarily energetic way of swaying, in that way smoothing and calming down the swollen waves of that gigantic ocean of chaotic sounds. It seems a mystery how we ever got through!

The last general rehearsal of that memorable concert was not either without a thrilling sensation, as the score of the "Missa," in regard to proportions in both size and weight the largest volume ever printed, fell from the composer's lofty music stand and nearly killed an elderly gentleman of the audience who had just approached the master in order to offer to him the expression of his unbounded enthusiasm.

This reminds me of another incident, in which Mr. Saint-Saëns, the graceful and admired French composer, conductor, pianist, organist, essayist, librettist, scientist, professor and astronomer, came very near the danger of losing his life. We were studying "Phaëton," the symphonic poem. The composer was just trying hard to explain to the first oboe player the meaning and character of some important passage, but failed, owing to the absence of an interpreter. At last, Saint-Saëns, highly excited, and following a sudden impulse, as it seems, came to the conclusion to approach the oboist, probably thinking he could make things clearer when standing close to the man. But he completely lost sight of the tremendously high level of his elevated platform, and the very first step made him fall down so unfortunately that his head would unfaillingly have been crushed on the heavy music rack in front of him had it not been for the presence of mind of Mr. Reinhold Hummer, the first 'cello of the Vienna Orchestra, who caught the little man with an iron grip, and so

saved him from an untimely, terrible death, and the world from a great and irreparable loss. By the way, it was the accident of falling from a window which deprived poor Saint-Saëns of his only child.

One of the most important qualities of a skilful conductor is to be *quick* in cases of emergency. Many characteristic facts, more or less true, will hand down to posterity the accounts illustrating the wonderful gift of men like Hans von Bülow and similar giants to meet any mishap on the platform with superior calmness and triumphant certainty of victory. But we shall see that "there are others," who, although belonging to the species of the *dii minorum gentium*, have, too, accomplished heroic deeds which at least deserve the epithet of clever originality.

The "Rosenthal," Leipsic's vast and wonderful park grounds, contains a quite interesting zoo connected with a restaurant in which are given very enjoyable and highly popular open air concerts by the band of the 107th Infantry Regiment, one of the best military bands (or rather orchestras) in existence. One evening the "Magic Flute" overture was on the program. It was a glorious, majestic night, intoxicating and inspiring by its fragrance, its starlights, its silence—yes, its silence! It was as if nobody would dare to speak among those imposing, venerable old trees. The intermission was over, and now a general raving, an anticipation of Mozart's divine revelation. The overture begins. Those sacred three chords—indeed a revelation! And what a mysterious charm in that interval of silence following!

But, listen, what is this? Don't you hear? An outburst of some unearthly voice coming from another world, but filling air and ear with ringing, threatening, penetrating sound! By Jove! what may it be? Well, well, well, I declare! why, sure enough, it is the big lion of the zoo, residing near by, who most probably was disturbed in his sleep by the opening chords of the "Magic Flute," and who did not hesitate to express his royal indignation in that thoroughly dignified manner. The conductor, Mr. G. Walther, was holding his baton in the air all that time, waiting patiently and with artistic conviction until his majesty had finished his solo (for roaring *ad libitum*), after which he, as a matter of course and most naturally, continued and brought to its end the overture. Bravo, Mr. Walther!

As a contribution to the character of the spirit and discipline reigning in all parts of the German army, I beg the permission to report a little episode which I personally experienced with the same band mentioned above. Rehearsing for a students' festival, I had to study a quick-step of my own fabric, dedicated to the "Arion," one of the two leading students' choral societies. Toward the end of the piece there was to be played an important D[♭] both in the second oboe and in the second trumpet, but none of them were heard. I had already stopped several times and begged for that D[♭], but in vain. At last I asked the wind players alone to play the chord. "And exactly the same way; it must sound one octave lower in the brass," I said, "so let me hear it, please." But there was no D[♭] in the brass. "For gracious sake," I hollered, enraged, "why don't you play that D[♭] in the second trumpet?" No answer. "Who plays the second trumpet?" No answer. Helpless and near desperation, I am looking around, and—perchance—catching the eye of one of the soldiers, I emphatically address him, "My dear friend, will you *please* tell me where the second trumpet player is?" Standing upon his feet, quick as lightning and with the correct attitude of an orderly facing his superior, he reports, "Very well, sir, he is absent." "But for anything in the world, why didn't you tell me that before?" "Well, sir, you didn't ask me before!" Tableau! I believe they would have let me rehearse that chord up to this day before daring to open their mouths without being asked. What discipline!

Very often I have been confronted with the question, Who is the greatest conductor? This question seems to me unanswerable, at least more difficult to answer than many other hard questions, *e. g.*, How is your liver? I should say, great is the conductor who is able to make—with ease and comfort—the orchestra do exactly what he wants, supposing he himself wants the right kind of things; but this is another great question. Mr. A may be fond of champagne; Mr. B of lemonade; Mr. C of cod liver oil; Mr. D is perhaps burning and dying to witness an eruption of Vesuvius, standing close to the crater; while, as I am pretty sure, Mr. E gives preference to the poetry of a moonshine scene in Venice, for which I do not blame him a bit; and Mr. F's inclinations would tend toward a totally different direction, say for instance, to witness the picturesque ceremonies of a colored Baptist wedding in Virginia.

We know of many features of greatness, but also of as many forms of imperfection in a conductor; for what mortal being could be perfect?

Johann Holbeck (1831–77) was as great a conductor as I personally can imagine a man could possibly be, and what may have been lacking in him I really do not see. His was an absolute command in regard to technic, ideal ease, gracefulness, dignity, manly power, fire, swing, temperament, magnetism—all and everything which we admire in a conductor—last but not least, a most appealing appearance. However, there was unfortunately one great shortcoming about him; he was mortal and had to die!

Hans von Bülow, too, may be called very great; but he was too academical, too logical, too much reflecting, too cruel in pathological dissection always and every time, even if it broke one's heart. Otto Dessoff (1835–92) was very much the same.

Now, what do I care for the greatest greatness if the results are not positively gratifying? Often I might prefer an artist, even should the muses of Apollo not have kissed him on the forehead, but—say—on the shoulder only. Look, for instance, at Bilde in Berlin. Hardly anyone has ever considered him to be a genius, a great conductor, or even an extraordinary musician; but he was an ideal master of drilling, and how much he has accomplished was gratefully acknowledged by all. That speaks volumes. There are real great ones who may not accomplish anything in the realm of conducting, *vide, e. g.*, Anton Bruckner, the Wagner of the Symphony, a most dreamy, helpless, and, alas! caricature-cut quantity on the platform. The same thing can be said of Brahms, who, great as he may be, was awfully clumsy and the opposite of magnetic when wielding his club, *vulgo* baton; and not less of Rubinstein, like Liszt, a man with a golden heart, a musical Titan, who deserved to be worshiped on our knees as long as he played the piano, but who became well nigh indigestible, as soon as he started to conduct, particularly in rehearsals, owing to his ugliness, violence, rudeness, and lack of true ability for conducting.

Richter, Thomas and Seidl have always been called great, and it certainly is not my intention to attack such men. But it does not seem unfair to me, in matters of art, to make our investigations and statements as exact and to seek the pole of truth as regardlessly of tradition and fashion, as may be.

Hans Richter was and is undoubtedly an extraordinary musician; and in a certain sense he may be a very remarkable conductor, but I had always the impression that he was more eclectic than spontaneous or impulsive, more intellectual than emotional, and this, I confess, represents to me one of the strongest imperfections in a *great* conductor.

As to Theodore Thomas, I was not fortunate enough to see him often in activity. But so much I found out at once, that he had a most wonderful control over his men, which means very, very much indeed. His appearance, too, was extremely noble, dignified and imposing; but his nearly motionless, marble-like attitude during the performance caused a

very strange and, honestly, chilling influence upon me as a listener and looker-on, and, I am afraid, also upon the players. By any means, however, Thomas was a great musician, to whom we all are highly indebted for the incalculably great impetus he gave to the development of the musical art in America.

With Anton Seidl I was very well acquainted since about 1880, and I can say that I had every desirable chance to study his aims, his ambitions, and his qualities, both as a man and as an artist. He was a very kindhearted fellow, but could be terribly harsh at times. Exactly the same he was as a musician. It was an open secret among the musicians abroad that, although he was a thorough musician, an excellent "routinier," he was not a musician who would seem to care particularly for finely graded nuances, and in fact the orchestra under his baton was hardly often given a chance to excel in nuances of a delicate sort of shading; such glorious things as piano, diminuendo, pianissimo, etc., it seems were simply not existing in his musical vocabulary.

But Wagner's personal interest and protection was mighty and weighty enough to furnish an equivalent more than enough to make such shortcomings perfectly unobjectionable. As the old saying goes, "*Wer den Pabst zum Vetter hat kann Cardinal leicht werden.*" (Free translation: "With the Pope for a cousin, Cardinal's job is easy.")

Still, it must be said that Seidl has accomplished a great deal of good and useful work, especially in the line of popularizing Wagner's music dramas in many quarters here and abroad.

Great, or at least celebrated were also a few other conductors. But most of them, although excellent masters, would not be successful *now*, owing to their most conservative views, particularly in regard to tempo and rhythm. Our present generation does not believe any more in the metronome, but in the rubato. Besides, all those men are either dead or retired, and, I fear, will not appeal to my readers any more, than did the fate of Hecuba appeal to the actor in the second act of Hamlet.

Fortunately, we have most illustrious names in the list of contemporaneous conductors; think only (in alphabetical order, if you please) of the following ones: Mahler, Mottl, Nikisch, Paur, Strauss, and Weingartner! I am sure your first question will be: Whom do you consider the *greatest*? As for that, I must say—*unfortunately*(?)—the friendly relation between each of them and myself is such that you will kindly excuse me if I refrain from the tempting pleasure of answering your question to-day. I deliberately postpone that answer until two weeks after my death, or else I might have to die at a date much earlier than officially expected.

But speaking in general, not personally, we may say the greatest conductor is the one who is the right man in the right place. He must not be too Draconic for he will be hated; and not too lenient, for his authority will not be believed in, nor will he be respected. Before all, he must *know his business*, namely his art, or he does not begin to be possible.

After all, nobody in the world has a finer scent, a better instinct and judgment in regard to the value and standard of a conductor, than his own players. Therefore: *If in doubt, ask the orchestra.*

The Correlation of Music and Literature



THAT music is intimately correlated with literature has been one of the cardinal doctrines of the Conservatory from the very foundation. Dr. Tourjée gave evidence of his belief in this tenet by providing years ago an opportunity for Conservatory students to take literary studies in connection with their music; and by making certain attainments requisite for graduation. From that time to the present, persistent efforts have been made by his successors to impress on students the value of a literary course as a preliminary to the serious study of music.

The present Director, Mr. Chadwick, has firmly held that the students who bring the most in the way of a literary education to the study of music not only gain the most from their work, but reduce, in a marked degree, the time necessary to cover given ground. He has, also, been untiring in his efforts to bring the colleges to realize that music has its rightful place in an academic course. And an era of reciprocity seemed to have dawned when, last year, the Conservatory conferred a diploma on a graduate of Smith College; and Smith, under new rules for admission, gave credit to a Conservatory student for music as one of her entrance examinations.

But doctrines, however strongly held, need to be re-enforced by experience before they can come to general acceptance. To the Senior Class has been given the happy privilege of such demonstration, for the Conservatory has never sent out a class whose literary assets have equaled those of the present Senior Class; nor has it sent out one that has had so many names on its roll of honor. That the highest record honor goes to a graduate of Mount Holyoke College is significant. These facts gain in weight when it is remembered that the demands made by the Conservatory course are more strenuous and the difficulty of obtaining honors greater than at any other time in the history of the institution.

Not only has the doctrine so long held by the Conservatory been vindicated; not only has an era of reciprocity between the Conservatory and the colleges dawned; but the time has come when the Conservatory can point with increasing pride to graduates who, thus doubly equipped, can go out to take positions in colleges, where they themselves will be illustrations of the worth and worthiness of a musical education.

Hail, Class of 1905!

ELIZABETH I. SAMUEL.



Faculty Reminiscences



The Class of Nineteen Five,
 Oh, may it always thrive,
 And keep itself alive
 Till Nineteen Eighty-five,—

Is the wish of the Class Inspector,

JAS. C. D. PARKER.

AMONG the musicians I have met I recall one, of noble birth, who might have been well known as a composer but for his high position, which forbade a musician's career. I was in Angermann's, the old Bohemian hostelry in Bayreuth, just after the first performance of "The Mastersingers" at the Wagner Opera House. Angermann's could hold fifty people comfortably. That night it held fifteen hundred—uncomfortably. All the chairs had long been pre-empted. Mr. Gericke, Mr. Kneisel and I managed to get a plank, which we set up on two kegs, making an improvised but somewhat splintery seat. Lassen managed to secure a few inches of the seat—not the splinters.

A well dressed and very near-sighted gentleman came in to this republic of music too late for anything but "standing room." I managed to squeeze out a few inches of my end of the plank, and offered him the hospitalities of the occasion. I found the newcomer a most intelligent Wagnerian, a man who knew every line and every measure of the great master's work by heart. We chatted gaily on the festival, the artists, Cosima Wagner, and what not. Finally he asked me, "With whom have I the honor of speaking?" I gave him my card, and he sought in vain for one of his own, evidently having come without his card-case. Flushing slightly he apologized, saying, "I am Prince Alexander of Hesse." I thought that this was poor jesting, and longed to state that I was the Duke of Dedham, but refrained. Perhaps it was as well that I did so, for the next night I met him at Madame Wagner's reception at Villa Wahnfried, when he gave me the missing card, and resumed the Wagnerian conversation. I have met many great professionals, but never so cultivated an amateur in music, particularly in the newer school of the art, as Prince Alexander von Hesse.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

AMONG the many pleasant experiences while visiting the musical studios of some of the great European voice masters, Mr. W. H. Dunham mentions delightful hours passed with Sig. Antonio Cotogni in Rome. This most remarkable baritone of his day lives in an old palace, and has evidently been one of the artists sagacious enough to arrange a luxurious home for his declining years. He sang in all the large cities of Europe, and said the only quarrel after twenty years with Patti was when he refused to go with her company to the States, so we do not know him here.

A slight, elderly man, quite the usual Italian type, vivacious, enthusiastic, still called one of the best masters for operatic preparation. He takes now no women as pupils, saying, "When I scold and shake them they weep!" but grants an occasional criticism on a woman's voice. At this point he differs from the famous Florentine master, Vannuccini, who has so many names of famous women singers among his pupils; and in whose genial presence Mr. Dunham passed several months listening to the work of many of his scholars.

In the main studio hangs Signor Cotogni's most cherished possession, a large laurel wreath wrought in solid silver, each leaf bearing the title of one of his rôles and the donor's name. This was given at his last appearance at Petersburg. At one side of the wreath hangs a portrait of Jean de Reszke (whom Mr. Dunham soon knew so agreeably in Paris), and on the other side a photograph of Mme. Sembrich, and many more famous pupils of this great teacher, who was also a lifelong friend and comrade of our dear Signor Rotoli.

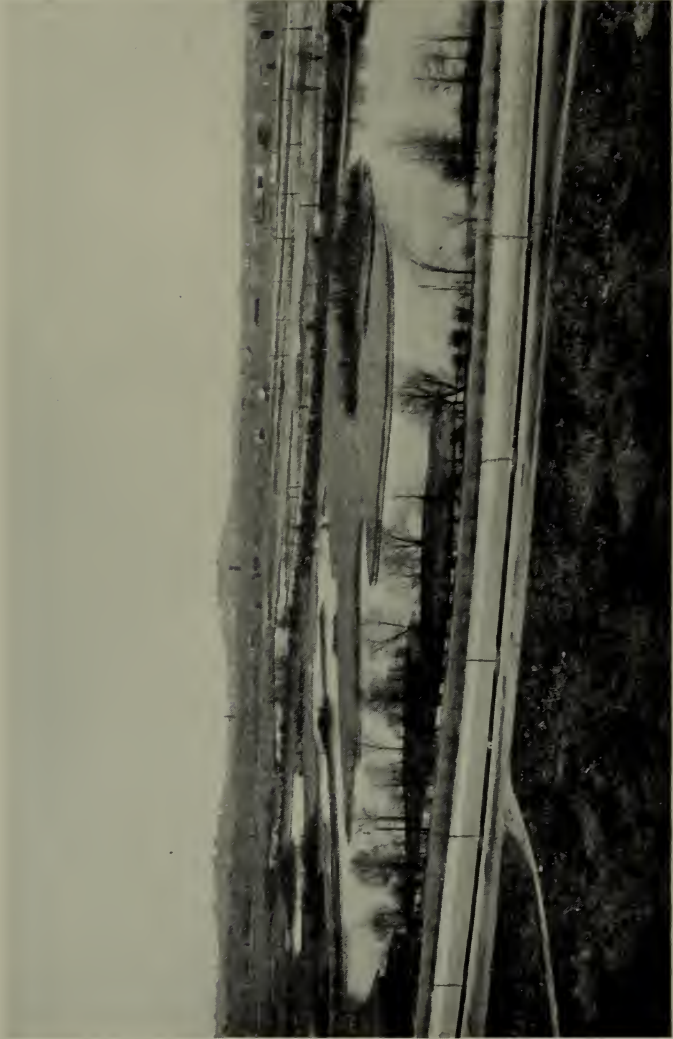
The Maestro spoke rapidly in French, as Italian was not then so familiar to his guest, but his enthusiasm over the tenor songs made the translating a pleasant task. One morning the strangers were escorted by Signor Cotogni to the Santa Cecilia Conservatory. The hall is attractive, but the class rooms seem small and inadequate. The library is remarkable, and contains many rare manuscripts and original editions from presses all over the musical world. The genial man is himself quite up to date, and interested in all that is new, delighting, like all his race, in melody; and expresses himself greatly pleased with a packet of songs by American writers, sent over to him as souvenirs of and appreciation for many happy hours in many pleasant weeks.

IN "Villa Wahnfried," the house of Richard Wagner at Bayreuth, every Thursday evening in July and August of 1876, the performers of the Niebelungen ring used to meet their friends who by special recommendation were cordially invited by Frau Cosima. At one of these reception nights August Wilhelmj had promised to play a quartet with some members of the Niebelungen orchestra, Emil Mahr (violin), B. Thomas (viola) and Leopold Grützmaker ('cello). Richard Wagner was in the best mood, chatting with everybody; nothing seemed to vex him. Wilhelmj and his associates played the A minor quartet, op. 132, Beethoven, of which Wagner remarked that it was his favorite, but that he liked the scherzo exchanged with the one of Beethoven's E minor quartet, op. 59. Everything went all right, but shortly before the tempo di marcia in the last movement, Wagner said, "Now wait a moment, gentlemen." He went out and returned with an ordinary Bavarian sabre, which he had girded about himself. He drew the sword, and taking a pose like a statue of a victorious field marshal he exclaimed, "Now play, gentlemen! the tempo di marcia." It was not very often the case in Wagner's life that the great master felt disposed to such a kind of buffoonery.

EMIL MAHR.

I RECALL an incident of my intimacy with Mr. Henry K. Hadley, which occurred a few summers ago when four of us occupied a cottage on the shore of Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks. Mr. Hadley was working hard at the third movement of his symphony, "The Four Seasons." He had secured his principal theme, and had partially elaborated it, but was at a loss for a second theme, which he desired to be an Indian melody of contrasting character. We sympathized deeply with him in his predicament, and even contributed some composite efforts of our own, which, strangely enough, he sarcastically referred to as triple distillation of "Hiawatha."

One frosty night as I was returning to the cottage I heard in the distance a faint sound of weird melody, and as I entered I perceived Mr. Hadley at the piano garbed in an Indian blanket, and smoking his Indian pipe (presumably to secure local color). Shivering with cold he turned to me and related with enthusiasm how after an evening of harassing labor he had given it up almost in despair, and had gone to bed; but as he slept he



VIEW OF FENWAY FROM DORMITORIES

dreamed that he was still at work, and had come upon the very thing he had been looking for so long. It awoke him suddenly, and strongly impressed by what he had dreamt he went to the piano and worked out the beautiful melody I had heard.

There was no light in the room except the glimmer of his pipe, and I proceeded to awaken the other two, so just as dawn was outlining the mountain tops across the lake a ghostly party assembled to admire and christen the child of his imagination. Naturally a work favored by such auspicious spiritual influences could not help but succeed, and in fact this symphony secured the first prize in the Paderewski competition.

ALFRED DE VOTO.

NOTHING in my own experience that will be of interest to others comes to my mind at this time, so the best I can do is to note that which happened to someone else.

During the Wagner Festival, which Theodore Thomas gave in Boston, together with several other students, I joined the chorus. The night of the concert came, and Thomas came to the desk amid great applause, rapped on the desk for attention, and waited. Over among the basses a member (whose personal appearance was much like the men who drive beer wagons) was wandering around to find a seat. Thomas waited a little, and said, "Sit down." The man kept on looking for a seat, and everyone's attention was centered upon him. Thomas said again, much louder, "*Sit down!*" and the reply came back in tones to be heard throughout the hall. "Hain't got nothin' ter set on."

A pupil of mine, while teaching in the South, gave a pupils' recital. One whose musical taste led her to practice cake walks and the like at every spare moment was to appear on the program. At the last she came to the teacher in terror and said that she was so afraid that she would forget her polonaise. "Never mind," her teacher consoled her, "if you do, play 'Whistling Rufus.'" Her turn came, and all went well for a while, when, to their astonishment, the pupil actually was playing that popular air. A little later she thought of her polonaise and finished with the last part of it.

F. ADDISON PORTER.

VANNUCCINI, with all the other qualities and attributes of a great teacher, has a good sense of humor, which is continually cropping out during his lessons. I have an instance in mind when on one occasion I

was present at the lesson of a fellow pupil who ordinarily sang unusually well, but who on this particular day was very much out of voice.

He was singing the part of Marcello in "Les Huguenots," and managed to get along after a fashion until he came to the phrase, "é l'ultima ora" (it is the last hour), which ends on a low note, and which, try as he might, he could not reach. After several ineffectual efforts, which only resulted in a queer wheezy sound, the old master who had been fixedly watching him over the rim of his glasses, turned to the piano with a gesture of resignation, saying, "My son, one can plainly see that this is not the last hour; let us proceed with the lesson." ARMAND FORTIN.

IN 1878, Hans von Bülow came to Leipzig to give a concert in aid of the Wagner Verein, of which he was a powerful patron and supporter. His program consisted of the last five sonatas of Beethoven, which he played with tremendous power and convincing effect. At the end of the concert he received a most enthusiastic ovation, to which he responded with great good humor, and finally made a short speech, explaining that he had to take a train for Berlin that evening and begged the audience to excuse him. The Conservatory boys and girls then crowded about the door of his dressing-room, which was just across the corridor from the hall. Then appeared old Professor Wenzel, the senior pianoforte teacher of the Conservatory, and erstwhile lover of Clara Wieck, who married Robert Schumann. He thumped vigorously on the door of the dressing-room and shouted, "Hans, Hans, open the door—it is the old Wenzel!" Presently the door was flung wide open, disclosing the distinguished doctor minus his collar, coat, waistcoat and some other garments, while various toilet articles were scattered about the room. The ladies were somewhat confused, but Wenzel rushed into the room and embraced Bülow, and after a while a considerate janitor slammed the door. And so I think I saw more of Hans von Bülow than has fallen to the lot of most students.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD CHADWICK.

HERR VON BÜLOW was here on his first visit to America, and the occasion was a "Peck Benefit." Mr. Peck was the manager of Music Hall, and each year a benefit was tendered him by his friends, than which no musical event was more popular with the general public. One incident of this concert which I have never seen in print is worth relating. The attractions on the program were the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Herr

von Bülow, a soprano and an alto singer, both of them deservedly famous throughout the United States. The soprano won an encore with her first number on the program and responded to it. Evidently the encore selection had not been rehearsed, for as she neared the end of it she partly turned and laid her hand on the shoulder of the accompanist as a signal to him to wait while she threw into the piece some "skyrockets" in the way of a cadenza. Then the concert proceeded in the usual way until the second number for the soprano was due, when there was a delay of some minutes. Finally Mr. Thomas came upon the platform and went among his first violin players and selected a very young man, scarcely more than a boy, with a wealth of jet black hair. The two of them retired to the green room, and soon the soprano appeared and sang her song with the aforesaid young man as accompanist. It was easy to surmise that the accompanist had been offended at the action of the soprano, and had refused to play for her in the second number.

Years after I was able to prove the truth of my surmises by both the regular accompanist and the young man with the black hair. The former has been for years the director of one of the most popular opera companies; the latter is now one of the most successful orchestra and chorus conductors in this country. I leave the reader to guess their names.

SAMUEL W. COLE.

QI HAD the good fortune to know Prof. Theodore Leschetizky very intimately, and as I have been asked to relate some incident connected with him, I tell the following: Leschetizky when a young man was once asked to teach the daughter of a rich merchant. The father, being wholly commercial in tastes and no judge of music, required that the master should play something. Leschetizky played him the *étude* of Chopin on the black keys, and the merchant, on the alert for anything which might be called "shady," remarked that the teacher only used the black keys, and wished to know if he could not make a reduction in the price of the lessons if his daughter were not to be taught to use white ones. Leschetizky said he could make no difference as he had only one price, and offered to play him something else, which he did, *étude* No. 1, opus 10, which is principally on the white keys. The father seemed nonplussed for a few seconds, doubtless trying to discover if there were not some swindle connected with it. He finally gave it up and with a sigh said to Leschetizky, "Well,

I know nothing about your business, but I'll take the risk ; go ahead and teach my daughter to play all the ways and I will pay the full price."

GEORGE PROCTOR.

WHEN Giuseppe Campanari made his first visit to America over twenty years ago for the purpose of filling the position of 'cellist in his brother's string quartet, it was my good fortune and pleasure to be present with his brother Leandro, at that time my instructor, upon his arrival. Two weeks later I saw him again at his first appearance in this country, at Melrose, Mass.

The Campanari quartette played before a crowded audience that evening. The people were reluctantly leaving the hall, which was scarcely half emptied, when suddenly everyone turned at the sound of a powerful rich voice.

I had noticed Giuseppe standing at one side of the stage with his overcoat unbuttoned, his hands thrust into his pockets, and his hat set carelessly on the back of his head. He had been looking eagerly toward the piano, and glancing impatiently at the swaying crowd moving gradually out from the hall. Unable to wait until all had gone he had walked quickly to the piano, and without even removing his hat began to sing some operatic selections. Everyone gazed in astonishment at Giuseppe Campanari the 'cellist, as they knew him. So spirited was the singer that it took some minutes of earnest protestation, almost pleading, on the part of his brother to convince him that they must leave for home. But then the last train had gone, and our party was obliged to return by carriage in the midst of a severe storm.

The large number who lingered that night were most gratefully surprised to have heard the first notes in America of the famous baritone, Giuseppe Campanari.

CARL PEIRCE.

IN the life of every musician there is sure to be some experience which is written indelibly on his memory. Such was my first interview with Liszt, whose house I approached with a letter of introduction from Xaver Scharwenka. I sent up my card and in due course was ushered into the presence of the great master, who was busy writing at his desk. In a moment he arose, welcomed me with both hands extended, took my letter

of introduction and dropped it into the waste basket, saying, as he pointed to the grand piano: "This is your introduction. Now let us hear you play."

His first instructions were in regard to playing the melody, and after I had played my piece he told me that I was too much absorbed in it, that I must not play to the people who had paid three thalers and were seated in the first three rows, but to those who had paid a small price and were in the gallery.

At the end of the lesson I was in a state of great embarrassment, as I had been warned not to mention money, when to my great surprise Liszt himself opened the subject by saying that I could join his class and asking, "How about the money?" I was thrown into confusion by this direct question, but was soon reassured when Liszt patted me on the back and remarked, "Oh, you don't have to pay me for the lessons, but I cannot look out for the board!"

EDWIN KLAHRE.

WHILE studying counterpoint and fugue with the well known John Knowles Paine, one particularly clever member of the class brought in what he thought a unique production, but what appeared to the professor, at first sight, as worthless. It was a fugue with a subject nothing more than the popular street song, "Mulligen's Guards." Paine, apparently unmoved by such commonplace material, criticised the pupil for not bringing in more serious work, and proceeded to look for the counter subject. This he found to be another equally popular tune of the day, and he continued to pour forth his criticisms. In a moment it all occurred to him what the pupil had done; that the material had been well worked out, and a good fugue ingeniously made from material in itself practically worthless.

HENRY M. DUNHAM.

THE fallibility, or the infallibility, as you will, of the human ear as to pitch has more than once been the subject of discussion. Many a wager has been won by him who has trusted to his accuracy of sense, and many a one lost. Many are the stories told, strange to say, stories as to a sense apparently more easy to exercise with precision. Mistakes happen here. That they happen, composers who pen one thing and hear another, know best. That a great authority may err is shown by the following:—

Toward the close of his career, in the height of his fame, his senses undimmed, Meyerbeer was called to a prominent court theatre in southern Germany to conduct the first night of his operas. In the general rehearsal, in a number accompanied by an obligato clarinet, the Maestro paused. "What clarinet have you there?" "B flat, Meister." "Oblige me and take the A clarinet. I want the peculiar tone color of that instrument." The player bent over his rack, rattled his clarinets on the upright pegs on which they stood at his feet, and warmed and tuned an instrument ostentatiously. "Ready, Meister." "Ah, meine Herren! There you have it! That's the tone of the A clarinet that I had in mind all the time."

Actually, it was the same B flat clarinet on which Winternitz, past master of his art, had long played all solo parts, no matter what the transposition—the clarinet whose tone everyone knew. The rehearsal went quietly on to its end, but the men in the orchestra had found something over which they made merry, even twenty and more years later, when an old, old 'cello player told it with a queer kind of satisfaction to the writer of these lines.

BENJAMIN CUTTER.

MR. CAMILLE THURWANGER was born in Paris, in the heart of the Latin Quarter, where he resided until he came to America, intending only to visit some relatives of his, and although he visits his old home every summer, invariably returns to Boston in the autumn.

He belongs to a family of artists; his first name "Camille" was given him by his godfather, who was the great and celebrated French landscape painter, C. Corot. It was Mr. Thurwanger's good fortune to have spent the largest part of his life in the very atmosphere of Parisian art, and among the most famous artists.

His parents' home in Paris was the rendezvous of great painters like Eugene Delacroix, who was the teacher of Mr. Thurwanger's mother, who, although well advanced in the eighties, is a most brilliant portrait painter.

Among other great painters who gathered in this home were Daubigny, Th. Rousseau, Diaz, Francois Millet. Among the sculptors were Carpeaux, Etex, and Maindson. Among the many musicians who joined in the gathering were Lebeure-Wely, and Gounod.

MR. CARL STASNY, when requested to write some personal reminiscences of the many famous artists and composers he has known replied that he could not do so. On being urged, he laughingly remarked :

"Well then, I will *tell* you of some of my friends. I should not dare to write in *my* English."

It was Joachim Raff who persuaded my father—himself a musician—to give me a musical education, and it was due to his advice that I was sent to Vienna, where I studied three years under the excellent composer and pianist, Ignaz Brüll. It was here that I first met Brahms. He and Dr. Hanslick, the famous critic, were two of the jurors at the Conservatory competition, where I was awarded unanimously the first prize. Brahms said some very encouraging things to me, and a few days after I called on him to thank him for his kind interest. He received me very cordially, and repeatedly asked me to have a seat. I was much embarrassed, as every chair and sofa, even the piano and tables, were piled high with music. Finally he noticed my predicament, and laughingly remarked that the floor seemed to be the only place left.

It was the same year that I met Rubinstein. He was to give a recital, and about fifteen minutes before he was to play my teacher took me into the green room to see him. As soon as he saw Brüll enter he rushed toward him, exclaiming, "Play me the last movement of the *Appassionata* Sonata!" Brüll, astonished, sat right down and played it, and Rubinstein thanked him many times for coming in as he did. For the moment he simply could not remember a certain passage.

In 1875, Brüll, knowing that the price (ten gulden for the cheapest seats) was prohibitive for me, presented me with a ticket to a concert given by Liszt in aid of an orphans' home. Of course I was deeply impressed with his playing, and I marvel now at the assurance with which I planned to speak with the great virtuoso and ask his advice in regard to my own playing. I might have had letters of introduction, but armed only with the Hungarian Fantasia I went boldly to the house where I knew he was staying and sent in my card. His valet showed me into a large parlor, and I must admit my nerve was shaken when I found myself all alone. However, a few minutes later when Liszt entered he spoke to me in such a friendly manner I recovered my courage, and told him that I was to play his fantasia in a few weeks, and begged for his advice. He gave me a long lesson on it—my first experience of the unfailing kindness and generosity which I received from him in later years, and which I look back upon as the most valuable and most beautiful experience of my life.

Saint Saëns and I once visited the great Cathedral in Mainz together. After we had been there some time Saint Saëns expressed a desire to play on the great organ. The sexton said it was impossible, as absolutely no one was ever allowed to play on it except the regular organist. By dint of much persuasion and a well aimed thaler, we arranged it with him, agreeing to assume all responsibility for any injury to the great instrument. Saint Saëns improvised for more than half an hour, and when he finally left off, the sexton, realizing that he had "entertained an angel unawares," brought me back my thaler, and seemed utterly unable to express his admiration and enthusiasm.

I met Wagner the first time when I was two years old, in Venice. My father, conductor of the Austrian Military Band (an orchestra of eighty men), played for the first time in Italy the Overture to Tannhauser in the public concert on the Plaza of St. Mark's. To his great surprise Wagner rushed through the crowd and the orchestra to the conductor's stand and embraced him. This was the beginning of a friendship which Wagner showed in many ways for my father as long as he lived. In 1882 I went with my father by special invitation from Wagner to Bayreuth to the first performance of Parsifal. He treated my father with special consideration, and on being reminded that I was the baby that he used to give horseback rides on his knee, expressed his satisfaction that no such feat would be expected of him now. I think one of the most interesting hours I have ever spent was listening to them as they exchanged reminiscences of the old days in Venice.

It was my good fortune to be present one memorable evening when Liszt played at sight with Rubinstein a fantasie for two pianofortes, which the latter had recently composed. Liszt, who was always interested in a new composition, had made an appointment with Rubinstein to try it over with him at the palace of Prince Hohenlohe. The pianos were arranged so the players were facing each other, and the guests were divided about evenly near the two performers. By the time they had finished everyone in the room was crowded right up by Liszt's piano, not only amazed at such a marvelous exhibition of sight reading, but electrified at the incomparable artistry with which he had interpreted his part, while Rubinstein rushed about exclaiming to everyone, "Incredible, incredible!"

In the latter part of the thirties, last century, Liszt went to Russia on a concert trip, and when he arrived in St. Petersburg Nicholas I. heard of

him and asked him to come and play. Liszt went to the palace and found a large, aristocratic audience; having been introduced to the Czar, he took his place at the piano.

The Czar with his adjutant sat near the stage when Liszt played and began conversation aloud. Liszt turned and looked at his majesty, but the Czar did not stop talking. Finally Liszt stopped playing; the Czar arose and expressed surprise, whereupon Liszt remarked, "Your majesty, it is only courtesy on my part. When the Czar speaks everything has to be silent." The ruler left and the adjutant returned to command Liszt to leave the city within twelve hours. Liszt could never be induced to go to Russia again, but later the Czar met him in Vienna and apologized to the artist.

At a dinner party Liszt, who was accompanied by his favorite pupil, Carl Tausig, was asked to play. Liszt, who never liked to play under such circumstances, quietly said to Tausig, "Carl, try that piano for me." Tausig, then in his prime, understanding what was required of him, acquiesced immediately, and in five minutes the strings, if not the heart of the piano, were broken. It was a complete wreck, and Liszt expressed his regret that the piano was in no condition for further use.

Bülow was a man of very uncertain temper; one never knew just what to expect from him. One day when a guest at a dinner in Berlin, his hostess smilingly requested him to play some little piece, as there were a few minutes left before dinner would be served. Bülow consented with suspicious readiness, went to the piano and played the entire sonata of Beethoven, op. 106, which lasted fifty minutes. Of course the lady had not expected such a long "little piece," and much to her chagrin the dinner was completely ruined.

It is told of him that on one occasion he met on the promenade at Baden-Baden a gentleman from the committee of the Symphony Concerts in Frankfort, who approaching him said, "Doctor, I bet you don't remember me." Bülow laconically answered, "You've won your bet," and walked on.

Bülow, who was conducting a rehearsal of Rubinstein's symphonies at Hamburg, remarked, "Long hair, short ideas." On hearing of this, Rubinstein said, "I don't see why von Bülow should criticise my long hair; I never said anything about his *long ears!*"

Braille Music



THE system of dots now used by many of the blind is named after its inventor, Braille. I have said, by many of the blind, to draw attention to the fact that Braille is not the only raised system, and therefore is not universal.

It is thought by perhaps a large majority of people that Braille is extremely complicated and thus difficult to grasp; but this is not true, however, for I know of several cases where people possessing their eyesight have learned in a few hours both to read and write with accuracy. One does not easily forget the system after once thoroughly learning it.

For individual writing a tablet is used consisting of a metal ruler about fourteen inches long containing four lines of oblong cells, with about thirty on a line. Each cell has six notches, three on a side, numbering on the right 1, 2, 3, on the left 4, 5, 6; 1 and 4 are at the top. The ruler is movable so that when four lines have been completed it can be moved down ready for the next four lines and so on until the page is finished. Under the ruler is a metal bottom containing grooves running the full width of the tablet, with three under each line of cells. The paper is placed over this metal, and the dots are made with a stiletto through the cells of the ruler with the notches to guide the point. This system is read from left to right, and since the dots are pressed down into the paper, it can easily be seen that the writing would have to be done from right to left; then the paper is turned for reading.

A more substantial way of writing is by the stereotype machine, which has six of these stilettos, each controlled by a key. But instead of putting dots on paper directly, brass plates are used. The paper is then placed between the brass plate and a sheet of rubber; then all are rolled through a wringer, leaving the dots on the paper. The dots stand indefinitely on the brass, so that as many copies as are desired can be had.



In this system there is no staff, but each note has its sign made by different combinations of the dots. The whereabouts of a note is determined by octave signs placed before the note; that is to say, all the notes in the contra octave are in the first octave; all the notes in the great octave are in the second octave, and so on to the eighth octave. The value of a note is determined by the position of an extra dot added to the regular sign for that note; for instance, C an eighth, is represented by dots 1, 4, and 5; C a quarter, has number 6 dot added, making 1, 4, 5, and 6 in the same cell.

When a composition is written it is carefully divided into sections of perhaps twenty or thirty measures each. Then a section of the right hand is written, followed by the left hand part for that same section, and so on through the composition.

In learning a composition the left hand reads the right hand part, and *vice versa*. Of course it can be committed away from the piano.

Perkins Institution for the Blind and the Illinois Institution for the Blind are constantly at work on the musical library, and there is now considerable Braille music in circulation, both vocal and instrumental.

The accompanying specimen of Braille music is Chopin Prelude, Op. 28, No. 20.

FRANK VIGNERON WEAVER.



Partial Notes of the Writer's Experiences in a German Opera House



ARRIVED in town early in November ; was fortunate in obtaining introduction to theatre. Asked my object in coming, replied, "to gain experience." By doing what? Anything no one else wanted to do themselves. Found field of work in this respect unlimited. Did I know operatic music? Yes, all Wagner. "Waffenschmied?" No, never heard of it. "Ah, I thought so; just like all the rest. Never mind, you'll soon learn."

First duty, chorus rehearsal on "Trompeter von Säkkingen." Chorus knew work by heart; I had never seen it. Chorus discovered fact in fifty seconds. Operatic chorus are less human than machinery in their singing, but more keen; moreover, they are sympathetic.

Spent two weeks learning that I *must* introduce myself to all my superiors; could not get used to it. In final struggle presented myself three times to the same actor, who looked to me like all his companions. He invited me cheerfully to try again next day.

First important duty, to conduct stage noise in "Joan of Arc"—murmuring of the populace, ah! ah! etc. Also large military band in distance (six men in the green room with the door shut). Next arranged march on stage in "Faust" for eight men, with allowance for the risk of absence of two. Utility is important in a theatre.

Made incidental music for an Ibsen play, and incidental enemies of players thus called upon to desert their firesides, and otherwise free evening. Third flutist, however, become stanch friend when I gave his part to a clarinet. Stage manager gasped when I asked for contra bass tuba to play a low F \sharp which never would have reached the footlights. Scene of play in Orient in an early century. I wrote for ecclesiastical chorus and chromatic harp. Both misfits. Play had eleven acts, and occupied two evenings. Eventually reduced to five and one; audience made still further reduction to four.

Now permitted to play organ on stage. Practiced an hour on church scene from "Faust," nearly exhausted blower boy; learned next day that church scene hadn't been given for years.

Next responsibility to lie down behind a stage rock for three quarters of an hour to give important notes to "L'Africaine." Made great success, and realized beginning of my vocal career. Later sat on top of stepladder with forest bird, and conducted him—*her* rather.

Joined in general search for pet stage cat; learning that property man had invited friends the previous evening to a hare supper, further search was deemed futile.

Scored Schubert's waltzes for orchestra for anniversary of composer's birthday, thereby got opportunity to conduct them.

Incidental music again. This time for "Die Versunkene Glocke." Chief worry to reproduce the "Glocke"; finally discarded real bells, and employed five men to strike tam-tams of various sizes under the stage, while the carpenter held down low D on the organ. Effect realized.

Having been given up as an exponent of the aforesaid "Waffenschmied," was given task more to my liking—teaching *Götterdämmerung* to new singers, incidentally making a *Brünhilde* out of *Erda*. Was forbidden to play accompaniment as written; "nur kein Klavierspiel" was the order strictly enforced.

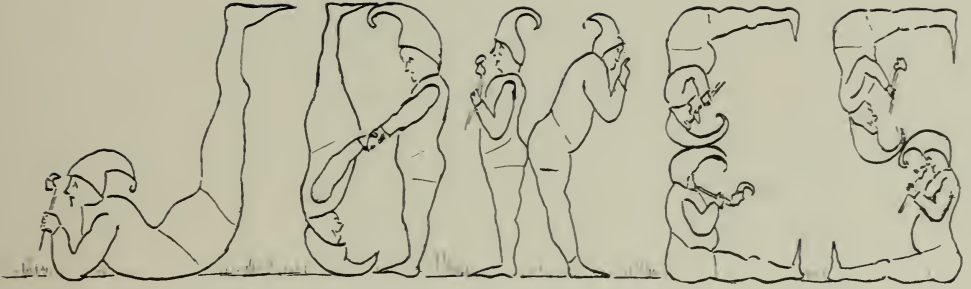
Finally opportunity came to conduct ballet—a sort of *Mother Goose* with modern music. Played for twenty-four full stage rehearsals, thereby able to have the score in my head rather than my head in the score. At first performance curtain went down before I expected it—had no idea of sacrificing beautiful music accompanying apotheosis—and continued with great expression to end, despite concert meister's frantic efforts to hurry. He was a good friend, but I didn't know it then. Stage manager: "But my dear young friend, why drawl out your old music when the curtain is long since down? People come to the theatre to hear music, not pauses and rests; they're hungry; let them go home." The ballet survived some nine performances; after each one there was a special rehearsal to make new cuts, so that after number nine there was nothing left to play again.



The above are but hints at the varied character of such work. To be serious, it is an invaluable education, particularly as teaching that nothing is too small to be of some value as experience; that all work is worthy and dignified when done seriously. And not the least pleasant memory of the winter is the universal kindness of all those under whom and with whom I worked, and the generosity with which they provided the opportunity for experience so much desired, and thanks to them so fully received.

WALLACE GOODRICH.





When earth's last piano is broken
And the strings are rusted and gone,
And every fiddle has vanished,
Forgotten each opera and song,
We shall rest and so will the others
Who have listened so long to our art,
Till Gabriel with his trumpet
Shall set us anew at a part.
Then pianos will all be made wireless,
Each violin always in tune,
And everyone's voice be like Melba's,
And organ pipes reach to the moon.
Then no one will speak of motifs,
And no one will mention themes,
And if you will analyze Wagner,
Each chord will be just what it seems.
Then each of this wise class of Seniors
In things either written or sung,
Will show to the rest of creation
How they really ought to be done.

Heard in Lesson Hour

"Will you p-l-e-a-s-e wait?"

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

"I'm just a little late, can you come to-morrow?"

"If you kindly please."

"Ach! Attitudes!! Attitudes!!!"

"This marking is an invention of my own."

"You must use Faber's."

"Got anything to-day Mr. ——?"

"That's the best I can do for you."

"That's a fine rod."

"Excuse you!"

"Well! I don't want to hear you play, only practice. Understand?"

"Those are peachy tones."

"Hold your horses."

"It's up to you."

"As it were—so to speak."

"Good luck to you, little girl."

"You're a little late this morning."

"How many have done three hours?"

"I think that's right, but I'm not quite sure."

"It would be too much for an unwashed chorus."

"The organ is nothing if not rhythmical."



An N. E. C. BULLETIN NOTICE.

"Imperative that every student shall attend this recital (the program given below), for the benefit derived, 'or in other words,' 'as it were,' to see what hand culture can achieve."

New England Conservatory of Music

JORDAN HALL

By an Assistant of the Normal Pianoforte Department



HENAY—Song without words

"As It were"

HENAY—"I've Got a White Man Working for Me"

PROCTOR—"Teasing"

DENNÉE—"Good Old Summer Time"

JEFFERY—"Last Hope"

PARKER—"Snoring"

CHADWICK—"Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep."

— ALUMNI REUNION —



NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR MAMMA :

I was glad to receive your letter last week. I am well and very happy in my work at the Conservatory. I like all my teachers and all my studies very much.

I have told you about some of my studies in my other letters and so this one shall be devoted to my favorite study, Concert Department.

I wonder if you know what Concert Department means. I thought I did before I began taking it, but I have found it so much nicer and more interesting than I ever dreamed it could be.

Everyone has to take it for one year, but all the students like it so well that its time limit is not compulsory.

I think that most of the Class of 1905 will come back next year for post-graduate work in it. I hope you will let me come. It will be money well invested, I can assure you, for all my future life I shall keep seeing the benefit I derived from the study of Concert Department.

Now I will tell you a little about it. Its aim is to fit us to take our place on the concert stage or anywhere else with ease and grace.

The first lesson we had to relax and let ourselves fall upon the floor. This is a fine exercise and very helpful to music students, for it makes strong wrists and graceful bodies. Then we learn the functions of the different parts of the body, such as the hand, arm, shoulder, back and limbs. Then we have to do exercises something like gymnastics, only much more difficult and beautiful.

We learn to make bows, too—bows for entering and leaving the stage and for all other occasions. And we learn how to handle the trains to our dresses if they get in our way.

Then we do pantomimes, which are very interesting and helpful. In our last class some of the pantomimes were washing dishes, sweeping, taking pictures, saddling a pony, and lots of other good ones. These are to help us to be more graceful and easy in all our actions, and especially in playing or singing.

Now good-by. Next time I'll tell you about two of my other studies, Theory and Harmony. They are interesting, too, in a way, but not so nice or so valuable to us as Concert Department.

With love, I am

YOUR DAUGHTER.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that you must always walk in a line, for we learn in Concert Department that it is only common people who do not walk in a line.



N. E. C. Athletics

BASEBALL	!!!!!
BOXING	"	"
BASKET BALL	?
TENNIS	.	.	:	.	.	.	;
FOOTBALL



Why is Ralph Lyford like William Penn? Because he refuses to take off his hat even to the king.



SOLFEGGIO TEACHER (somewhat excited)—“What do you think the object of this course is, anyway?”

BRIGHT PUPIL—“Money.”



“Well, well, is this you? Were you to come to me at this time? Just be seated; I have to go down stairs for *just one* minute.” Two hours later: “Well, did you get tired waiting? What time can you come to me; to-night at eight promptly? Good-by for the time.”

The Prima Donna to the Tenor

You are an awkward, boorish wretch,
Of you I'm sick and tired;
Though by the female audience
You're awfully admired.

Could you but warble half the "airs"
That you put on so finely,
You might deserve the puffs you buy,
And come to sing "divinely."

I know the world in general
Thinks that, with love, I'm sighing—
Each night, through four melodious acts,
For you with grief I'm dying.

Torn from you by a bitter fate,
Or by some Basso scowling,
Before my canvas prison gate
You out of tune are howling.

But when you kiss my ruby lips,
Please let it be a "dummy";
I wouldn't kiss you for the world,
You dismal, wrinkled mummy.

When in the third act we embrace,
And I with pity soften,
I think you might in decency
Eat garlic much less often.

In our duets, you sing too loud,
You think *you're* the attraction.
Please recollect I'm number one,
You, but a vulgar fraction.

You star it on your high chest C;
Bought criticisms inflate you.
I'll hire a clique to hiss you yet;
You howling fiend—I hate you!

L. C. ELSON.



Inversion of the
Tonic

More Truth than Fiction

The distinction between serious and comic in their extreme is very slight, so we are told. I certainly found it so in my first public appearance. I was to sing at a funeral. For two whole days I was on the verge of nervous prostration.

When the moment came I arose, shivering with fear. A profound hush filled the church, broken only by the sobs of the mourners. Suddenly there flashed into my mind the conversation with the deceased's daughter, who hired me for the occasion, and an overwhelming desire to laugh seized me. The young lady requested me to sing, "With Verdure Clad." Mistaking my surprised expression, she hastened to add, "Well, I think we ought to have *some* music; a funeral is so tame without music, don't you think?"

Struggling with the thought as to whether or not I was saving the service from tameness, I stumbled through my song, to be met at the close of the service by a good deacon of the church, who grasped my hand, and exclaimed: "You sang beautifully, but then I don't know anything about music. I can't tell the Doxology from America."



Dictionary of Musical Terms

(FOR INFANT MINDS)

- Dim.*—Vague, hazy.
Ann Dante.—A celebrated composer. Daughter of the poet.
f.—Feeble.
ff.—Frightfully feeble.
M.D.—Go for a doctor.
Leg.—Ballet music.
p.—Powerful.
m. s.—Mess, a musical composition by a very young composer.
Ped.—Pedantic. In classical style.
Rall.—Rallying. Music played at a political rally.
Rit.—Ritualistic. High church music.
Ten.—A ten strike. Very heavy, with all the ten fingers.
Spiritoso.—Go out and "refresh."
Bar.—The place indicated by spiritoso.
Stacc.—A pile of compositions is called a stack.
Fine.—The opinion the composer has of his own works.
Grave.—The looks of the audience after hearing a dozen of them.
Lento.—Music for Lent. Also reminds the musician that what is "lent" is "o" 'ed.

L. C. ELSON.

Solfeggioso

Dear friends, we give you greeting,
 And a word of right good cheer,
 For the time it is so fleeting
 That we meet with friends so dear.

We will tell to you a story,
 Not in prose, but in a rhyme.
 'Tis not of fame and glory,
 But of seconds, thirds, and prime.

The major scale is rent in twain,
 And the fragments strewn around,
 And we are driven most insane
 To think of all its sound.

The first we sing is Ma, Me, Ta,
 And then go back on To;
 We ring in Nel and Mel and Ga,
 Till heads they do ache so.

Those seconds just elude our brain,
 The thirds are just as bad,
 The sixths we try but all in vain,
 And sevenths drive us mad.

The name of all of this you ask,
 And why these looks of woe?
 It is the hopeless, endless task,
 Of learning Solfeggio.



MISS KEITH and MISS ACKER—Ladies of note.

When in doubt ask MISS PERKINS.

TEACHER (to pupil in counterpoint)—“You keep too near the home plate.”

What view do most people get of W. G.? BACH view.

Theory Class

TEACHER—"Now, let me see, how many have we here—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—well, the last bell has just rung, so we'll wait a little while longer." (Two minutes later Miss——rushes in, hair flying and covered with confusion.) "Oh! here you are Miss ——. You must try to be a little more punctual, Miss ——, a little more punctual, for if you are not, I fear greatly for the exam, I fear greatly. You must be here on time." After taking off his glasses and staring severely for a few seconds, he resumes, "Now, before we begin, are there any questions?"

PUPIL—"I have some names I would like you to pronounce."

TEACHER—"Oh, yes, very good. I always like to have the students bring in questions."

She hands him a list of names she has hunted up in a musical dictionary along with a few of her own selection, such as Von Tilzer and Ade. The teacher goes through them bravely, and retires from the field covered with glory and smiles.

TEACHER—"Now please draw up around the piano."

Seven out of the eight present make a frantic attempt to get directly back of the teacher. A great deal of wild confusion results, but finally everyone is seated, most of the students having an excellent view of their neighbors' hats, but none whatever of the keyboard.

TEACHER—"I think you were to bring in some modern music to-day."

Then follows a scholarly and exhaustive analysis of such modern masterpieces as "Bedelia," "Bill Bailey," "Coax Me," "The Rill" and "The Defender." One student hands a piece to the teacher in a hesitating way. Opening it, he finds it to be "After the Ball."

TEACHER, reproachfully—"I said *modern music*, I think. Now, we will take notes." (Ten minute interval.) "That will be all. I hope you are doing good work in the sub-classes. The sub-classes are very important."

Suppressed excitement prevails in the class, but the star pupil explains that the sub-class is their only joy in life, and that they are commencing an analysis of the "Melodia." The teacher explains that they are undertaking a stupendous task, but with hard work it can be mastered. After this, class is dismissed—something which should have happened a whole page before this.



FIRST GIRL—"Was that a concert deportment bow? How nervous she is?"

SECOND GIRL—"Doesn't she pound? She plays that Berceuse like a Tarantelle."

After the concert, both girls at once—"Oh, Miss ——, how beautifully you played. We enjoyed it so much."

In Memoriam
Conserbatory Magazine
which departed this life
November, 1904

Requiescat in Pace

New Books

"A TREATISE ON RECOGNITION; or, How to Make Friends and Keep Them," by Sheehy and Whitely, authors of much experience and wide reputation.

"TEMPERAMENT," a valuable addition to the library of a musician, by Hilda Swartz.

"DELAYED SUSPENSIONS," an exhaustive treatment on the subject, including Retardations, carefully discussed. Rights reserved by J. Albert J.

"TONE PRODUCTION AND ATTACK," by Elisha Perry. An invaluable work on this subject from an entirely new point of view.



Answers to Correspondents

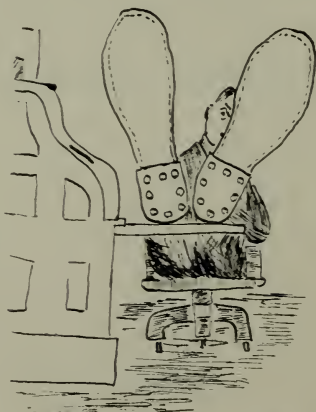
INQUIRING MIND.—No, it is not polite to talk during musical numbers.

MISS BLANK.—Yes, the Class of 1905 possesses one voice of a peculiarly lyric quality.



Card

WORTHY OBJECT.—Two officers of Class of 1904, unable to meet expense of cuts for THE NEUME. Subscriptions hopefully solicited by H. Whitehouse and Payson Porter.



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What are you going to wear?

Where did Miss Johnston get those nuts?

What tailor got the \$75 for Mr. Storer's coat?

Who was Mr. Steeves' Ballet Master?

Did Miss Morris ever cut?

Pin or bust(?)

Why is the Gym.?

Have you received a *billet-doux* from Mr. Dean?

Who ever heard of "Music is Truth"?

How will Mr. Steeves extricate himself from several breach of promise suits?

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Now see here a minute!



Good gracious! Where was Dugan wounded that he should be admitted to the Soldiers' Home?



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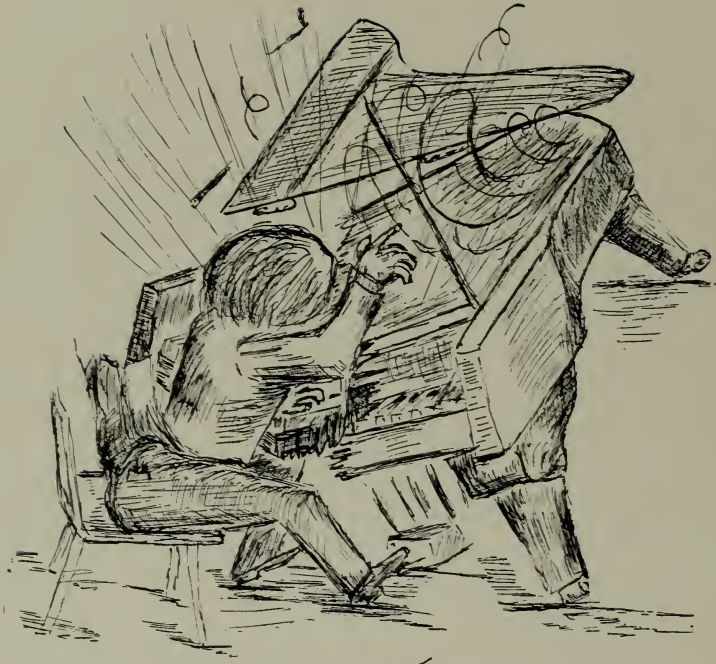
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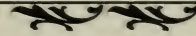


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