

THE NEUME

≈1907≈





Jacob D. Parker

Class Inspector and Superintendent of Examinations.

THE NEUME

VOLUME III



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PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN

To J. C. D. Parker, Esq.

To him who ever good and kind
Has helped the student up Parnassus,
Who in our worst could merit find
And always tried his best to pass us,

To him who, like the purest wines,
Grows better as he's growing older,
Who ne'er to help a dunce declines
And never gives us the cold shoulder,

To him who in the student's ranks
A genial atmosphere created,
To him we here give heartfelt thanks,—
To him this book is dedicated.

Prologue

WE take pleasure in presenting to you the Nineteen Hundred and Seven Neume. It is an old saying that the third time never fails, and we sincerely hope that we have not failed in this the third volume.

Judgment upon the matter we leave to you, trusting that you will be as lenient as possible with our shortcomings, receive our fun in the kindly spirit in which it is meant, and remember that we have endeavored not only to maintain the high standard of our predecessors, but also to broaden the scope of this our only Conservatory publication.

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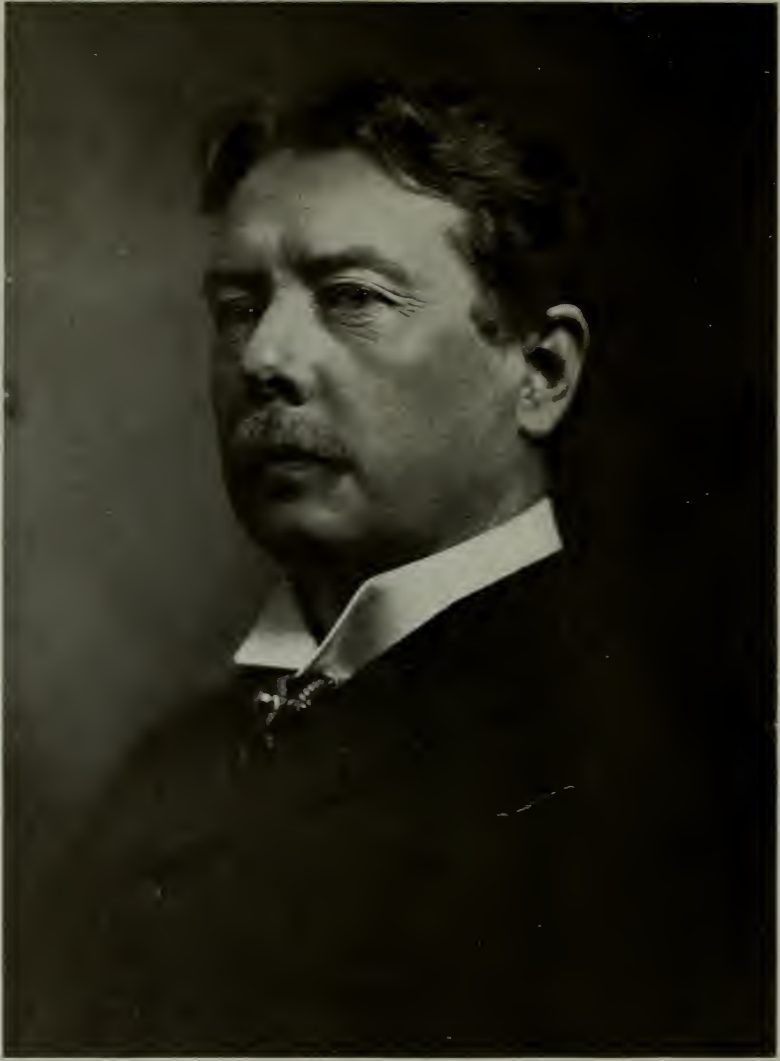
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FIRST SESSION begins Thursday, September 19, 1907, and closes Wednesday, February 5, 1908.

SECOND SESSION begins Thursday, February 6, 1908, and closes Wednesday, June 25, 1908.

CHRISTMAS VACATION (one week), December 22 to 28 inclusive.

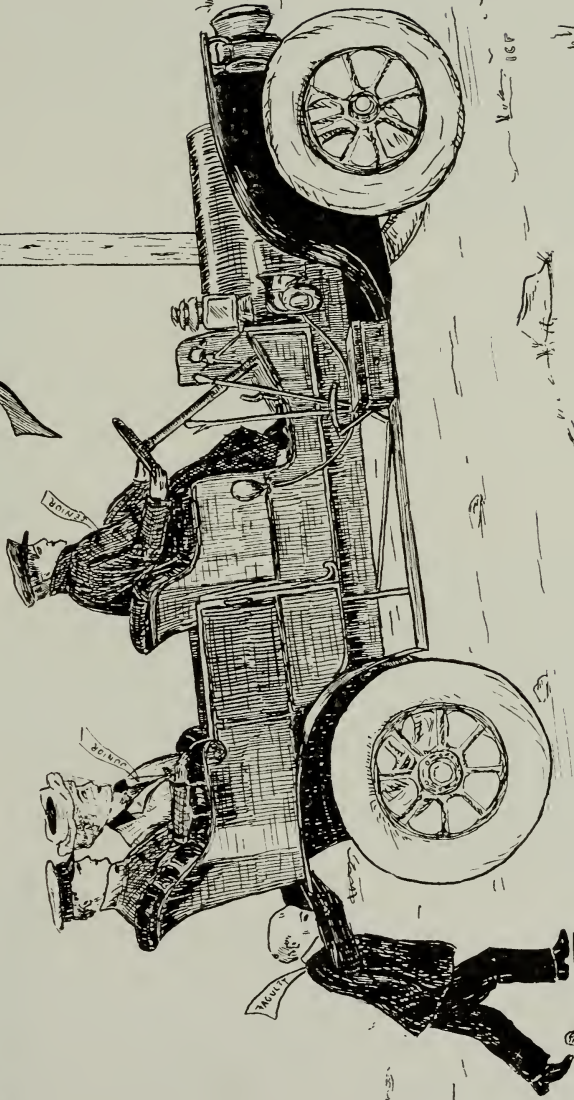
EASTER VACATION (ten days), April 17 to 26 inclusive.

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

The first session of 1907-1908 begins September 19, 1907.

FACULTY

TO SUCCESS



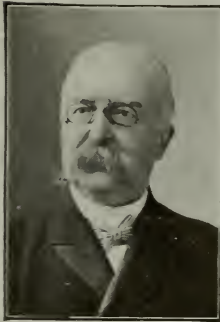


DAVID BLANPIED, *Pianoforte and Theory.*

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

BENJAMIN CUTTER, *Harmony and Composition.*

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



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; one of Boston's best-known critics

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

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



ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA-ADAMOWSKA, *Pianoforte.*

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

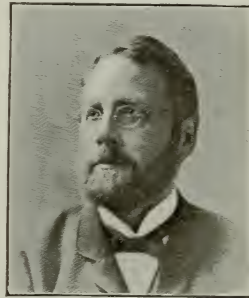


ESTELLE J. ANDREWS, *Pianoforte.*

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

CARL BAERMANN, *Pianoforte.*

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



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 Vienna; 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 Bulow during his last trip to America; has toured extensively as a concert pianist, appearing in over one thousand recitals and concerts previous to 1895. Teacher at the Conservatory since 1883. A composer of note.

ALFRED DE VOTO, *Pianoforte.*

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



J. ALBERT JEFFERY, *Pianoforte.*

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

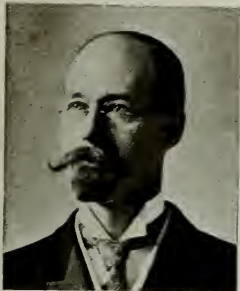
EDWIN KLAHRE, *Pianoforte.*

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



FREDERICK F. LINCOLN, *Pianoforte.*

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



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

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

GEORGE W. PROCTOR, *Pianoforte.*

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



CARL STASNY, *Pianoforte.*

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



ANNA M. STOVALL, *Pianoforte.*

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

MARIE E. TREAT, *Pianoforte.*

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



H. S. WILDER, *Pianoforte.*

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

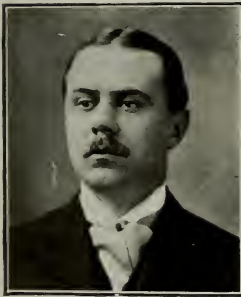
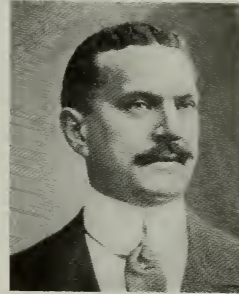
HENRY M. DUNHAM, *Organ.*

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



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

Born in Newton, Mass. Studied at the New England Conservatory under Henry M. Dunham, Organ; George W. Chadwick, Composition; and Louis C. Elson. Theory; has also studied with Josef Rheinberger, Munich, and C. M. Widor, Paris. Founder of Choral Art Society of Boston, whose conductorship he has recently resigned, in accepting that of the Cecilia Society. Conductor of the Worcester County Musical Association (choral works). Founder and conductor of the Jordan Hall Orchestral Concerts. Organist at concerts of Boston Symphony Orchestra; organist of Trinity Church; author of various essays on musical subjects, and compositions for chorus and orchestra, and for orchestra; translator of valuable works from the French.

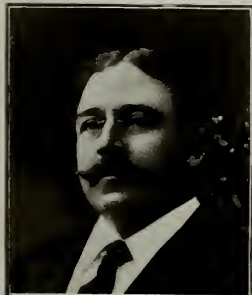


HOMER C. HUMPHREY, *Organ.*

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

ARTHUR DWIGHT BABCOCK, *Voice.*

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



WILLIAM HERBERT DUNHAM, *Voice.*

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



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

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

PERCY F. HUNT, *Voice.*

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



CLARA TOURJÉE-NELSON, *Voice.*

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

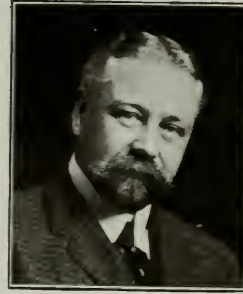
CLARA KATHLEEN (BARNETT) ROGERS, *Voice.*

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



CLARENCE B. SHIRLEY, *Voice.*

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



ALICE MABEL STANAWAY, *Voice.*

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

PIETRO VALLINI, *Voice and Director of the Opera School.*

Born in Florence, Italy, Oct. 25, 1859, where he pursued his early musical education, studying pianoforte with his father, and harmony and counterpoint with Magi. First studied composition with Mabellini, later with Scontrino at Milan. Has had a successful career as conductor, teacher and composer.



F. MORSE WEMPLE, *Voice.*

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



CHARLES A. WHITE, *Voice*.

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

JOSEF ADAMOWSKI, *Violoncello*.

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

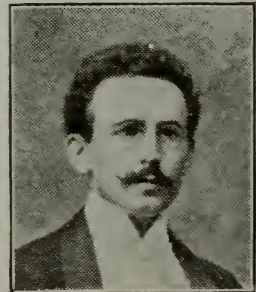


EUGENE GRUENBERG, *Violin; Superintendent of Violin Normal Department*.

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

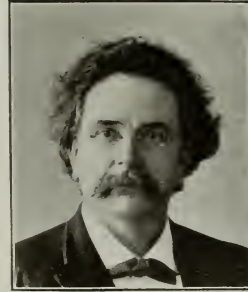
MAX O. KUNZE, *Double Bass*.

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



EMIL MAHR, *Violin.*

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



CARL PEIRCE, *Violin.*

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

FELIX WINTERNITZ, *Violin.*

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



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

Born in Meriden, N. H. Pupil of S. B. Whitney and John W. Tufts and at the New England Conservatory. Author of musical text-books. Conductor of People's Choral Union of Boston. Director of music in the public schools of Brookline since 1884.

CLEMENT LENOM, *Solfeggio and Oboe.*

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

EUSTACE B. RICE, *Pianoforte and Solfeggio.*

Born in Wayland, Mass. Afterward lived in Hudson, N. Y., where he studied Piano and Organ with Edwin C. Rowley, a Leipsic student. Studied Piano, principally under Edwin Klahre and Carl Baermann; Organ, under George E. Whiting and Henry M. Dunham; Harmony and Composition, under George E. Whiting and Dr. Percy Goetschius; Theory, under Stephen A. Emery and Louis C. Elson; Solfeggio, under Samuel W. Cole.

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.

LE ROY S. KENFIELD, *Trombone.*

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

LOUIS KLOEPFEL, *Cornet and Trumpet.*

Born in Thuringia. Has appeared as soloist in all the principal cities of Europe, and held important positions in Court orchestras; in 1891 he was engaged by Damosch 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.

CARL F. LUDWIG, *Tympani and Drums.*

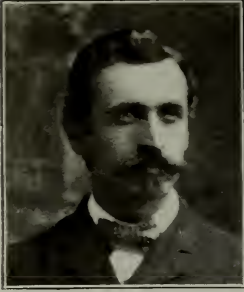
Born in Dresden, Germany. Studied with C. R. Ludwig. Came to America in 1890. Member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for three years. Also member of Boston Festival Orchestra and Municipal Band.

DANIEL MAQUARRE, *Flute.*

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

LOUIS POST, *Bassoon.*

Born in Pommerania, Germany. At an early age received instruction in violin and bassoon playing from Herman Post, his brother, a musical director of note. Later studied with Gasgisch of Berlin and Schwarz of Cologne. Came to America in 1878 and has played thirteen years in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.



FREDERICK SCHORMANN, *French Horn.*

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

HEINRICH SCHUECKER, *Harp.*

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



A. VANNINNI, *Clarinet and Voice.*

Born in Pescia, Italy. Began study of music at the age of eight years; when fifteen years old studied clarinet and voice at Venice where he graduated from the Conservatory in 1892 with the highest honors. Traveled over Europe, and South America with prominent opera companies. Settled in Boston in 1896, giving private vocal lessons. Member of Boston Symphony Orchestra since 1900.

MADAME AUGUSTO ROTOLI, *Italian.*

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



CAMILLE THURWANGER, *French Language and diction.*

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



GEORGE VAN WIENEN, *German.*

Born in Eddigehausen, near Göttingen, Germany. Graduated from University of Göttingen in 1877, with degree of Candidate of Theology; and from the Teachers Seminary in Hanover in 1899; Instructor of German at Boston University; connected with Conservatory since 1901.

E. CHARLTON BLACK, *Literature Lectures.*

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



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

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



CLAYTON D. GILBERT, *Concert Department.*

Born in Wisconsin. First studied under Mrs. Scott Siddons, afterwards in Chicago, New York, and Paris. On the stage with several companies. Studied concert department under Messrs. Miller and Adams, Chicago. Instructor in acting and pantomime, Emerson College of Oratory. For three years a member of the Faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music.

GEORGE W. BEMIS, *Guitar and Mandolin.*

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



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

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

GEORGE L. GARDNER, *Tuning.*

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

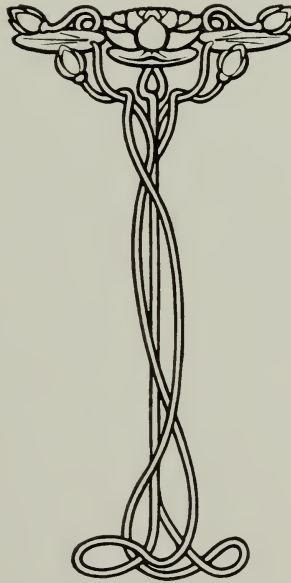


GEORGE WHITEFIELD CHADWICK, *Composition and Orchestration.*

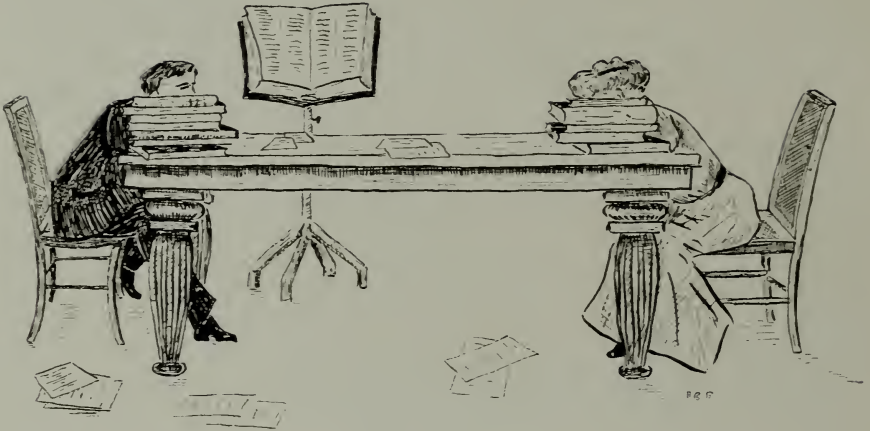
Born in Lowell, Mass. Studied at the New England Conservatory, and in 1877 went to Leipsic, where he began his first thorough study of Composition under Reinecke and Jadassohn; in 1879 he went to Dresden and entered the Royal School of Music, and became one of the first American pupils of Rheinberger, 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.

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.



EDITORIAL



WHAT is a musician? Strange question indeed to ask at the beginning of an editorial in the *Neume*, a publication supported by the undergraduates of an institution whose sole purpose is to produce musicians. Yet it is a fitting one, as we are conscious that many of the students here are laboring under a false impression as to its true answer. Indeed we do not claim to have found the true answer ourselves; but having attained to the dignity of the Senior Class we feel that we may perhaps speak with some authority upon what should be an all absorbing topic to the student body at large.

In our institution it is required of the student, who is pursuing a course for graduation to take several so-called secondary courses. These he is apt to regard as unnecessary, time-wasting, nerve-racking, tortures; to be endured not studied. First among these is Solfeggio, that bane of the Conservatory student's existence. How often have we overheard remarks as to its foolishness! Nay, in a fit of recklessness, we have ourselves been tempted to shun it and pass by on the other side. Yet it must have some good purpose. The musician deals with sound

much as the painter deals with color. But the paint on the canvas does not constitute the picture nor do the notes printed on the page constitute the musical composition. Far from it. There must be back of it all ideas, of which these things are simply the means of expression. With the musician these ideas are expressed through the medium of sound, yet it is not necessarily sound made audible to others. As Albert Lavignac says, in his "Music and Musicians": "If one knows a language thoroughly, he not only speaks it, reads it, and writes it, but he also thinks it with no more effort than in his native tongue, and even dreams in it, which proves how natural, and easy and unconscious is his use of it. Thus the musician ought to surprise himself thinking and dreaming in music." In short the purpose of Solfeggio is to enable the student to hear with the eye and see with the ear, or in other words, seeing symbols to hear sounds; hearing sounds to be able to write the symbols for them. And how essential this is when we come to think of it. What should we think of a painter who could not distinguish one color from another? He would not even be able to copy the pictures of other artists. How much less, then, should we expect the musician to accomplish (dealing as he does with the most subtle medium of expression which there is) without possessing the ability to distinguish sounds properly.

Next we pass on to the study of Harmony, which carries forward the idea first started in Solfeggio. In Solfeggio the student is taught to think *single* sounds, but in Harmony he is taught to think in *combinations* of sounds or chords and learns the laws which govern the successions of chords, much as he learns in Grammar how to properly combine words into sentences. He begins to perceive, more and more, that music does not consist of notes, but of ideas, melodic or rhythmic, which he is taught to understand in Solfeggio, or harmonic, of which he learns in his study of Harmony.

Passing on to Theory, the student makes acquaintance with the architectural side of music. He learns that musical ideas do not follow one another hap hazard but that they must conform to some well defined plan, else the expression of the musical thought is incoherent.

Strange to say in this discussion of "What is a Musician?" we have not as yet mentioned what the student's so-called principal study has to do with his musicianship. We say "so-called principal study" for in point of fact it is the least important of all. How can a person, no matter what beauty of voice or diction he may possess, recite intelligently a poem in

a language of which he does not understand one word? Pronounce the words as perfectly as he may, yet not perceiving the ideas which he is called upon to express, he is unable to convey to the listener the thought of the author. In the same way, play or sing as perfectly as he may, not understanding the musical ideas of the composer, the executant is at a loss to interpret a composition properly. And as we do not learn a language by repeating words and phrases without also learning their meaning, so we do not learn to become true musicians by playing or singing notes. By all this we do not mean to say that fingers or voice should not be trained to express as perfectly as they may whatever they may be called upon to express, but that mere technical proficiency should not be the aim of musical study.

Thus our secondary studies are beginning to assume a Primary importance, and rightly so, for the aim of our institution is to send out true musicians, in the highest sense of the term and not mere music-reproducing machines.

Apparently few students realize the opportunities offered them at the New England Conservatory for the study of the Orchestra and orchestral music. We possess a practically complete symphonic orchestra which rehearses weekly. At these rehearsals and also at the concerts given every few weeks all the classical concertos, arias, and many of the overtures and symphonies, as well as many modern works, may be heard. The opportunity of attaining familiarity with the *timbres* of the different orchestral instruments is practically unlimited and when we also take into consideration the fact that the Conservatory possesses a well-equipped library at which the scores of the majority of these works may be consulted, we see that the advantages offered here for this sort of work are invaluable and we doubt if they could be even equalled by any other institution in this country. Mr. Elson's lectures on orchestral instruments are also a valuable preparation to the student desiring to pursue this line of musical study.

This naturally leads us to speak of the opportunities open to young composers at the Conservatory. They have every advantage in the way of theoretical instruction which it would be possible for them to desire as well as the practical instruction to be had from hearing their works performed. There seems to be no reason why our institution should not become the mother of a young American school of composers just as the Royal College of Music, in London, has become of the younger British school.

James Cutler Dunn Parker

WHEN dedicating this book to Mr. Parker the editors felt that it would be appropriate to have an article of some sort from Mr. Parker himself. Something in the line of musical reminiscences was suggested to him as it was felt that he must have a large number of interesting facts to tell of his many years of service as organist, teacher and composer. But Mr. Parker's duties at the Conservatory so pressed upon his time that he was unable to comply with our request, much to our disappointment. We then turned to Mr. Louis C. Elson, a member of our faculty, an authority on American music, and a life-long friend of Mr. Parker's, who kindly gave us permission to quote the following from his "The History of American Music":

"In the domain of sacred music America has a writer of much importance in the person of James Cutler Dunn Parker. Not only are his works of intrinsic worth, but Parker was the earliest of all the native composers to study music thoroughly in Germany. As his era of teaching activity antedates that of John K. Paine, one may call him the father of the American School of musical pedagogues.

"He was born in Boston, June 2, 1828, and graduated from Harvard in 1848. At that time it was deemed impossible for any American of social prominence and ample means to take up music as a profession. In consequence, Parker studied law for three years. At the end of that time, however, he made up his mind that he would not develop into a great legal luminary, and that there was a career before him in the realm of tones. Three years of study in Leipsic followed, under such teachers Hauptmann, Richter, and Rietz, and especially with Moscheles, who took much interest in the young American student in the days when few Americans studied music in Germany. Returning to America in 1854, Mr. Parker entered upon a career that is still [1907] continuing. He early organized a vocal club for part singing, because the organist at Trinity Church, was the organist also of the Handel and Haydn Society, and entered the New England Conservatory as piano and harmony teacher. In this last capacity Mr. Parker's influence has been extensive. The pupils that he has graduated during his long era of activity would form a good-sized regiment. Among those who studied under him may be mentioned John A. Preston, Fred H. Lewis, Alfred D. Turner, Henry M. Dunham, Allen W. Swan, J. H. Howe, and Charles D. Morse. The list of celebrities might be extended much farther. At present Mr. Parker is examiner at the New England Conservatory, in Boston.

“Although Parker's teaching in Boston began as early as 1854, it was not until 1877 that he brought out a large composition. In that year the Handel and Haydn Society gave his “Redemption Hymn,” a cantata that has held its place in the standard repertoire ever since. Nine years later he wrote a secular cantata, “The Blind King.” “St. John” was the next important work, and finally there came a small oratorio, “The Life of Man.” Mr. J. C. D. Parker does not attempt the intricate style of Horatio Parker (not a relative), but combines graceful melody with sufficient counterpoint to lend dignity to his work—the *juste milieu* between the classical and the popular. The last-named work was produced by the Handel and Haydn Society, April 14, 1895. “The Life of Man” may be called Parker's best work. Although quite melodic, fugal work is not wanting in its numbers, the first chorus being a well-developed fugue with a fine stretto as climax. Subsequently fugal expositions and excellent canonic writing occur. In the portrayal of the Resurrection the composer has now won a powerful effect by soprano solo against chorus, as Rossini did in his famous “Inflammatus.” There is also some masterly canonic writing in the portrayal of the Seven Churches of Asia in which seven voices enter in beautiful imitation.”

In conclusion we wish to add that Mr. Parker is one of the most beloved members of the Faculty, admired and respected by students and teachers alike. To know him, even casually, is to know a man of fine character and sterling worth. “May his shadow never grow less.”

THE EDITORS.



A "Touch" of Beethoven

IT was one evening after a chorus rehearsal. I had been writing letters in the office until the lights went out, and when I was ready to go home I found the outside door locked. The night watchman had disappeared on his nightly round of inspection—"leaving the (Conservatory) world to darkness and to me"—but not complete darkness, for a lantern standing on the floor shed a dim light on the grim features of Beethoven's statue. So I sat down on a stool to wait until the watchman should return and release me from my imprisonment.

It was very quiet. Only an occasional clang from a distant trolley car, or the subdued voices of occasional passers-by disturbed the stillness. I fell to thinking of various matters,—how could Bach write so many notes,—what does Richard Strauss think about when he is alone by himself,—and would Beethoven have had his picture in the Transcript over a letter beginning "For many years I have watched the progress of the Thingumbob piano"—when I was startled by hearing a gruff voice say, "Hedwig!" Now it happens that Hedwig is a nickname which was bestowed on me by my brothers of the Concordia in Leipzig (because they could not pronounce my name) and I was not aware that any of them were on this side of the water. And as I gazed about in astonishment, trying to locate the sound, my eyes rested on the face of Beethoven. *He was looking at me*, and gradually his features relaxed into a facetious grin. "*Nu Grüss Gott, Hedwig,*" he began familiarly, in a strong Viennese accent, "thinking about me, were you? Well, I've done some little thinking about *you* lately. *Wir haben uns schon lange gekannt, nit wahr.* I remember the first time I saw you. It was at a Thomas concert in the old Music Hall, where I used to be when I first came to Boston, you know. You were a little fellow, and were deposited in a seat in the middle of the hall by a gentleman who looked very much as you look now. He went away and came for you after the concert. You stared about in wonder, especially at me, and at Apollo in the second balcony, whom some of the old ladies thought was the President of the Handel and Haydn Society, and others disapproved of because he had no clothes on, and it was easy to see that you had never been there before.

"Pretty soon Thomas began with my *Eroica*, and how you did prick

up your ears! When the trumpets came in at the first fortissimo, Thomas seemed to get ten feet high, and his eyes glowed like fiery coals. *Donnerwetter noch a'mal*, but that Thomas knew my music all right! It got to be a sort of religion with him.

"Well, I happened to look at you just then. You gave a great gulp, your nose began to leak, and your eyes too, and they kept on leaking '*sempre piú sino al Fine!*'" He grinned, and chuckled to himself. "Then the lady sitting by you said, sympathetically, 'What's the matter, little boy?' And when you got your nose dry enough to let you, you said 'O, it is so beautiful!' It was plain that *she* didn't think so—she was there for the first time, too, and Apollo was too much for her, I guess! Afterward she asked the man next to her if that was Charles C. Perkins!

"After that I saw you many times. Once you sat in the chorus of the Handel and Haydn and sang alto, and when you sat down your back came up against the nose of one of the female giants on the side of the organ. And how you did watch the organist reading his newspaper between the choruses! Then later I used to see you at the Quarterly concerts of the Conservatory, and at Dudley Buck's organ recitals, when I believe you climbed in over the second balcony fence, you rascal! I got to know your face pretty well by this time, but shortly afterward you disappeared for four or five years. And then, behold, the next time I saw you, was at the Handel and Haydn Festival when you came on the stage right under my nose to conduct your Rip Van Winkle overture! Then I said to myself, 'Well, Hedwig, you're in for it now, and you've got to keep at it, whether you like it or not. Since that time, you have been butting in somewhere or other about all the time!'"

He paused for a moment, lost in thought. It was all true, and how he had brought back to my recollection the happy, careless days in the old Music Hall and the old Conservatory—when everything was before us, when the hearing of a masterpiece—his masterpieces—for the first time, was an event to be marked with a white stone! But he continued:

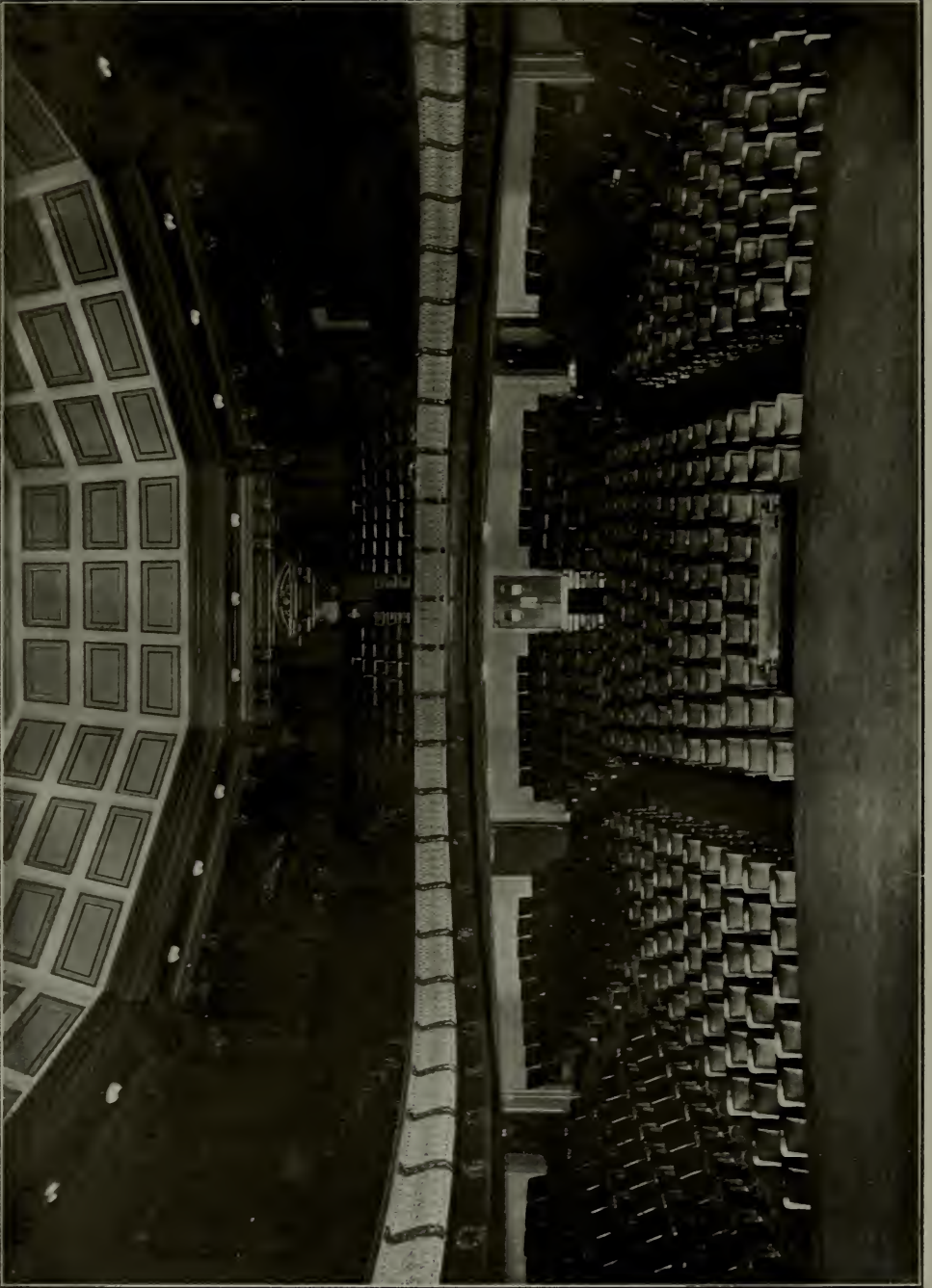
"Now, Hedwig, I've got a few things to tell you, and I want you to sit up and take notice" (I wondered where he had learned his American slang!) "In the first place, you know that ever since I moved from the Public Library, I have literally had the whole '*schützen fest*' (more slang) at my feet, especially the Senior Class! Every time a Texas prima donna falls down in a Solfeggio examination, or a pianiste from Sinsnatter gets up against a sight playing test, there is an indignation meeting, and I

overhear the whole kick, over and over again, like Bach's inventions or a canon without a coda. Then those meetings! Senior class, the Junior class, the Sinfonia, the Alpha Chi Omega, and the Faculty. I don't object to the Senior class—especially *this* Senior class—they are hustlers, and they will be a credit to the school, but just think of the result of all this rubbering—Just look at my *shoes!* They are *Crawford* shoes, you know—all worn out, down at the heel, not fit even for as disreputable a shade as Wagner or Hamlet's father—to say nothing of a first-class ghost like *me*—and all on account of *elbows*—elbows elementary, intermediate, advanced and post-graduate. Why, even the Normal kids rubber up against my toes when they can reach 'em. I was talking to Peter about this the other day, and he suggested having a gold roof put over my toes, as they did to his in the Cathedral at Rome. You know he nearly lost his from years of osculation by the faithful. But I don't want any pedals with a tin roof—not for mine. I want a *new* pair, and you can get some 'schuster' of a composer" (he laughed at his own pun) "to make 'em, if you want to. And then you can give him the old ones and see him rattle round in 'em!" He grinned maliciously.

He had waxed warm over the subject, and I had not dared to interrupt him. But now I ventured to speak. "*Mein lieber Louis*" said I, "where *did* you learn all those idioms." He glared at me. Then he laughed again. "*Bin nit so dumm wie ich aus sebe.* I'm not fool enough to stand here day and night, three or four years without picking up a thing or two. And I like it," he added, meditatively. "I feel at home here where I know I am respected, and I hope I shan't have to move again."

The lantern flickered. Footsteps were approaching. Suddenly the night watchman materialized out of the darkness. "Guess you were asleep, sir," he said.

G. W. CHADWICK



JORDAN HALL

The Conservatory Orchestra

HOW often have we spent a Tuesday afternoon in Jordan Hall listening to the rehearsals of our orchestra, and subsequently attended the orchestral concerts, but how few, if any of us have ever given a thought to the matter of organizing, training and maintaining this orchestra and to the tremendous amount of work, energy and patience expended to bring it to its present standard of excellence. It is our purpose here to give a brief history of the origin and development of the Conservatory orchestra, and then the reader can judge for himself if the task of bringing this about has been an easy one.

The students who were here in 1897 and before that time at the old Conservatory, in Franklin Square, will undoubtedly remember the violin classes there conducted by Mr. Mahr and Mr. Gruenberg, who practiced mostly compositions for string alone, and who sometimes gave one concert during the season. With the change of directors, which took place about that time, the possibility of consolidating these two classes and using them in combination with the organ which supplied the wind parts, became evident, and this may be considered as the real foundation of our present orchestra. From this time on, the conservatory began to educate its organ students to read and play the wind parts from the orchestral score and at the first rehearsal under the new director, Mr. Chadwick, the accompaniment to the Mozart concerto in D minor and the "serenade" in F major by Volkman were played. The orchestra, if such we may call it, in its then rather primitive state, had never before been used to accompany concertos or arias.

The next year, however, saw such great improvement in numbers and efficiency that Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was given with chorus and orchestra. Several other orchestral concerts followed in which organ students played the wind parts on the organ.

It was perhaps in 1899 that Mr. Chadwick made a canvas among the boys of the school to find out who among them could play wind instruments. The result was as follows: One flute, two clarinets, two cornets and one bass trombone. The conservatory then invited another amateur flute and one oboe player; a bassoon-player was engaged; but the organ was still retained to play the four horn-parts. One cornet and one

clarinet player were induced to study the French horn and oboe respectively, and after about four months of hard and conscientious practising they were able to play their parts in the orchestra.

All the rehearsals were held on the stage of Sleeper Hall in the old Conservatory. This stage, however, was so crowded and inconvenient on account of its small size and the gradual growth of the orchestra that the wind players were often obliged to sit in the auditorium or in the gallery. On June 18, 1902, when commencement exercises were held in Tremont Temple, the orchestra took part for the first time at these exercises on a programme of unusually high order compared with those of former years, and the members of the orchestra did themselves and the Conservatory great credit. The programme is appended.

Mr. Gruenberg's violin class was meanwhile changed into a sight-playing class for strings, and it is largely owing to his valuable preliminary training that the members of our present orchestra have acquitted themselves so well. The orchestra now rehearses practically three times a week as follows: Mondays, wind instruments, under Mr. Lenom; Tuesdays, full orchestra, under Mr. Chadwick; Thursdays, strings, under Mr. Winternitz. The first-named rehearsal is a new institution of this year, but already the wind department shows marked improvement under this arrangement, while the Thursday rehearsals have been going on for the past three years under Mr. Winternitz, and, thanks to his untiring efforts, the string department has reached such a grade of excellence as is seldom found in any school of music.

We have now a full symphonic orchestra, comprising the following instruments:

Three flutes, two oboes, one English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, timpani, a full set of percussion instruments, one harp, twelve first violins, ten seconds, six violas, six violoncellos and four double basses. Now, have we not a right to be justly proud of such an orchestra?

During Mr. Chadwick's absence in Europe, 1905-6, Mr. Goodrich, then acting director, conducted the orchestra, and how well his efforts were appreciated was amply shown by the enthusiastic reception which he and the orchestra received on Commencement Day, 1906. Members of the conducting class have been given opportunity during the past two years to conduct the orchestra at rehearsals and public concerts—invaluable practice for the student who aspires to be a conductor.

The programmes of concerts during successive years, some of which are here given (pp. 41-42), will best serve to tell the story of the remarkable progress our orchestra has made, and after perusing them let us not fail to give due appreciation and thanks to those men through whose unselfish efforts this has been accomplished.

While the director and management appreciate the fact that it would be impossible for many to pursue their studies at the Conservatory without the money earned by outside engagements, still these same engagements seriously menace the efficiency of the orchestra and often cause great trouble in arranging concert dates. It is hoped that the Conservatory in the near future may be able to provide by scholarships, etc., for instruction of members of the orchestra in return for their sole allegiance.

It has just come to the writer's notice that our orchestra has been engaged to give a concert in Lawrence, Mass., under the auspices of the Chadwick club of that city, and this, as well as Jordan Hall, crowded to the doors on concert nights, shows how well the public enjoys and appreciates the Conservatory Orchestral Concerts.

A. ALBERT NOELTE.

Conservatory Orchestra—Programs

	March 6, 1901	
	<i>Recital by the Orchestral Class and Advanced Students</i>	
	<i>Mr. G. W. Chadwick, Conductor</i>	
Concerto in F major (first movement) for Strings and Organ.....		<i>Rheinberger</i>
Miss Daisy Swadkins. (Arlington Heights, Mass.).....		
Concerto in D minor, Pianoforte.....		<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Allegro appassionata. Adagio. Molto sostenuto. Presto scherzando.		
Mr. Henry T. Wade. (Newton, Mass.).....		
Aria, "Dove sono," from "Le Nozze di Figaro".....		<i>Mozart</i>
Miss Lora Lamport. (Winfield, Kan.).....		
Concerto in G minor, Pianoforte.....		<i>Saint-Saens</i>
Andante sostenuto. Allegro scherzando. Presto.		
Miss Laeta Hartley, 1900. (Petersburg, Va.).....		
Wind parts played on the Organ by Messrs. George S. Dunham, '90, and Lindley H. Varney, 1900, and Miss Swadkins		
	Commencement, June 18, 1902	
Overture, "Ruy Blas".....		<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	Orchestra.	
Concerto in A minor (first movement), Pianoforte.....		<i>Grieg</i>
Gertrude Effie Rockefeller. (Kansas City, Mo.).....		
Aria, "Deh! per questo," from "Titus".....		<i>Mozart</i>
Carolyn Lewis Lum. (Montgomery, Ala.).....		
Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Organ.....		<i>Bach</i>
Homer Corliss Humphrey, 1901. (Yarmouth, Me.).....		
Concerto in E-flat (Adagio and Rondo), Pianoforte.....		<i>Beethoven</i>
Theodore John Irwin. (Melbourne, Australia.).....		
Aria, "Honor and Arms," from "Samson".....		<i>Handel</i>
Edward Anson Kingsley. (Westhampton, Mass.).....		
Concertstück in F minor, Pianoforte.....		<i>W'eber</i>
Linda Marian Watkin. (Dallas, Texas.).....		
Cavatine, "Plus grand, dans son obscurité," from "Queen of Sheba".....		<i>Gounod</i>
Clara May Bull. (Winnipeg, Canada.).....		
Concerto in A minor (first movement), Pianoforte.....		<i>Paderewski</i>
Sarah Delano Morton. (Fairhaven, Mass.).....		
Address to Graduating Class by the President, Mr. Charles P. Gardiner.		
Awarding of Diplomas by the Director, Mr. George W. Chadwick.		

April 8, 1903.		
<i>Recital by the Conservatory Orchestra and Advanced Students.</i>		
Serenade in D major.....	Jadassohn	
Concerto for Violin, G minor (first and second movements).....	Bruch	Allegro con brio. Notturmo (Andante). Finale (Allegro, molto vivace).
"Offertory" from the Manzoni Requiem.....	Verdi	Miss Blanche Crafts.
Concerto in A minor (first movement), Pianoforte.....	Schumann	Miss Clara Sexton. Mr. Louis Black. Miss Mabel Stanaway. Mr. Fred Cutter.
Conte D'Anvil.....	Widor	Miss Sarah Morton.
December 19, 1904.		
"Christmas Eve," Alto Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.....	Gade	Solo by Miss Mary E. Williams. (Waterville, N. Y.)
Concerto for the Violin (first movement).....	Mendelssohn	Miss Blanche L. Crafts. (Milton.)
"Chorus of Homage".....	Gericke	Chorus and Orchestra.
Symphony in B minor (unfinished).....	Schubert	Allegro moderato--Andante con moto.
Five Christmas Songs.....	Practorius	"Lo, how a rose e'er blooming." "To us is born Immanuel." Unaccompanied chorus.
Fantasia Dialoguée for Organ and Orchestra (first time).....	Boellman	Mr. Wilson T. Moog. (Baltimore, Maryland.)
Commencement, 1905.		
<i>Accompaniments by the Conservatory Orchestra G. W. Chadwick, Conductor.</i>		
Sonata A minor for Organ.....	Ritter	W. T. Moog
Concerto for Pianoforte.....	Mendelssohn	Mina F. Ross.
Aria, "Bel raggio" from "Semiramide".....	Rossini	Gertrude Damon.
Scottish Fantasia for Violin.....	Bruch	Blanche R. Crafts.
Concerto in G major for Pianoforte.....	Beethoven	Winnifred M. Byrd.
Aria, "Plus grand dons son obscurite" from "The Queen of Sheba".....	Gounod	Minnie D. Thullen.
Concerto in G major for Pianoforte.....	Tschaikowsky	Frank S. Watson.
Overture "Der Freischutz".....	Weber	Orchestra.
March 9, 1906.		
<i>The Orchestra assisted by advanced students. J. Wallace, Goodrich, Conductor.</i>		
Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis".....	Gluck	(With the ending by Richard Wagner.)
Concerto in E major for Violin.....	J. S. Bach	Miss Olive Whiteley. (Kansas City, Mo.)
Le Sommeil de Psyche. (First movement of the Symphonic Poem "Psyche").....	César Frank	Solos, Miss Hilda Swartz. (Albany, N. Y.) Miss Lilla Ormond. (Boston.)
Sandman's Song and Dream-music from "Hänsel und Gretel".....	Humperdink	
Hungarian March from "The Damnation of Faust".....	Berlioz	
Lawrence, March 20, 1907.		
<i>Concert by the N. E. Conservatory Orchestra. G. W. Chadwick, Conductor.</i>		
Overture, Euterpe.....	Chadwick	Miss Jessie Swartz.
Aria from "Sampson and Delilah," "Printemps qui Commence".....	Saint-Saens	
Symphony in E major (Leonore). Allegro. Andante quasi larghetto. March tempo.....	Raff	
Romance for Violin in C major.....	Saint-Saens	Miss Olive Whiteley.
Andante from Symphony in D major.....	Haydn	
Aria from "Nozze de Figaro," "Non piu andrai".....	Mozart	Mr. Pol Plancon.
March, "Pomp and Circumstance".....	Elgar	



REHEARSING THE "SHOO-FLY" CONCERTO

Anton Bruckner

BORN—Ansfelden, near Linz, Upper Austria, September 4, 1824.

DIED—Vienna, October 11, 1896.

RECOLLECTIONS

By EUGENE GRUENBERG



By special courtesy of the Musical Courier

MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF ANTON BRUCKNER

GENIUS has always been incomprehensible to the world, from its magnitude as well as from its shortcomings and eccentricities. Its lack of balance seems abnormal at first. But is it not natural that the extraordinary development of one particular capacity should necessitate a stuntedness of other faculties, just as, vice versa, the non-existence of one sense, e. g., the eyesight, generally brings about a highly improved condition of the other senses?

We know from innumerable reports that it has always been the fate of great men to be misunderstood, misjudged and belittled; that, as a rule, it has taken them a lifetime to find recognition, and that not a few have had to retire to the grave without even the little satisfaction of having been taken seriously.

It is a rare delight for the contemporary admir-

ers of a real genius to witness—even late—the world's awakening to and perception of his high, epochal standing.

Such was, fortunately, the case with *Anton Bruckner*, the composer, whose works have stirred the civilized world of both hemispheres, the organist, invincible in all international contests and, last but not least, our beloved teacher of harmony and counterpoint.

The antediluvian simplicity of Bruckner's early life and education in a little village, and his positions as school teacher and church organist, then little short of humiliating, especially in such insignificant places, may well be considered the real sources of his infinite helplessness, his grotesquely comical appearance and all the other drawbacks which were his life long, in such contrast and conflict with the genuine greatness of this musical giant.

Much harm was done to Bruckner by his peculiarities; for what was taken as amiable humor and classic naïveté by the honest and well-disposed, was loudly ridiculed by opponents as the symptoms of idiocy, rusticity and unpolished rudeness. The malice of his enemies did not hesitate to proclaim him actually insane!

But his nature was too noble, to repay in the same coin. Being profoundly religious, he faithfully tried to live up to the Christian requirement to forgive and to love one's enemies. On the other hand, he was possessed by a most amusing, childish fear of his adversaries, especially those of the press. It is authentic that one day, when received by the emperor of Austria, he asked as a favor that Mr. Hanslick should be prohibited by an imperial injunction from writing further criticisms on his compositions.

An infant could not be more afraid of fire or of poisonous snakes than Bruckner was of critics. Once he found out that one of his pupils, Mr. H., was well acquainted with Mr. Schelle, (after Hanslick, the most influential critic in Vienna.) This fact induced him to address the harmony class at the next lesson as follows: "I have to tell you that our friend H. is a friend of Mr. Schelle. Now, we all must be very kind to him, hereafter, or else Mr. Schelle is liable to tug me to pieces at the next opportunity, isn't that so?" And he tapped the boy benevolently on his back, so that the poor fellow must have had blue spots for at least one week. Of course, one had to know and understand Bruckner's nature and disposition in order to appreciate such incidents, both characteristic and comical, without letting them destroy the inspiring influence of his strong individuality.

Our harmony class was large. Bruckner would write a figured bass on the blackboard, and the pupils had, in turn, to construct the desired chords. This gave him plenty of chance to let loose his inexhaustible humor. There was a young violinist from Hungary in the class, very talented upon his instrument, but as to harmony undoubtedly one who "might see better days." When he was at the blackboard, there was always fun in store. One day Bruckner wrote an example for him.

"Well, my dear Mr. M., here is a fine piece of chalk; now come on and show us what beautiful chords they can make in Hungary."

"Well, all right," said the Hungarian in his sing-song and phlegmatic way.

"Now, wait a moment, my dear, don't be so hot; I think I'd better write you down the first chord myself, then you may do the rest. So—c, g, c, e—there, the triad of c. What will be the next chord?"

"Well, the next chord will be the triad of f."

"Bravo, bravissimo! You got that right! And how about the voices?"

"Well, the bass c goes to f—"

"Thank you; we know that already, since I have written the bass myself; what next?"

"Well, the soprano e goes to f—"

"All right! And now?"

"Well, the tenor g goes to f—"

"Now here, look out a little; wait a little,—what will you do with the alto?"

"Well, the alto c goes to f."

"What, to f??? How many f's are you going to have? What is the matter with you? Go on! You are a buffoon; you are a clown! You make me tired! That is just as if you went to a restaurant, and the waiter should insist on bringing you nothing but forks! How stupid!"

Mr. Bruckner was much excited and indeed indignant while he spoke. In the meantime, the young man was standing still, caressing his whiskers and stoically waiting until the torrent of the teacher's eloquence might come to a timely stop. Then he said, without excitement, but with determined conviction:

"Well, professor, I must beg your pardon, but I am not a buffoon, nor a clown, nor stupid! I am *married*, and I have a wife and a child!"

"What?!" shrieked Bruckner now, jumping into a very different attitude. "What, you are married? Why in the world didn't you tell me that before? Did you ever! And may I ask, How is she doing—Mrs. M?" He asked this question with affected politeness, smiling broadly, and offering at the same time, most invitingly, a pinch of snuff from his beautiful silver snuff-box, (his constant companion) to the nonplussed son of the Puszta.

Few teachers of the Vienna Conservatory, if any, were as popular and well liked as Bruckner. This was due to his ever pleasant disposition, his sparkling original humor, his magnetism, and also to the involuntary comicalness of his personality. His own pupils simply idolized him and instinctively recognizing his worth and his supreme standing as a master of art, they easily overlooked his ungainliness, and not only loved, but respected him from the bottom of their hearts.

How tender, or even touching, were the relations between him and his pupils, will be clear from the fact that he did not hesitate to ask their opinions sometimes in matters of a very intimate character, e. g., whether it would be advisable for him to get married! It happened that a young widow had taken a "fancy" to him, and evidently it gave him a sort of comfort to confide to his disciples that interesting secret.

"Well," said he, slyly smiling, "she is young, handsome, charming, rich, and, remarkable to say, she likes me. So far, so good. But there are two tremendous obstacles: First, I am an old man; and, second, she is a Jewess!"—He took a pinch of snuff, watching the impression which his communication made. Then he suddenly burst out: "You don't mean to say I should marry her, do you?"

He was a strictly devout Catholic, hence the objection to the Jewess. Naive he was also in his religious deportment—the title-page of one of his great symphonies bears this dedication: "To our dear Lord!"

It has been said that Bruckner's heart was entirely inaccessible to the fascinations of the "genus femininum." This is positively untrue. To begin with, he was always delighted to meet sympathetic and attractive representatives of the fair sex who invariably inspired him to an imposing exhibition of a most circumstantial gallantry, as graceful, to be sure, as that of an enamoured bear or elephant. But more than that. The present writer will stand for the truth of the statement that our beloved teacher was completely sirenized one day, and fell desperately in love with the bewitching daughter of Mr. L., one of the leading violin makers of Vienna. For a great wonder, he consented to attend a public masquerade, and really appeared in the costume of a Turkish pasha, a spectacle for the Olympic gods! But oh! that little rogue did not come to the rendezvous! Every moment he asked me with undisguised impatience; "Do you see her? Do you see her?" But in vain! With great difficulty, I succeeded finally in persuading him that it was the best thing, under the circumstances, to quit the old marble pillar which had been selected as a reliable witness of a sweet tête-à-tête that never took place. He was heart-broken. And so ended the first and probably only romantic episode of his life, which, if I mistake not, has been unknown to anybody else up to this day. I sincerely hope that this harmless post mortem disclosure will be regarded as pardonable, because it helps to bring a great man nearer to us.

To pronounce a final judgement with regard to the vitality of Bruckner's music, is too early yet. Some place it on a level with that of Beethoven. Wagner wrote to Bruckner: "What I am for the Drama, that you are for the Symphony!" And the master of Bayreuth was seriously planning the performance of the symphonies and the opening of a well-organized propaganda for Bruckner which was something almost incredible for Wagner! But a sudden death demolished the entire structure of that lovely dream, and poor old Bruckner seemed to be once more deserted!

For two years it did not seem that Bruckner's talent would ever be recognized, until *Arthur Nikisch* had the courage to risk his authority for the sake of popularizing the neglected master's art. He was the first to make the attempt on a large scale, by performing Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in a great concert at the Leipzig Opera House, (1885). The success was formidable; indeed, it turned the scale. Hermann Levy in Munich followed, and gradually, though slowly, came the others. Like all creations of a comprehensive and reformatory character, the compositions of our dear master caused most violent and embittered controversies. Professional critics go always to extremes, and in a great artist they cannot see anything else, but either a Messiah or an Anti-Christ.

It is pretty safe to say that the majority of competent and unprejudiced judges agree to this:—Bruckner's music is, before all, inspired and inspiring. The beauty of many portions is convincing. If he had written nothing else but that unique Adagio of his Seventh Symphony, musical history would forever uphold his name and fame. Nor is it true that he is lacking in individuality; rather is this perhaps his strongest feature. But this same individuality is also responsible for the shortcomings in those grandiose movements, viz., a symmetry of form and the lack of a sense for proportion and dimension which are so evident also in his life. As to excessive length, it is becoming so general among composers of absolute music that it only must be hoped that the coming generation may be one of regular Supermen—blessed with a stronger musical digestion than we have.

There is, as regards Bruckner's style, one observation, however, which seems more to the point than many others, viz., how remarkable it is that a man who was nursed and brought up on the strictest rules of the most conservative teachers of harmony (like Sechter) should "wind up" with the boldest exhibitions of ultra-modern and revolutionary treatment of harmony. (To be sure, we do not refer to revolutionary treatment in the sense of Richard Strauss or Debussy.)

Simon Sechter, his teacher, was a famous and fanatic priest of counterpoint. He wrote a comic opera in *strict counterpoint*, during the first (and last) performance of which, when his friends seemed to feel somewhat alarmed at the countenances of the audience, the composer said: "Hush! What do you want? Don't you see? They are laughing!!!"

What a contrast between Sechter and Bruckner! What widely antagonistic principles in teacher and pupil! Still, Bruckner would never tire of expressing his infinite gratitude to the dead master. He would say: "My dear teacher used to punish me"—he did not mention how—"when I was a pretty old fellow; but it did me worlds of good, and I shall never forget it!"

What it means to *work hard*, very few realize, although many complain of it. Bruckner was *always* busy with intense work, and ever happy at it. As to his stay in St. Florian, he has made the following remark: "Whoever may write my biography, should not forget to mention that while in St. Florian I played the piano every day for ten hours, and the organ three hours; the remainder of my time (sic!) was reserved for other duties and for recreation." Only an extraordinary constitution could have stood such a strain. But, necessarily, the results were extraordinary, too.

As an organ player, Bruckner won the palm in *every* international contest, in England as well as in France, Germany and Austria. As a master of counterpoint and fugue, he had no equal. When he was examined by a commission of Vienna's foremost artists as a possible successor to Sechter, he simply astonished all by his unheard-of free improvising, and particularly by his improvised fugues, so that Johann Herbeck, the incomparable and much admired conductor, exclaimed: "Why, that man should have examined *us*."

Bruckner's idol was Wagner. In Wagner's art he seemed to find the concentration of all the elements which could possibly offer him a reward for the sufferings and disappointments of his own mortal pilgrimage. If it had not been that he believed in God in every fibre of his soul, I am sure he would have worshipped Wagner, "the master," as he used to call him. He met the latter a few times, and was remarkably well treated. How much this meant from Wagner was only too well known to the entire guild of contemporary composers. But such was Bruckner's veneration for "the master," that he utterly lost breath and speech whenever a good fortune brought them together.

He received a special invitation to attend the opening performance in Bayreuth. During one of the receptions he was found by Wagner standing alone and neglected.

"Why, my dear old boy, have you had anything to eat, and to drink? You must surely be half dead by this time!"

Bruckner could not speak, and he certainly did not feel hunger or thirst in this moment. Was it a dream, or reality? He, the immortal master, personally busies himself with loving care for him, the humble mortal!

Quick as lightning "the master" had disappeared, but only for a moment; and quick as lightning he returns again, burdened with something to eat and something to drink.

Bruckner, like a timid little child, hesitated to accept. It was some moments before he found words to express himself. At last, raising both arms on high, he broke out in genuine Upper-Austrian dialect: "*Na,—a so a kellner!!!*" ("Goodness gracious, what a waiter!!!")

Bruckner did not revel in romanticism à la Brahms. But he was never offensive, nor even critical. I am afraid the same cannot be said of Brahms. Still, each one of them had a golden heart.

That two so great masters of the same art should live in the same city year in, year out, and never get acquainted, seems queer; but this was the case. Far more than a generation had to pass before the two grand old men could be induced to "give in" and to meet, in response to an urgent appeal and invitation of some mutual friends. The scheme was carefully arranged. A party of selected friends of both masters was to meet at noon-time in one of Vienna's oldest and most popular restaurants on the "Wildpretmarkt."

Brahms was the first on the spot. Bruckner did not show up, and they began to doubt whether he would come at all. But he arrived at last.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said he, in his noisy but pleasant way, "it wasn't my fault that I am come so late, honestly! So, please, be so kind as to forgive me! Won't you?" Then came the introduction: "Doctor Bruckner—Doctor Brahms." A little ceremonious and stiff. Two strangers who have never before heard of each other may become acquainted in that way.

Brahms put on one of his most terrific scowls; Bruckner seemed scared to death, and began to glare at the menu like one in a trance, and nobody dared to speak. It was in silence as chilly as ice. But it became worse yet. Quite suddenly the air began to grow suffocatingly hot and heavy as before an earthquake. In such agonies every second seemed an eternity!

"Are you waited on, s'r?" Bruckner was suddenly asked, in a piercing voice, which frightened him so that he nearly jumped up from his chair.

"Indeed, I am not! What can you recommend?" A long string of about twenty different dishes were suggested by the waiter's skillful tongue, in one big long breath. An auctioneer would have exploded from envy. Bruckner was nearly dizzy and in despair. *Sotto voce*, he remarked, taking up the menu more seriously:

"Now, I really don't know what to eat!"

But all at once, sitting up with a jerk, obviously following an inspiration, he turned to Brahms and said:

"Well, Doctor, may I know what you had to eat?"

"I had "*Beuschel* with *Kartoffel knödeln!*" (a sort of sour stew with potato-dumplings)" thundered Brahms.

"And how was it?"

"Excellent!"

"Do you like that kind of dish?"

"It is my favorite dish!"

"Well, now look here, my dear Doctor," shouted Bruckner, with an expression half-reproaching, half-sentimental, "this is my favorite dish, too! So we have, after all, the very same inclinations! Haven't we?"

Homeric laughter ensued, and even Brahms could not refrain from "roaring." Everything was all right now. The sun of peace and joy rose and ruled in its fullest glory, and did not go down for the rest of the afternoon.

Late in his life, Bruckner was allowed to indulge in every sensation of happiness and satisfaction which may result from artistic success, triumphs, honors and loving attentiveness. High orders and golden medals from potentates, diplomas of honorary citizenship from various communities, the degree of a "*Doctor honoris causa*" from Vienna University, and many other distinctions came now pouring upon him as from a cloud-burst. The limit of homage was undoubtedly reached when his admirers engaged a young man of letters whose task it was to be Bruckner's steady companion, and to keep a conscientious diary of even the smallest events in his life. Thus was prepared a reliable source for the investigations of coming biographers. This had no other effect on Bruckner than to amuse him, as may be seen from the following incident. Perchance meeting an old friend, he introduced his young companion; after which he turned to the latter and, winking knowingly, asked him with affected importance: "Did you write it down?"

Recently, a beautiful monument was erected to the deceased master, in Vienna, the place where he had so often been the target of mockery, defiance and humiliation.

The modest, awkward, disregarded organist of St. Florian little dreamed that immortality would ever be his lot, and that a statue of bronze and marble was to remind posterity of his earthly existence. And truly, more durable and more beautiful than bronze and marble, is the monument which he erected to himself in the hearts of all who knew, who understood, and who loved him.

Blessed be the memory of our dear, good and great, never-to-be-forgotten master and friend, *Anton Bruckner*.





"COUNTER-POINT"

The Ideal Teacher

WHAT is the ideal teacher like? Outwardly she should be very tall in order to look imposing; very small, because every one likes a little woman—fair because she would be sweet-tempered, but dark; for only dark-haired people have vitality enough to resist fatigue. Of course she must dress well, yet be careful not to dress better than her pupils. She must also be clever; yet clever people are seldom lovable and surely a teacher must win the hearts of her pupils, or all her work lacks the true foundation; so I see nothing for it, but a modicum of stupidity judiciously mixed in with her generous supply of brains. Then, too, it is a question not easy to answer, should she wear spectacles or not? If she does she is nearsighted and in order to watch a roomful of restless young learners, a clear, strong sight is necessary but if she does not wear them she lacks the dignity due to her position and may even look too care-free. Then as to her hair. The marcel wave is very pretty but—has it not a flavor of frivolity? Surely the old bandeaux, lying close to the head, gave a very learned appearance? So much for our teacher outwardly. Now as to her character: She must be supremely *patient*, yet not so patient that she invites the pitying contempt of quicker-tempered mortals. *Persevering*, for without this quality nothing can be accomplished. Yet must she know when to ease the strain and relieve the tension remembering the delicate poise of the twentieth century brain, unbalanced by much automobiling. *Tactful*—now let us pause—must she in order to spare their feelings, allow some of her pupils' mistakes to pass unnoticed or must she lose her reputation for infinite tact by insisting that the article and the noun *must* be of the same gender and number? I once knew a dear, old-fashioned little lady, whose tact was such, that, when one of her friends broke a valued sévres teacup, she instantly broke one herself in order to spare her visitor's feelings. So, no doubt, when pupils make too many mistakes the tactful teacher will make some also that their sensitive feelings may not be over-lacerated by constant correction. Nor must her *politeness* ever suffer an eclipse. Doors and books may slam, pencils scratch and boys and girls fidget and whisper; the smiling faced teacher must bear it all in courteous silence. Yet must she firmly rebuke the delinquents or she cannot teach them politeness and consideration.

She must be *firm*, very firm; exact obedience and attention whilst not forgetting that this is a free country where all may do as they please; nor need they pay attention unless they really want to, nor learn unless they like both teacher and lessons. Then, too, her voice should be soft and low—persuasive in its eloquence and of a pleasing tone, but also sharp and clear and insistent, claiming and holding the attention of the laggard minds and distinctly heard in the furthest corners of a large bare room. Above all the ideal teacher must always look *happy*; not too happy, for that is obtruding her joy on less happy mortals, but certainly not sad, for would that not indicate that she had "*troubles of her own*" and we all of us want that advantage for ourselves. Of course it is easy to see how a really happy woman cannot teach well, she cannot possibly be attending to her subject; but then neither can a sad teacher impart knowledge for her sadness would

dampen the atmosphere and deaden the electric current which must exist between teacher and taught.

This then, this mass of contradictions, is the *Ideal Teacher*. Does she exist? or do we create her out of our inmost consciousness, shaping and moulding her according to our various moods and characters. Does each pupil look up to his or her teacher and see not the teacher but his or her ideal? In a far off country the worshippers of old gazed upon Beauty on her high column. The men prostrated themselves before Beauty's feminine loveliness and the women before its virile charms, for true beauty like the true teacher has no sex.

Personally I think that teachers, like poets, are born and not made. They take up the work with cheerful optimism and each year they reverse the process and seek diligently the ideal scholar. What teacher has not dreamed of her! painstaking, intelligent, quick, slow to forget, always attentive and always on time. Dear me, if ever the Ideal teacher and the Dream scholar meet, school will never be over and the lessons never ending. That, however, would be good for no one for all work and no play would certainly make us dull and even less quick of comprehension than nature intended. Burns says:

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

A dangerous prayer, surely, and one that no one really wants answered for many, many reasons.

Now in closing I should like to say just one word that may perhaps remain with you. Some of you will now be teachers in your turn: remember these days and be patient. If a teacher's life has many trials it has many compensations, for the joy of imparting knowledge is like nothing else in this world and there is real and lasting pleasure in watching the mind grow and the intelligence quicken. Others will study on and to you, also, I say patience. Anything can be mastered, any language learned if you will only strive patiently and faithfully. And to you all I extend my heartiest wishes for your future happiness and prosperity.

MME. AUGUSTO ROTOLI.



The Early Musical Training of Children

CHARLES DENNÉE

HOW often it happens that a child who possesses genuine musical temperament and natural adaptability for piano playing, fails to obtain the encouragement and assistance necessary for the best development of his talent. In many cases his expression of a longing to "take lessons" is either unheeded, and set down as a mere childish whim born of a desire to do something his playmates and friends are doing, or he is allowed to take lessons from the person who will quote the lowest price, the parents arguing that any teacher is good enough to start with and that they will send him to a teacher of established reputation after he has taken lessons a few years from the first teacher. The result is so apparent as to leave no room for discussion.

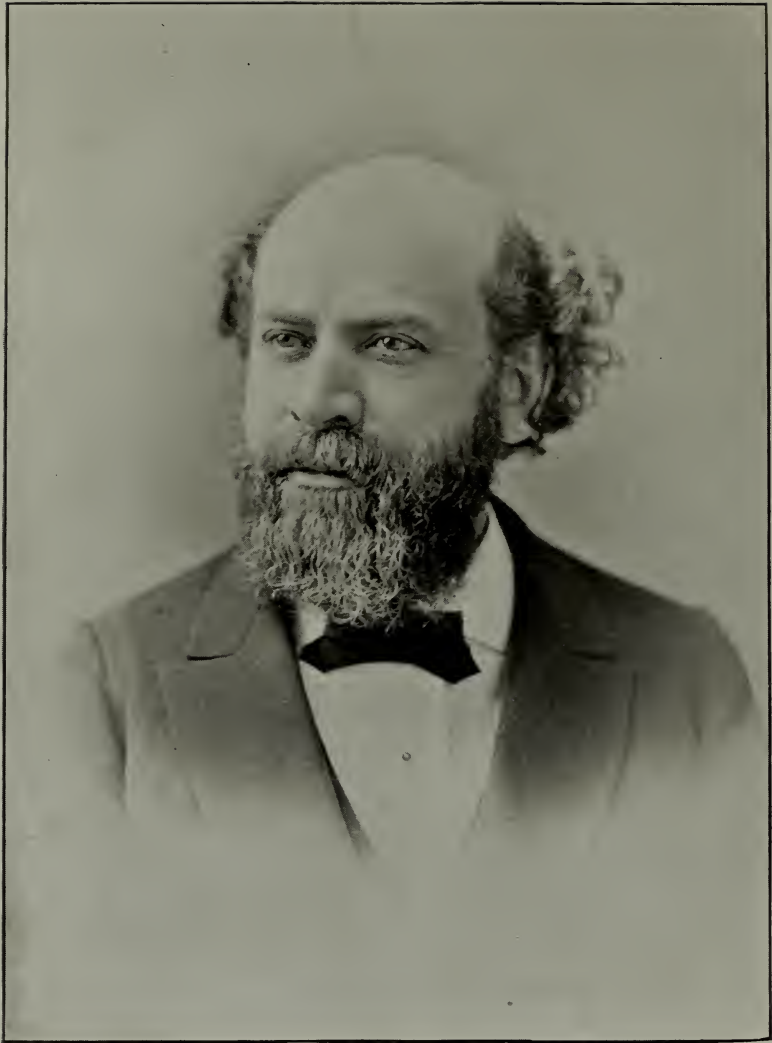
On the other hand the child may be placed with a capable conscientious teacher and be hampered in his practising by a poor piano, on the ground that any piano is good enough for a child, or still worse, by the failure of parents to appreciate the necessity of always keeping the piano in good tune.

A teacher may spend time and energy trying to develop a sense of tone, color, and pitch, and find his efforts wasted because the pupil's piano is so badly out of tune as to render it impossible to get any idea of pitch or anything else. Investigation often discloses the fact that many people seem to think that once a year is often enough to have a piano tuned. I recall one case in particular; the pupil complained that everything seemed to sound so different at the lesson from the way it sounded at home. A few questions brought out the surprising fact that the child's piano had not been tuned for nearly four years, and when his teacher complained to the parents he was met by the statement that "the piano was warranted for five years and it ought not to be necessary to have anything done to it." Imagine the hopelessness of attempting to train the ear of a child under such conditions!

A poor piano kept in perfect tune, is preferable to the finest piano on earth badly out of tune.

Expense should not enter into the question at all. If parents intend to give their children musical training, they should see to it that the entire equipment is as good as they can procure. Teachers at twenty-five cents an hour, a poor piano seldom tuned, and a waltz or polka the fifth or sixth lesson, will never produce results that are worth a fig. Better buy the child a music box and send him out to play marbles; he will be about as well off musically, and it will be better for his health. Anything that is worth attempting is worthy of the best endeavor, and calls for adequate ability upon the part of the instructor.

Young teachers; "it is up to you" so to speak. Here is your field all ready for you and it is immeasurably wide and vast. Put your shoulder to the wheel and give a steady push, and a strong one, toward the perfection of child education, and through that, to the advancement and uplifting of the musical development of the country. You can be a power for good or evil; your position is a much more important one than you imagine, because you are naturally the ones who will receive the large percentage of children for instruction, and as you build in the earlier stages so is their whole musical structure affected. Try to realize the responsibility and dignity of your position, grasp every opportunity to improve yourselves, and always strive to give your very best efforts to your pupils, demanding the same from them in return. Teach your pupils to think; let them do nothing blindly; train brain and ear as well as fingers, and awaken in them a desire to play and hear good music, instead of cheap, trashy tunes. For every pupil you lose by insisting upon this standard you will eventually gain two; and what is better than this you will gain the respect and confidence of the community in which you live.



Eben Tourjée

Founder of the New England Conservatory of Music

The First Commencement

CLASS OF 1870

THIS class graduated from Music Hall, the first location of the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, near Park Street. The class rooms occupied most of the building. In the main hall, where the Commencement exercises were held, the Boston Symphony Concerts were given, until Symphony Hall was built. There was a large stage for the orchestra, and upon this stage stood the statue of Beethoven, now in the corridor of the present Conservatory building. Bumstead Hall was a smaller hall below, where the recitals were given. This was also the Handel and Haydn Society rehearsal hall.

The class of '70 graduated thirteen pupils, six vocal, five piano and two French:— Mrs. Etta E. Bailey, Miss Mary D. Colson, Miss Sarah C. Fisher, Miss Lizzie K. Harriman, Miss Lizzie C. Howe, Miss Carrie A. Kendrick, Miss Emma F. Merritt, Miss Ella E. Pollard, Miss Lillie S. Rich, Miss Clara A. Smart, Miss Ella G. Richardson, Miss Emma V. Richardson, Mr. Allison W. Stuart.

All of the music pupils had a place on the program. Among the selections were Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, Chopin Concerto in E minor, Mendelssohn Capriccio Brillante in B minor, Liszt Rhapsodie Hongroise, the latter by the only young man in the class, Beethoven Sonata in C major, op. 53, last movement of Beethoven Sonata in C, op. 2, No. 3, Aria "Hear Ye Israel" from Elijah, Aria "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Creation," opera selections and modern songs, the orchestral accompaniments being given by the distinguished Mendelssohn Quintette Club, some of them being members of the Faculty of the Conservatory.

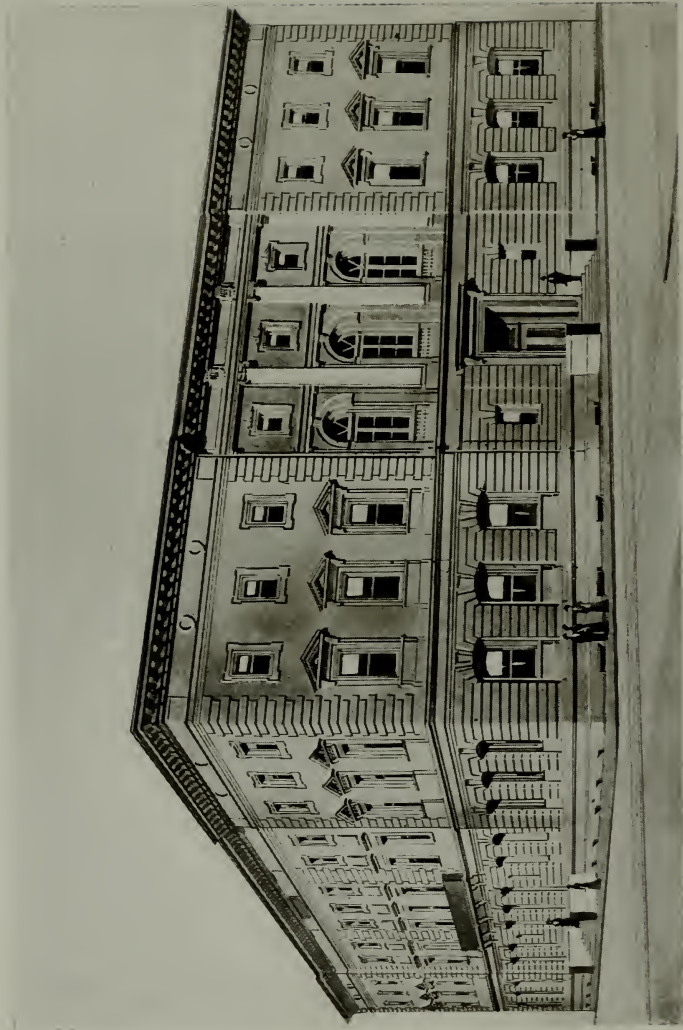
The following were among the teachers at that time:—Messrs. B. J. Lang, J. C. D. Parker, F. H. Torrington, George E. Whiting, Otto Dresel, L. C. Elson, Carlyle Petersilea, Stephen A. Emery, John O'Neil, Carl Lewahn, L. W. Wheeler, J. H. Wheeler, John K. Paine, A. Kielbloch, G. F. Luck, George L. Osgood, J. F. Rudolph, Wulf Fries, W. H. Schultze.

Our honored Director, Dr. Eben Tourgée, the founder of the Conservatory, presented the diplomas to our graduating class, which has the distinction of being the *first* class to graduate from the New England Conservatory of Music.

With the greetings of the Class of 1870 to the Class of 1907,

Yours most cordially,

SARAH C. FISHER WELLINGTON.



NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Commencement of 1906

THE thoughts of all good people were drawn to the Commencement Exercises of 1906—at least '06ers thought so, by the Senior Class Concert. That was the first of the happy events of commencement. The program:

Trio, Meditation on Faust	<i>Gounod</i>
Violin, Mr. Ernest M. Sheldon; Pianoforte, Miss Clara F. Mallory;	
Organ, Mr. Wilmot Lemont	
Pianoforte Solo, Scherzo in E♭ minor	<i>Brahms</i>
Miss Elizabeth F. Kirkpatrick	
Vocal Solo, "Com e Bello" from Lucretia Borgia	<i>Donizetti</i>
Miss Lydia Bryson McCormick	
Pianoforte Solo, Concerto in B♭ minor	<i>X. Scharwenka</i>
(First Movement)	
Miss Annina McCrory	
(Mr. George Proctor at the second Pianoforte)	
Vocal Solo, <i>a</i> Der Doppel Gänger	<i>Schubert</i>
Vocal Solo, <i>b</i> Le Cor	<i>Flegier</i>
Mr. Charles H. Amadon	
(Miss Eva March at the Pianoforte)	
Violin Solo, Sonata in G minor	<i>Tartini</i>
Mr. Samuel L. Gorodetzky	
(Miss Sophia F. W. Lins at the Pianoforte)	
Vocal Solo, with Violin Obligato—Ave Maria—	<i>Bach-Gounod</i>
Miss Hilda Swartz	
Violin, Miss Helen D. Daggett; Pianoforte, Miss Rhea Jenness;	
Organ, Miss Alberta H. Amstein	
Pianoforte Solo, Impromptu in B♭	<i>Schubert</i>
Mrs. Nyra Watson Hartmann	
Organ Solo, Finale	<i>César Franck</i>
Mr. Harrison D. Le Baron	

President Gardner entertained the class at his home in Brookline one beautiful June afternoon. It was an afternoon of joy for all who attended.

The Director, not to be outdone by the honored President of the Class in program-making, prepared the following: It was a "soloist's" night.

Concert by Members of the Graduating Class:

<i>J. S. Bach</i>	Fantasia and Fugue in G minor for Organ..	Miss Clara Frances Mallory
<i>Rubinstein</i>	Barcarolle in A minor	Rhea Jenness
<i>Dreyshock</i>	Gavotte in E major.....	Sophia Wilhelmina Fredierica Lins
<i>Robert Franz</i>	Songs: Mädchen mit dem rothen Munden..	Lydia Bryson McCormick
	Aus meinen grossen Schmezen	
	Frühlingsliede	
<i>Brahms</i>	Scherzo in E ² minor.....	Elizabeth Fly Kirkpatrick
<i>Chopin</i>	Nocturne in F minor, Op. 53, No. 1	
	Waltz in F major, Op. 34, No. 3	Evelyn Helen Dolloff
<i>Schumann</i>	Songs: { Wenn ich in deine Augen seh	
	{ Ich grolle nicht	Charles Henry Amadon
<i>Liszt</i>	Concert Etude in D ² major.....	Josephine Pearl Freeman
<i>H. M. Dunham</i> ,	Sonata in G minor, for Organ.....	Florence Beatrice Smith
	(First Movement)	

The honor of giving the first Senior Reception belongs to the Class of 1906. The success of the affair warrants its becoming a permanent institution of all Commencement Exercises.

With so many tender sentiments attached to Class Day, engendered by the many Class Days of the past, that event was approached with something akin to awe. The program was a cross between vaudeville and burlesque. The audience seemed to enjoy itself as much as though it had been at the circus farther down the avenue.

The Banquet, at the Oxford, was a most solemn affair at which some ate blue-points and some did not; some made speeches and some did not.

Commencement Day brought joy to the hearts of all of '06, and sheepskins to their hands. The program was as follows:

THE ACCOMPANIMENTS ARE PLAYED BY THE CONSERVATORY ORCHESTRA
CONDUCTED BY MR. WALLACE GOODRICH

Prelude in B minor, for Organ.....	<i>J. S. Bach</i>
ALBERTA HARRIET AMSTEIN (Shelburne Falls, Mass.)	
Pianoforte Concerto in E ² major (first movement).....	<i>Beethoven</i>
RUTH EUGENIA TUCKER (Winthrop, Mass.)	
Aria from "La Favorita" "O mio Fernando".....	<i>Donizetti</i>
VIRGINIA MARILLA SWEET (Watertown, N. Y.)	
Introduction and Allegro appassionato Op. 92.....	<i>Schumann</i>
FRANK VIGNERON WEAVER (New Bedford, Mass.)	

Ballade and Polonaise, for Violin.....*Vieuxtemps*
 SAMUEL LEON GORODETSKY (Boston, Mass.)

Organ Concerto in F major (first movement).....*Rheinberger*
 HENRY FAY LOOK (Vineyard Haven, Mass.)

Pianoforte Concerto in B \flat minor (first movement).....*Scharwenka*
 ANNINA McCRORY (Altoona, Pa.)

Aria from "Tannhauser" "Dich theure Halle".....*Wagner*
 HILDA SWARTZ (Albany, N. Y.)

Pianoforte Concerto in D minor (first movement).....*Rubinstein*
 EDITH WELLS BLY (New Albany, Ind.)

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES
 PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

In the evening of Commencement Day the Alumni welcomed the "greenies" to the fold of the elect.

H. D. LE BARON.



OPEN HARMONY

The Normal Teacher

HIS EDUCATION, EXPERIENCE AND WORTH

AND THE VALUE OF HIS FUTURE EFFORTS IN ELEVATING THE COURSE OF STUDY IN
THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

BY F. ADDISON PORTER

TEACHING is an Art, as well as a Science, and should be mastered by a thorough course of study, together with practical experience in the class-room, under careful guidance.

The fact that many have become good teachers without any special study of "teaching as an art" does not disprove this statement, but brings to the minds of those who are in position to know, the fact that their experience was gained at the expense of much misdirected effort on the part of both their first pupils and themselves.

How many of these pupils, if all facts could be known, failed to reach the point of excellence which their talents made possible, had they been started in the right way? How many became discouraged and gave up, by having placed before them, tasks which they were in no manner prepared for? Leaving these questions for the reader's consideration, let us see what should be the first steps of the piano student, who wishes to graduate as a teacher from the Conservatory.

From three to five years should be devoted to careful study and the mastery of the technics of piano playing, etc., (either before or after entering the Conservatory), together with the study of Solfeggio, Harmony, Theory, Harmonic Analysis and the History of Music. In all of this work the "Art of Doing" is the main object, and should claim the student's most serious thought.

He should now be ready to enter the Junior Class at the Conservatory, and at this point our Normal Course for Teachers begins.

His first step here is to gain some knowledge of the mind, and of brain development, in order that he may more clearly understand his pupils, and form an idea of the best method of procedure. This is gained through the study of Psychology. A knowledge of the Anatomy or Physiology of the hand and arm is indispensable, and is gained in the course of Hand-Cul-

ture. The teacher learns how to establish the connection between the brain and muscle; he learns the effect of brain impulses upon the muscle, the effect of muscular contraction upon finger movement; and *its* effect upon the key and the tone produced.

From psychology, he learns the value and force of habit and how habits are formed. He learns what habits are necessary and the order of their formation. Through the study of method, he learns how each lesson and each habit formed must prepare for those to follow. In psychology he also learns the value of a well-trained taste to the musician, and how this is cultivated, and what must be done before one can expect to produce artistic effects. He learns how to develop the will, how to teach concentration of mind, and how to adjust and make the best use of all those forces which enable one to play the piano.

The ability to observe quickly the errors in a pupil's technique, and the knowledge of what to do to correct them are among the important points acquired by the normal teacher. He also has a carefully graded course of teaching material, and learns how to adapt it to the needs of different pupils.

The mistaken idea of many, that the soloist must necessarily be a good teacher, is easily understood if one gives the subject careful thought. To be a good player is of the greatest value to the teacher, but the idea that this, alone, will make him a good teacher is entirely wrong.

It is a well known fact among musicians that the best players are often the poorest teachers, and for this reason: the difficulties which must be mastered by the average pupil had little or no place in their course of study, for the natural ability which made it possible for them to be soloists rendered this work quite unnecessary. The course followed by their teacher with them is apt to be quite different from what he would follow with the average pupil. This they do not realize and try to teach as they have been taught, or wander off into experimental paths of which they know little or nothing. They have developed but little if any taste for teaching, and the results achieved are discouraging to both teacher and pupil. Now, while the soloist may in a shorter time than the average student, gain by careful study in the normal department the ability to do good work as a teacher, the fact remains that he needs this training even more than his less talented classmate, and without it his worth as a teacher is far below that of the normal graduate.

That the Normal Teacher's work after he leaves the Conservatory

is sure to be most fruitful has been fully demonstrated in the past, not only for himself, for his pupils, but for the Conservatory and the Art of Music in America. One of the most potent reasons is, that he knows how to begin; for a careful preparation [a correct beginning], has its influence upon all future development, progress, and results.

Let us for comparison think of the power in a swiftly flowing stream, and the preparation, or work that must be done in order to make use of this power. It must be held back and directed into certain channels or into a penstock, so that its force may be concentrated upon the wheels to be turned. It is the same with the *will* and *brain forces*, they must be developed and held under control; the channels and connections must be most carefully prepared so that this force when sent out as an impulse from the brain, must pass through the right nerves, and into the right muscles, if its full force is to be felt. Just as with this stream, so with the brain; if these channels of discharge are not properly prepared, its forces are dissipated, and instead of its passing through the nerve into the muscle which connects with the end of the finger (*Flexor profundus*) where its force is transmitted directly to the piano key (and its result a tone bright and full of character), it is sent through various nerves into other muscles of the hand and arm, causing them to contract and thereby producing a stiff arm and wrist, which results in an unmusical tone, and a heavy, labored style of playing. However, as the power of the stream may, by means of electric current, be distributed in various directions, provided the right connections are made, so may the will or brain-power be sent in different directions at the same time, if the proper connections have been made and developed.

All this the Normal Teacher has had a chance to learn, and he knows that in order that his pupil may achieve the highest results, this careful preparation must be made at the beginning, and this done by carefully guiding the thought of the pupil until the right habits have been formed. Instead of following the desire of the fond but unwise parent, who insists that the child must have a piece to play at the third or fourth lesson, (which in most cases upsets any work being done along this line) the teacher has the courage of his convictions, and insists upon having time to prepare the pupil for each task before it is undertaken.

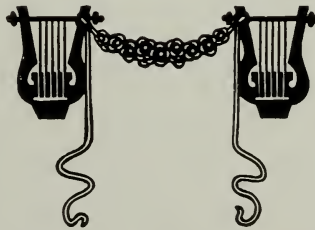
And now if the editors of the Neume will kindly allow me a little more space I would like to make a few suggestions to the Normal Teachers of '07, as well as to all those who have gone before them.

This great Conservatory, with all its advantages for the artistic development of the pupil, is a force back of you and gives weight and authority to all you have to say and teach. It should be your aim to do all in your power to elevate its standard of excellence, and direct the thoughts of all of your pupils, who have the requisite talent, toward the completion of the Conservatory course as a goal to be reached.

The way in which you can best help to elevate its standard is best understood when we consider the fact that the average student who comes from a distance, for financial and other reasons, is able to remain only two or three years, and many can stay but one year. Now if these pupils are thoroughly prepared for the work, as it is to be done here, they can in this time reach a much higher grade of excellence than those who have come without this preparation. I hope that each teacher who has had the advantage of the normal training will feel it a duty and a pleasure to send as many pupils as possible, so carefully prepared that they may enter sufficiently advanced to enable them in three years study to finish the course both as a soloist and teacher of high standing.

I would also suggest that the Conservatory in appreciation of this effort on the part of the teachers, offer a prize (Scholarship?) to the teacher sending the largest number of well prepared students.

Through this line of effort on the part of all, let us look to see the New England Conservatory of Music in the future, hold, as it does now, a position equaled by none in America, and the Normal Teacher take and hold the high rank which he deserves.





ORGAN IN JORDAN HALL

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

Specifications of the Jordan Hall Organ

Compass of Manuals, C to c4

Diapason	16 feet
First Diapason	8 feet
Second Diapason	8 feet
Flute (Gross Flöte)*	8 feet

GREAT ORGAN

Gemshorn	8 feet
Gamba (for solo work)	8 feet
Flute	4 feet
Octave	4 feet

Compass of Pedale, C to c1

Twelfth	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet
Fifteenth	2 feet
Mixture	4 ranks
Trumpet	8 feet

SWELL ORGAN

Bourdon	16 feet
Diapason	8 feet
Bourdon	8 feet
Viola	8 feet
Aeoline	8 feet

Gamba (for solo use)	8 feet
Quintadena	8 feet
Voix Celestes, 8 feet (2 ranks)	
Flute (harmonic)	4 feet
Violin	4 feet

Dolce Cornet	4 ranks
Trumpet	16 feet
Cornopean	8 feet
Oboe	8 feet
Vox Humana	8 feet

CHOIR ORGAN (In Separate Swell-Box)

Dulciana	16 feet
Diapason	8 feet
Bourdon	8 feet
Salicional	8 feet

Dulciana	8 feet
Flute (Traverse)	8 feet
Flute (Rohr)	4 feet
Piccolo	2 feet

Fagott	16 feet
Euphone (free reed very light)	16 feet
Clarinet	8 feet

PEDAL ORGAN (Augmented)

Bourdon	32 feet
Diapason	16 feet
Violone	16 feet
Dulciana	16 feet

Bourdon	16 feet
Soft Bourdon	16 feet
Violoncello	8 feet
Flute	8 feet

Bourdon	8 feet
Octave	4 feet
Trombone	16 feet
Trumpet	8 feet

COUPLERS (Operated by Tilting Tablets Over Swell-keyboard)

Swell to Great Unison
Swell to Choir Unison
Choir to Great Unison
Swell to Pedale Unison

Great to Pedale Unison
Choir to Pedale Unison
Swell to Swell at Octaves
Swell to Great at Octaves

Swell to Swell at Sub-octaves
Swell to Great at Sub-octaves
Choir to Great at Sub-octaves

COMBINATION PISTONS

Four and Release, operating Choir and Pedale
General Release, Pedale Release

Six and Release, operating upon Swell and Pedale
Five and Release, operating upon Great and Pedale

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

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

Jordan Hall Recitals

- OCT. 10, 1906 Recital by advanced students.
- OCT. 17, 1906 Organ Recital by Mr. Homer Humphrey of the Faculty.
- NOV. 2, 1906 Pianoforte Recital by Mr. William D. Strong.
- NOV. 16, 1906 Concert by Conservatory Orchestra and advanced students.
- NOV. 30, 1906 Recital by advanced students.
- DEC. 21, 1906 Concert by Conservatory Chorus and Orchestra assisted by advanced students.
- JAN. 11, 1907 Pianoforte Recital by Miss Winifred Byrd.
- JAN. 17, 1907 Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Frank Watson.
- JAN. 23, 1907 Concert by the Conservatory Orchestra assisted by advanced students.
- FEB. 4, 1907 Pianoforte Recital by Mr. George Proctor of the Faculty.
- FEB. 13, 1907 Recital by advanced students.
- FEB. 15, 1907 Musicale by Alpha Chi Omega.
- FEB. 26, 1907 Lecture on Colorado by Mr. Gilbert McClurg.
- MAR. 8, 1907 Concert by Orchestra assisted by advanced students.
- MAR. 27, 1907 Concert by Conservatory Chorus and Orchestra assisted by advanced students.
- MAR. 28, 1907 Concert of Mr. H. N. Redman's compositions by the Hoffman's Quartet, assisted by Mr. Alfred De Voto of the Faculty.
- APRIL 12, 1907 "On Deck" for benefit of N. E. C. Beneficent Society.
- APRIL 15, 1907 Pianoforte Recital by Miss Edith Wells Bly.
- MAY 17, 1907 Operas — Son and Stranger, Mendelssohn, and The Sleeping Queen by Balfe, produced by Alpha Sinfonia.



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F. ADDISON PORTER
President of the Alumni Association



The Alumni Association

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

“Thirty-Seven Years in One”

PERCY JEWETT BURRELL

All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly, and in tune.—*Ruskin.*

THE caption astounds as a feat of chronological legerdemain. Yet it was accomplished in synchronous time. Why not? When a publication by the student body of the New England Conservatory becomes a regular, annual affair, in the form of *The Neume*—what cannot be done by this versatile institution! However, on the evening of January thirtieth, it was the Alumni body that appeared forth in mid-winter display.

Could you, gentle reader, have sat in Jordan Hall on this night, you would have seen the years squeezed together into one year — yes, into two little hours. You would have looked into the faces of representatives of all the classes graduated from the Alma Mater. If you loved the old Conservatory, the sight would have inspired you; if not, you would have learned to love the old “Con” before the last note of loyalty had been sounded. No “old grads” met the eye. Age bore no mark, for all were young, happy and enthusiastic in the praise of their old Conservatory home.

I hardly know how to tell of this occasion — so unique in the annals of Conservatory history. You will appreciate with me, I think, that it is not an easy task

for one who, as broaching the plan at a Directors' meeting, and later, as chairman of the General Committee, to report this reunion with becoming modesty. Howbeit, President and Editor Cole has given me an appointment to an office from which he states no resignation can be accepted. I realize that one who is in the midst of any activity does not always see with the same keen eye and hear things with that alert ear that an outsider or looker-on might catch. However, the event was of such significance that the Neume recognizes the justice of its being recorded within its covers.

An Alumni reunion always has its receiving line, and on this occasion the formal introductions were made in the Reception Room. The hand of welcome was extended by Mrs. Austin C. Wellington, Mr. F. Addison Porter, Mrs. Clara Tourjée Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. Louis C. Elson, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph L. Flanders, and Mr. Harold Cole. From within the portals of the music store came forth sweet strains of orchestral music led by Albert J. Stephens, '01.

The halls presented a scene of animation and good cheer. The Senior Class, guests of the evening, and graduates of but a few months to come, mingled with the graduates of many years gone by. It was all one family, with music and Alma Mater in the hearts of all. One looked into faces that for years had not been seen at Conservatory reunions, and exclamations of surprise and joy were spontaneous and frequent. Early in the evening it was evident that no one would, later in the evening, sigh as sighs I am told have been sighed at divers times, "I'm sorry I came; I didn't see any of my old friends or classmates!" No discordant note was heard, and if, perchance, it were struck, it was a pianissimo one.

It is nine o'clock. Let us go into Jordan Hall. Behold a stage transformed and radiant in streamers of white and gold, with graceful palms giving a touch of green to color a festive scene. A semi-circle of tables—decorated in white linen, with numbers of gold stamped in front of each class, beautiful flowers and candelabra—swept from end to end of the stage. Up the stage, on a raised platform, showed forth another row of tables with similar decorations. Some thirty and more happy faces beamed forth from behind their chronological stations at the tables—and formed a veritable Alumni tableau. I confess I do not know just how we looked in the eye of the audience, but we were calculated upon to look honest, happy and handsome, no matter how we may have spoken, sung or played.

The exercises in Jordan Hall were of such a nature that only in personal presence could one feel a full and true appreciation of the work and worth of both Alumni and Conservatory. One cannot report a spirit; it possesses one. One cannot record an impression; it is felt. We can but note enthusiasm and delight. To the future and more recent graduate, there must have come an awakening, a new consciousness, and to the older alumnus a renewed conviction, true and firm, that each and everyone is a representative of an institution nobly founded, loyally sustained, notably progressive.

Let us hasten to the program of the evening which was fraught with words of greeting and musical numbers from graduates of each class. Only four of the thirty-seven classes were not thus represented in person, the omissions being due to sickness, or to distance, as in the case of Miss Elizabeth Metcalf, the only living graduate of the class of '72, who is at present located in Manila. The formal exercises were opened in

appropriate greeting from the President of the Association, F. Addison Porter, '84, who, at the close of his words of welcome, introduced as the toastmaster of the evening, Percy Jewett Burrell, '96. Had this person had nothing to do save listen to all the remarks, his memory might have served him passing well in this record, but as toastmaster,—one who has served in such capacity must know—he was busy rehearsing to himself those specially concocted witticisms, so-called, to be employed as a polisher for the thirty-seven spokes of the wheel of time. Consequently, there may be some grave omissions. Still, the Neume assistant editor must share his due proportion of blame.

Let us turn this crank of time. At the extreme right of the semi-circle on the platform arose Mrs. Austin C. Wellington, to respond for the Class of '70,—she, “a graduate of the first class, a first-class graduate, the first lady of the evening.” I would quote a few words from her most felicitous response: “This is not a speech, but a handshake, as it were; a greeting from the Class of 1870 to all who come after us. The standard of the Conservatory has ever been high. Eminent teachers have been the rule. It is most pleasant to recognize among the Faculty so many of those who were once students at the Conservatory. Our beloved and honored Founder and Director, Dr. Eben Tourjée was a constant source of inspiration to us, urging us as he did, and appealing to all that was best in us, to work conscientiously and be loyal to our art for Art's sake. Dr. Tourjée, in presenting the thirteen graduates of our class with diplomas, said in part: ‘I charge you to wield the forces at your command only in behalf of the highest and holiest uses. In your hands may your art ever be a reformer, an educator, a symbol for all that is noble and good.’” What would an Alumni reunion be without the charming presence and cheerful countenance of Mrs. Wellington? Long may she be a living spokesman for the first graduates!

J. C. Bartlett sang for the Class of '71 his own sweet and well-known ballad “A Dream.” Seventy-two was heard from in the form of a reminiscent and inspirational letter written by the present director, who was a student at the Conservatory during that year. As Mr. Chadwick wrote, “Nothing less than the bidding of the Governor General of Canada” would have prevented his being present. The Director struck a fine chord for loyalty in these words of his: “There are many members of this Association who have cause for gratitude to the first Director, and should ever revere his memory. And there are some others who owe much to the conscientious teaching and indisputable ability of Mr. Faelten; and if there are still others who are reconciled to not shooting the present Director, who is doing the best he can, let all three elements work together for them that love the Conservatory.”

It was evident that Henry M. Dunham either felt himself not sufficient to represent his Class of '73, or believed his class to be in such a class by itself that it takes more than one to speak for it. No matter how you may put it, his desire to have Frank Watson, '05, and Wilson Moog, '06, play for him an original composition for piano and organ, was a revelation of his exceeding and characteristic modesty. The two recent graduates stood by him well, and at the close of the Theme and Variations all three were recognized to be the recipients of the applause.

When the Class of '74 was called, a face appeared new to many, but not unknown to those of the early years, and welcomed by all. Harry Benson expressed his

own pleasure in returning to the fold from which he has been so long absent, and, judging from the character of his remarks, he should now become as regular an attendant of Alumni functions as the representative of the Class of '80. Annie Soule Lewis '75, was in a reminiscent vein, and interested the gathering by her references to many of the old teachers and students.

"Seventy-Six! A Centennial graduate! It should have been a happy year for any graduate. Mr. Blanpied must remember that year how, with cannon to right, and cannon to left of him, a flag overhead, a mine underneath, a tin horn in his mouth, a fire-cracker in one hand and a diploma in the other—he sallied forth to beard again the British lion in his den." With such bombastic powder did the toastmaster essay to give Mr. Blanpied a good start, but found that it was all wasted, for David S. Blanpied filled in his three minutes in a manner which proved that he was as much at home on the rostrum as on a piano stool. A letter of cordial greeting was read from Annah Howes-Hernandez, '77, of Waltham, Mass.

Alma Howes-Smith, '78, after extending the greetings of her class, announced that it was composed of twenty-three members, that there were twenty-three numbers on a program that began at 10 o'clock in the morning and ended———. She touched upon Mr. Whiting, with his "quick, nervous tread and speech", Mr. Stephen A. Emery and his "gentlemanly manner," and the "quiet dignity" of Mr. Henry Dunham, and referred reminiscently to the sight-singing classes, her own advent into the Conservatory at the age of thirteen, the genial Tim, who furnished the motive power for the small organs in the top of the old Conservatory building, the courtship of some of the younger professors, and the giddy flirtations of some students.

The financial secretary, who next June will have served twenty-five years in that capacity, responded for '79. He spoke feelingly of Miss Clara S. Ludlow, who was president for three years in the early days of the Association, and who worked so hard to make it successful. Mr. Reed stated that the total membership of the Association today is two hundred and eighty-six, of which seventy-three are life members, and added, facetiously yet truthfully, that the financial condition has improved so that one bank is not sufficient to hold all the funds, so it is necessary to divide the burden between two.

"Our loyal Alumnus from Framingham"—W. E. Chenery, appeared for the Class of '80. He spoke of pleasant occasions of days long ago, and recalled the most fragrant one in his memory as a "surprise to one of the most beloved and respected teachers that ever came to this institution, Stephen A. Emery"—an event that he had planned among the students. Mr. Chenery did not forget to impress it upon us that this was an institution started from the music of a whistle made from a pig's tail, and in closing pointed out that its present standing, reached from so humble a beginning, was certainly marked by a marvelous progress, and expressed his belief and hope that the Conservatory would go down in history as one of the great landmarks of Boston. The Class of '81 was fittingly represented by one of the eight living ex-presidents of the Association, Frank E. Morse, whose greetings carried with them a spirit of Alumni loyalty that all who heard might well cherish as their own.

The elocution department found a worthy exponent in Belle Bacon-Bond of the Class of '82. Her response was a model of style and delivery, and her touching tribute

to the late Samuel Robinson Kelley, head of the elocution department, found a sympathetic chord in the hearts of all who knew him.

The evening could not well be passed over without a poet, so we chose the best in our midst, Louis C. Elson. He was in his happiest vein, and put his listeners in the same mood. His clever contribution "The Faculty in Rhyme" will be found on a subsequent page.

The words of Miriam Swett-Flynn, '83, were replete with reminiscence and interest, and among other things she related of her association with Dr. Tourjée and Lillian Nordica at the old Grace Church on Temple Street. And, in speaking of Mme. Nordica, I would state that a telegram dated at New Orleans was received from her too late to be read at the reunion, in which she extended to the Alumni Association her very best wishes.

Greetings from the Class of '84 were extended by him who, by virtue of his office, I feel should now be writing this report, and on whom I tried to impress this fact—but without avail, F. Addison Porter. Nevertheless, he made a felicitous response at the Alumni gathering, and it shall be so recorded. President Porter cited numerous members of his class who are holding responsible positions, and pointed out that three of the class, including Charles Dennée and Clara Tourjée-Nelson, were members of the present Faculty.

Then followed in succession Charles H. Whittier, '85, in modest and fitting response, Florence Sherrod-Cowen, '86, in a greeting of exquisite phrase and charming style, and Walter J. Kugler, '87, in words of good humor and felicity. Mr. Kugler was introduced by proxy in the form of a portion of a letter which was read from S. Homer Eaton, dated Saskatoon, Canada, in which he said: "I can hear, even see 'in me mind's eye,' our friend and stand-by, Bro. Kugler, calling for soft-shell crab, lobster salad and such, while I, alas! must be content to fill me with frozen bear's liver and tallow candles."

Miles do not count distance between home and Alma Mater. The standard of measure is love for the old school which was eloquently set forth by Mme. Caro Roma (Carrie Northey), '88, of New York City. Mme. Roma held the rapt attention of all by her powers as a *raconteur*. She recalled the meeting of Conservatory graduates and her classmates the world over—in California, Paris, Germany, Russia, China and other foreign parts. After Mme. Roma had finished her remarks, she was called to the front, and sung in her own inimitable way an original coon song, "Don't You Mind It, Honey", which she had sung some years ago at Windsor Castle before Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria. John Craig Kelley, '89, literally brought down the house when he sat at the piano and played his original composition, "March for the Funeral of a Rag Doll." Edwin L. Gardner, '90, having been called home by sickness early in the evening, left in the hands of the toastmaster a cordial greeting which was read to the company.

The Conservatory has never confined itself to assisting instruments and voices to play and sing in harmony. Its function has often transcended that sphere into the realm of human hearts themselves, and attuned them, not in two rear seats under the balcony in old Sleeper Hall at a pupil's recital, but in front orchestra chairs in the theater of Life's symphony itself. Therefore, it was well that this function of Conservatory work was exemplified by the class of '91 in the person of William Howard, who played on

the violin a cavatina by Raff, accompanied by Martha Boggs-Howard. From the Class of '92 came a letter of mingled regret and greeting, sent by Katherine H. Parker, who at the last moment found it impossible to be present.

Ninety-three, the class that survived the panic of that year, and were able to pay for their diplomas, found Eustace B. Rice, the class vice president, as their spokesman. He gave a brief yet comprehensive account of the progress and success of some of the members of his class, and left the impression that '93 has nothing of which to be ashamed. It was with no little regret that '94 responded with but a telegram of explanation and greeting. Amy Greene-Abbott of New York, had taken a keen interest in the reunion, and was on her way to the station to board the train for Boston, when she met with a painful fall, thus preventing her from responding in person.

The spokesman for '95 was Anna M. Stovall. She spoke well for and of her class, stating that six had at one time or another been members of the Faculty. She told of their class motto, "We'll hang together", of '95 having the distinction of holding the first class dance, and explained why the awarding of gold medals was abolished that year as due to the fact that there were not enough medals to go around. A class that graduated eighty-seven members, that of '96, was represented by Lillian M. Emerson in words that showed the class is still moving on in no uncertain tread.

The energetic alumnus and vice president, Henry T. Wade, assured all that should any concerted movement for the benefit of the Conservatory be undertaken by the Alumni Association, no class would prove more loyal than that of '97. Mr. Wade revealed, as others had done, that he had made a systematic endeavor to secure information as to his class, and his report was refreshing and illuminating. 'Tis said that one of the best-looking classes that ever graduated was '98, of which Percy Hunt was president. It was fittingly represented by Mabel Stanaway in interesting remarks of the welfare of her classmates.

The Class of '99 numbered one hundred and one—the largest ever graduated from the institution. Indeed so large that it seemed amply able to speak for itself, and, consequently, it was taken care of by song, "Who'll Buy My Lavender?" sweetly sung by Mary E. Williams. Miss Williams was followed by Lucy Anne Allen, '00, who also sang for her class, in splendid voice, an aria from "Roberto il Diavolo."

Homer Humphrey distinguished the Class of '01 with words of warm greeting, and Zula Doane, '02, spoke for the last class to graduate from the old Conservatory building. She sounded a true note when she said: "Every class has been looking forward to this meeting with an expectation which will not be satisfied unless this night marks the beginning of a stronger, better school spirit. The message I would bring from 1902 is this, Renew your interest in this whole work; begin here tonight—there is work to do; let us do it!" The first class to graduate from the Conservatory in its new home was '03, and Arthur D. Babcock sung well its praises in Tschaiakowski's "Pilgrim's Song."

Three organists, three presidents of as many respective classes, '04, '05, '06—Horace Whitehouse, Wilson T. Moog, H. Fay Look, due to the lateness of the hour, were called upon to give a trio of greeting and render it in unison, but owing to lack of concerted preparation, a "solo" of speech was furnished by each. Each one spoke

at an increased tempo, and their triplets of enthusiasm and praise and loyalty to the Alma Mater had the right ring.

It should be noted in this chronicle that on the left of the hall, seated row upon row, were gathered members of the Senior Class, who ever and anon, led by President Cole, broke forth in class yells, cheers and "What's the matter with Mr. Elson, or Mr. Porter, or Mr. Humphrey?" and so helped to keep the occasion lively throughout.

Then followed the feast—the collation, served in the foyer of Jordan Hall. The same spirit of zest prevailed, now indeed in accelerated movement, and continued until the midnight hour caused us to wander forth into Huntington Avenue, to battle with the cold blasts of the wintry night. But all were warmed within by invigorating, rejuvenated, pulsing Conservatory blood.

The ushers of the evening, who rendered such efficient service, were Laura Huxtable, '05; Grace L. Diggles, '05; Anna M. Stovall, '05; Edwin L. Gardner, '00; Eustace B. Rice, '03; Percy F. Hunt, '08; Abdon W. Keene, '81; Alma P. Marti, June K. Hills, H. Payson Porter, Henry T. Wade, all of '04; Grace H. Swain, Charles Giard, Floyd B. Dean, Gertrude Damon of '05; Nyra W. Hartmann, Iredell I. Baxter, Harrison Le Baron, Annie May Cook and Michael J. Lally of the class of '06.

The committee on arrangements consisted of Percy Jewett Burrell, '06; Laura B. Huxtable, '05; Anna M. Stovall, '05; Edwin L. Gardner, '00; Eustace B. Rice, '03, and F. Addison Porter, '84.

As one looks into the Conservatory retrospect, scanning the thirty-seven years, from 1906 to 1870, one truly great figure meets the vision. How inspiring this scene would have been to the human eye of Dr. Tourjée—this living and full fruition of his life-work! Yet the eye of his sainthood saw all. He is not dead: for his *work* lives on, and he whose work lives, indeed can never die. This notable gathering spoke with an eloquence beyond mere human speech, of the fact that the foundation Eben Tourjée laid has been actually builded upon to the height of thirty-seven stories, and that with yet another added each succeeding year, this very reunion prophesied in rational and sanguine spirit, the establishment of a memorial monument—The New England Conservatory of Music—which, in the years ahead, will loom up a veritable skyscraper of musical lore with the voices and songs of its tenants blending above with him and the angels.



Alumni Greeting

(*Read at the Alumni Reunion January 30, 1907.*)

It is a habit old and strong,
 That whensoever Alumni mingle,
 In festive or in sober throng,
 I'm called upon to write a jingle.

Tonight I surely can't refuse
 To be among the evening's features,
 But if I once unchain my Muse
 She's pretty sure to hit the teachers.

I'll tell the "grads" of long ago,
 In verse intended to be pleasant,
 What kind of tutors we can show
 Among the faculty at present.

Don't think the old stand-bys have quitted,
 That only faces new you'll see.
 I'd mention, if I am permitted,
 We still have Parker, J. C. D.

Porter still lords it o'er the normal,
 Dennée shows how to read at sight,
 Cutter still jokes with air informal,
 Although his locks are turning white

And in the basement, tuning loudly,
 There is another man that *you* know.
 His famous name I mention proudly,
 A modern Faust, but not by Gounod.

The old list is not yet complete.
 The names I scarcely have begun 'em.
 Among the veterans you will greet
 Two brothers by the name of Dunham

And if you seek the upper story,
And through the corridor you stroll,
You'll find there, reigning in his glory,
That jolly monarch, Old King Cole.

Just peep in number twenty-three
Then, Tuesday, to the hall take flight.
And note the difference you'll see,—
A contrast between Black and White.

If vocal teachers you are seeking,
Then to our second story go.
All sounds are there from roars to squeaking,
It might be labelled "Shrieker's Row."

White, Babcock, Dunham, Fortin, Shirley,
And other teachers you'll confront.
Warbling both night and morning early,
'Twill end in quite a lengthy Hunt.

Pianists be it understood,
We've dozens here all known to fame,
An organist both *rich* and *good*,
I think I'll let you guess his name.

The Redman's wigwam is at hand,
He now is growing mild and milder.
He was the wildest in our band,
But now, at last, we have a Wilder.

And should our male professors vex
Those pupils who will not work bravely,
We've members of the fairer sex,
Who'll teach them sweetly and suavely.

Szumowska-Adamowska's here,
And also Clara Kathlene Rogers.
Both charming even when severe,
Or when they scold the lesson-dodgers.

Gardeners love conservatories!
 Of course there's one midst our commanders.
 Our management achieves new glories
 Led by sagacious Mr. Flanders!

To Mr. Chadwick homage pay,
 He nobly rules this pile of granite,
 But don't forget our old Tourjée,
 Who in more stormy days began it.

I need not praise the powers that be,
 You'll *note* they have success galore,
 And that the good old N. E. C.
 Prospers today as ne'er before.

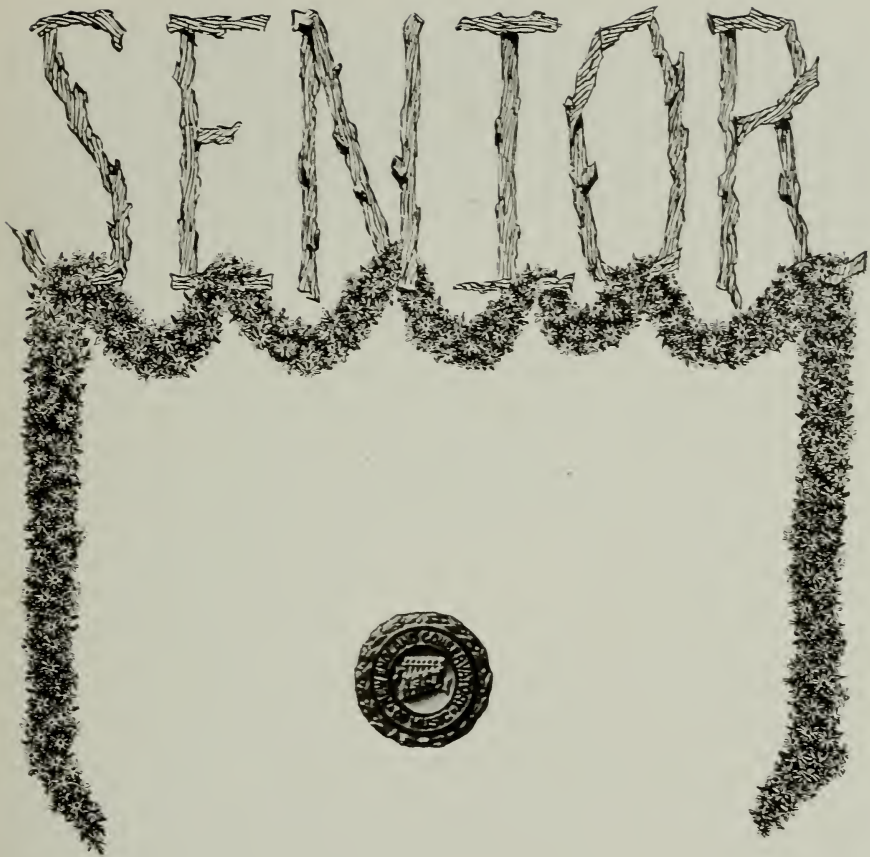
In one toast we can all unite,
 Each old Alumnus and Professor,
 Then be the summing-up tonight
 "Our Alma Mater! May God Bless Her!"

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Sonnet to Chopin

Dear Chopin, thou whose tender pulsing note
 Inspires a constant yearning in my heart
 To share thy vision bright, in humble part,
 That vision rare, which has so much of hope;
 From what sweet-singing muse didst thou evoke
 Those strains that rival nightingale and lark,
 Those strains that bid th' enraptur'd list'ner hark
 When on the air in spirit-waves they float?
 From some far world thou wert allowed to bring
 Those melodies that Orpheus after death
 Still had within his soul desire to sing;
 And he—it was a boon—hast given the breath
 From which thy songs have taken their perfume
 And light, new worlds in darkness to illumine.

O. D. S





B. PARMENTER

H. COLE

D. LEWIS

W. HOLLAND

E. REIER



OFFICERS

HAROLD A. COLE	<i>President</i>
BESSIE C. PARMENTER	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELEANOR C. REIER	<i>Secretary</i>
WILLIAM A. HOLLAND	<i>Treasurer</i>
DOROTHY C. LEWIS	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>

PIANO

ELIZABETH ADELINE ALEXANDER	East Northfield, Mass.
SARAH FARNHAM BAGLEY	Woolwich, Me.
EUPHEMIA FRANCES BEVERIDGE	179 Boston St., Salem, Mass.
LEILA CORNELIA BROWN	220 East Third St., Portsmouth, Ohio
GEORGE ADELBERT BURDICK	Manistique, Mich.
EVELYN LEFSKY CALER	55 Ellery St., Cambridge, Mass.
MARY ELLEN CASEY	11a Bayard St., Allston, Mass.
MABEL RAY CROSBY	Mt. Sterling, Ohio.
JOSEPHINE AMELIA DAWLEY	Colchester, Conn.
RALPH BEN ELLEN, 1905	47 River St., Willoughby, Ohio
ISABEL KEMPTON EMERSON	East Lebanon, N. H.
ISABEL CLARKE FIELD	46 Green St., Worcester, Mass.
SARAH TILDA FINE	23 Auburn St., Boston, Mass.
JULIA MABEL FOX	1515 Bridge St., Lowell, Mass.
MARGUERITE ELWILDA FOX	5 Fremont St. Gloversville, N. Y.
MARY ELIZABETH ELWILDA FUTRELL	Scotland Neck, N. C.
ALBERT FRANCIS GARDNER	Holbrook, Mass.
CLARA ELLEN GETMAN	Illion, N. Y.
ANNIE MAY GREENE	244 W. 6th St., So. Boston, Mass.
JENNIE MABEL GRIFFIN	1 Mahl Ave., Hartford, Ct.
ADELE MARGARET GURNEY	2 Washington St., Amesbury, Mass.
CLAUDE ERNEST HACKLETON, 1906	888 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.
BERTHA BEATRICE HAFEY	Paola, Kan.



VIOLET ABBY HOFFMAN	Wallingford, Ct.
WILLIAM AMOS HOLLAND	Uniontown, Pa.
RHEA JENNESS, 1906	Deseronto, Ontario, Canada
RUBY ETHEL JENNINGS	Rockwell, Fla.
KATHERINE LOUISE JESTER	1172 Cobb St., Athens, Ga.
ELIZABETH GAY JONES	Gurley, Ala.
SELVA ENRIQUETA LARRAMENDI	98 Gainsborough St., Boston, Mass.
HARRISON DENHAM LEBARON	123 Maxfield St., New Bedford, Mass.
ALICE ROGERS LEITH	187 Lawrence St., Lowell, Mass.
DOROTHY CHARLOTTE LEWIS	Long Beach, Cal.
MAUDE MARSHALL	1067 Gorham St., Lowell, Mass.
FRANK STUART MASON	126 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.
GERTRUDE CROWELL MAYO	44 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.
PATIENCE ESTHER MCKENNA	494 Hyde Park Ave., Hyde Park, Mass.
ALICE MAY NEWHALL	114 Essex St., Lynn, Mass.
BESSIE CAROLINE PARMENTER	Antrim, N. H.
EILA ERVIN PERRIN	Carnegie, Pa.
ELEANOR CATHERINE REIER	Glen Arm, Md.
LUCY ELLEN RICHARDSON	Eureka, Cal.
GRACE ALICE RIPLEY	9 Sixth St., East Providence, R. I.
Mrs. ALICE BUTTERFIELD RUSSELL	1009 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
LULU ELIZABETH SAMS	10 Central Place, Grand Rapids, Mich.
MADGE BOOKS SANDERS	Danville, Pa.
ODESSA DERMOT STERLING	Warrenburg, Mo.
Mrs. JOSEPHINE BRIDGES TODD	Mason, Texas
PAULINE MARIE EDITH TRANFAGLIA	328 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.
GERTRUDE ADELE URBAN	96 Milton Ave., Dorchester, Mass.
GEORGE DIAZ VIERA	Carson City, Nev.
ETHEL ELIZABETH WHITMORE	Millersville, Pa.

ORGAN

HAROLD ARTHUR COLE	Hallowell, Me.
HARRISON DENHAM LEBARON, 1906	123 Maxfield St., New Bedford, Mass.
MINNE JENKINS	412 North Sarah St., St. Louis, Mo.
ANNIE WOODS MCLEARY	Farmington, Me.
BESSIE CAROLINE PARMENTER	Antrim, N. H.
ROBERT VALENTINE	58 Bowdoin Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

VOICE

MINNIE MARIA ALMENA CHASE	100 Concord St., Nashua, N. H.
VIVA DALE CROMMETT	8 Batavia St., Boston, Mass.
MAY GOOD HALL	Brandon, Manitoba, Canada
LIDA MAY MUNRO	Bridgetown, Nova Scotia
ELISHA PECKHAM PERRY	Hope Valley, R. I.
MARGARET MAE SEEDS	144 Plymouth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
RICHARD TOBIN	Virginia City, Nev.
RUTH WHITMAN	152 Winthrop St., Winthrop, Mass.

VIOLIN

OLIVE LLEWELYN WHITELEY	1014 East 15th St., Kansas City, Mo.
ROY WILLIAMS	532 Prairie Ave., Decatur, Ill.

TUNERS

FRANK WILLIAM CATHER	Bladen, Neb.
DANIEL WARREN HECKMAN	1605 Mineral Spring Rd., Reading, Pa.
HARRY FRANKLIN HOLLENBACH	Shamokin, Pa.
OTTO WALTER STOELTING	Oconto, Wis.
IRWIN MACDOWELL	Elko, Nev.
FRED BYRON WINTERSTEEN	Numidia, Pa.

Class Chronicle

OCTOBER 5-7, 1906, inclusive—Senior entrance examinations.

NOVEMBER 5, 1906. First class meeting called by Mr. Chadwick. At this meeting organization took place. The following officers and committees were elected: Harold Cole, president; Bessie Parmenter, vice-president; Eleanor Reier, secretary; William Holland, treasurer; Dorothy Lewis, assistant treasurer; George Burdick, Bertha Hafey, Josephine Dawley, Isabel Emerson, Mabel Crosby, Pauline Tranfaglia and Elisha Perry, executive committee; Dorothy Lewis, William Holland, Bessie Parmenter, Eleanor Reier, Olive Whiteley, Elizabeth Alexander, Virginia Shimer and Roy Williams, entertainment committee. The emblem committee was appointed by the president, consisting of six members: Elizabeth Alexander, Jennie Griffin, Rhea Jenness, Lucy Richardson, George Viera and Leila Brown.

NOVEMBER 12, 1906. Class meeting addressed by Mr. Chadwick. Voted that class meetings should be held on the first Wednesday in each month. Special meetings to be called by the president.

NOVEMBER 14, 1906. Senior Acquaintance Social in Reception Parlor at the

Conservatory. After a successful "getting acquainted" hour, refreshments were served in the "Green Room" and songs of various kinds were sung until time to go home. The affair was voted an unqualified success.

DECEMBER 3, 1906. Class meeting. Frank Mason was elected editor-in-chief of the Neume. For his assistants he appointed Harold Cole, Bessie C. Parmenter, Harrison LeBaron, Jennie Griffin, Richard Tobin, and Lida Munroe. George Burdick was elected business manager of the Neume with William Holland as his assistant. The white daisy was chosen as the class flower. Many spirited discussions took place as to the eligibility of the Neume editors—whether their literary abilities were sufficient to place them in such a responsible position. This meeting finally adjourned after repeated attempts by the president to obtain order.

DECEMBER 21, 1906. Christmas party in the gymnasium. Everyone was the recipient of a present from the heavily laden tree.

JANUARY 2, 1907. Class meeting. Pin design was selected.

JANUARY 16, 1907. Senior-Junior poverty party. At the invitation of the Junior class, the Seniors joined hands with said class and succeeded in making the evening one never to be forgotten by every Senior and Junior of the Conservatory.

JANUARY 26, 1907. Class meeting. Isabel Field was elected art editor of the Neume. Nile green and white selected for class colors.

JANUARY 30, 1907. Class meeting. Rehearsals of class yells. Colors and class pins distributed. In the evening the Seniors were the guests at the Alumni reunion.

FEBRUARY 13, 1907. Class meeting. Photographer decided upon for the class group pictures. Class membership pamphlet issued, containing list of officers, committees, and giving information about class meetings, etc.

FEBRUARY 25, 1907. Senior sight-playing examination—"nuff sed."

FEBRUARY 26, 1907. Class picture taken at Chickering's, also picture of class officers. Great delay, president's wardrobe was not complete.

MARCH 2, 1907. Class meeting. Proofs of class picture submitted for inspection. Conley chosen class photographer.

MARCH 13, 1907. Class meeting. Mr. Chadwick talked about the final examinations. Assignments made for Solfeggio Exams.

MARCH 14, 1907. Dance and whist, followed by a "feed" at Putnam's.

MARCH 18-23 inclusive. Solfeggio exams. No comment is necessary.

APRIL 10, 1907. Class meetings. Theatre party planned for the monthly entertainment.

APRIL 18, 1907. Theatre party at "Comin' Thro the Rye." Jolly time for all but the stay-at-homes.

MAY 1, 1907. Class meeting. Miss Eleanor Reier elected Historian and Miss Minne Jenkins, Prophet. Thus began our Class Day preparations. Whist and spread announced for May 7, 1907.

MAY 7, 1907. Whist at home of Pres., Treas., Messrs. Sterling and Williams, 3 Batavia Street. At 10:30 the jolly party proceeded to the Students' Spa, where one of Putnam's best spreads was enjoyed by the forty seniors and friends present.

What comes in June's not yet but soon.

E. C. R.

The Class Spirit of '07

THE chief theme of this fantasia is the class of 1907.—a glorious theme of some seventy notes, unsurpassed by Beethoven at his best, worthy of careful analysis and capable of infinite development. Well do we remember how, after the exams, were safely over last Fall, we “put away childish things” and became Seniors, and gathered in the Gym, to consider the weighty problem of class officers and to listen to that serio-jolly talk of Mr. Chadwick’s on our work for the year.

Realizing full well that class spirit is somewhat theoretical, until the class becomes acquainted with itself, interested in itself and proud of itself, we have racked our brains to devise schemes adequate to bring about this much-argued, long-sought-for condition of things.

Before we know it we are overwhelmed with work in this busy place and with the concerts and recitals, and plays and people that we *must* see and hear while we are in Boston, we are in danger of forgetting the importance of personal contact with other students who are striving, as we are, to “make good.”

We have indeed been fortunate in our President, Officers, and Committees, for by their unfailing interest they have, we believe, aroused a livelier class spirit among us, and a deeper pride in the Conservatory and its welfare.

Our class meetings have been well-attended; they have been strictly parliamentary [not more than four people *ever* being allowed to talk at once]; something definite and practical has been presented to the class for consideration at each meeting, and our faithful Treasurer has been omnipresent with that little book, everlastingly reminding us that we have not paid our dues, which were fixed at the very reasonable sum of twenty-five cents a month.

A class roll has been published [first time in Boston] together with items of general interest, that we might have no excuse for not knowing *who* and *where* we are.

A social event of informal nature has been planned for each month, and the “youthfulness” of a Christmas tree in the Gym, with a real, live Santa Claus and an appropriate gift [price limited to ten cents] for everyone present, did much to unbend our dignity and loosen our tongues.

We have had good times at these little "affairs," and when we stand around at 11.00 P. M. and do not want to go home one bit, we think it is sure proof that we have found out what class spirit is like.

Printed post-cards and the bulletin-boards have notified us of what is going on, and we would suggest to '98 that it might be a very good plan to publish monthly bulletins for each member of the class, so that if one *cannot* attend class meetings they may nevertheless know what has been done and thus be enabled to keep in touch with things.

We appreciate greatly the "37 in 1" Reception given by the Alumni, which served to show us how much the Conservatory had meant to former classes, and deepened our determination to make '07 remembered as *the* class for years to come!

We have appreciated also the little talks given us by Mr. Chadwick and his kindly explanation of exactly what will be required of us in our exams., so lucid an explanation alas! that we are all *reasonably* sure of an A!

The '07 Neume we are sure will be an unparalleled success. Our Editors, Managers and Subscription Committee have worked long and faithfully, and we are very grateful to all students and members of the Faculty who have unwittingly furnished us with good jokes on themselves.

We must confess that we feel the need of a hall for social affairs, with a good floor for dancing, and with check-rooms, parlor, etc.

An office for Neume Editors and Class Officers would be a welcome innovation, with a permanent Class Box at the Information Office.

A lunch room, too, is much desired by the many girls who are obliged to bring their lunch several days in the week.

But enough! We have received splendid treatment at the hands of the Management and the Faculty; have taken conditions as they are and have had good times in the Gym. and the Green Room; we have had an adequate class organization; have published a wide-awake, up-to-date Neume; have found that it does not pay to study music to the exclusion of everything else, and that it is the self-reverent, well-poised, all-round development of mind, body, and soul that this world needs.

BESSIE C. PARMENTER.

Class Statistics

The following statistics were obtained by sending out blanks with questions to be answered. Each member of the class received one blank, but not all of the ladies responded, although nearly every gentleman did. The results were as follows:

Age? Average 25 and 21. Oh yes, I might say that the 25 referred to—no, *not* the ladies—but to the gentlemen. One said she was “no spring chicken,” another that she was under “50;” one owned up to 31, while the youngest said she was of the “Bryan Sixteen to One” variety. The oldest man was 30-*rising*—just how much so, we are not sure; the youngest 20, and every *man* gave his age!!! Did the girls????!!!!

Weight? Some weighty results were obtained, the heaviest being 199 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds—can anyone guess? The lightest, 100 pounds. Several claimed this, but would not let the statistician verify the claim. The lightest man weighed 144 pounds; the heaviest 199 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. But one brave female owned up to 140, although there were others whose memory must have failed them, according to the answers given.

Height? Six and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet, male and female respectively, were the greatest heights attained; and 5 feet 2 inches was the shortest shorty 'mongst the men, while 5 feet 0— inches (possibly a tip-toe measure), represented the “midgetistest” midget of the fair sex.

Hour of Retiring? From 10—12:30 among the ladies, and from 10 to 1 for the gentlemen. One man said “From sunset to sunrise.” Well, the statistician can vouch for that, because he has burned midnight oil himself—studying, I should add; studying, you know.

Hour of Rising? “With the sun,” answered one. We suppose they slept right over till the next day, if it was cloudy or stormed. No man rose before seven—and one had no particular hour—knowing his multitudinous engagements, we were prone to believe his frank statement. One ambitious maid rose at 5:30 (!!); another said “from 6 to 10 a. m.”

Hours of Practice? Three and one-half hours for the dormitory maids, and 4 for the stern sex. One girl said “6 or more;” another “1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours”!!!!; another from 4 to 10, (and she had her meals brought to the piano—no, it was not in the dormitories).

Could you run the Conservatory better than the present management? We don't wish to make our manager feel too proud, but the laudatory answers to this query were so many and so emphatically in the management's favor, that it is but just to make this statement. Several facetious answers were received, viz., “Yes, into the ground”;

"Yes, by cutting out exams"; "Oh, my, yes!" (the last was a young girl in her days of assurance, *bejore* examinations).

Do you wish you had stayed at home? Such a row of no's was enough to stagger one. One said "No—but *jather* does;" and another, "Ask after the finals." We should not be surprised if these compliments turned the managers' heads—anyway, they will need new hats for the next day after they read the Neume.

What senior most likely to be a success? The best answer given was, "The one who works." Some pessimistically said, "Nobody—including myself," and against that came the answer, "All, we hope." Editor Mason and Miss Whitely carried off the personal honors.

Size Collar? "Made to order—none fit;" from 12 to 15, among the fair sex, and from 14½ to 17 among the gentlemen.

Size Shoes? "American Beauties;" "Chicago;" from 2's, the smallest, to 7½ for the most extensive pedal keyboard coverings—among the music maids; men's shoes ran from 5½ to 9½—then *walked* back again.

Favorite Exercise? "Boxing"—a tuner gave this answer (see the Boxing Match Illustration); "Walking" was the most general choice; one "rode the Con elevator"; and several answered "sleep."

Light or Dark Hair? The ladies had nearly all the dark hair, and with one or two exceptions the men were more or less of the "tow-head" variety.

Color of Eyes? Blue eyes predominated with brown a close second.

Favorite Teacher? Could each individual answer be given, the Faculty would join the management in that bursting feeling of the cranium after a deluge of compliments.

Most Popular Man? President Cole.

Most Popular Girl? Vice President, Bessie Parmenter.

Best Looking Man? Treasurer, William Holland.

Best Looking Girl? Assistant Treasurer, Dorothy Lewis.

(This is not the list of officers—it just happened—and we hope these heads too will retain their normal size.)

Why is the Gym? This occasioned an extensive research upon the part of many; we have an article on the subject, and we also give the following answers: "Even Elson's Dictionary fails to tell"; "To teach hand-culture in"; "Chamber of Torture"; "Because—(a woman's reason)"; "To store pianos and chairs in"; "For a joke". Seriously, though, we hope it will have its intended use before long, and we believe it would be of the greatest value to the students to have gymnasium work carried on with their studies.

Do you like to play in recitals? The dread of these useful medicines is quite universal—only one or two dared to say “yes” out loud.

Are you in love? A surprising number said—and quite emphatically, too—that they were in love. One is not now in love, but expects to be, and several are in the market (Neume Bus. Man., Pres. C, and others, including our Ed-in-Chief).

Pianoforte is the principal study of the large majority of the class, there being but six organists, eight vocalists, two violinists and six tuners out of a class of rising seventy members. Of course the piano dealers like it, and we know that '07 teachers will make things hum wherever they may go. We have TWENTY gentlemen in the class (all over twenty-one are designated as such, whether they deserve the honor or not) and about all are active to some degree—some to the degree of desperation—the Neume Business Manager, the President gathering the flock to a class meeting, and the Treasurer begging that dues be paid, till at the last meeting he became speechless and put up a big placard which read “PLEASE PAY YOUR DUES.”

May '08 have a statistical department which shall vastly improve upon this one, and bring joy (?) to the class members and their friends.



AFTER EXAMINATIONS COME DIPLOMAS—SOMETIMES

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Junior Officers

F. OTIS DRAYTON	<i>President</i>
VIOLET STRAUB	<i>Vice President</i>
LUCY PEERY	<i>Secretary</i>
JESSIE SWARTZ	<i>Treasurer</i>
LEWIS L. CHAMBERLAIN	<i>Asst. Treasurer</i>

The Junior Class

THE Junior Class of the Conservatory, although having been in existence but two years, will, I believe, soon be as well defined as is the Senior Class at present. The regular examination routine which always "makes up" (or unmakes) a class, is fast nearing perfection under the careful guidance of our director; thus, will we see the true Junior, and not one who "really likes to join in socially," but doesn't know "whether he will be a Senior or Junior *next* year." With the perfection of Junior requirements we will have a class that will know and enjoy its motto, colors, pin, social functions, etc., equally, more than a few brief months before Commencement. In short, you'll either be a Junior or an intermediate, (possibly a Freshman.)

The Junior Class of 1908 has, on the whole, had a very successful and enjoyable year; fulfilling, I believe, the desire expressed by the president of last year's class, namely, the continuance of "school spirit and friendship between the students in our Conservatory life"; whose existence depends greatly on the newly formed Junior Class.

As Juniors, we organized last October, and the first of November held an informal "good time" in the gym., where thirty-five of us got very well acquainted through the simple process of "wink." During the succeeding months we enjoyed a sleighing party, card parties, theatre party, dance, etc., etc. Our great enjoyment socially, however, was the joint Poverty Party with the Seniors. Who could have imagined a more ragged looking set than we all were that night, with the possible exception of a very few prim, well-dressed folk, who received a very "sour acknowledgement" of the fact. It was this social success which led to the question: "Why can't the two classes meet together more often?" And still this question holds good—Class of 1909 please "jot it down." So much for the social side of our class, with the exception of the Promenade to be held in June, which will end our Junior career socially.

Our business meetings, as few in number as possible this year, have been well attended, but it is almost as hard to persuade a Junior to come to business meetings, as it is to make him believe he is obliged to pass two Sol-feggio and Sight Playing Exams.

The greatest achievement of '08, however, will be, giving a Junior Class *Concert* in Jordan Hall, to come soon after this volume arrives from press.

A close second to this is the selection of our "1908" class pin, etc., which will afford us a source of enjoyment while Juniors, as well as throughout our entire Senior year.

Thus, '08 leaves the Junior work for '09 to continue and improve, if possible, as best she can. Let her organize early, work together and each do his share; not leaving everything for *somebody else* to tend to. Work together with your Senior and other class mates; make and retain much enthusiasm and class spirit throughout the year. But, first and most emphatically, remember and uphold your Alma Mater. Your loyalty to her comes first and as she triumphs you'll thank your good fortune that you've had a chance to work in her behalf.

F. OTIS DRAYTON, Pres.



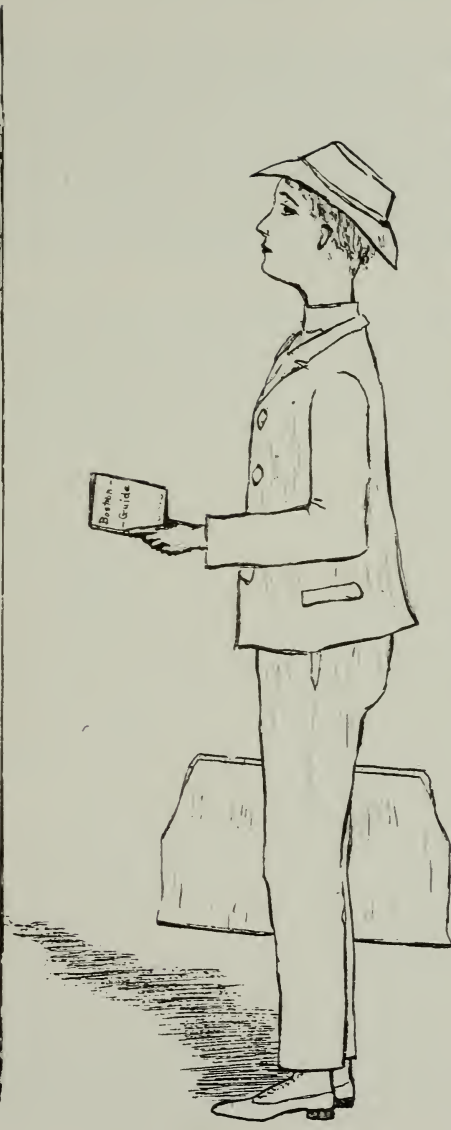
A LOW BASS

MANAGER'S
OFFICE

Baskin
- Guide

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Freshmen Officers

After much research among the Conservatory Archives, the following were found to have been "rushed" through as officers of the Freshman Class. The legality of their election is in question.

JOHN McLEAN *First Selectman*
 " " *Second Selectman*
 " " *Third Selectman*

(Sometimes the *second* selectman gets annoyed with the *third*, and a wordy battle follows, which lasts until quelled by the *first* selectman.)

GUY McLEAN *Treasurer*

(The organization seems to be a sort of family affair so far.)

"LIZZY" STEPHENS *Clerk*

(A "hustler" from the word "go." He can take you up to the top floor in the elevator as fast as you could walk. Rapid transit certainly is exemplified in his every movement.)

MARIE GEIGER }
 ELISE DALY } *"Tab" Keepers*

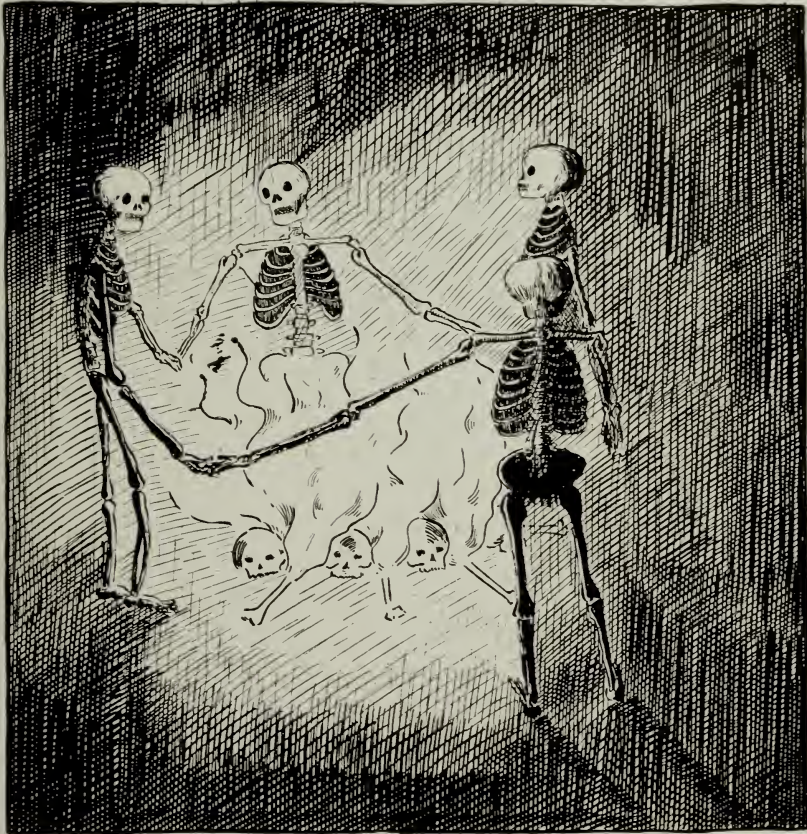
(And they have their hands full. They are soon to put in practical use a new invention which shows, by means of electricity, just where the three selectmen are at any time and all the time. When this gets to operating we fear for the selectmen's reason.)

WILLIAM SYKES *Constable*

(If the class don't pay their dues, Sykes just scares them to the tall timber. He makes an ideal constable.)

N. B. We regret that there was not sufficient class spirit to call forth a report of the "doings" of the Freshman Class. May this be remedied by another year.

FRATERNITIES





Sinfonia

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

CHAPTER ROLL

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

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 ELISHA P. PERRY
 SHIRLEY F. STUPP
 AUGUSTO A. VANNINI



Alpha Chi Omega Sorority

Founded at De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind., October 15, 1885.

DIRECTORY OF ACTIVE CHAPTERS

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

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MRS. CHARLES A. WHITE	MISS SARAH MAUD THOMPSON



Pi Phi

CHAPTER ROLL

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

BETA CHAPTER

ACTIVE MEMBERS

PRES. JENNIE M. GRIFFIN

SEC. FRANCES PEABODY

TREAS. VIOLA BROWN

VIOLA BROWN

BERTHA DOW

RAE EMBREE

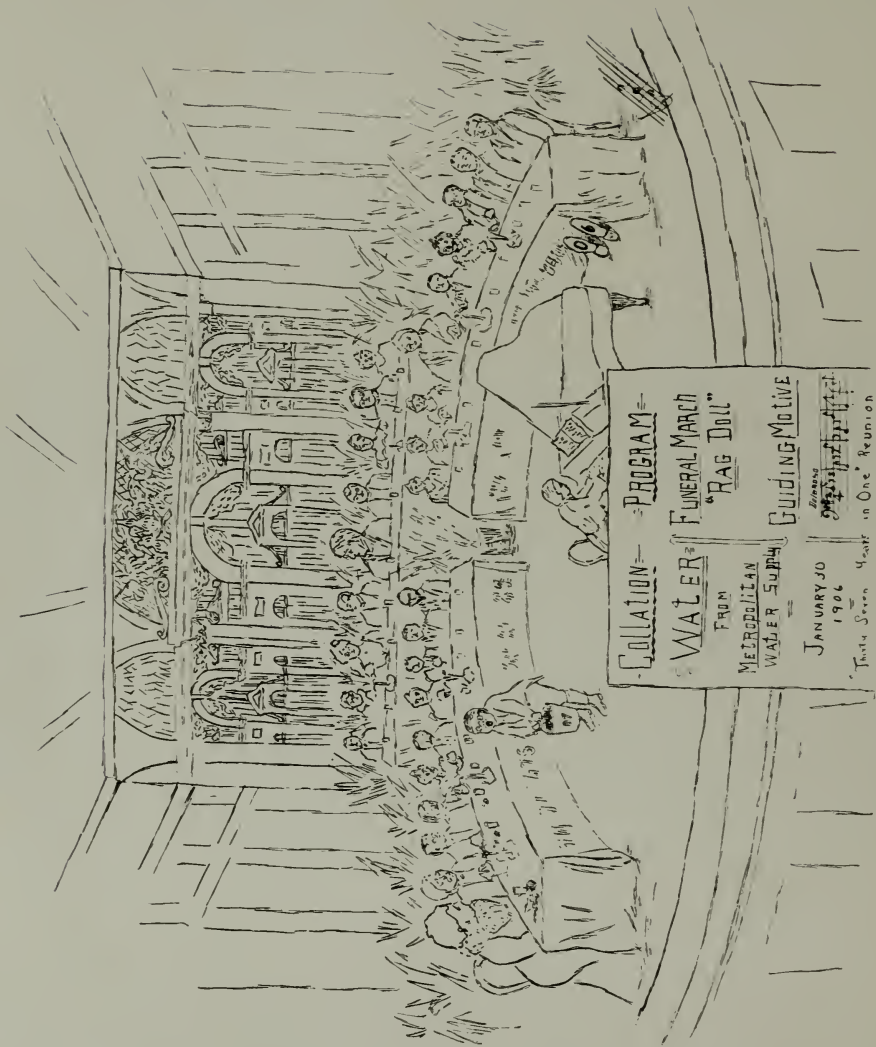
EMILY WILSON

JENNIE GRIFFIN

CARRIE LEHMANN

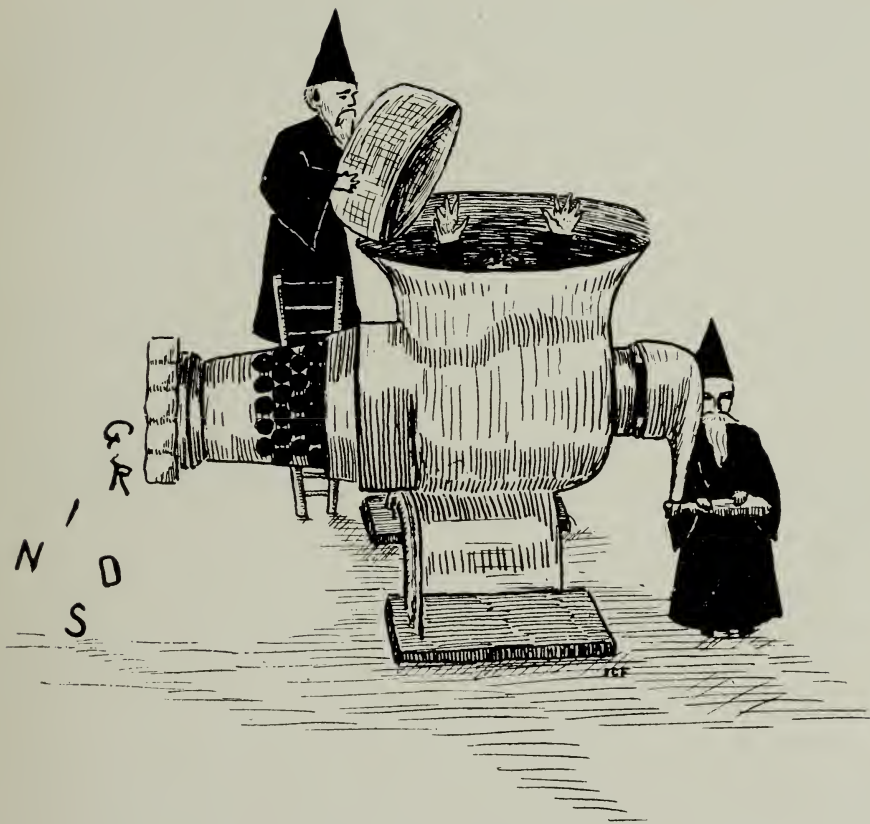
FRANCES PEABODY

EDNA COULTER



COLLATION PROGRAM
 FUNERAL MARCH
 "RAG DOLL"
 Guiding Motive
 FROM
 WATER METROPOLITAN
 WATER SUPPLY
 JANUARY 20
 1906
 Thirty Seven Years in One Reunion

Drawing
 by
 [Signature]
 1906



“Sassiety” Notes

At the Poverty Party, given by The Seniors and Juniors, some notable costumes were worn—some worn full of holes. Miss Reier wore her hair in braids, tied with beautiful silk ribbon of various shades—including lamp-shade. Crowning her head was a most fetching hat-brim of loosely-hanging straws, to show which way the wind blew. Miss Hilliard wore a costume direct from Worth—worth going miles to see. Miss Parmenter wore Ostrich feathers formerly worn by Sarah Bernhardt, and rescued from the ash-can in Sarah’s back yard by Miss Parmenter when on her last trip across the pond. Miss P’s gown was imported from London—formerly worn by Queen Alexandra (very much worn).

The Misses Whinery had costumes which were of bright red crépe [paper] and which fitted them like paper on the wall.

The pulp plates used at the collation were of special design for the occasion.

After the sandwiches and cocoa were served, one Bright young lady wanted to know if that was all they had, and upon learning that it was settled down and seemed really resigned—to five sandwiches and four cups of cocoa.

While dancing the German, “Sis Hopkins” lost one of her Parisian pedal coverings [they were beautiful examples of the jeweller’s art—one black with turquoise ornaments, the other white with chip diamonds]. Later on, a Prince Charming found her missing pedal covering, and she resumed her dancing.

At the Senior Christmas Tree there was a large attendance of Con Sassiety girls, and the favors given out were much appreciated. Mr. Flanders received a snare-drum, which it is rumored, was later passed on to Hartley for use in that “Columbine” Ode. Miss Alexander was the happy recipient of a Teddy Bear, and she’s very fond of T. B.’s. Miss Bagley received a flute and developed sufficient technique to play “Yankee Doodle” in a surprisingly short time. She even consented to demonstrate her newly-acquired skill, with drum obligato. Mr. Sterling and that everlasting hand-organ will not soon be forgotten. Many beautiful costumes were worn by the gentlemen present.

SENIOR MID YEAR WHIST-DANCE-SPREAD

8 P. M. "Brite and fair" but nobody there.

8.30 P. M. Not as many present as at 8 P. M.

9 P. M. Whist is enjoyed.

10 P. M. A large number "trip the light fantastic toe." German led by Vaughn Hamilton in Strauss mode.

11 P. M. Banquet at Putnam's. Yes, "Ham" was undoubtedly there.

After the class cheers at 12.15, the guests left in autos and wheelbarrows for their various destinations.

At the Alumni "37 in 1" Reception, someone asked if the representatives of '07 was the "37 in 1"!

This Reception was, by the way, a very successful affair. Jordan Hall stage looked like a banquet hall without the feed. It seemed a shame for those famous "37" to sit for three hours with only pinks and pollywog—I mean apollonaris water to inspire them.

They say H. H. of '01 was presented with a bill of \$5.00 for the floor-timbers he wore out during his speech!

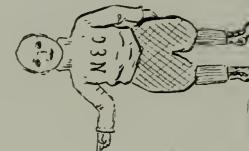
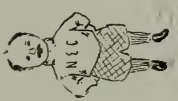
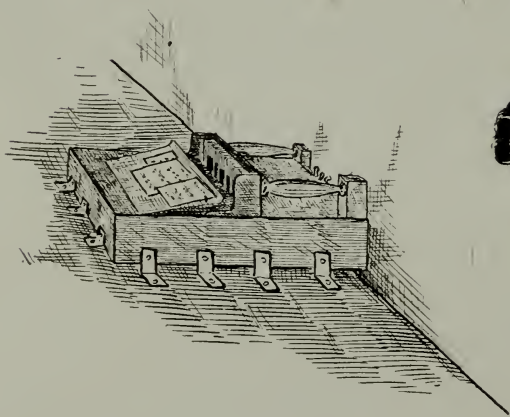
Sonnet

To Miss _____

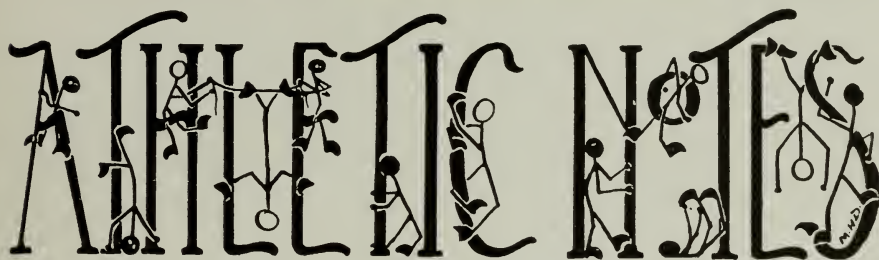
On seeing her at the Park Square Skating Rink.

On through space she thought to gayly speed,
 ILLusioned by the gliding, mirthful throng,
 WhIch moved in rhythm like fantastic song
 And Vented pleasure in each stride—no need
 For fEAR, and so the rollers she decreed
 Were aLl she needed to complete that bliss
 She kneW her heart awaited—poor young Miss
 Saw not cHaoitic end—but didst proceed.
 And while Intent on pleasure lo! the trend,
 Her skates Took of a sudden, caused a thump
 As down she wEnt—it was a Grecian bend—
 Demurely smiLing she sat in a lump.
 Her nome de plumE is wreathed into these lines,
 Dig deep, mayhap You'll see wherein it twines.

Shortjellow.



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N. E. C. Football Team

(With apologies to all concerned)

- KHLARE, l. e. }
 STASNY, l. t. } With a Liszt toward technique.
- BLANPIED, l. g.—What he doesn't know Elson does.
- CUTTER, c.—No octaves or fifths allowed in the game.
- RICE, r. g. }
 GRUENBERG, r. t. } But will we ever have a chance to throw rice at Gruenberg?
- WILLIAM DUNHAM, r. e.—He has done 'em before now, again and again.
- ELSON, q. b.—See THE Dictionary.
- JEFFREY, l. h. b.—Not "Jeffreys the Champion," but just as good.
- SAMUEL COLE, r. h. b.—Who rehearses the team on intervals before every game.
- REDMAN, f. b.—In perfect harmony with the others.
- PROCTOR, w. b.—Way back—at a respectful distance.
- MILLS—Mascot and Bookmaker (selected because of his experience in making up the Con dope-sheets.)
- DRISCOLL—Referee, who decides all questions of importance before, during and after the game.
- PIERCE—Manager (Also prop. Roller Skating Amusement Bureau).
 "Stiff" Piano Used.
- N. B.—The game is played according to Rules found in Chadwick's Harmony.

Dunce's Doubtful Dictionary*

(Definitions taken from Examination papers in Musical Terms)

- Allegro giocoso*—Like a jig. Rapid and clear.
Allegro scherzando—Sporty.
D. S.—Back to the beginning.
D. C. al — e poi la coda—Go back to sign and omit Coda.
Più Allegro—Less fast than Allegro.
Sotto la mano dextra—Bring out inner voice. Very soft the left hand.
Con sordini—With notes. *Senza sordini*—Without notes.
Affrettando—A slight unaccented note.
Tempo giusto—Like the wind. Stormily. Dashing style.
Andante—Quite louder.
Andantino—Louder than Andante.
Allargando—Grow faster. Louder and soft. Gently and sweetly.
A piacere—In a pleasing manner. To strike sharply. Graceful—light. With repose. A lingering, sorrowful tone. Gently—quietly.
Perdendosi—Loosely. Easy. In dashing or precipitating style. With tenderness.
Rubato—In running style. Quick and smooth. Sustained.
Tre corde—Both pedals down. Use loud pedal. Left hand. Very softly. Like ppp—very soft.
Una corda—All together. Doubling the time. Right hand.
Stringendo—In strict time. Drawn out after the manner of strings in orchestra. Singing, sustained style.
Lusingando—Loosing itself. Loosely. Dying away.
Martellato—Slower and softer. In a martial style.
Pesante—In rustic style. Tranquilly. Dragging. Sweet singing style. Kindly. Sad.
Allegro non tanto—Fast without pressing.
Alla breve—A short cut. Slower. Slow and sedate.
Attacca subito—Attack doubtfully. Subdued as in an undertone. An attack from underneath.
Smorzando—Pressing, clinging accent.
Rinforzando—Gradually decreasing.
Listesso tempo—Listless style. Slower tempo. Nonchalantly.
Leggierissimo—Inclined to drag. Slower and softer.
Poco—Much.
Rallentando—With emotion.
Accelerando—Very accented.
Adagio—Slow and rather repulsed.
Colla Voce—The lower voice. In a weaker voice. In one voice. All the voices.
m. d.—First part.
m. s.—Middle part.
m. g.—Last part.

* Patent applied for and refused.

A NOTABLE AFFAIR

We understand that a most notable affair is to be given by Mr. Cutter on August 2nd.

Of course it is too early to announce definitely where it will be or what it will be, yet enough has been made public so that a great Treat is expected.

A Jester will be present, there will be a short musical program,—Mr. Elson will sing and Miss Henay will play,—but one feature of the entertainment will be of unusual interest. A very crooked track will be laid, and Mr. Gilbert will demonstrate how very easy it is to stand in a swiftly-moving car without losing your balance,—this alone will be worth going miles to see!

Dancing will follow, and it will be entirely contrapuntal; the Canti-fermi being furnished, of course, by a certain Mr. Bridge of England, the counterpoint being improvised by a skilled orchestra of five pieces in two or three notes against one as a two-step or a waltz is desired.

There will be opportunity to take a Turn with Mr. Elson, "Shakes" will be plenty, Masons, Odd Fellows, and even a Redman will be present, our class "Beveridge" and pretzels and prallers will be served,—indeed it will be an informal summer-vacation-sort-of-affair, and with Mr. Cutter for a host its success is assured.

MELODIOUS TERMS

Everyone has doubtless wondered vaguely what the letters Bu, Ls, etc., which occur at the beginning of the Melodia exercises may stand for,

After much anthropological research and unceasing diligence, we have translated a few of these hieroglyphics, and we leave to the ambitious editors of the '08 Neume, the further relief of the long-suffering Solfeg-gieteur.

Hd — hard.

Ch — charming.

Hr — harder.

Fr — frantic. [see Page 184]

Bt — beastly.

Sn — senseless.

Du — durable. [1684-1907]

The Organ Tuner Pipes a Lay

When you study Organ Tuning away down in the cellar
 You'll surely find that Mr. Faust's a very knowing feller.
 He tells us lots of things we never dreamed or thought before
 And we've never found him at a loss to tell us something more.

We learned first of the bellows, that funny thing, you know,
 Which furnishes the wherewithal to make the organ go.
 'Tis made of wood and sheepskin and glue and tacks and so on
 Has middle board with holes therein and top for bricks to go on,
 We know that it's been known to squeak, and strange as it may seem,
 The thing to use in such case is stove-polish or cold cream.

We next proceed to wind-chests, to bungs and pull-down wires
 And the pallets are examined by one who so aspires.
 When we talked about the aforesaid with a knowledge quite profound,
 In the backfall-frame and thumping-board we new excitement found.

We learned about the couplers and the rollers and the squares,
 And then felt far enough advanced to begin to put on airs.
 We counted pages longingly until we got to pipes,—
 Those noisy elongations of many sorts and types.

We found that they have feet and things and are really very funny,—
 The spotted metal ones are best but they cost a lot of money!
 And every pipe must have a mouth right where the foot leaves off,—
 [They must be cared for tenderly or they'll have the whooping cough!]

But if the mouth is narrow and very much too small,
 It must have ears each side and beard below, else its no use at all.
 'Tis really complicated the way the whole thing acts
 But perseverance wins, you know, and we have all the facts.
 We'd know more still but interruptions from above were quite emphatic,
 When Dennée took to *stamping* time, in manner quite erratic!

We learned to tune pipes with a shade, a stopper or a coil.
 We tuned according to Faust and always "according to Hoyle."
 We can tell you in an instant if a pipe be sharp or flat,—
 We listened till our ears ached and we have it all down pat.

For tracker-action we've no use, its all gone out of style,
 Electro-tubulars' the thing just for a little while.
 The trouble is they sometimes work but alas! they sometimes don't
 And the thing so difficult to tell is when they *will* and *wont*.

If you think that this is bluff and we don't mean all that we say
 We'll minutely demonstrate to you the organ in Room A,
 And if this won't persuade you, why, take the course yourself,
 And learn at once a thing or two 'ere you're laid on the shelf!
 We've enjoyed our Organ Tuning in the cellar down below
 With Mr. Faust to tell us all the things we didn't know!

B. C. P.

Organ Tuning Terms*

(Revised to Date)

Wind Chest. 'Lisha P. P. in the '07 Group Picture.

Pneumatic. Neume-Attic. Several rooms still vacant.

Pallets. All artists in oils use these, and we suspicion that some vocal students have "palletts" of wood, or some other precious stone, judging by the sound.

Borrowed Stops. Pleasant surprises. You may lend them and still you have them. Would it were so with Long-green.

Wind Trunk. Made of air. Exists in the mind only.

Vacuum. Students mind at time of examination.

Relief Valve. Much used when Senior passes an exam.

Voicing. Occupation of Vocal Teachers, success of which depends somewhat upon the material.

Complete Stop. When you get to the third measure of your piece in the Sight-Playing exam.

Tongues. Pieces of metal which improve the tone (vocalists take notice). Tongues that are kinked or twisted cannot be used, so it is advised that plain English be spoken, and the tongues be kept free from dust (this can be accomplished by keeping the mouth closed—not an easy task for some people).

Stopper. That which cheers the inebriate—when accompanied by a bottle of Shampain.

Wooden Pipes. They smoke up very easy if you leave lighted candles in the organ.

Position of the lips. Varies according to usage, old age or sauce-age.

A Breathy Tone. The '07 Pres. trying to talk after climbing four flights of stairs.

Cause of Clattering Sound. Opening of Dennée's door and consequent dispersing of Loud Talking and Audible Smiling Students down the corridor.

Bung. The inside of a hole in the Organ.

Ribs. Pieces of wood and sheepskin—there are no floating ribs in an organ.

Water Organ. Immediate predecessor of the Water Wagon. It took lots of Water to run it, but it was comparatively easy to keep your seat.

C. A. H.

* See "Organ Construction" by All-over Faust.

Limericks

Perhaps you know Mr. Stasny
Who is funny as funny can be.
When he criticises
'Tis in witty disguises
That would elucidate grins from a tree

In the next room within easy call
You will find Miss Anna Stovall.
In technique and such
She just beats the Dutch!
We think that she must know it all.

Then there's F. Addison Porter,—
The "abnormal" is certainly his forte.
With his two years instruction
'Tis a natural deduction
That we teach like a duck takes to water.

And poor much-abused Mr. Flanders
I don't see how he can stand us,
We need so much advice
About lessons and *price*
In a Reform School I should think he would land us

Have you heard of the man named Dennée
Who owns a high-stepper so gay,
That if started tomorrow
To go to Southboro
He'd arrive in good season today.

Then there's that man E. Charlton Black
Whose words so deliciously smack
Of bonny Scotch heather
And fun altogether
That you laugh till more laugh you do lack.

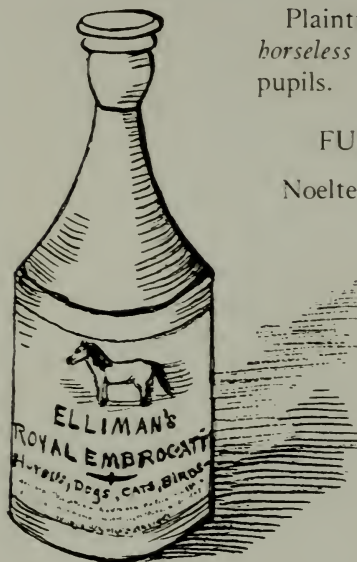
Have you run across that man whose chief delight
Is to fill us youthful prodigies with fright?
If you do not pay your bills
To this tyrant named ' Mills,
You 'll be plunged in misery deep and dark as night!

I Wonder

Where Dr. Muck keeps the rake.
 If the angels sing Solfeggio.
 What an organ "AtoL" is, anyway.
 Why Mr. Putnam doesn't keep Rhapsodas to quench the thirst of the Liszt enthusiasts.
 If it hurts any more to fall down "like a greased lightning," than in the good old-fashioned way.
 If Mr. Dennée's dogs really can read at sight.
 If Mr. Perry has satisfied Mr. Goodrich as to just what "mushroom" color is like.
 What hypocritical intervals may be.
 How the '07 President bribed the watchman at the Franklin Square House.
 If Samuel W. Cole is a descendant of Job.
 If Miss Marshall has learned yet how to sing *around* that "frog" in her throat.
What Dr. Jeffery has in that suit-case.
 When shall we three spoon again?
 If anyone ever saw the '07 Pres. without that music bag.
 If Miss Brown will *ever* want to rush to Grand Opera again.
 If Pinkham received a special invitation to the Mme. Farrar reception.



At a spread in the Students' Spa, the Neume Business Manager was performing stunts and drumming out a rhythmic combination. He asked "What is that?" Various answers came,— "Don't know," "Give it up," and others, until one pert young Miss ventured to say that she could tell what he was playing. "What am I playing, then?" quoth Burdock, bitterly. Swift as Madgic she replied, "The fool." Whereupon they did unmercifully tantalize the business manager from that time onward.



Plaintive Wail: Will someone *please* invent a *horseless* liniment for the use of Mr. Dennée's pupils.

FURNISHING SAINT-SAEN'S SUITE

Noelte does not feel quite ready to advertise in a marriage paper yet. He wants to add a few more laurels to his brow first. He is learning to play the snare drum.

Alas! it would seem that drum playing was a delusion, and a snare, for after a brave attempt, which sounded like stove coal rattling down the scuttle, the Director remarked that "he was glad he had all his coal in for the winter."

They were playing a Saint-Saen's Suite, and Sen Sen's breath would have come in "breathlets" if he had heard the patter of Noelte's drumstick on the Conservatory Pig Skin while the orchestra was furnishing Saint Saen's suite.

REHEARSING THE RAFF SYMPHONY

The Triangle Virtuoso had a long rest during the slow movement, and improved his time by reading an edifying dissertation entitled "How to succeed in love." So interested did he become, that when the Lenore March began he was dreaming of unconquered fields which *he* should conquer, when suddenly the conductor stopped the orchestra with an excited gesture and shouted, "Mr. N—, are *you* playing the triangle? Well, *this* is where you come in!" Upon which lucid and suggestive remark, the Triangular Virtuoso laid aside his book and,—came in.

"Have you subscribed for the Neume?"

"Oh, yes, and I want to pay Mr. 'Burdock'."

The President informed the subscriber that no weeds grow in our class.

WITHOUT THE SCORE

A noted conductor and composer once made his way to the conductor's stand at a public rehearsal, and after acknowledging the hearty greetings of the audience, turned to his desk to open the score—but *it was not there*. Pantomimic distress, annoyance, signs of impatience, and untold emotions were observed by the chorus and orchestra to be surging through the conductor's frame. The viola virtuoso sought, but *cut a* (Cutter) sorry figure as he returned from a vain hunt for the missing score. After an ominous wait, a look of determination spread over the director's countenance that silenced every whisper and held all breathless. The Bach-Abert Prelude, Choral and Fugue were about to be conducted without the score

No one of that chorus or orchestra will forget what followed. Master of the score, he controlled the orchestra, and a more completely hypnotized body of people never played under his direction. In no rehearsal did they approach the performance of that night, and while among the orchestra were signs of fear and many a brow decorated with beads of perspiration, nothing but a look of unconquerable determination could be traced on the conductor's countenance until the Fugue was finished, and then *such* a sigh of relief from everyone in the orchestra.

Few in the audience knew what caused the delay, or realized the conductor's dilemma. He said afterwards "Lucky I knew that backward, but if it had been the score of the 'Crusaders' there might have been a different story to tell."

SHINE 'EM UP

When Beethoven is called for by the Handel and Haydn Society, the Conservatory management will need to call in a boot-black to put on lots of paste, and "shine 'em up" for the weighty ponderations and mental disturbances that have elbowed their existence over the feet of Beethoven have nearly worn through his pedal coverings and toe-line "g" will soon be exposed to the draughts of the Huntington Avenue entrance.

WOULDN'T THAT JAR YOU?

An absolute stranger interrupted the class of a very eminent teacher of Solfeggio one day recently, by calling him out and trying to borrow some money.

“Mac”—An Episode

1.

There's Superintendent McLean,
Who looks on us all with disdain,
He says we're like boys
And we make so much noise
That some day we'll drive him insane

2.

The Organists wear on him most,
And *he* reckons quite without host,
Who plays in “J. Hall,”
When “Mac's” there at all,
And thinks to escape without roast.

3.

He always is everywhere round,
And if to recital you're bound.
You *must* have your ticket,
Or buy at the wicket,
Before you hear music's sweet sound.

4.

And if into shows you do try
An entrance to make, on the sly,
He gives you one look,
Then uses the hook—
Oh, he has the real eagle eye.

5.

Now, into class meeting one day
He came, to hear what we would say,
We spied him and named him,
For Ought—Seven claimed him
A mascot we made of our “J.”

6.

We tell him just what we want done—
It's finished before it's begun,
We have what we will
And he says “There's no bill,
I'm working here just for pure fun.”

7.

Oh, just and secure is the fame
Of Superintendent McLean,
And while we poke fun,
And pile pun on pun,
We're glad he our classmate became.

[Sequil]

By Supt. McLean.

○ — ○ ○ — ○ ○ —
○ — ○ ○ — ○ ○ —
○ — ○ ○ —
○ — ○ ○ —
○ — ○ ○ — ○ ○ — ○ ○ —

N. B. The Editors felt that the heartfelt lay of the Superintendent had best be represented by the meter alone. It contained such a superfluity of gaseous material that the Gas Co. was glad to use it in City Hall, where its light outshone even the poetic diffusions of the Bouncing, Brimful Beaneaters in convention there assembled.



Quotations

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die."
D—y L—s.

"Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit."
Lingley.

"A mellifluous voice very sweet and contagious to hear by the nose."
Odd S. R. Sterling.

"His savage eyes turned to a modest gaze by the sweet power of music."
Valentine.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."
Supt. McL—n.

"One omnipresent, damned, eternal noise."
"Con." Orchestra, Percussion Section

"But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony."
"Con." Chorus.

"Profoundly skilled in Analytic."
Cutler.

"A man who has red hair will have red hair till he dyes."
Williams.

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."
Virginia Shimer.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."
Lingley.

"Straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps."
Heckman [Tuner]

“Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.”

Tobin.

“Though he be merry, yet withal he’s honest.”

Samuel W. Cole.

“Sharp misery hath worn him to the bones.”

Harold A. Cole.

“The darling of the court, loved of the loveliest.”

Whitehouse.

“You shall never take her without her answer unless you take her without her tongue.”

Minne Jenkins.

“I love it, I love it, and who shall dare

To chide me for loving that old arm-chair.”

Mason in the Neume Editor’s picture.

“Brief let me be.”

Bertha Hajey.

The market quotations on Ham’s hair are very long. Rumor has it that he is obliged to toss it back to prevent hair-splitting sounds from emerging from his violin. He is more successful at “beauing” than anything else, and keeps in constant practice.

Concert Department

The most perfect interpretation of music can only be acquired by having a perfectly developed body, so poised and responsive that the mind works clearly and most accurately, and that the singer’s or player’s body seems only a medium through which the music is interpreted.

To acquire poise, good carriage and responsiveness in all parts of the body requires something more than the correct rules of standing, walking and sitting.

It requires physical exercises for all parts of the body to give freedom and ease; and the perfect adjustment of all parts of the body which brings the much desired poise and grace. After the body has become responsive and graceful, the musician should work hard to develop the imagination, because imagination is to the musician what the sails are to a boat, namely, the propelling power.

The musician, then, needs a finished and masterly technique, a most responsive body and a well-trained imagination.

CLAYTON D. GILBERT.

Blue Glass Enters Dana Hall Wigwam

From the Big World came the Agent
To the Dormitory Wigwam;
Straight to Dana Hall came this one,
Clad in every-day apparel.
Naught to mark him as an Agent.
But with glasses blue and darksome,
Which deceived the music maidens
Into thinking him a Blind One.

First he asked for one young maiden,
And with pitying heart they led him
To the parlor of Reception.
There to wait the music maiden
Till they called her from her practice.
(If perchance she be so careless
As to ever look at lessons,
Barring hour of recitation).

Forth with hasty preparation
Came the maiden from her studies (?)
Powder, paint, she put not on her,
For was not the man a Blind One?
Quickly "Blue Glass" conversated
On the subject dearest to him
While with listless air she listed
To the business talk of "Blue Glass."

Meanwhile had the first young maiden
Busy been as ever could be.
Telling all the other Hall girls
Of the "Blind One" in the parlor.
So they came and danced and motioned,
Pantomimic tales they told him,
Throwing kisses by the dozen
While he still did conversation.

When he saw his plea was hopeless,
And the maid would not buy from him
Though the books be bound in bank notes;
Then he said to her. "Good-bye, mum."
Took his glasses off and started
All unaided down the stairway
Through the hallway of the Wigwam
To the *Hemenway of Back Bay*.

Whisper "Agent" in the "Dormies"
How the musing maids will scatter;
Smoothing hair and curling forelocks,
While about the man they chatter.
In the future they will ask you
As you knock at Dana Hall door—
"Are you blind,—O Blue Glass Agent?"
Ere they give you leave to enter.



A SUSPENDED CORD WITH HIDDEN ROOTS

Meditations in General Class

Introductory Theme.

General Class—for the benefit of those who know it not—is an institution of the Piano Normal Department, which meets in the Gymnasium each Saturday afternoon. The first half of the time is devoted to making up to the pupils for the loss of out-door exercise by giving them hand-culture stunts to perform, viz:—turning their chairs (*quietly*) facing the table—doing “lift-d-r-r-r-op” with their pedal extremities—and resuming their position (as before—*quietly*) facing the blackboard. The second half-hour the pupils exercise a student teacher with varying results. It is beneficial to hear the pupils clap rhythm exercises in *perfect* unison, and respond *quickly* and *cheerfully* to the queries of the timid student-teacher.

Chief Theme—recitativo.

Wish I had someone to talk to—those kids look interested to a degree of desperation—bet half of them are thinking of anything but hand-culture—Don’t see why teachers are admonished to be quiet—How can we keep still and awake at the same time?—Wonder if I can go to Piano Recital and cut this pesky class—Who ever thought of this torture for a student of music?—Oh, fair guardian of the divine art, what sins are committed under thy very nose!—Oh, divine muse, the noises which have been made about Hand Culture are loud and many, and thine ears are benumbed with their reverberations; but may the cries of the tortured reach thee and succor be sent; Oh, Calliope, hear and send peace to the afflicted!—Goodness, it’s only half-past three, and I thought it was quarter of four, sure—This buzzing sounds like an afternoon tea—Why couldn’t the teachers play whist or post office to pass away the time; It would be inoffensive and lots more fun than gaping—and then ga-ping again—I’ll bet that teacher couldn’t tell those notes herself if she didn’t have her fingers on them—Dear Old Solfege, to think I counted you the worst that ever happened—We surely live to learn—— — — —Wonder who snored then—Heavens, it was myself—Hurrah, there goes the bell!

Closing Theme.

If the reader thinks this medley discloses some lack in the writer’s brain, he may be sure that a mind capable of such light thoughts could easily be led astray from whatever claimed its attention. This conglomeration was written in a General Class Meeting.

Conservatory Theatre

BOSTON, MASS.

All Star Vaudeville.

Season 1906-1907.

Open from 9:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m

1. HARTLEY, NOELTE, DUNN,
and SWARTZ.

In their one-act comedy,
"Fussing," screamingly
funny — Don't miss it.

2. BERT STEPHENS.

The modern Terpsichore.
He will carry the ladies'
hearts by storm, with
his light, fantastic ballet
dance.

3. B. DRISCOLL and A. GAR-
DINER.

In their latest success,
"A Hair-raising Epi-
sode." Bring your
glasses.

4. A CLEVER DANCER and
MONOLOGUIST.

G. Helganz is a great fav-
orite and has some en-
tirely new steps to offer.

5. MOVING PICTURES.

- a. Pinkham and the prize pug, "Bob," falling down stairs.
- b. Floyd Dean dancing.



When a company is formed to put on the popular class play "Examinations" (Book by Faculty. Lyrics by El-Den-Cut-Wick of the Faculty.) Guy McLean is to be Stage Manager, Stanley Fuller, Prompter, Will Driscoll, Treasurer, and the Chorus will be selected from the voluminous membership of the Coat-Room-Club.



LING LEE—CHAMPION BUTTER-IN

SUPT. McL—N.—“Have you seen Guy?”

GENERAL ANSWER.—“No, but you will find him in his ‘off duty’ retreat where there are many hooks.”

SUPT. McL—N.—“At the COLUMBIA!!!”

GENERAL ANSWER.—“Oh no, Guy only occasionally takes in the theatres and dances, but the Coat Room Club has all kinds of curiosities constantly on exhibition, and under the hooks you will find seated many who ought to get the hook. He goes in to bask in the

smiles of the “ought-to-be-hooked.”

MR. GOODRICH.—“Isn’t Miss Thomas coming to Counterpoint today?”

PUPIL (absent-mindedly)—“No, she has to play for a funeral, and they wouldn’t postpone it.”

Abstractly speaking, we hear much concerning the uplifting effect of music; but Miss Charlotte Whinery tells of its most remarkable effect upon an inanimate object.

When she took a car one very rainy night, having spent the afternoon at the Conservatory, her umbrella absolutely refused to come down from its uplifted state.

She therefore stood on the back platform with the offending object thrust forth into the outer atmosphere until Dudley Street was reached, where a kind-hearted old gentleman argued in vain with that umbrella, until his car came and he was obliged to excuse himself.

Again did she stand on the rear platform, and it was not until she was in the solitude of her own chamber, that that susceptible parasol collapsed in a corner.

Is it not indeed easy to believe that the rocks were fascinated by the music of Orpheus?

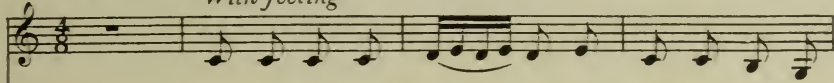
LIZZIE WAS A LADY

Inspired by the "DOMESTIC SYMPHONY"

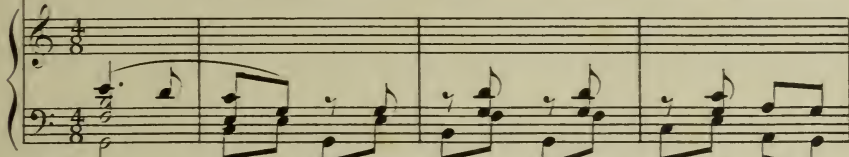
FRANK FAIR

MINNE JENKINS

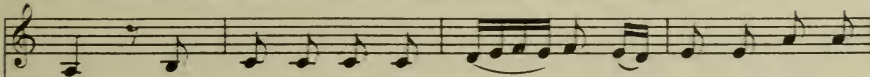
With feeling



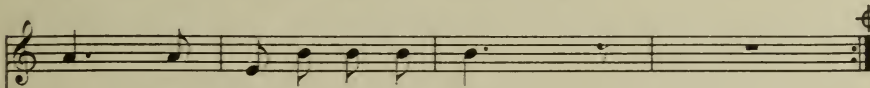
- 1. Liz-zie was a la - dy, She want-ed us to
- 2. Liz-zie had con - sent - ed To cook and wash our
- 5. Liz-zie did - n't fan - cy Our dish - es, so she



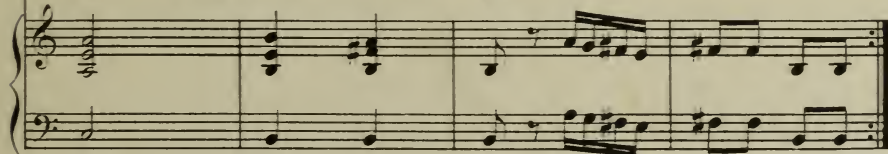
The accompanist should make every effort to go with the singer



know; The fact was not ap - par - ent, We did - n't tell her
 pans — Most shocking met - a - mor - phose Of all the la - dy's
 broke The most of them, and we _____ Tried hard to see the



so, We did - n't tell her so.
 plans, Of all the la - dy's plans.
 joke, Tried hard to see the joke.



Keep right on

3. Liz - zie then pro - ceed - ed To

let us know our place; We did - n't dare re -

not too violent

mon - strate At least not to her face.

Take a good breath

4. Liz - zie said our din - ner At
put on the firm touch

six must be at least; Our break - fast was most

this speaks for itself
sure - ly A mov -

Verse 5 is sung to tune of verse 1
a - - ble feast. *D.C.*

tenderly

slowly

6. Liz - zie was a

some slower

rit. *in time*

la - dy — 'Twas last night she went, The

rit.

slower and softer *and slower*

a - gent of the la - dies An - oth - er one has

pious like *Stop here—The rest is another story*

sent. And so forth! —

echo

General Rules of Performance

1. The maximum rate of speed in town or city is sixty miles per hour.
2. Slower going around curves.
3. Keep in a cool, dry spot.

N. B. If any person or persons shall intentionally, or even on purpose, discover any rules of harmony or by-laws of Counterpoint not cracked or bent in this Composition, please report at once to Mr. Elson, and he will smash them at once.



Batavia Street is a favorite residential district with "Con" students, especially '07's. At "No. 3" the Pres. and Treas. hold down the lower floor with coal and Holland gin; on the second floor are stored Williams Shaving Soap and one empty case of Sterling Ale.

"Have you Poldini's 'Waltzing Doll'?" asked a young lady of the clerk at the music counter.

"Yes, I will get it for you."

Just then, the girl's companion, partially overhearing the conversation, exclaimed, "Why! Did *Houdini* write a waltz? I didn't know he composed, too."

Houdini doesn't know it, either.



THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTO

"PREPARED BY MASON"

The Fiends

(After Eating a Welsh Rarebit and Retiring.)

I.

I went to the Con.
To hunt the Neume Board,
And there in the hall
Met a numerous band.
"Hie, Hie," cried out one,
"It is she, it is she!"

II.

And then they addressed me,
And said in low tones,
"We are some of the Fates
Decreed against you,
To haunt you and chase you
Till after exams."

III.

Stiff with affright
At their terrible threats,
I stood there a minute
Then decided to run.
But they came after me
As fast as could be.

IV.

I came to a room
But I Den-née could stop.
Was Val-in-i wondered—
Ah, here was a Park-(er)—
Well, I could not stay
For the fiends saw the way.

V.

So up stairs I flew,
And turned to the right.
On one door I read,—
"Adam's ow(t) ski, C. Elson!"
[But the fiends were in back
Like hounds in a pack!]

VI.

I turned a sharp corner
And tho't I'd out Dunham.
They were still on the Hunt, tho',

And all the more Wilder.
["Stan(d)away, there," I cried,
Andrew(s) to one side.]

VII.

A Fort-in one room
I Shirley would find.
Perk-in, should I claim her,
To give me her aid—
[I tried with my might
But the door was locked tight.]

VIII.

On the stairs stood Miss Dean—
Disliked to Miss Treat her
But Cut-ter I must—
I'd no time to greet her
[So up o'er the stairs,
I jumped them in pairs.]

IX.

At the very next corner
Was a room I knew well.
In there quickly I Stov—
All out of breath.
[But alack and alas me!
I did not find Stasny.]

X.

I rang for the Porter
But He-nay did hear me,—
In wildest despair, then,
I jumped from the window.
[Fell Flanderous flights,
Far, far, from all plights.]

XI.

They could haunt me no longer,
These fiends of sure failure,
For the fall woke me up
And I then quickly found
I'd been *sleeping*, instead,
In my own downy bed.

A New Symphony

WE take great pleasure in announcing that within our own Conservatory walls a most remarkable Symphony is to be written by members of the composition classes. Mr. Chadwick after careful deliberation has assigned the four movements as follows:

The allegro [*morbido con spiritoso*] to Mr. McLean and Guy, because they are so used to starting things off.

Molto moderato—Floyd Dean.

Scherzo [*pretty fast*] has been given to our well-known composer, conductor, and general miscellaneous man, Mr. Noelte.

Finale [*pomposo assai*] to Mr. Driscoll, whose knowledge of music is unlimited, as we know, and while he has not written extensively,—yet, what is there Mr. Driscoll can *not* do?

We understand, on excellent authority, that Dr. Muck has arranged for its performance as soon as it shall be completed.

Haul-and-Back, the tuner, wanted advice as to whom he should take to the Sinfonia dance.

The genial advisoress of many misguided youths lived at the hotel across the square from the "People's Palace." And so—

To Franklin Square he did repair
And got his information there.

"The Sterling twins I'd ask to go,
Just one, if I did only know
Which one would not to me say no."

The morning after, friends did ask:
"Did you complete the arduous task,
And in the Sterling sunshine bask?"

"Alas!" says "Holly," "I did dance,
And lead my love a merry prance,
But not upon the truth did chance
Till homeward we did go;
And then I learned the truth—such truth
To be learnéd be by tender youth—
The twining twinness had, forsooth,
Made me the wrong twin's beau!"

THE SYLLABUS.

Of all the "sillys" of modern invention,
 Of all the "sillys," I make the contention,
 The "silly" deserving the most to be cussed
 Is this one well known as the Silly-bus.

Of all the "sillys" that take up one's time;
 Of all the "sillys" in prose or in rhyme,
 The silly o'er which I have fumed most and fussed
 Is this one we know as the Silly-bus.

That lovers are silly we often are told;
 Yes—lovers are silly both young ones and old;
 Their folly falls low, it does and it must,
 When compared with this silliest Silly-bus.

Come students who think, let us make a demand,
 Let us take a mild oath that we will be d—d,
 If ever again we put money or trust
 In this wearisome silly, the SILLY-BUSS.

Abnormal Atrocities

Music is a language in which psychic vibrations and agitations of the heart are adequately expressed by a continuity or mellifluous incongruity of harmonious sounds or modulation.

Rhythm is a uniform throbbing occurring intermittently and rendered intelligible in musical composition by a perpendicular obtrusion called a bar, the superior force of musical articulation occurring on the first cabbage over the bars.

A *whole note* is an oblong circle with a line round it.

A *half note* is precisely like a whole note except that it has a short vertical appendage which is used for a handle.

A *quarter note* is a half note filled in.

Rule for correct sitting position.—Sit well back in the chair without touching it.

She had been playing scales in contrary motion. "And now," said the teacher, "I will hear the scale of G major, parallel motion in eighths." "Ah! But I've only had scales in octaves!" exclaimed the pupil, confident of an error somewhere.

One of the sight-playing pupils, in class one day, said she had been asked by a pupil from the school of an international character how to tell what scale would have twenty-one sharps in it, without taking the trouble to count or reckon it out. She wished Mr. Dennée to tell her what would be the best way to get at such a thing. He quickly replied: "Eat a Welsh rabbit, a couple of broiled live lobsters, and drink a glass of milk just before retiring, and you'll get it."



Beatrice Beeswax

Answers questions on love, courtship and marriage,
also upon domestic affairs.

R-Y H-T-Y.

Ques. No. 1:—No, you should not show her too much attention. People will think you prefer her company to that of the others.

Ques. No. 2:—No, better to build a kennel in the Fenway than to have your footsteps dogged by Towser.

F-Y-T-E M-O-E:—If cornet playing interferes with your love affairs, give up the cornet.

A-C-E G-R-U-R:—You should be *bright* enough to find a way to her affections.

N-E-L-E:—It's no use for you to hope for more than one to love you madly. Join the "Coat Room Club." There's a fine assortment of "love made to suit" girls always in attendance, and joy may yet be yours.

E-D- B-R-Y:—Yes, you think she is a "joy forever," but she is false to you. F— loves another. You are young and can afford to forget her. Find another *field* for your ardent love speeches.

'07 PRES.:—A Penny Belle may seem easy to procure, but in this case another has forestalled you. If you have recovered sufficiently from your disappointment, you may yet find solace in a descendant of Alexander the Great.

L-CY R-C-A-D-S-N:—Well, that he is a weaver by trade is nothing against him, and if he is really infatuated, think twice before you refuse him.

H-LL-A-D:—No, your wife ought not to object to your going on hunting trips when you really do become a Benedict, but she might not wish you to hunt foxes any more. It might drop you a peg(gy) or two in her estimation.

BARRETT:—Yes, I know disappointments will come, but put on a stiff upper lip, and grin and Bear-it.

V-L-N-I-E:—Never again say, "Will you be my Valentine," but produce the marriage license and ask her if she wishes to Bourd-on forever at your expense. If she says yes, use your pedal couplers and call a cab before she can in-choir into your past love-affairs. May this advice *console* you, is the wish of Beatrice Beeswax.

F-RD:—Well, you can never win her while you keep that moustache. With such a "goatee" chin you will be but-in the way ever and always.

N-E-L-T-E:—You ask how many "swats" make a flat purse. Well, you have been "swatted" sufficiently to know, without asking me. You should thank your stars that you are such a privileged victim of the fair sex at all times.

H-M-L-ON:—It is useless for you to try to play the Fairy Prince to Cinderella L—s, for she will have a White House or none. Besides, she prefers either very curly locks or fast-disappearing ones,—yours are neither the one nor the other. Be brave. You may yet in Urban society find a solace for all your heartaches.

S-A-L-Y F-L-ER:—And so you too are at last madly in love—you have oft written me deprecating the increasing tendency among irresponsible Con students to live upon smiles and honeyed words, and make occasional calls on much-discouraged instructors. You say you have a “Stanley” runabout for her, though as yet you cannot promise her a home on the Avenue [you did not specify whether Commonwealth or Columbus]. And you ask, “Shall I wait till I am so chock full of love that even checkers lose their charm, or shall I wait till I am Fuller still?” No, do not wait, for the hours are numbered as the hairs of your head, e’re the ardor of your love shall subside, and you may never again know what true love is like.

S-H-R-M-N:—You write as one having had experience with women. Why you ask me if you are loved by all the Coat Room Club girls is a mystery. It is evident that you have “Utah” tendencies, and want the whole club. Think carefully of the milliners’ bills before you marry more than one at a time.

H-LL-AND:—Well, better have a good *cook* than a “crumb-at” the table of some other man.

VEGETABLES

The favorite vegetable of the tuners is the beet.

Mr. Elson is partial to the turn-ip.

Mr. Proctor likes “p’s.”

Mr. Stasny often calls for more ginger!

Mr. Adamowski has often expressed a predilection for red pepper!

What Berry at the “Con” reminds one of the founder of Christian Science?

Why, Eddy Berry, or course.

Theory Notes

THEORY SUB CLASS—*First Student*:—"Well, let us take up the Waldstein Sonata for figure development."

Second Student:—"The Waltz-time Sonata? Why, I didn't know Beethoven wrote a sonata in waltz time."

The class were quite agreed that they, also, were ignorant of such a task having been accomplished by much maligned Beethoven. The "Roe" often has a hard row to hoe in Theory Class.

VIBRATIONS IN THE THEORY CLASS

Have you ever seen the coffee mill at the grocer's, where your coffee is ground while you wait? Then you will understand.

The Theory professor asked for illustrations of vibrations, and the pupil cited the case of a cotton mill, where the vibration of the machinery caused the fire pails on the roof to be half emptied of the water they had contained. Later in the lesson, the Professor said: "Now to illustrate the point in hand, let us refer to the *Coffee* mill which Mr. —— referred to—er—er—the class will please give attention," etc.

How could they? The picture of a grocer's coffee mill with fire pails on top, vibrating for dear life, was too much for class discipline, and ten to one, the professor doesn't know to this day that there was too much coffee in the cotton.

SQUELCHED

Our most ardent inquirer after the innermost principles of "Theory according to the only method adopted in France and in all the leading colleges in other countries," asked the Professor one too many one day, and met with the rebuke: "Some questions, Mr. H——, belong to the kindergarten; yours is one of them,—such a departure from the point under discussion, would take off several credits in examination."

Meek and Lowly H—— now worships the "Realm of Music" from afar off, not daring to question further, lest the chief exponent of Lilibolero turns his wrath upon him.

"MR. ELSON HAS A BAD TURN"

The theory class were bringing in examples of turns, and one young lady brought in an example full of mysterious significance to her, which she could not reconcile to the rules. "What kind of a turn is that, Mr. Elson?" she asked, pointing to a turn, over which were the figures 62. "That, that—why, you silly thing, 'tis nothing more than the number of the page." Discipline had an elongated turn at this juncture of the proceedings.

"Yes! catch questions will put the best musicians in a trap sometimes. Why, one day in company with several well-educated musical people, we were asked to spell 'rhythm,' and three out of five spelled it incorrectly—er—l—was one of the three." —C.

(Quoted from a speech before the '07 Class.)

PUPIL.—"What shall I play for Mr. Parker?"

MR. S.—"Oh, I would play the piano if I were you!"



AN OVER CHEWER

A Classical Love Story

He met her "By the Brookside"
 Where the rippling waters played,
 While the "Murmuring Breezes" singing
 Breathed a tender "Serenade."
 He was making "Woodland Sketches,"
 She was reading "Summer Tales,"—
 She, the daintiest of maidens,
 He, the handsomest of males.
 Then they soon became acquainted,
 And they met day after day.
 "Love's Dream" had quite entranced him,
 "Consolation" stayed away.
 A "Simple Confession" of love he made
 To the object of his affection;
 "Before the Dawn" of the following day,
 He proffered his protection.
 "I love, and the world is mine," he said,
 "'Love's Awakening' is here.
 Since first I met you 'Face to Face,'
 I've always loved you, dear."
 "Oh, 'Flatterer,'" she laughing cried,
 "'Why' speak so foolishly?
 These are but 'Whims,' and when we part,
 You'll not 'Remember Me.'"
 "More than all else, 'Thou Art to Me,'
 Be not a 'Butterfly,'"
 He said, "with tender love of thee,
 My heart is 'Soaring High.'"
 "This 'Impromptu' proposal surprises me,
 But I cannot be yours," she said.
 "Then 'Farewell' to all 'Romance'" said he,
 "For never shall I wed.
 These 'Forest Scenes' I'll leave at once,
 To the ends of the world I'll fly.
 And strive to forget you, heartless maid,
 And now fore'er 'Goodbye.'"
 "Yet stay," she cried in a "Rhapsody";
 A grain of hope he found,—
 "Be mine, and we will visit all
 The lands so world-renowned;
 'A Day in Venice' we will spend,
 At the 'Carnival' we'll peep,

'In a Gondola' we will sail,
 And you shall 'Sing me to Sleep.'"

"Thro the Still Night" her voice rang out,
 And she was fair to see,
 As she answered, "'Dearie' I am yours
 'For all Eternity.'"

LIMERICKS

Do you know our young swell named LeBaron?
 For style he's certainly a rare one!
 With that bonny moustache!
 He cuts quite a dash,—
 I can't see why the men don't all wear one!

Have you heard our President sing?
 'Tis a truly remarkable thing!
 Oh, yes, he takes C
 The tip-toppermost key
 And considers it really just nothing!

You don't know how to "Sight-play?"
 Go at once to Mr. Dennée,
 Who tells marvelous truths
 To awe-stricken youths
 In his own inimitable way!

There's a young man named Burdick, George A.
 Who has managed our "Neume" just O. K.
 For getting an ad
 Where it cannot be had,
 He's sure to discover a way.

There's a maid in our class we call "Ike,"
 Who once on a time rode a "bike."
 It was masculine gender,
 A crowd did attend her,
 So at riding a bike, Ike did strike!

Have you ever been waylaid in the hall
 By Harold Cole who is wide if not tall?
 You cannot get by
 You don't need to try
 You'll just have to go round, and that's all!

In the Ensemble class is Miss Dawley,
 And she is so awfully jolly,
 That, when, in despair,
 "Adamosk" tears his hair
 She just sits and grinsky, by golly.

Did you ever watch Editor Mason
 When trying to put a straight face on?
 On the inside he laughs
 As the check-girl he chaffs
 He sure is a wonderful Mason.

I know a young Miss called Parmenter,
 Whose thoughts on young men often center;
 Every night till eleven
 At the Franklin Square Heaven,
 She has a new beau to content her.

Solfeggio

A friend of mine, a country belle,
 A vocalist of local pride,
 Whose name we'll call Della Ramel,
 In Solfeggio was sorely tried.

Now she, the subject of my story,
 Of colleges could take her choice,
 So for our own conservatory
 Set out one day to study voice.

She never had in Boston been,
 For she was western country bred,
 And when she reached the city's din,
 She steered for Con with heart like lead.

Of course it's very clear indeed
 To students all who here enroll,
 That she was told to go with speed
 To Solfeggio and Mr. Cole.

When first she ventured to her class,
 (It makes me smile to think of it)
 On me's and ma's was green as grass.
 (Were we as green? Yes, every bit.)

The class were singing "go to nell,"
 As Del upon the scene appeared,
 And she, a novice, couldn't tell
 An "n" from "h" altho she feared.

She didn't go, it's safe to say,
 But meekly took the nearest seat.
 "Rah mel,—rah, mel, too gay, too gay"
 Then Del began to show some heat.

One youth in joyous accents sang,
 "Ah me, Del la too goo(d) too me"
 A boy whose tones as wildly rang,
 In French yelled "elle n, ést mon amie."

That Del was angry, you'll agree,
 And almost tempted not to stay.
 "Rah mel ma go too (H) ah mon ne"
 "Na na" piped one "go too de na."

Del left right there 'fore we were thru,
 She didn't deign to glance our way,
 "Tah, tah"—too gay—ah, me,—ah doo,
 Rah mel—doo go—deah—goo da."

"Why is the Gym?"

DEAR EDITORS:—The *Emotions* displayed on the face of each senior confronted by the question which forms the title of this communication were Distinctly *various*. This abstract reference to a concrete existence was undoubtedly a shock to those whose lives flow on in the usual Quiet and Monotone.

However, the mere fact that such a question appears in print is *significant* and reveals to the casual observer that there are those who have KNOWN, yes known—and possibly others who—well, we'll say others who didn't know.

Certainly the writer has no desire to excite any heated atmosphere, but this query may have been asked with the *expectation* of an answer. "Why is the Gym?" Is it? *If it is, where is it?* WHERE ARE WE AT? A committee waited patiently on the sub-management relative to this matter—and WAITED.

This condition simply cannot continue for any length of time. Does it not occur to the authorities that by next spring may be sprung "How is the Gym?" and at once many indignant pens will scratch in frantic argument over *this* which you might call a *resultant*.

Even now there is a general feeling of uncertainty as to the effect of the Twelve O'clock Ordinance upon the situation. Let each senior keep *cool* and *calm*, with unbiased *rhythm* proceed, unhesitatingly *glide* along each *run* and sound FIRMLY each and every CHORD. In the meantime, "Why is the Gym?"

A CONSTANT READER

ENSEMBLE NOTES

MR. ADAMOWSKI (in despair)—“If you Miss S——, and Miss W——, cannot play the right notes, I will have you hanged by the neck; and I appoint Mr. Cole the *executor*.”

MR. ADAMOWSKI.—“What are you d-o-o-O-o-o ing! PLAY!”

A female with questioning eyes and intelligence of a doubtful quality and quantity, approached the organ console at the close of the service.

“Have you a zylophone in the organ?” she asked, “I think they are lovely.”

The organist mentally listened to the tink tank vibrations and perturbations of such an appendage to the organ, and mumbled a dissent, stating his preference for a more practical stop.

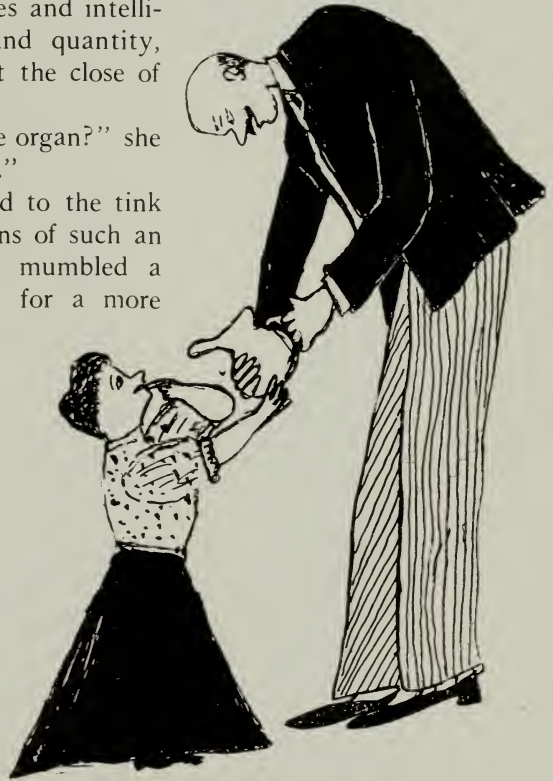
“Yes, but the *tink tank* sounds *so sweet* in the distance.” She sighed and vanished—none too quickly for the aesthetic organist, who feared that his Bach Fugue had been wasted upon the zylophonic air.

FIRST CON. PROFESSOR.—
“Have you seen Dr. Muck, yet?”

SECOND CON. PROFESSOR.—
“Oh, yes, I was with him last Saturday night after the concert, at one swell dinner; we drank beer together. I haf known him in Germany many years alretty.”

FIRST CON. PROFESSOR (adjusting his glasses)—“Eh, well I knew him myself in Leipsig, twenty years ago.”

SECOND CON. PROFESSOR.—“Ach! I haf known him *twenty-one* years.”



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J
H
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E
M
D

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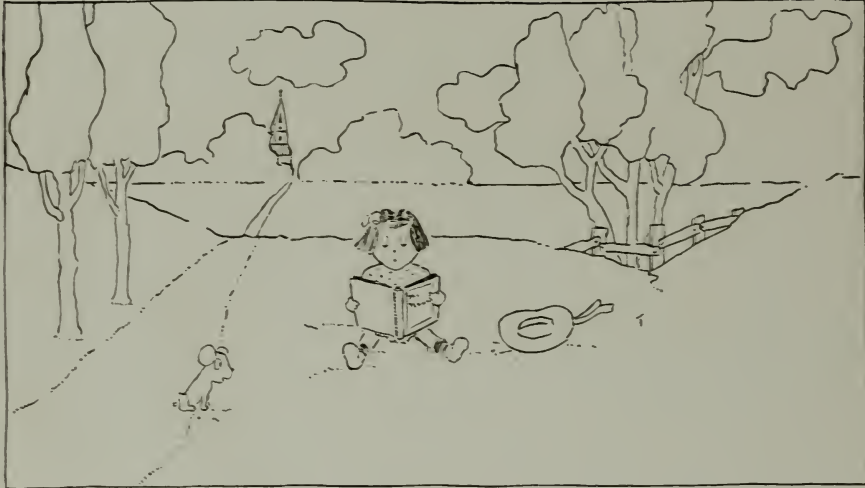
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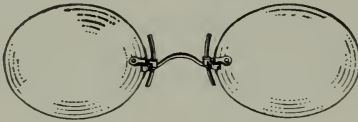
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