

THE NEUME

1908





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THE NEUME

VOLUME IV



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1908

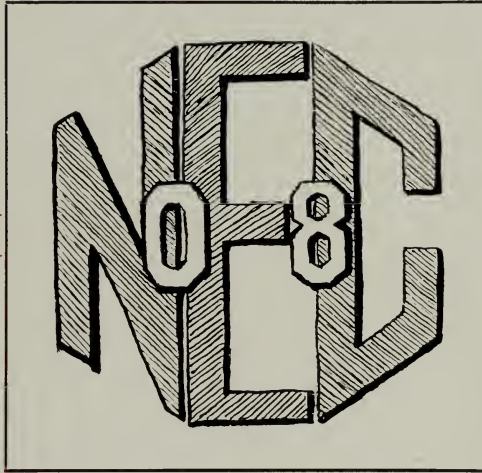
To

Charles Perkins Gardiner

Whose conscientious endeavor for the betterment of our
alma mater has won his way into the hearts of the
student body, and has placed the New England
Conservatory upon a standing far higher
than it ever before has occupied,
this book is gratefully dedicated

MDCCCVIII—NEUME

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*Whene'er a friend we wish to meet
It's always—"By Beethoven's feet."*



THE NEUME Board of 1908 for the Senior Class presents this — the fourth volume of *THE NEUME*. We hope that the book is a mirror to reflect the life of N. E. C., particularly the Senior, as a bright ray of sunshine in the years to come. And to you — faculty, students, and all who are reflected in the grinds — attribute any distortion you may find to a slight convexity of the mirror at this point, and try a grin. Finally, we thank every person who has helped us to make this book less unworthy of N. E. C.

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FIRST SESSION begins Thursday, September 7, 1908, and closes
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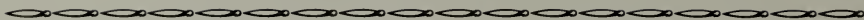
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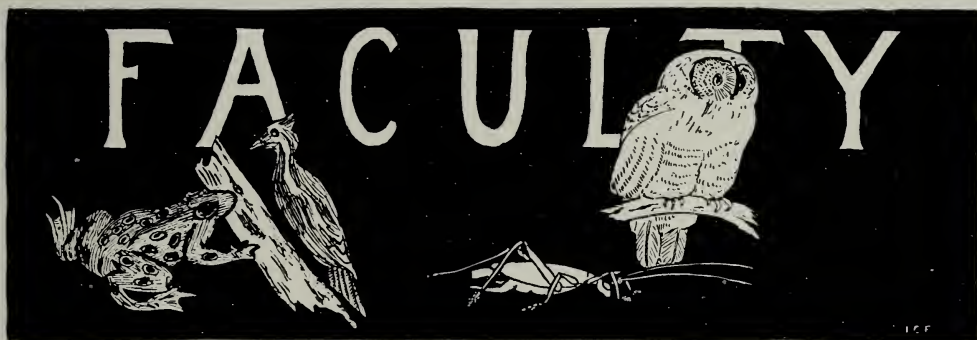
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Born in Dudley, Mass. Studied at San Diego, Cal., and was graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1903, under Mr. Charles A. White. Studied with Mme. Ratcliffe Caperton.



WILLIAM HERBERT DUNHAM, *Voice.*

Born in Brockton, Mass. Pupil of Augusto Rotoli and Dr. Guilmette, Boston; Shakespeare, London; Vannuccini, 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.*

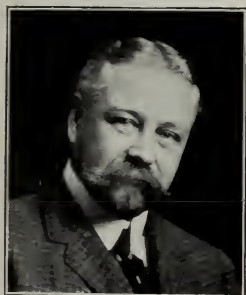
Born in Foxboro, Mass. Graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music under William H. Dunham. Lived abroad three years, studying two years under Vannuccini in Florence and one year with Bouhy in Paris. Made a concert tour through the United States.

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.*

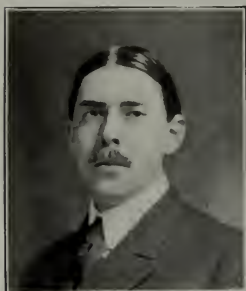
Born in Cheltenham, England. Educated in Leipsic Conservatory; Piano, under Moschelles and Plaidy; Voice, with Professor Goetze; studied Piano in Berlin under von Bulow; Voice under Frau Zimmerman; also studied Voice in Italy under San Giovanni; has published both vocal and instrumental music.

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.



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.



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.



CHARLES A. WHITE, *Voice*.

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



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.



DAVID BLAMPIED, *Pianoforte and Theory.*

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



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 DENNEE, *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 Dennee. 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.



JANE M. FORETIER, *Piano*.

Born in France. Graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music in 1898; became a member of the faculty in 1907; began teaching piano in connection with post-graduate work.



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.



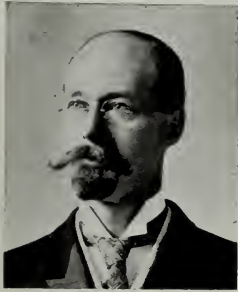
EDWIN KLAHRE, *Pianoforte*.

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 Faeltel and Stephen Emery.



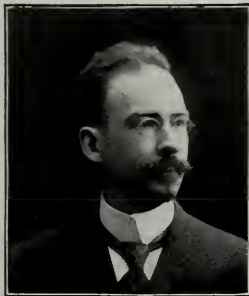
F. ADDISON PORTER, *Pianoforte*; *Superintendent of Pianoforte Normal Department.*

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 Hoffman 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 a concert pianist.



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.



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.



CARL STASNY, *Pianoforte*.

Born in Mainz. Pupil of Ignaz Brull, Vienna; Prof. Wilhelm Kruger, 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 ten years.



MARIE E. TREAT, *Pianoforte*.

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



H. S. WILDER, *Pianoforte*.

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

HENRY M. DUNHAM, *Organ.*

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

HOMER C. HUMPHREY, *Organ.*

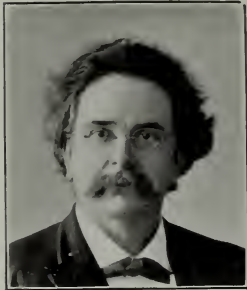
Born at Yarmouth, Maine. Received early musical education under E. A. Blanchard of Yarmouth; later studied Organ with Wallace Goodrich; Composition with G. W. Chadwick; graduated from the New England Conservatory in the years 1901 and 1902.

JOSEF ADAMOWSKI, *Violoncello, Ensemble Quartet Classes.*

Born in Warsaw, Poland. Educated in Warsaw Conservatory, and at the Imperial Conservatory in Moscow under Fitzenhagen, N. Rubinstein and P. Tschaikowsky. There he pursued his college studies and graduated with diploma, a silver medal, and the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Member of the Conservatory Faculty since 1903.

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.

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 Grun, 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.

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.

ARTHUR BROOKE, *Flute.*

Born at Gomerai, 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.

CLEMONT 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 orchestra at Geneva, Rouen and Aix les Bains; established last year at the New England Conservatory, a course in French Solfeggio, which is practically new in America.



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.



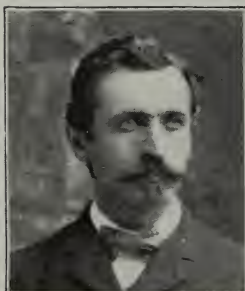
DANIEL MAQUARRE, *Flute.*

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 Gargisch 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. Travelled 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.



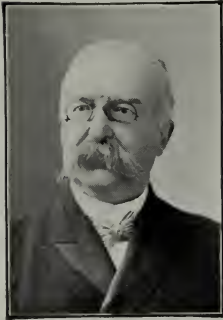
SAMUEL W. COLE, *Solfeggio and Music in Public Schools.*

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.



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.



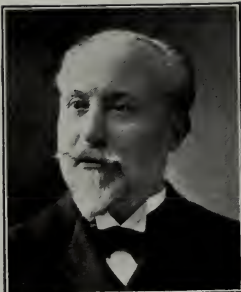
MADAME AUGUSTO ROTOLI, *Italian.*

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.



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

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



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 WIEREN, *German.*

Born in Eddigehausen, near Gottingen, Germany. Graduated from University of Gottingen 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.



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 at Emerson College of Oratory. For four years a member of the Faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music.



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 W. BEMIS, *Guitar and Mandolin.*

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



TIMOTHEUS ADAMOWSKI, *Violin.*

Born in Warsaw, Poland, 1858. Studied in Warsaw Conservatory with Kontski, then in Paris Conservatory with Massart. Travelled from 1879 till 1884 through the United States. In 1884 joined Boston Symphony Orchestra. Second Concert-meister till 1907. Played as soloist with London Philharmonic Society in London in 1900, also with Colonne Orchestra in Paris, 1901, besides as soloist in Poland and England. Joined New England Conservatory in 1907. Member of the Adamowski Trio.



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.

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.

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.

RICCARDO LUCCHESI, *Voice.*

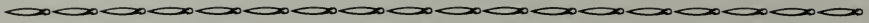
Born in Italy. Graduated from the Conservatory of Bologna. Thirty years of experience teaching the art of Bel Canto. Well known as a vocal teacher and composer. Became member of the Faculty in 1907.

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.

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.



Charles P. Gardiner

Born in Boston in 1836, Mr. Gardiner is descended from one of the oldest families of this country; a family which has included noted men in all professions. He secured his early education in private schools until he entered the Boston Latin School and later the Lawrence Scientific School, where he made chemistry a special study. Leaving the latter institution, he spent a year in travelling abroad. He came back to Boston and entered his father's law office.

He was elected a trustee of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., in 1865, and in the following year was made treasurer. He held this position until his resignation two years ago. He is also a trustee of the Perkins Institute for the Blind. In 1895, he was elected a trustee of the Conservatory, the next year becoming vice president, and finally in May, 1898, president of the board of trustees. The conservatory is fortunate in having him for president and under his administration it has made greater advancement than ever before.



'88





Classmates ! the time has come when we
 At last must part ;
 But let us cherish N. E. C.
 Within our heart.

With Alma Mater now, our course is done,
 And where we stand, the future greets our past ;
 But joys and hopes that here have bound us fast,
 Shall ever hold us true and strong as one.

'Tis sadness now that, like a cloud, hangs o'er us,
 The future like the past will soon take wing,
 Yet in our hearts we feel the past shall ring
 Through dullest years — a memory-laden chorus.

This fateful time for us, our strange life ways
 Part right and left, oh, Alma Mater dear ;
 Must we drift further each succeeding year,
 And never meet through all the coming days ?

Oh Music ! blessed to the longing heart,
 Bring back Conservatory memories dear ;
 Oh Music ! blessed to the listening ear,
 The voice of friends, whom time has forced apart.

All hail then, Alma Mater dear, to thee !
 Thine art, thy work, thy kindly patient care
 And noble teaching, make the future fair.
 We shall remember all, in days to be.

Classmates ! the time has come when we
 At last must part ;
 But let us cherish N. E. C.
 Within our heart.

F. OTIS DRAYTON.



Senior Class Officers

FRANK OTIS DRAYTON	<i>President</i>
JESSIE MIRIAM SWARTZ	<i>Vice-President</i>
GRACE WITTER FIELD	<i>Secretary</i>
LEWIS LEBER CHAMBERLIN	<i>Treasurer</i>
MABEL LOUISE WILCOX	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>

Motto : **Ars longa, vita brevis**

Colors : Dark green and gold

Flowers : Buttercup and fern

Class Yell : E - I - G - H - T ; Rah !

E - I - G - H - T ; Rah !

E - I - G - H - T ; Rah !

Nineteen Eight,

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Boom !!! Ought Eight !

The Class of '08



FRANK OTIS DRAYTON. "*Pres.*"

142 Hemenway Street, Boston, Mass.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.
Graduated in full vocal course under Armand Fortin.

Sinfonian—President of '08, Junior and Senior years, chairman of Junior spread committee, assistant editor of NEUME, chairman of committees for first Junior class concert, and first Senior class play, chairman of NEUME subscription committee, member of class day committees, etc.

"F. Otis" is a natural born leader of men, for not only did he lead us to victory as Juniors, but also through the mazy paths of *Senior* "politics." He certainly likes to keep everybody moving. The worst that we can say about him is — He is *ambitious*.



JESSIE MIRIAM SWARTZ. "*Jess.*"

187 South Pearl Street, Albany, New York.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.
Graduate in full vocal course under Chas. A. White.

Member of AXΩ Sorority, vice-president of '08 during Senior year, treasurer of '08 during Junior year, member of NEUME board, chairman of '08 class day committee, chairman of emblem committee.

"Sweet thing" — nobody ???? but Marceau can do the subject justice. Open for "engagements" as dramatic prima-donna, "assistant conductor," triangle virtuoso — and "cook" ("Please get just one more plate O——") When "Jess" was told the above would appear in print she answered, "You pill, that's a 'pippin' on me. Don't you think so yourself, now?"

GRACE WITTER FIELD. "*Wit.*"

Denver, Colorado.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in full vocal course under C. B. Shirley.

Secretary of '08, member of NEUME board, sub-chairman of Junior spread committee and of Senior play committee, member of class day committee.

Grace really does not want to admit it, but she would rather visit Mr. L., the printer, any time than go to keyboard harmony. Those visits are a *great* help to '08, just the same.

LOUIS LEBER CHAMBERLIN. "*Lewey.*"

Victoria, B. C.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.

Graduate in organ under Homer Humphrey.

Treasurer of '08 during Senior year, assistant treasurer during Junior year, business manager of '08 NEUME, chairman of financial committee, assistant chairman of Senior class play committee.

Chamberlin's cautious character shows itself outside of financial matters in his shrewdness in joining the Junior class to make *sure* of graduation, sometime.

MABEL LOUISE WILCOX. "*Bel.*"

Solway, New York.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.

Graduate in piano under Charles Dennee.

Assistant treasurer of '08 Senior year, member of NEUME board, member of class play committee, sub-chairman of financial committee.

Mabel has been too good a class worker for us to "roast" her in these columns. She came to the rescue in "getting ads" for the NEUME, and did many other "thankless tasks." '08 fully appreciates her excellent class spirit.



FLORENCE ELIZABETH ADAMS. "*Adam.*"
716 E. High Street, Hamilton, Ohio.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.
Graduate in voice under William H. Dunham.

Wildly enthusiastic class member! Has anyone ever seen her at a class meeting this year?



ALBERTA HARRIET AMSTEIN. "*Allie.*"
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1903.
Graduate in piano under Carl Stasny.

"Allie" is a girl of keen discernment, hence it is not hard to see why, after graduating with the class of '06, she cast her lot with us.



WARREN ANSTOCK. "*Annie.*"
Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.
Graduate in tuning under Mr. Faust.

"Annie" is a mighty nice fellow. He made a hit with the NEUME board pretty soon after they got things going. On one occasion he presented each member with a new necktie, and on another invited them to go hunting with him. So they think Annie is O. K.



MARION ESTELLE BARNs. "*Mary Ann.*"

54 Elm Street, Westerly, Rhode Island.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.
Graduate in piano under F. F. Lincoln.

"Let it be known far and wide that 'Mary Ann' *will not*, under any circumstances, make a proposal to 'any man,' even if it is leap year." (Leap year party philosophy.)



EDGAR TIPTON BEARD. "*Tip.*"

Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.
Graduate in tuning under Oliver C. Faust.

Assistant instructor of the tuning department. Beard came from Nebraska, but we mustn't condemn him for that. He soon forgot his country ways and developed into a very fine tuner, finally becoming Mr. Faust's assistant ? ? ?



NELLIE BRUSHINGHAM. "*Brushby.*"

839 Judson Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.
Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

Member of the AXΩ Sorority. Senior class historian.
"Nellie is a lady," 'tis true, but she is also the most "trustworthy confidant" (especially with lovers) of every girl who knows her. She's the little girl with the big appetite for lobster Newburg.



THOMAS FRANCIS BURKE. "Tom."

Brockton, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.

Graduate in piano under H. S. Wilder.

"Tom," we hear, is "making good" in the shoe city, and why shouldn't he? He is a composer of wide repute around Boston, Lynn and Revere Beach, especially in the "larger forms" — trios, quintettes, etc., etc., etc., etc.



FRANK COOPER. "Big Frank."

Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.

Entered N. E. C. January 7, 1908.

Graduate in tuning under Mr. Faust.

"Big Frank" is making him a case to carry his rifle and tuning tools in together. He says when tuning runs short he will stop and hunt a while.

None of the tuners remember a recitation at which Frank did not have something to say about guns.



VIVA DALE CROMMETT. *Viva has no nickname.*

105 Gainsboro Street, Boston, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

Yes, Miss Crommett, we know *last year's class* didn't have individual photographs, but that's no reason why *we* shouldn't be a little original. Miss C. graduated last year in getting ads for the NEUME.



MABEL CHRISTINE DAVIS. "*Dave.*"

Mentor Avenue, Norwood, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.
Graduate in piano under Charles Dennee.
Member of the AXΩ Sorority.

"Dave's" motto on the man question: "Variety is the spice of life." In more ways than in class matters she is an "excellent worker."



REGINA MARIE-LOUISE DENAULT. "*Queenie.*"

Lowell, Mass.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.
Graduate in piano under Charles Dennee.

The only member of the class who was able (at the first of the year) to get \$2.25 in a "lump sum" and present it to our treasurer. She was *lucky*. Slump in the money market followed.



ROLAND WARREN DUNHAM. "*R. W.*"

92 Beech Street, Melrose, Mass.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.
Graduate in piano under Edwin Klahre.

Our treasurer often had to Dun-ham, but with little or no effect, until recently, when "R. W." learned his past conduct would appear in these pages.

CORALIE FRANCES EASTWOOD. "*Coda.*"

Baltimore, Ontario, Canada.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

Wood Miss Eastwood sell tickets for the Senior play?
 No! Miss Miss Eastwood woodn't!
 Wood Miss Eastwood usher at the Senior play?
 No! No! Miss Eastwood woodn't!
 Wood you know Miss Eastwood was a Senior at all?
 No! No! No! You woodn't!!

LLEWELLYN MACLEAN EVANS. "*Mac.*"

24 Webster Street, Hyde Park, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1903.

Studied organ under Henry M. Dunham.

Assistant business manager of the NEUME.

Several slams on "Mac" follow. Be on the look-out! Suffice to say here that, being a "MacLean," it is necessary for him to be "on duty" at N. E. C. most all the time.

CLEORA LURAIN FARR. "*Cleopatra.*"

De Kalb Junction, New York.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in piano under F. F. Lincoln.

The Senior class has never been able to get *near* "Cleo," because she is *so* Farr. "What? Pay \$1.25 to have *my* picture in the NEUME? Not much!"

ISABEL CLARKE FIELD. "*Billy.*"

46 Green Street, Worcester, Mass.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.
Graduate in piano under Carl Stasny.
Art editor for '08 NEUME.

"Billy" is an artist to the finger tips, as all the "I. C. F's" indicate. Besides, she "hits the keys" rather lively, and between her Conservatory duties and her interest in engineering (a la Technology), she's kept right busy. In short, she has such a "drawing" way with her it is no wonder she Is-a-bel.

DARDEN FORD. "*Ford.*"

Homer, Louisiana.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.
Graduate in voice under Percy Hunt.
Editor-in-chief of '08 NEUME.

Darden's true calling was the ministry, but we side-tracked him to figure as editor-in-chief for our '08 NEUME. He takes a long time to say things, but it is worth waiting for — "if I understand it rightly." "Now the question arises," what will we do with him next? Be on hand class day and behold Darden as "the whole cheese."

CHARLENA FREEMAN. "*Ted.*"

Amherst, Nova Scotia.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.
Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.
Member of NEUME board. Chairman of entertainment committee part of Senior year, etc.

A pretty good all "round" fellow. When we meet her (like the other Teddy) we are, of course, *dec*-lighted.

Motto: "I stand up for my own convictions!" For a combination "star" vocalist and tickler of the worries she has 'em all "stung." She will twinkle in a firmament all her own.



LILLIAN GOULSTON.

Lillian's got a nick-name but she won't tell us what it is,
49 Stanwood Street, Roxbury, Mass.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.
Graduate in piano under Carl Stasny.
Member of the AXΩ Sorority.

Little, but oh, my! And didn't she "bob up serenely" in the "Beneficent Fund Show"!! She's a star performer at Recitals, and tripper of the light fantastic.



THOMAS GRADY. "Tonie."

Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.
Graduate in tuning under Oliver C. Faust.

"Tonie" is very popular with the young (?) ladies, but we guess from the looks of things that he is in no hurry to venture into the final stages — matrimony.



ARIEL FREDERICA GROSS. "Fred."

Naples, New York.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.
Graduate in piano under Carl Baermann.
Chairman of entertainment committee first part of Senior year, etc.

"This social life is killing me!" The ex-chairman of our entertainment committee, for "DUTY" called her on.



MAY GOOD HALL. "*Goody.*"

Brandon, Manitoba, Canada.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

Member of the AXΩ Sorority, chairman of the co-operative committee, etc.

She has an accent all her own, and it's mighty "catchy," too. Her arduous duties as chairman of the co-operative committee have weighed heavily upon her."



FRANK HERBERT HARRINGTON. "*Harrigan.*"

Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.

Graduate in tuning under Oliver C. Faust.

H—A—double R—ington spells Harrington

It's the name that work

Never has been connected with.

Harrington—*That's me.* (To the air of "Harrigan.")

The above verse, written by Warren Anstock, was sung with great effect by John Strong at an afternoon tea given by Miss Therese Johns.



LILLIAN ALICIA HERBERT. "*Clara.*"

Middletown, Conn.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under Armand Fortin.

Clara is certainly clever on the stage. She blossomed out as a gardener in the Senior play, and later as unwieldy Hansel.



KATHERINE LOUISE JESTER. "*Kate.*"

1172 Cobb Street, Athens, Georgia.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.
Graduate in piano under Charles F. Dennée.
Member of the NEUME board '08.

Kate is a good girl, and has picked out the right class after a trial or so. She is a beautiful card-player and a fiend at dancing, so she doesn't deserve to be "roasted."



THERESE JOHNS. "*John.*"

Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.
Graduate in tuning under Oliver C. Faust.

At the first of the year there were some complaints that the boys in the tuning department were letting their practice "slide" and taking in the "shows" down town. But, after Miss Johns came, all was changed, and it became impossible to drive the boys away while she was in the building. When Miss Johns goes back to Hermon, N. Y., she will carry with her the best wishes of the whole tuning department.



MARY WHEELER KARLMANN. "*Terry.*"

Terryville, Connecticut.
Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.
Graduate in organ under Homer Humphrey.

Mary denies the report that she is the most scientific "bridge-whister" in Frost. She does admit, however, that Mr. Humphrey has initiated her into the art of "holding hands."

EMMA WALLER KERR. "*Bow-Wow.*"

232 Cornell Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in piano under F. F. Lincoln.

Who is this lit-tle girl. She is the small-est in the Senior Class. Is she not af-raid to play with oth-er big-ger girls. Oh no, she knows they will nei-ther bark nor bite at her.

HAROLD KNEELAND. "*Hattie.*"

126 Dudley Street, Boston, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. October 24, 1907.

Graduate in tuning under Mr. Faust.

"Hattie" is afraid to go home in the dark. Therefore, he always has company, good company, gentle company, *peachy company*. That's "Hattie."

FLORENCE FERN LARRABEE. "*Flo.*"

Petersburg, Virginia.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.

Graduate in piano under Carl Stasny.

Member of the AXΩ Sorority.

"Fern" is a part of our class flower scheme. She likes Boston very well, for since her arrival, has gained several "pounds." Numerically — well, never mind that, but pianistically, quite a ways up in three figures.



SELVA ENRIQUETA LARRAMENDI.

Selva's nickname is in Spanish, so you wouldn't understand it, anyway.

Ponce, Porto Rico.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in piano under F. F. Lincoln.

Although she is Spanish, she has given no exhibition of "fandango," or "castanets," as yet. My! but how she can "tear it off" on the piano! Si, si, signor!



MILDRED LOUISE LEVI. "Mild-Red."

45 Chester Street, Newton Highlands, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in piano under Edwin Klahre.

Her distinguishing feature — the "ballet," in the Senior play. She's a stunner in her new "Gainsborough."



CHARLOTTE NASON. "Teacher."

Talcottville, Connecticut.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.

Graduate in piano under Miss Anna M. Stovall.

Chairman of NEUME committee.

"Multo in parvo." She's '08's little harmony teacher, and a little girl whom the Senior class "looks up to."

FRANCES DORR PEABODY. "*Frank.*"

2616 Von Borries Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

"Frank" is a long, broad, tennis player. She talks, hears, thinks, sees, smells, feels and tastes "love-games" and courting. Her drawings, however, for NEUME posters, etc., will count toward "class honors" for her, we feel sure.

LUCY KAVANAUGH PEERY. "*Just plain 'Lucy.'*"

Albany, Missouri.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under William H. Dunham.

Member of the AXΩ Sorority.

"Old-maid" is the last thing we would have applied to Lucy, though she did play that part realistically in the pantomime Jan. 31st. "It tickled us to death."

CHARLEMAGNE POL PLANCON. "*Pol.*"

Boston, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under Armand Fortin.

"Pol" is a howling success in gr-r-r-r-rand opera. Song recitals a specialty (free to Seniors only). To a composer hunting for a "true love motif," Pol and Laurie are a living inspiration.



KARL EDMUND RACKLE. "*Franz.*"

Canton, Ohio.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.

Graduate in piano under Carl Stasny.

Associate editor of the NEUME.

Karl is making a "Gross-Racket" with his one year record, but no matter how startling his piano numbers may be, we will never forget "Franz" in the Senior play.



VICTOR REDEWILL. "*Vick.*"

Phoenix, Arizona.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.

Graduate in tuning under Oliver C. Faust.

"Vic" is a terror when it comes to motor-cycling. Get him started on the subject, and there's no time for lessons, practice, or any other thing of importance.



MARY HELEN RUFFIN. "*Ruffy.*"

Hope, Arkansas.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under F. Morse Wemple.

From Hope, wherever that is, but she comes and stays and goes so quietly that no one has ever been able to find out much about her. Still, we have hope.



EDWIN LEROY SHAW. "*Bosh.*"

Brockton, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.

Graduate in piano under H. S. Wilder.

"Bosh has been with us such a short time that we feel we cannot do him justice. We might compliment his level-headedness in joining '08, however, for he had more than one choice as regards the matter.



ALICE MABEL SHEPARD. "*Allie.*"

228 Townsend Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1902.

Re-entered September, 1906.

Graduate in organ under Henry M. Dunham.

"Allie" is of an inquiring turn of mind, but isn't always able to see "just why." Why, Alice, where art thou, when the reasons are handed out?



ANNA JOSEPHINE SIMPSON. "*Ann.*"

521 Barrows Street, Dedham, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1903.

Graduate in violin under Eugene Gruenberg.

"Scare! Dedham!! Boston!!! Simpsie actually at class meeting April 1st. Rather foolish thing for her to do, wasn't it? Alas and alack, she is '08's "one lone fiddler."



HARRY MILTON SNOW. "*Snow.*"

San Diego, California.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

Here is engraved the physog of one of the most honest and frankest fellows of '08. If a true, unprejudiced opinion is wanted, hunt up Snow. He is "right there with the goods," with all responsibilities which are thrown upon him.



VIOLET LAURA STRAUB. "*Straubie.*"

15 Market Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.

Graduate in piano under F. F. Lincoln.

Chairman of entertainment committee.

We, the class of '08, have the "Star of Bethlehem" in our midst. The Juniors couldn't have "Straubie" in their class, so they chose "violet" for their class flower. '08 *finally* got her picture, however.



JOHN STRONG. "*Johnnie on the Spot.*"

973 Spring Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Entered N. E. C. December 1907.

Graduate in tuning under Mr. Faust.

"Spot" comes from a salubrious climate, we judge from his size and complexion. He likes music, too, which is a rare thing among Con. grads.



MARY MADELINE THOMPSON. "*May.*"

Gallipolis, Ohio.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1905.

Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

May's our "landlady." It took *her* to keep "Clara" and "Franz" on the move in the Senior play. She's a mighty good class worker, in the bargain, therefore we will quit roasting her here.



PAULINE MARIE EDITH TRANFAGLIA.

My nickname will appear in the '09 NEUME.

328 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

Entered N. E. C. (regular course) September, 1904.

Graduate in piano under F. Addison Porter.

Chairman of the NEUME committee.

Pauline very wisely shunned '07 and became one of us last June. Possessing a dignified personal appearance, she has often been taken for a member of the faculty; but truly, she is not nearly as bad as all that.



CHARLES JOHN WHIRE. "*Charlie.*"

Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.

Graduate in tuning under Oliver C. Faust.

"The Georgia Rose." When he first came north he was a little wilted, but now he is in full bloom again. "Charlie," like all Southerners, has an angelic temper, which, together with his manly carriage, makes him a great favorite with the fair sex.



EDWARD WOLFENBARGER. "*Ed.*"

Lincoln, Nebraska.

Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.

Graduate under Mr. Faust.

Wolfenbarger is great on breaking his neck to see the shows in the hall, or climbing out on top of the Con. to see the ball game — whence, they say, Father McLean has made him hike more than once. He has a girl in Everett, and a passion for neckties; also he is a cane chair virtuoso, according to the "Soliloquy."

RALPH BENNET. "*Ben.*"

R. D. 31, Beloit, Wis. Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.

Graduate in tuning under Mr. Faust.

"Ben" had had considerable experience as a piano tuner and fixer before he came to our temple of learning, so we let him off early. He is noted among his classmates as a specialist in handling old maids, also for his deliberate manner of speaking.

HELEN JEARDINE GALLAGHER. "*Let her go.*"

Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania. Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

The color of her hair is "Skinneateles, about forty miles from Auburn" — with a warm temperament to *match*.

CLARENCE B. HILL. "*Clad.*"

Entered N. E. C. September, 1907.

Graduate in tuning under Oliver C. Faust.

One of the faithful workers of the tuning department. The only recreation he ever took was the day he attended "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show."

LILLIAN NATALIE PIKE. "*Midget.*"

32 Lowell Street, Andover, Mass. Entered N. E. C. September, 1904.

Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

Our "only real Senior hustler." Poor little thing, she was *so* shy, she didn't even dare to have her picture in the NEUME. As "the big fish" in our class then, she deserves to "get the hook."

BESSIE SHERMAN. "*Bess.*"

534 Broadway, South Boston, Mass. Entered N. E. C. September, 1902.

Graduate in voice under Charles A. White.

Conspicuous by her absence from class affairs. Unlike her illustrious ancestor, she exhibits no war-like characteristics.

Senior History

The history of the Seniors is best and briefest told by relating in a straightforward manner, the great and glorious deeds of the class of '08, a class which has many a time "wept because there were no more worlds to conquer."

As our History up to May 1907, appears in the '07 NEUME, there is hardly need of repetition. One or two of our Junior events after that, however, are worthy of mention. The first I believe still remains fresh in our memories, and possibly not totally forgotten by our classmates of '07. This event was the Junior Spread. Believing it proper not to allow our "Grads" to leave us without the Juniors "good-wishes," we gave this affair in their honor on June 14, 1907.

Following is an exact reproduction of the "line of march!"

S P R E A D	
'08 TO '07	
6 - 14 - '07	
Collation	Toasts
SALAD	MR. COLE
SANDWICHES	GREETINGS FROM '07
STRAWBERRIES	MR. PORTER
COFFEE	WORDS FROM THE ALUMNI
ICE CREAMS	MR. CHADWICK
VANILLA STRAWBERRY	SIDE REMARKS
CHOCOLATE HARLEQUIN	TOASTMASTER, MR. DRAYTON
ICES	
ASSORTED CAKES	
FRUIT PUNCH	

Dancing concluded the evening's fun, and it is sufficient to say that many of our '07 friends admitted that the best times they had had during their entire senior year, was when they were entertained by the Juniors at this Spread, and at the "Poverty Party," which occurred the first part of the season.

A second achievement which '08-ers may be justly proud of, is the Junior Class Concert, given in Jordan Hall, June 10, 1907. This was the first program of its kind ever given by a Junior Class, and we hope the "custom" may not die out for it gives proper recognition, not only to certain members, but to the class as a whole, in the true light of "public performance."

Following is the complete program of this concert.

CONCERT BY MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS, 1908

Monday evening, June 10, 1907, in Jordan Hall

ORGAN SOLO	Andante from Second Symphony	<i>Widor</i>
	Mr. Lewis L. Chamberlain	
VOCAL SOLO	a. "Der Tod und das Mädchen"	<i>Schubert</i>
	b. "Wiegenlied"	<i>Brahms</i>
	c. "Joy of Youth"	<i>Van der Stucken</i>
	Miss Nellie Brushingham	
PIANOFORTE SOLO	Sonata in F minor (first movement)	<i>Schumann</i>
	Miss Anna E. White	
VIOLIN SOLO	Mazur in G major	<i>Mlynarski</i>
	Miss Annie L. Haigh	
VOCAL SOLO	a. "Thou art so like a flower"	<i>Chadwick</i>
	b. "Before the dawn"	<i>Chadwick</i>
	Mr. F. Otis Drayton	
PIANOFORTE SOLO	Valse Caprice (Andante sostenuto—Tempo di Valse animato), von Wilm	
	Miss Vivian Beers	
	Dr. J. Albert Jeffery at the second pianoforte	
VOCAL SOLO	a. "Nur wer die Sehnsucht k \ddot{o} nn't"	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
	b. "The maid and the butterfly"	<i>Chadwick</i>
	c. "Morning Hymn"	<i>Henschel</i>
	Miss Jessie Miriam Swartz	
PIANOFORTE SOLO	First movement of F minor Concerto	<i>Chopin</i>
	Miss Annie Merle Reynolds	
	Mr. George Proctor at the second pianoforte	
ORGAN SOLO	Finale (Grand Chorus in E flat)	<i>Guilmant</i>
	Miss Mary Karlman	

So, as Juniors we came out with flying colors and "first time" records of a Junior Class Concert, Junior Class Spread and final adoption of our '08 Class pin, colors, motto, etc.

Beginning our Senior career, the first thing encountered was Exams. How much easier it will be for the class of '09 to take their Senior Exams. at the end of this year (for such is the excellent arrangement about to be adopted, thus making everything a certainty at the end of their Junior year). '09 should have their class organized and in good working order the first week of the new school year.

Our Senior Exams. passed, we re-organized '08, and the first Wednesday of October began our regular monthly business meetings. We listened (drinking in every word) to what our director had to say to us at this meeting, for several were his kindly

hints, re-assurances and bits of advice. Now, "we were off," launched into a good hard year's work and backed up with a Junior Year of good organization and doings.

Beginning with our business meetings first, we may say that these have been exceptionally well attended and, what's more, they have by no means been "tame." Members at these meetings were not afraid "to speak up" and say how "matters appeared to them," thus carrying out the old adage "where there's life there's hope."

Our social events began with a "chafing dish party" in the reception rooms, followed by a card party, informal "good time," leap year party, etc. The crowning feature of our social life as Seniors, thus far, was the plays we gave in Jordan Hall, January 31, under the direction of Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert. This was another "first time" record, for such had never before been attempted by a Senior Class. As a result of this play the financial condition of our class is the best possible, and although much time was spent on the productions, the commendation received from both faculty and students made the undertaking well worth while. Did space permit we would enter into detail with picture as well as print regarding this entertainment, for many amusing incidents happened in connection with it, but we must hasten on. For a complete program of this event look under article on "Jordan Hall Programs."

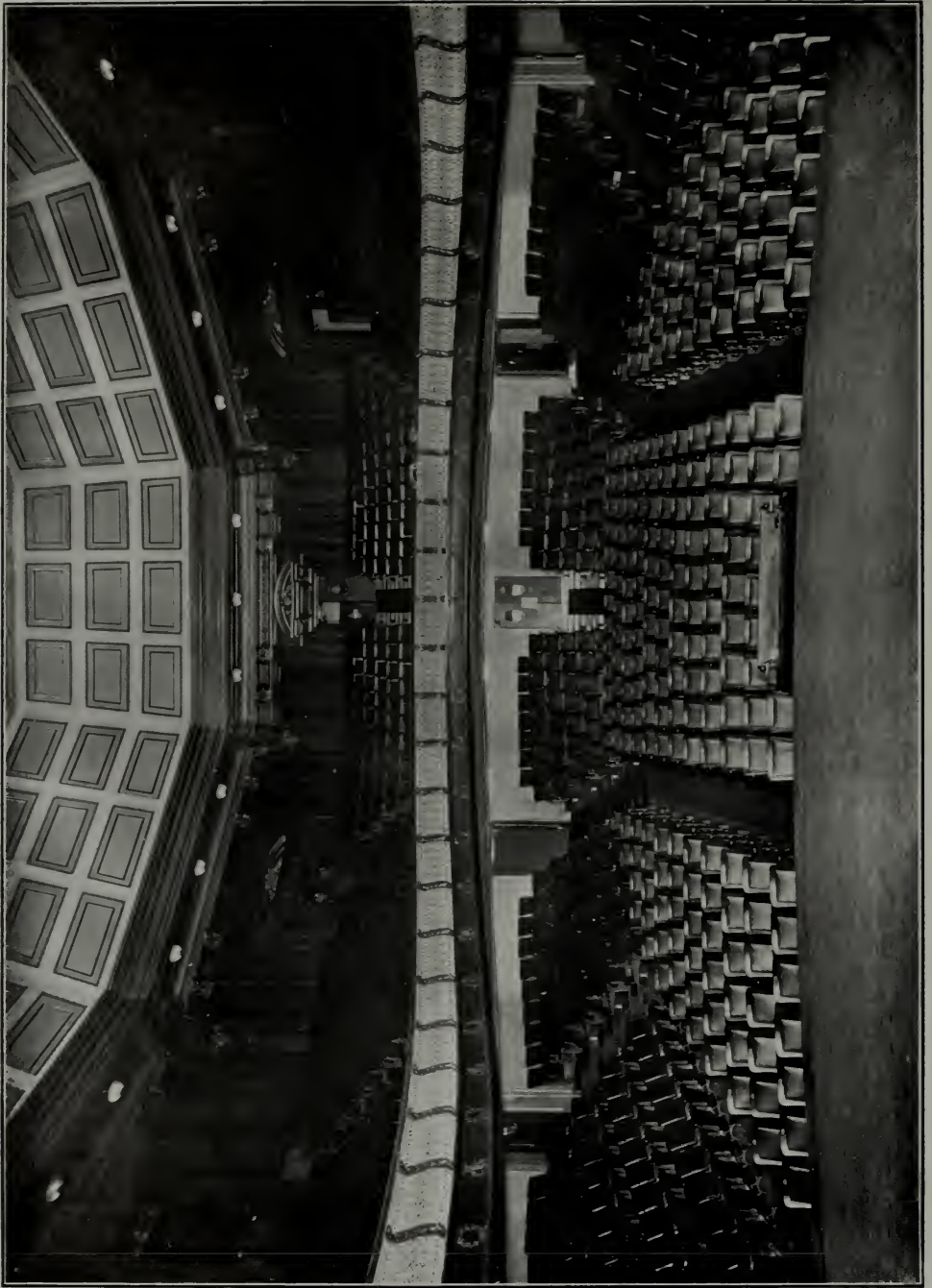
THE NEUME, we believe, will speak for itself and if it comes up to our fullest expectations will be "the best of late." We invited and assisted the Juniors to make a good showing in this year's NEUME, a point which hitherto had been entirely overlooked. Right here, however, we advise "1909" to co-operate and publish next year's NEUME with the class of 1910. Appoint the board of editors from both classes and have it a publication by "'09 and '10." Thus you will find time for more earnest application to your study during the last few months of school, which at N. E. C. are not the easiest. Thereafter, possibly the Junior Class could publish this annual alone, as is the rule in other large schools where like books are supported.

Such, in brief, is the history and achievements of "1908" to date. (We have already made application for a portion of the '09 NEUME to chronicle future events which happen after this volume goes to press.)

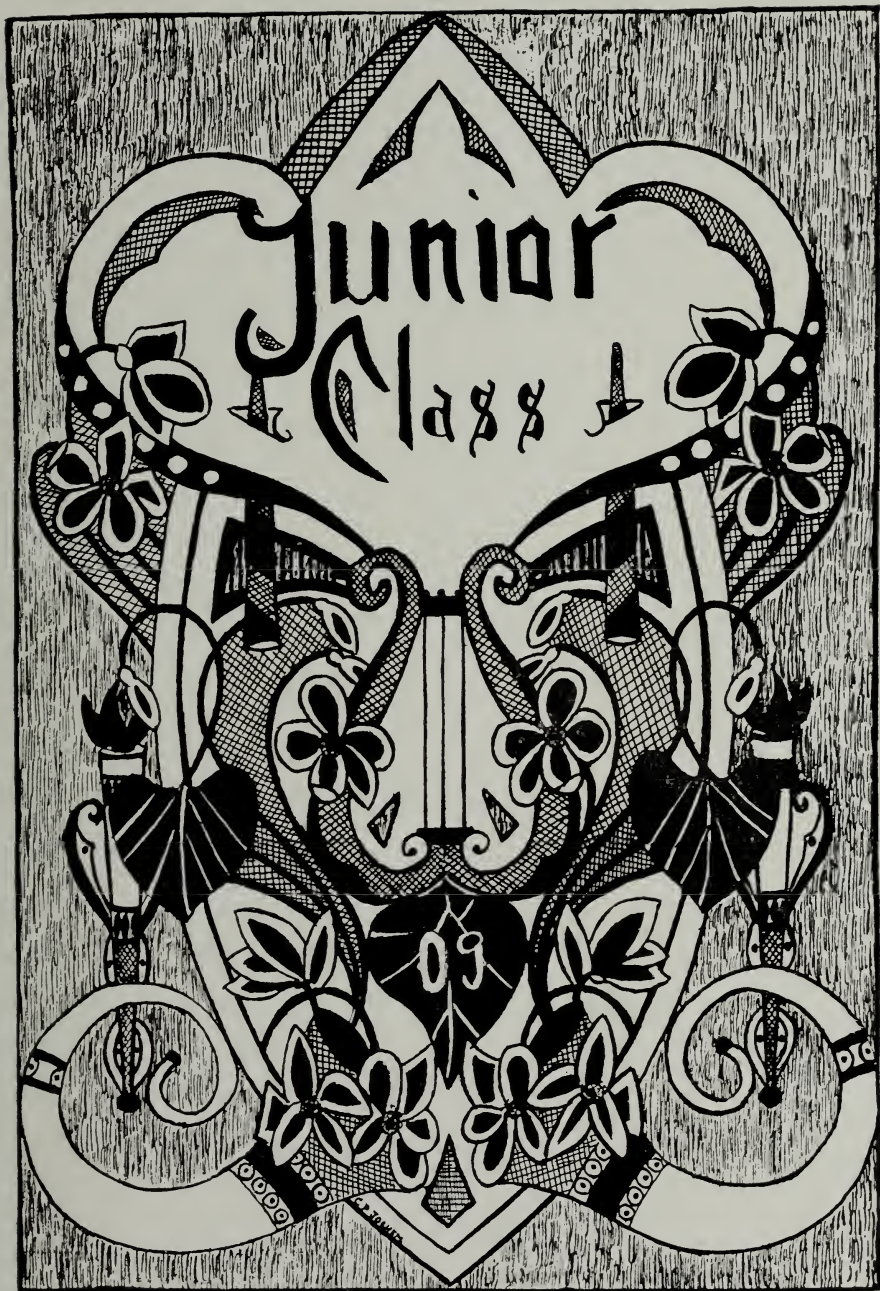
As members of one body we have worked together, "suffered" together, and throughout our class career have maintained enthusiasm and harmony in the true sense of the word. As a class our enthusiasm and team work has many times received recognition from "those higher up" than our immediate circle of fellow sufferers.

As alumni we will try to keep these same characteristics, not dropping into oblivion immediately upon graduation. So, wherever we go and whatever this world has to offer, we shall always do our best to further the interests of our Alma Mater.

O. D.



JORDAN HALL



Toast to '08

Nineteen nine, oh come let's gather,
To nineteen eight a toast to sing.
Let every heart be light and merry,
A right good cheer, now let it ring.

Come one and all, your friends and teachers,
We want each one to join our ranks.
For all the kindnesses they've shown us,
We wish to give '08 our thanks.

Success and fortune to the Seniors ;
They're right good fellows, every one.
Old N. E. C. is proud to claim them,
Three cheers for '08 ! They've nobly won.

J. E. L.



Junior Class Officers

THOMAS MOSS	<i>President</i>
CLARENCE J. HAWKINS	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY L. HARE	<i>Secretary</i>
JOSEPH H. WILLIAMS	<i>Treasurer</i>
FLORENCE D. RITCHIE	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>

Motto : Labor omnia vincit

Colors : Royal purple and gold

Flower : Violet

Class Yell : N - I - N - E ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
 N - I - N - E ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
 N - I - N - E ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
 NINE, NINE, NINE !



MISS FLORENCE RITCHIE
ASST. TREASURER



CLARENCE J. HAWKINS
VICE PRESIDENT



MR. THOMAS MOSS
PRESIDENT



JOSEPH H. WILLIAMS
TREASURER



MISS MARY L. HARE
SECRETARY



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BERTHA BAUMAN	720 Lyon St., New Orleans, La.
VIVIAN BEERS	419 Broadway, Somerville.
ADA M. BRIGHAN	Hudson, Mass.
MARY R. BROGI	916 Winthrop Ave., Beachmont, Mass.
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NELLIE W. COOLIDGE	26 Lynde St., Boston, Mass.
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ELIZABETH M. HAIRE	52 Division St., Newport, R. I.
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W. HARVEY HEWITT	South Royalton, Vt.
SARAH HORBLIT	49 Juniper St., Roxbury, Mass.
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JOSEPHINE E. LOGAN	66 W. Britannia St., Taunton, Mass.
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JOHN E. O'BRIEN	Ansonia, Conn.
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BELLE PATERSON	Rochelle, Ill.
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ELLA M. POTTER	62 Starr St., Norwich, Ct.
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TEODULO SANCHEZ	Cienfuegos, Cuba.
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ELIZABETH L. WEED	West Barrington, R. I.
JOSEPH H. WILLIAMS	24 West St., Fitchburg, Mass.
LLOYD WINSOR	409 Malden Ave., Seattle, Wash.

ORGAN

THOMAS MOSS	83 Farnham St., Lawrence, Mass.
WILLIAM B. TYLER	55 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

VIOLIN

CARRIE L. AITON	Belfield, Virginia.
ANTOINETTE VAN CLIVE	Ypsilanti, Michigan.

CLARINET

CLARENCE J. HAWKINS	Nephi, Utah.
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VOICE

LILA G. BURNE	60 Beaver St., New Britain, Conn.
FLORENCE D. COUGHLAN	82 Fenwood Rd, Roxbury, Mass.
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LETA J. HASKELL	23 Greenleaf St., Augusta, Me.
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Culture



PREFERRED BY
MOST CONSERVATORY GIRLS



Junior Class History



TOWARD the latter part of October last, a swarm of "hopefuls" made our way to Recital Hall, where we had been invited by our Director for the purpose of organizing ourselves into the Junior Class. Of course we were ready to hear this class was a better equipped class than many that had preceded us. This meant, that with "one or two exceptions," we had finished the theoretical work required, and thus could take up our Junior work unencumbered by conditions. Our Director also advised us to try the examinations for advanced standing. A number of us did this, and we succeeded in passing those studies that were taken, thus saving a year's time and money, in some cases.

The class was duly organized, the different committees appointed, and everything was prepared for a busy but enjoyable year. Along the latter part of November, a "get acquainted" social was held in the Reception Room. This took the form of a card party, after which we sat down to a "delightful" lunch. A theatre party at the Hollis street followed early in the year. In February our first dance was given, of which it was said "by one who knows," that it was one of the most successful parties of its kind ever held by a Junior class. The spirit shown at this dance was something new; and this spirit is the reason for the success that our class is having in everything it undertakes. It is not my province to discuss here "class spirit." The Junior class has it, and so will the next one if we can help them. A social to the Seniors is planned for shortly, and in June, we hope, the Junior Prom. will take place.

We also have done our mite for a successful publication of THE NEUME, which to my mind is the "best ever." The Junior section allotted us by the '08 NEUME board illustrates the work the Junior Neume Committee has been doing. The class appreciates their labor, and also that of the Entertainment Committee which has contributed so much to the social successes of the class.

It is a refreshing fact to learn, that with the advent of the class of 1909 it has set for itself a task to accomplish. This task is to try and get enough money through entertainments, dances, etc., throughout the rest of our conservatory life, to furnish some needy and worthy student a scholarship in one study. We may not be able to do this, but if the following class will take up this work, which I trust they will, the class of 1909 will be willing to hand over to them the money collected for that purpose. If we can do something after this manner, I feel that a step will have been taken in the right direction, where real spirit and an object such as the one described above will make the "ideal class." Class of 1910, we shall get acquainted with you early, and give you help and suggestions for the carrying on of a successful class.

And now a word to all prospective graduates of our school. How many of us realize that when we leave here our work has just commenced? Graduation from this or any other school does not necessarily mean success. It simply means that our teachers have provided us with the instruments of success, have given us broader ideas, and have raised us to the level where we can appreciate our life's work to the best advantage, so that we may be better able to apply our instruments in moulding for ourselves a successful career. So let us all acquire, by serious and earnest study here, that which will reflect to the honor and praise of our dear Alma Mater.

THOMAS MOSS, *President.*







"Freshman"



A Pipe Dream

of Freshmen Spirit

The Freshman Class of N. E. C.
Is just as fresh as "fresh" can be,
And is so full of life and spirit,
That Juniors, surely, are not in it.

At the last class meeting of "oughty-nine"
The Juniors met a fierce combine,
For "Freshies" on the scene appeared
And Juniors run; their lives they feared.

'Twas then, two harmless o—9 lads
(Who some fine day, *might* have been "Grads")
Were kidnapped, and to "Frat" rooms taken
Where their poor souls "ne'er will awaken."

I wonder why *these* two braves "fell"?
Why wouldn't others, done as well?
But now, I see as plain as day
They both had "parts" in the Junior play.

And so it goes, from first, to last
The fresh men stand the strongest blast.
For never do they leave the strife
Till Senior year, then, "simple life."

F. O. D.

Freshman Class Officers

BRUCE REYNOLDS	<i>President</i>
OLIVE WHITELEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
EDITH BLY	<i>Secretary</i>
RICHARD STEVENS	<i>Treasurer</i>
RICHARD TOBIN	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>

Motto: Give place to your betters

Colors: Grass green and sky blue

Flower: Cabbage and blue-bell

Class Yell: Razzle Dazzle!
 Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!
 Juniors! Juniors!
 Where are you?

Extract from The Chronicles of the Innocents

CHAPTER I*

Darling Innocents arrive and are much impressed by the strange people and their customs and manner of worshipping at the temple.

- a. A suburb of Chelsea.
- b. The freshmen
- c. Dormitories and Columbus Ave. boarding-houses.
- d. With some exceptions.
- e. N. E. C.
- f. Faculty.
- g. Practising, studying, cutting, etc.
- h. N. E. C. gymn.
- i. Seniors
- j. Doubtful
- k. More or less.

1. Now on the nineteenth day of the ninth month of the year nineteen hundred and seven it came to pass that there appeared in the land of the chosen people of Boston,^a a mighty host of Innocents^b who were yet to be trained in worldly ways.

2. And they dwelt therein^c.

3. Every day^d did they take their way into a certain wonderful temple^e, where they did worship at the shrines of the high priests of wisdom^f.

4. The mighty host of Innocents was very ignorant of the ways of the world^g.

5. And great was their awe at all the magnificent things^h which they saw and heard in the great city.

6. Especially were they fearful of the host of Philistinesⁱ who worshipped^j at higher shrines in the same temple.

7. For these Philistines considered themselves of great importance and looked down upon the host of the Innocents as if from a high place.

8. For lo, had they not worshipped at the temple for many^k years?

* These notes have been collaborated by Heavy Thinkers.

CHAPTER II

Concerning what the Innocents thought of their Priests.

1. Now the Innocents were from all parts of the land, but they had never before worshipped with such priests as they did now.

a. Cashier's office.

2. Behold, there was one priest who led them to the shrine of despair^a.

b. O. E. Mills.

3. And he was a bold, bad priest^b.

c. H. N. Redman.

4. For did he not command to, "take away that which they hath" and return them that which he hath not.

d. Paintings.

5. And another priest^c taught at the shrine of despair, but he also taught hope. He loved all good things^d, and if one of the Innocents talked of these good things, the priest's reports were in turn good of them^e.

e. Sometimes.

6. There was also a priest who taught to overcome the effect of the tower of Babel^f, for he taught some^g of the Innocents to speak a strange language^h.

f. Herr van Wieren.

g. Not all.

7. He also was a source of joyⁱ, for he was very witty and humorous, although he did not intend to be so.

h. German.

8. There also was a priest who was much set up over his own importance^j. For he had written a book^k; yea, and he had written a second book^l also, both of which he thought needed no explanation^m.

i. Question.

j. L. C. Elson.

9. And so at each time of meeting he would assign a page or two of this second book to be read and declare the next lesson explained.

k. "The Dictionary"

l. "Theory of Music"

10. And this same priest taught the history of our art. But his tongue was so swift that the Innocents were confused and remembered not what he said.

m. Ask anybody.

11. Thus the Innocents derived much benefit and amusement from their priests and contrived to thus make their worship bearable, even unto the time of afflictionⁿ.

n. Solfeggio and sight-playing exams.

CHAPTER III

Male members of the Innocents assemble.

a. Above a certain age.

1. It came to pass on a certain evening of the tenth month of the year nineteen hundred and seven, that all^a male Innocents were requested to assemble in a certain great shrine^b of the temple.

b. Sinfonia Chapter Room.

2. And many came; though *some* were sore afraid and dare not come^c.

c. These had forgotten to renew their life insurance policies.

3. All fears vanished from those who "ventured in," when for the second time a certain great priest^d of wide experience in the ways of the world, addressed them and told them what they should do.

d. Director Chadwick.

4. Another great high priest^e, with well pruned beard, warbled for these Innocents; and following him one played on an instrument of some four strings.

e. Perry.

5. The Innocents were filled with delight at all these happenings. But, alas for them, in what followed^f!!!

f. Ask Doersam, Meyers, or Brown.

6. Howbeit it was decreed that the evening was a success, and there was great rejoicing among the Host of Male Innocents.

g. Next year's NEUME.

7. Now the rest of the acts of the Innocents which they did will be written in the book of Chronicles at another time^g.

D.



A Letter to the Management

FROM "THE WILDS"

TWINKLETONETOWN, CANADA, Sept. 11, 1907.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC:

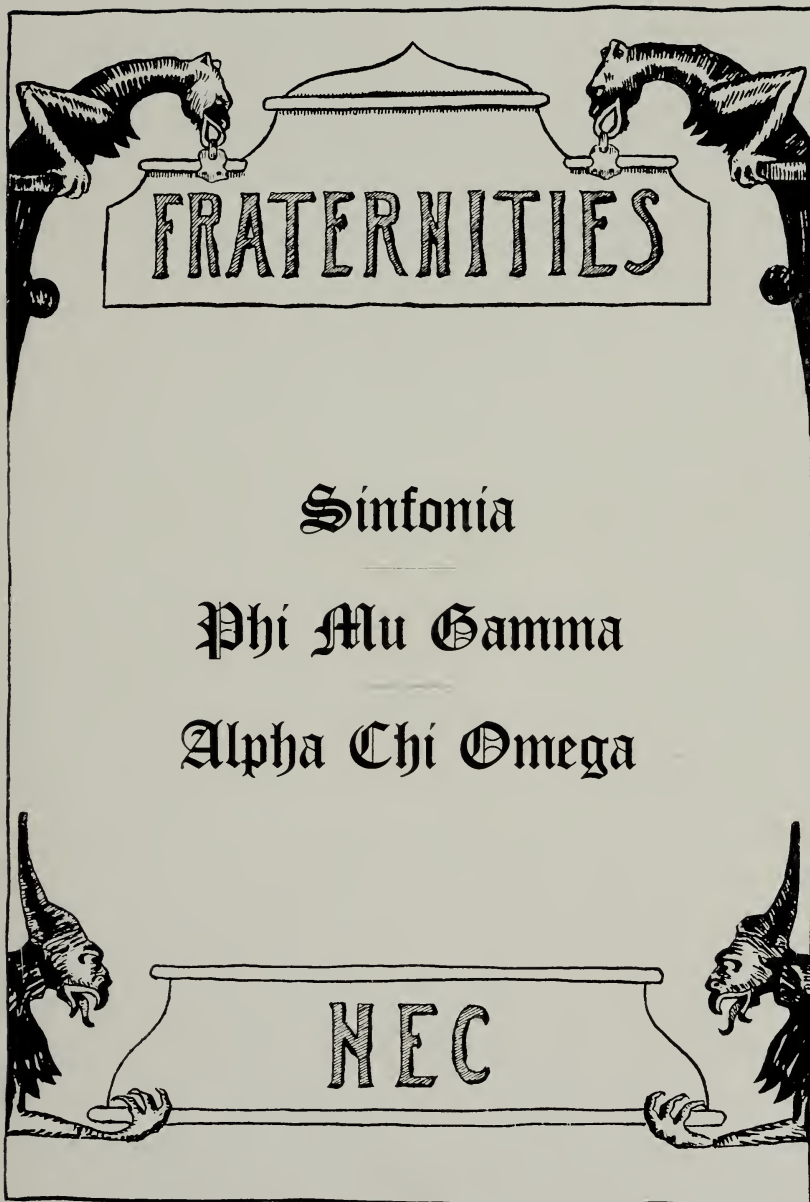
Dear Sir: This letter is from me, the mother of the girl what gives you it, and my name I will sign after I get through writing. I am sending my girl to you to get some piano lessons and I'm sending, too, the money along with her, so please don't "charge" it. If the ten dollars ain't enough just write to me and I'll send you five dollars more along. Don't write to my man for he is death down on the whole idea. Oh, I 'most forgot to tell you my girl's name, it's Elvira; yes, she's named after a half sister of an uncle of mine and that's funny too, this same half sister was a fine pianoist and organist. Why, she could play the big organ in the church that has twelve stops as well as the one in the vestry what has six, and then play them both as well as she plays her own piano to home. My, but she used to play awfully sweet music when they passed the contribution hat around for offerings, yes, and every time she played I think I used to put 5 cents extra in. What seems strange to me though is, that once I was talkin' with a woman from New York or Boston or somewhere down your way, I just forget where now, and she told me she had studied piano two or three years or more with one of those chaps that has the long names, but come to find out she couldn't play the organ at all. She tried to tell me about a lot of pipes and other things on your organs, but I just broke her short and said that nothin' like that ever happened in Twinkletown except after they had a town meetin' in the church and some no-nothin's had left their old T.D's on the organ. But I *do* think it was strange she couldn't play the organ, for there's uncle's half sister what only took two quarters on the piano and she's the finest organist for many a mile. I was just tellin' you this for I didn't want you to make the same mistake with our Elvira. Don't you dare either to leave any old pipes around where *she* can see them.

Besides, I knew Elvira would be too bashful to tell you herself. Yes, I think my daughter can make a fine pianoist, for we've been having her take almost 2 quarters already from one of Sam Busby's girls and do you know I think she plays mighty fine already, and the faster the piece is the better she likes to play it, too. Elvira has a fine voice besides; she used to sit next to Bill Tucker's wife in the choir once and maybe you've heard what a big bass voice Bill's wife had. Well, anyway, it's as true as I'm writing this letter, that everybody liked my girl's voice best, because she sung up the highest and you could hear her all over the church. That fellar what used to set next to Elvira was a cousin of mine and he's got a kind of alto voice. I was just speakin' a little bit about Elvira's voice to show you what an all-round musicaully girl she is and I also thought that you might throw in a few singing lessons if you got the chance. I wish you could teach Elvira to play any old piece she happens to pick up, for that's just where Mary Ann Tattan (she's the girl what plays in church now) is lackin'. Why uncle's dear old half sister could rattle those hymn tunes off, one after another, as easy as wink, but Mary Ann has to take the Hymns home and practice them for a long time before she feels sure of herself. How I happened to send my girl to your place was that I saw a Boston paper for September here a few days ago, and happened to read a piece that was written by a fellar named Ralph Flanders, Mgr. I suppose he used to be a student there, didn't he? And did he get HIS DEGREE there also? Well, he spoke about it bein' the finest in *this* world and all this and that, so I thought I'd let Elvira go and kind of finish up you know. So I want you to do your best with her, and be sure she don't get homesick, and you'll have the very kindest feelin's from her ma.

MRS. EVANGELINE MINERVA JUDKINS.

P. S.— Don't forget I'll send an extra five or six dollars if necessary.

MRS. E. M. J.



FRATERNITIES

Sinfonia

Phi Mu Gamma

Alpha Chi Omega

NEC



...Sinfonia...

MUSICAL FRATERNITY OF AMERICA

Established at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, October 20, 1898
Incorporated 1904

CHAPTER ROLL

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

Grand Supreme President (Honorary)

OSSIAN E. MILLS, Alpha

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PERCY JEWETT BURRELL, Alpha . . .	<i>Supreme President</i>
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HAROLD W. CHENEY	VAUGHN HAMILTON	HAROLD SIMONDS
HAROLD A. COLE	CLARENCE J. HAWKINS	STEN ALGAR STRÖBECK
FLOYD B. DEAN	LOYD KERR	WILLIAM B. TYLER
HARLOW DEAN	JAMES F. McGRATH, JR.	GEORGE VIEIRA
CHARLES H. DOERSAM	GUY E. McLEAN	HORACE WHITEHOUSE
F. OTIS DRAYTON	OSSIAN E. MILLS	
GEORGE FITZROY	THOMAS MOSS	

Honorary Members

HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU . . .	<i>Washington, D. C.</i>
MR. HENRY RUSSELL . . .	<i>London, England</i>



G. E. Mellem
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 H. Cheney
 J. Barrall
 S. Stroheck
 F. O. Drayton
 A. Garduee
 G. E. Mills
 G. W. Fitzroy
 H. Stmonds
 H. A. Cole
 H. Whitehouse
 C. Doersam
 J. McCreath
 C. J. Hawkins
 V. Hamilton
 E. E. Perry
 G. Vieira

Sinfonia

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VAUGHN HAMILTON	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>
THOMAS MOSS	.	.	.	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
GUY E. MCLEAN	.	.	.	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
HAROLD A. COLE	.	.	.	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
OSSIAN E. MILLS	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>
GEORGE VIEIRA	.	.	.	<i>Warden</i>

“Blest be the tie that binds” is a thought which finds expression in the hearts of a company of men who are known as Sinfonians in our own Alma Mater, and likewise in schools of music study throughout the country. A national, lawfully incorporated fraternity, being distinctly musical it is fast coming to the front rank, and now holds a unique position in the world of fraternities. Alpha Chapter, located in the New England Conservatory, has come to be an integral part of its social life. We trust that it has been and is still a help to many of the past and present men students.

In keeping with the spirit of the Neume, '08, which it is expected will be the most complete yet published, it will be “necessary” to have a review of the Sinfonia year just passed. If according to the well known axiom “the whole is greater than any of its parts, and is equal to the sum of all its parts,” it then follows that the whole is not complete with one part missing.

Sinfonia “is” a part of New England Conservatory life. Starting off its year with a national convention here, Alpha Chapter was honored by the election of Bro. Percy J. Burrell to the office of supreme president. To him as an officer of the Conservatory alumni much of the success of the costume carnival held in Symphony Hall during January, '08, was due. The year has been a busy one, what with increasing our members and holding numerous receptions, notably the one to new men in the fall and again to the

members of the San Carlos Grand Opera Company during the Christmas holidays. At this time the manager of the company, Mr. Henry C. Russell, was presented with the shingle that made him the second honorary member of the fraternity through Alpha Chapter. The first being Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, who at one time was a student at the Conservatory. We were kindly assisted at this reception by Mrs. Eben D. Jordan and Mrs. George W. Chadwick, and young ladies of the Conservatory. On May 1, 1908, our sixth annual assembly was held in Copley Hall, attended by several hundred of our friends, and all who attended went away praising Sinfonia.

It is the desire and purpose of Alpha Chapter, strongly seconded by Brother George W. Chadwick and Brother R. L. Flanders, to get in closer touch with the student body, and plans for the fall of '08 to this end are already under way.

A SINFONIAN.

On May 8, 1908, twelve men go to Philadelphia to attend the eighth national convention at that place, headed by Brother Ossian E. Mills, "Father of the Sinfonia." Such in brief is the review of the year which has been memorable in the history of Sinfonia.



Phi Mu Gamma

Organized 1898. Chartered 1902

Colors : Turquoise blue and black. Flower : Forget-me-not

GRAND COUNCIL PHI MU GAMMA	Hollins, Va.
ALPHA CHAPTER	Hollins, Va.
BETA CHAPTER	New York, N. Y.
GAMMA CHAPTER	Gainesville, Ga.
DELTA CHAPTER	New York, N. Y.
EPSILON CHAPTER	Sweet Briar, Va.
ZETA CHAPTER	Danville, Ky.
ETA CHAPTER	Boston, Mass.
THETA CHAPTER	Marion, Ala.
IOTA CHAPTER	Boston, Mass.

Phi Mu Gamma Conclave, 1908, New York City



TO PHI MU GAMMA

Here's a health to Phi Mu Gamma !
 Pass it on with might and main
 Every member loyal, earnest,
 Echo now the loved refrain : —
 " Turquoise blue and black her colors;
 True as steel, and tried, our hearts;
 ' Forget-me-not,' her flower's message;
 Her shield protects from evil's darts."
 Then here's to $\phi M \Gamma$! $\phi M \Gamma$ great and true!
 Here's to each and every wearer
 Of the black and turquoise blue!
 May we always be victorious,
 As we have in days gone by, —
 Then here's to $\phi M \Gamma$! $\phi M \Gamma$ never die !!



Mildred Schurteff
Mary Montgomery
Glenn Fritchard
Della MacFarland
Priscilla Bells
Anna Barns
Thos. Patterson
Marion Wright
Lillian Timmermeister
Edna Walsh
Elizabeth Walsh



Eta Chapter Phi Mu Gamma Sorority

New England Conservatory of Music

SORORES

MARY MONTGOMERY	Texas
THEO PATTERSON	Texas
DELLA MACFARLAND	Pennsylvania
GLENA PRITCHARD	Kentucky
LILLIAN TIMMERMEISTER	Ohio
EDNA WALSH	New York
ELIZABETH WALSH	New York
M. PRISCILLA ROLLS	New York
MARION FRANCES WRIGHT	New York
MILDRED SCHURTLEFF	New Hampshire
ANNELU BURNS	Alabama

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, Penn.
EPSILON	College of Music, Univ. of So. 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.
LAMDA	University of Syracuse	Syracuse, N. Y.
MU	Simpson College	Indianola, Iowa
NU	University of Colorado	Boulder, Col.
XI	University of Nebraska	Lincoln, Neb.

Alumni Chapters: Chicago, Indianapolis and Detroit

ZETA CHAPTER

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Carrie Aiton	Mabel Davis	Brenda Newton
Eugenia Baker	Josephine Durrell	Gladys Olmstead
Edith Bly	Hazel Fogg	Lucy Peery
Evangeline Bridge	Lillian Goulston	Merle Reynolds
Nellie Brushingham	May Good Hall	Elizabeth Schartzel
Annie May Cook	Edith Johnson	Louise Stone
Mayme Cutler	Jean Knappenberger	Jessie Swartz
Nelle Cutler	Florence Larrabee	Ruth Tucker
Olive Cutter	Sallie Lee Masterson	Edna Whitehouse
Louise Daniel		

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach	Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler
Mme. Helen Hopekirk	Mme. Julia Rive-King
Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang	Mme. Adele Aus der Ohe
Miss Maud Powel	Miss Ellen Beach Yaw
Mme. Antoinette Szumowska	Mme. Maria Decca

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Miss Mabel Stanaway	Mrs. Clara Tourjée-Nelson
Mrs. Pauline Woltman-Brandt	Mrs. Ralph L. Flanders
Mrs. Charles A. White	Miss Sarah Maud Thomas



Jeanie Baker
 Edith Johnson
 Jessie Swartz
 Florence Larabee
 Bronie Newton
 Evangeline Bridg
 Edith Hly
 Gladys Olmstead
 Mrs. Hill
 Lucy Perry
 Edna Whitehouse
 Merle Reynolds
 Sallie Lee Masterson
 Mabel Davis
 Annie M. Cook
 Elizabeth Schuetz
 Louise Stone
 Hazel Foye
 Charlie Allen
 Nellie Brumblinham
 Josephine Marsh
 Joan Kumpfenberger

The Alumni Association



THE Alumni Association of the New England Conservatory of Music was organized through the influence of the founder of the Conservatory, Dr. Eben Tourjée, in 1880. "The aims of the Association are to perpetuate and intensify in its members fidelity to their Alma Mater, and to bind them together in the spirit of true friendship and mutual helpfulness; to assist worthy students by the establishment of a loan fund, free scholarships, and prizes, and by aiding in the endowment of professorships, when these helps shall become practicable; and in general to aid the Conservatory, assist one another and further the true progress of art."

During its life of twenty-eight years the Association has carried out the foregoing ideas embodied in its constitution, as far as possible, and through its reunions it has kept alive the friendships formed by its members in student days.

Its influence has always been felt for the good of the school, but I believe it has never meant more than it does today, not only to its members, but to its Alma Mater and the student-body as a whole.

For the benefit of those who are not yet acquainted with the Association, let me dwell for a moment on a few facts in regard to it. The bronze tablet in memory of Dr. Tourjée which was erected by the A. A. may be seen in the Conservatory on the wall opposite the library. Within the library is a case devoted to books presented by the A. A. which already contains many valuable scores and books of reference, and it is hoped that this collection will grow steadily in the future.

Much careful thought and labor have been expended in making successful the annual reunions held at the close of each school year. Last year a notable event was the mid-winter reunion, in which every class from the first to graduate from the school was represented, and the event was known as "Thirty-Seven Years in One."

This year a new departure was made, the Costume Carnival, which was given by the Alumni Association for the benefit of the present student body of the school. That occasion was a great success from every standpoint, and it has been voted to hold a carnival of a similar nature next year.

The Alumni Association has a large membership, and a few years ago a life-membership was established for a fee of five dollars. There has been a steady growth in the number of applications for this, and the results of the plan have been most satisfactory. We have now a very attractive, nicely engraved certificate ready to be sent to each life member.

An active relationship is maintained between the Association and the managing body of the school by the election of one or more of its members to places on the board of trustees.

The life of Dr. Tourjée is at present being carefully written up, and the book will soon be published by the Alumni as a memorial to the founder of our Conservatory.

I am also glad to announce that the Alumni Directory, including the names of all graduates whose addresses have been obtainable, will be published within a few weeks, and a copy will be mailed to each member of the Association.

Our organization is on a firmer foundation, and in a more prosperous condition than ever before, and the field of work which opens up before it is constantly growing larger and more interesting. The influence of the Association should increase in proportion, and be of more and more value to the school and to its members.

It is to be hoped that in the near future some publication will be issued by the Conservatory, either quarterly, semi-annually, or annually, to be sent to each member of the Association, keeping them in touch with all that concerns their Alma Mater and their classmates throughout the country.

We very much regret that the graduating classes of the last three or four years, though exhibiting so much class spirit during their stay at the school, should allow their enthusiasm to die out with their graduation. While members of each class have been elected to the board of directors, with few exceptions, those classes have been entirely without representation at either directors' meetings or the annual business meeting. Compare this with the

loyalty and interest manifested by those who do the active work of the Association today, many of whom were among the first graduates of the school.

We feel very sure that nothing will be found lacking in this respect in the class of '08, whom we hope to welcome as among our most active and enthusiastic members.

F. ADDISON PORTER, *President.*



A Midwinter Morning Adventure of Two Male Music Students

A Symphonic Sketch of a Costume Carnival

BY PERCY JEWETT BURRELL
Chairman Carnival Committee



H, shucks! how I wish I had gone!"

This wail, coming from a window partly raised, was heard by two male music students walking on Gainsborough street, on the morning of January, the twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred and eight.

"Hello, girls, wasn't it just fine and dandy last night!"

This exclamation was caught on the same ears of the same male music students as they passed along the same street on the same morning.

"Good morning! Didn't we have a perfectly great time last night?"

This greeting startled the same ears of the same male music students on the same street on the same morning. It came from two girls, with what appeared to be two heavy bundles under their arms and four heavy eyes under as many heavy eyelids.

"Pardon us, but you have the advantage. May we ask what you are talking about?"

"Why, of course, you know what took place last night? What! weren't you there?"

"Really, ladies, there is surely some mistake. We only arrived in Boston this morning and are now on our way to the Conservatory to see Mr. Flanders and register."

"We beg your pardon, we really do, though we could have sworn you were the Devil and Napoleon we danced with last night. Elsie danced the barn dance with Napoleon and I with the Devil.

“ My, but it was warm! Come, now, honor bright, weren't you the Devil last night and you Bonaparte?—No? You will excuse us, won't you, gentlemen, for making such a perfectly horrible blunder. Really, we're very sorry, but you see we're only just about half awake and haven't got over the excitement yet. Pardon the question, but did we understand you to say you were going to see Mr. Flanders?—Yes? Well, really, we don't believe he's there yet. You know he led the Grand March, and he lives out of town and registration opened yesterday and he had a pretty strenuous day, and he must be all tired out, and really—Oh, Madge, my bundle!—Oh, thank you, Mr.—Mr.—

“ Mr. Waggonner is my name. Permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Beemoven.”

“ I am happy to meet you, Miss—Miss—”

“ Miss Kostoom—My friend, Miss Karnefal.”

“ I am sure we are very glad to meet you. Russian ladies?”

“ Oh, no—half Russian only.”

“ Oh! Elsie, there goes my box!”

“ Let me carry that for you, Miss Karnefal.”

“ Thank you, Mr.—Mr.—”

“ Beemoven, if you please.”

“ Mr. Beemoven.”

“ And yours, Miss Kostoom?”

“ You are very kind, Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Wagon—”

“ My name is Waggonner, Waggonner—W-a-g-g-o-n-n-e-r, Waggonner!”

“ Oh, German gentlemen?”

“ Yes—partially.”

“ Now, shall we not walk together to Huntington avenue, ladies?”

“ Yes, indeed, we should be pleased to.”

“ Wait a minute, Miss Kostoom, don't cross now, I hear a sleigh coming!”

“ Ha, ha, ha! I guess the sleigh's under your arm!”

“ What?”

“ You see you're carrying my costume I wore last night and it's all covered with little bells and you hear them a-jingling! I was Folly, you know. So let's cross. Come on, Madge, and Mr. Beemoven, before this Worcester car comes along.”

“You didn’t do this box up very well, did you, Miss Karnefal? Here’s something sticking out.”

“I was Cleopatra last night — Oh, that’s only — OH! Look out for that machine, Mr. Beemoven! Let’s go over to Putnam’s here and get another string.”

“You’re on your way to return these costumes, aren’t you?”

“Yes, we have lessons all the rest of the day and we promised to return the costumes today, so we thought we’d do it right after breakfast.”

“You say that you don’t think the manager has come in yet, so we should be very glad to go down town with you, if we may have that pleasure.”

“Thank you, gentlemen, it’s so good of you. Why, certainly, we should be pleased to have you go along with us. Here comes a subway car, Madge!”

“Oh, let’s not take it. Let’s walk, Elsie, and tell Mr. Waggonner and Mr. Beemoven all about the Carnival.”

“All right, let’s walk. You are not too tired to walk, are you, gentlemen?”

“No, indeed, we should rather prefer to do so, if you would like to. You see we came from Stockbridge over the B. and A. and we have been having a rest for some days.”

“You begin, Elsie, to tell about it.”

“No, you, Madge.”

“Oh, no, now Mr. Perry called for you early, Elsie, and so you saw a little more of the Carnival than I did.”

“And, you, Madge stayed later than I did. All Mr. Moss had to do after he took you to the ‘dorms’ was to scamper through the Fenway to the Somerset where he had a room for the night, but Mr. Perry had to catch his last car to Everett. You saw just as much as I did, Madge!”

“Well, girls, why don’t you start in together, and see who can remember the most and last the longest?”

“All right, Madge, that’s a go. Let’s begin!”

“There’s where the Carnival was held, over there in Symphony Hall. It’s the finest hall in Boston and every seat was taken, more than twelve hundred people in the two balconies and nearly a thousand on the floor in costume and dancing. Twenty dances! The orchestra was perfectly divine! And then before

we danced, Mr. Chadwick and his orchestra played. You ought to have heard Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Oh, Madge, how I wished that Elly and I were only —

"Come, Elsie, you're off the key. Never mind sentiment."

"Well, there was a solo by Pol Plançon, and the sextet from Lucia was sung by Stella Crane, Miss Keach and Mr. Lyman — who were those other fellows in it? Oh, yes, the president of the Senior class, Mr. Drayton, Pol Plançon again, and Mr. Mogan. They did right well, too. That Grand March! Did you ever see anything like it? Think of it, boys, four hundred couples in costume, everything and everybody of everytime from everywhere — soldiers and sailors, maidens, clowns, dolls, flowers and plants, gypsies, Japs, Indians, Mexicans, school-boys, country-girls, peasant girls, colonial gentlemen, court ladies, valentines, queens of the night, cowboys, farmers, Italian, Polish, Spanish, Dutch and Greek, Irish and Syrian girls, matadors and folly dancers, nuns, devils, monks, dancing girls, hussars, courtiers, daughters of the regiment, nurses, summer men, Napoleons, Puritans, Carmens, cardinals, Uncle Sam, Egyptians, dunces, Dolly Vardens, chimney-sweeps, bellboys, pages, Hindoos, porters, waiters, jesters, crusaders, Rough Riders, ranch girls, Little Red Riding Hood, Little Bo Peep, Queen Elizabeth, Cleopatra, Roose —"

"Girls, here's a nice drug store. Let's go in and have a cool drink."

"Thank you. Now you remember, Elsie, just where we left off."

"That was perfectly delicious! Thank you so much, Mr. Beemoven. Don't forget my costume there, Mr. Waggonner. Roosevelt, Peck's Bad Boy, Martha Washingtons, snow girls, living whist girls and Quakers, chauffeurs, witches, pierrettes, harlequins, Romeos, Juliets, Marguerites, Chinese mandarins, John Aldens, Priscillas and soubrettes, Pilgrims, musketeers, gondoliers, cavaliers, charioteers, musicians, dominos, Scotch lassies and highlanders, jockeys, fortune-tellers and Heidelberg students, and Arab sheiks, and the Boston Herald girl who forgot to shave, and —"

"Pardon the interruption, but what is that big building across the street?"

"Oh, that's Mechanics' Building — the largest hall in town. We may have to go there next year, you know, for everyone who

didn't go this year will be just perfectly crazy to go next year. That Grand March! Didn't they look simply too gorgeous for anything leading in from the two big doors? Mr. and Mrs. Porter—he's president of the Alumni Association. They had on Goldsmith Guild court costumes of the sixteenth century, and they looked perfectly dandy. Wouldn't Mr. Porter have made a dandy Shakespeare? Mr. and Mrs. Flanders led in from the other door. I hardly knew him—such a perfectly corking make-up. Yes, I had a dance with him, perfectly divine waltzer, and Mrs. Flanders, didn't she look superb? I met her for the first time, and such a charming lady, too. Mr. Burrell and Gussie Gantz—they came in behind Mr. Porter. I must say she did look right keen, didn't she, Madge? Yes, he was chief marshal and he only danced a part of an encore with me. His feet? Yes, he told me they troubled him—those long leather high top-boots—number fives he said, and he wears——! two of the Sinfonia fellows and himself to pull them on and two more to pull them off for him. Dr. Webster? No, I don't know him, but he looked swell all right, and Mrs. Nelson—she went as queen of the night—clever creation wasn't it, Elsie? Yes, she's the daughter of Eben Tourjée, the founder of the Conservatory. Mr. and Mrs. Dennée—she sure did look perfectly stunning in that red gown of hers, and Mr. Dennée! officer of the English horse guards. He was chief of aids. You just bet he made those in the balcony not in costume keep off the floor. Madge, did you see that fine college chap—looked like a Harvard man I met at the Sinfonia Assembly last year—going May first?—come down stairs in a dress suit and start to dance with one of the Carmen girls? Well, he didn't even get his arm around her before back to the balcony for him. That suit of Mr. Dennée's had seen real service, and did I tell you, Elsie, that I met a Mr. Ham—Ham—well, Ham something; anyway he was a perfectly dear dancer, and he wore a Greek costume made specially for that famous Bradley-Martin Ball in New York some ten years ago, and oh, Madge! did I tell you that I danced with a fellow who said that the rig he had on used to belong to Perugini, Lillian Russell's third husband! M. Thurwanger! Did you see him? Didn't he look simply grand as Cardinal Richelieu? I bet he'd rather teach French night and day than work as he did dividing those couples all in twos, and fours and eights. And Mr. Trow-

bridge at the other end of the hall didn't have any easy time either, did he? He looked pretty slick, too. Well, he's all right anyway, no matter what he wears. Now, who came next? Oh, Mr. Perry! Is he any relation of your partner? Third cousin? Well, nice jolly fellows, both of them, full of life, good principles. Do you know I like them both, I do! What was her name, Elsie? Oh, Miss Cross, Gardiner hall girl. Sweet pretty costume she had on, wasn't it? Mr. Fortin! Now, didn't he look just perfectly dear—like some old Rembrandt come back to life. That's all I could think of. And that girl with him, Miss Handlan, wasn't she a perfect peach. They made a perfectly lovely pair. And Mr. Cheney and Mabel Stanaway. That was a mighty original costume she had on. It was all black, you remember, with staff and notes all in white. She did it herself and spent a lot of time on it. Harold Cheney was one of the Heidelberg students. Say, Madge, the Sinfonia boys looked perfectly corking, didn't they? Pretty nifty bunch of fellows—those Heidelberg suits—and my, wasn't that a perfectly dandy frat song they sung! You saw Horace Whitehouse lead the Conservatory Orchestra for the first three dances, didn't you? Well—”

Interpolation of male voices—“What's that building over there?”

“O, that's the Public Library. Did you hear, Elsie, about one of the alumni members, a Mr. Kugler, I think his name is, spending six hours there looking up the historical accuracy of a William Penn costume. Lots of people spent loads of time looking things up to make sure that their costume was just right. Did you see that box of Quaker Oats he lugged around all the evening? Perfectly killing, wasn't it? Let's see now—Oh, Horace Whitehouse! Didn't he do well, though? Perfectly dandy fellow, isn't he? Yes, he's president of the chapter. I always did like his looks. What? Oh, no, really, I don't know whether he is or not? Why, did you hear it was so? Well perfectly corking fellow, anyhow, Madge. Coming down old Symphony Hall sixteen abreast! Aunt Lottie said she never saw anything like it and she's been about everywhere. She thought it was perfectly magnificent, and what do you think, she never left until after one o'clock! Percy told me that he got a letter from a chap here in Boston that takes in all the perfectly swell affairs and he said the Carnival was the talk of everyone,

and that it was the most unique affair ever pulled off in Beantown up to the present writing and that that was going some. And just to think it was all free—the Alumni Association gave it complimentary to the Con students. They must have a lot of money. Well, I shouldn't be surprised, Elsie, if the Conservatory and Alumni sort of worked together, for you know it was a perfectly great ad for the Con. The poor judges! They did have a hard time of it, didn't they?

“What is this big church we're passing now, may we ask?”

“It's Trinity Church. Phillips Brooks preached there. Right down that street by the open lot is Copley Hall, where they planned to have the Carnival first, and had to give it up a few days before the dance on account of the big crowd that was coming. Those judges worked until midnight before they could decide. They knew their business, all right. Well, they ought to, three of the best known artists in town—Mr. Howard Walker, Mr. Frederic P. Vinton and Miss Laura Hills. My, but wasn't I right on tip-toe when Mr. Walker read off the awards. Miss Edwards, the flower girl, got a perfectly dainty dear little fan—hand-painted you know,—she showed it to me—for the most artistic costume. Wasn't it perfectly funny to think she had the last ticket given out for the Carnival. And Mr. Seron, who had on some Greek eighteenth century rig, won a photogravure called, “The Chorus.” It was really exquisite, Madge. What! didn't you see it? Oh, that's too bad. It was a perfect gem! Mr. Knowlton, dressed up like Hans Holbein, got a dandy brass book-rack for the most effective historical costume; and who was the girl that won the prize in that class? Oh, Miss Emily Locke—away from Mexico, Mo.—as Sarah Sidons. She got two perfectly lovely old-fashioned brass candle sticks. Didn't that costume of Mr. Audet's look for all the world like a real Dickens character? Pretty original I thought. How I did want that perfectly exquisite decorated Japanese lantern they gave him! And Gladys Harry as Kundry! Do you know, Madge, if the judges hadn't awarded her a prize, I'd gone right up and told them just what I thought of them, I would. Did you ever see anything like those leopard skins she had on? Didn't she look perfectly grand? She's got that hanging brass basket she won right up over her cosy corner. It looks like tiny bamboo sticks when you get close to it.”

"Pardon us, but what is that park over there?"

"That's the Public Garden. In the summer they have swans and swan boats there."

"Do you mind if we go over? Your box is getting undone again, and I want to fix it on one of those seats over there by the statue."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Beemoven."



"It's only a trifle, Miss Karnefal. Keep right on telling us about last night."

"Then, you know, they gave two special prizes. Really, I didn't know but what I might get one of them. It's all over now and I don't care. Everyone seemed so satisfied about everything. Elsie, did you see that pig skin travelling portfolio that Miss Green got as the Daughter of the Regiment? It was perfectly dandy. I hope she travels a lot. And Mr. Peirce, the negro minstrel! Did you ever! You know I just felt that either he, Dr. Jeffery or Mr. Wemple ought to get something. Mr. Peirce and Mr. Wemple

weren't they the perfectly funniest things you ever did see! Didn't Dr. Jeffery most take your breath away? Wasn't he the perfect dandy in that German officer's uniform? I wish he'd danced instead of eating ice cream all the time. I bet Lew Dockstader, Rogers Brothers and 'Hoch der Kaiser' would all have been perfectly furious with jealousy if they could have seen them. I asked Mr. Peirce if there was any money in his pig skin bank-bill book and he said, 'Not yet, but soon!' I guess he was so perfectly tickled and surprised over his winning that prize that he couldn't think of anything original to say. Oh, Mr. Beemoven, pardon us, all fixed again now? All right, then we'll cross over here to Boylston Street again. When Poole's orchestra—oh, it was perfectly scrumptious music! played the 'Steel King' two step, and all the prize winners marched up the hall, and everybody in the balconies applauded and we all clapped, too, and shouted, do you know, Madge, I was so frightfully excited that—well—it was mighty lucky the ice cream came next so we could all cool off some. Did you see Bruce Reynolds, big Simple Simon, walk across the stage dragging the little toy horse behind him? Madge, I was really sorry for that horse. I wish he'd been alive for he'd had to have had a Duchess with me! Oh, dear, my feet are so tired, Elsie! Here's the Colonial Theater now."

"Where did you hire your costume, Madge?"

"Why, at Raymond's, right down this little alley here. Probably they call it some *avenue* here in Boston. No, wait a minute, let's see. No, I got one at Raymond's first and then took it back because one of the Frost Hall girls told me the skirt was too short. Then I went to—what was the name of that place—Wolff,—Wolff, Fording's. Let me see, did I get it there? No, I don't think so. And from there, the next day I came down, I spent the morning at Curtis and Weld's, and the next afternoon, that perfectly beastly rainy day, I went up on Tremont Street somewhere—to Hayden's, I think. Pshaw! I don't know *where* I got the darn thing! Can't you remember, Elsie?"

"No, Madge, I'm not sure at all. I think it was at Hayden's. Anyway you got something there—your shoes, wasn't it? And you know you got that special kind of a veil you were so perfectly crazy about at Curtis and Weld's, and then one day you went back to Wolff, Fording's for something—a buckle or armllets or neck-lace or some old thing. Why, you perfect little goose, why don't you look on your box and see where it's from?"

“Lewando’s! It’s my laundry box!”

“Can’t you really remember, Madge?”

“No, I can’t, Elsie, and do you think I would stand out here on this windiest corner east of Chicago and talk about it if I could remember? Helen brought it back to the ‘dorms’ with her stuff, and anyway I can’t remember anything today. Oh, my poor feet!”

“Well, Madge, let’s ‘phone up to Dana. Come, Mr. Waggoner and Mr. Beemoven, let’s step into the Touraine just across the street. Yes, it’s one of our fine and dandy hotels. Pardon us, while we ‘phone won’t you? You please be seated until we find out where we’re going.”

“Say Beemoven, old man, we mustn’t forget to register as soon as we get back. Perfectly corking girls, aren’t they? Folly and Cleopatra! Whizz! Are you going to register for anything besides Solfeggio, Harmony, Counterpoint, Theory, Violin, Piano, Voice, Musical History, English Horn and Concert Department?”

“You bet! Costume Carnival, 1909.”



"A Sight" - Seen at Costume Carnival

Class of 1907

“*Res non Verba*”



CLASS OFFICERS

HAROLD ARTHUR COLE.....	President
BESSIE CAROLINE PARMENTER.....	Vice-President
ELEANOR CATHERINE REIER.....	Secretary
WILLIAM AMOS HOLLAND.....	Treasurer
DOROTHY CHARLOTTE LEWIS.....	Assistant Treasurer

Boomalacka, Boomalacka — Yes, it's '07 again. You can't keep them quiet. And they think they were unsurpassed by any previous class in ability, enthusiasm, and team work!! (Shock absorbers are to be obtained at the music store.) Having leased a portion of this volume in which to chronicle the doings of '07, since the going to press of the '07 NEUME, we will proceed without further delay.

In the last few months before Commencement events follow each other swiftly. 'Tis then that we really get to know each other in our class, and we sympathize in examinations, congratulate at their successful termination, and get very much excited at the mark of “A +” in the Normal. Why our orator even debated the desirability of having for our class motto, “We should all strive to get ‘A plus.’” *Res non verba* — Deeds not words was the motto finally selected.

With the examinations over, and the larger part of the Neumes disposed of, we were in a happy frame of mind at the reception tendered the Graduating Class by Director and Mrs. Chadwick.

Closely following, came the trip by special cars and barges to the home of President Gardiner, of the Board of Trustees, in Brookline, where '07 was again shown the deep interest felt by the Director and President in its welfare.

On June 12, 1907, the Conservatory closed its offices, and some six hundred of the faculty — officers and pupils — made an excursion to Nantasket Beach. It was the most successful excursion of recent years — an ideal day, a jolly crowd, and plenty to amuse. '07's were there in abundance, as the panoramographic view of the excursionists shows.

On the eve of June 14th the Juniors gave '07 a very bountiful Spread, which afforded us exceedingly great pleasure. Speeches were made by our Director, by Mr. F. Addison Porter, and others, concluding with an original poem read by President Drayton, entitled "Some Gentle Knocks." If "gentle"-ness as well as "knocks" was perceptible, we will leave the reader to judge.

SOME "GENTLE" KNOCKS

It always seems to be a pleasure
To "knock" our Seniors "just once more ;"
For you know, they soon will leave us,
Then *we'll* get the "knocks," galore.

As a starter, let me ask you,
(This applies to either class.)
If you'd thought you ever knew,
Our smartest Senior lad and lass ?

Now before you solve the problem
Think back o'er Solfeggio's "day" ;
What two names adorn the cover
Of "Melodia," by the way ?
"Cole and Lewis ?" Why, of course !

They're the smartest lad and lass
That e'er joined a Senior class.
What two other "heads" that's here
Could write a work that's held so "dear" ?

Tho' not the "highest" in her class
Miss Parmenter's the sort.
She never pays her bills, alas —
How can she when she is "so short."

Of course you know as grand V. P.
She takes the chair when Cole's o'er due.
But tell me how they can agree
Upon a chair that "fits" the two.

But Olive Whiteley is the winner
Of the Senior Class, **THIS** year ;
Count the boys that's grown thinner
Since *she* started fiddling here.

There is *one* young miss, that's called "dear"
By all the young men, far and near ;
But have not a fear, I'll tell you right here,
That this maiden's name's — Eleanor Reier.

Away with such rhyme, quoth Miss Field,
It is not 'artistic,' it all is a sell,
And though your opinions been passed on Miss Reier
You cannot say, she "Is—a—bel."

But Frank S. Mason, as one sees,
Stands aloof — and without saying,
Everybody knows that he's
A genius — at viola playing.

One night, about the hour of ten,
It was my luck to pass Frost Hall,
I knew the time, because the men
Came out in numbers, great and small.

There was *one* of these gents I knew,
And as he passed he "spoke" this line,
" 'Jester' is her name, 'tis true,
But she'll ne'er 'jest' her 'Valentine.' "

There is *one* person in o—7
That rivals Schubert making song,
Why, on some days, she writes *eleven*
Then skips six days to "fix what's wrong."

She's with us here this eve, to sup,
But next to eating, she'll enjoy
That game of — "Jenkin's says *thumbs up*," —
With "Liz," our elevator boy.

" But what *is* so rare as a day in June,
Then, if ever, come perfect days."
For "Perry," at the Dorms, gets things "in tune,"
Makes dates with the girls and sings soft "lays."

Now what do you think of a maid like this
Because she's a Senior, spoke up and said,
" Why, I didn't know that those Juniors
Had the cash to give us a *Spread*."

" Gently, gently Maude," I whispered,
" Trouble leads from foolish prattles ;
Just because you are a 'marshal'
You don't need to fight our battles."

'Tis said friend Holland "loves" the Fens.
Is it in fun, or is it malice ?
But truly now, he's there almost
As much, as Mrs. "Jack" Gardiner's palace.

Now just suppose the price of "coal"
Should start up quickly, on the run;
In *wealth*, the Senior Class could roll
By selling "Harold," by the ton.

Now G. A. B. and George A. Burdick
Are the same, so we've been told.
Well, it takes *both* "gab" and Burdick
'Fore the "Neumes" have all been sold.

But now, my friends, my leave I'll take
If you'll excuse this rhyming talk.
It was not for a poem's sake,
But, gentle Seniors, just a "knock."

F. OTIS DRAYTON. 6—14—'07.

The evening's jollity, long to be remembered by both '07 and '08, ended with dancing 'till the "wee small hours".

Our annual Graduating Class Concert was given June 18, 1907, at 8.15 P. M., with the following program:

- GUILMANT Finale from Organ Sonata in D minor
 MR. ROBERT VALENTINE (Dorchester)
- RAFF Marchen, Pianoforte
 MISS ELIZABETH JONES (Guntersville, Ala.)
- MEYERBEYER "O ché adore" from "Roberto il Diavolo"
 MISS MARGARET LEEDS (Pittsburg, Pa.)
- CHOPIN Nocturne in C minor
 LISTZ Etude in F minor } Pianoforte
 MISS ALICE NEWHALL (Lynn)
- CHOPIN Ballade in A flat, Pianoforte
 MISS RHEA JENNESS (Deseronto, Canada)
- SCHUMANN "Intermezzo"
 "Leit Ich Ihn geschen"
 "Frühlingsnacht" } Songs
 MISS RUTH WHITMAN (Winthrop)
- WIDOR Finale from Organ Symphony in G major VI.
 MR. HARRISON LE BARON, 1906 (New Bedford)

Our class picnic called out a loyal few who proceeded to collect all the daisies in Dorchester and bring them to Jordan Hall for Class Day decorations. Notwithstanding the small attendance we had a jolly time, and the famous snapshot of "A Bunch of Daisies" will be treasured by each one present as a reminder of '07 happy days.

On Monday, June 24, we commenced early to decorate and to make the daisy chain. It was a day full of excitement and bustle for the class of '07, and especially for the Class Day Committee. In preparing the Daisy Chain drill we had the valuable assistance of Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert, and his interest in the success of our Class Day was thoroughly appreciated.

In the afternoon of Class Day a large crowd awaited the opening of the doors of Jordan Hall, and before 3 P. M. every seat was taken. The Juniors and Alumni kept the air hot with yells until the stage doors opened and '07 marched upon Jordan Hall stage to the fine-toothed strains of the Lohengrin wedding march, played upon combs with a piano obligato by Editor Mason.

The Conservatory Song was then sung by the class, an address of welcome read by the President, and the show was on.

The Burial of Studies in the green-swarded opening at one side of the stage was provocative of much laughter, especially when "term bills," "piano rent," "examinations" and the famous "Music Bag," were lowered gently into the stage coffin.

The audience never knew what it escaped having thrust upon it in the song by "High C Soloist and the Class." A falsetto voice, weird and terrible, gave out under the strain of Class Day rehearsals, and Miss Margaret Seeds, at a late hour, was given the stunt to perform, which she did most creditably. The words of the song were as follows :

There's a class that will be graduated, Wednesday if you please,
 The like of which has never yet been seen!
 For we all are sure of nothing less than unexampled high success,
 'Tis really quite remarkable, I wean.
 Just you wait a year, or two, or three, and see what you will see,
 You will surely be astonished at the sight.
 For seventy such musicians there'll be scores of fine positions
 And the folks at home will say with fond delight :

Chorus.

Money, money, money, money, everywhere,
 Enough and to spare, 'twill relieve all care,
 So you'd better call around
 While in wealth we do abound,
 There'll be money, money everywhere.

There will be Recitals, Concert Tours, Conducting now and then,
 And at teaching we are stars beyond a doubt
 For we've had training in the Normal, by a method strict and formal,
 And we've all developed brains both tall and stout.

So when the paper's full of us, with pictures, "puffs" and such,
 You will surely say, "We knew it all the time,
 For Noughty-seven, that's the class, that never, never let the grass
 Grow up beneath its feet," and you will chime :

Chorus.

The Class History in rhyme was then read by Miss Eleanor Reier, following which Odessa Sterling delivered the oration of the day. It is given here in full.

CLASS DAY ORATION

ODESSA D. STERLING

Friends, Countrymen and Lovers :

If you have ears, prepare to stop them now. This being my first appearance in this capacity, there is naturally some anxiety as to the result, and I wish you to know in the beginning that I was never so affrighted, save once, and that was when I appeared before our director, with fear and trembling, and subjected myself to the ordeal of the final examination. Still I have a feeling of profound pride and pomposity in standing before you to deliver this oration. It is indeed enviable, it is incomparably sweet to be taken from the grinds of solfeggio, from the terrors accompanying sight playing, from the cutting threats of harmonic analysis and the bonds of concert department, and to be placed along side of John Temple Graves, that chivalrous Southern orator, of Newell Dwight Hillis, whose words remind us of Schubert melodies and Raphael tints, and of the great Bryan from the far away regions of the lazy and reluctant Platte. I am not unmindful of your patience in listening to my humble efforts. I appreciate the honor the class has done me, knowing they wish one to stand here whose normal examination has reached the soaring heights of an "A Plus;" and if there is anything an orator should know thoroughly it is psychology and hand-culture,—hand-culture as exemplified in the teachings of one who is the greatest manicurist that we have ever known.

Every great orator, from Demosthenes down to myself, has been the necessity of a certain time, and as the hemi-demi-semi-quavers of my eloquent voice nestle reposingly in the skylight of this room, you are persuaded that I may be speaking in a broken but not a common time. Time has changed since the pebbly-mouthed Demosthenes stood on the capitol steps at Washington and hurled defiance at the rabble throng. Today, the orator enters the halls of music, and in the words of Ingersoll we hear, "Strike, oh weird musician, on thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair. Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft touches of the organ's keys. Blow, bugler, blow, until thy silvery notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering mid the vine-clad hills."

An oration is like music, in that it has the element of repetition. It may be a two-division song form with partial return, or, better still, a second-rondo form with the principal theme coming round ever and again, like defeat to the Boston American base ball players. The theme of this oration is evident, but lost words are like lost chords, such as that doubly augmented six-four-three of Sullivan's. And let me add

right here that if Sir Arthur Sullivan had had the course in solfeggio that we have had, and the examinations that are included, he need not have spent eons and eternities waiting to hear again the sound of that great "Amen." Still all these things come to light in the quiet, and the other night while sitting in my room with the myriad stars of heaven above me, and the mournful crying of two fighting cats beneath, with my pipe wafting ceilingward those spreading rings through which there smiled to me, in fancy, enchanting faces of conservatory girls; it was in such a halo of glory as this that these thoughts were born.

The tempo of an oration is in the minor mode. It may be taken in a largando style with the "lifting and dropping" of calendos here and there. It may be taken slowly and with condolore, like the running of thick "grave" when spilt upon the kitchen floor. But there is one tempo that cannot be kept up. Beware of the presitissi-issi-issimo. This is used only in the grand final, so draw your long breaths, for that is what I am approaching now. A year ago there walked across this platform a little band who received their diplomas and passed into that mysterious country of graduation, from whose bourne it is hoped none of us are to return. They planted here an ivy vine. They expected it to creep and climb, I want you to "note" the rhyme. They expected it to cover the organ and mute its tone. They expected it to fairly burst old Jordan Hall from centre to circumference. They expected to leave its fruit as a heritage to all that followed in their wake. Today we drop another curtain upon the past. We rend in twain another veil in the temple of the future. And today we draw the covering from this vine of 1906 to see whether the fruit be sweet or sour.

(At this point the screen was removed, showing lemons growing on the '06 ivy vine.)

The class then sang the Ivy song, which evoked dissenting cries from the chagrined '06 rooters, who evidently regretted their planting of a "fake" ivy vine at the previous class-day in 1906. The song was as follows:

To my fond imagination
 At a Class Day celebration
 Naughty-six did think to plant an ivy vine,
 In its shade they thought to wander
 And some inspiration ponder
 When it grew to be quite tall and fine.
 Being new to stunts of this sort
 Fate their visions all did distort
 And their ivy took a most alarming turn!
 For in manner unexpected
 Lemons fine it soon projected
 Consequently they have lemons to burn!

Chorus

Will someone kindly tell them? Will someone answer why?
 To them it is a riddle, and will be till they die.
 Lots of other folks have planted ivy, yet they are wild to know
 When their ivy vine is full of lemons like this,
 Where ivy was supposed to grow.

Though no man perfection reaches
 Yet this little lesson teaches
 That 'tis very well to look before you leap
 So's to know an ivy vine
 From a lemon every time,
 And so keep from feeling very, very cheap.
 For you now are sitting daily
 Trying hard to chatter gaily
 'Bout this ivy vine of forty lemon power,
 One you do not care a bit for
 For the only thing it's fit for
 Is to make your temper very, very sour.

Had we the manuscript we would like to quote from the Class Prophecy and so, too, would enumerate some of the gifts presented by Miss Parmenter, but time and space compel us to curtail the remarks and to leave out many quotations of interest. The Daisy Chain song was well adapted to its purpose, and the march by the class across the stage, down the aisles, and the massing in the outer corridor, where the various class yells were given, ended our most successful class-day exercises. The full program is herewith given.

CLASS DAY

June 24, 1907, at 3 P. M.

PROGRAMME

* "MUSIC HATH CHARMS"	CLASS
WELCOME	"Wide if not Tall" HAROLD A. COLE	
ONE LAST SAD LOOK AND THEN—FAREWELL	(Burial of the Studies)	
* MUSIC Weird and otherwise—mostly weird	"HIGH C" SOLOIST (Margaret Seeds) AND CLASS	
HISTORY	SECRETARY REAR (Eleanor Reier)	
ORATION	"A Plus" ODESSA STERLING	
† IVY SONG	CLASS
CLASS PLANTING	(Everlasting Plant)	
PROPHECY	MILLE. "THUMBS UP" (Minne) JENKINS	
* THE MACS—Character Song	CLASS
WHAT'S IN THE TANK? (Class Gifts)	"APRON-SELLER" (Bessie) PA-MEANT-HER	
DAISY CHAIN—March Song	CLASS
	(Words and Music by Rhea Jenness)	

* Words and music by Bessie Parmenter

† Parody on "A Lemon in the Garden of Love," by Bessie Parmenter.

The Class Day committee was composed of Dorothy Lewis, Chairman, Leila C. Brown, William Holland, Frank Mason, Marguerite Fox, Minne Jenkins, Odessa M. Sterling, Bessie E. Futrell, Elizabeth G. Jones and Eleanor C. Reier. The last name reminds us of a knock the Secretary (E. C. Reier) gave the President in her history of the class. The President being an ex-officio member of every committee, was nearly always on hand — and talkative, too — so much so that he received this gentle jolt in the “historic poem” :

Harold Cole's a man of might
But really it's a pity
That he should always butt right in
And boss the whole committee.

We must take leave of Class Day history, and will do so with two of our class yells. Here they are. Hear them?

Boom-a-lacka Boom-a-lacka
Bow wow wow
Chicka-a-lacka Chick-a-lacka
Chow Chow Chow
Rickety Rackety Sis Boom Bah
Noughty-Seven Noughty-Seven
Rah Rah Rah

Zip Rap Boom Hoo ray for the Neume
Read the Poster on the Wall
Noughty Seven's sold 'em all
Still the people call for more
Never heard the like before
Boom a lacka Neume a lacka Neume

At eight-thirty of the same day we gathered at the Parker House for our Class Banquet. Director Chadwick and Manager Flanders were the guests of honor, and responded with interesting speeches, in which humor and good advice were combined in a manner that held the closest attention of the class. Vice-President Bessie C. Parmenter, our valiant worker for class spirit, co-editor, and a working one, honor graduate in piano and organ courses, writer of songs — well, there are other things that she deserves credit for — responded to the toast “How it feels to be vice-president.” Editor Mason told us how the Neume was put together, and Orator Sterling gave us a short dissertation on “We should all strive to get ‘A Plus.’” It reads :

My Dear Friends :

I have been wondering why this subject was given to me, since all of you, including the toastmaster, are aware that this is a subject upon which I have to be urged to speak. It is an “A” number one subject, and I am fully persuaded that I was in a “normal” state of mind when this miracle of miracles happened. The

dough for this toast was mixed in the gymnasium. It was badly needed. Still, if I had been one of the tender sex and it had not been so well kneaded, I fear that it would have given place to salt rising tears. Of course it must be bred in one to get A plus, but I was afraid that by the time this bread had been toasted it would be like some of the toast we get in the student restaurants of Boston, which in turn is like life as it became to Hamlet—weary, stale and unprofitable. There are two reasons why this is an embarrassing subject for me. One is that this “A plus” stands out among my other grades, especially solfeggio, like the Northern Star. The other reason is that the timidity and modesty so characteristic of my nature is just a little strained. Elbert Hubbard tells us that we can choose our friends but may the Lord deliver us from our relatives. We are all closely related in that we have a common mother—our Alma Mater, the New England Conservatory of Music. Some of us may be great, some of us may be small; some of us may be great and think we are small and some of us may be small and think we are great; but whether we are great or whether we are small; or whether we are small and think we are great; or whether we are great and think we are small, I am sure that our common mother loves us all and that the love is fully reciprocated.

O. D. STERLING (A Plus).

Songs and class yells brought to a close a day long to be remembered, and we felt that it was worth all the time and trouble, for it took much time and thought to bring about the successful results obtained by the class.

Our reception was a very enjoyable affair, with a large attendance and with Jordan Hall stage transformed into a very inviting reception hall. Mr. and Mrs. Flanders, with the class officers, received the guests of the evening.

The Commencement program will give you all that need be printed. Suffice it to say that the hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience, the stage set for the orchestra and class presented an agreeable picture, and every number went without a hitch.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME

June 26, 1907, 3 P. M.

The accompaniments are played by the Conservatory Orchestra
Mr. G. W. CHADWICK, Conductor

- | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|--|
| BACH | . | . | . | Passacaglia for Organ |
| | | | | ELIZABETH CAROLINE PARMENTER (Antrim, N. H.) |
| DONIZETTI | . | . | . | Aria from “Elisir d’Amor,” “Una furtiva lagrima” |
| | | | | RICHARD TOBIN (Virginia City, Nevada) |
| BRUCH | . | . | . | Concerto in G minor for Violin |
| | | | | Allegro moderato Adagio Allegro energico |
| | | | | OLIVE LLEWELYN WHITELEY (Kansas City, Missouri) |

- THIELE . . . Chromatische Fantaisie for Organ
ANNIE WOODS McLEARY (Farmington, Maine)
- BIZET . . . Aria from "Carmen"
"Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante"
LIDA MAY MUNRO (Bridgetown, Nova Scotia)
- SCHUMANN . . . Concerto in A minor for Pianoforte
I. Allegro affettuoso
RHEA JENNESS (Deseronto, Ontario)
II. Intermezzo Allegro vivace
FRANK STUART MASON (Boston, Mass.)
- BEETHOVEN . . . Overture, "Egmont"

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS BY THE PRESIDENT
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS BY THE DIRECTOR

The reception by the Alumni Association in the evening of Commencement Day completed the events of a well filled Commencement.

Were there space, we would give the location and occupation of our class members after graduating. We hope the success of the NEUME will be such that future volumes can contain more and more of the items of vital interest to the classes who have graduated, thus making the NEUMES of still greater value to the Alumni of the Conservatory.

With the best wishes of '07 for the success of '08 and its enterprises I remain,

Respectfully yours,

HAROLD A. COLE, '07.



Hints on the Study of Shakespeare

Extracts from a Familiar Lecture

BY W. J. ROLFE

President of Emerson College of Oratory

[It is assumed that the student has some annotated edition of the plays he reads, and has access to one of the larger English dictionaries.]

1. Begin by reading the play through, without referring to any notes or comments upon it. It is well, however, for future reference to mark lightly with pencil any words, phrases, or sentences that are obscure or unintelligible.

2. Go through the play more deliberately, referring to the notes for light on difficulties and obscurities. It should be understood that notes are intended to help when help is needed for understanding the text and to give other information which may be of interest or value in illustrating the text. They often obviate the necessity of consulting dictionaries, encyclopædias, and other books of reference. Teachers sometimes foolishly object to notes because they save time and labor in this way. It is better, they say, that the student should be compelled to go to these reference books for the help he needs. But in most cases there is no mental discipline in such work; it merely wastes time that might be better employed. The student will have enough to do in consulting books of comment or criticism, aside from what he finds in any annotated edition of the play.

He should, nevertheless, run his eye over *all* the notes, in order to be sure that he really understands what he thinks he does. The chances are that he will find he has omitted to mark some words, etc., which do not mean what he supposed they did.

3. *Versification.* A knowledge of the main facts in Shakespeare's versification is essential to an appreciation of the wonderful *music* of his poetry. Hardly one person in three, even among well-educated people, including the college-bred, can read Shake-

spere's verse correctly. I am surprised to find how many teachers in school and college do not possess the *rhythmical ear*. If a line has any peculiarity of accent or syllabication they almost invariably take the music out of it. A final *ed* that should be made a separate syllable, contrary to ordinary usage (as in the line "It is enthroned in the hearts of kings"), will not be so pronounced. A word like *revenue*, which in two lines of the first scene of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" has two different accents (*révenue* and *revénue*) will get the same accent in both places. Proper names are often wrongly pronounced. I have heard a college professor of English, reading in a Shakespeare club, give four syllables instead of three to *Philostrate* (in the same scene of the "Dream") and accent the first syllable of *Egeus* instead of the second.

The mechanism of Shakespeare's verse, with the more important variations in it, can be explained in a few sentences.

The first line of the "Merchant" is an example of the normal form of the verse: "In sooth, I know not why I am so sad." It is a line of ten syllables with the accent on the even ones—the second, fourth, sixth, etc. In this example the "am" is naturally accented because the context shows that Antonio's friends have been asking him why he is so "sad," or sober.

In the third line ("But how I caught it, found it or came by it") we have an extra unaccented syllable at the end, making an eleven-syllable line, or "female line," as it is sometimes called (I don't know why, but somebody may wickedly suggest that it is because the woman will have the last syllable). Such lines are more frequent in the later than in the earlier plays.

In the eighteenth line ("Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind") as also in the next line ("Peering in maps," etc.), the accent at the beginning is shifted from an even to an odd syllable. This may occur in any part of the line, though very rarely at the end and seldom in the fourth syllable. Obviously it cannot occur often in any one line; nor can it occur in two successive pairs of syllables (or "feet," as these pairs are technically termed).

The eighth line ("Your mind is tossing on the ocean") seems at first to be imperfect, having only nine syllables instead of the normal ten; but "ocean" is to be pronounced as a trisyllable. This lengthening of words ending with syllables containing *e* or *i* followed by another vowel is common in Shakespeare and other

poets of the same or earlier times. In this same scene we find "opinion" both as three syllables (line 91) and four (line 102). The name *Portia* is generally two syllables but sometimes three (as in line 43 of scene 2, act ii.: "For princes to come view fair Portia"; and again in line 47.

4. *Language*. Shakespeare's language needs special study—both his vocabulary and his grammar. A recent writer expresses the opinion that the dramatist is "losing his hold upon us" because we do not understand his English and that the day may come when he will be laid on the shelf, like Chaucer, except by critical students. I do not fully agree with this; but it is certain that Shakespeare is often misunderstood or not understood from ignorance of the precise meaning of a word he uses—often a word familiar to us in another sense. Editors and critics have actually altered the text of Shakespeare and his contemporaries because of this ignorance, perverting the sense instead of elucidating it. I can take space here for only one or two illustrations. The wrecked ship in the first scene of the "Merchant" is described as "Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs." *Vail* here is an obsolete word, having no connection whatever with *veil* (which is substituted for it in this and other passages in some editions of Shakespeare), but meaning to *lower* or *let fall*. The ship on the sandbank turns over on her beam-ends, so that her masthead is lower than her hull. Hamlet's "vailed lids" are downcast eyes, not "veiled" or covered. Scott uses this obsolete *vail* in "Marmion" (iii. 234),

" And proudest princes vail their eyes
Before their meanest slave."

Many words have become *weakened* in meaning. *Naughty* ("Merchant," iii. 3. 9, and v. 1. 91) is a good example. In Shakespeare's time it meant bad in a strong sense, or wicked; now it is limited to the petty offenses of children, or applied only in a playful way to their elders. Regan, the worst woman Shakespeare has drawn, is addressed as "Naughty lady!" by Gloster, when she is about to have his eyes plucked out ("Lear," iii. 7. 37). The villain Borachio ("Much Ado," v. 1. 306) is called "this naughty man," etc. Compare Proverbs, vi. 12: "A naughty person, a wicked man," etc. Many other examples might be given if my limits permitted. Words that have become strengthened in meaning are less common.

Certain words had only begun to have an *approbrious* sense in Shakespeare's day: as *wench*, which originally meant simply girl, or young woman, and *knave*, which meant boy and servant before it got the sense of rascal. Illustrations of this use of both words (and others that have undergone a similar change) will be readily found in the plays, as well as of the bad sense. It is curious that *companion*, which was formerly used contemptuously (as *fellow* still is) has now lost this sense, of which there are more than a dozen examples in Shakespeare; as in "2 Henry IV." (ii. 4. 132): "I scorn you, scurvy companion!" etc.

Some words that formerly differed only in *spelling* have become differentiated in meaning; like *metal* and *mettle*, *travel* and *travail*, *curtsy* and *courtesy*, *human* and *humane*, *antique* and *antic*, etc., which are used interchangeably in the early editions of Shakespeare.

Occasionally words have changed in respect to grammatical *gender* or *number*. *Lover* in its familiar sense of a person in love was formerly feminine as well as masculine. Shakespeare's poem, "A Lover's Complaint," is the lament of a woman, not a man; in "Measure for Measure" (i. 4. 40) "your brother and his lover" refers to a "pair of lovers," as we still say, though we cannot call the lady herself a "lover." *Nuptial* occurs as a noun, but *nuptials* is more common; and *funerals* sometimes refers to a single *funeral*, as the plural *obsequies* is now used. *Hilts* is found more frequently than *hilt* when but one sword is meant.

Sometimes the difference between the old and the modern use is very curious and interesting. For instance, in the "Merchant" (ii. 8. 30) we read of a vessel "richly fraught" (freighted, laden); and in "Twelfth Night" (v. 1. 64) the "fraught" (cargo) of a vessel is mentioned. Now we can use *fraught* only in a figurative sense; "fraught with danger," etc.

One must note these things in order to avoid ridiculous mistakes concerning words in Shakespeare. Like other writers of the time, he often uses *black* in the sense of dark-complexioned, as of a woman whom we should call a brunette. In a classified anthology of "Quotations from Shakespeare," published some twenty-five years ago, the line in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (v. 2. 12), "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes," is put under the heading *Negroes!*

Of the weightier matters — *style, characterization, dramatic art*, etc., it would be impossible to add anything here.

Music and Literature

BY E. CHARLTON BLACK, LL.D.



THE importance of the study of literature to students of music and to musicians has been the subject of much interesting and suggestive discussion in American and European educational and professional magazines. It is a significant sign of the times that, while critics are ready to admit that music and literature are inter-related in a close and remarkable way, there is a strong under-current of opinion that for a student of music to make a systematic study of literature is perilously akin to a waste of time and opportunity.

This criticism is neither unnatural nor unusual. It is but an expression of what has again and again in recent years cropped up in educational circles, and is now making itself felt everywhere from the elementary schools to the great universities—a tendency to study only those subjects which have a visible, direct and immediate influence upon the daily work of life. It is an inevitable outcome of the tremendous pressure of competition in these modern days and as such has what truth there may be in the general principle upon which such arguments are based, twisted and crushed beyond all recognition. On all hands we hear such questions asked as, “What need is there for education that is not technical and commercial? Knowledge is business, and why acquire any knowledge that is not going to be useful for bread-winning purposes?” Or, if we may bring the question into line with our present subject, “Why should literature be studied by musicians who are not going to write books or go in for literature in some way as a profession?”

Leaving alone such a general answer to these questions as is involved in the tremendous truth that in that knowledge which consists in the cultivation of the sympathies and imagination and in the enlargement of the moral vision, there is business too and business of a very practical kind, we may here draw attention to a few special reasons why musicians should not merely have a general

knowledge of literature but should make some systematic study of the world's great books.

If we grant that music is the deepest and subtlest of the arts, embodying the inward feelings of which the other fine arts but exhibit the effect, it is for that very reason too emotional for an exclusive artistic food. Here it is that the importance of literature in a musical education first makes itself felt. Intellect, the clarifying and positive principle, enters into literature more than into any of the other arts, and it is for this reason that literature must be studied by everyone who aspires to be educated, to be cultured, to be in anything an *artist* worthy of the name. The greatest music voices with irresistible power the indescribable essence of life—the hidden core and center of all intellectual activity. Literature, on the other hand, deals with the different situations of life and gives perfect expression to perceptions and impressions. In this way it is a kind of corrective to the too vague and emotional tendencies of an exclusive study of music.

Again, one art cannot be properly and worthily appreciated apart from other arts, and literature is of all the arts, that of which laymen will most readily acquire a knowledge. More than this, it is the art which appeals to the largest audience, and a knowledge of literature will bring musicians into sympathy with all persons of artistic perceptions. That love of literature which comes from a knowledge of literature is the common ground upon which all artists can find fellowship. Here are no petty jealousies, heart-burnings or annoyances of any kind. How can these things exist in an atmosphere of righteousness, wisdom and beauty, where all history is enrolled and the great and good of all the past give of their knowledge and their wit and graceful words to all who will but listen. Here as nowhere else is to be had the blessed companionship of wise thought and right feeling. This is what makes literature one of the instruments, and one of the most potent instruments, for forming character, for giving the world men and women "armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage, and inspired by that public spirit and public virtue which are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man." The very atmosphere of a true liberal education is the ability to appreciate those masterpieces of literature where moral truth and human passion are treated with largeness, sanity and

beauty of expression. In the proper study of *The Faerie Queene*, *Hamlet*, *The Tempest*, Bacon's *Essays*, *Lycidas*, *The Prelude*, *Pippa Passes*, *In Memoriam*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, are the two elements of all great education, systematic training for the imagination and the development of a genial moral sensibility. Only in high, pure literature can these elements be had; and what glorious results they give in the permanent work of the world, enriching the spiritual blood, furnishing a solid preparation for the practical duties and honors of life, diffusing the while infinite charm and solace, deepening the capacity for worthy enjoyment and strengthening the power to endure!

Coming down from these wider generalisations as to the importance, nay the necessity, of a knowledge of literature to a musician or anyone who aspires to be an artist, let us glance at a simple, obvious and practical application of the same truth. Literature is the vast storehouse from which the great creative artists will always draw inspiration, and subjects for inspiration and a study of literature will enable a composer to find his way easily and readily to what will serve his purpose as suggestive themes. In this connection references may be made to the way in which the Bible and Apocrypha have inspired oratorio and passion-music, the plays of Shakespeare, opera and concerto, and the Arthurian legends and the *Nibelungen Lied*, the creations of Wagner. Wagner is a magnificent example of one who is a creator both in the realm of music and in that of high literature. Germany has had few more skilled men of letters than Wagner and there is little question that, had he given nothing to the world but the libretti of *Tannhauser*, *Lobengrin* and *Parsifal*, he would have been recognized as a poet worthy of a place beside Goethe, Schiller and Heine. The masterpieces of literature have ever and again in the past inspired great musicians; these masterpieces will inspire the great musicians of the coming days. When we think of what is laid up in old ballads and folk-tales, in the works of Chaucer, Spenser, the Elizabethans, and Milton, or to take names nearer our own time, in the poetry of Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth, or that of Coleridge, Scott, Tennyson, Lowell, Longfellow and Browning—all representing a field as yet unharvested, virtually untouched, by the musical composer, we may well be thrilled at the possibilities for those whose genius for musical composition and whose appreciation of noble literature will give them the right to put in the sickle and reap.

The Exchange of Courses

Between Harvard and New England Conservatory of Music



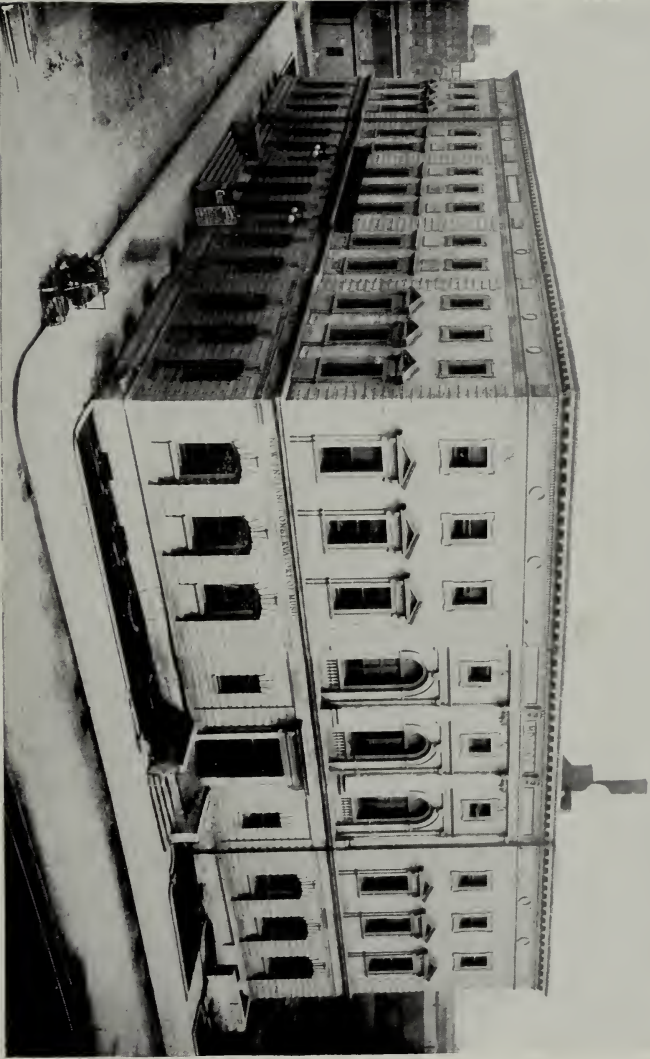
HARVARD UNIVERSITY has always believed that theory and practice should go hand in hand in all branches of learning. This principle is particularly applicable to music when used as an educational subject, for abstract acquaintance with musical literature has constantly to be supplemented by the actual playing and hearing of the music itself, and in theoretical work whatever is written by the student must be outwardly performed before the real object of musical composition is gained. Above all in writing for the orchestra it is of the greatest advantage to have the written score submitted to the actual test of performance, for in no branch of composition is there greater danger of miscalculation in regard to combinations of tone-color which sound well "on paper" but which, when performed, are unconvincing or often absolutely ineffective. It is also true that there is great danger of too much specialization for students in a professional school of music. Such men often become well trained musicians at the cost of a general education and a broad culture. The musician of today must be familiar with the standard literature of the leading nations—the English, the German, the French and the Italian, must have a working knowledge of history and should be aware of some of the great discoveries and problems in modern science and philosophy.

Some four years ago, as students of Harvard had often been playing in the Conservatory orchestra in an informal manner simply for the practice, it was felt by those in charge at the two institutions—Mr. Paine, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Converse and Mr. Spalding—that this custom might be systematized by a definite exchange of the advantages peculiar to each institution. The following proposition was therefore made to the Harvard Faculty and was duly

ratified by them; — “that regular students in Harvard University who are studying advanced composition or the theory of orchestration, may be allowed to play in the Conservatory orchestra and may count such work as equivalent to a half course toward the A. B. degree. In return for this advantage Harvard will receive students from the Conservatory into certain courses in English, French and German and in Public Speaking,” — courses which Harvard feels that no student of music who wishes to be a man of broad cultivation can afford to be without.

It only remains to be said that this arrangement has worked very well as far as Harvard is concerned, as each year several students have supplemented their theoretical work at Harvard with the practical advantages of the Conservatory orchestra. How much benefit the students of the Conservatory shall derive from this exchange naturally rests with them. The aim of the department of music at Harvard is to produce students who are good musicians only in so far as they are not narrow or one-sided. They must be well trained in music, but also acquire a broad general equipment. Harvard will welcome to her justly celebrated courses in the subjects specified above all Conservatory students who subscribe to this ideal of the aspiring and really thoughtful musician of our times.





NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY BUILDING

1883-1908

Twenty-five Years a Teacher in the New England
Conservatory of Music

SEPTEMBER, 1882, the New England Conservatory of music was moved from the Old Music Hall Building to the St. James Hotel, on Franklin Square. Any one who can remember the past forty years in Boston can easily recall the time when Franklin Square was one of the finest residential situations in the city. On one side of it Oliver Ditson lived, and on the other in a very handsome brown stone front building, lived Mr. Davis, of the firm of Hallett & Davis, who were at that time among the leading piano manufacturers in New England. And it easily follows that the St. James Hotel, located in that quiet residential quarter, was one of the finest, if not the finest hotel in the city.

But as the Back Bay district developed, that quarter of the city began to decay, and in process of time the St. James Hotel was closed as a hotel and the building advertised "For Sale."

This is one end of the story.

Some time in the later '60's Dr. Tourjée arrived in Boston, earnestly intent on establishing a music school on the conservatory plan. The country at large first learned of this great organizing genius in connection with the Gilmore Jubilee of 1869. This mammoth undertaking, so characteristically American, involved a thousand details, not the least of which was the organizing of a chorus of five thousand voices, to be recruited from all parts of the country. Into the hands of Dr. Tourjée was committed this important task, and well did he acquit himself in the performance of it.

From that time, until the day of his death, his name was one to conjure by in matters musical throughout the country. Having been a member of that great chorus, I can personally testify to

the consummate manner in which all the details connected with the gathering of this great body of singers, were handled. Not only must they be drilled in the music which was to be sung; not only must they be brought there on time and assigned to their proper places in the chorus seats, but each one must be also provided with a place to stay, etc., etc. But everything seemed to move like clock-work, and the impression gained by the public generally of the ability and reliability of this eminent man must have been of very great assistance to him in the carrying out of his pet idea. At any rate, the New England Conservatory of Music has been from that day to this the most imposing title among the ever increasing number of musical institutions of this great nation.

As the school grew, it became more and more necessary for Dr. Tourjée to find a living place which should be under his own personal control for the hundreds of young women whose parents were anxious to send them to this modern Athens, but hesitated to do so unless the doctor himself could agree to become personally responsible for their safety.

This was the condition of affairs when the St. James Hotel building came into the market. Here the two ends of the story come together. A great need on the one hand, and the opportunity to supply that need on the other. Thus it was that in September, 1882, the New England Conservatory of Music opened its doors on Franklin Square, where its honorable history could be continued under more favorable circumstances.

I became a pupil of the Conservatory in 1874, and was a member of the institution a large part of the time until 1877, when I had an opportunity to begin my professional career in Portsmouth, N. H., where I remained five years.

In May, 1882, I again became a resident of Boston and assumed the position of organist at the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, at that time the leading Baptist congregation of the city. I established myself as a teacher in the Lawrence building, 149 A, Tremont Street, and well do I remember the afternoon on which Mr. H. E. Holt, then the leading Supervisor of Music in the public schools of Boston, and a teacher of sight singing at the New England Conservatory of Music, came into my room and asked me if I would relieve him of his Conservatory work, for the time being, as he was so over-worked that he felt that he must, for the present

at least, put it into other hands. Needless to say, I was only too glad to accept his invitation. This occurred early in the spring term of 1883, and I taught out the year as a substitute for Mr. Holt.

I must have had pretty good success, because, at the opening of the Fall term in September, 1883, when I presented myself to the Registrar, inquiring if there would be any more work for me there and was referred to Dr. Tourjée for an answer, I was gratified to find that answer in the affirmative.

Solfeggio was then a term unknown in the institution, the department was that of "Sight Singing and Public School Music," and it was small enough. A very few of the pupils were intelligent enough to come to the institution for the purpose of studying sight singing, a few more to study to prepare themselves to teach music in the public schools. The remainder of my classes consisted of those pupils from the vocal department whose ears were so dull that their vocal teachers found it impossible, or nearly so, to pound a melody into their heads on the piano.

But despite the unfavorable conditions, the number of pupils gradually increased so that when, on account of his failing health, Dr. Tourjée was compelled to retire from the Directorship, I had a very satisfactory amount of business.

When Mr. Faelton became Director, he made it his business to investigate, personally, the Sight Singing Department, which investigation ended in his inviting me to take charge of the Solfeggio Department, which he proposed to inaugurate at the opening of the next school year. Most of that summer was spent in compiling the solfeggio books which are so well known to all my pupils past and present. They were first published in three volumes; later they were published in the present form, in one volume.

At that time the classes were very large, some of them numbering as many as fifty, and the tuition was \$2.00 a term, the terms then being half as long as at the present time.

Many who read these lines will recall Arthur, the very self-possessed youth whose duty it was to come into the classes at each lesson and call the roll. One, I am sure, will remember that for one entire term she answered to the name of "Miss Mumm," which mistake was not discovered until well on into the second term.

It was at the opening of this particular term that the first regular course in musical dictation was given in the New England Conservatory of Music, and the fact was very soon established beyond the possibility of a doubt that, while there were many who could to a greater or lesser extent hear with their eyes, there were few indeed who possessed the ability to see with their ears.

It seems remarkable that an institution like the Conservatory could live for twenty years or more without a Solfeggio Department, so called. It seems all the more strange when one recalls the fact that that well-known institution, the Singing School, had its birth in New England, in which it was well understood that a person, in order to be an acceptable member of such a school, must possess a fair voice and a correct ear. The only solution of the mystery I have ever been able to find is in the fact that the prevalence of instruments of the key-board class, such as the seraphine, the melodeon, cabinet organ and finally the piano, had given rise to the belief that an ear was no longer necessary to the intelligent study of music. Strange to say this opinion still prevails, and I am afraid if it were not for the insistence on solfeggio by the New England Conservatory of Music and other kindred institutions, the students of music would be comparatively few and far between who would include solfeggio in their study of music.

The Solfeggio Department has seen changes in its form. Sometimes the classes were reduced to as few as six in a class, again as many will remember, the number was increased to ten and each pupil was furnished, in my recitation room, with a cabinet organ on which to play the elements of key-board harmony and transposition. But in spite of all changes and all hindrances, solfeggio as a part of the curriculum of the New England Conservatory of Music has grown and prospered. But it will take many years yet, before the country at large will realize that a good ear is as important to the musician as a good eye for color is to the artist.

Twenty-five years, — a quarter of a century, — have I put in as a teacher of this branch of music study. It has been my specialty, my aim; to it I have given more time and more thought, perhaps, than any other man now before the public. I visited Europe with the purpose, as my principle aim, of making myself thoroughly acquainted, at first hand, with the Solfeggio methods and practices in the European schools of music. To many in the music profession,

twenty-five years at such a task would be distressing indeed. It has not been so with me. I have realized the necessity for musical development along this line in my native land, and I recall with unalloyed pleasure the many earnest young men and women to whom I have had the privilege of teaching this important branch. I have enjoyed the young people; I like them, and the hours so spent I count among the pleasantest of my life. Those who have studied with an honest purpose to improve, have become so fixed in my memory that I cannot forget them. I remember the first class of such pupils I had during my first year in the institution. Two of the class have never lost sight of me, nor I of them, and it is needless to say that they both occupy positions of honor in their profession.

Even those of the "butterfly" variety have not been altogether without interest to me; their very youth fascinates me. And when I meet some of them, as frequently I do, as wives and mothers, I reflect that in their case, as in my own, there has been a divinity to shape our ends.

Twenty-five years of earnest endeavor to raise the standard of musical intelligence and appreciation in this country. I am thankful to have had the opportunity and the privilege to devote my strength, time and little ability to so good a cause. I am thankful that some, at least, of my pupils have caught my spirit, if nothing more, and in their turn, and in their appointed places are endeavoring to carry on this much needed work of development. May their number grow more and more, their enthusiasm greater and greater, until it can be said of America, as it is now said of Continental Europe, that it is not the aristocracy, but the masses, the common people, who settle the fate of a musical composition.

SAMUEL W. COLE.



A Piercing Tone

Tick-et-tick-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-tick!!

Hear the music of my metronome!!

Singing songs of shining dollars

Glittering bright like the State House dome.

Tick-et-tick-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-tick!!

Sweetest music of the soul alone,

When I play with such an accompaniment

I have a thrilling, piercing tone.

Edward MacDowell



EDWARD MACDOWELL resided in Boston from 1889 to 1897. His first pianoforte concerto and some of his earlier pianoforte pieces had already been played there, and his reputation had already begun to grow. He was warmly welcomed by the Boston musicians and at once took his place among them as a leading virtuoso and teacher. In the latter capacity his influence is felt to this day, and though his sojourn was not long it will always be a grateful memory to those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. From this period date some of his finest and most characteristic works. The poetic Sonata Tragica, the Indian Suite, and some of his most beautiful songs were composed at this time. The second concerto and that bijou masterpiece, the Suite in A minor, opus 42, belong to a somewhat earlier period. The latter composition was first performed at the Worcester Festival of 18 — under the direction of Carl Zerrahn, and the writer still remembers the delight of the musicians and the audience which was created by its striking rhythmic vitality and unique instrumentation.

The Indian Suite was first performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Paur to whom it was dedicated. Repeated hearings have only confirmed the impression then made of its power, beauty and originality. For this is no mere piece of shopworn ballet music torturing the noble red man's simple melodies into a sophisticated contrapuntal fabric, and decorated with orchestral spangles and tinsel; rather, it is organic, elemental, sane, pervaded by a large dignity and eloquence, by a noble melancholy — the melancholy of the woods and mountains at twilight, and yet it suggests with striking vividness the fury of the tempest, and the ferocity of war. Many other performances of MacDowell's compositions took place during his residence in Boston, among which were his Hamlet and Ophelia, Launcelot and Elaine, and a memorable performance of the second concerto by Teresa Carreno.

MacDowell enjoyed one great advantage which was denied to most of the other American composers.

He had acquired his technical training early in life. At the age of 16 and 17 he was in Paris, delving at counterpoint and fugues, and that, too, at 6 o'clock in the morning. His long residence in Europe at that susceptible period of his life tended to develop his individuality, and he thus became a master of his own style while still a very young man. Unpatriotic as it may appear, America did not offer, at that time, a favorable environment for the student of musical composition, although it has since greatly improved in that respect. There were excellent teachers here, but none of the schools could then give students the opportunities we now have in some places in our own country to experiment with an orchestra, either as composer or conductor. Little wonder then that many of the young Americans went to Munich, Leipzig, or Berlin, where they could at least have occasional opportunity for hearing their own works.

Fortunate, too, was MacDowell in his association with Raff. Although a strict disciplinarian (he adhered to the "strenger satz" in his teaching) Raff was no pedant. His inclination toward the romantic school, and his own consummate technique as a modern orchestral colorist, made him quick to recognize and encourage the poetic and imaginative side of his young pupil, and their relations to one another soon grew into a close and lasting friendship, which lasted until Raff's death. MacDowell always spoke of Raff with the greatest enthusiasm, and it was evident that he loved him as much as a man as he respected him as a musician.

MacDowell's removal to New York in 1896, when he was appointed to the chair of music at Columbia University, left a void which is still felt in Boston, and his untimely death was not less a loss to the whole country.

G. W. CHADWICK.

(By permission from The American Dictionary and Cyclopaedia of Music.)

Mr. DARDEN FORD, Editor of "Neume"
New England Conservatory of Music,
Boston Mass.

My dear Sir:--You ask me to write a few words for the 'Neume.' I am delighted to do so, as it gives me one more opportunity of saying good-bye to my friends in Boston. I shall always treasure in grateful remembrance the concerts I have given in Boston, for I felt that genuine sympathy and musical comprehension of a higher order, which is an inspiration to an artist.


New York may spend more money for music than Boston, and yet I consider Boston much more musical and more capable of discriminating between an artist who lives for his art, and an artist who lives for what he can get out of his art.

And what applies to Boston audiences applies with equal force to the Boston musical critics. I have the greatest admiration for them, for they judge an artist solely by what he plays and how he plays, and judge him fairly--justly, in the true sense of the word. I cannot say that much of the New York critics.

Although I have no intentions of ever returning to the United States again, I am frank to say that the opportunity of playing in Boston once more might be a temptation for me to cross the ocean, as much as I dread it.

Sincerely yours,

Vladimir de Pachmann



Requirements as to Theoretical Studies

I am glad to act upon a suggestion of the Director, and to explain briefly the requirements as to theoretical studies imposed upon candidates for the Junior and Senior examinations. Last fall these requirements appeared for the first time in the year-book. Since they consist only of a given number of sessions of various studies, and the choice of these studies is left to the pupil, I am sure that the Class of 1908 will allow me a brief space in which to express some ideas which can now be of but little use to its members who are upon the threshold of their graduation, but which, I am sure, they will not be unwilling to leave for the help of their younger brothers and sisters in the School.

The reason for such requirements must be obvious; they were formulated not only with the desire to ensure a certain preparation in general musical knowledge upon the part of candidates for the examinations, but particularly to guard against too much theoretical work being left by these candidates to be done during their last two years in the School. From this standpoint, then, it may be well to point out the most advantageous succession of studies in such preparation, from the student's as well as the teacher's point of view.

Those students who presented several terms of Solfeggio, Harmony and Theory, were particularly fortunate; for these studies are, after all, the foundation stones of the structure subsequently to be erected by the teacher of an instrument or of the voice. The various lecture courses may be taken somewhat later, although they are no less essential to the ultimate object of the Conservatory's curriculum, which is to send out its graduates equipped not only with complete technical knowledge, but as well with the broad musical culture and artistic taste which are demanded of all musicians today.

As the Vocal Course already clearly defines the succession of secondary studies, the full course in other principal studies may also be so arranged as to cover the greater part of the secondary work

before the last year. This will leave the senior year free for advanced work in the principal study and for the enjoyment of the unusual ensemble privileges which the Conservatory offers, and which are among the greatest advantages of the Conservatory system.

May I here extend a most cordial invitation to students who contemplate entering the regular course at any time, to confer with me regarding their preparatory courses at the earliest possible moment. Individual needs will always require special advice, and thus can the office of the Dean of the Faculty, created for the assistance of students and faculty alike, attain its greatest usefulness.

WALLACE GOODRICH.



“TATIE” LYRICS, No. III.

Brightly shine thou star above,
 Brightly shine on my fair love ;
 Tell her sweetly, bid her see,
 Things I oft have told to thee.

Whisper softly in her ear,
 Loving words of tender cheer ;
 Ever faithful vigil keep.
 Lull her spirit to sweet sleep.

Send thy rays in beauteous beams
 To adorn her peaceful dreams,
 Castles grand and visions rare
 Shape and build thou for my fair.

Watch unseen thou star above
 Where by day my fair may rove,
 Thou her guardian angel be
 Till she safe returns to me.

G. E. M.

Some Visiting Artists



O the music lover omnivorously inclined and gifted with the necessary time and money, the season's musical feast has been exceptionally attractive, for, beside the unusual number of minor artists, we have been favored by many of the very greatest, some of whom have given several recitals, permitting us to become well acquainted with their peculiar styles.

The season opened October 8th with a concert given by Mac-Millan, the young American violinist, who rendered a program that displayed his command and technic, rather than his ability as a musician. He was followed by Mme. Calvé, giving an interesting recital that included some of the old familiar Calvé numbers: David's "Mysoli" (sung this time with violin instead of the flute,) and the "Habanera" from *Carmen* without which no Calvé program would be complete.

Most important among the musical events was the visit of Paderewski to Boston. He introduced us to a new style of piano playing in a recital that more than filled Symphony Hall. The first number was his "Variations and Fugue," that taxed the endurance of the piano to the utmost; in fact during the performance Paderewski showed himself to be, literally, the world's greatest piano pounder, in his attempt to work up an orchestral climax on the instrument. The program, however, was evidently too short for the insatiable appetites of many in the audience, for they demanded five encores on the last number, and it was only when the movers came and took away the piano, that the crowd ceased their bravos and other demonstrations and appreciation, and departed.

Paderewski also played with the Symphony Orchestra, when he exhibited the wonderful resources of his technic and interpretation in the Rubinstein D minor concerto. On this occasion, the usually staid Saturday evening symphony goers unbent their dignity and insisted upon an encore, and actually got one, in Chopin B flat minor Scherzo.

Closely following Paderewski came Madame Sembrich in a very enjoyable program ranging from songs by the older composers, such as Handel and Scarlatti, to compositions by the most modern writers. Very pleasing were three songs written by native composers which held their own in the approval of the audience.

Probably the most enjoyable series of recitals for the year were those given by Fritz Kreisler in Jordan Hall. Although a master of technic, his programs were made up largely of simple pieces from seventeenth and eighteenth century writers, which charmed everyone by their dainty, unassuming musical beauty. As the "world's greatest violinist," one naturally expects to see in Kreisler an eccentric, long-haired individual, but one is agreeably disappointed, for there is none of the freak in his makeup. In his music and his appearance he is dignified, a man who has none of the conventional marks of "Genius" about him. For sheer musician-ship, he assuredly has no equal among the violinists of today. And although he has command of every technical artifice known, he never endeavors to excite the audience by a dazzling display of virtuoso pyrotechnics, interesting only because of their difficulty.

Quite a contrast in appearance was De Pachmann, who is giving a "Farewell Tour" of America. (We sincerely hope not.) In addition to a musical program, this great artist treats his audience to an almost continuous vaudeville performance, that to some, at least, greatly mars the artistic enjoyment of his inimitable renderings of classic and modern composers. Under his agile fingers familiar compositions, almost worn threadbare by constant use, assume new guises — here a bit of original harmony, there a handful of notes thrown in to help the composer out. And yet you pardon him in his transgressions, although some of the liberties he takes would spell ruin for any other virtuoso, but he weaves a spell around the hearer that silences the disapproving critic, until suddenly comes a grimace, an ejaculation to the audience, or some exaggerated movement of the hand, arm or body, the front row laughs audibly, and the charm is broken. Yet you applaud to the echo and demand encore after encore.

Other pianists have visited us, men of international repute, who generally play to crowded houses, but this season owing to the performances of the two great masters, Paderewski and De Pachmann, they have left but a fleeting impression. To name them

will be sufficient: — Rudolph Ganz, Harold Bauer, Mark Hambourg, Richard Beuhlig and the American composer-pianist, Ernest Schelling.

Madame Carreno deserves special mention; besides playing with the orchestra and giving a very pleasing recital in Jordan Hall, she has had a remarkable career, aside from her wonderful ability as a pianist. Born in Venezuela, she appeared as a child wonder at the age of nine, and since then has been before the public as an opera singer as well as a pianist. She has conducted opera in Venezuela and wrote the national hymn of that country. She has been married three times, to Emil Säuret, the violinist, Eugene D'Albert, the pianist, and Tagliapatri, the baritone.

Most successful was the appearance of Miss Geraldine Farrar, assisted by Miss Olive Whitely and Gebhard, the pianist. She sang to one of the largest audiences that has ever crowded Symphony Hall. Most of the stage was used for seats and all the available standing room was taken up. That Miss Farrar did not disappoint her audience was shown by the number of encores she received, several of which she sang to her own accompaniment. This recital was doubly interesting to students of the Conservatory owing to the fact that Miss Whitely made her formal debut as a virtuoso on the violin, and nobly did she sustain the reputation of the institution from which she graduated last year, receiving a generous share of the applause.

This year the San Carlo Opera Company paid us a three weeks' visit. Through the management of the Conservatory they obtained Jordan and Recital Halls for rehearsals, and in this way we were enabled to see opera in the preparation and get acquainted with Signor Constantino, Alice Nielson and Victor Maurel in their street clothes. Victor Maurel gave a short song recital, complimentary to the students, that was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. There are few of us who were present who will ever forget "The Keys of Heaven," as it was sung by the artist.

An attractive series of Sunday afternoon concerts, at "Popular Prices," was given by the management of Symphony Hall this season as an experiment. They were fairly well attended but the experiment must have been a failure, for the concerts were soon discontinued. Among those who appeared were Bispham, Campanari and Fritz Kreisler.

Other artists such as Kubelik, Schumann-Heink, Gadski, Gorgoza, who were with us again this year, need only a passing mention as they are all familiar to Boston audiences. Nor would it be possible to go into the details of *When, Where and How* of all the recitals given by all of the artists who have sung or played for us since September, in a short article of this nature. We have had a season with more than the average number of good things, musically, and as a consequence, some who ordinarily would had full houses, have been obliged to face empty seats. But on the other hand, rarely have halls been so crowded or audiences more enthusiastic, proving that while the musical profession, especially in the growing artist class, is becoming more and more overcrowded, there is still room on top for those who combine with their technical dexterity, that intangible something known to a musician as temperament and to the layman as "soul."



“TATIE” LYRICS, No. VII.

Sing ye birds with exultation,
 Bubb'ling o'er with ecstasy,
 Chase away my sad depression
 With your sparkling melody.

Dance ye, waves upon the water,
 On the bosom of the lake,
 Break upon its stony border,
 All thy share of pleasure take.

Swing ye trees, upon the breezes,
 Bend and sway upon the wind,
 Squirrels frisk among the branches,
 All a rare enjoyment find.

I alone, in quiet sadness,
 Wander on this distant strand
 Dreaming of the welcoming gladness,
 And the touch of tender hand.

G. E. M.



THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

The Boston Opera Company

CONSERVATORY students are especially interested in the new opera house to be built in the near future; for it seems to promise not only the opportunity of hearing grand opera, but also of participating, when prepared, in its performance as well.

We quote from the prospectus of the Boston Opera Company as follows:

“There is at the present time an opportunity to secure for Boston permanent grand opera in a thoroughly equipped modern opera house.

“In view of the fact that Boston has had to depend for its opera upon traveling companies and the occasional short visits of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, which visits may at any time be given up, it would seem that the lovers of opera in and about Boston would be only too anxious to give the present plan the material support necessary to ensure its success.

“If this plan can be carried out, the Boston Opera Company will take its place among the artistic and educational institutions, such as the Art Museum, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Public Library, of which Boston is justly proud.

“A citizen of Boston has offered to build an opera house on Huntington avenue,

near Gainsborough street and Symphony Hall, and to give what very careful estimates show to be an ample guaranty of the expenses of the performances of opera for three years.

“Mr. Henry Russell will be engaged as the managing director, with full power in all matters of production, engagement of artists, etc. The business management will be under the control of the directors through a business manager appointed by them. It will be the policy of the management to maintain a high standard of performance in every detail, and to present an excellent *ensemble* rather than to exploit star singers at the expense of every other feature of the production. The best available artists will be engaged, but at all times with a view to the adequate participation in the general excellence of the cast, rather than to their individual prominence. In this spirit only can a truly artistic presentation of opera be made, and it is believed that this will be the first instance in which this principle has been recognized in an American opera house, although it is the basic idea of all continental operatic institutions in which high standards of opera are maintained.

“Another important feature of the enterprise will be its educational value. Native talent, both executive and creative, will be fostered and encouraged as far as is consistent with the best production of opera. An opera school under the best auspices will be established, and native singers of talent will be systematically trained for positions in the Company, thus giving a great stimulus to artistic study in Boston, and, indeed, in the whole country, for native talent will be sought out in all cities, and students who now are obliged to go abroad for practical training and experience, may, in the future, obtain it here.

“It is felt that such an institution once established should prove a model for similar institutions all over the country.

“The plan is to give a season of fifteen weeks of opera in Boston, divided into two or three periods. Plans are being made for the Company to play for five weeks in other cities under guaranties. During the entire season of twenty weeks (fifteen in Boston), it is proposed that a repertoire of about fifteen operas be presented; that there shall be four performances a week, three evenings and one afternoon, in all sixty performances in the Boston season.

“It is planned that the price of seats for single performances shall be from three dollars down to seventy-five cents.”

Thus we see bright days ahead for the Conservatory. Boston may rival New York in the matter of grand opera; and that is what an institution of our kind needs.

The point that seems so important for us, is, that our school will then be in position to train thoroughly grand opera singers; its opera school will be one of the great features; and at last America will be able to claim an institution that can do all for her musicians that they have heretofore had to seek abroad.

“TATIE” LYRICS, No. V.

Oh, tell me where that I may find
 The sweetest little flowers,
 That fondly lean on nature’s arm
 And thrive amid the showers.

Whose tender roots and velvet leaves
 And gentle smiling face,
 Unite and join unto one form
 Such beauty, charm and grace.

Or guide me to the sacred spot
 Where these fair blossoms shine,
 In all their simple elegance
 And daintiness sublime.

And I will show you this same spot,
 From strife and danger free,
 The place of all the whole wide earth
 That’s likest Heaven to me.

G. E. M.



“TATIE” LYRICS, No. VIII.

A WORTHY WISH

Oh would it were a gift of mine
 To shape into some noble rhyme,
 A lofty impulse that would change
 One life’s supreme direction.

To plant in a yet darkened heart
 A single seed, that soon would start
 And lead from out its lonely past
 To life’s divine conception.

That I might vividly portray
 To check a soul on life’s lone way,
 And launch it full on the calm sea
 Of human conservation.

That I might here unveil His face,
 Who died to save this broken race
 And changing its vile sin, to grace
 And holy consecration.

G. E. M.



Eben Tourjée

Founder of the New England Conservatory of Music

Old Times at the Conservatory

Some time during the year 1868, a rumor reached the little town in Maine which had been my home for about eighteen years, to the effect that a great organ had been erected in Boston, the volume of tone of which was so great, that, when it was first played upon, it caused the water of the harbor to recede, and when it rolled back into place, it submerged the wharves, and did much damage. About the same time, another rumor which interested me rather more than the first, reached us, that the Conservatory of Music had offered free courses of study to young people of decided musical talent, who were without means of paying for instruction. I knew I belonged to the second class, and my friends thought me included in the first, and all considered this opportunity too good to be lost. So after much consultation and deliberation among the members of my family, it was decided that I should go to Boston and see what it meant. Up to that time my musical instruction had been limited to a few lessons on the melodeon from a country teacher, preceded by a few terms of country singing school. My fingers were wholly unacquainted with piano-keys, and I had acquired a certain ability at playing jigs upon the fiddle. Indeed my father, who had the old-time, often-met prejudice against the country fiddler, once remarked that if I showed as much ability with the hoe, as I did with the bow, he would have some hope of me. Right here I will say that in after years he saw that his estimate of music and musicians was wrong, and frankly acknowledged the error.

On my mother's side, however, there was no opposition, for her soul was full of song, and whatever talent I did possess, came from her. Among my earliest recollections is the weekly "sing," when all who possessed voices, or thought they did, met and practised the old-time hymns and anthems—among these my mother was a leader, playing the bass viol, and singing "counter." She was ready to make any sacrifice, in order that her boy might "learn music." At last the paternal consent was given, and in December '68 I left my home, for the great city and music. Never having been fifty miles from home before, the journey was fraught with the greatest interest, and I well remember my impressions as we covered mile after mile of the way. When we arrived at Lynn, which was to be my abiding place for awhile, and being, in the vernacular of Wall street, "long" of muscle, and "short" of cash as well as pride, I shouldered my small trunk and followed my guide to the house where I was to live. After a day or two I went

into Boston. The Boston of my dreams was reached at last. Naturally it was somewhat bewildering to eyes and ears wholly unaccustomed to city sights and sounds — my guide led me through Portland and Sudbury streets, to Scollay square, up Tremont street to Winter, with frequent lookings back in order to fix certain landmarks in my mind, to assist me in the return to the station. Down Winter street to the old Music Hall entrance we went, and the Conservatory, the goal of my desires, was reached at last. Up the wide winding stairway to the office, and I was face to face with the founder and guiding-spirit of the institution, Mr. Eben Tourjée, (he was not then musical director). His pleasant face and genial manner were well calculated to put at ease the most diffident country-boy, and his cordial greeting was like that of an old friend. My errand, and the object of my visit were soon stated, but I was informed to my great disappointment, that I was barred out of the free scholarship by the age limit, which was, I think, fourteen years, while I was several years older. After a careful examination into my natural musical ability, Mr. Tourjée made me a generous offer which I accepted, and was enrolled as a pupil at the Conservatory.

The institution at that time, had none of its present magnificence; and I think it might do some of its present attendants good, could they see the place as we saw it then. It was built in tiers of rooms, on the west side of the old Music Hall. The rooms were bare and unattractive, even to dinginess, seven chairs and a piano constituted the furniture, and the evidences of the lack of money were on every side. The redeeming features were the sterling qualities of some of its teachers, and the steady, quiet, indomitable spirit of its founder, and his evident ambition and determination to make it the greatest of its kind in the country. How well he succeeded, the elegant new home on Huntington avenue will attest. Few know, or can ever know, the heart-breaking periods of discouragement which now and then appeared, nor the hard work which he gave to it. I happened to be in the west during one of his lecturing tours, and listened unknown to him, to one of his earnest pleas for music and its elevation in his country to its proper place. At its close he sang a simple, unaccompanied song, which brought tears to the eyes of many present. It was evident that his religion and his love for the Conservatory went hand in hand, and there was no doubt of the sincerity of either. After my registration as a pupil, I was sent to Mr. George L. Osgood to receive my first lesson in singing. Mr. Osgood was then a lively young Harvard man, a graduate I think, and evidently quite popular with the class of young men into which I was introduced. I stood up and sang a few tones. "Your tongue sticks up in your mouth like a huge piece of beef, go home and get it down." This constituted my first lesson, when I went for the second, Mr. Osgood had gone to Europe. I was then given to a man whom we will call Blank, an elderly man who could explode a high-tone startling

effect, but who did not seem to me to be a competent teacher. After a few lessons I was informed that Mr. Blank had been discharged for incompetence and self-conceit. I then went under a Signor Alfredo Tannotta, who had been, I believe, a french horn player in some orchestra. He was doubtless a good horn player. He soon went west. I was then sent to Mr. John O'Neill, and put in a class of young ladies. This was an embarrassing situation for me, as I had always been a shamefaced and diffident youth, I did not mind the boys much, but the girls! However, I remained with them until the end of my Conservatory study, with now and then a male creature to share my misery. Young men vocal students were scarce evidently. Of Mr. O'Neill I can only say that he was ever a conscientious and painstaking teacher, always giving his best to his pupils. I found however, that I often came out short in my allotted time, for with six in a class, the ten-minute period was quickly past, and before the teacher realized the flight of time, the next period would be encroached upon. As I was generally called up last, I frequently found myself with not much time for a lesson.

Meantime I had been studying the piano with various teachers, and ending up Stephen A. Emery, who was also my teacher in Harmony. Those of us who were fortunate enough to come into contact with Mr. Emery, know well his sterling qualities as a man and a musician. He was a thorough gentleman, college-educated, with advantages of travel and study abroad, he was worthy the regard and respect which I am sure all his pupils felt for him. When I first entered the Conservatory, there was no partition between the rooms on the upper floor and the upper balcony of the Music Hall, and many a time I eluded the watchful eye of the usher, and slipped into some entertainment which might have been going on in the hall — many a stolen Symphony Concert did I enjoy thus surreptitiously. But finally the managers of the hall erected a high iron fence, along the corridor, the scaling of which was a somewhat dangerous, though not impossible feat, only the adventurous boys ever attempted it. The girls, alas, were barred out. I might relate many an anecdote of those old days, but time and space forbid. After my three years of study it was my fortune to be selected as one to make up a respectably-sized class for graduation. I suppose that inasmuch as the Conservatory was a young institution, material was scarce, and perhaps I was the best male vocal-material available. At least, I was the only graduating male vocalist, if I remember right. The selection I perpetrated was Handel's "Deeper and Deeper Still" and "Waft her Angels;" of the performance, I do not remember much, and perhaps it is as well so. I do remember that I was not conscious of any support to my body while singing it. I suppose I must have walked on and off the stage, however. It was a great occasion, probably the greatest I shall ever assist at — at least it seemed so then. The diploma which I received also

had its weight, for some years afterward, while teaching in the west, a fond parent brought his daughter in, and after closing the bargain for lessons, pointing to the diploma which was hanging on the wall duly framed, said, "Now you must work hard and become a good player, for he"—naming me—"has been there, he knows it all."

I cannot refrain from indulging in the regret that my life of study at the Conservatory is not just beginning, instead of having passed so many years ago—surely it is only we who were with it in those days, those darkest days in its history, who can fully appreciate the changes that have taken place in its surroundings, its requirements and advantages, and we may easily be pardoned, if we feel a little envious of those who are so favored today. The Conservatory has at last a firm hold upon life, and a great and never-ending work before it.

JAMES CARROLL BARTLETT.
Class of 1871



Conservatory Concerts and Recitals

IN JORDAN HALL

A quarter of a century ago the Bostonian was content to pose as a critic—a non-performing critic—and was content to listen to the best. But, owing mainly to the influence of the Boston Symphony men as teachers and the increasingly high standard of the New England Conservatory, the present generation of local students of music have carried their studies to such an advanced degree that they themselves essay to do what they see and hear the greatest professionals do, and are not content, as were their parents, to simply sit and listen.

The students' musical atmosphere, peculiar to the Conservatory alone, pictures itself in the following paragraphs and programs of concerts, recitals, etc.

On Tuesday afternoons our Conservatory Orchestra meets for rehearsal under the conductorship of Director Chadwick; and the Conservatory student, no matter in what department he may be studying, misses the best opportunity to be had in America to obtain a broader musical understanding, if he fails to be present at these rehearsals *and pay close attention to the criticisms of the conductor*. The most distinguished visitor to these rehearsals the past year was Paderewski. On this occasion Miss Florence Larrabee, '08, played the master's own piano concerto with orchestra. Suffice to say that both Miss Larrabee and our orchestra received the very warmest compliments from this world-famed artist.

Now we come to the complete list of programs for concerts, recitals, etc., which have occurred during the year 1907-08, up to the time this volume goes to press. Hitherto, simply a list of such events has appeared in our NEUME, but this year we are inclined to enter into detail with this brilliant array of musical treats. Especially proud is '08 of members of her own class who have appeared so successfully in the following programs:

SEPTEMBER 30, 1907

Concert by Advanced Students

- | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|
| Mendelssohn | Adagio and Finale, from the Fourth Organ Sonata | Miss Ethel May Judd (Jackson, Mich.) |
| Chopin | Pianoforte—Nocturne in D flat | |
| | Etude in G flat | Mrs. Mabel Metcalf Holmes (Brookline) |
| Hahn | Songs—“ Mai ” | |
| Hue | “ Le Poete au Calife ” | Miss Mary Strickland (Brookline) |
| Mendelssohn | Trio in D minor (first movement) | Miss Katherine Jester, Pianoforte (Athens, Ga.)
Mr. Vaughn Hamilton, Violin (Bangor, Me.)
Miss Virginia Stickney, Violoncello (Medford) |



ORGAN IN JORDAN HALL

- Wieniawski Violin — Romanza from Concerto in D minor
 Volpe Mazurka
 Miss Olive Whiteley (Kansas City, Mo.)
- Brahms Songs — “Sapphic Ode”
 Chadwick “I said to the wind”
 Miss Jessie Swartz (Albany, N. Y.)
- Beethoven Pianoforte — Adagio and Finale, from Sonata, Op. 53
 Miss Selva Larramendi (Ponce, Porto Rico)
- Leoncavallo Prologue to Pagliacci
 Mr. C. Pol Plancon (Danbury, Conn.)
- Guilmant Finale from Organ Sonata in D minor
 Mr. Horace Whitehouse (Lorain, Ohio)

OCTOBER 23, 1907

Organ Recital by Mr. Homer Humphrey of the Faculty

- Ch. M. Widor Symphonie Gothique, Op. 70
 I. Moderato
 II. Andante sostenuto
 IV. Moderato — Allegro — Moderato — Allegro
- Handel Concerto in D minor
 (Transcribed from the original score by Alexandre Guilmant)
 I. Andante quasi allegretto
 II. Adagio
 III. Allegro
- A. Guilmant “Lamentation,” Op. 45
- Louis Vierne Scherzo
- Cesar Franck Cantabile
- Homer Humphrey Finale in C major (MS. First time)

OCTOBER 30, 1907

Concert by Advanced Students

- Bach Prelude in E minor for Organ
 Miss Alice M. Shepard (Roxbury)
- Sibelius Pianoforte — Romanze
- Liszt Etude, “Gnomesreigen”
 Miss Pauline Tranfaglia (Boston)
- Haydn Aria, “Del mio core,” from “Orfeo”
 Miss Marion J. Henderson (Chelsea)
- Spohr Concerto for Violin (Gesangscene). Andante and Allegro
 Master Maurice Warner (Brooklyn, N. Y.)
- Schubert-Liszt Pianoforte — “On the wings of song”
 “Hark, hark, the lark”
 Miss Edith Wells Bly, 1906 (New Albany, Ind.)
- Schubert Song — “Die Allmacht”
 Miss Florence Jepperson (Provo City, Utah)

-
- Liszt Pianoforte — “Consolation,” in E
Etude in D flat
Mrs. Nyra W. Hartmann, 1906 (Allston)
- Massenet Song — “Vision Fugitive”
Mr. Charles Amadon, 1906 (South Boston)

NOVEMBER 8, 1907

Recital of Music for Two Pianofortes

By Miss Edith Wells Bly, '06, and Miss Lillian Goulston, '08

- Saint-Saens Variations on a Theme by Beethoven
- Reinecke Impromptu, Op. 66
- Schumann Andante and Variations
- Brull Sonata, Op. 19. Allegro and Scherzo
- Saint-Saens Danse Macabre
- Lysberg Fantasie on Themes from Weber's Operas

NOVEMBER 11, 1907

Pianoforte Recital by Mr. George Proctor of the Faculty

- Schumann Humoreske, Op. 20
- Chopin Etude
Berceuse
Waltz in A flat
Fantaisie in F minor
- Claude Debussy Toccata in C sharp
- Arensky Prelude, Op. 63, No. 1
- C. W. Chadwick “Le Ruisseau”
- Liszt Polonaise in E major

NOVEMBER 13, 1907

Concert by the Conservatory Orchestra

Assisted by Advanced Students

Mr. George W. Chadwick, Conductor

- Beethoven Overture, “Coriolanus”
- Weber Concertstuck in F minor, for Pianoforte
Miss Ariel Gross (LaCrosse, Wis.)
- Mackenzie a. “Benedictus”
- Pugnani (1732) b. “Les Commeres” (Louis XV.)
Instrumentation by F. S. Mason
Played by all the Violins (twenty players)
- Haydn Aria from “The Creation,” “With verdure clad”
Miss Grace Field (Denver, Colo.)
- Mozart Symphony in C major (Jupiter)

JANUARY 28, 1908

"Every student a graduate; every graduate an alumnus"
 The Alumni Association of the New England Conservatory of Music
 *COSTUME CARNIVAL
 Complimentary to Conservatory Students
 Symphony Hall, Boston

Concert by the Conservatory Orchestra

Mr. George W. Chadwick, Conductor

Mendelssohn	Overture, "Ruy Blas"		
Mozart	Aria from "Marriage of Figaro," "Non piu andrai"		
		Mr. C. Pol Plancon	
Gillet	Entr'Acte, "Gavotte"		
Donizetti	Sextet from "Lucia"		
	Miss Stella Crane	Mr. F. Otis Drayton	
	Miss Ethel Keach	Mr. C. Pol Plancon	
	Mr. Howard W. Lyman	Mr. John J. Mogan	
Mendelssohn	Wedding March		

*See article on Carnival by Mr. Percy Jewett Burrell

JANUARY 31, 1908

Entertainment given by the Senior Class

Under the direction of Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert

- I. "THE VOICE OF SAKINA." From "Told in the Gate," by Arlo Bates. This poem will be read by Dr. L. B. Fenderson, and the incidental songs, which have been set to music by Mr. George W. Chadwick, will be sung as follows:

"In mead where roses bloom"	Miss Lottie McLaughlin
"Sister, fairest, why art thou sighing?"	Miss Jessie Miriam Swartz
"O let night speak of me"	Mr. C. Pol Plancon
"I said to the wind of the South"	Miss Swartz

Selection by Quartet

- II. BEETHOVEN. A dramatized episode from Beethoven's life, in one act. From the German of Dr. Hugo Muller, by Gustave Hein

Ludwig Van Beethoven	Louis Besserer, Jr.
Frau Fadinger, his landlady	Mary Thompson
Clara, his daughter	Lillian Herbert
Frau Sepherl, a washerwoman	Frances Peabody
Franz Lachner, a musician	Karl Rackle
Adelaide	Jessie Miriam Swartz

The piano used in the play, "Beethoven," was made in Vienna about 1820, by Conrad Graf. It is exactly similar to one made by the same maker for Beethoven, and used by the composer during the last years of his life. It is the property of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, who have lent it for this occasion.—Mr. DOLMETSCH.

Selection by Quartet

III. PANTOMINE, "PIERROT'S PIERRETTE." In one act. Written by Mr. Gilbert.
Music arranged by Mrs. Patten

*"A story in a garden of long ago,
Told in pantomime or dumb show"*

Gardner		Lillian Herbert
Prim } Loretta's aunts		Lucy Peery
Prude }		Frances Peabody
Precise }		Mary Thompson
Loretta, afterwards Pierrette.....		Katherine Porter
Pierrot.....		Nellie Cassidy
Pantaloön }		Nina Gray
Harlequin } strolling players.....		Mabel Wilcox
Columbine }		Katherine Quimby
Polinbella }		Mildred Levi

*"A man from the moon, they used to say,
Would come to the earth on some fine day
And carry away a maid, forever and aye"*

The dance has been specially originated by Mrs. Lilla Viles Wyman, and coached by Mrs. Patten.

FEBRUARY 24, 1908

Pianoforte Recital by Miss Florence Fern Larrabee, '08

Tschaikowsky	Theme Original et Variations, Op. 19, No. 6
Schubert	Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 4
Beethoven	Rondo a Capriccio, Op. 129 (The rage over a lost penny)
Schumann	"Davidsbundlertanze," Op. 6
Rubinstein	Barcarolle in G
Moszkowski	"Etincelles" (Sparks)
Schubert-Liszt	"Wohin?"
Liszt	"Gnomenreigen"
Liszt	Tarantella, "Venezia et Napoli"

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1908, at 2.30 P. M.

Violin Recital by Master Samuel Gardner

Pupil of Mr. Felix Winteritz

Assisted by Miss Pearl Dillon, Soprano

Miss Mansir, Accompanist

Bruch	Concerto in G minor, No. 1
	Prelude Adagio Finale
Wieniawski	Scherzo and Tarantelle
Mascagni	Romanza e Scena, "Voi lo sapete," "Cavalleria Rusticana"
Wieniawski	Airs Russes (Souvenirs de Moscow)
Vieuxtemps	Fantasia Appassionata

FEBRUARY 27, 1908, at 8.15 P. M.

The Fifth Annual Musicale by Alpha Chi Omega

Liszt	Sonate in H moll	Miss Evangeline Rose Bridge
Godard	Adagio Pathetique	Miss Carrie Aiton
Whelpley	"I know a hill"	
Chadwick	"He loves me"	
Van der Stucken	"Joys of youth"	Miss Nellie P. Brushingham
Chopin	Preludes, Nos. 6 and 23, Op. 28	
Liszt	"Gnomesreigen"	Miss Annie Merle Reynolds
Moszkowski	Suite for two Violins	
	II. Allegro moderato IV. Molto vivace	Misses Aiton and Josephine Durrell
Schubert	"An der Music"	
	"Der Tod und das Madchen"	
Brahms	"Standchen"	
Rachmaninoff	"Floods of Spring"	Miss Mabel Stanaway
Saint-Saens	Danse Macabre	Misses Edith Bly and Lillian Goulston

FEBRUARY 28, 1908

Concert by the Conservatory Orchestra

Assisted by Advanced Students

Mr. George W. Chadwick, Conductor

Schubert	Symphony in B minor (unfinished)	
	Allegro moderato Andante con moto	
Slavjk	Concerto for Violin	Instrumentation by F. Stuart Mason
		Master Maurice Warner (New York City)
Volkman	Serenade in D minor for Violoncello Solo and String Orchestra	
		Solo by Miss Virginia Stickney (Medford)
Verdi	Aria, "Eri tu," from "Ballo in Maschera"	
		Mr. Leon R. Maxwell (Winchester)
Goldmark	Overture, "Sakuntala"	

MARCH 6, 1908

Concert by Advanced Students

Chopin	Pianoforte — Nocturne in A flat	
	Scherzo in C sharp	
		Mr. Karl E. Rackle (Canton, Ohio)

- Massenet..... Aria, "Il est bon il est doux," from "Herodiade"
Miss Theresa Mahoney (Lawrence)
- Wieniawski..... Airs Russes
Miss Carrie Aiton (Belfield, Va.)
- Elgar..... Two Partsongs for Women's Chorus
a. "The Snow" b. "Fly, singing bird"
Conservatory Choral Club
Violin Obligatos, Misses Aiton and Josephine Durrell
- Moszkowski..... Pianoforte — Barcarolle in G, Op. 27
Miss Alice M. Newhall, '07 (Lynn)
- Saint-Saens..... Aria, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," "Samson and Delilah"
Miss Gladys M. Richey (Los Angeles, Cal.)
- Perilhon..... Violin — Gigue
- Hure..... Air
- Hubay..... Harlequin
Mr. Louis Besserer (Roxbury)
- Dvorak..... Quartet from Requiem Mass
Miss Marion J. Henderson (Chelsea)
Miss Florence M. Jepperson (Provo, Utah)
Mr. Walter L. Boyd (North Cambridge)
Mr. Frederick L. Huddy (Dorchester)
- Chopin..... Pianoforte — Ballade II., Op. 38
- Rubinstein..... Etude in C, Op. 23
Mr. Benedict J. Fitzgerald (Cambridge)
- Wagner..... Spinning Chorus from "The Flying Dutchman"
Conservatory Choral Club
- Cesar Franck..... Finale in B flat for Organ
Miss Mary W. Karlmann (Terryville, Conn.)

MARCH 19, 1908

Pianoforte Recital by Miss May Belle Hagenow

- Raff..... Giga con Variazioni
- Scarlatti..... Two Sonatas, G major and C major
- Beethoven..... Ecossaisse
- Schumann..... "Warum"
"Traumes Wirren"
Fantasia, Op. 17 (first movement)
(Durchaus phantastisch und leidenschaftlich vorzutragen)
- Chopin..... Ballade in A flat
Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 7, 9 and 12
- Liszt..... Rhapsodie, No. 12

MARCH 24, 1908

Pianoforte Recital by Mrs. Nyra Watson Hartman

Beethoven	Thirty-two Variations in C minor
Mendelssohn	“ Song without words,” Op. 62
	“ Spinning Song ”
Schubert	Minuet
Schubert-Liszt	Soirees de Vienne, No. 6
Rubinstein	Barcarolle in A minor
Wagner-Brassin	“ Feuer-Zauber ” from “ Die Walkure ”
Schytte	“ Over the Prairie ”
Weber	Concertstuck
	Orchestral parts played on a second pianoforte by Miss Stovall

MARCH 30, 1908

Dramatic Recital by Pupils in Lyric Action

Under direction of Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert
Miss Minnie M. Stratton, Accompanist

- I. Scene from “ Hansel and Gretel,” by Humperdinck
- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| Gertrude, the mother | Miss Grace Field |
| Hansel } her children..... | Miss Lillian Herbert |
| Gretel } | Miss Josephine Gibbons |
- II. “ Good-Night, Babette.” A musical idyll
- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Monsieur Vieuxbois..... | Mr. Louis Besserer, Jr. |
| Babette..... | Miss Josephine Gibbons |
- III. “ Paquerette ” (Le Mariage aux Lanterns) Operetta in one act
- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| Babolet, a peasant | Mr. L. G. Kerr |
| Paquerette, a young orphan, his cousin | Miss Edith Nickell |
| Navette } two village coquettes..... | Miss Lillian Herbert |
| Bleuette } | Miss Ida Pierce |

APRIL 1, 1908

Pianoforte Recital by Miss Louise Daniel

Beethoven	Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3
	Allegro con brio Adagio Scherzo Allegro assai
Chopin	Ballade in G minor
	Nocturne in C sharp minor
	Valse in D flat
	Scherzo, Op. 20
Faure.....	Nocturne, Op. 33, No. 1
Davidoff-Vogrich.....	“ At the Fountain ”
Rubinstein	Valse-Caprice

APRIL 3, 1908

Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Edwin Klahre of the Faculty

Cramer	No. 1. Allegro	7. Moderato con espressione	12. Lento
	43. Andante maestoso et espressione		
Clementi	(Gradus) No. 3. Allegro	7. Vivace non troppo	25.
	Molto allegro		
Czerny	Op. 740 No. 28. Allegro vivace	17. Molto allegro	14.
	Allegro 7. Molto allegro		
Henselt	Op. 2 No. 1. Allegro molto agitato	2. Allegro moderato	
	6. Allegro		
Kullak	Octave Studies No. 1. Allegro	2. Allegro scherzando	
Chopin	Op. 10 No. 1. Allegro	2. Allegro	3. Lento, ma non troppo
	4. Presto 5. Vivace 6. Andante 7. Vivace		
	8. Allegro 9. Allegro, molto agitato 10. Assai vivace		
	11. Allegretto 12. Allegro con fuoco		
Rubinstein	C major		
Liszt	"La Campanella"		

APRIL 13, 1908

Pianoforte Recital by Miss Marjorie Church

Bach	Prelude and Fugue in A minor
Gluck-Brahms	Gavotte
Beethoven	Polonaise
Schumann	"Carnaval," Op. 9
Chopin	Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2
	Valse, Op. 34, No. 1
Chadwick	"The Gloaming"
	"The Frogs"
MacDowell	"Witches' Dance"
Liszt	Etude de Concert in D flat
	Polonaise in E

His Call at the Dormitory



He met her at a picnic in his native town, in Maine, and she was going away. He had been very nice to her during her vacation, and she said “*now you will come and see me won’t you when you come to the city. You come sometimes, don’t you?*” And he said he never had been to Boston, but was going soon and would be glad to call. “Well, do come,” she said, “and I’ll try and make it pleasant for you. Take a Huntington Avenue Car, I live at the dormitory on Hemenway Street. You can’t help finding it — thank you awfully for your kindness — don’t fail to come — well, good-bye,” and she was gone.

He thought he would take her a bunch of pinks, and with them in his hand he sauntered up Gainsboro Street, and looking up saw before his eyes a large four story building, the front full of windows, and the windows full of girls, three or four to a window, and all looking at *him*. Some were waving handkerchiefs, some were throwing kisses, but one and all gazing at *him*! His face began to turn red, he knew then for the first time in his life that his clothes didn’t fit him; that his necktie was the wrong color; that his hat was out of style, and he knew he was as much out of place as a pair of cymbals in a church choir. He didn’t dare go back, and was afraid to go on, but realizing that he *must* do something, he marched up to the door and rang the bell, and was shown into the parlor. “Would he send up his card?” Card? he never owned a card in his life! no, “just tell her ’twas Mr. Blank.” Had he not made a mistake and gotten into an insane asylum instead of a dormitory? What were those yells and shrieks? Someone was being murdered, he was sure; and those other noises; seventeen pianos all banging out different tunes in different keys, a cornet over there, a clarinet up there, and the twang of a guitar down there. Heavens, he wished she would come, for he would go crazy himself soon. He hears a step, and a girl bounces in and says,

“beg pardon!” and is out again. In a minute another comes in saying, “Mary, where are you? oh pardon me,” and out *she* goes. Before his friend arrives forty-three girls had been in, looked at him and begged his pardon, and everyone had glanced at his bunch of pinks and said, “Oh,” and he wished they were in the bottom of Charles River, and when his friend finally *did* appear he was so flustered that he forgot to give her the pinks, or ask her to go to the theatre as he intended, and he couldn’t think of anything to say, and his trousers kept hitching up, and he wished he was home again, and the long call he intended to make was cut down to a few minutes. If he would only call she “would make it *pleasant* for him!” And she had, and he got up and said good-bye and disappeared up Gainsboro Street, and didn’t look around to see the fluttering handkerchiefs and the faces at the window, and if he lives to be as old as Methuselah he will shun the dormitory on Hemenway Street as he would a pest house.

*Strange how one will get behind
time*



Verse

TO A MOSQUITO

The pilfering, pestering drunkard of blood,
The scourge of the dooryard, the meadows and wood
That's following always wherever you go
Just aching to bite you and fill you with woe.

His poisoning gimlet so teeming with vice
He brazenly offers as if it were nice,
With sulphurous glee he bids you to choose
The place of reception, and dares you refuse.

With parental vigilance 'round you he hovers
In that sweet devotion peculiar to lovers,
Of the lingering type is his touching caress
Tho' the shortest too long, I frankly confess.

And how strangely we're wafted to rapture ere long,
By the hum of his wings in melodious song
And how vain the attention on him we'd bestow,
If his bartering spirit he never would show

G. E. M.



THE SINGER'S CURSE

She warbled at eve, a mystic tune,
A strange, strange air sang she.
And she sang it at morn, and she sang it at noon;
It seemed like the song dogs sing at the moon;
And onward and on sang she.

"O maiden!" I asked, "why warble so
In the midst of the night and day?
Why thus doth unceasing your wailing flow?
You're disturbing the neighborhood, you know;
Oh, cease for a moment thy lay."

The look she gave would a mummy freeze,
And I saw her anger grow,
As she said: "You're too vulgar for arts like these;
I shall sing as loud and as long as I please,—
I am learning Solfeggio!"

LOUIS C. ELSON.

 ICONOCLASTIC HERESY

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY SOME RECENT SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Oh! for the lilt of a ripping good tune,
 With a sparkling rhythmical snap,
 To drive the "blue devils" away to the moon,
 And give our black worries a nap.

Bosh! Reger and D'Indy and that fellow Strauss,
 Away with the whole cussed crew,
 Down with their fearful discordant rough-house,
 Polyphonous, cacaphonous stew.

The Muses fly trembling, a terrified rout,
 Apollo long since smashed his lyre,
 When taking old "Richter" and "Stainer" and "Prout"
 We chucked the whole bunch in the fire.

Hadyn and Mozart must writhe 'neath the sod,
 Stirred up by this nauseous sound,
 But Beethoven blessed by a merciful God,
 With deaf ears sleeps under the ground.

So here's to a tune that will lighten the heart,
 And tingle the blood all aglow.
 No more of this dry-as-dust, petrified "Art."
 Give Herbert and Sousa a show.



THE CRITIC'S SOLILOQUY

What can I say about Miss Squawk,
 The recent vocal comet?
 I've got to write her concert up,
 And I was absent from it.

I think I'll give a meed of praise,
 Just tintured with formalities,
 And try to find a refuge safe
 In glitt'ring generalities.

It's safe to say "She sang with grace
 And gave her friends much pleasure."
 I think I'll add, "The audience
 Applauded without measure."

I now must add a fault or two :
 " The singer's intonation
 Was sometimes just a trifle flat,"
 (To save my reputation).
 " But still her voice gives promise great
 (These promises are easy),
 And in its upper register
 Is pearly, sweet, and breezy.
 " We hope to hear her soon again."
 There ! nothing could be finer.
 She surely will be satisfied
 With such a fair "ten-liner."

LOUIS C. ELSON.



OUR "BAWL" TEAM

Oh ! see the high soprano,
 Shriek a mile above the staff ;
 As she reaches up on tip-toe,
 Watch her climb another half.
 And still she keeps on soaring,
 Higher, higher in the air ;
 The critics say, " She's out of sight."
 Well ! she must be 'way up there.

Behold the long lank tenor,
 With a voice I'd hate to own ;
 Why did they make the insect ?
 Old Nick knows this alone.
 Its wails, so weird and woful,
 Raise the hair right off your head ;
 O ! that I had a gatling gun !
 I'd pump him full of lead.

Now hear the noble basso,
 With his subterranean growl,
 How the walls and ceilings tremble ;
 How the dogs out-doors do howl.
 " Get the hook ! Say, get a lemon !"
 Do we hear the gallery scream ?
 Take away the vocal demon,
 Put him off our "bass-bawl" team.

Eddy Berry

Eddy Berry's very cheery
When the rest of us are merry,
But it puts him in a flurry,
If you call him in a hurry.
And so you must give him leisure,
If you want to give him pleasure.
For he takes his time and dances,
And he staggers and he prances
And he makes those charming gestures
Of his hands in rhythmic measures.
Showing how the music rises,
In a manner that surprises,
Also how it decrescendoes
With those graceful ritardandoes.
See those rhythmic fingers moving
See those circles, tender, loving!
Now a theme he is caressing,
Now a full return is blessing;
Now a climax he is jamming
Now a cymbal he is damming.
Do but watch him go to pieces
As the sound of music ceases.
For he staggers and he prances,
And he takes his time and dances;
And if you would give him pleasure,
You must give him lots of leisure.
Never call him in a hurry,
Or you'll put him in a flurry.
When the rest of us are merry
Eddy Berry's very cheery.



YE TUNERS

If e'er you want to find
A good jolly fellow,
Go down in the subway,
Go down in the cellar.

Senior Yells

1. (Count) E-i-g-h-t ; Rah !
E-i-g-h-t ; Rah !
E-i-g-h-t ; Rah !
Nineteen Eight.
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Boom ! ! ! Ought Eight.
2. Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Eight.
(fast) Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Eight.
3. 1—2—3—4—5—6—7
o—o—o—o—o—Eight.
4. One-a-zipa ! Two-a-zipa !
Zipa—Zipa—Zam
Seniors ! ! Seniors ! !
Beat 'em if you can.
5. Boom-gig-Boom !
Boom-gig-Boom !
Boom-gigger-rigger-gigger-Boom !
Boom ! Boom !
Hee ! Hee ! Hee ! Hah ! Hah ! Hah !
Seniors — Seniors
Rah ! ! Rah ! ! Rah ! !
6. What's the matter with —— ?
He's all right !
Who's all right ?
—— !
7. Che Hee ! Che Ha !
Che Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
Seniors ! Seniors !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
THE NEUME.
8. Rah—Rah—Rah !
Rah—Rah—Rah !
Rah—Rah—Rah !
Seniors ! !
9. Rack-er-te-crack ! Boom ! Boom !
Seniors ! !
10. Sis—Boom—Bah !
S-E-N-I-O-R
Rah, Rah ! ! Rah, Rah ! !
THE NEUME.
11. Twiddle ! Cowink ! Cowink ! Cowink !
We are the people, so we think !
Halabaloo ! Who are we ? (up)
Seniors ! Seniors ! N. E. C.
12. Higar-higar-higar, Sis Boom Bah,
Seniors ! Seniors !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Ought Eight !
13. Boom-a-slicker ! Boom-a-slicker !
Sis ! Boom ! Bah ! !
Seniors ! Seniors ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
14. Hokey—Pokey !
Sis—Boom—Bah !
Rickety—Rickety !
Rah—Rah—Rah !
Razzle—Dazzle !
Ki—Yi—Yi !
Juniors—Juniors !
My ! OH, My !
15. Who are they ?
Can't you see ?
They are Juniors
Of N. E. C.
Are they in it ?
Guess they are !
Junior—Juniors,
Rah—Rah—Rah !
16. N. E. C. rah, rah, rah !
N. E. C. rah, rah, rah !
N. E. C. rah, rah, rah !
Seniors ! !



Applied Quotations

And still the rain keeps comin', and still he keeps a hummin'.—*Wm. H. Dunbam.*

There's many a slip, 'twix the horn and the lip.—*Chas. Cole.*

Who chooses me shall gain what many men desire.—*Pearl Dillon.*

They stick together so they cannot be sundered.—*Misses Aiton and Durrell.*

Three is a crowd, and there were three,

“Dot,” the parlor lamp and me

Two is company, and that, no doubt

Is the very reason the lamp went out.—*H. Whitehouse.*

Pandora! something stung me.—*Karl Rackle.*

An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own — Hamilton's cigarette.

My life is one dem'd horrid grind.—*Lingley.*

His voice

Irregularly deep and shrill by fits;

The two extremes appear like man and wife

Coupled together for the sake of strife.

—(The late) *Harry Pinkham.*

Her voice was ever gentle, low and soft,

An excellent thing in woman.—*Nellie Brushingham.*

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.—*Louis Besserer* (after the play).

She's a winsome wee thing

She's a handsome wee thing

She's a bonny wee thing

Beloved by all.—*Jean Knappenberger.*

Thou art a lover, singer,

I know it by the thrill

That quivers through thy piercing notes.

So petulant and shrill.—*Anna Field.*

Consider mine ememies, for they are many, and they hate me with a cruel hatred.—*Sol Feggio.*

Honors don't always change the man.—*Dean Goodrich*

My age is as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly.—*Mr. Parker.*

The long and the short of it.—*Messrs. Shirley and Luchesi.*

I am not in the roll of common men.—*George Proctor*.
 I've lived and loved.—*P. Hamilton*.
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—*L. Chamberlin*.
 Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.—*Florence Larrabee*.
 Those dimples win the gents.—*Mabel Wilcox*.
 If I am not critical, I am nothing.—*Wesley William Howard*.
 What have I ever done to ye people, to cause such "injuries" to be
 inflicted upon me?—*Darden Ford*.
 Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?—"Alice M."
 The beginning of our end.—*Graduation*.
 I do but sing because I must.—*Snow*.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
 To sing in public on the stage."—*Lillian Herbert*.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print.—"Tom" *Miss*.
 'Tis an old tale, and often told, '08, best class yet.
 And both were young, and one was beautiful.—*Peery and Peery*.
 She sings like one immortal.—*Miss Hare*.
 All happiness bechance thee.—*Graduates*.
 The man that blushes is not quite a brute.—*Harold Simonds*.
 Hail, horrors! Hail!!—*The Exams*.
 Behold a wonder.—*Pal Planson*.
 I do not deny that I have some talent.—*Florence Larrabee*.

"Men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever."—*Miss Griger*.

Admired, not feared.—*Dean Goodrich*.
 Some of us will smart for it.—*Applying these quotations*.
 So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.—*Tyler*.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and a good one.—*Dr. Black*.
 Who says in verse what others say in prose.—*F. O. Drayton*.
 Looks that speak.—*Our Director*.
 A hair on the head is worth three in the brush.—*Mr. Cutter*.
 Eat drink and be merry, for tomorrow we flunk.—*Seniors (last of May)*.

Ye maiden faire upon ye streete
 Doth smile and saye, "Oh, ain't he sweete."—*Mabel Wilcox*.

Think what and be advised, you are but young yet.—*Tom Moss*.
 O, Watchman, what of the night?—*Sten Ströbeck*.
 I mean all right.—*Harry Snow*.

'Tis strange that I remain so "childish,"
 But truth was e'er more strange than fiction.—*Olive Whiteley*.

More Quotations

FROM THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Habits? I have none.— *Lyman*.

Brief is life, but love is long.— *Kerr*.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

Nor other thought her mind admits.— *Burtt*.

I will know

If there be any faith in man.— *Arnold*.

A Rosebud set with little wilful thorns

And sweet as English air could make her.— *Logan*

Some work of noble note may yet be done.— *Williams*.

I sketch and sketch the live-long day,

But never can I draw a crowd.— *Jochem*

High diddle, diddle,

The cat and the fiddle.— *Van Cleve*.

Was ever man so grandly made as he?— *Tyler*.

Let me not cast an endless shade,

What is so wonderfully made.— *Hare*.

His sunny hair clustered about his temples.— *Moss*



Our '08 Strong Man
From Caines College of Physical Culture.

Squibs

The Green-room was happy the night of the senior class play. It was in its proper atmosphere. Grease, paints and powder were spread in order on the make-up table. The little Pierrot and Pierrette of the pantomime, the sombre Beethoven and dignified Adelaide in black velvet, waited for the make-up man to start in. He seemed to spend hours on Mr. Besserer, as the make-up of Beethoven needed special care. They followed every shadow and every facial line of a standard Beethoven picture, which was lying on the table for copying. Each minute seemed to add a year to Besserer's age, as the shadows were put under his eyes and the wrinkles round his mouth. The wig streaked with gray came next and made the make-up near perfection. The final touches were being put on, when little Kitty Quinby (who made a hit in the pantomime) came in. At all rehearsals she had called Mr. Besserer "Father" in play, and in that way had found an excuse for quite a few affectionate interviews with Beethoven. She came in quickly in her little princess dress, short to her knees. After a hurried survey of the room looking for "Father"—she espied Besserer being made up. She looked at him a long time not recognizing him, and said, "Jess, who's the old codger?"

"Never mind, Kittie," said Adelaide "come to Mother's nice lap."

"All right" said Kittie.

Then, suddenly, to Kittie's amazement, came a familiar voice from the "old codger."

"Father has a nice lap, too, Kittie."

Mr. Gilbert was particularly happy in his selection of Beethoven and Adelaide. Beethoven merely had to imagine the gross emptiness of a twenty years' absence to make his part most neat. This was the secret of his great success in portraying the character. Though in the end of the play they parted forever, this was merely a bit of tragic irony which the audience well understood, for it was not forever. They really pledged themselves to see each other at least two or three times a day, and they have kept their pledge very well.

It was very unfortunate for Sten Stroebech, the night his face was battered in the "Information Office Affair." It was hinted, as an outcome of this fracas however, that the management was to appoint two persons to "take note" of every individual that entered the building. This appointment demanded somebody who could stand in the hall most all day (and part of the night, if necessary) and "look at everybody" that came in (and went out). The outcome was not at all surprising, for Llewellyn Evans received first appointment with Lloyd Kerr as his assistant.

The opera school of N. E. C. intends to give "Mignon" we hear. If such be the case, Dr. Faust will be obliged to keep his "study" in the basement, instead of Jordan Hall Stage (Thank Heaven!) for another year. It is a great pity that Dr. Faust does not "lock up" his "study" during his frequent departures, or possibly have certain rules and regulations enforced during his absence, for "the devil" is certainly let loose in that "study" of his when he is not there.

*Forsté but does he
look it.*



next duet with Miss ——." "Please, Mr. Cole, I'd rather sing with Miss ——." "I guess I'm the match-maker in this class," said Mr. Cole. "Well, if you are," thoughtlessly murmured the girl who had sung with the lone man, "You didn't do much for me."

A young lady having purchased an assortment of music at the N. E. C. Music Store, was returning to Dana Hall when suddenly she recollected a piece which she had neglected to buy.

Returning immediately to the store she said to one of Driscoll's 'dapper' clerks, "there is one thing more, which I had forgotten, and I wish you would give it to me." "Yes'um, and what is that?" replied the clerk. "It is, 'One Kind Kiss Before We Part.'" The gay youth instantly vaulted over the counter to the astonishment of the fair miss.

Not long ago, when our orchestra made its first trip to Lawrence, the "concert mistress" was asked by a native if she had heard "their great organist."

"How great is he?" asked the lady."

"Wall, he went ter a big Boston pefesser, and he told him "he couldn't larn him nothin'."

"We surely *did* leave N. E. C. because — but never mind that; the point is, we can't help from still "butting in" pretty often to Recitals, Lectures, etc., even now." Pinkham and Schurmann.

1st. Dana Hall Girl.—What are you going to have for a spring hat?

2nd. Dana Hall Girl.—Don't talk to me about spring hats. I'm just starting in to pay for last winter's fur-coat.

A party given the other evening at which the ladies were asked to bring "something for which they had no use, but which was too good to throw away," would have been a great success if nine of the eleven ladies present hadn't brought their husbands.

Our Senior Classmate, Miss Davis, was once trying to explain to "some folks at home," how certain parts of N. E. C. looked. Picturing Huntington Avenue entrance she said "Upon entering from 'the avenue' the first thing to meet the eye is a beautiful bronze statue of Beethoven, and the second thing is always — Mr. Evans."

Preceptress: (to student diligently practising) Really, Miss A — the morning study hours must not be interrupted by your ragtime.

Student: (amazed). "And this a Moszkowski Waltz"!!!

Class in Tuning

Instructor. — When tuning a piano what is the first thing to do?
 1st pupil. — Remember that the front door-mat is placed there for a purpose.

Instructor. — Good. What next?

2nd pupil. — To tactfully persuade the owner of the piano that you consider yourself competent to tune her piano even if she is as far away as the next room. This is more difficult than might appear at first thought.

Instructor. — I see the class is learning —

Bright pupil. — Say! I heard the greatest joke down at the “Lyceum” last night.

(With great suspense) — “What was it?”

“Well, you know, there was —”

Instructor. — We’ll hear that next time.

Very soothingly from the next room comes floating in a selection by the mixed quartet:

Sailing, sailing over the bright blue sea, etc.

This quartet is quite original in one respect, as the four base singers composing it are perfectly willing to sing soprano or alto by request. To the ear of a “professional musician for twenty-five years” this refrain acts as an incentive to work.

Instructor. — In using benzine on actions be careful about any bright light. (Sidewise glances at various ties, hats, raincoats, etc.)

(With inspiration) — Last night at the “Lyceum” —

“I wonder where Mr. X. is? — Oh! he went shooting, and mistaking a sea-gull for a wild duck followed it up until suddenly he was reminded that the ocean has tides. The tide goes down about three o’clock today, so I guess he’ll be here tomorrow.”

One pupil to another. — Did you hear what Mr. Y. did? He has successfully demonstrated that oil and water will mix.

Instructor (to himself). — This seems to be a class in general information rather than in the elevating art of Piano-tuning.

Late arrival. — Sorry to be late, but I’ve just bought a dozen ties and I wanted to stop and try them on to see how they looked. I’d like to have a different one for every day in the week.

“Now, on the level, I’d like to tell you about the “Lyceum” last—

Long-suffering instructor.—How many hours a day do you spend in remembering what you have heard the night before? With such a retentive mind you ought to be at the head of the class instead of serving as an example of misdirected energy.

Class resumes lesson, and things go smoothly for a short time. Meanwhile somebody unscrews Miss ——’s hammer and practises tying knots with her coat-sleeve instead of with wire as directed.

(Excited voices in hot discussion in next room)—“I tell you four mutes is better than three and . . . If you move four times it’s bound to take longer than three times.—No it isn’t either. You can do it quicker any time.—By gum, it stands to reason that three mutes are better and quicker than four mutes.—That’s just what you said before. You don’t know what you’re talking about. (Third party.)—Let’s change the subject. You argue about those mutes every day, and besides we are all willing to admit that lots of good things come out of Nebraska besides William Jennings Bryan.”

Instructor.—Well, I think the class may be dismissed now, and I hope that you all feel as if you had learned something worth remembering. And by the way, I trust that whoever turned the pictures in the classroom toward the wall will obligingly turn them over and allow us to look upon their faces again. For next lesson I would like to have you be prepared with an answer to this question: If C has 517 3-10 vibrations and its octave is tuned 1-32 of a beat sharp and the next octave is tuned 7-12 of a beat flat how many vibrations will there be in four-lined C?



STOP DAT KNOCKING

Remember all our plucky teams
That in the past have fought;
How easy for them, victory seems,
To win, it is their lot.

They’ve won on diamond and on track.
Continue? ’course they will.
How can we help but cheer them still,
In fancy, looking back.

In Lighter Vein

Applicant. Did you advertise for a woman that was good at figures?

Driscoll. Yes. Are you a bookkeeper?

Applicant. No, but I used to select chorus girls for a burlesque show.

Prof. Elson (to a pupil who hitherto has been coming late.) Good-morning, Miss J. I'm glad to see you are early of late. You used to be behind before, but now you are first at last!

Mr. Rice. The fact that I am a good musician was the means of saving my life during that flood in our town a few years ago.

Pupil. How was that?

Mr. Rice. When the water struck our house, my wife got on the folding-bed and floated down the stream until she was rescued.

Pupil. My! And what did you do?

Mr. Rice. Well, I accompanied her on the piano.

Sten. Say, did you know I was getting a hundred and fifty per from the management, for "night watching."

Eddie. Per what?

Sten. Per — haps!

Miss Geiger. So her second husband is a tenor?

Miss Daly. Yes, she says her first was a bass deceiver!

First Junior. Was Mr. White's lecture clear to you?

Second Junior. Clear as mud.

First Junior. Well, "that covers the ground."

"C. Pol." Whenever I sing, the dog howls.

His wife. The instinct of imitation, my dear.

Miss F. When did Jack London name his book "Call of the Wild?"

Miss G. After a visit to N. E. C., having passed rooms 14 to 23, or "Shrieker's Row," (according to Elson).

First P. G. Harold Cole is in love.

Second P. G. With whom, do tell me?

First P. G. Himself!

Variations

Even the seats in Jordan Hall sigh, when you “meander” in late, to a concert.

Although Miss Swartz liked Nolte “very much,” see likes Louis — Besserer.

Mason is a “daisy,” but Daisy is not, as yet, a Mason.

Miss Richey, assistant treasurer of the Junior Class, never “shows up” even at Treasurer Williams’ bidding.

“Sentimental Tommy” Moss announces “a scholarship fund” — for all his old sweethearts.

Lyman — tenor of the “high C’s” (seas)!

“1908” is Leap Year, therefore there is a great scarcity of men in the Senior Class.

Mr. Ford has recently joined the N. E. C. Bass Bawl Nine. He tells us the first game will be played May 30, against a “picked” team from the dormitorys.

One thing that actually began “on time” — the tennis games at tournament last June.

“Why Smith left Home” — To join the “Coat Room Club.”

According to Miss Hall’s own statement she has “about ten on the string, already!”

Llewellyn Evans — noted for “airing” those luscious, low “feet” tones of his.

Mr. Hawkins of the Junior Class is a great “spiritual” adviser.

“What’s a synonym for ‘slowness’ this year at N. E. C.?”

“Junior Class, as I remember.”

“What is N. E. C. without a coatroom? — Ask Miss Coughlan.”

Why does Haskell study music?

For the "ladies" there is in it.

"And, in her turn, Daisy Arnold "studies" music for the "gents" there are in it.



*I'd skip dinner any time to see
beautiful paintings*

TO S. W. C., ROOM 33

Just "hold your horses children,"
They're apt to run away.
And if you throw to-ma-toes,
With us, you cannot play.

ANOTHER ONE

I start out in this world of "go"
As teacher of Solfeggio;
And if I have "work" as a motto,
Why, some fine day, I'll have an auto.

Echoes from Sinfonia.

Burrell: "Who Knows?"

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts.—*Perry*.

Whitehouse: What time is it?

Simonds: Well fellows, I'll tell you just what I think and that is—she's a sweet girl.

I'm a thinkin' I'll have a pretty swell time tonight fellers.—*Ham*.

GRAND ORDER OF "P— —S." Whitehouse, Perry, Doersam, Drayton, Simonds, Moss. [Note.—Mr. Archie M. Gardner's recent application for "life membership" has been unanimously rejected by this immortal order.]

Mr. George Viera—the "noisiest" man in the "frat."

Who stole my pipe? —*Doersam*.

Perry: Why! Guy! What are you doing with that tall step ladder this morning?

Guy: Been trying for a high note, Elisha.

DECLARATION.—"Apologize or Fight."

APPEAL.—Don't forget to arbitrate.—*Advisory Committee*.

Startling heading in the BOSTON AMERICAN on April 2:—"Archie Takes Whole School To The Circus." Guess this was the result of April 1, wasn't it, Archie?

Well, gentlemen, perhaps you'd like to hear a little "music."

—*Gardener and Moss*.

Yes sah, but I'm de man what stole it.—*Homier Humphrey*.

Hawkins don't "quite see through that game of hossenpesser, yet."

THE MORNING AFTER! (the costume Carnival.)

Guess Kerr had a *little* of that "fuss" taken out of him, April 1.

Got those proofs yet? —*Burrell*.

Let's have a little air.—*Chairman of the House Committee*.

THREE CHEERS AND A TIGER, for Sinfonia's new song book.

"On to Philadelphia."

And here's to the health of the new fraternity at N. E. C.

—*The Phi Mu Gamma*.

The Fussers' Club

OBJECT.—The object of this Society is to promote Woman Suffering.
 (PETTI-)COAT OF ARMS.—Donkey surmounted by a wreath of violets and a bottle of hair-oil.
 CLUB FLOWER.—Lady's slipper.
 MOTTO.—To us alone—now and always.

Chief Fusser.

LON. J. SMITH.

Hare-Presumptive to the Thrown.

H. ROY HASKELL.

Envoy-Extraordinary to the Dormitories.

HOMER OSSIAN MILLS.

Committee on Embroidering Monograms.

MISSERS : LLOYD KERR *, LIZZY STEPHENS AND U. HOLMES BISHOP.

On the Waiting List.

HARLOWE DEAN AND LLEWELLYN EVANS.

Among those present :—J. B. CURRIE, ROLAND DUNHAM, HARRY PINKHAM, JAMES WEDDELL, MISS'D HER HARRINGTON, GEORGE BROWN, "BALDY" CROCKETT, THOMAS BURKE, RAY WINGATE.

FUSSERS! N. B.!!

The members of the Fussers' Club would do well before going any further, to observe carefully the following bit of advice.

THE FUSSER'S LOVE-LETTER.

" Before 'tis sealed and sent away
 Sit down and calmly read it ;
 Your case is desperate today,
 And fervently you plead it,
 But ere the letter meets the glance
 Of your enchanting houri
 Think how t'would sound if it by chance
 Were read before a jury.

" You call yourself her turtle-dove
 And her your priceless jewel ;
 You say your bosom flames and love
 You tell her is the fuel ;

Your lines are filled with adjectives,
 And in an ardent fashion
 You swear that nothing, while she lives,
 Can ever quench your passion.

" But look it over while the ink
 Upon the sheet is drying—
 Then send it to her if you think
 That, having done with sighing,
 You might sit calmly by and smile,
 Unmoved by shame or fury,
 In case you had to listen, while
 'Twas read before a jury."

* Greatly reformed since April 1.



THE fact that he came from Orange is no accusation that he is an "Orange Picker," neither does it infer that he is fond of oranges.

However, he cannot help admitting that he has been taught a few "stunts" about reaping lemons, since he found his way across the continent; still he says he'd rather pick them from the trees at home than to have them handed out by the arms full, as they do in Boston.

He has a great faculty to "Hunt" for the girls as well as his "A" flat.

Bishop, you're a regular Kerr.



Have You? I Have!

Have you e'er sought "information"
At our office by that name
And waited for some pretty dame
To tell a story? — I have!

Have you ever taught in "Normal"
(At first with awful fear)
And waited for some pupil dear
To take a lesson? — I have!

Have you ever sought "Pa" Flanders,
Or Mr. Trowbridge wise
And waited while a dozen guys
Got some "instructions?" — I have!

Have you waited at the check room
To get your coat and hat,
While "Flossy" has a little chat
With her "admirers?" — I have!

Have you waited for a quorum
At meetings of the class —
While *one* by *one* each winsome lass
Puts in appearance? — I have!

O. D.

RECITAL HALL—THE “HALL OF F(L)AME.”

The Dissipated Male Quartette.

Whiskey Tenor	KERR
Champagne Second	HASKELL
First Base Topper	BISHOP
Deep Sea Sponge	GOULD

“Doesn't Haupt play the fiddle any more?”

“No, he's cat-gut sick.”

“We have never yet heard a musical selection by ‘Sentimental Tommy’ Moss. Is he a vocalist, pianist, organist or tuner?” “A tuner, I believe, for he's always ‘tripping down stairs.’”



THINGS THAT WE TRY TO BELIEVE.

That tuition isn't much at N. E. C.

That Besserer isn't in love.

That Floyd Dean has nearly caught up with himself.

That Herr van Wieren's writing is readable.

That Haskell, Kerr and Smith don't like to “fuss.”

That Supt. McLean won't get stung in the '08 NEUME.

That Cole published everything(?) which was handed in for the '07
NEUME.

That we are going to have “a hall some day where we can hold
dances, etc.”

That, after a unanimous vote of the class, we will have “cap and gown.”

That J. Adamowski doesn't deserve a grind.

That Driscoll will give the Seniors more than “1-2 off.”

That Dr. Jeffery don't like gymnastics.

The “dorms” are no place for men
For even the lights wink at them.



HAND CULTURE

These exercises to strengthen the hand
Are the very finest in all the land.
Flexors and extensors both they teach
The gentle art, the keys to reach.
Freedom and control in the second joint.
Is also another remarkable point.
While the inhibitory power of the brain
We do our best to properly train.
The hand and arm and fingers too,
Are all regarded with the view
Of strength and dexterity on piano keys.
So practice right faithfully if you please.
Now try alternate movement with two and three
And see how strong they're sure to be.

E. W.

A Soliloquy

ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF CERTAIN TUNEFUL GRADUATES
OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Our great school of music so world-widely known,
Is famed for its pupils from country and town.
Also for its teachers (pianos to tune!)
We'll now recommend to the commendable NEUME
The virtues and faults, we're about to relate,
Of each tuneful senior; then mark well each trait.

We first shall begin with Annie Anstock;
For neckties and guns are his principle talk.
A pretty nice fellow is Annie, we know,
Our class musician and a wonder, too.

Then Victor A. Redewill, for girls he's a mark;
With his automatic calls, he is safe in the park.

And here is John Strong, the boy from the South,
Who is famed for his music and wonderful growth.

Theressa M. Johns so pretty and fat
Is a gay violinist, a corker at that.
For gymnastic training, a great advocate;
Unusual in girls, but a sensible trait.
That little black pony way back in York state
Will whinny and snort and stamp with his feet,
When Theressa becomes a graduate.

Ed. S. Wolfenbarger, known all over town,
A mischievous teaser and fun loving clown.
From Lincoln, Nebraska, this shy young man hails
Making racket in school hours he seldom e'er fails.
Tattooing on cane chairs with ivory keys,
Is his chiefest delight till school hours cease.

Next there comes one whose heart pines for his home,
"Harrington, that's me," when in the check room.

We're all going home to raise a beard just like pop,
For of things of the Class, Beard comes out on top.

"Oh gee, it's just great; but please keep it shady—
I love theatres and girls," says red-headed Grady.

Harold M. Kneeland, it's no use to swear,
 When you find that your name has been mentioned here.
 Just keep yourself cool and give up the weed,
 For we know now that that is your principle feed.

And still comes another, the last on the list,
 Six-foot Frank Cooper and his powerful fist.
 To shoot at a turkey, his favorite stunt,
 Or to talk of a deer or a wild turkey hunt.
 "The rifle makes music sweet to the ear,"
 So declares Cooper when turkey is near.

Our great school of music, so world-widely known,
 Is famed for its pupils from country and town ;
 Also for its teachers, (pianos to tune !)
 We've now recommended to the commendable NEUME
 The virtues and faults we had to relate,
 Of each tuneful senior, of each graduate.



A FEW OF THE MOST PAINFUL EXPERIENCES undergone at N. E. C. by some members of the class of 1908 are worthy of record :

- Paying my class dues — R. W. Dunham.
- Eating frozen pudding — Miss Shepard.
- Getting my harmony lessons — Miss Swartz.
- Waiting for Miss Urban to stop talking and say something.—Karl Rackle.
- Drumming up dues — L. L. Chamberlin.
- Trying to feel warm during one of George W. P's smiles — Miss Davis.
- Keeping run of my dates — Miss Peery.
- Hearing my name pronounced by "beginners" — Miss Tranfaglia.
- Trying to "keep cool" during my Senior Exam — Miss Wilcox.
- Having my picture appear in the "Neume" — Miss Barnes.
- Subduing that laugh of mine — Miss Crommett.
- Simple counterpoint is easy enough but — L. Evans.
- Being often mistaken for "the big Pol." — C. Pol. Plançon.
- Losing sleep over "this very book" — Darden Ford.
- (Writing those reports and) calling on the printer — Miss Grace Field.
- Making M. Thurwanger "understand" — Miss Freeman.
- Writing: "A History"! Miss Brushingham.
- Being a gardener — Miss Herbert.
- Coming to class meetings — Miss Goulston.



GUY, THE WONDER

He never sings in vocal sounds,
 No, not a bit.
 Nor fiddle scrapes, nor piano pounds,
 Well, I guess nit.
 But yet in concerts, times galore,
 Recitals also, even more,
 He's made appearance, o'er and o'er.
 Just think of it.



TO FRESHMEN.

We do advise all "Freshmen" at N. E. C. to keep off the grass, as the similarity of appearance would render them inconspicuous. For the prevention of colic, croup, measles, whooping-cough and sore gums among the "Freshmen class," we advise them to have their milk bottles sterilized at least once a week.

"Are the athletics of this school held in the gym?"

"Why the Conservatory has not yet established sports, either indoor or outdoor. You evidently refer to the place in the basement, where the Normal children are entertained by our only form of athletics, finger gymnastics."

"Boys, is the fudge made by the dormitory girls really good?"

"Well, we take their word for it, as that is the only evidence we have had."

Will the young lady who inquired at the ticket office in regard to the requirements for entering Sinfonia please call at the frat room.

Kerr persists in saying N is the first letter of the alphabet.

Miss R-h-ey. There is no difference between "talk" and "say" in French, is there?"

Mons — Certainly, (knowingly) a great many talk a good deal without saying anything."

"Say, Lingley is a pretty good singer, isn't he?"

"Naw, 'ee aint no singer. 'ees on'y a bloomin' male alto."

Impecunious friend. Say Drayton, can't you let me have a fiver?

Prezzy. Sorry old pal, all I have is a tenor and I can't afford to break it.

KERR—NICKEL



MARRIED BY LANTERN



CAUTION

If e'er you find yourself in rhyme,
Just stop at once, and count up nine;
But should you e'er get out of time,
Don't swear, but say, "Why that is fine,
I'll count from one to nine-nine-nine."

Gritty Grinds

SCARE! An Exam. in Mathematics for Seniors and Juniors, June 1, reported at N. E. C.

Mabel Wilcox actually told Mr. Ford that she "loved him," at the Leap Year Party, and still he handed her "a lemon." Where was the man's heart?

Class of 1909! Run a Leap Year Party before December 31, 1908. By so doing the "spirit" of the class will soon show itself and weaklings will fall by the wayside. Advisory Board.

Why Miss Field (Grace) received the prize for "most" lemons at the Senior Leap Year Party nobody knows, for she made some of the best proposals of the evening—according to Doersam.

During Flossy's absence from the coat-room, all her "loved ones" wander around like lost sheep. On her return, however, they sing the quaint old tunes: "Gathering 'round thee, Flossy" and "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Flossy joins in the "chorus," making a grand climax.



TO A JUNIOR

There is no music in your soul,
We've told you, many a time;
And when you "strike out" for yourself,
You will not earn a dime.

ANTICIPATING

What a stunning-gown she'll appear in,
What a beautiful song she'll impart;
But which do you think it will teach us,
Of fashion, or vocal art?

In rehearsal of Mignon, Mr. Sikes worrying about how he is going to carry Miss Stanaway from the burning castle—I don't know how to do this. Mr. Mogan—Why, Sikes, it's easy, I'll show you how.

Mr. Mogan picks Miss Stanaway up in his arms and following the actions of the opera carries her heroically from the castle.

"See," says Mogan between gasps, "that was perfectly easy." "Yes, *very*," says Mr. Sikes, "but I notice you're puffing some."

Preceptress, to girls walking leisurely down the street. See that poor little lost doggie in the road. He should be home studying his Solfeggio.

Could this have been a gentle hint.



HOMER'S ODD I SEE

Our Homer's growing wan and thin,
 (He once was fat and lazy)
 But now he's down to bone and skin,
 And gone clean bughouse crazy.
 Oh! whyfore, wherefore shouldst this be?
 A cause there is, 'twixt me and thee
 In heartless little Daisy.

HOMER'S ILL I ADD.

Wise Sayings from Vocal Normal

The hour-r-r-s I spent with thee fond hear-r-r-t,
 Ar-r-r-e like a str-r-r-ing of pear-r-r-ls to me.
 That's like sidling along the street.
 One quality must run into another.
 Diaphragmatic, costal, thyroid, sirloin, confusion on confusion.
 Don't let your tones dribble and ooze out.
 Think down and sing up.
 Sing out into the room, ah —!
 I don't want you to get muscles in your head.
 Free the jaw.
 Always have plenty of hot air on hand.
 Teach the tongue to lie — still.



Limericks

“It is hard for thee to kick against the *Limericks*.”

There was a young student of Bach
 Who practised so much in the dark,
 That her chum and her “steady”
 And also the landlady
 Could not tell it from “Hark, hark, the lark”

There was a young lady named Lescaut
 Who was ask to define “Tedesco”
 She said “Sausage and Kümmel
 Und beer, und ach Himmel!
 Die Musik ist alles ‘al fresco”

But the best was the Fraülein from Dessau,
 Who had to explain “L’istesso.”
 She thought over it first,
 Then said “S’ist mir Wurst”
 Was she right? Well, I should just guess so!

Stings

RELATING TO JUNIORS ONLY

What a pleasure it is for the faculty to be able to say, "Go to the Dean."

Solfeggio teacher to young lady who was unable to sing syncopation. Miss H—e, why don't you go off and get married to syncopation?

Pupil. I haven't known him long enough.

Student. What will we be likely to have in our exam?

Harmony Professor. No doubt you will have parallel octaves and fifths.

"Did you enjoy the opera?"

"Yes, very much. A gentleman, who sat near me, very kindly loaned me his '*allegretto*.'"

As Miss E—d—e returned the orchestral parts to the librarian, she also handed him, "O, Dry Those Tears." What can be the meaning of it?

The following verse is sung to the tune of Tammany.

Harmony, Harmony,
First you put down one small note,
Then you rub out what you wrote,
Harmony, Harmony.
Sharps and flats, and tears and spats
In Harmony.

Extract from Voice Normal examination. Description of larynx.

"The larynx is a little round soft ball of flesh, hanging from the palate. When this touches the back of the tongue a sound is produced."

In Solfeggio class before the professor entered, one of the members was singing very low.

"Miss Ca—ther, where are you going, down cellar?"

"Yes, after *Cole*."

Does Tom really have to *catch* that three-twenty train on Wednesdays?

Sharpen your wits
And get after Fitz,
Oh, Entertainment Committee.

Student. Could you please tell me where Monsir Door-wagon's room is?

Astonished Professor. Whose?

Student. The French teacher's.

*Do you wonder why I love you so,
'Tis because you have such
Dainty hands and feet.
Yes, hands and feet
So trim and neat.*



*Clarence does well under
instruction.*

We had a difficult time in selecting our class flower. We finally decided on the violet, despite the fact that our president was strongly in favor of a "Daisy."

There is a kind man and what do you think?
 He scribbles with nothing, but pens and red ink,
 Pens and red ink are the chief thing he carries,
 And sad are the lesson book o'er which he carries.

A young lady entered the dormitories rather late this fall. The girls tried to be very congenial, one of them asking her what she was going to study.

"Music," was the answer.
 How strange!

Why is Cole's Solfeggio like Anatomy?
 Because it deals with knees and toes.

Preceptress. You must stop playing rag-time during study hours.

Miss S-r-l-f. Why, I am practicing my Impromptu by Denneé.

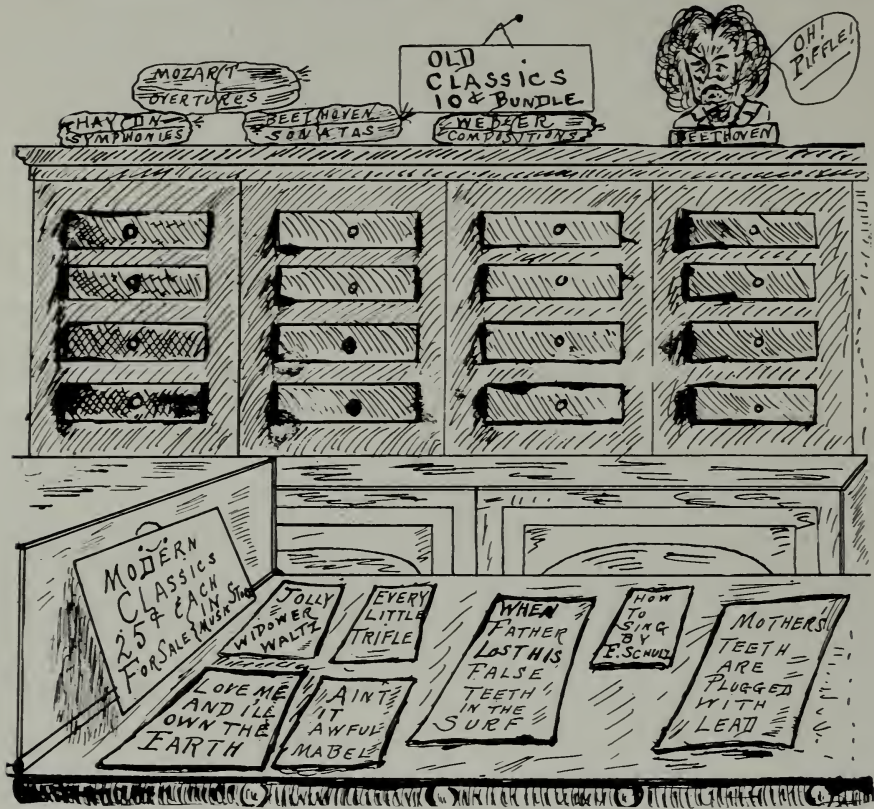
For light reading in summer vacation — Oxford's History of Music — 6 volumes.

Student, student, quite imprudent
 How does your record grow.
 With Harmony exams and Theory crams,
 And lectures all in a row.

Miss Freeman (at the Junior dance, on being asked to stand in the receiving line). What! me? why, why — I never — well, I suppose I must.

The power of thought is great, yea, even beyond limit. But it would do some people more good to come out to class meetings than to stay home to think? about it.

Yes our elevator boy is losing his hair and getting quite wrinkled in premature old age. No wonder, poor fellow; he has seen so much of the ups and downs of life already.



IN THE ORGAN CLASS

Anxious student. What is a good registration for a wedding march.

Bright professor. It all depends on the size of the wedding. If it is only a common wedding you can blaze away quite "full," but for a society affair you must use only the "high-toned" stops and be sure to have a strong pull on the great Swell coupler.

Disgusted Senior. This Solfeggio class is a regular swindle.

Dear Old Sammy. Not that bad, only a little "con" game.

Crowd of girls (planning a sleighing-party). But F—es, won't you go if we don't ask men?

F—es. But, girls it would be so dreadfully cold!

Final Touches

The "NEUME" has not much room for "real funny" stories this year, but if you wish to hear some corkers—visit the tuners.

May. Tell me, Lucy, who is the gentleman sitting directly opposite?

Lucy. Why, don't you know him! That's Mr. Perry.

May. Is that Mr. Perry! About how old is he?

Lucy. Well, he told me, at the Frost Hall Dance, last February, that his birthday came on the 29th day of that month; "so," he said sadly, "you see I am only ten or eleven."

Shovel on more "Cole" — Miss Barns.

The gentle art of "sawing-wood" has been applied to Solfeggio. Why not apply "rail-splitting" to Counterpoint?

Ques: Where is "hand culture" made most use of?

Ans: On the "dorm" steps (Dana) most any evening after 10 P.M.

"Mr." Cole, president of '07, is still at work on his "Childe Harold" Symphony.

Fitzgerald's (Benedict J.) idea of it: Never B sharp, seldom B natural, and always B flat.

Louis Besserer has written a second version of "Jessie-me-Bride."

Nowhere in the vicinity is such enthusiasm displayed as at N. E. C. — after a tennis game.

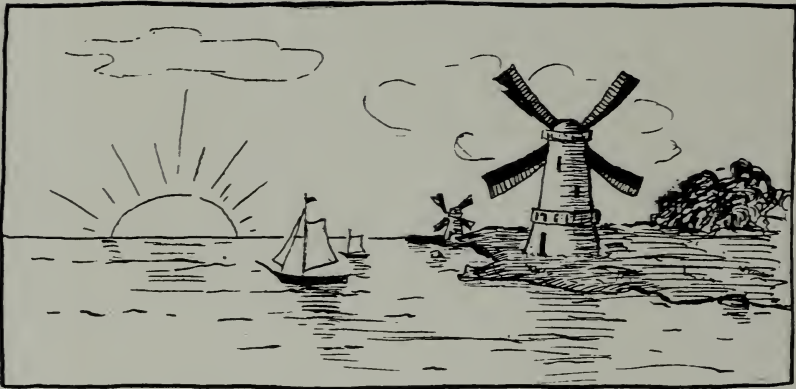
Miss R. Say Daisy, Frank's not only a Mason, but an "odd fellow" too, isn't he?

Miss B. No, he has severed all connection with the latter "order," since I have known him.

Extract from a letter — homeward bound — . . . Yes Pa, the way we are flooded with social events, concerts, recitals, etc., here in Boston this year, reminds me of the story of "the locusts" in Egypt, for like them all these concerts, etc., eat up "every green thing."

Why was the Class of '07? Because.

There, little folks, don't cry;
 We've roasted you hard 'tis true
 With the laugh on you
 You feel quite blue
 But you'll look back, bye and bye
 And laugh — little folks, don't cry.

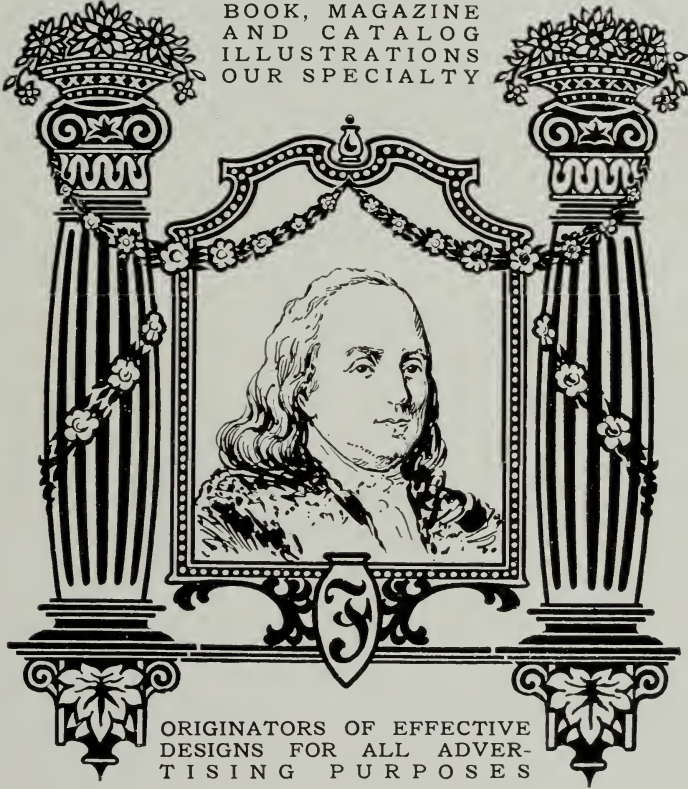


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