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Winton J. Baltzell

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THE ETUDE.

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It is sometimes worth while for a teacher to call a halt to himself to put himself on the mental rack and play the rigid inquirer, who will follow every twist of which self-enclosed nature may avail itself. It will pay him to consider well his attitude toward every one of his pupils and seek to discover what is his real notion of them. Here is one who is a delight to him; he enjoys teaching such a pupil and expects rich results. Another is a bore, can not learn; another is lazy, will not study; still another is willing, but lacks ability. Necessarily, his attitude toward each one must vary, and the vital question is, Does my work, my earnestness, my thoroughness, vary accordingly?

The question, honestly asked and conscientiously answered, may prove a sharp, an abiding lesson to the teacher whose work has grown perfunctory in character.

VACATION is over. Jack has had his play. He was eager for his time of recreation, for he believes most thoroughly in the truth of the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." But now that the enervating heat of the summer season, the relaxing period of play-time is over, he should prove the converse of the old proverb. With the teachers of the country again in their studios, and pupils again in their homes and schools, both refreshed and strengthened by a rest from dull routine, by a change of mental and physical activity, there should arise in each heart the determination to make this season's work the best and richest in results of all those that are fruitful. The future is to be made. Let it be a bright, a beautiful one. Let us enter it with happy, with courageous hearts, a willingness to labor, and a confidence in a successful outcome.

THERE is something in the constitution of society that admits of hero-worship. The public demands an idol. At the present time the soldier and the sailor are the central figures of all groups, social and political, of all sketches with pencil or pen, and of all conversation. Art, literature, politics, science, and discovery must take a back seat. But 't will not be for long.

We predict that the coming musical season will witness the arising of musical heroes—no new experience, however, as all who remember the Palestruzzi craze can

testify. And reports agree that the great Polish pianist, with his wealth of hair, all his fingers, and his marvelous playing, will be with us once again. Alexander Siloti is to return, and Emil Sauer is to come to our land to duplicate the triumphs he has achieved in Europe.

These artists, who have been feted, admired, and caressed by the social as well as the musical world, will be heroes, just as they have been hitherto. What a power they may wield for our beloved art, if only they rise to the fullest possibilities of their opportunities! What an inspiration to the struggling student, to the ambitious but unknown artist, to the aspiring composer, and to what a plane of dignity they can raise the musician, if only they so determine!

We can not do without heroes in music. "One great man can make a century," 'tis said, and one great artist, with an unselfish devotion to his brethren in the art, can be a shining exemplar of the heights that may be reached by the seeker after the true and the beautiful.

How often do we hear one of those very musical people, who "do n't know one note from another," but are "so fond of it, you know," say, "What a pretty chord!" How the musician's gorge rises at such crass ignorance and empty superficiality of view! How can any single, isolated chord be "pretty"? Every triad is consonant, and, aesthetically considered, must produce the same effect, save as modified by distribution of the members and the particular octave in which it is played. Similarly with any of the discords, sevenths, ninths, etc.

The truth of the matter is that the effect of a chord is relative and depends upon what precedes and what follows. It is conditioned upon activity, which is the very ground fact of life. A single chord struck alone is repose; it produces an effect on the mind; if repeated more than several times, becomes wearisome, even monotonous. But let it be contrasted by following it by a chord of different character, and we call into play our aesthetic faculty and thus introduce us into the realm of the beautiful.

A Wagner story which lately appeared in one of the musical journals is credited to Saint Saëns.

How easy it is to mistake a part for a whole, to lay stress upon a subordinate thing and shut out from one's view the larger fact that should receive one's attention! These players will give every passage they meet marked *f, ff, p*, or *pp* with about the same force, will strike all accented notes with the same degree of power, not taking into consideration that these signs are relative in their importance and must be proportioned to the general level of dynamic power demanded by the character of the composition.

A similar example may be found in some church hymnals, in which the editors have marked every line of a four- or five-stanza hymn with "marks of expression."

Congregational singing is usually bad enough, but the writer prays to be delivered from ever hearing such hymns—or a choir even, for that matter—sing hymns with such alternation as the following (each sign indicating a line of a hymn, which consists of six lines, four syllables each, and one of nine): *f, p, ff, pp, cr, lines*. The fact is that the editors wanted to paint the idea of each short phrase, and paid no attention to the dominant idea of the whole stanza, which was one of rejoicing.

ONE of the most valuable movements that has made itself felt in music teaching methods of late is the prominence awarded to the development and strengthening of the faculty of musical perception, or, as it is commonly known, ear-training. It is lamentably true that a great many piano-players can not with certainty appreciate pitch, as indicated by the notes on a printed page,—can not sing a tune,—and know the pieces they play largely through "position" and in the fingers.

That this is wrong and needless is the consensus of opinion at the present day. While some pupils are far in advance of others in ability to learn to think music, generally through an inherited keen faculty, the number who can not acquire a considerable degree of proficiency is very small. What is needed is an earnest teacher and a good text book, and it is safe to say that but few pupils will not show interest in this valuable line of study.

We are very certain that the generation of piano-players and singers now being trained will be far in advance of the present in point of true musical training and ability to think as well as to feel music, and also in general musical culture. The present-day teacher who is alive to his responsibilities and opportunities knows that he must teach the true appreciation of music through the ear and not through the fingers.

BUILD up your repertory slowly, steadily, uninterruptedly. Rapid growth is spangly, rappy, weak. Irregular motion is just as ineffectual as the dashing of a devil's dancing-maid. Truly marvelous is the result of small, continuous efforts. Nature's processes are, for the most part, silent and almost invisible for their slowness, but how mighty! Billions upon billions of anking rootlets build up the immense forests of the Amazon Valley. In the winter the boys first mold a round globe of snow, which just fills the hollow of the two hands. This they begin to roll over the snow-covered earth. The moist, adhesive, focculent substance clings to the surface of the globe wherever it touches. So, after while the globe is four feet in diameter. So, after a while the globe is from childhood on. Never learn low music, and never forget that which has worth. The original handful of snow is still at the center of the vast ball.

Schumann's "Trübsamer" is good for the child, and may be played by the mature artist.

"Well, he looks like a musician," is a phrase we frequently hear. Is it true that there is a type which denotes unerringly the musician? We think not. Men vary in every country and among all races, and particularly there is a marked difference in this respect between the Teutonic and other continental races, and the Anglo-Saxon in England and the United States. A type has been developed among the former which shows clearly defined ideas as to dress and other details of personal appearance, and the observance of this tradition is almost as rigid as a "clerical cut" to the minister. It is only an imitation among our people—an imitation of a style which is the outgrowth of an entirely different nature. The American teacher who follows European notions in the dressing of his hair, the cut of his personal apparel, the style of his hat, is not justified in doing so by any racial characteristics. There is no reason why he should differentiate himself in dress from that which convention has adopted for the well-dressed man.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTIONS ADVICE

Practical Points by Eminent Teachers

WHAT NOT TO DO.

C. W. LANKON.

ONE of the best teachers that I know began teaching in an obscure country town where a young man, soon secured a good class, remained there for more than thirty years, and is still there. He never attends either the State or National Music Teachers' Association meetings, reads little or nothing from music journals, and attends but few concerts, although he is in easy reach of a large musical center. He is, so far as can be judged, fully satisfied with himself, and seeks nothing outside of himself. He is full of good ideas, but never writes for music journals, therefore has no reputation outside of the immediate personal influence of his own musical community; he uses the old style of music, especially in vocal training, while he is a stickler for the classics written by the great German composers. If he could be induced to attend the Association meetings and to take an active part in them, it would make of him a musician of national reputation, while, at the same time, it would greatly enlarge and broaden his capabilities, as well as make him a thousand times more useful member of the musical profession, for he has many valuable qualities. He fails to realize that the musical world is rapidly advancing. While he is one of the best of the old school, yet he is at the tag end of the passing procession of advancement; whereas, if he would be active among musicians, and work on the newer ideas in musical pedagogy, he would be a leader in the front of modern musical progress.

DOUBLE TEMPO.

MADAME A. PUPIN.

MANY people practice everything in the same uniform tempo, and generally a little too fast or too hurriedly. This habit is not conducive to improvement. Others begin very slowly and work gradually up to a high rate of speed. This is a very excellent way, but there are occasions when practicing in double tempo will bring about wonderful results.

Double tempo means playing first very slowly, then twice as fast, then four times as fast, and, if possible, eight times as fast.

Double tempo is a test of ability. When you can play a passage twice as fast with the same perfection and facility, you may attempt it four times as fast; and if you can play it four times as fast, with the same conditions, you may try it eight times as fast. But when any new tempo is tried and it does not go so smoothly and correctly as the preceding, it must not be practiced, but go back and practice at the preceding tempo, which will finally make this one possible.

For example, the practice of a trill with eight notes to a count—the notes measured and hesitatingly played—will never make a perfect trill, while, by practicing diligently one, two, and four notes to a count, the day will arrive when the student will discover that he can make an even, rapid trill with eight notes to the count.

Double tempo gives you an aim, shows you how to reach it, and informs you when you have reached it.

THE TEMPERED SCALE.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

It is known to almost every musician that the scale used in our musical system is out of tune with the intervals demanded by nature. The composers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries kept their compositions always in one or two keys, because their

keyed instruments, tuned to the natural intervals, could not modulate far from the key of C or F. Willaert, in 1550, advocated a change by tempering the intervals, but it remained for Bach, in his "Well-tempered Clavier" (book 1, 1722; book 2, 1742), to practically introduce the scale of twelve equal semi-tones—all more or less out of tune, but enabling the pianist and organist to enter all keys at will.

Since that time many attacks have been made upon this compromise system, but it may be noted that these attacks nearly always come from the scientist, and never from the great composer. It would be a gain to music if we could have the pure intervals of Nature, instead of the tempered ones, but until this reform can be effected one may remember that the "tempered scale" was established by the greatest musician the world has ever possessed, and that Schubert, Schumann, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and all the rest of the great band of famous composers have calmly acquiesced in its use.

METHODS.

PERLIE V. JERVIS.

IN our recent war with Spain it was amply demonstrated that, while the enemy had even better guns than ours, it was the man behind the gun that made our fighting so terribly effective.

There is a deal of talk about methods nowadays, but do not lose sight of the man behind the method; he it is who wins the victory. The best of methods can be very ineffective in the hands of a poor teacher, and a fine teacher accomplishes great results not because of the method he uses, but because of the brains behind the method.

EDITIONS.

E. A. SMITH.

"NAMELESS" is a word that may very appropriately be applied to the many editions now being published of various compositions, standard and otherwise, daily being foisted upon the market. Some of these editions are valuable only as waste paper. Poorly and incorrectly printed, they weary the eye and exhaust the patience of both teacher and pupil. The standard editions will always differ so long as they are edited by men of different minds, and this is an advantage, for by comparing the best editions one may obtain many good suggestions, at least in the fingering and marks of interpretation. In forming a library a good plan is to get the standard works bound in cloth; they are durable, attractive, and comparatively inexpensive—advantages which the paper-cover editions do not possess.

A DISCREETABLE HABIT.

CARL W. GRIMM.

Who has not met piano players possessed of that most disagreeable and disgusting habit of wanting a great deal of coaxing for a little playing?

There are a number of reasons for this reluctance to play before others. The principal one is that when the moment comes for them to show what they can do, they begin to feel that they have not studied everything so thoroughly as they should have done. They realize that they can not accomplish what is expected of them. Always be prepared to play a number of pieces well.

Others may refuse because they are nervous. This so-called nervousness too often proves to be not an ailment, but a lack of concentration of the mind when playing before others. Take every chance you can get to practice the art of playing to a crowd, and always do

your best. Nobody need be ashamed of having done his best.

Some can not play on any other instrument but their own. Make it a point to play on all kinds of instruments you meet, good or bad. Make the "best and most of things" once a use and ever a custom.

Again, when a performer has no music with him, a poor memory is often the excuse for not playing. Never give up trying to learn something by heart. It can be done by persistent effort.

There are some who can not read at sight. The further advanced you are, the greater the necessity of practicing sight-reading. It is undoubtedly the most serviceable accomplishment of any. You should be able to read music as rapidly as you can on a newspaper.

The most unpleasant impressions are made by those who refuse to play for no other reason than that they have been spoiled, because people make so much of them. They do not know what dear amount of false habits they should and extract from their would-be listeners. Probably the best and quickest cure for such habitual refusals is to quit asking them.

When you are called upon to play, respond pleasantly and with a cheerful face. Try your very best to infuse gladness into every heart.

New Publications

WHAT IS ART? LEO TOLSTOI. Crowell & Co., \$1.00.

The views set forth in this volume are so new and, indeed, revolutionary, that they might be called a Socialist's opinion on art, yet they are presented with so much wit and wisdom combined that the reader is at first forced into acquiescence, whether he will or not. But on calm reconsideration several points come into view that weaken the force of the first impression.

There is no more certain source of error than to divide the world sharply into two classes, in accordance with any standard, and, assuming that "Right" is the exclusive property of one class, make "Wrong" as inevitably the heritage of the other.

The whole of his argument is based on the postulate "that." The instinct of the uneducated—the peasant, the laborer—is entering in his decision as to what constitutes a work of "art." Therefore, all that goes by the name of "art" among the cultivated classes, or the rich (as he uses the terms synonymously), is false art.

Now, there is nothing more notorious than the fact that the artistic sense is no respecter of persons, but is as likely to manifest itself in one station of life as in another. The greatest creative artists—those who have given new directions to "art"—have arisen from the "people," and, so far from conforming to the standards of either "people" or "princes," have in the end compelled both to try to rise to their altitude.

Tolstoi fails gloriously to recognize the fact that the evolution of society must result in constantly increasing complexity. Every rise in the plane of education brings into view wider horizons of thought, feeling, and emotion, to which the dwellers on the humbler plane must be strangers. He denounces "Hamlet" as false art, and praises a vulgar representation of a hunter and a deer by the Vogel Tartan as true art. But surely "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of" in Vogl philosophy, and to those who can receive it, "Hamlet" may be pregnant with valuable instruction far beyond the view of the Vogel, and it is surely unfair to say that, because the Vogel can not enjoy it, it is false art, or that the educated has no right to enjoy it because the Vogel can not.

In the first chapter is an account of an opera rehearsal, in the thirteenth chapter of a performance of Siegfried. Both are written with irresistible humor, yet are rather misleading. In the first case, because the ridiculous accidents that are inevitable at a rehearsal should not

and can not, influence the judgment in estimating the artistic value of the result. Doubtless the Vogel performance required some rehearsing, and possibly the boy who played the fawn was stupid, and was sworn at in due voice by the mother deer, or cursed until he mastered his "role."

In the other case the ridicule is distributed impartially among properties, music, action, and libretto,—and what justice or injustice, we leave to the Wagnerians to say.

But in his reference to the "Magic Flute" he seems to get a glimpse of the fact that, though all the accessories may be consensual, the music itself may yet have artistic value.

The final chapter is a singular instance of the blindness to the most obvious facts that results from adhesion to a theory. The kind of reasoning that may pass in the vague realm of Art reveals its inadequacy when brought into the dry light of Science. In condemning experimental science he condemns the factor that has done more than any other to produce amelioration in the social and material condition of the world at large. The thousand and one applications of electricity to-day grew from the seed planted by Franklin, Galvani, and Volta. Therefore, it is curious to see a student at the X-ray inventories. The surges of science are infinite and their consequences incalculable.

After making all allowances and deductions, there is a power and fascination not to be resisted in this book. The evident sincerity, the pure, lofty aims of the author, are everywhere apparent.

It is impossible to read it without having one's views of life, religion, and art widened and elevated. Tolstoi is uncompromising foe to every species of insincerity and immorality.

In these days when the art of the "decadents" flourishes and attempts are made to blot out the distinctions between false and true, right and wrong, such a book comes like the "voice in the wilderness" to recall mankind to the old paths, or compel them, at least, to pause and look whither the path they are following leads.

H. A. CLARKE.

THE EPIC OF SOUNDS. An Elementary Interpretation of Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring." BY FRED A. WINSTON. J. B. Lippincott Co., \$1.25

A great many analyses of Wagner's trilogy have been put on the market, yet this little volume has a place of its own. It is not only a statement of the story of the drama, but also an interpretation of the characters and incidents. Wagner was a poet, and it is justifiable to assume that what he wrote, the *dramatis personae* themselves, everything, had a mystical or allegorical significance. It matters not to what extent the reader will coincide with the author in his interpretation, there is much interest to be derived from it. The work is done clearly and is thoroughly and logically arranged. In a concise yet comprehensive manner the main idea of the "Ring" is indicated, with an analytical statement of the races, particular characters of the drama, their relationships, the qualities they impersonate, and an ethical exegesis of the "Nibelungen Ring," all of which is not nearly so formidable nor abstruse as the usual reader may think, and is exceedingly helpful to the reading of the story of the drama, which is well and fully told and illustrated by the leading motives. We regret to say that the proof-reading in this latter respect was not so accurate as it should have been.

We can conscientiously recommend this work to those of our readers who wish to study these great dramas, even if they look forward to no immediate opportunity of hearing them. Every musician and music lover should know upon what ideas the epoch-making works of Wagner rested, and what the works are. The influence, theories, the constructive and musical principles of the Bayreuth master have so permeated modern music and musical literature that one who does not know them is off the line of progress.

Those who expect to be able to hear the trilogy, or any single one of the operas, will be greatly assisted to an understanding and appreciation of the work that will greatly enhance the pleasure of the hearing.

MUSICAL ITEMS

LOHENGKIN was lately performed for the four hundredth time in Berlin.

A MONUMENT is to be placed over the grave of Scherler, the great contrapuntist.

PROF. EDWARD A. MACDOWELL has arranged for a series of piano recitals.

IN Nassau, piano-playing on Sunday is considered a crime and is punished by a fine.

PADEBIEWSKI has bought a beautiful home near Lake Geneva, where he is now living.

SOUSA's new opera, "The Charlatan," has been well received. The scenes are laid in Russia.

The choir of St. Peter's, Rome, contains sixty boys, between the ages of nine and seventeen years.

WAGNER's opera belonging to the "Ring" series are to be given without cuts in New York this season.

AME LICHENHAUS, who traveled with Teyssie and Marton last season, is to teach in New York this season.

The Royal Conservatorium at Dresden had 1044 students last year drawn from all parts of the world.

RICHARD STRAUSS's new symphony is called "Heldenleben" (The Life of a Hero), and is in four movements.

A HITHERTO unpublished opera by Lortzing, called "Raglan," has been discovered, and will be given in Berlin.

MELBA is said to be very fond of rowing, and is often seen on the Thames when she is at her home in England.

In a recent concert in Florence, Italy, all the artists who took part were Americans completing their studies there.

The Paderewski prize at Leipzig was won this year by a young Pole, who wrote the best symphony submitted.

STEFANO GONATTI is the operatic composer who has achieved the latest success in Italy. The opera was "I Goidi."

VERDI, like Jean de Rouze, is an ardent admirer of horses. His stable is said to contain some of the finest horses in Italy.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is able to beat his work again and will have charge of the approaching festival in Leeds, England.

IGNACE PADEBIEWSKI has completed the opera on which he has been at work for several years. It will be first given in Dresden.

A MONUMENT has been erected over the grave of Jacob Stauder, the famous violin-maker. He was a pupil of the Cremona makers.

AN English edition of Thyer's "Life of Beethoven" is promised. It will be issued in this country and Mr. H. E. Krehbiel will be the editor.

FREDERICK RUMEL was offered the post of Professor of Piano in the Conservatory of Moscow, but declined, he preferring to give up his career as a virtuoso.

HERVE MARTEAU, the French violinist, offers a prize of \$100 for the best sonata for piano and violin, the competition being open to American composers only.

The composer, Gony, who died in Leipzig last April, left a legacy of \$500, with the direction, to apply the interest to the relief of some worthy and needy musician yearly.

A NOTEBOOK of Mozart, said to have been found recently and published by the Mozart Society of Berlin, contains compositions written when he was but four years old.

WILLY BURNEMSTER, the "modern Paganini," is to make a concert tour in the United States. He was formerly concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

THE King of Italy has decreed that the conservatory at Milan shall hereafter be known as the Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi. By way of contrast to this, let it be remembered that when Verdi was a young man he was refused admission to this very school, on the ground that he showed no special aptitude for music.

A RECENT invention to facilitate the production of higher notes on a cornet is described by the Philadelphia "Record." The ordinary mouthpiece is inclosed in a sleeve controlled by springs. This is pressed in by the lips when a high note is to be produced, so as to form a smaller opening in the rubber mouth ring.

As the musical exhibition given under the patronage of the German Emperor is an old-fashioned glass harmonica which, according to the catalogue, is "from his Majesty's collection," and belonged originally to Benjamin Franklin. A note says that the American statesman invented the instrument, that Gluck played one, and Mozart wrote several pieces for it.

PIANO leather, a species of buckskin used in piano manufacture, is nearly all made by a family of tanners in Thimbleburg, who guard the process of tanning with the utmost care.

MARCAIGNI's three children, two boys and a girl, all study music. The eldest, a boy of eight, sits alone and with the air of a veteran, already takes his place in the orchestra as violinist.

THE Pennsylvania State Music Teachers' Association will hold a meeting at Williamsport, December 28th and 29th. Mr. Roscoe Huff, of that city, is the president of the Association.

MARCAIGNI has lately taken up the cause of an Italian boy, Orlando Salvatore, an orchestral player, who, at the age of eleven, has composed a symphony. He is to receive a thorough musical education.

THE writing of incidental music to Shakespeare's plays has opened up a new field to English musicians. Sir Alexander Mackenzie's latest work was the special music to "Richard II" for Sir Henry Irving.

An English journal announces that the governing body of Oxford University contemplates requiring candidates for musical degrees to take up residence and obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts first.

A good proof that musical taste in the United States is spreading, and that the standard is rising, is afforded by the demands of "star course" organizations. Traveling concert companies must present programs of solid worth.

ROSENTHAL has about 700 different works in his repertory, any one of which he is ready to play without the slightest preparation. He plays his first engagement in New York, October 26th, and later will tour the country to the Pacific coast.

TORTI, the famous song composer, seeks his recreation in naphthalene, in which he is an expert. This is a new idea. Perhaps it would be well for a musician if he had a good trade at his fingers' ends. More than one composer has been called a good "carpenter."

The latest composer here is Don Lorenzo Perosi, an Italian priest, whose sacred oratorio, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," has created unbounded enthusiasm in Venice. He is but twenty-two years of age. He has also written a great deal of music for the church service, also.

MAX ALVARY, whose Siegfried is so well known to the opera-going public, he said he is dying at his home in Thuringia of a cancerous affection of the stomach. His long illness and inability to work has almost impoverished him, and it is feared his family may be left in want.

WILLY BURNEMSTER, the virtuoso violinist, who is to play in the United States this season after four years of study with Joachim, secluded himself for three years, practicing eight to ten hours daily, and then appeared as a virtuoso of phenomenal requirements. He was a protégé of van Billo.

SIEVINKIN, the Dutch pianist, was arrested in Lach, Austria, because he failed to raise his hat when a religious procession passed by in which the host was carried. He would have been roughly handled if he had not kept some of the fanatic populace at bay by main force. He is a very powerful man.

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Old Foggy Redivivus.

THE tropical weather in the early part of last month set a dozen problems whirling in my skull. Near my bungalow on the upper Wissahickon were several young men, camping out for the summer. One afternoon I was playing with great gusto a lovely sonata by Dusek, —the one in A-flat,—when I heard laughter, and, rising, I went to the window in an angry mood. Outside were two smiling faces, the patronizing faces of two young men.

"Well!" said I, rather shortly.
"It was like a whiff from the eighteenth century," said a stout, dark young fellow.
"A whiff that would dissipate the musical malaria of this," I cried, for I saw I had musicians to deal with. There was hearty laughter at this, and as young laughter warms the cockles of an old man's heart, I invited the pair indoors, and over some bottled ale—I despise your new-fangled slops—we discussed the Fine Arts. It is not the custom nowadays to capitalize the arts, and to me it reveals the want of respect in this headlong, irrelevant generation. To return to my mutton—to my sheep: they told me they were pianists from New York or thereabouts, who had conceived the notion of spending the summer in a tent.

"And what of your practicing?" I stily asked. Again they roared. "Why, old boy, you must be behind the times. We use a dumb piano the most part of the year, and have brought a three-octave one along." That set me going. "So, you spend your vacation with the dumb, expecting to learn to speak, and yet you mock me because I play Dusek! Let me inform you, my young sir, that this quaint, old-fashioned music, with its faint odor of the rococo, is of more satisfying musical value than all your modern gymnastics. Of what use, pray, is your superabundant technique if you can't make music? Training your muscles and memorizing, you say? Fiddlesticks! The 'well-tempered Clavichord' for one hour a day is of more value to a pianist technically and musically than an array of mechanical devices. I never see a latter day pianist on his travels but I am reminded of a comedian with his ronge-pot, grease-paints, wigs, arms, and costumes. Without them, what is the actor? Without his finger-boards and exercising machines, what is the pianist of to-day? He fears to stop a moment because his rival across the street will be able to play the double-thirds study of Chopin in quicker tempo. It all hinges on velocity. This season there will be a race between Rosenthal and Sater, to see who can vomit the greater number of notes. Pleading, laudable ambition, is it not? In my time a piano artist read, meditated, communed much with nature, slept well, ate and drank well, saw much of society, and all his life was reflected in his play. There was sensibility,—above all, sensibility,—the one quality absent from the performances of your new pianists. I don't mean super-slick emotion, nor yet sprawling passion,—the passion that tears the wires to tatters,—but a poetic sensibility that infused every bar with humanity. To this was added a healthy tone that lifted the music far above anything morbid or depressing."

I continued in this strain until the dinner-bell rang, and I had to invite my guests to remain. Indeed, I was not sorry, for all old men need some one to talk to and at, else they fret and grow peevish. Besides, I was anxious to put my young masters to the test. I have a grand piano of good age, with a sounding-board like a fine tempered fiddle. The instrument, an American one, I handle like a delicate thoroughbred horse, and, as my playing is accomplished by the use of my fingers and not my heels, the piano does not really betray its years.

We dined not sumptuously but liberally, and with our pipes and coffee went to the music room. The lads, excited by my criticisms and good cheer, were eager for a demonstration at the keyboard. So was I. I let them play first. This is what I heard: The dark-skinned youth, who looked like the priestly and uninteresting Siloti, sat down and began idly prelude. He had good fingers, but they were spoiled by a hammer-

like touch and the constant use of forearm, upper-arm, and shoulder pressure. He called my attention to his tone. Tone! He made every individual wire jangle, and I trembled for my smooth, well-kept action. Then he began the B-minor Ballade of Liszt. Now, this particular piece always exasperates me. If there is much that is mechanical and conventional in the Thalberg fantasies, at least they are frankly sensational and admittedly for display. But the Liszt Ballade, so empty, so pretentious, so affected! One expects that something is about to occur, but it never comes. There are the usual chromatic modulations leading nowhere and the usual portamentos roll in the bass. The composition works up to as much silly display as ever indulged in by Thalberg. My pianist splashed and splintered, playing chord-work straight from the shoulder, and when he had finished he cried out, "There is a dramatic close for you!"

"I call it mere brutal noise," I replied, and he winked at his friend, who went to the piano without my invitation. Now, I did not care for the looks of this one, and I wondered if he, too, would display his biceps and his triceps with such force. But he was a different brand of the modern breed. He played with a small, gritty tone, and at a terrible speed, a foolish and fantastic derangement of Chopin's D-flat Valse. This he followed, at a break-neck tempo, with Brahms' dislocation of Weber's C major Rondo, sometimes called "the perpetual movement." It was all very wonderful, but was it music?

"Gentlemen," I said, as I arose, pipe in hand, "you have both studied, and studied hard," and they settled themselves in their bamboo chairs with a look of resignation; "but have you studied well? I think not. I notice that you lay the weight of your work on the side of technics. Speed and a brutal quasi-orchestral tone seem to be your goal. Where is the music? Where has the airy, graceful valse of Chopin vanished? Encased, as you gave it, within hard, unyielding walls of double thirds, it lost all its spirit, all its evanescent hues. It is a butterfly caged. And do you call that music, that topey-turvy of the Weber Rondo? Why, it sounds like a clock that strikes thirteen in the small hours of the night! And you, sir, with your thunderous and grandiloquent Liszt Ballade, do you call that pianoforte music, that constant striving for an aping of orchestral effects? Out upon it! It is hollow music—music without a soul. It is easier, much easier, to play than a Mozart sonata, despite all its tumbling about, despite all its notes. You require no touch-discrimination for such a piece. You have none. In your anxiety to compass a big tone you relinquish all attempts at finer shadings,—at the *nuance*, in a word. Barly, brutal, and overladen in your style, you make my poor grand grown without getting one vigorous, vital tone. Why? Because elasticity is absent, and will always be absent, where the fingers are not allowed to make the music. The springiest wrist, the most supple forearm, the lightest upper arm can not compensate for the absence of an elastic finger-stroke. It is what lightens up and gives variety of color to a performance. You are all after tone-quantity and neglect touch—touch, the revelation of the soul."

"Yes, but your grand is worn out and won't stand any forcing of the tone," answered the Liszt Ballade, rather impudently.

"Why the dickens do you want to force the tone?" said I, in tart accents. "It is just there we disagree." I yelled, for I was getting mad. "In your mad quest of tone you destroy the most characteristic quality of pianoforte,—I mean its lack of tone. If it could might be an organ or an orchestra, but not a pianoforte. I am after tone-quality, not tonal duration. I want a pure, bright, elastic, spiritual touch, and I let the tonal mass take care of itself. In an orchestra a full chord fortissimo is interesting because it may be scored in the most prismatic manner. But hit out on the keyboard a smashing chord and, pray, where is the variety in color? With a good ear you recognize the intervals of pitch, but the color is the same—hard, cold, and monotonous, because you have choked the tone with your idiotic, hammer-like attack. Sonorous, at least, you claim? I defy you to prove it. Where was the sonority in the

metallic, crushing blows you dealt in the Liszt Ballade? There was, I admit, great clearness—a clearness that became a smudge when you used the damper pedal. No, my boys, you are on the wrong track with your orchestral-tone theory. You transform the instrument into something that is neither an orchestra nor a pianoforte. Stick to the old way; it's the best. Use plenty of finger pressure, elastic pressure, play *fiacch*, throw dumb devices to the dogs, and, if you use the arm pressure at all, confine it to the forearm. That will more than suffice for the shallow dip of the keys. You can't get over the fact that the dip is shallow, so why attempt the impossible? For the amount of your muscle expenditure you would need a key dip of about six inches. Now, watch me. I shall, without your permission, and probably to your disgust, play a nocturne by John Field. Perhaps you never heard of him? He was an Irish pianist and, like most Irishmen of brains, gave the world ideas that were promptly claimed by others. But this time it was not an Englishman but a Pole, who appropriated an Irishman's invention. This nocturne is called a forerunner to the Chopin nocturnes. They are really imitations of Field's, without the blithe, dewy sweetness of the Irishman's. First, let me put out the lamps. There is a moon that is suspended like a silver bowl over the Wissahickon. It is the hour for magic music."

Intoxicated by the sound of my own voice, I began playing the B-flat Nocturne of Field. I played it with much delicacy and a delicious tone. I was very vain of my touch. The moon melted into the atmosphere and my two guests, enthralled by the mystery of the night and my music, were still as mice. I was enraptured and played to the end. I waited for the inevitable compliment. It came not. Instead, there were stealthy snores. The pair had slept through my playing. Imbeciles! I awoke them and soon packed them off to their canvas home in the woods hard by. They'll get no more dinners or wisdom from me. I tell this tale to show the hopelessness of arguing with this effete generation of pianists. But I mean to keep on arguing until I die of apopleptic rage. Good-evening!

OLD FOGGY.

CLEMENTI VILLA-ON-THE WISSAHICKON, Sept. 23d.

CHOOSING A MUSICAL CAREER.

We often hear the question, "Am I fitted for music?" and also such expressions as, "I have a good idea of music, and would be successful if I only had a chance," or "I wish I had studied music when young," etc. We can not understand why any one should waste his or her time in vain regrets of this kind. If a person is gifted with musical genius, it will come out in some form in due time, but it will never seek those who are constantly sighing over lost opportunities. So many men and women rush into the musical field who have no ability whatever that it is no wonder that we are overcrowded with hand-to-mouth players with thousands of half-educated instrumentalists and vocalists. They choose the musical vocation not because they have any talent, but because they want to shine above others, and foolishly imagine that a musician's life is an easy one. They are so carried away, too, with self-conceit that they really think that the musical art would suffer without their aid.

No one is fitted for music who is afraid of work, and no matter how high or how grand may be one's ideas of the art, he will fall flat unless there be something practical in the person himself. The number of people who would have "started the musical world" had they been blessed with opportunities "when young" would probably go away up in the thousands in this country alone! Perhaps it is wise that they were deprived of studying the divine art in their youth, for just imagine how we should be overrun with musical geniuses now, had they been allowed to develop their wonderful gifts!

—*Metronome.*

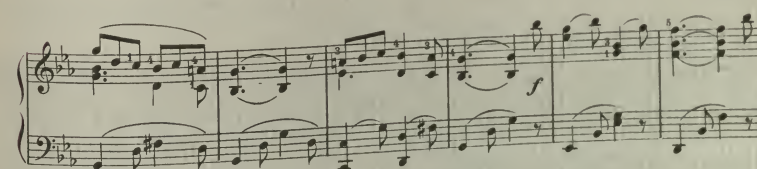
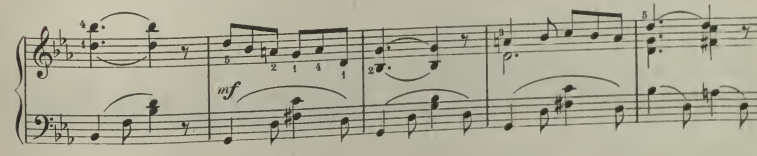
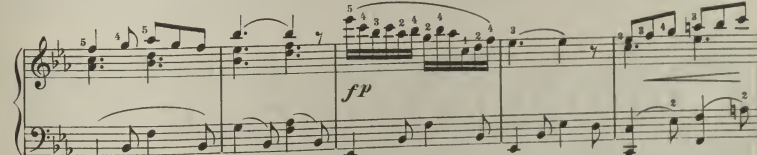
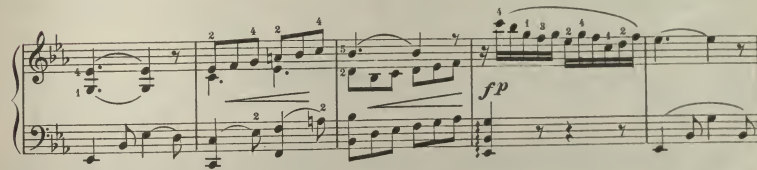
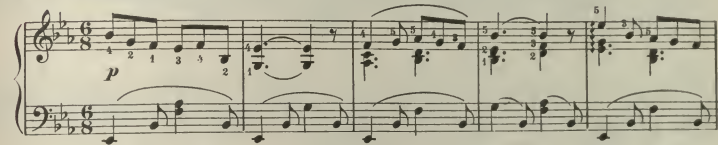
—The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.

To Miss Mertie R. Sibley.

With the Tide.
Barcarole.

H. S. Saroni.

Andantino.



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p *mf* *rit.* *a tempo* *p* *mf* *f* *rit. e cresc.*

f p a tempo *r.h.* *cresc.* *f molto rit. e cresc. ff p* *dim. e rall. al fine.*

No 2573

NIGHT SCENE.

JOSEPH PASTERNAK, Op. 11, No. 1.

Largo. M.M. ♩ = 56
l.h.

p r.h.

p

mf

f *p rall. dim.* *Fine.*

M.M. ♩ = 138
frubato.

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p

p

p

cresc.

ff *rit.* *D.C.*

2573-3

HERE WE GO!

Kate Vannah.

SECONDO.

p

mf

cresc.

cresc.

Fine.

HERE WE GO!

Kate Vannah.

PRIMO.

p

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

Fine.

TRIO

p

cresc. *f* *p*

f *p*

f *p*

ff *D.C.*

1 2

TRIO

p

cresc. *f* *mf*

f *mf*

cresc. *ff*

f *D.C.*

1 2

HUNTING FANFARE.

Newly revised edition.

WILHELM FINK, Op. 147.

Vivace. $\text{♩} = 92$

p

f *p* *rit. a tempo.* *p*

f *mf*

sempre p

la melodia marcato.

mf

mf *p* *mf*

p *rit. a tempo.* *p*

mf

mf

pp *p* *mf*

This page contains a musical score for a piano piece, likely a sonata or concerto movement. The notation is written for a grand piano (G-clef and F-clef staves). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into several systems, each with a treble and bass staff.

The musical notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings such as *pp* (pianissimo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *ff* (fortissimo), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *decresc.* (decrescendo). There are also tempo markings like *allegro*, *moderato*, and *adagio*. The score is heavily annotated with fingerings (numbers 1-5) and articulation marks (accents, slurs).

The piece begins with a *pp* dynamic and a *moderato* tempo. It features a variety of musical textures, including rapid sixteenth-note passages, sustained chords, and melodic lines. The dynamics range from very soft (*pp*) to very loud (*ff*), with frequent changes in volume. The tempo fluctuates, with sections marked *allegro*, *moderato*, and *adagio*.

Nº 2598 Dance of the Water Nymphs.

DON N. LONG.

Allegretto grazioso.

Angelt's galopp.

p

p

rit

p a tempo

Musical score for page 14, measures 2594-2598. The score is in 4/4 time and features a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The notation includes various dynamics and articulations:

- Measure 2594: *doleiss.* (dolce) in the right hand, with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand.
- Measure 2595: *p* (piano) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2596: *Fine.* marking at the end of the phrase.
- Measure 2597: *accell.* (accelerando) marking in the right hand.
- Measure 2598: *rit.* (ritardando) marking in the right hand.

 The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Musical score for page 15, measures 2599-2604. The score continues in 4/4 time with the same key signature. The notation includes various dynamics and articulations:

- Measure 2599: *p* (piano) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2600: *f* (forte) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2601: *p* (piano) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2602: *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2603: *sempre cresc.* (sempre crescendo) marking in the right hand.
- Measure 2604: *marc.* (marcato) marking in the right hand.
- Measure 2605: *accell.* (accelerando) marking in the right hand.
- Measure 2606: *rit. D.C.* (ritardando, Da Capo) marking in the right hand.

 The right hand features complex melodic lines with many fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5. The left hand continues with a supportive accompaniment.

The Black Forest Clock.

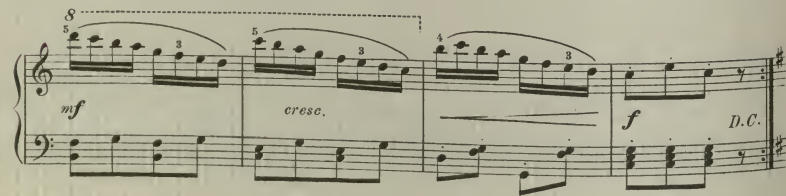
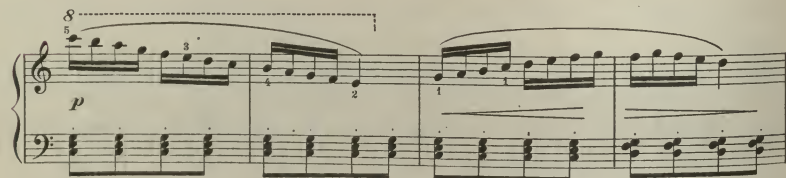
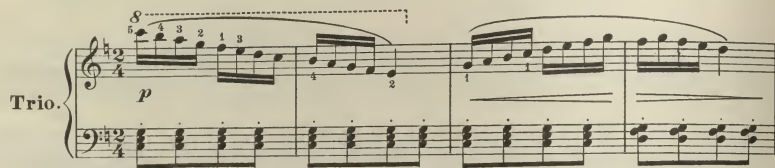
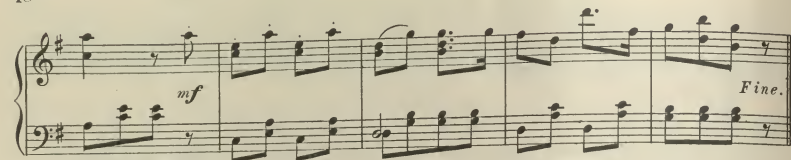
Die Schwarzwälder Uhr.

Salon-Polka.

Carl Heins, Op. 224.

Introduction.

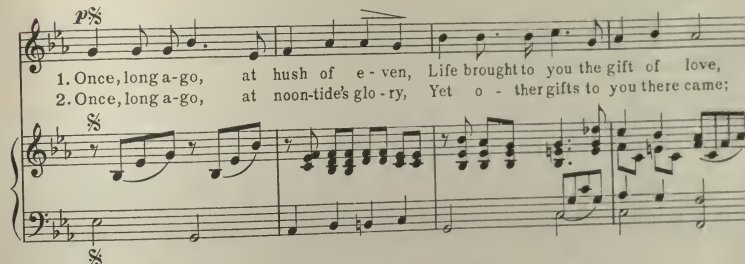
Polka.



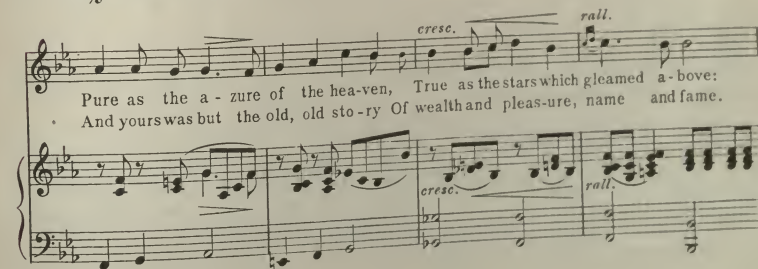
AT HUSH OF EVEN.

Words by FLORENCE HOARE.

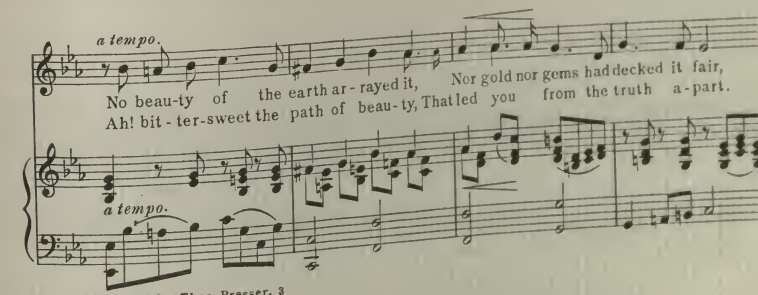
Music by A. CUTHBERT KELLY.



1. Once, long a-go, at hush of e-ven, Life brought to you the gift of love,
 2. Once, long a-go, at noon-tide's glo-ry, Yet o - ther gifts to you there came;



Pure as the a-zure of the hea-ven, True as the stars which gleamed a-bove:
 And yours was but the old, old sto-ry Of wealth and pleas-ure, name and fame.



No beau-ty of the earth ar-rayed it, Nor gold nor gems had decked it fair,
 Ah! bit-ter-sweet the path of beau-ty, That led you from the truth a-part.

mf But in a glad-den'd heart you laid it, And hid it as a treas-ure there.
Oh! fool-isheyes that turn'd from du-ty, And lost the love with-in your heart.

p

1. *D. S.* *mf*

3. And

cresc.
some-times when the earth is smil-ing, And o-thers praise your

mf *cresc.*

name and grace, Be-neath your sun-ny smiles be-guil-ing, I

rall.
see the an-guish of your face; For in your heart is

p

rall.

sor-row stron-ger Than glad-ness of the world can blot,

cresc. *poco accel.*
And earth's best gift is yours no long-er, Since in your sad heart,

grazioso

con passione. *rall.* *cresc.* *ff*
Since in your sad heart, Since in your sad heart love is not!

rall. *cresc.* *ff colla voce.*
largamente.

Talking in My Sleep.

W. FRANCIS GATES.

Moderato.

I've something sweet to tell you, — But the se-cret you must keep, And re-member, if it

is-nt night, I'm talk-ing in my sleep. I know I am but dream-ing — When I

think your love is mine, And I know they are but seem-ing, Those hopes that round me shine.

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parlando.

So re-mem-ber when I tell you What I

can no lon-ger keep, We're none of us re-spon-si-ble for what we say in

sleep, re-spon-si-ble for what we say in sleep, in sleep.

Tempo I.

My

pret-ty se-cret's com-ing, Oh, lis-ten with your heart, And you shall hear it

hum-ming, So close twill make you start, Oh shut your eyes so earn-est, Or

mine will wild-ly weep, I love you I a-dore you, but, I'm talk-ing in my

sleep, - - in my sleep. - -

pp rit. *accel.* *rit.*

THE PECULIARITIES OF THE PIANO.

BY DR. ROBERT GOLDBECK.

If we survey the entire vast field of musical literature, we have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the compositions written for the piano—or those in which the piano plays the principal part—are at least equal in quantity, quality, and importance to all the rest of musical works, whether orchestral, operatic, or for the voice, with or without instrumental accompaniment. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Grieg, and an imposing array of other distinguished composers, all have largely contributed to this special piano literature. Chopin and Liszt—particularly Chopin—derive their fame and ascendancy almost entirely from their compositions for the piano. Music is

[illegible]

First, as to the imperfections of the piano: An instrument of percussion, its tone is short-lived, and incapable of a crescendo. From the moment the key is sounded its tone begins to fade away—an effect charming in itself, but one the player has no direct means of controlling. As an expressive, controllable instrument, the piano is therefore a disadvantage. This is the chief part of our present piano technic. Repeated notes and chords, rapid passages of every imaginable kind, a passionate storming onward, the introduction of the pedal and its artistic use—all with the more or less unconscious thought and aim to seek compensation for the scant tone length of the instrument and to simulate a crescendo; and this is the chief part of our present piano technic. Thus, as this is the chief part of our present piano technic, and as this is such poor imitation of the human voice, it is not surprising that this is the chief part of our present piano technic. This is the chief part of our present piano technic. This is the chief part of our present piano technic.

The limited tone-length of the piano necessitates the more emphatic marking of notes of longer value, especially tied notes. This is not called for in music for the voice, or any instrument capable of prolonging the tone, and may, therefore, be considered a peculiarity of the piano. It is an unavoidable imperfection of style, requiring careful modification.

As the piano tone is produced by pressing down the key, its control being limited to the first touch, it is evident that beauty of piano-playing depends entirely upon just this touch. The pianist must learn to touch and press the keys with sufficient emphasis to prolong the tone as much as possible without making it harsh or

THE ETUDE

hard. Hence, all the artistic devices of dropping the fingers, wrist, or arm easily, yet firmly, upon the key, holding them down to their full depth, or merely pressing the keys (without drop), varying the weight of the pressure from a mere feather-like gravity to the most impressive demonstration of force; or else caressing the keys with almost imperceptible moving of the finger tips upon their surface, in contrast to the crisp grasp of the direct attack.

Possibly the progress of music would have been the same had there been no piano, but assuredly a much longer time would have been required, nor would it have penetrated the masses so readily.

The shortness of the piano tone has also most forcibly brought into evidence the necessity of a perfect legato—the very foundation of all expressive musical interpretation.

The universality and self-sufficiency of the piano, in connection with its imperfect tone and the limited capacity of the fingers of the human hand, has produced a style, notably in the embellishments, which does not fully coincide with the requirements of true musical art, and has been productive, consequently, of a very and disproportionate number of such fancies. For every dissonance, in the matter of beats (trills), grace notes, short and long appoggiatures, and mordents: The orchestra player, the violinist, executes a beat or a grace note simply and freely, without regard to the question whether the first note of such an embellishment shall coincide together with some particular beat or not. For any other player, in fact, it is not so simple. He does it and does not think of it. But it is not so with the pianist. The pianist, however, if he belongs to the conservative faction, will be fearful of committing a sin if he does so unscrupulously and with painful exactitude throw the first note of the mordent or beat upon the principle note played in the left hand. And as to the ornaments he will often be in doubt. He will perhaps rather he will often be in doubt. He will think himself particularly orthodox in the case of a whole series of grace notes or mordents to have the first of these begin with the fundamental note, ending the whole run on an afterbeat. Such a thing is possible on the piano, but is inefficient, orchestral or logical, and moreover, it is ineffective, tiring, and crooked. And thus the warfare Schumann waged, and which others are warfare again against, is that of the *trill* as ever.

[illegible]

orchestral effect. There is a wholesome tendency now to avoid excessively wide chords, as they are ugly when they become jumpy, failing entirely in their primary object, that of rendering the style of piano-playing grander or more orchestral.

A whole book might be written upon the peculiarities of execution and interpretation arising from the restrictions connected with the piano; suffice it to say, at present, that a great number of the devices of expression and technique, familiar to piano players, are not strictly in accordance with pure musical art, and that the progressive and well-endowed musician should avoid and counteract them as much as possible. It is a good thing, when studying the interpretation of some master piece, constantly to have in mind the naturally more perfect style of the orchestra, endeavoring to come nearer and nearer to it. In this manner piano interpretation might be purified as well as elevated and identified.

ENSEMBLE PLAYING.

Or pianofortes? "The visible stock," as they say in the metal market, is enormous. And it is a stock to which huge additions are weekly, daily, hourly made. Each of these instruments, we may take it, is played on by an average of at least two persons, and the resulting total of players would consequently, if accurately computed, reach a surprising figure. But of all this army of players, how many are there who can acquit themselves tolerably in song composition? Would not the percentage be represented by a decimal point already reached? If we demand an accompaniment to an instrumental solo, the percentage will be even smaller, whilst, if we ask for an adequate vocal line, the pianoforte part in a song composition, the number of players who can do this satisfactorily, but haphazardly, less. Why should this be? There are plenty of pianists who have a sufficient technical equipment.

It seems that in the case of these persons the first fault is that they are not aware of the fact that an accompaniment denotes firstly an instinctive lack of appreciation of the fitness of things, or from want of thought, or from sheer ignorance, or from want of practice, or from a combination of all or any of those things. As to the first, it should not be necessary at this end of the century to point out that an accompaniment means an accompaniment—that is to say, an accompaniment. The accompaniment to the accompaniment should always be subordinate to the accompaniment. To too many pianists the accompaniment is apparently the important part of the composition. Far be it from them to consider the composer's intentions, to reflect that the accompaniment is but the background—beautiful though it may be even in itself—to a central figure, the solo. No, the accompaniment shall be background, middle distance—the accompaniment, too, shall reach help the solo!

Again, the lamentable failure to accompany may be due simply to want of thought. It is easy to forget that the pianoforte is a very powerful instrument, and that an otherwise most artistic player may, from sheer forgetfulness of this fact, utterly spoil the singer's or violinist's best efforts. Ignorance of the capabilities of the particular voice or instrument to be accompanied is also responsible for much. One need not be a great musician to realize that a pianist should, when dealing with a delicate and florid violin passage, show greater restraint than when accompanying strong, sustained notes of the violincello.

The value of practice in accompaniment, as in other matters, is so obvious as to need no special arguments in its favor.

In fact, a pianist of moderate ability can hardly lay up for himself and for others a store of greater pleasure than by making a special study of the art of accompaniment.—*"Musical Answers."*

—Let us not unduly depress ourselves because we have not succeeded in what we have undertaken. It may be the very best thing that has ever happened to us.

BY EDITH LYNNWOOD WINS.

THREE classes of students go abroad for study: those who wish a little veneering, who are grossly ignorant of the very rudiments of music, who do American teaching immeasurable harm, those who are earnestly preparing to teach, who wish to supplement their excellent work in America with observation, contact with foreign life, and the instruction of some excellent teacher abroad who is not a "fad"; lastly, those who are virtuosos, who go abroad for further instruction and preparation for extensive concert work.

One occasionally finds the first class giving concerts. Any one can give a concert abroad. Undeigned German hirings wable to delighted friends and pay the expenses of their own *abroad*. Americans do the same out of vanity, or love for a certain prestige (?) which it may give them at home, and they pay the bills, too.

The members of the second class of students do not aspire to give free concerts, and they are rarely drawn into a concert save by their own merit and the wish of teachers. It is astonishing how average virtuosos are in teaching, and it is even more astonishing how little teaching ability some young virtuosos have. A prodigy must concertize. "Genius must not lie dormant," say the worshippers, and so every one goes out to hear, especially if every one is presented with complimentary ticket.

The Americans in Berlin are very loyal to their sons and daughters. I attended the concert of a young American violinist in Berlin last year. Her fame had been heralded all over her native country. Some call her a genius. I know that she has been a hard-working, sensible girl, whom Fortune has singularly favored, and one who has unusual gifts. She is, however, the most unspooled young virtuoso whom I have ever seen. This concert was largely attended. Diplomats, musicians, the traveling public, admiring and envious students—every one was there. Amid a variable Chantaguetta salute, the young lady stepped forward for her first solo. It was exquisitely rendered. Even the orchestra cried "Bravo" at the close. The whole concert was an artistic success, and I believed the financial harvest very great. Had I looked about, I might have discovered that the greater part of the audience was American in every aspect. It was a "smart" looking audience, well dressed, interested, and proud of the achievements of its young countrywoman. After the concert, I heard two noted critics conversing in the *Garderie*, or cloak-room, below.

"You can never tell anything about these American concerts," said the fierce-looking critic to the mild-looking, bald-headed critic. "You see, there are too many friends here, too many Americans."

After this I inquired concerning concerts and concert-givers. I learned many things concerning the mechanism which surrounds the successful concert, and considerable halo departed therefrom.

To give a successful concert—a first concert—abroad, one must have lived some time in the city in which the initial performance is to be given. One must have friends and, some might possibly add, be very popular. Again, one must have a good manager. Herr Wolff, in Berlin, is excellent, but he is not in the habit of undertaking concerts, unless a certain sum of money is guaranteed.

Nine hundred marks (\$225) will pay for your concert-hall and the Philharmonic Orchestra. Your advertising does not cost much, since it is the custom for concert-artist to place their photographs in the windows of the principal music stores in the city. The program of your list (little, for they are printed on very coarse paper and, on the night of the concert, they are sold at the doors for ten, fifteen, or twenty-five *Pfennige* (2½ to 5 cents).

Bote and Bock (dealers in music) sell concert tickets for the week, and do a great deal of advertising for artists. The photographs of Sarasate, Lilli Lehmann,

and the most amateur of young concert-givers may stand side by side in the windows. It is a singular fact, but I never saw a lithograph in the whole city.

At the end of important streets, or at street-corners, one sees curious cylindrical sign-posts. Upon these are posted the weekly concert and theater bills. In the outer halls of the *Sing-Akademie*, *Saal Bechstein*, and *Philharmonie*, one sees a large yellow or white bill announcing coming concerts. The newspapers are an excellent means of advertising, but even then a busy student does not always know what is "going on." Some came and departed before I knew of his presence in the city. I sat beside a coal-black singer, in the American church, one Sabbath in early spring. Her voice was wonderfully clear and rich. I believed I stared at her in open admiration. Some one told me it was "Black Patti"; and I had not known she was in the city.

There is a mistaken idea among American students abroad that a failure there in a concert means total defeat on their return to America. Not so. Very few people, outside of large cities, ever hear of such a failure.

A young Western girl said to me last year: "I have been four years abroad and have not given a concert yet. My father often writes, asking when I will give my first concert, but my teacher does not say, and I shall not give one until he advises." She is a sensible young woman.

Another, who had neither money nor friends, gave a concert and failed. Now she declares that she will never return to America until she has retrieved her losses.

She is not like a bright student who went to Russia after falling in Berlin, and there won many laurels, received flattering attentions, and earned enough money to pay her debts and relieve her parents.

Another young American lost \$1200 in concerts, but won most excellent criticisms from the press. Another was offended because the press accused her of trying to look "childish." I confess that this effort to look young is mainly confined to girl virtuosos and not to boys. Fräulein So-and-so was so to give a concert in Berlin. She was a pupil of my teacher.

I heard her concert program at a rehearsal. "How long has she been preparing this program?" I asked my teacher.

"About a year," he replied.

"And how long has she studied?"

"About thirteen years," was the reply.

"With good teachers?"

"Yes."

"Has she ever been in school much?"

"No."

"Well, I don't wonder that German concerts are a success," I ejaculated.

"You're jealous," replied my teacher, slyly, as he went on playing the accompaniment to the first movement of the Mendelssohn Concerto, and the young virtuoso drew a bow of which any one might be proud, and which any American student might emulate (is it libel?) in thirteen years of good teaching.

WHAT THE MASON SYSTEM HAS DONE FOR ME.

BY L. CAMPBELL.

HAVING, as one desirous of entering the musical profession, a desire to study the best methods, I was advised by friends to take the trip to Europe for the purpose of studying the piano.

Having studied at one of our American conservatories, I knew of no other method of playing than by the high raising of the fingers, and was not inclined to oppose my professor's method.

Settling in the city of Hanover, Germany, and engaging the best teacher which the place afforded, I was immediately presented with Herz's finger exercises for performance. I was naturally rather weak in the wrist, and found the hand stiff after having endeavored to

play them rapidly even for five minutes at a time. My teacher insisted, however, that the fingers must be misused very high, and also that great force must be used. In a few months there was a decided stiffness noticeable, and when I performed some pieces as Weber's "Perpetual Motion," Chopin's études, etc., my whole arm ached and continued so to stiffen that, at the expiration of a year and a half of high lifting of the fingers, the first page of a piece could scarcely be performed without great effort and fatigue; this was owing partly to my having been obliged to perform difficult pieces when a delicate child and at a time when great looseness of wrist-shoulder had been cultivated. But, somehow, when I was a child there seemed to be nothing known about a loose hand and arm, and I suffered all my life in consequence.

My teacher insisted that I would return to America with "fingers like iron," they would be so strong; his prediction proved true in one sense, for the fingers individually did become strong with the use of rather stiff dumb piano and high lifting. But there are other things to be considered besides the mere strengthening of the fingers, and the arm must also receive some consideration.

I persevered, however, through the whole course, not quite convinced, though, that there was no better method in the world than that which I had already pursued.

I proved to be right, and in the end got what I wanted. After settling down once more in my native land, my eyes fell constantly upon articles in the leading musical journals on the subject of Mason's "Touch and Technique." What did it all mean? Surely this was what I had been after,—loose wrist, playing without fatigue, and no high lifting of fingers, either. The method must surely be looked into; so, inquiring of one who instructed in this method, I once more set to work. From the very first lesson I could see that the Mason system would fill my long felt need.

The great point which struck me was the principle of "resting," "relaxing," as my teacher puts it. This is just what I had failed, and had all unconsciously stifled my hand from the very nature of performing pieces, and nothing was said about it and me the object of my study.

Now, while playing, my continual thought is, where to find a point of "rest," and if I become conscious of a sense of the old returning stiffness, immediately I sink the wrist, and can now perform pages with little or no fatigue.

As a matter of course, I instruct my pupils in the Mason method, and it works beautifully; the little girl who willingly plumps herself down on the piano-stool to take her first music-lesson, receives among other necessary things some Mason exercises. To my frequent inquiries of whether the hand feels stiff, comes the surprised answer, "Why, no."

Have you looked into the Mason method yet, and are you still struggling with pupils whose rigid arms and hands will not yield to graceful playing? My advice is to those who wish to be successful teachers as well as performers, that they should by all means procure a teacher of this system and obtain the principles at least; these can be obtained in fewer lessons than in a, perhaps, thought possible under the guidance of a discriminating teacher, and will be well worth the trouble. Perhaps you are bent upon studying the piano in Germany, and think you have not time to waste upon learning any more methods here at home; but if these enterprising Americans have got hold of something which Europeans have not yet found, why not have it? You say the musical atmosphere is so much greater in Germany. I agree with you, for, from the nightingale which warbles over your head early in the morning and late at night to the nurse who sits with the children in the great coffee-garden listening to the orchestra, everything seems to assume a musical atmosphere; there is plenty of time to give to music, and the Germans give it, and use it never hurried through a lesson to make room for some other matter.

Having had experience both at home and abroad in the study of music, my kindly advice is, to all aspirants: By all means study the art of music first at home, and study the Mason method.

RAW MATERIAL.

BY CHARLES W. LONDON.

THE word "raw" conveys but a faint idea of the condition in which young pupils come to teachers. Everything that is to make a desirable pupil is either lacking or it is in an undeveloped state. They are in the widest sense raw material. They have no power of attention. I was surprised, recently, to note that a bright boy, nearly five years old, found it impossible to listen to a genuine child's story, full of life and interest, for more than five minutes at a time. At the longest, after a moment's digression he could come back to the remainder of the story; but as to listening to a page from a child's story-book, that was out of the question,—he had not the power of attention sufficiently cultivated to enable him to do so. Now, when we remember that "inattention is the pupil's worst foe," we have but a small starting-place left, while at the same time we realize needed light on the question, why our best teaching endeavors have produced such small results. Apply this lack in the child to note-reading and to all the details of his lesson.

Then, again, young children are sadly wanting in accuracy. All of their play and frolic has been spontaneous—not an effort toward accuracy in anything. So, then, when it comes to trying to do a thing according to a definite rule, it is all new to them—new to hear and new to master; no definite mental ideal and no trained muscular skill. You can prove this by pencil-work. For instance, make a small square or outline of a bird or any simple form for them to copy. It is known that their vision is naturalized—is as uncertain as their skill in music. Now, compare this crude material with what goes toward making a fine touch, and the accuracy demanded in piano-work.

This inability to give continued attention is in part due to the child's inherent restlessness or activity, which is a factor to which the teacher should give prime consideration. This is why the first slow playing over of a phrase or piece lacks interest to them. It does not go fast enough for them to catch any musical meaning. Their own playing is too poky, too lifeless, to have any interest for them. They would rather "pump" the pedals, lift up the keys, look into the piano action to see the hammers go, twist the piano-stool, handle the lamp-glass, and turn the music leaves. Every street or household noise attracts their attention, for it gives promise of something that has life about it. If such pupils are in sight or hearing of the other members of the household, especially if something is going on among the latter, their interest is drawn where there is the greatest activity.

Our raw material most decidedly lives in the present moment; not the least interest can be awakened in them for their future. They have no time, prospective, present, or past. The times of Adam and Noah are to them as discrepancies of but a moment ago, and the millennium is as near by as the next decided thing in reach of their hands, or in view of their eyes. That the present is all in all to them, is one reason why practice is so distasteful; for every moment—so they feel—should be to them one of delight and pleasure. This is the stronghold of kindergarten training.

Other points could be mentioned, but we will deal with only these. We must take the children as they are, not as we would like them to be. As to their lack of power to give continued attention, the teacher should change from one part of the lesson to another, after a while coming back to the former to complete its point and to give a working knowledge of it. And here is a necessary point,—never leave a pupil at all uncertain as to what is to do in any part of the lesson and how to do it. Nothing is to be taken for granted; the wise teacher will cover all of the ground and gather up all loose ends and complete half-formed ideas. Working knowledge to complete knowledge.

To point out the lack of accuracy is worthless. It takes practice to bring brain and muscle up even to a point of possible accuracy. But the correct manner of doing, as well as a clear ideal of what is to be done,

must be given the pupil. Teachers forget that young pupils do not know how to do the things that seem so simple. They must tell how as well as what, and insist upon accuracy.

The child's activity shows the necessity of short pieces, which should be learned by phrases, playing each one over and over until the right tempo is gained. This halts the learner's lack of attention as well as their restlessness; it gives them something that "goes"—and children dearly love to do some new thing, especially if it is something that some loved friend does. They are born imitators, and are full of a desire to do as their grown friends are doing. They are waiting until they have grown so that they can do wappas and mamma do, and in order to hasten that time they are constantly imitating their elders.

The present moment being all that the child can comprehend, it must be made pleasant and full of interest to him. This calls for short pieces with short phrases, such as the child-mind can enjoy; sonatas and opera melodies he can find no enjoyment in. This also emphasizes the fact that children need to learn their pieces phrase by phrase, so that they can make pleasing music of them, and it shows why it is useless to demand much dry, technical work of them.

But not all of our pupils are young children; and yet it is astonishing how few there are, even among older pupils, that have the foregoing factors brought under much cultivation. This is especially true of inability to give continued attention, and of lack of anything like genuine accuracy in what they think and do. Their brains are as unskilled as are their fingers and muscles.

To all of this must be added the lack of self-control. This applies to their lack of skill in making the fingers do what the brain conceives, for often they have no accurate command of any muscular movement. And withal their mental powers are too often as uncultivated and as little under control as are their muscles. One of the first things for the teacher to do is to measure his pupils at each lesson from the foregoing standpoints.

TECHNIC HINTS.

BY FREDERIC MARINER.

CONCENTRATION is imperative. If you have not good concentration, proceed at once to improve in this direction. To be successful in any line, one must be able to think quickly and think to the point.

But how can I learn concentration?

This question is continually being asked, and the best answer I can give is, *Work for it*. Demand for yourself the power to concentrate.

Whatever you undertake, be it the little things or the great, give your entire thought, forbidding all thoughts not pertaining to the work in hand from entering into your mind. This is concentration, and for many is at first almost an impossibility. But if you are determined to conquer this wild rush of thought, and be able to think of one thing only at will, you can do so. Thinking, for the ordinary mortal, is too hard work.

Many enter the battle, but few are they who stick to it and conquer. At one time a young vocal pupil made it and conquer. He said to me that trying to sing correctly, according to the remarks to me that trying to sing correctly, according to the teacher's instructions, was too hard work, and she was too hard work.

Do not work hours on one technical difficulty. It is not wise. Pupils are often advised to take one portion of a selection and play it over forty times for one hundred of a selection and play it over the same. I do not believe in this, as they have the leisure. If you can perform a difficult piece of work. If you can perform a difficult piece of work after trying a few times, instead of going over and over, counting the times by the hundred, it would result better if you would look the matter in the face and find out first the "why of it."

Want of technic, generally, is the good reason for your trouble. If you but had a positive technic, and took only pieces within your limit, you would be able to play them out as soon as memorized, and playing a passage over and over would be unnecessary.

In my own work I make out a practice card, covering

the whole ground of technic,—i. e., trills, scales, arpeggios, octaves and chord-work. This should be practiced in full every day.

Regular practice is what brings the best results. If you have but one hour to devote to technical work, then be sure to practice some on each of the five points of technic. If you have four hours of practice, you can devote more time to each exercise under the different heads.

Do not commence at the beginning of your practice-card and devote all the time you wish to each exercise, finding, when your practice time is up, that you have succeeded in going over but a small part of the allotted technic. In this way the entire card is covered, and, in a week, instead of at least once every day. Systematize your practice so that the same amount of work is done each day.

The time devoted to memorizing should not be counted in the practice time. It is purely outside work and should be considered as such.

A common mistake with ambitious pupils is that of practicing too fast. Of course, a certain amount of velocity-work should be done, but when a fast tempo has been once gained, keep that high rate of speed by slow practice. Apply the same thought to pieces. When once worked up, cease practicing at that tempo, and every now and then go over the selection carefully and thoroughly at a slow rate of speed, hands separate, and together, occasionally playing it up to time, and you will in this way always have your selection in a playable condition.—"Pianist and Organist."

THE TEACHER AND PUPIL.

BY GEORGE BRAYLEY.

EVERY student must necessarily place himself unreservedly in the hands of his master. Should a lack of confidence exist, not the slightest progress is made by the pupil. A teacher is thus placed in a peculiar position, for he must not only prove his ability to impart information, but he must inspire confidence where it is often lacking. In this line there are many and numerous scientific instructions in every branch of learning whose merits none can deny, but who are unable to win their pupils to them so completely that they can foresee their success. Often teachers follow in some rut they themselves have trodden, expecting comprehension in the same manner that it came to them. A young person being taught thus by an elderly one will not submit to such methods, and seeks information from those more in accordance with the times.

Possibly, there is nothing that creates distrust more quickly than false information on any single point. Confidence is at once lost, and respect, too. If a question is asked and no intelligent answer can be given, it is better to say, "I don't know," than to venture in a lot of tangled-up assertions that are only bewildering. Some times it shows their great ability by how beating, and making one think that all the wisdom of the universe is centered in them. Harseness in their weapon, as a rule, and they wield it with what they consider great power whenever they get the opportunity. To a thinking person harseness is only presumptive opinion, and the those who use it generally get in a lowering rage if the same weapon is used against them. All men and women dread it, and none more than the users. Harseness on the part of pupils is brought on, as a rule, by continual fault-finding. They expect to be found fault with whether they do the thing right or not, and perform the task in that spirit.

The first thing needed on the part of the teacher is the ability to understand human nature; then to equip him self for the task he engages in, and his efforts will meet with the success that determination bestows upon his power. Praise should be given where deserved, but not false praise. There is no one who is not inclined to stronger effort when the encouraging voice and helping hand are given. And when the student who is already in the daily battle of life comes to it, why should it be withheld from those who are just entering the struggle?—from these would be unnecessary.

"Lander."

Vocal Department

CONDUCTED BY

H. W. GREENE

SINGING AT SIGHT.

How well do you read? This is an important question—almost a momentous one; it confronts every young singer, upon whom also must the above depend. It must affect their standing as teachers, as choir singers, and as musicians. Let every serious student of vocal music pause and give this matter consideration. It is an entirely safe assertion that there are not more than five excellent sight readers out of every one hundred professional singers. By that I mean those who can read music at sight with the same fluency as they can read the pages of a book. Indeed, such sight-singers are so rare that their accomplishments become almost historical, and those who are less capable are not slow to attribute the success of others to exceptional gifts or fortunate early training. It is a useless subterfuge, for the ability to read music perfectly lies within the grasp of nearly every intelligent vocalist. I can testify to the fact that this rare power to read anything and everything at sight is attainable by even those who have not musical gifts beyond the ordinary. For the encouragement of many who feel that unless the battle has been half won for them by inheritance the prize is not worthy their effort, I am going into the particulars of a case which came to my notice, the details of which I have examined minutely and without prejudice, that more light might be shed upon this much-discussed problem.

A young man living in the country found himself possessed of a pleasing tenor voice, and being desirous of profiting by it, attempted to connect himself with a quartet choir, but was met with a refusal because he could not read at sight. He was not the type of man to be discouraged by obstacles, so went diligently about his task. He had no aptitude in the appreciation of intervals; knew nothing of the piano or organ, therefore depended upon one or two books of musical notation and his tuning fork, studying the old "Lowell Mason's Movable Do Method." He worked at it for a year, devoting a part of every evening to it, at the end of which time it was impossible to put any music before him that he could not read accurately, by the use of the syllables, almost as rapidly as a prima donna would sing the agile passages in an aria. It was yet some months before he was able to be independent of the syllables and read with the same rapidity; but in a year and a half he became, by dint of hard work, the most perfect reader it has been my pleasure to meet in the profession. It is not a story drawn from the imagination, but fact. The man was, and ever will be, unmusical; his power to accurately conceive tone distance was entirely cultivated. It resolved itself into the old question of persistence. How many are there in a thousand who are really, firmly, undeviatingly persistent—persistent by rule, persistent with a purpose so clearly defined that, when the scheme is inaugurated and the habit of persistence clearly and directly identified with it, the result already becomes a foregone conclusion? The effect of this man's work upon me was to destroy greatly my sympathies for people who do not read. (Observe, I do not say "can not read.") While it would be absurd to urge that one person could learn to read as quickly as another, or as well as another, it is not unreasonable, in view of recorded facts, to insist that the obstacles to successful reading have been greatly magnified, and read usually not in the work, but in the worker.

I ventured that only five out of a hundred could read perfectly. It is no less a lamentable fact that fifty out of a hundred professionals can be said to read only fairly. These comprise all grades of musicianship, and would probably serve to illustrate fully the varied experiences

through which the average young singer or student passes to arrive at this condition of sight-singing mediocrity.

There are those who play the piano or organ to some extent and, by association, appreciate the distance from one tone to another through an acquaintance with the simple harmonic forms and scales, gaining a fairly good idea of intervals. If, instead of being content with this condition, they should add to the knowledge they possess, a few months of unremitting diligence, they would easily rank among the best readers.

Another group is made up of those who have had training in the public schools, to whom sight singing is second nature up to a certain point. Yet they have not advanced themselves, simply because circumstances do not require it, until now, finding themselves on the threshold of the profession, so long as they are not entirely crippled in sight-singing, they are content to submit to the inconvenience which such limitation imposes; whereas diligent, supplementary study would place them also in the front rank of music readers.

Again, we have the students from the various music schools and sight-singing classes, who are the victims of some patent or new-fangled copyright method, the principal virtue of which consists in its financial perity, who gain a smattering of the first principles and read fairly well down in the easy keys, and so on. All these, in the aggregate, as stated above, make up the fifty per cent. of possible readers who infect themselves upon choir directors, choral societies, and similar organizations, to the distress of organists and conductors, and, unfortunately, to the injury and unnecessary fatigue of their own voices.

I am aware that this is a pessimistic view of the situation, and I have not yet dealt with the remainder, who can not read at all, who are spending their time and money cultivating their voices, and who are entitled to promotion by virtue of good vocal gifts and commendable cultivation. It can not be denied that they occupy a compromising position so far as merit and consistent culture may obtain. All well-ordered choirs are closed to them, and what is perhaps worse for many who are not considering the semi-professional career of choir-singer, much of the delight and satisfaction of music in the social circle is denied. To be sure, the opera chorus for the least gifted and the concert stage for the most gifted are the alternatives, for neither require aptitude at musical notation; but even there a consciousness of incapacity on the one hand, or ability on the other, must argue mightily for the difficulty or ease with which the responsibilities are met. In short, the self-respecting musician of to-day must include in the plan of work perfecting in this branch. He owes it to himself, to his directors, and to his organists; it affords him an unending source of satisfaction. A glance will determine for him the character of a composition. It is sure to be his best protection against typographical errors. It is kindred to an acquaintance with harmony and general musical development and treatment. It is the key to more situations in the field of vocal music than any other thing, except the vocal instrument itself. It can be learned at home, in the quiet of one's room, without the aid of an instrument. I repeat that it is within the reach of every student of singing who is willing to take the trouble to acquire it.

Really beautiful singing—the *bel canto*—has completely disappeared, with few exceptions, from the German stage, and all sorts of narcotic methods for deceiving the eye and ear that have been adopted, never fill up this gap. We have unfortunately forgotten that singing is an art.—Weingartner.

SONG ANALYSIS.

BY W. J. RALTZELL.

II.

In the previous article on the subject of Song Analysis the text, as one of the factors of a song, was principally considered from the standpoint of the singer. The present number will be devoted to the voice part, the second factor in a song, and a most important one.

Before taking up the subject directly, the writer of this article feels like noticing an objection often urged by pupils against some selected by the teacher for study. They will say, "Why do you give me love songs?"

It is possible that the teacher has but little other recourse, and the fact is that the majority of songs are love songs. The present writer feels that there is no necessity for this, and suggests that the continued use of songs of emotion is not advantageous to a pupil. They often mistake mere dynamic effects for evidence of strong, passionate feeling. Pupils who lack the power to yield to abandon are stiff, stilted, and lifeless. Others, who are shy or self-conscious, will absolutely refuse to attempt to give an even partially true expression of a song of sentiment.

A very useful text is one that takes up something in nature—some fact, some observation—and after picturing it to the imagination, parallels it by some experience of mankind. In this way we appeal both to the imagination and to the emotion. A good example of this kind of a text is found in Hawley's "Rainbows." A text like this is suitable under nearly all circumstances. A picture is painted in the hearer's fancy in much more appreciable shape than the camera obscura effects of songs of emotion, in which the hearer frequently perceives more words without any interpretation by the singer—words which in themselves express the very greatest intensity of feeling, delivered at sometimes the most matter-of-fact tone of voice. A little more of the Wordsworth and less of the Swinburne style, and that of the modern erotic school of poets, is a safe principle in the selection of the text for a song.

In his own teaching the writer found, in every instance, that he could interest pupils—especially those of but moderate experience in singing and ordinary endowment—should have a light attack or touch. The relief to the vocal organs by the use of this light touch must be experienced to be known. While it adds light and shade to the rendering, it also saves wear and tear to the vocal organs.

There is a class of songs called "ballads" that can not be said to conform to the ideas advanced in this article. The first consideration with these vocal concoctions is that they shall be "melodious."

Unfortunately, as said by Wagner of another case, these composers have no conception of what true melody is. The singer is carried up and down the scale, frequently in the angular motion arising from merely shifting from one note of the chord to another, or by the most hackneyed diatonic progressions—rarely any points of real repose from which to depart and to which to return; and in unavowed ideas, which pays no attention to the natural flow of the text, is called "melody." When necessary to force a singer to use this kind of vocal composition, it is the writer's opinion that the more nearly he treats the voice merely as a musical instrument, seeking parity and breadth of tone, the better the results, for the melodic idea is not founded on voice possibilities, but on conceptions derived from artificial musical instruments. The technique of this kind of song is distinct from that of the artistic song, which the progressive teacher and singer should like to use.

It is the hope of the writer that the thoughts advanced in this article may suggest some further ideas to those who read it, and lead them to look at a song from every side, to study every feature, so that the rendering of the whole may represent a synthesis as artistic as the previous analysis was thorough.

That was twenty years ago; and since that time the writer has here and there had the opportunity to observe others stumbling over the same path, some hopefully and some despondently.

In the previous article of this series I referred to some of my valued conferees with whom I confer privately upon these subjects. One of these is a highly successful lady teacher, whom I have known for many

ing" and the compound "mem'ry-laden." The singer's part will be shown in a stress of voice on the first syllable of the word "meaning," by a softening of the attack on "of," and by a firm stress on the words "mem'ry-laden." Some other examples are the conjunction "and," prepositions "to," "for," and "with," or some adverb of slight importance, set to an accented note; or a word of two syllables, such as "heaven," "love," "lovely,"—feminine endings, so called, "loving,"—coming at the end of a line, with the last syllable set to an accented note. It is not artistic to place emphasis on such a syllable, yet to avoid it a singer is forced to weaken a climax. A series of articles could be written on this question.

The suggestion of the writer is that the singer simply keep at such a difficulty until he feels that he has secured a fair balance between the two opposing factors. A good example of a coinciding of the curves of speech and melody may be found in the song "Madrigal," by Chaminade, published in THE ETUDE for September.

A reader would elevate his voice from the general pitch at the words "rain" and "rose," first line of the song. The composer has followed this point. The melody curves upward at both places. The technical point deduced from this fact is that when it is natural in speech to elevate the voice at these two places, the singer should not be conscious of any increase of tension in raising the notes, and will not be, if he allows the voice to follow the natural inclination upward and knows the note to be sung so thoroughly that he need not think what it is to be. He allows the voice to go up; does not push it up. One other point suggests itself: this upward or downward movement of the melody, so far as concerns extent, is generally determined by the intensity of expression demanded. So far as harmony is concerned, the word "rose" might have been written on F-sharp, on A, or on D, but the higher note, D, conveys a stronger emphasis. The principle remains the same, however: the singer must allow the voice to go up; never force it up, no matter how great the skip.

One more thought is drawn from the reading idea. It happens, especially in French songs, that a number of words are sung upon the same pitch. Unimportant words should have a light attack or touch. The relief to the vocal organs by the use of this light touch must be experienced to be known. While it adds light and shade to the rendering, it also saves wear and tear to the vocal organs.

There is a class of songs called "ballads" that can not be said to conform to the ideas advanced in this article. The first consideration with these vocal concoctions is that they shall be "melodious."

Unfortunately, as said by Wagner of another case, these composers have no conception of what true melody is. The singer is carried up and down the scale, frequently in the angular motion arising from merely shifting from one note of the chord to another, or by the most hackneyed diatonic progressions—rarely any points of real repose from which to depart and to which to return; and in unavowed ideas, which pays no attention to the natural flow of the text, is called "melody." When necessary to force a singer to use this kind of vocal composition, it is the writer's opinion that the more nearly he treats the voice merely as a musical instrument, seeking parity and breadth of tone, the better the results, for the melodic idea is not founded on voice possibilities, but on conceptions derived from artificial musical instruments. The technique of this kind of song is distinct from that of the artistic song, which the progressive teacher and singer should like to use.

It is the hope of the writer that the thoughts advanced in this article may suggest some further ideas to those who read it, and lead them to look at a song from every side, to study every feature, so that the rendering of the whole may represent a synthesis as artistic as the previous analysis was thorough.

That was twenty years ago; and since that time the writer has here and there had the opportunity to observe others stumbling over the same path, some hopefully and some despondently.

In the previous article of this series I referred to some of my valued conferees with whom I confer privately upon these subjects. One of these is a highly successful lady teacher, whom I have known for many

—It pays to keep on trying. Help and encouragement are very apt to come to one when he least expects it.

CONVENIENT MAXIMS, FORMULAS, ETC., FOR VOICE TEACHING.

BY FREDERIC W. ROBT.

VIII.

I PRESUME many who teach voice have undergone this experience: They have found something—a point of view, a device, an exercise—which seemed to be especially efficacious with their own voices and with certain pupils, and have said to themselves: "Now I am upon solid ground. I can speak and work with a confidence that I have never felt before." They have waxed enthusiastic; have put forth their announcements with greater confidence and larger claims than ever before. They have told their friends of the great light they have seen; and while they feel kindly enough toward other voice teachers, they pity them, and perhaps speak slightly of them, because they have not had this revelation. This is the first stage—the morning, with the sun rising brightly upon the landscape. But also for mundane mutations! After a while the conditions change. The particular line of experience to which the revelation came has been replaced by another.

They find themselves confronted with a different class of cases, and their panacea does not work as advertised. It has somehow lost its value, and though the great discovery is held on to as long as possible, they are obliged—at first to themselves, and so soon as sufficient courage can be mustered, to others—to retract most of the claims made for the great discovery.

Perhaps some of their pupils become dissatisfied, and go to other teachers. The clouds have gathered thickly. The world is out of joint. Enthusiasm has departed. Those announcements look altogether too glaring. With the friends with whom they used to talk it over, they avoid the subject. They dislike the profession of voice teaching, and with bitterness of spirit they wish they had something else to do.

The teacher who is well equipped from the start often avoids much of this experience, and there are others whose work is so superficial that they do not bother themselves with problems of any kind beyond those of the citizens of ancient Rome, whose cry was that they wanted only *panem et circenses*—if they can but live reasonable progress of the average pupil whom we spend most of our time upon, and who pay us the best part of our income,—I say, we find, after this, this valuable residuum of the frothy, effervescent bubble about wonderful teachers and celebrated foreign schools of voice culture to range itself promptly under the headings given in our three-item formula; and these, with their divisions and subdivisions, may be stated simply and distinctly, even in America.

The student of this subject may rest assured that there are no mysterious corners of his anatomy involved in tone-production which only a European teacher or an expert New York anatomist can know about. As was said in our first article, the vocal mechanism is included in the trinity of lungs, larynx, and vocal cords (pharynx and mouth). The functions and relationships of these parts may be clearly understood, and the effort to aid this consummation will be renewed next month.

...
In his delight he began singing, in bravura style, Esmer's "Mein Engel," dashing up to G in the first phrase. So, for a while, low larynx was the main dephase. So, for a while, low larynx was the main dephase in voice-teaching; but little by little it became evident that pure vowel sounds, freedom of delivery, evident that pure vowel sounds, freedom of delivery, evenness, flexibility, and expressive tone color were as important as the other things, and that these were incompatible with my "great discovery."

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years, and who, during the entire time, has announced to me at intervals her determination to take in washing, to go to dressmaking, and even to get married—may thing to escape from voice-teaching. Alternating with these announcements, I have found her in sunshine and contentment, and I will add that her pupils almost cross themselves when they mention her name. Another confidence, which I hereby proceed to reveal, was from one with whom, in late years, I have not conferred, and whom I supposed to be joggling along contentedly in the path of the two-item formula; indeed, I supposed him to be one of the many contestants for the Shakspeare agency in this country. But now it seems he has found limitations in this celebrated formula, and has had to evolve more light from his inner consciousness, and from such sources as unattached teachers seek. By "unattached" I mean such as do not profess to be disciples or "agents" of any one. Possibly, an explanation of my allusion to agencies will be in order. That which is foreign still seems to our public to be far more desirable than that which is domestic in voice teaching, and one of the devices prevalent among our American teachers is to assume to be the specially accredited agent, as it were, of some noted European "method." The Shakspeare agency must be a highly estimable one, if we are to judge by the number who are persistently trying to establish themselves in it. Even far out in the Western States I have found an individual offering to deliver the Shakspeare goods in a more stonemason condition than any one else on these shores.

Those who wish to be known as Marchesi agents are very numerous, but they present their claims badly, without proof. Marchesi does not seem to be very fond with letters and credentials, or with anything else but advertisements of her own work. Then there is the Garcia agency, the Lombay agency, and some others that are believed to have business.

Far be it from me to derogate from these great names, or to depreciate the work of their self-constituted American agents. But these agencies, for business purposes, always surrounded by an air of mystery and exclusiveness quite prejudicial to advance in vocal science. When stripped of dignities and factitious laurels, we find all that is useful in them, and that can be adopted to advantage in the daily work of the student, that which meets the wants and secures the reasonable progress of the average pupil whom we spend most of our time upon, and who pay us the best part of our income,—I say, we find, after this, this valuable residuum of the frothy, effervescent bubble about wonderful teachers and celebrated foreign schools of voice culture to range itself promptly under the headings given in our three-item formula; and these, with their divisions and subdivisions, may be stated simply and distinctly, even in America.

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BREATHING IN SONGS.

BY ALEXANDER HESSEMAN.

NOTHING more the sentiment of a song more than breathing at wrong places. The poetic intent is utterly destroyed in the manner in which singers often take breath in the rendition of a song. The singer, however, is not always to blame for incomprehensible sentences, especially when singing the translation of a song originally written in a foreign language. These translations are made by men who frequently do not understand musical rhythm and accent, and, although the translation as a poetic translation may be commendable, the musical accent is lost sight of, not understood, and the result is of tunceridgious. Before me lies a copy of

Mr. Wm. J. Hall, in his College of Music at Cedar Rapids, has gathered together a strong corps of teachers.

Mr. Paul East, director of the Central California Conservatory of Music, Fresno, Cal., reports a gratifying outlook for the next season.

Mr. Thomas Whitely Roberts has already booked a large number of lecture engagements for the coming season. He reports a great activity among the women's clubs.

The Browne School of Music, Columbus, Ga., J. Lewis Browne, director, has moved into new and larger quarters, the building formerly occupied by the Public Library.

The Wesleyan College of Music, Bloomington, Ill., Mr. O. R. Skinner, director, has added two more teachers to the faculty, owing to the increase in the number of students.

The Boston Training School of Music, of which Mr. George H. Howard is one of the directors, has opened for the new season with several additional teachers.

TESTIMONIALS

"The Masters and Their Music" came last week and just in time to use in our club work. It contains just the information that I want and I hope to make good use of it.

MARIE L. BUREN.

I am delighted with "Ear Training," and the best part of it is, all the exercises are perfectly practical.

MAUD H. MILLER.

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JENNIE H. REED.

The "Pronouncing Dictionary" was received this afternoon. I have looked it over and find it just what I have been wanting.

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Mrs. Rev. A. G. BECKY.

I regard "How to Teach: How to Study," by E. M. Seaton, as a most ennobling work, which, if followed, would give us purity in aim and attainment. A teacher and pupil with such ambition and effort will uplift and encourage his day and generation.

Mrs. T. W. RAYMOND.

I bought a set of Mason's "Touch and Technique," which your journal so highly recommends, and insisted on my piano-teacher instructing me in this. She consented, and likes the system so well she now uses it with a large class.

VIOLA BISHOP.

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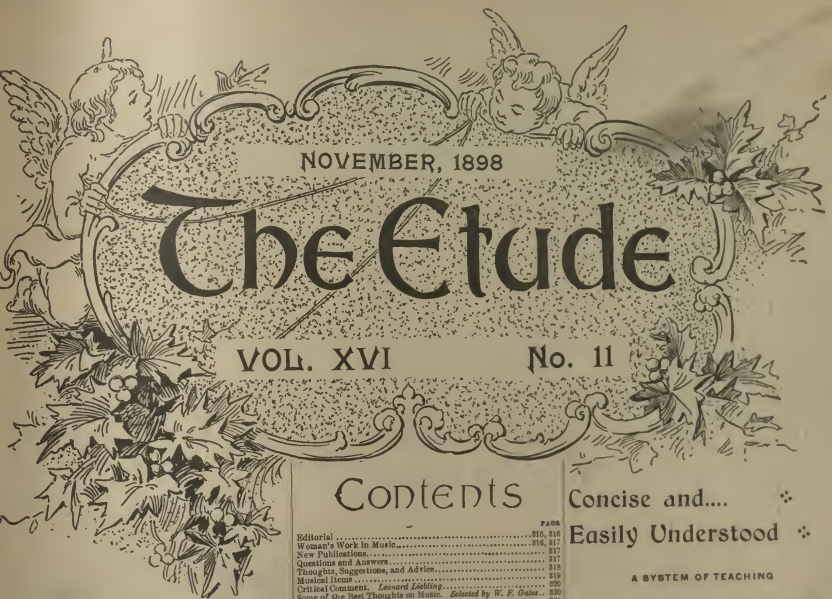
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