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Volume 23, Number 01 (January 1905)

Winton J. Baltzell

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Baltzell, Winton J. (ed.). The Etude. Vol. 23, No. 01. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser Company, January 1905. The Etude Magazine: 1883-1957. Compiled by Pamela R. Dennis. Digital Commons @ Gardner-Webb University, Boiling Springs, NC. <https://digitalcommons.gardner-webb.edu/etude/499>

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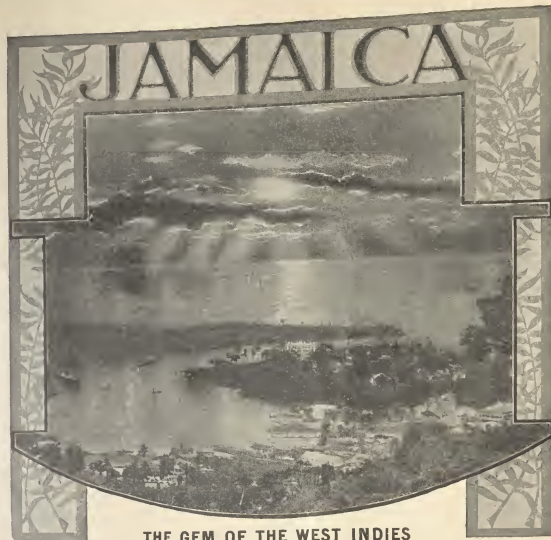


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and you will find that such a coincidence in its make and honor, as the saying is, whenever or wherever it is sold, has given rise to much discussion. With the merits of this discussion this paper has nothing to do. It is certain that both are dominating factors in a life, and—struggle as we may—we cannot avoid them. Genius, no matter how great; determination, no matter how strong, cannot utterly overcome their effects. Down through the generations, sometimes with a certainty that snuffs of fate, sometimes over-leaping one or more generations, are bequeathed traits of body, mind, and character which establish predispositions like hands of steel, from which escape appears impossible. From so long a succession of musical ancestry we expect a John Sebastian Bach to result, and we would be surprised and disappointed at his failure to give a proper account of himself. So, also, environment seizes us at birth, molding, fashioning, setting its stamp upon us, working out in us its will, at times almost to the obliteration of the attributes with which heredity has endowed us. While we seekers after knowledge view this battle between heredity and environment, striving to draw from it lessons to serve our own good, it goes on before us, and will continue so long as men are born into life. And now and again above the turmoil of mediocrity will be thrust an extraordinary example of the results when these factors unite in the production of a genius.

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THE ETUDE

VOL. XXIII

PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY, 1905.

NO. 1



BY ARTHUR L. MANCHESTER.

In summing up the life-work of any man not only must his personality be considered, but the influence of heredity and environment upon that personality must be taken into account. The relative importance of heredity and environment is a subject which has given rise to much discussion. With the merits of this discussion this paper has nothing to do. It is certain that both are dominating factors in a life, and—struggle as we may—we cannot avoid them. Genius, no matter how great; determination, no matter how strong, cannot utterly overcome their effects. Down through the generations, sometimes with a certainty that snuffs of fate, sometimes over-leaping one or more generations, are bequeathed traits of body, mind, and character which establish predispositions like hands of steel, from which escape appears impossible. From so long a succession of musical ancestry we expect a John Sebastian Bach to result, and we would be surprised and disappointed at his failure to give a proper account of himself. So, also, environment seizes us at birth, molding, fashioning, setting its stamp upon us, working out in us its will, at times almost to the obliteration of the attributes with which heredity has endowed us. While we seekers after knowledge view this battle between heredity and environment, striving to draw from it lessons to serve our own good, it goes on before us, and will continue so long as men are born into life. And now and again above the turmoil of mediocrity will be thrust an extraordinary example of the results when these factors unite in the production of a genius.

Such an example is Frédéric Chopin. Unique not only among contemporaries, which included such names as Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Thalberg, and Liszt, but also among the masters of all times, revealed to us as a strange combination of weakness and strength, of vacillation and fervor, of gaiety and melancholy, of sympathy and shrinking reserve, the originator of a style of composition which, despite its narrow limits, has exerted a greater influence than almost any other, his short forty years of life are a fascinating study of the effect of environment upon a sensitive nature. His personal appearance is contradictory, giving at once a clue and a complication to the understanding of his activity. Of his personal appearance we can have some notion from the portrait by Liszt. Of rather low stature, but of distinguished bearing, and with an air of high breeding, with an oval face from out of which looked spiritual blue eyes, a noble transparent complexion, a rather aquiline nose, fair, silky hair,

delicate hands and slight limbs, such is the outward aspect of the man whose music tells a story of melancholy in keeping with his physical appearance, of a patriotism so fervid that its savagery is all out of touch with his delicacy and avoidance of deep, stirring topics of conversation.

The study of such a life cannot but be absorbingly interesting, and we do not wonder at the attention which has been given to it. Knowing nothing of his ancestry, we cannot tell how great is the influence of heredity in the composition of the man. His biographers make practically no mention of his forefathers. His father was not a musician, and was not, so far as we know, of the physical and mental type of his son. The mother was a Polish woman of good family, presumably possessing the characteristics of her race, but a healthy housekeeper who held the fervid love of her son until her death. For the derivation of his physical and mental attributes we have no apparent source. His musical genius seems to have been his own birthright, and his boyhood did not particularly foreshadow the peculiarities of his manhood. But, however derived, his supersensitive, highly strung temperament was peculiarly susceptible to the influences of environment, and to the accident—shall we say—of his birth in Poland and at the precise time when that once dominant power were sunk in deepest distress, their very existence wavering in the balance, do we owe the music of his achievement.

The migration of Nicholas Chopin, the young Frenchman, to Warsaw about 1787, at the suggestion of a fellow-countryman, his participation in the struggles of Poland to rehabilitate herself as a nation, and his ultimate adoption of Poland as his home were decisions fraught with pregnant possibilities, and from them came the career we are studying. The enthusiastic participation of the father in the struggles of his adopted country, pre-pressed the burning patriotism of the son. His earnest study of her history doubtless placed within the reach of the boy the traditions of which Poland was so proud, awakening him, child and man, to a keen sensibility of Poland's wrongs. Spending his childhood and youth amidst the turmoils of a lost nationality, with the rumblings of revolution ever sounding in his ears, with the misery of direst poverty

rubbing elbows with greatest luxury, and with the traditions of a proud past constantly recounted in his presence, there is no surprise at the savage fervor of his patriotism. This is the environment which could make the pale, delicate, vacillating, shrinking Chopin write polemics in which the clash of war sounds with tremendous fury.

II.

When the young Frenchman, Nicholas Chopin, reached Warsaw, he could not but be impressed with the conditions which met him. The capital of the country which had once had a powerful voice in the politics of Europe, but which now had fallen from its lofty estate, reflected the conditions of the whole country. The strongest contrasts of poverty and wealth prevailed, the streets of the city were spacious, but ill paved; the churches and public buildings were large and magnificent, the palaces of the nobility were numerous and splendid; but the greatest part of the population, especially the suburbs, were mean and ill constructed wooden hovels. This is the description of a visitor who came to Warsaw about the time of Chopin's arrival.

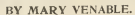
From the domination which had long been the pride of haughty Poland, she had fallen into, with territory diminished, her independence was gone and her very existence depended on the caprice of her powerful neighbors. The map of Europe was not yet settled; Prussia, under the rule of Frederic the Great; Russia, under the unscrupulous Catherine II; and Austria, under the reign of Maria Theresa, were ready to dismember her when provocation should arise. Carlely aptly represents Poland as the "peaceable stepping-stone of Russia into Europe and out of it"—what may he called the door-mat of Russia, useful to her foot, when she is about paying visits or receiving them." Her king, Stanislaus Augustus, had been placed on the throne by Maria with force, and it only needed a spark to set the tinder afire. And the time was approaching when the spark and the powder were to meet. When Nicholas reached Warsaw, Poland was looking for a return of her former greatness, and the uprising headed by Kosciuszko took place not long after. Nicholas took part in it, narrowly escaping death in the massacre on the taking of Praga by the Russians in 1794. The final partition of Poland by the three countries already named brought to an end the existence of Poland as a kingdom. Her glory was of the past; the children of the future would be told tales of her chivalry, of bravery, of self-sacrifice, and, it is a pity but it must be said, of the cruelty of her nobles of former days.

where Father Smith's organ stood for one hundred and sixty years. The inscription on the tombstone reads thus:—

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sician-making.

Legato Scale Playing.

Apropos of legato, Mikuli writes that "a great many fully-toned legato. As gymnast he recognizes the need to move inward and outward of the wrist, the fingers, but all this with the earnest work of scales, and over fatigue. He made his pupils play very slowly and gradually, as connectedly as possible, and with metronomic evenness. The quickening of the latter under the other fingers and the passing of the latter to the former was to be facilitated by a corresponding turning inward and outward of the scales with many black keys (B, F-sharp, and C major). This was gradual, and last, as most difficult, C major. In the same manner, the scales of the other fingers. *Index et Exercise*, a work which, under Clementi's pre-estimated very highly. According to Chopin, the scales of the fingers are almost strengthening of the thumb entirely free at the passing under and over the other fingers, and on a lateral movement (with the elbow hanging down) on a lateral movement (with the hand, not by jerks, but continuous) always easy of the flowing, which he tried to illustrate by the slightly

over the keyboard. Of studies he gave after this a selection of Cramer's 'Studies,' Clementi's 'trios ad libitum,' and a few of the higher studies of the higher development (which were very sympathetic to J. S. Bach's 'Suite' and some fugues from *Das Wohltemperirte Clavier*). In a certain way Fiedler's studies were a continuation of the earlier studies, for in them the pupil was—partly by apprehension of his explanations, partly by observation and imitation—brought to the pupil's own hands to learn to play with a clear, beautiful smooth vocal tone and the legato. Smoothness of passage work and a cantabile style of playing were the main aims. The cantabile was that legato depressa, primarily. He cautioned that legato depressa, primarily. He cautioned the pupil—"easily, easily!" He in- changes of dynamics, with both staccato and touches, as well as rhythmic playing in groups of four, three, or two notes. Mikulski says "Chopin was not a mechanical one, but called for the intelligence and the whole will of the pupil on which account twenty, or even forty, thoughtless repetitions of a piece were necessary in the conservatory schools) no good at all, still less the practicing during which, according to Kalkbrenner's advice, one must play one self simultaneously with some kind of reading."

Originality of Fingering.

While it is to Bach that we owe the establishment of the most common formula of scale fingering, a methodical and intelligent use of the thumb in the left hand, especially for descending, gave the musician of high standing a new opportunity to give to the thumb to perform its natural function in scale playing, instead of hanging down, off the keys, ambiguously and uselessly—it is to Chopin that we owe the thumb its present importance. Chopin often advocated the turning of the thumb under the little finger when cantabile playing—speed were to be gained by this means. Such a man as Chopin, who had the most perfect inclination of the hand even greater than that of the virtuoso, knowing, so that the thumb could be prepared thoroughly and easily over the key next to be struck by it. This was the only innovation; he frequently used his thumb on the black keys, and he was not one of those of the old school look upon this innovation! What must Czerny have thought of this new style of fingering—Czerny, who in his rules for fingering, in the first place, insisted that the thumb should follow any regular system of fingering of the fingers? What general keys are to be played, one after another, either in ascending or descending, and five fingers are not to be used in the same key, the purpose, the four longer fingers must never be left idle, and the thumb must never either pass the thumb *under*, or pass the three middle fingers *over* the thumb. *Secondly*, The thumb must never be placed on the black keys. *Thirdly*, We must never use the thumb on the black keys. *Fourthly*, As to Czerny's remark about the longer fingers being turned over each other, we well know that the playing of thirds and sixths as well as a variety of other life in general has been made much easier by the thumb. It is not a violation of the rule so common as to have become, not merely the exception which proves the rule, but the law in itself, and one of infinite value. *Legato* in the outer parts of the hand, and the thumb used only by the middle finger, which thanks to the bidden of Chopin, is now taught as a part of the technical equipment of every student. As to producing two or more consecutive notes of the same finger, we now do this in almost every case, and the thumb is the finger in which, the player often prefers such fingering as a means of obtaining a certain quality of tone different from that gained by using successive fingers. These things, which Chopin has taught us to do, are proved by the fingering which he has employed in his own compositions. Chopin used two makes of piano: one of Erard, when he was not feeling strong, because it was lighter, and more "female tone," and when in good health, he used the Steinway, because it was more "masculine," because it yielded variety of tone in proportion to the skill of the performer.

he Pedals.

"In the use of the pedal he had likewise attained the greatest mastery, was uncommonly strict regarding the misuse of it, and said repeatedly to the pupil:

tions were mostly verbal. But as every teacher will appreciate, whether or no he played much to the pupil would depend largely upon the pupil himself, the stage of his advancement, his temperament, and the likelihood of his profiting from such a form of instruction, as well as upon the state of health and strength and upon the mood of the master; for no good teacher trains all his pupils upon the same plan. That Chopin never resorted to the Procrustean bed, but, employing all his skill, adapted his teachings to the need of the individual pupil, is a foregone conclusion, even were the testimony not so varied and positive as it is.

Sarcasm—a powerful pedagogic lever when advisedly applied—he employed with telling effect. "What is that?" he once exclaimed to a pupil who had played an arpeggio in the right hand and a march in the left, "barking!" and when humorously addressed as to the progress of a pupil of whose abilities he was unwilling to speak, he replied: "Oh, he makes very good chocolate!" a repressive evasion which served its purpose of stopping the noisy chatter of the mischievous direction. The style of response has since often been imitated by exasperated teachers. To a pupil misusing and exaggerating the much-abused *tempo rubato* he would mockingly exclaim: "*Je vous prie de vous assoir!*" (I ask you to sit down!)—a phrase which he had learned and rhythmized from the unfortunate pupil to whom it was given.

Tempo Rubato.

Reams have been written about the Chopin *rubato*. Concerning it Chopin himself said: "The left hand should be like a capellmeister, it does not care for the moment because uncertain and wavering." "Keep time," he said, "and the melody and always keep time." Mikuli explains the term in this way: "While the singing hand, either irresolutely lingering or as in passionate speech eagerly antcipating with a certain impetuosity, is in a hurry to reach the expression from all rhythmic effects of the other, the accompanying hand, continued to play the strictest time." Madame Streicher writes: "His playing was always noble and beautiful, and his playing was always firm, to the point of the softest piano. He took infinite pains to teach the pupil this cantable way of playing. . . . He also required the strictest adherence to the strictest rhythm, hateing all lingering and all uncalculated retardations, and all suggested ritardandos. . . . And it is just in this respect that people make such terrible mistakes in the execution of his work." Next in importance to Chopin's own explanation of the *rubato* are the explanations of Chopin's works which were sometimes more satisfactory to the composer than his own. Last gave this explanation to a pupil: "Do you see those trees? The wind plays with the tops of the trees, but the trunk of the tree remains the same. That is the Chopin *rubato*." Through his peculiar style of performance, Liszt writes, "Chopin imparted the constant rocking with the accompaning hand, the constant rocking of the melody to and fro, like a skiff driven on over the bosom of tossing waves. This manner of execution

The correct employment of it remains a study of life." This from Madame Streicher; Marmonet, in his "*Les Pianistes Célèbres*," corroborates this saying: "No pianist before him employed the pedal so judiciously, so to the purpose, so much tact and ability—and in making constant use of the pedal he obtained ravishing harmonies and melodic rustlings and a new and more beautiful color; and you will always play well" was a maxim of his; "and 'do put your whole soul into that" he would cry excitedly to a pupil who was missing the spirit of the music. "I have never seen a pianist who does not learn that, like Beethoven, Chopin intended to write a book upon piano-playing; him, like also, he always found poetic color more important and interesting than the mere technical side of the instrument played. He wrote but a few pages, and these he once learned, disatisfied; for it is little, indeed, that one can learn of an art by reading about it. Living it is the only way of acquiring it in even a small degree."

His Kindliness.

A few anecdotes as to his reception of pupils and his personal attitude toward them will give an idea of his manner in teaching. Niecks, to whose "Life of Chopin" we owe more information than has been elsewhere made available, has in his *Reminiscences of Frédéric Chopin* (Streichers' diary): "Anxiously I handed him my letters of introduction from Vienna, and begged him to take me as a pupil. He said very politely that he was not in a position to do so, but that he would meet me at a matinee at the house of Countess Apponyi, the wife of the Austrian ambassador, and will readily require my instruction." I became afraid, for I was not at all sure of my own powers, and I had no inclination to accept me as a pupil. I quickly protested that I knew very well that I had still very much to learn. And, I added timidly, I should be very glad to be able to play some of his compositions well. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "it would be sad if people were not in a position to play them well without my instruction." "I certainly am not," I said, "but I have not had any opportunity of doing something," he said. And in a moment his reserve had vanished. Kindly and indulgently he helped me to overcome my timidity, moved the piano, instructed me in the proper use of the pedals, and, when I had become calm, then gently found fault with my stiff wrist, praised my correct comprehension, and accepted me as a pupil. He arranged for two lessons a week, and I was to be punctual, and to come to my aunt, excusing himself beforehand if he should often be obliged to change the day and hour of the lesson on account of his delicate health. His services were rendered with the greatest care and attention, taught with a patience, perseverance, and zeal which were admirable. His lessons always lasted a full hour, generally he was so kind as to make them longer, and he was so kind as to allow me to play at the Apponyis, and only at four or five o'clock in the afternoon did he dismiss me. Then he always played, and how splendidly; but not only so he played, but he also sang, and he sang very sweetly. To teach the pupil how they should be performed

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play the sonata with the 'Funeral March' before a large assemblage. On the morning of the same day I had once more to play over to him the sonata, but was very nervous. 'Why do you play less well today?' he asked. I replied that I was afraid. 'Why? I consider that you play it well,' he rejoined very gravely, indeed, severely. 'But if you wish to play this evening as nobody played before you, and nobody will play after you, well then!'"

His Severity.

A view of Chopin at his teaching is given by Mikuli: "Chopin made great demands on the talent and diligence of his pupils. Consequently there were often few *leçons d'après*, as it was called in the school idiom, and many a beautiful eye left the high altar of the Cité d'Orléans, Rue St. Lazare, bedewed with tears, without, on that account, ever bearing the dearly beloved master the least grudge. For was not the severity which was not easily satisfied with anything the feverish vehemence with which the master wished to see his pupils attain to the standpoint, the ceaseless repetition of a passage till it was understood a guarantee that he had at heart the progress of the pupil."

While these pupils emphasize the fact that Chopin often played to them, others state that his instru-

compositions were used as teaching material, and a few of Weber's; of Beethoven's music, only the three sonatas, Op. 27, No. 2, Op. 57, and Op. 26 were used; Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" and the "G minor Concerto" and some of Liszt's compositions were also studied; and of Schumann, nothing at all, despite the fact that it is largely owing to Schumann's promotion of Chopin's genius that Chopin so was known to his contemporaries. For it was Schumann's "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" and the rest of that enthusiastic criticism of Chopin's Op. 2 that caused his name to leap into sudden prominence among musicians.

Bach the Master.

As is evident to any student who feels the Chopin spirit and who studies his compositions with appreciation of their depth, Chopin was a devotee of Bach. "One morning he played from memory fourteen pages of the Notebook for Anna, and I was so impressed by it," he wrote to his father, "and when I expressed my joyful admiration at this unparalleled performance he replied: They can never be forgotten." Questioned as to how he prepared himself before giving such a performance, Chopin replied: "I went up and play Bach. That is my preparation. I do not practice my own compositions." With such a reverence for this greatest of masters, and with such complete realization that the works of this great master were the basis of his own, it is not surprising that Chopin, like Liszt and for the pianist (even from a mere technical standpoint) Chopin (to paraphrase Schumann) "made the 'Well-tempered Clavier' the daily bread" of his students. "Always practice Bach," advised Liszt; "this will help your best means to achieve the greatest."

CLASSIC AND MODERN.

A THOUGHTFUL article by Felix Mott, touching upon a point interesting to reflective musicians, has recently appeared in a Viennese journal. Speaking of the confusion occasioned by the misconception of the two terms "classic" and "modern," he says that the latter is a term of mere fashion, of passing fashion, of fashion and progress and that "classic" is its logical antithesis. It is radically false. To it he attributes many of the misunderstandings that arise in musical questions. He considers that the word "modern" contains many elements of ambiguity. It may mean the new, the newness, the newness may be used to express styles in dress, manner, custom, etc., in vogue a week, a year, or even longer but which finally pass away to be succeeded by others, no more enduring in the end. A woman's dress may be modern, but music in its highest manifestation. Regarded from the most elevated standpoint, music, he feels says, has no past and even no future—only a glorious present in which every note is a new and eternal vital, unite in one powerful embrace.

This has the ring of the "Eternal Now," of which so much is made in some systems of metaphysics. He further says that Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, in their characteristic creations were never "modern"; that these works represent the basic evolution of the art; that even in returning to their epoch we could not call them "modern." He adds that there have been great composers who have at times been modern as he understands the term—Richard Wagner, Mendelssohn; the former, in his operas, the latter in music to the "Antigone and Edipus" of Sophocles—but that such works and parts of works have long since faded away, while what was once true and infinitely vital still delights us, and can never grow old.

HAVE confidence in yourself; you know more about yourself than anyone else, and you are capable of judging yourself best.

Since music is the expression of soul-character, is easy enough to see what must be the musician's first consideration.

A large heart begets a large mind. Thus is the emotional interlinked with the intellectual. But the will must always direct.

THERE is a saying that life without music would be a desert, but music without life is still worse.
Leo F. Haeckelmann.

CHOPIN THE MAN

By W. J. HENDERSON

CHOPIN was a mystery to his contemporaries, a phantom to his successors. It is perhaps true that no one ever quite understood him except Aurora Dudevant, the towering George Sand, and Frédéric Chopin, who was a woman and had the intuition of her sex molded by the inspiration of love. Whoever does understand a man of complex nature but a woman's heart is Chopin's character. Little of it explains him. His music tells us more of his soul than all the books, which are at the best contradictory.

He was a compound of melancholy and enthusiasm, and because of this men understood him. He had in the highest measure that exquisite femininity of intellect which is essential to the artist of ultra-refined style, and because of that men said he was a weakling. They called him a sick man, meaning that there was no health in him intellectually, as well as physically. No doubt there is some truth in this. He was not the normal man, but he was not an emaciated. The blood of a progenitor flowed in his veins, and he could rage splendidly for Poland in music, and in life seek the repose of a woman's breast.

An Aristocrat.

He was too much of an aristocrat to battle face to face with the world, and for this, too, he was called weak. But after all how could he have been Chopin, whom Schumann called the predestined poetic spirit of the time, if he had been a doctrinaire like Beethoven or a poseur like Liszt? He was what he was, and even his personal appearance and common-sense traits seem to have made contrary impressions upon his friends. Liszt says his eyes were blue and Karasowsky in a lost to understand this, because he plainly saw that they were brown. Karasowsky has said that he was moody and melancholy, but Karasowsky records that women said he had a cheerful disposition with a heart full of longing.

This same Karasowsky, who knew him long and well, writes thus about his personal appearance: "His dark brown eyes were merely rather than dreamy; his smile amiable and free from all bitterness. Very beautiful was his delicate, almost transparent complexion, his luxuriant hair was auburn and soft as silk; his nose slightly bent, of Roman cut; his movements were elegant, and in his intercourse with others he had the manners of the noblest aristocrat. Everyone who could comprehend true excellence, true genius, was forced, so soon as he saw Chopin, to say: 'That is an extraordinary man.' The sound of his voice was melodious and somewhat subdued. He was not above medium height; was by his nature delicate, and in general resembled his mother."

His Life Experiences Psychologic.

Mr. Huneker, in his admirable book, "Chopin, The Man and His Music," says with that brilliant perception which characterizes all this author's writings: "Chopin went from Poland to France—from Warsaw to Paris—where finally he was born to his grave in *ère le Chêne*. He lived, loved, and died; not for him were the prizes and honors he suffered. He hero's career. He fought his battles within the walls of his soul—we may note and enjoy them in his music."

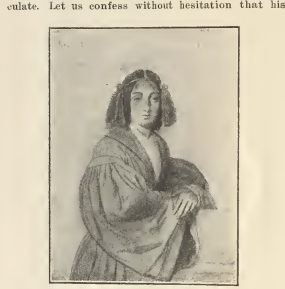
His soul—further reiterates what we all know, that the experiences of Chopin's life were psychologic. He was not a figure in the strenuous whirl of events. He sat apart. He lived within himself, and when he gave anything of himself to others he suffered. He suffered because he was one of those exquisitely sensitive natures which cannot share his emotions without something of the pain that comes of imposing the nakedness of a warm heart. It is not easy for such a man to give friendship, for he must expose his secret life. It is almost impossible for him to give love, and when he does give it, he gives in agony and with certain remorse.

Who fails to recall the memories of Beethoven's loves? There dwelt side by side with the love of the great symphonist something of the dream of the other hand, loved with the keen torture of a wholly introspective and retiring nature. It tore his soul

to give up his confession. Herein we may hope to find some solution of the mystery of his intimacy with George Sand.

How did it begin? One night he played the piano at a house where men and women were assembled. He disliked to play the piano before an audience. He said playing was misery to him. He could not bear public concert was misery to him. It was only occasionally that he would play at receptions. On this night when he finished he found a dark-eyed, intense-looking woman leaning over the piano and gazing down into his eyes as if she would draw out his very soul. He shrank from her, but she fascinated him. He was as a bird before a serpent. He went home only to be haunted after day by that look. George Sand's power mastered him. The delicate femininity of his own nature gradually surrendered itself to the splendid domination of her masculinity. His was the stronger force. This Chopin, this gorgeous sunder of music, turned to the command of the blazing sun of literature.

What followed? An intimacy in which the woman was the cherishing, protecting element, and the man the shrinking, clinging one. For this we are told that Chopin was a degenerate, a weakling, an emaciated. Let us confess without hesitation that his



GEORGE SAND.

part in the union was not that of a master and head. Chopin was surely not cast in the heroic mold. He was brought to birth by sensitive Nature to make a certain kind of tone-poet, to originate a method of art hitherto unknown, a style so gentle, so intimate, so delicate, so flower-like that the rude winds of worldly conflict would have blown it beyond the horizon of human thought.

What other provision could fate make for such a man, with his essential career to be carved out of that which she did make? She gave him the help of fate that was met for him. She gave him the protection of a generous, passionate, pulsant woman, who poured around him the wealth of a love maternal rather than sensual. His physical disabilities appeared so carefully to this woman. They were such as time wore on they touched his thought. He was clear and firm of purpose. Read the account given by George Sand of the winter at Majorca, and study the proof which Chopin composed there.

One day Madame Sand and her maid went away on business. It was midnight when they returned. The house was falling; streams were swollen; roads in a state which rapidly rendered them impassable were painfully anxious about him. When he saw "I thought you were as good as dead," he cried; gained his composure and uttered: "As he said, the illness increased. While they were absent, he had been in a state of nervousness. He was playing the piano and no longer among the living. He was lying at the bot-

tom of the sea and cold drops of water were falling in rhythmic cadence upon his breast. It was in vain that Madame Sand told him that he had heard the rain in his sleep. The storm simply vexed him. He had composed that night a prelude in B minor, which sounded the fall of those drops. He called them tears falling from heaven upon his heart. A sickly fancy? No doubt. The poet's imagination of a morbid mind in an unsound body it surely was, but without it we should not have had that B minor prelude.

Superstitions, too, was this wonderful Chopin. But why not? Is there not, after all, something of weird fantasy in all the greatest imaginative art? What greater conception has literature than the flight novel to the soul by the spirit of his father, which he but he may see? How might was the spell with which Goethe raised Mephistopheles from the depths? What a shudder of dread and awe hangs around the apparition of Astarte in Byron's "Manfred"!

A Necessary Factor in Music.

The constitution of Chopin was a necessity. The wonderful link which he formed between the pianist of Mozart and Bach and that of today would not have been forged had his nature been of a cast to mingle more freely with the surrounding world. That peculiar contour of make-up we recognize as Chopin could not have been outlined had his originator lived a practical inner life. The marvelous harmonic schemes of his works would not have been what they are had he himself been anything but a psychologic reclus.

With all the congenital and physically forced melancholy of his nature, Chopin was not in the beginning morose or gloomy. As a boy he was rather inclined to be merry in a light and amiable manner, and as a youth he was found in a gentle and whimsical humor, which expressed itself in action and correspondence more than in his music. Yet even in later life he was not devoid of a certain D-flat value, which is supposed to have been written at the inspiration of George Sand's dog chasing its own tail, as is like and airy a bit of composition as might have emanated from the boisterous brain in Europe. It is a trifle, to be sure; but a Chopinesque trifle is a precious jewel, and this one has not a single sonnet left in it.

Often we are asked to discuss in the polemics only the proclamation of Chopin's patriotism, only his noble rage against the oppression of Poland. Yet it is difficult to find in his letters anything that justifies such extension. When Poland fell, Chopin wrote: "All this caused me much pain; who could have foreseen it?" Again he wrote: "How glad my mother will be that I did not go back." A certain Count Tarasowsky published some extracts from a diary said to have been kept by Chopin at this time. They proclaim a dreadful state of feeling, but Mr. Huneker sniffs at them as altogether too melodramatic for Chopin.

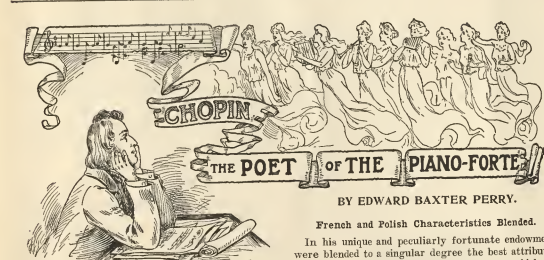
On the whole, it is more reasonable to believe that in the atmosphere of Paris, where artistry blossomed on every side and where his own art was understood by some, Chopin was more at home than had been his case in Warsaw. His indignity was merely suspected, but not measured. The magnificent outbursts of fury in some of his works, such as the B minor scherzo and the A-flat Polonaise are as much as his own heart, which he never discarded. If they indicate a disturbance resembling a psychologic rebellion rather than an impersonal feeling, such as genuine patriotism.

There is one conclusion of the revolt of Chopin, the man, against his physical restraints, his disabilities, and against the compulsory unveiling of his heart. Chopin raged inwardly, but it was less for the restraints of his native land than about his own career, with which he was ever dissatisfied. If the expression of his ideas took a national tinge, that should not be construed as evidence of a deliberate attempt to sing solely the woes of Poland, for Chopin certainly was never a country singer, his music which was merely melancholy or bizarre and not eloquent of the wrongs of a down-trodden land.

A Compound of Contradictions.

The study of such a character can never give entirely satisfactory results. Contradictions abound in artistic natures, and in none more so than in the musical geniuses. Chopin was unique even among the sons of song. Nothing that he did was like any-

thing which had been done before. Only a close analytic examination of his works reveals the fact that he was a profound musician, that the novelties of his thought and style are exploitations of the plant whose seed was buried in the earth by Beethoven Scarlati and nurtured in its infancy by Beethoven. But the technical solidity of Chopin's compositions is hidden under a characteristic superfluity and richness. This is a revelation of the man. Chopin was passionate and retiring, timid and proud, daring and hesitating, tender and cynical, exquisite and cheerful all at once. He was a compound of strange, antagonistic traits and emotions, and he suffered by the simple attraction of his own inconsistencies. To him might truthfully be applied the admirable words of Theophile Gautier on Heine:—



By EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

French and Polish Characteristics Blended.

In his unique and peculiarly fortunate endowment was blended a singular degree the best attributes of the two widely dissimilar races from which he sprang; the grace, elegance, and refined yet sparkling vivacity of the French, their keen discrimination, their sense of detail and delicate finish; combined with the warm, sensitive, emotional nature; the wild, often somber, passions; the fiery impetuosity and the boundless soaring enthusiasm of the Poles. Such inheritance could not fail to make of Chopin's genius a thing at once strikingly individual, yet singularly complex; a texture of varied hues and woven of many diverse threads; of delicate pattern, yet unmeasurable unity, coming from the loom of fate a finished whole, in spite of its variety a perfect masterpiece, with a satinate gloss and shimmer, an exterior finish soft and bland to offend the most fastidious feminine taste, yet strong to resist the stress of life's warfare and the attacks of time, and to preserve its tints undimmed through many an age to come.

It may be urged that I am claiming the impossible for our favorite, that intense subjectivity and broad versatility are not, cannot be, coexistent in the same individual. Notwithstanding this generally true principle, it is just here that Chopin's genius displays the wonder of its dual nature. There is scarcely a tone in the whole chromatic gamut of human emotion, from the deepest despair to transcendent hope, from frenzied passion to serene piety, from the noble courage of vainly heroic patriotism to the arch coquetry of the French salon, that has not served him as the keynote for some exquisitely finished and infinitely beautiful composition.

Yet, however widely different these works are one from another, and however well sustained from an objective standpoint, each bears the characteristic stamp of a mind where it was created. It would be impossible to mistake the origin of any of them, or any fragment thereof, if no name were affixed, or to attribute it to any other pen. So that not only musicians, but amateurs and only beautiful connoisseurs will recognize a detached strain from one of Chopin's works on hearing it for the first time, more readily and infallibly than one from any other tone master. Each of his creations has received its own stamp, as it were, in the very texture of its melody, in the touch of his personality, that is as plain as his signature for all those who have ears and hearts to understand.

The Pole Concealed, the Frenchman Exposed.

In Chopin's compositions it was usually the Pole who conceived; and it was always the Frenchman who executed. In the choice of his themes, musical and poetic, his Slavonic nature predominated, as his nature for all those who have ears and hearts to understand.

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and niece. He was brought up a Catholic, but never talked of religion. He kept his faith in his heart, and not on his tongue.

He listened intently to discussions of politics and literature, but he never took part in them. His active part was thrown into the battle for the then new romantic ideas in music. In this alone was he a propagandist. Liszt tells us that his worship for his art was like that of the masters of the middle ages. "Like them," says the above, "he brought to its service that pious devotion which at once ennobles the artist and makes him happy." Chopin the man is written in his music. As Mr. Huneker has so aptly expressed it, "Chopin's music is the aesthetic symbol of a personality nurtured on patriotism, pride, and love."

As well as in the prevailing character of the moods which he expressed; while the Frenchman in him kept jealous watch over the perfection of the form, and elaborate yet always logical development of the ideas, and the careful finish of every minor detail. To the Pole is due that unflinching fount of emotion, varying in kind but never in degree, not spasmodic and fluctuating, but always at flood tide. To the Frenchman is due that matchless musical diction, direct yet forceful, avoiding to a nicety the two extremes of laconic angularity and excessive elaboration.

His Strength that of Steel.

A very frequent error among superficial judges of Chopin is that of mistaking his refined elegance of manner for effeminate weakness of matter. They ignore the familiar fact that the greatest strength is often combined with simple grace. Since when has polish been a real detriment to power? Since when has tempered steel been of less strength and value than crude iron? Chopin's genius in this respect reminds us of one of those famous Damascus blades, potent yet pliant, sturdy and trenchant, despite its gold-leaf tracery, its jeweled hint, and its velvet scabbard.

Ernest, whole-hearted patriot, tender sympathy for the woes and burning indignation for the wrongs of his country, were omnipresent, well nigh omnipotent factors in his creative activity as they were in his personality. The smaller part of his personal feelings and fancies, most of his greatest compositions may be directly or indirectly traced to national episodes and experiences, and embody some great moment, or vital sentiment, taken from the life of his one glorious, but now down-trodden nation.

Notable among these are the heroic polonaises, with historic origin and feudal pomp, the great sonata with the "Funeral March," which may justly be called a national tone-poem, and the four ballades founded upon poems of the Polish bard, Mickiewicz, who like Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King," crystallized some of the vague, half-mythological traditions of the early days of his country into modern verse.

When we consider how closely Chopin's interests and sympathies were linked with his native land, when we contemplate the history of that land, so bright with rosy hope and golden promise in the beginning, so stained with tears and blood as we proceed, so pallid with victory, so torn and violently defaced at the close, when the strength and perfidy of three allied powers of Europe united to write the one word *Finis*, how can we wonder at the undertone of bitterness which runs through his music, so frequently through the harmonies of this Polish patriot, and which has often brought upon him the criticism of those who seek in it only a comfortable optimism or a cynical pessimism? But that music, when they measure as morbid and sickly the depth and delicacy of moods which they are incapable of understanding, that every great poet, whether in tone or words, since the world began, has touched the best of truth and beauty, has tuned his lyre to a minor key.

In the Greek language the word we translate "poet" means a maker. Then why should we not apply to the musician, in his exercise of the creative faculty, the word "poet," just as freely as to the poet? In the choice of his themes, musical and poetic, his Slavonic nature predominated, as his nature for all those who have ears and hearts to understand.



BY EDWARD HALE, A.M.

ONE would be very glad to know just what was in the mind of Chopin when, in Paris, he wrote back to his old friend Werner-Steinbocker, who was trying to inaugurate a new art era.

We are rather inclined, I imagine, to think of Chopin as a very pure specimen of that enigmatical creature we call a genius. He seems to have had no interests not intimately connected with his art. Books lay on his table with the leaves uncut. He was not ambitious even to write opera. Nevertheless my old friend Werner-Steinbocker, who was his pupil, declared to me that Chopin was a manly man. The force of him, all appearances to the contrary, was virile force. He had sturdy purposes and clearly conceived ambitions. He was not a dreamer, the product of hysteria nor of clairvoyance, but of a sane mind of astonishing powers.

He found the pianoforte cult in Paris in a bad way. Elegant enough, polished enough, cultivated, he could not help admiring the impeccable Kalkbrenner; but, searching his own intuitions, he knew that its day was over. He saw that it and all other pianoforte playing was radically wrong. And the fault went deeper, he saw, than performance, and involved pianoforte composition. To make this clear we must examine the instrument itself and its resources and limitations.

The pianoforte belongs in strictness to the group of percussive instruments, although its resources and its approach, in the hands of a master, to the cantabile group put it in a class by itself. Nevertheless its method is so far perfunctory as to expose it to the limitations of that class of instruments.

That sensitive, malleable *soubrette* which is the glory of the strings is almost entirely denied to it. Its much discussed legato belongs chiefly to the imagination; the attention which has been bestowed upon it is both an acknowledgment of its imperfection and an endeavor to minimize it. The pianoforte, again, has been likened to the cello, and in its polyphony and facility justifies the comparison, but at the same time its color capacity is so small as to make the comparison almost ridiculous. Now, while it is quite the right thing to make all that can be made of these defective powers of the pianoforte—to acquire, in playing it, as much as possible of the conditions will allow, and to bring into requisition the orchestra to stimulate the imagination in its effort to find tone-color in the pianoforte, the true treatment of the instrument does not consist in specially exploiting these dubious resources. For it has other resources which belong to no other instrument, and these the orchestra possesses in a less degree.

One of these is its polyphony. It does not say harmonic which it shares with the organ; I mean the power which the pianist has of discriminating as he chooses between notes, of carrying on several independent voices and making them distinct to the hearer. The other resource in respect of which the pianoforte stands quite alone, and which is therefore its pre-eminent distinction, is the pedal.

These two things make the pianoforte the unique and great instrument it is. True pianoforte playing is that which exhibits consummate mastery of these two things. And true pianoforte composition is that in which these two things dominate. It is in this test, the treatment of the instrument down to the time of Chopin was never adequate. The famous waltzes, the mazurkas, the nocturnes, the études, and times to be the true and adequate preparation for the playing of the pianoforte classics, might have been written for an instrument which had no pedal and allowed no discrimination of touch. Beethoven

used, even excessively, the pedal in his playing; but he wrote his sonatas on the diatonic plan. He found only here and there a movement that betrays too obvious recognition of the pedal. And with all the polyphony his works contain, there is none that seems prompted by the peculiar capacity of the pianoforte. You would think that Bach, and not Beethoven, would be the modern pianoforte—thinking of it, of course, only as a polyphonic instrument.

When Chopin came upon the scene the newer treatment of the pianoforte was in the air, as new ideas are, commonly upon the eve of their materialization. The Mendelssohn "Songs without Words" and the "Papillons" of Schumann are evidence enough of a growing appreciation of the peculiar properties of the instrument. But these men gave it but a divided mind of astonishing powers.

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In the Chopinesque tone the *argento* so predominant as to admit the constant effect of the pedal. This is not, of course, invariably the case; many a lovely tune came to our composer which did not fully conform to this model, but they were too precious to be lost, and by the terms of Chopin's own choice they must be committed to the pianoforte. Yet even in the most of these the diatonic element is so placed as scarcely to interrupt the pedal strain. Besides the beauty of color, he thus gains the desired strong impression of legato so rarely obtainable in the works of other composers. And all this is enhanced, wonderfully, by another device of Chopin, namely, his widely appropriated accompaniment device calculated to awaken in the largest possible measure the body of overtones. These mingle in the melody and add to it breadth and beauty and endurance, while, so to say, floating it upon an ample element of exquisite tone. These are the things then in which our composer pianist is pre-eminent and in which he exemplifies in the highest degree the true genius of pianoforte music.

Of the poetic content of Chopin's works there is not necessary here to speak, for that is not a thing essentially dependent upon the form of the art. Nevertheless as expression reacts upon feeling it is no vehicle of expression, his unswerving devotion to it, and the mastery he gained of its great and peculiar powers had much to do with the glorious heritage of tone-poetry he bequeathed to us.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

In the same way as good mercantile houses get off what they call a "trial balance" on the first of the year, and at other stated times, in order to know what things are going, so ought we, teachers of music. In our business we need a different system of book-keeping from that used in commercial circles. Some thing like this is what we ought to find out.

Do I love music better than I did last year? Do I know any more about it? Have I added to my list of personal friends among the great composers during the year; either in the way of new names and works to understand them by, or in the way of greater knowledge of the works of those I already knew at the beginning of the year? Are there more persons immediately about me who love music and take a certain pleasure in it?

Am I able to play or sing fine music in a way to commend it to those unfamiliar with it more successfully than I could a year ago?

If not, why not?—W. S. B. *Mathews.*

A NEW YEAR! That means that a year has come to a close. What have we—as teachers, students, or music lovers—accomplished toward forming a definite character for ourselves in the year that has passed? Have we fortified character-building? Have we been blither and thicker by every musical wind that has swept across our course? Are we as incapable as ever of taking a clear and definite stand amid the cross-currents and vagaries of modern musical growth? Can we yet intelligently praise or condemn the American school of music? Do we answer these questions with satisfaction to ourselves, then let next Christmas find each one of us less of a duplicate molecule and more of an individual—*Dr. Thersell.*

WHAT a boon for the weary, strenuous teacher, that courage, what cheer, what freedom, what incentive to better efforts come from the thought of the Christ-Child, the season just ended.

We are no longer babies to be influenced by the innocent fables of Santa Claus and Kris Kringle, but we are no longer the otherwise than profoundly impressed by the visions of the larger life and the freedom from superstitious trammels which burst upon the world on that first Christmas morning!

Especially should we teachers be supremely thankful for the Life and Example of the Model Teacher. His gentleness in dealing with our shortcomings, his patience in pointing out our errors, his encouragement when we fall and almost despair, are eminently worthy of our imitation.

Surely His sympathy with us in all our troubles make Him indeed a Model which we will do our best to follow closely in the year just begun.—*W. R. Palmer.*

Making Up a Chopin Program

By EMIL LIEBLING

PROGRAM No. 2.

Fantasia, Op. 49. Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 3.
Impromptu, Op. 29. Scherzo, Op. 31.
Etudes, Op. 10, Nos. 3. Waltz, Op. 42.
5, 12. Berceuse, Op. 28.
Ballade, Op. 23. Polonaise, Op. 53.
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2.

THE proper making of any concert program is a matter of considerable difficulty, and involves much thought. Many vital factors are to be considered; the prospective audience and its probable characteristics, the locality of the musical function and the possible demands of the occasion, the program, and likewise the purpose and intent of the performance.

Almost all programs which are presented nowadays have a marked familiar resemblance. The recipe is very simple: When in doubt, commence with a Bach prelude and fugue, continue with the conventional Beethoven sonata, draw lots for a Chopin nocturne or waltz or other, insert a foreign air by a highly seasoned number by Sinding, and finish with a Liszt rhapsody; any of the fifteen will do. In this way you are classical, analytical, scientific, mental, dogmatical, and sensational by turns; money will flow into your coffers, and the scribbles who sit in judgment over you will in the next morning's *Gazette* heap choice encomiums upon you, lauding your versatility to the very skies.

If you were wise in the selection of your parents and first blinked your eyes on foreign soil you can tour America year after year with identically the same program, selling our people the same old goods every season and no one will cavil; but let a first class home artist indulge in the same indolent practice, and you can just watch for the indignation meetings which will be held by brother artists, the press, and the public at large. In the end the domestic talent does have some hard sledding to do right along.

And then there are the specialists of the pianoforte; the young man who, after a brief solemn introduction, returns a devotee of Brahms, and inflicts his immature misconceptions of that composer's sonatas or ballads upon us; or the octave fiend, whose loose wrist enables him to rush and play on scales where others are satisfied to tread the original text; likewise some wizard, who disdains to play less than three or four Chopin études simultaneously, or the magician whose hands are so deftly displayed to his advantage. All these people have to tell their little story; it is all done, of course, "pro gloria dei," and in the name of pure art!

There are also those who delight in placing rarely played compositions on their programs just for the looks of the thing, forgetting that a little player may attempt a big program, but that it takes a great master to play a selection of smaller works with effect and success. The scope, possibilities, and power of retention of the average listener are extremely limited. All those rare technical tricks which are at the fingers' ends of the modern virtuoso are apt to be wasted upon him. He bears an instinctive ray in the lower region of the piano during the Chopin *Adagio* polonaise which ends in a rumble and jumble, whereas the student admires the crescendo and octave technique; many pieces only appeal to him on account of some pregnant or catchy rhythm, and a berceuse or nocturne simply produces a comfortable desire for slumber. After submitting to the more or less painful experience of a lengthy concert the little popular *connoisseur* is gratefully remembered and long valued after the rest of the program has been consigned to total oblivion.

The plot thickens when we attempt to rub it in, as it were, and produce the works of one composer only. Few masters can stand this successfully and still fewer audiences, and thus it opens the door to speculative visits to conjecture as to the real motif which impels people to go to concerts.

Among Chopin's many works only a comparatively limited number appeals to the general public. The following two programs may, if adequately performed and interpreted, score a success:—

PROGRAM No. 1.

Sonata, Op. 35. Scherzo, Op. 39.
Rondeau from Concerto Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 1, Op. 11. Transcribed by Beethoven.
Ballade, Op. 47. Impromptu, Op. 51.
Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 4. Op. 22.
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2.

is a charming *moreau*. The concluding *Andante* and *Polonaise* is always gratefully received and correspondingly appreciated.

Again we open rather pompously in the second program. The *Fantasia*, Op. 49, is a noble work, and laid out on large lines; it prepares an audience in an impressive manner for the evening's experiences. Playful and delicate is the little *Impromptu*, Op. 29, and the *Etudes* from Op. 10 afford opportunity for technical display and digital fireworks. The rather somber *Ballade*, Op. 23, is relieved by that rarest of lovepieces, the *G major Nocturne*, and the somewhat *difficile* Mazurka, Op. 33, supplies just the needed contrast. The Scherzo, Op. 31, enjoys a well deserved popularity, and who has not heard and applauded that rhythmic puzzle, *Allegretto*, Op. 43? The mystic *Berceuse* and glorious *Polonaise*, Op. 53, end this program most suitably.

There are, of course, many other choice morsels among the great French *Poésies* or Polish-Frenchman's delightful works; the great, but very long, sonata, Op. 58, can be endured when presented by a master; there is a bright little Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 3, in F minor; many other études, waltzes, and nocturnes may be utilized, and there are some choice preludes from Op. 28; we can also use the *Fantasia Impromptu*, Op. 36, and the *Polonaise*, Op. 26, possibly the *Rondeau* for two pianos, Op. 73. But everything of Chopin demands a finished technique, poetic temperament, and highly developed artistic organization. The combination of these indispensable qualities makes the ideal Chopin player—a *rare avis* indeed.

QUALITY OF CHOPIN'S GENIUS



BY H. A. CLARKE, MUS. DOG.

If it be one of the surest tests of genius that its possessor has many imitators but no successors, then must Chopin be in the foremost rank of the favored few—not very lofty, not very profound, yet gifted with that rarest of all gifts—originality.

This hard-won word, originality, is too often made the scapegoat for all sorts of artistic sins, through forgetting that it does not mean, cutting loose from all that has gone before, but only the power to re-create from the old material some new living form. This real originality is always a personal thing that can neither be communicated nor appropriated. It exists in every degree in every human being, since no two men or women have ever been exactly alike in mental constitution since the world began; but it is only when it is developed to its extreme degree that it can be seen in its fullness behind the familiar things of earth that it gets the name of Genius.

Behind familiar things a Mozart sees the depths of lawless, perfect beauty; a Beethoven, the sublime struggle of the soul, that in Carlyle's words responds with the "everlasting no" to all the solicitations to half measures or weak compliances with the false or ignoble in life. But a Chopin sees ideas and feelings of exquisite refinement, and beauty that is warm with human life, not the antique statuesque beauty of Mozart's melodies.

To one who believes that what we call the workings of Nature are simply the manifestations of the Divine mind, every spark of Genius, even the smallest, is a sacred thing to be accepted with thankfulness. To the gentils in music it was given to speak their great thoughts in many ways, the multitudinous voices, the masses of the orchestra, were their fittest means of expression; yet the greatness of their thought could make itself known through even the simplest of instruments. But to others it is given to speak through one medium only. This was the case with Chopin. The piano was his familiar, and it yielded up to him all its secrets, and enabled him to speak through it a language never before known.

His genius lay purely lyric; his attempts at large "forms" seem forced and unnatural essays in an unfamiliar terrain. This fact is sometimes stated as a disadvantage, but to others it is given to speak as able as to expect the rose to develop the sturdy stem and spreading branches of the oak, yet, the rose is

just as essential a part in the "order of Nature" as the oak. Although a refined sentiment, that occasionally verges on sentimentality, is the main characteristic of Chopin's music, it is not by any means lacking in stern stuff; nor does it fail—especially when stimulated by his intense patriotism—to flame out as in the great *Polonaise* in A-flat with startling vigor.

It is constantly said that he imitated Field in his nocturnes. This seems almost as reasonable as to say that, because some early unknown Italian painter painted a Madonna and Child, therefore Raphael imitated him when he painted the Dresden Madonna. In comparison with Chopin, Field's nocturnes are colorless, evaporated to dryness; but Chopin's will be played for many a year to come. They possess that extreme essential to lastingness in any work of art—absence of Mannerism.

It was because his genius was confined within narrow limits that he performed his work so well. Consider a plaid stream between narrow walls and it becomes realizable. He is often said to occupy an unique place in the history of music, but every great composer occupies an unique place; their divergences lie deeper and greater than their similarities, else they are not worthy to fill their places.

Since Chopin no pianist has arisen who has drawn any new secrets from that instrument, nor does such new *Avantgarde* seem possible; but until this new generation arrives—and even after the appearance of that mythical person, Chopin remains and will remain the first who discovered the unsuspected possibilities of this "domestic treasure," the Piano.

CONFESSION to walk in lockstep with those who can and should be allowed to move at a different rate, a great many pupils lose all interest in school work. They therefore leave school. So also with music pupils. The class system is not suited to all cases.

DEEP rhythmic breathing generates a large quantity of vital energy. It causes the whole contents of the trunk to oscillate upward and downward in perfect rhythmic union with the respiratory motion. The life current rises from the center of the trunk, constituting, in this manner, one aspect alone, a superb physical culture.—*Stebbins.*

THE ETUDE



Dussek Villa on the Wissahickon

December 25, 1904

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Your letter about the Chopin number of *THE ETUDE*—The only musical publication I care to read in these days of musical gas, charlatanism and chicanery—caught me in the humor for my reply—that is, a printed reply. Since my return from the outskirts of Camden, N. J., where I got my slashing for planked shad in September, I have been busy busy myself with the rearrangement of my music library, truly a delectable occupation for an old man's library, through my hands the various and hoary volumes, worn by usage and the passage of time years, I pondered after the fashion of one who has long agonized over the question of what to do with his argument than indictment. I said to myself:

The pulsation at a given rate begins with the piece and continues without any more interruption than that of the ticking of a clock entirely through the "movement," and the movement is farther defined by the recurring of the strong pulse periodically once in so many pulses, according to the kind of measure.

In written music the place of the strong pulse is marked by the bar, and there is no way in which a composer can free the player from the obligation of making the strong pulse, except by tying down the measure occurring in this place. If you do this, you make the syncopated tone with the extra accent, to carry you over. In piano music and orchestra only one voice, as a rule, syncopates in this way, and the other voices are not to be confused with it. Occasionally a very subtle composer does, when he conceals the measure accent for a long while together, as Schumann does in the finale of the Concerto in A minor, where he has about 124 measures of what is called a "triple measure." He writes signed nature being $\frac{3}{4}$. Mr. Godowsky thinks that the composer must have heard his $\frac{3}{4}$ all through this 124 measures underneath the actual $\frac{3}{4}$ which he plays. He says he thinks it in that way, or rather he says that he thinks it in that way, and that is all that I had called his attention to. He very easily explained being in fact a $\frac{3}{8}$, he had not thought of it in that light. Dr. Mason believes, with Christiansi, who says that Schumann forgot to change the measure signature from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$, more than 124 measures, $\frac{3}{8}$ incline to the other opinion.

Observe, then, that the basal rhythm of a piece requires us to maintain the pulsation unchanged (or not perceptibly changed) from beginning to end of a "movement," and to put in the measure accent from first measure to last. This is the fundamental rhythmic obligation of rhythmic playing. Listen to an orchestra and observe the continuity of it, as distinguished from the playing of most pianists, who stop the clock any time when they feel like having a few moments of refreshing repose. Clocks with good works inside them do not run in this way.

Observe, further, that the composer has other means of defining his pulsation and measure than by placing force upon the keys of the instrument. The *Andante* has the moment of toe-beatings. The *rhythmic vitality* is *lost* at the moment of its beginning, and *not* in the moments of its prolongation. I believe I am the first to point this out. For example, in the middle piece of the *Opin Nocturne* in G minor, Op. 37, there is a long *Andante* movement, followed by a pulse motion. In the theme of the "Andante" *Adagio* in G major, Op. 14, No. 2, there is also a pulse motion, in $\frac{3}{4}$ measure, but the notes are written in eighth notes, the rests alternating. To the ear the *Andante* *Adagio* is quite the same. So also in the *Andante* *Adagio* in F, a pulse motion is written with eighth notes.

Again, take an opposite case, Schumann's "Warum?" It is a slow movement in $\frac{7}{8}$. The rhythm to the ear is a pulsation of $\frac{7}{8}$, and the effect is created by tone beginnings at the proper points, while all tones are prolonged. During the third and fourth measures he expects you to feel his first and third pulse while the music gives us merely the second and fourth. This principle is universal, that the vitality of tones, rhythmically considered, lies in the moment of beginning. Also that the rhythm of any succession of tones can be defined to the ear by tapping upon a table with a pencil the time-moments when the tones begin, of one voice or of all the voices.

Here we come to the real rhythm of the individual piece, which, having established for the ear this basal quality of rhythm, goes on with its own individual means of rhythmic designs, patterns of rhythmic figures differing from the basal rhythm in such ways as to emphasize the ear, and enjoyed as the expression of the individuality of the piece. Now, this is a larger question for which we have no room, excepting to say that all such rhythmic designs involve valuations of pulse fractions and pulse combinations in a single tone—all of which have to be studied in average music students.

Rhythm, in music, then, is *organized motion* in time. When a tempo, it ceases to be motion, and therefore is no longer rhythm. And the organization falls to pieces.

The early dances were very soon differentiated into a moderate tempo for ordinary occasions, a slower one for solemnities, and a faster one for occasions of great joy. By the times of classic Greece the dances had differentiated itself far more, and a great variety of frisky figures of verse and stepping had been invented, suitable to the cults of Dionysus, Venus, etc., as well as the more sober rulers of the pantheon.

It seems a silly question. But a few years ago I searched diligently in libraries, dancing schools, and among that encyclopedia of social usages, the modern woman, to find out the essential difference which transforms a "step" out of a mere getting over

to the ground into a "step" in a dance. Nobody could tell me; everybody who dances makes the changeover intuitively. But taking the thing in a large way, we may all know what a dance is. It means a rhythmic moving according to a certain scheme of rhythm within the measure, and a certain grouping of motions in the larger plan, which we call the "figures" of the dance. It takes so and so many measures of the feet to carry out a figure. It is easy to say anything to anybody and not so. It happened to me once, in a whirlwind of confidence in the ability of Sebastian Back, that I said to him, "You can dance anything you want to." He said, "No, I cannot; nevertheless, I could not be danced, they would be too difficult for me." I criticised him suggesting the mood of a dance. I criticised him suggesting the mood of a dance.

The most generalized definition of rhythm I have ever heard comes to it: "A symmetric fluctuation of intensities." Observe: a fluctuation of "intensities," not of "energies," for the latter is a scientific term, denoting intensity, a fluctuation,—that is, a capacity of periodicity and of something behind doing things. The fluctuation of intensities; that is going on long enough to make it as interesting as the fluctuation of energies. The display of energy is absolutely uniform, like a perfect machine, or subject to fluctuations, being now and then interrupted, as it were, by the intensity of life. All life whatever, so far as known, is the manner of its rhythm is one of those elemental finds of the human race that they could not well avoid. Having found it, they could not but have used it, and used it in limits, moving by alternate action of the two legs, subject to periods of rest between periods of labor, man has learned that there are "times" to go on, and "times" to rest, and that the rhythm of the body must move to the other; also that such movements can be performed "rhythmically," as in good walking, or running, or as when we try to make a mannik walk. Thus already we have brought out that quality of musical rhythm which our text-books try their best to teach, and which we find in the motions of the body from one swing to the other, its graceful transition; all these as opposed to the angular walking of the machine, which stands still between times and times, and which is not a rhythmic quality, but steadily forward despite the interchange of legs, as if carrying the weight. Moreover, in running, the motion is still more rhythmic, because in running the feet are carried forward by the arms, and the arms carried upon the legs, but seems to float in the air.

By rhythm in music we mean the entire system of its motion in time. This idea includes, observe, the lesser idea that the music *does* move in time, and keeps on moving so long as the "movement" continues. This is the great underlying conception which the "long and short" idea of rhythm overlooks. The music sweeps steadily forward from beginning to end of the "movement" in time, and "rhythmically" in time. Now what is this "rhythmically"? It does not patch itself together with so many small fractions to complete such and such larger fractions. Nothing living is put together in such a way that the fragments can be cut apart and then combined again into life. We are made of a single piece.

Whence came Rhythm? I have already shown that it is a natural find of mankind, being a simple inference from seeing things move. Moreover, there are rhythms of seasons, variations of the planets which are rhythmical, that is, periodic, returning once in so often. The first application of this principle in art probably took place in what we call verse, or in a combination of carefully selected syllables in form of a hymn of worship, which the family spoke together, clasping hands and stepping four steps this way, for one "verse" and four steps the other for another "verse." Hence also that persistent prodromal term "foot," the thing they counted their

And, I found that he always had precisely so many measures in a minut, or other dance form, and the chances are very great that any one of them is the number of measures which he knows the rules of the game in Bach's day.

Now what we call Rhythm in music is precisely this transformation of the dance spirit and its realization in the actual measures of the music. The time for the ear, in place of the body-motions and groupings in space for the eye, as the dance gives, is the time for the ear, let us observe that the dance in reality is a series of being body-motions in space. But there is also a series of being body-motions in time. The dance moves in time no less than in space; perhaps it moves more in time than in space. Hence the transformation of the dance into music and organization is perhaps transformed in the time of the life experience. In fact, we know that all poets and dancers live in them a sort of story, a cycle of life experience. The dance in time is brought over into music it keeps and perfects the organization through the total organization; and in place of the body-motions in space, before the eye in space, it gives us musical motions in time. Before the eye in space, it gives us musical motions in space. Hence almost every possible motion in space may be regarded as a sort of ballet in music floating, touch-and-see, and in time, and always and never stopping to repose upon the surface of the space, and with a hundred and a half of avoirdupois resting between steps, such as the frozen moments of silence in its little dance dances. This is the answer to the question: What is musical rhythm? The answer is: The organization of music we mean the entire system of its organization. The organization of music is what I might call its *basal rhythm*. Every aggregate of pulses and measures (occasionally also of measures) which has the character of a uniform motion by a given fraction of time, that is, a uniform motion at a certain rate, or nearly so, this being the first part of the basal rhythm of the Individual in space. The rhythm is common to all pieces in

I know we hear and read much about the "heroic" Chopin, and the "New Chopin"—*forsooth!*—and "Chopin the Conqueror"; also how to make up Chopin program—which latter inevitably recalls to my mind the old *crux*: how to be happy though hungry. [Some forms of this conundrum lug in matrimony, a useless intrusion.] How to present a program of Chopin's *neglected* masterpieces might furnish matter for afternoon lectures now devoted to such negligible musical *débris* as Pairsif's neckties and the *chewing gum* of the flower maidens.

As a matter of fact, the critics are not to blame. I have read the expostulations of Mr. Finck about the untitled fields of Chopin. Yet his favorite adherents, the "Chopinists," have been equally wrong. From the scheme I have just given, with possibly a few additions, The most versatile—and also delightful—Chopinist is to be Pachtman. From his very first afternoon performance, in 1845, he has been a favorite. In 1880, he gave a taste of the unfamiliar Chopin. Joseffy, thrice wonderful wizard, who has attained to the height of a true philosophic Parnassus,—he only plays for himself, and for those who are not yet initiated into the fleeting visions of the unknown Chopin. To Pachtman belongs the honor of persistently bringing forward to our notice such gems as the "Sharp of Concert," many new mazurkas, and a new waltz, "The Little Waltz," the "F-sharp and G-flat Impromptu," the B minor Sonata, certain of the Valses, Fantaisies, Krakowiaks, Preludes, Studies and Polonaises—to mention a few. He has also been the first to play some of the dozen other lists, all new to concert-goers, all equally interesting. Chopin still remains a sealed book to the world, notwithstanding the ink spilled over his name and other minute of the clock's busy track with veracity.

A fair moiety of this present issue of *THE ETUDE* could be usurped by a detailed account of the beauties of the Unheard Chopin—you see I am emulating the critics with my phrase-making. But I am not the man to accomplish such a formidable task. I am too old, too disillusioned. The sap of a generous enthusiasm no longer stirs in my veins. Let the young fellows look to the matter—it is their affair. However, as I am an inveterate busybody I cannot refrain from an attempt to enlist your sympathies for some of my favorite Chopin.

Do you know the E major Scherzo, Op. 54, with its scimming, sawtoothed flight, its delicate figuration, its evanescent hintings at a serious something in the major triad? Have you ever heard de Pachmann *purt* through this exquisitely conceived, contrived and balanced composition, truly a classic? *Whaur* is your Willy Mendelssohn the *root* as the Scotchman asked, are you acquainted with the Scotchman's melody, De 2nd of 1844, Scherzo from the B minor Sonata? Have you ever shed a furtive tear—excuse my old-fashioned romanticism—over the bars of the B major Larghetto in the same work? [The last movement is pure passage writing, yet clever as only Chopin knew how to be clever without being offensively gaudy.]

How about the first Scherzo in B minor? You play it, but do you understand its ferocious irony? [Oh, author of "Chopin: the Man and his Music," whose sins of rhetoric must be placed at your door!] And what of the E-flat minor Scherzo? Is it merely an excuse for blacksmith art and is the following *finale* only a study in unisons? There is the C-sharp minor Prelude. In it Brahms is anticipated by a quarter of a century. The Polonaise in F-sharp minor was damned years ago by Liszt, who found that it contained pathologic states. What of it? It is Chopin's masterpiece in this form and for that reason is sel-

shown played in public. Why? My children, do you not know by this time that the garden variety of pianoforte virtuoso will play difficult music if the difficulties be technical, not emotional or emotional and not spiritual? The key-note here is "not emotional." I have said before that Chopin's music is not, and cannot be, a key-note because some silly story got into print about Chopin's aunt asking the composer for a picture of his soul battling with the possessor of his pet fox the Russians. Militant the work is not, as we give it as are its resilient rhythms; morbid it is not, as we give it as are its morbid passages upon some secret, exasperating sorrow; but as the human soul never experiences the same mood twice in a lifetime, so Chopin never means his passages, identical as they may be, to be repeated in the same mood-see Liszt, Tausig, and Rubinstein. He repeats them, like the artist he is, for the repetition of a theme. Paderewski knows the trick; so does Josefely and de Pachmann—the latter's *pianissimi* begin where other men's cease. So the discussion of tonal or thematic monotony should not be brought against this Polishman. Rarely has there been an art whose sympathies are slenderer stock than the art of *Pologne*.

[illegible]

OUR present existence is sordid; music is a realm of romance that cheers and encourages us on toward a better existence, which we are here to evolve and create ourselves—even out of the sordid material.

REV. FRANK W. GUNSAULT, Chicago, says: About the first thing we need in the education of modern life is the historical sense, an appreciation of the relation of the years that are and the years that are to be with the years that have been, that we may be kept from blundering. Education must give the whole man to the United States of America. All education deals with man as head, heart, and hand, and each is necessary to the others. The music student also needs the perspective that comes from a thorough study of the history of music.



A Happy New Year to all the Readers of the Children's Page.

ONE Christmas morning THE YOUNG VERDI, about eighty years ago a little boy was trudging along a lonely country road all alone. Now, everyone who ever got up at four o'clock on Christmas morning to inspect the Christmas stocking by lamp or firelight knows how pitchy dark it is at that hour, and so can understand how it came about that this little lonely boy slipped in the dark and tumbled into a ditch filled with wet water, and came very near drowning, only that a woman going by heard the splash and fished him out. Then had this little chap to be hurried into a nearby house and bundled quickly into dry clothes for—only fancy it! he was the organist of the village church and last, for all his chattering teeth, to play the five o'clock service. Imagine what an important little man it was! They say he received eight dollars a year salary for playing, and that he had to walk three miles twice a day on every fast-day, and on Sunday to play his organ. It was a hardly earned little salary, wasn't it; but this little boy became in time the richest composer that ever lived, making every penny by his music, and using it to found a home for poor musicians.

His name was Giuseppe Verdi, an Italian. I have told you about a Polish boy who became a great musician, Frederic Chopin; about two German boys, Robert Schumann and Felix Mendelssohn; and about the French boy, Hector Berlioz. Now I want you to know about this Italian boy because Italy is the land of song, the land where the people sing as naturally (and almost as much) as they breathe and because this Giuseppe Verdi did more and better things for Italian song and Italian music than any other composer of the nineteenth century.

I think he was born about the poorest little boy you ever heard about, almost as poor as the blessed Babe that was born at Bethlehem. He was born in 1813, in a little bit of a village named Roncole, where lived only the poorest and most ignorant laborers, the kind that came over to this country in droves to work upon the streets and railways. He heard only the lowest kind of talk, and saw, I imagine, a good many unseemly actions, for his father kept a kind of little shop in their little village where he sold tobacco, etc., so that little Verdi had a chance to see a good deal of roughness and uncleanliness. Yet despite it all, he was a quiet, nice kind of a boy. He had his own share of Italian tears, but he could be reasoned with, and he was, for the most part, a steady-going little man, who would follow a hand organ for miles. (Afterward every hand organ in the world played selections from his operas.)

The man who played in the village church taught Verdi to play upon the spinet (a tinkling, small instrument that came before the piano) and upon the organ. Then when Giuseppe's folks saw how very musical he was, they thought it would be a good idea if he were to learn to read, write, and do arithmetic. So they sent him to live with a cobbler in Busseto, the nearest town (three miles away), where he went to school for two years. This was when he was 10; but before this he had succeeded his music teacher as organist in the little Roncole Chapel, and it came about that when he came to Busseto, he had to walk three miles each way every time he was to play at a church service in Roncole.

Now in this town of Busseto where Giuseppe went to school lived a man who loved to hear his little piano in his house and a daughter who played upon it. Also a musical club, called the Philharmonic Society, used to meet there for practice. They brought to make lovely music, and one night when Giuseppe, in, stumbled over little Giuseppe Verdi, who was listening enchanted at the old organ. They brought him in and he told them what he could do by writing music, and he liked music and played, and a little himself! Of course they made him play, and

both the good man of the house and Signor Provesi, the leader of the society, became interested in him. They both took him as his pupil, and Signor Provesi entered deeply and seriously into the study of music. He composed music for the "Philharmonic" to which he once used to listen at the fence, and was allowed to conduct it himself, and sometimes took his master's place at the great organ in the Cathedral. After his two years at school he ran errands for a man who kept a grocery store and so continued to live in Busseto.

When he was 16 years old his friends obtained for him a sum of money sufficient to send him to the Conservatory of Music at Milan. There he met the heads of the Conservatory decided that he was not musical enough to attend their school! So he was turned away.

Now this very thing has happened to a great many boys who have afterward become great musicians, so if ever you go to a Conservatory and are made to feel that you don't amount to anything and never will, don't let that discourage you. Remember that you are keeping excellent company in your humiliations, and just keep on and prove the worth that is in you. That is what Verdi did—he studied with private teachers after they refused him admission into the conservatory, and proved himself to be far greater than those men who had condemned him.

That is why Verdi is such a good example for boys and girls to follow who intend to make their mark in life—Verdi—he had such a faculty for *keeping on*. Most persons stop growing mentally somewhere between 25 and 35; after that they do no new individual thinking, their minds become a treadmill, their work a round of repetition. Verdi was different. His mind kept on growing, doing new and better things all the time until he was 88 years old, and that was the year he died, 1901. Each new opera he wrote was better than the last. Critics were always trying to take his measure, and it is funny now to read the things that were written of him at different times in his life, but those who began by calling his operas cheap, noisy, and coarse, ended by bowing deeply to the refined and exalted genius of his later works.

His later operas were cheap and noisy, and why? Just because there was one time in his life when he broke his rule of *keeping on*. It happened when he was hardly more than a boy; so it will be all right to tell about it here. You see he had married the Bussato grocery-man's daughter when he was still quite a boy. Later they went back to Milan to try to get an organ produced, but he was not successful, and his wife and child were so poor that he was still quite a boy. Later they went back to Milan to try to get an organ produced, but he was not successful, and his wife and child were so poor that he was still quite a boy. Later they went back to Milan to try to get an organ produced, but he was not successful, and his wife and child were so poor that he was still quite a boy.

So he resolved never to touch the piano again or to write another note of music. He passed months in which he did nothing but read. You see, he did not belong to a cultured family, and had only gone to school two years, so his taste in literature was not good. He read "dime novels," the kind that boys like to read on the sly, and that are burned if they get into the hands of their fathers. He never comes across them. But there was no one to care what he read, and he was still suppose in all these months of idleness he read hundreds of them. What was the result? Just this, that he was at first just a sort of cheap, noisy, and coarse music, full of gypsies, robbers, and handits and the rest. But he did not stop here. He kept on. He wrote these trashy and under his feet, and reached up to something better. He began by writing music for a cheap popularity, and ended by bringing an audience up with himself into the realms of the purely classical, to an appreciation of musical settings of Holy Scripture and of Shakespeare.

That is how the little Verdi boy grew to be such a great man. By crushing all that was bad and the wholesome out of his life (and you can see that there had been enough of it even from his boyhood) and living up to the best he knew. And so all men came to honor him, and we have his memory because we cannot but see, through it, that it is possible for every one of us to become noble, and that poverty, failure, and sorrow cannot have any if we will not permit them to—Helen M. Haguire.

WHAT would our boys and girls think of a public-school acquaintance, aged anywhere from 8 or 10 to 15 years, if when asked: "Who was Christopher Columbus?" or "Who was the first President of the United States?" he should reply "I don't know!" You would expect him not only to tell you who these great men were, but to be able to add many interesting facts about them, would you not? Now, why do you expect that? What sort of reason have you for expecting anything of the kind? "Why" (you say) "he has been going to school for several years; of course he should know these things."

But he would win this sort of reasoning, or argument, apply to music students! Suppose we choose some young piano students, who have been taking lessons for two or three years, and we ask them: "Who was Johann Sebastian Bach?" "Who was Mozart?" "What can you tell about Haydn, Beethoven?" and so on. How many boys and girls, do you suppose, could answer and also state some interesting particulars about each of these composers? Why? No! Not able to tell us anything about Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, etc.? Have not you young people been studying music, taking lessons regularly for one, two, or three years, and yet you cannot answer these simple queries about these great musicians? The reply would be, no doubt, "We have been learning how to play upon the piano; our teacher has never told us about the people you mention; we have not learned about them."

Now, dear little friends, do not blame your teacher, because all teachers have not the time to teach history and biography and other things that belong to music study; the proper thing for you to do is this: ask your friends to join with you and form a little musical club, and then arrange, as club members, to meet together once a fortnight at each other's houses (in turn) and study all sorts of musical things together. Your teacher will, I am sure, lend you some good books, but you will have your ETUDES anyway, and each month you can find something that will interest you, and bring it up in musical literature. The president of the club can appoint a different leader for each meeting (each member taking his, or her, turn), and this leader will choose something to be read, in class, by the members and discussed afterward. Clubs can be made very pleasant social affairs by introducing a musical game, at the close sometimes, and by playing upon the piano, and yet each member can make it a point to study first and to learn something of real worth at each meeting.

If you wish to begin with music history, find your April, 1904, ETUDE and begin with it. The last issue in Musical History presented in THE ETUDE MUSIC STUDY CLUB. You will find No. 2 in May, No. 3 in June, No. 4 in September, No. 5 in October, No. 6 in November, and so on. Look also for skeletons of musicians; you will certainly find them in the back numbers. Study one at a time, carefully and thoroughly, and I promise you that you will become very much interested.

Why not have a musical scrap-book, too, and collect pictures of musicians, etc. to preserve in them? Little books intended for unmounted photographs make very good scrap-books; are inexpensive (25 cents) and convenient.

A Home Music Club is a very nice thing. By this I mean a club in which the family join and once a week have a musical evening together. Ask your parents, your brothers and sisters, or your older brothers and sisters to join with you and assist you. It will benefit them as well as you, and other consider this branch of music study.

And, finally, young friends must remember that just learning to sing or to play on some musical instrument is, by no means, the whole of music-study.—Robert F. Chandler.

THE LITTLE ENCHANTER: A STORY OF MOZART. II.

II. THE MESSENGER OF THE SAINT.

"Good St. Jean Nepomucene, make us useful to our parents," repeated the little boy after his sister; "after which they rose from their knees. "Our prayer is finished," said Frederika. "I have thought of something," said Wolfgang.

"What—already?" "Yes, it came to me during my prayer. Listen, sister; I can play pretty on the piano; and I can also play, not badly, what I have composed; and I want to tell you who these great men were, but to be able to add many interesting facts about them, would you not? Now, why do you expect that? What sort of reason have you for expecting anything of the kind? "Why" (you say) "he has been going to school for several years; of course he should know these things."

"But he would win this sort of reasoning, or argument, apply to music students! Suppose we choose some young piano students, who have been taking lessons for two or three years, and we ask them: "Who was Johann Sebastian Bach?" "Who was Mozart?" "What can you tell about Haydn, Beethoven?" and so on. How many boys and girls, do you suppose, could answer and also state some interesting particulars about each of these composers? Why? No! Not able to tell us anything about Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, etc.? Have not you young people been studying music, taking lessons regularly for one, two, or three years, and yet you cannot answer these simple queries about these great musicians? The reply would be, no doubt, "We have been learning how to play upon the piano; our teacher has never told us about the people you mention; we have not learned about them."

"If there is one," interrupted the little girl. "As if there were not pianos everywhere, these days," said Wolfgang, scornfully. "But you make me impatient with your explanations. Well, I play! The ladies and every one else are delighted. Then they embrace us; they give me honours and money and to you they offer gay ribbons. But we take nothing and I say to them: 'Let us, I beg, take this money home to Papa and Mama.'"

"You have the spirit of a little wizard," exclaimed Frederika, throwing her arms around her brother's neck and embracing him.

"And that is not all," replied Wolfgang, submitting smilingly to her embrace. "When I say that, they ask me to finish my story. The king hears us speak—sends me presents on me a lovely suit, on you a beautiful dress, and we see all the palace. Then we enter the salon, where they are beautiful ladies—such lovely ladies—more beautiful women were never seen, or such handsome gentlemen. Such beautiful gilded furniture, and a piano—oh, what a piano! The wood is covered with pure gold, the pedals are silver, the keys are mother-of-pearl, and there are diamonds everywhere! We play; the court is delighted; they surround us, they kiss us, they press us, they give us what we wish for. 'Anything is your pleasure to give us, your Majesty.' He gives us the chateau, and we live there with Papa and Mama."

A burst of laughter interrupted him in the middle of his speech. Frightened, Wolfgang looked at his sister. They turned and beheld the stranger. Hidden behind a tree close to the children, he had not a word of their conversation. Seeing himself discovered, he approached, suppressing with difficulty the mirth excited by Wolfgang's innocent pretence.

"Do not be afraid, children," he said in kind tones; "I wish for your happiness only. It is the great Nepomucene who sends me."

The little boy, springing to his side, took his hand and exclaimed in a tone of charming familiarity: "Oh, then, you will do what we ask?" "Not immediately," replied the stranger, laughing. Then, seating himself on the knotty trunk of a fallen tree, he stood Wolfgang before him.

"I will agree to your request if you will answer truthfully all the questions which I ask you. I will know if you lie, so beware!"

"Sir, I never told a lie in my life," said Wolfgang, a very well, I believe you. What is your father's name?"

"Leopold Mozart," "What does he do?" "He is a teacher at the chapel; he plays the piano and violin."

"Is your mother still living?" "Yes, sir."

THE ETUDE

"How many of you children are there?" The little boy was silent, but his sister answered, "There were seven of us, sir; but there are now only five of us left now." "Your father is very poor, is he not?" "Yes," she replied. "Our mother gave us this morning the pieces of bread we have, but we have not eaten it, for it is all the bread in the house. Every day, when Mama gives us our dinner, she says, 'Go and eat in the meadow, my dear children.' That is so we will not see they have kept none for themselves."

"Poor children," said the stranger, deeply moved, "and I will try to help you."

"I asked him to give me a way of earning some money to give to my parents," said Frederika, "so that my brother and myself may not, every day, be only one of my many dinner. Wolfgang thinks he has found a way, but I do not agree with him."

"If what he says is true, and he plays so well on the piano, and you too, his idea might be executed, and I will try to help you."

"My brother is an expert musician, sir," said Frederika, eagerly. "He not only plays by sight anything he sees, but he has composed several very pretty pieces."

"How old is your brother?" "Six years old, and I am eight."

"And this child composed already!" cried the pretended messenger of St. Jean Nepomucene. "The astonishes you," said Wolfgang, laughing. "Come home with us, sir, and you shall hear me."

The stranger looked at his watch, thought a minute, and then said, half seriously, half playfully: "I will come to the great Nepomucene, the revered saint of Bohemia, orders me to tell you that you must return to the house. You must remain there the rest of the day, and before night you will have some news. Now go."

"At this moment," said Wolfgang, eagerly, holding him by the flap of his coat. "Before you return to heaven—where doubtless you came—could you, the friend of Nepomucene."

"Yes, you are going to say, my brother!" interrupted Frederika, trying to keep him from finishing. He whispered some words in her ear.

"No, no," she cried; "it is impertinent—no, Wolfgang, do not say that, do not say that, do not say that."

"That is it, little one!" asked the stranger. "She does not wish me to ask the messenger of the great Nepomucene to dine with Mama," replied Wolfgang, so hastily that his sister had no time to stop him.

"But you will come, will you not, sir?" "Certainly," said the stranger. "And now, is there anything you want? Speak—do not be afraid."

We play; the court is delighted; they surround us, they kiss us, they press us, they give us what we wish for. "Anything is your pleasure to give us, your Majesty." He gives us the chateau, and we live there with Papa and Mama.

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PUZZLE CORNER. Answers to the puzzles as found in THE ETUDE for December, 1904. We are pleased to receive puzzles or suggestions for puzzles from our readers. Always send answers with puzzles submitted to the Editor. Hidden Composers: 1. Schumann, 2. Balfe, 3. Chopin, 4. Auber, 5. Liszt, 6. Paderewski, 7. Bellini, 8. Delius.

NEW PUZZLES.

Hidden composers (the name of a composer will be found in each paragraph, in consecutive letters):—

"This American composer, whose premature death is regretted by all, gave proof of musical talent at an early age. When he was four years old he was found at the piano thrumming a tune. 'Yine' was the poetical name of his childhood's home. 2. This composer, one of the most original of modern times, met an appalling misfortune—first in the complete loss of his hearing, followed by an attack of insanity. He never recovered his senses, but died in an insane asylum."

3. This musician, though not known as a composer, is one of the world's great singing teachers. In time his life has covered a long arc. I am sure that if I mentioned the name of his most famous pupil who visited this country a little more than a half-century ago his name would be easily guessed.

4. This composer was the most noted pianist of his day. His playing, though as brilliant, was as cold as an icicle. Men tire soon of art without feeling; hence, though a little more than a century ago he stood at the head of his profession, now only his technical work is remembered. These, however, are among the finest of their kind, and keep his name alive.

5. One of the early American composers, he deserves especial mention for his part in the training of the young. His name receives added distinction from a son, who is one of the most prominent American musicians and teachers, and particularly well known to the readers of THE ETUDE.

6. In Tonic Sol-fa his name is Re-Si represented by r. t. instead of r. a. It should rather be r. t. because Sol and Si are the same note, and the letters are changed to T and I in order to avoid confusion between these two syllables.

7. Fancy the organist's dismay on receiving the following telegram from his leading singer just as he was about to begin the service: "In a deplorable condition; cannot possibly sing this evening."

8. He varies greatly in his teaching. For example, we heard him tell you that in playing the scale the hand must be held just as you, another time, he told that it did not matter—any way was good that produced the effect wanted.

9. This man, who lived in his day was considered by some as greater than Beethoven. Time has emphatically reversed this judgment, but his compositions are still grateful to the skilled pianist, writers of them are given an ore to the unforged capabilities of the instrument. His is music that one can hum—melodious and pleasing, if old fashioned.—F. S. Lee.

CLUB CORRESPONDENCE.

I HAVE A Progressive Musical Club of twenty members. We meet twice a month and study biographies of the great musicians and musical history, and also play music. The first prize was won by a student in one of the biographies. One member won first prize, four second prize, and one third prize. We think of supplying all the members with Tapper's "Clubs with Music Study" and Tapper's "Dictionary of Music." Great interest is shown by the members, and good work is being done.—Able E. Schenck.

I have been requested by our club to write to you asking that you please publish this letter in THE ETUDE.

The Bethoven Club of Coopers' Pk., was organized September, 1904, with a membership of thirteen. Mr. Theodore Stearns, Director. The club meets at Mr. Stearns' studio, Monday afternoons, at 4.15. We pay ten cents dues every meeting. This money is for buying music. We meet to go to recitals and entertainments during the winter.—Ola Rudin, Sec.

The Etude

A Monthly Journal for the Musician, the Music Student, and all Music Lovers.

Subscription, \$1.50 per Year. Single Copies, 15 Cents. Foreign Postage, 72 Cents.

Liberal premiums and cash deductions are allowed for obtaining subscriptions.

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THEODORE PRESSER,
1712 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Entered as Second-Class Matter,
October 1904, Postoffice 1904.

A GERMAN specialist in nervous diseases declares that in his opinion musical education begins at too early an age. As a result of his investigations he asserts that the psychic balance of the young is endangered by the premature study of music, and fixes the ages at which it is safe to begin the practice of this art at 16 for women and 18 for men.

This is another of the many men's nests that scientific men, particularly those who have to do with phases of degeneracy in humanity, are constantly discovering. Many professional men, such as lawyers and physicians, see the seamy side of life; their duties bring them in contact mainly with the diseased in morals and body. Their point of view inevitably becomes pessimistic, directed as it is to those lacking normally healthy attributes of mind and physique. No doubt, because this man of healing has had cases of nervous failure among young people resulting from a too severe discipline in the study of music, he is led to condemn it *in toto*. He probably does not reflect that the thousands upon thousands of healthy music students are not brought to his attention—only the exceptionally few, from whom he formulates his drastic rule for the government of all.

It is safe to say that if education in music began universally at the above-mentioned ages the art would soon become decadent. At adolescence—that wonderful period of growth, of mental, spiritual, and physical development, when the soul reaches out to grapple with hitherto undreamed-of mysteries, when the mind expands in intelligence to unexpected alertness, when the body assumes its ultimate capacities—the coming man, the coming woman, with all their plastic possibilities for the future, are already present. What is lacking at that critical moment will, in nine cases out of ten, be lacking throughout life. The care of educators nowadays is to have all the dormant faculties of the adolescents awakened and vitalized, so that in adult years his character and individuality shall find no avenue of expression closed to them by reason of an imperfect or one-sided education in early childhood. Almost more than any other refining, cultivating influence is music the birthright of the young. Besides, for obvious reasons, both physical and mental, it must be begun in youth if it is to be really a friend and companion to the adult.

That there is another side to at least one branch of musical art—and that the one that comes in for the strongest condemnation from disgruntled critics—is shown by a lecturer and close student of musical topics, who boldly recommends the practice of the piano as a means of physical culture. In a recent lecture she cites the experiences of two New York physicians who evidently do not share the opinions of their German confrères. While watching the back of a young woman in evening dress who was playing the piano, they discovered that she brought all the

MAKE 1905 YOUR BANNER

scapular—that is, shoulder—muscles into strong play. The exercise of these muscles, they declared, has a directly strengthening effect on the brain and spine, which is highly beneficial.

Here is an American Roland for a German Oliver! Who shall argue when doctors disagree?

It is a notable characteristic of great men to put wrong estimates on their abilities. This is seen among the lesser as well as among the greater lights of art and literature, thus proving, in a minor fashion, that greatness and mediocrity are akin. Every musical community furnishes examples of the singer who lays stress on his compositions and of the composer who thinks he can sing, to wit, by letter, of the performer who prides himself on his teaching abilities and the teacher who persists in his attempts at performance. Instances of this idiosyncrasy may be seen in the works of certain of the great composers. One, who excels in the pensive and intense, delights in turning out scherzos—in which the jest is hard to find; another with an abundant gift of humor shows his bent to burden the world with ludicrous anecdotes and analogies.

This same trend of humanity is to be noted in men of literary work. Gladstone, animated by the success of *Israel*, fondled the thought that he, too, could write a sentimental story; Kipling, with his inimitable prose and his lifelike stories of India, sets more store by his weak poetry than by his other works. He joys in the poetical effusions that break out at every new political move. Wilkie Collins, not satisfied with his fame as a novelist, and Charles Dickens, the greatest analyst of human character, the most longing eyes toward the stage and the pianists that greet the playwright. On the other hand, Pinero, the leading English writer of plays, signs names as Samuel Warren, Owen Wister, and James Lane Allen prove that many a novelist gets into the ranks of the laywers by mistake. Salvini is reported to have been dissatisfied with the honors that came to him as a great tragedian, and was discontented with the fate that did not make him an opera singer; and Booth thought his strongest ability lay in his playing of comedy—he who was the greatest tragedian.

These instances serve to prove that a man's estimate of his own abilities is not always to be relied upon. The public judges without personal bias, untinged by the individual's preferences. The wise politician feels the public pulse. One of McKinley's means for attaining popular success was in "keeping his ear close to the ground"—in other words, finding out what the people wanted. Not the highest ideal, perhaps, but one that makes for political success. The musician may well take a leaf from the book of experience and feel the public pulse as to his own abilities. The public cares not what you would like to do—only what you can do, and to the best advantage. Consequently, its dictum may well be taken into consideration in professional life.

FIFTY feet of the Bunker Hill Monument is underground. It was covered up there sixty or seventy years ago and no one has seen it since. It will stay there for ages, for that structure is so built as to resist the encroachments of time almost as successfully as the pyramids. A thoughtless observer might have said that of this immense body of substructure is wasted. Surely ten or twenty feet of foundation would have been enough. But the builders knew better. They knew the immense weight of granite that would rest on this foundation. They desired it to last for ages, not only so long as a shallow foundation would pressure and the surge of the elements, to say nothing of the possible quaking of old mother earth herself.

There is a lesson in all this for the student of music, two lessons, perhaps. The first is that if one desires to erect a superstructure of any value or permanence, one must lay a foundation commensurate with what is to rest on it.

The second, and equally important, is that this foundation is hidden and unrealized by the large number of spectators or auditors. One listens in rap-

YEAR IN MUSICAL WORK.

ture to de Pachmann or Hofmann; what gives the enjoyment is the superstructure, the finished, artistic product. Yet under that lie years of technical study of the hardest kind. The foundation is made up of intense self-sacrifice and conscientious effort.

They knew that to achieve an enduring success, the foundation must be wide and deep, and they spared no effort in its construction. It is in the student who takes these points to heart, determines to dig deep for his foundation, and to be content to make no display of himself in his years of preparation.

LEARNING by one's own experience is good, but learning through the experience of others is better in one respect: it is a great time-saver; it comes the nearest to a second incarnation with the memory of the experiences of the first retained. True, the hard knocks received in life pound into one the sense that was omitted in the original make-up; but had one the greater good sense to learn through the experiences of others how much time, how many tears, how many wasted hours might have been saved.

A little boy was asked how he learned to skate. He replied, "Oh, by getting up every time I fell down." He was never that he knew, in that reply. It is only the student who will get up and try again who learns. The harder the fall, the more the wise learner tries to avoid the next one. It is these falls that pond in the wisdom. Knowledge is but the accumulation of facts; wisdom is the sense to make good use of them. The wisest man is perhaps the man who has had the most falls and learned the most by them.

All this applies to the student and the teacher of music in the most direct way. Mistakes are expensive, but they may be used to learn the experiences of others, and that is one of the evidences of the highest wisdom. To this end the student must keep his eyes open. He must observe, weigh, and deduce; must notice where others succeed and where they fail; learn both from success and failure of others; and then may he hope that his own falls shall be fewer.

The commission of clergy and laity appointed by the Bishop of New York to study the recent instructions of the Pope in regard to the music of the church and to formulate their effect in this country have made their report. It is too long to reproduce here even in substance. Suffice to say that the revolution, both in the style of music and in the means of performing it, is even more radical than was anticipated. The masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, and of many other less distinguished composers, heretofore the pride and glory of ecclesiastical music, are irrevocably banished from the church—if the conditions laid down by the pontiff are faithfully observed; and of this there appears to be no question. These conditions have nothing but the Gregorian tones and music of the school of Palestrina to express the aspirations of believers. To the musician it seems almost as sweeping a change—and with far less to recommend it—as the historic one proposed by an earlier Pope, the fourth of that name, in 1563. Then the abuses in church music were so great that a commission was appointed to consider the advisability of doing away with it altogether. As all know, Palestrina saved music to the church by composing three masses so full of devotion and sincerity, though employing all the resources of the art known at the time, that the Pope declared that it must have been some supernatural aid that the Apostle of the Apocalypse heard sung by angel choirs in the New Jerusalem.

There is a possibility, however, that one restriction may be removed—that requiring boys to fill the places of the women now singing in Roman Catholic churches. The manifest difficulty of finding capable choristers, the distress occasioned many deserving singers by a abrupt withdrawal of means of subsistence, coupled with the prohibition of taking part in the services of non-Catholic churches, may lead to a modification of the decree—at least in this country, where conditions vary greatly from those prevailing in Europe. It is believed in some quarters, that if suitable representation of these hardships be made to the Holy Father, he will be inclined to grant a dispensation in this respect from the strict letter of his instructions.

No 4684

AT DAYBREAK

ERWIN SCHNEIDER.

Andantino. M.M. J=64

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Musical score for page 2, measures 1-16. The score is in G major, 2/4 time. It features a piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth-note runs. The bass line is more rhythmic, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, *pp*, and *mf*. Performance markings include *con grazia*, *mo molto rit.*, and *mf a tempo*.

Tempo I.

Musical score for page 3, measures 17-32. The score continues from page 2. It features a piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth-note runs. The bass line is more rhythmic, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamics include *f*, *mf*, and *p*. Performance markings include *f* and *p*.

№ 4758 Triumphal March from "Aida"

Arr. by PRESTON WARE OREM

Allegro maestoso M.M. ♩ = 100

Secondo

G. VERDI

This page contains the piano accompaniment for the second part of the Triumphal March. It consists of six systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Allegro maestoso' with a metronome marking of 100. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (ff, f, p, cresc.), articulation (accents, slurs), and fingerings. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass clef.

№ 4758

Triumphal March from "Aida."

Arr. by PRESTON WARE OREM

Primo

G. VERDI

Allegro maestoso M.M. ♩ = 100

This page contains the piano accompaniment for the first part of the Triumphal March. It consists of six systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Allegro maestoso' with a metronome marking of 100. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (ff, f, p, cresc.), articulation (accents, slurs), and fingerings. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass clef.

Secondo

ff

mf

cresc.

ff

p

p

cresc.

Primo

ff

mf

p

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

GRANDE VALSE BRILLANTE.

Fr. Chopin, Op. 18.

Vivo. M.M. J. = 72

Musical score for the first page of "Grande Valse Brillante" by Frédéric Chopin, Op. 18. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and is marked "Vivo. M.M. J. = 72". It features a piano introduction with a bass line of chords and a treble line of eighth notes. The main waltz begins with a melody in the treble and a supporting bass line. The score includes various dynamics such as *f*, *p*, and *mf*, and performance instructions like "Ped. simile", "leggermente", and "1. 2.".

Continuation of the musical score for "Grande Valse Brillante" by Frédéric Chopin, Op. 18. This page contains the second system of the waltz, featuring more complex melodic lines and harmonic support. It includes dynamics like *f*, *p*, and *mf*, and performance instructions such as "Ped. simile", "dolce", "poco riten.", "a tempo", and "con anima". The score is written for piano with a grand staff.

Musical score for page 10, measures 1-11. The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a complex melodic line in the right hand with many triplets and sixteenth notes, and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *cresc.*, *mf*, *f*, *pp*, *ff*, and *cresc.*. A section starting at measure 5 is marked *dolce*. The piece concludes with a *leggermente* section in measures 10-11.

Musical score for page 11, measures 1-11. The score continues from page 10. It maintains the same key and time signature. The right hand continues with intricate melodic patterns, while the left hand provides harmonic support. Dynamics include *pp*, *p*, *pp*, *poco*, *a tempo*, *riten.*, *crescendo*, *ff*, *Pod. simile*, *dimin.*, *piu dimin.*, *dolce*, *cresc.*, *accelerando*, *smora.*, and *dimin.*. The piece ends with a *smora.* (sforzando) marking in measure 11.

THREE FAVORITE PRELUDES

FR. CHOPIN

Op. 28, No. 7.

Andantino. M.M. ♩ = 92.

p dolce
cresc.
dim.
pp

M.M. ♩ = 66.
Largo.
ff
p
Ped. simile.

Lento assai. M.M. ♩ = 66.
p sotto voce
ppp

LOVE DREAMS

REVERIE

A.L. BROWN.

Very slow.
f
p
cresc. e rit.
Ped. simile
espress.
legato

Musical score for page 14, measures 1-12. The score is written for piano (p) and features complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The tempo is marked *ad lib*. The dynamics range from *ff* (fortissimo) to *p* (piano). The score includes fingerings (1-5) and breath marks (z). The piece concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

Musical score for page 15, measures 1-12. The score continues the piece with similar complex rhythmic patterns. The tempo is marked *ad lib*. The dynamics range from *ff* (fortissimo) to *pp* (pianissimo). The score includes fingerings (1-5) and breath marks (z). The piece concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

SPANISH DANCE.

F. G. RATHBUN.

Allegretto. M. M. ♩ = 68.

The first system of the musical score for 'SPANISH DANCE' consists of five staves. The first two staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 3/4 time. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and a finger number 1. The second staff has a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and a finger number 1. The third staff has a dynamic marking of *mf* and a finger number 1. The fourth staff has a dynamic marking of *mf* and a finger number 1. The fifth staff has a dynamic marking of *mf* and a finger number 1. The system ends with a *Fine* marking.

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The second system of the musical score for 'SPANISH DANCE' consists of five staves. The first two staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 3/4 time. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and a finger number 1. The second staff has a dynamic marking of *mf* and a finger number 1. The third staff has a dynamic marking of *mf* and a finger number 1. The fourth staff has a dynamic marking of *mf* and a finger number 1. The fifth staff has a dynamic marking of *mf* and a finger number 1. The system ends with a *Fine* marking.

* From here go to beginning and play to *Fine*; then go to Trio.

18
Nº 4683

SLUMBER SONG

Allegretto M.M. $\text{♩} = 112$

KARL WILHELM KERN, Op. 121

First system of musical notation for 'Slumber Song'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The bass staff has a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

Second system of musical notation. It includes a *a tempo* marking above the treble staff. The treble staff has a *p* dynamic and a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The bass staff has a *p* dynamic.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *mf* dynamic and a *Fine* marking at the end. The bass staff has a *p* dynamic.

Poco piu mosso M.M. $\text{♩} = 120$

Fourth system of musical notation. It features a *mf* dynamic in both staves. The treble staff has a *rit.* marking at the end.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *rit.* marking. The bass staff has a *mf* dynamic.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *p* dynamic. The bass staff has a *mf* dynamic.

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19

First system of musical notation for the second piece. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *p* dynamic and a *rit.* marking. The bass staff has a *p* dynamic. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *mf* dynamic. The bass staff has a *p* dynamic.

Rocking M.M. $\text{♩} = 84$

Third system of musical notation. It features a *p* dynamic in both staves. The treble staff has a *rit.* marking at the end.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *rit.* marking. The bass staff has a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *rit.* marking. The bass staff has a *rit.* marking.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *a tempo* marking. The bass staff has a *mf* dynamic.

Seventh system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *rit.* marking. The bass staff has a *mf* dynamic.

D.O.

No 5285

FOREVER AND A DAY

CARL SOBESKI.

Alia Polacca.,

p *tranquillo*

The moon is soft-ly
You come to me in

beam - ing, The stars be-gem the sky, All na ture soft-ly dream-ing No
dreams, love, A vis ion in the day, Your voice so sweet and low, love, Is

molto espress.

rest less sound is nigh. Still I a-lone am sigh-ing, And longing here, my love, for
in my heart al-way. Were I a bird of air love I'd spread my pinions light and

poco rit

thee, My thoughts are far a-way, love, In dis-tant lands with home and thee; Oh,
free, Nor rest 'till I had found thee, love, And-nestled close, dear heart, with thee: Oh,

poco rit

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rit *p*

lone-ly heart Oh long-ing heart Oh, love of mine, Oh maid di-vine Oh lov-ing heart so fond and

colla voce *allarg.*

true, Though far a-way in distant climes, Far from my na-tive land and you,

piu animato cresc.

No matter where I roam, love, Where-er my lot may be, My heart is far a-way, love, Far

piu animato cresc.

dim. *agitato molto cresc.*

o'er the rest-less sea. O love, dear love, Where-er my feet may stray,

dim. *molto cresc.*

rit

I'll love you, love, for-ev-er for-ev-er and a day. ev-er and a day.

rit

CROSSING THE BAR.

WM. H. PONTIUS.

Moderato e con espressione.

L. H.

mp Sempre legato.

Rall.

p

Sun - set and ev'ning star, And one clear call for me, And

may there be no moaning of the bar When I put out to sea. But

such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too

Collanto.

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Also published for Low Voice,

full for sound and foam, When that which drew from

out the boundless deep Turns a-gain home, Turns a-gain . . . home.

p Rall.*pp*

Rit.

Dim.

Rall.

Tempo.

Con calma.

p

Twilight . . . and ev'ning bell, And af-ter that the dark; And

p

Ad lib.

may there be no sad-ness of fare-well When I em-bark, when

Dim.
Col canto.

24 Rall. e dim.

I em - bark.

For

Slow.

Tempo.

Rall. e dim.

Plu moto.

tho' from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me

Con abbandono ed espress.

far, I hope to see . . . my Pi - lot, face to face. When

Con forza.

Marc. e rit. molto.

I have crossed the bar.

Marc. e rit. molto.

Ad.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. Greene

THE SINGING MASTERS' GUILD.

(Continued from December, 1904.)

Mr. E. G. Goodrich addresses the meeting as follows:—

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The fact that I am here this evening in response to a printed communication, which I presume is true of all or most of us, places me entirely at ease. There are no qualifying obligations hedging me about, and I propose to give my views in regard to this plan of the chairman, regardless of his feelings, or those among you who are in sympathy with him.

"A mental review of kindred organizations affords no basis for encouragement that this which has been suggested can be made of any value. A Singing Masters' Guild can be little better than a name. It is a creation of fancy, born of an itching for prominence on the part of its promoter, and it is an almost certain indication that he has not enough professional worth to fill his time and is employing this, if not new, rather unique method of bringing himself before the public. I catch your expressions of disapproval, and see that I am making myself unpopular by such plainness of speech. But why need we mince matters!

"If your chairman sat here and I at the head of the table as the father of such a plan, he would undoubtedly think of me and of my efforts precisely as I regard him and his plan, only I question if he would have the courage to say so. It is not difficult to pose as an organizer, but it takes courage to be disagreeable; that, however, if impertinent, is not pertinent to the subject. You have my estimate of the man and his plans which I earnestly to me should be taken into account in summing up on the real question at issue, which is: Shall we organize a Singing Masters' Guild?

"If any considerable number of prominent teachers should feel that they are at a disadvantage because an identity of interests is lacking in a common vehicle of expression, or medium for the exchange of ideas, it would manifest itself. Not, however, by calling together a conglomerate representation of our specialty, but by a gradual awakening on the part of the teachers to such a need, which might result, by a slow and cautious growth in an organization not unlike that which exists now only in the imaginations of the chairman and his sympathizers. That such a medium for the exchange of thought is not desirable or necessary is proven clearly enough by the fact that it does not exist. The impetus for an association of teachers must come from within and develop outwardly, embracing at the flood of its growth a group of such members of the profession as have qualified, by merit and success, to sit at its councils, and bear an experienced hand in shaping the trend of the art. This is no light responsibility. That such a work can be successfully carried forward by an organization of promiscuous teachers of singing, such as would naturally respond to the invitation that brought us here this evening, is only an idle dream.

"While I will gladly co-operate with any effort that one can reasonably expect will result in lasting good to the vocal profession, I view the plan under consideration with distrust, and decline to become a party to its development."

The chairman rises at the close of Mr. Goodrich's remarks and says:—

"Follow Teachers: Before we continue our five-minute speeches I wish to thank Mr. Goodrich for his exceedingly frank and not by any means unexpected objections to entering upon the work under discussion."

"When I said I would like to hear from those present either *pro* or *con* I spoke in good faith, and Mr. Goodrich has not only presented the *con* side of the subject clearly as far as he has been pleased to carry his argument, but he has done more, he has set you all an example of frankness which I urge you

to follow. His clever reading into our motives the quaint truism which our mothers taught us "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" might be painful if we had received our inspiration from such a doubtful source, but we insist 'having got our consideration his point of unfiled lesson periods, as that has no bearing upon the subject, that we are deeply in earnest in our purpose of impressing upon teachers their great and worthy responsibilities, and the sense of dignity which is theirs by right, to the end of bettering, not only their conditions professionally but their pupils artistically. We may be wide of the mark, but as yet I am not convinced."

"I avail further remarks, again urging you to speak frankly and as your convictions dictate."

Madame Hatylaura addresses the meeting:—

"Mr. Shareman, and Ladies, and Shentlemen: I am proud to be here this evening. I want to establish all about my wonderful method. I first discover him in a dream. It is so beautiful, and so zimble. All my bubbling sing choost like anachels from Heffen, and we vill haaf no more bad singing if you vill all come to me and learn how to teach my method."

Madame H. resumes her seat amid generous applause, while Mr. Goodrich telegraphs a smile to the chairman.

The reader has, of course, correctly surmised that until now the speakers at the initial dinner of the prospective (on paper) "Singing Masters' Guild" have personified both the "business" and the "artistic" side of the vocal world. It is his purpose, however, to throw the subject open to the profession. To this end a number of prominent teachers have been invited to appear at the dinner (on paper) and present their views. Among the first to respond is Mr. Frederic W. Root, of Chicago, who addresses the meeting as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Teachers: There is no field in the domain of pedagogy that is so much in need of help as the teaching of singing. The singer must, in a degree, make his musical instrument as well as play upon it; and both the making and the playing are intellectual problems of a subtle and elusive nature. Then, too, this delicate work of forming the voice and of teaching the effective, expressive use of it must be done without the aid of established grades and standards to guide, encourage, and illuminate the work; and moreover it is not often he does amid a fire of irresponsible, superficial criticism and suggestion from bystanders.

The vocal student who does not undertake thorough fundamental training—who "just sings naturally" and "catches the songs by ear," and is not disturbed by scoops and breaks, faulty intonation and haphazard rhythm,—does not ask for or desire or appreciate solicitous care. But the average pupil who undertakes solid education in this line, unless transcendently endowed by Nature, must pass through a wilderness of misadventure and obstructive possibilities to reach the goal where mental and physical faculties are in condition to produce that which merits the term Art. For such a one all possible guides and facilities should be provided.

And even after one has made his way through this wilderness of theory, experiment, and illusion, which, in view of all the conflicting things said of it, vocal method is, if he attempt to teach others he will find that, to cross this territory, the traveler must guide start from so many different standpoints, that numerous other paths beside the one he has managed to blaze for himself must be explored and charted to secure a successful outcome.

The older teachers have made themselves acquainted with most of the intricacies of this subject; but as it takes something like a quarter of a century and also a deplorable sacrifice of pupils to gain this acquaintance, the younger teachers of singing stand in great and pressing need of whatever can be devised to help in this line.

On this account, Mr. Chairman, let us look hopefully to the proposed guild.—Frederic W. Root.

Teachers are invited to express themselves frankly on the question: "Would the formation of a 'Singing Masters' Guild' be advisable?" with arguments *pro* or *con*. Send your five-minute speeches to the Vocal Editor, H. W. Greene, 504 Carnegie Hall, New York City. If accepted they will appear in the Vocal Department of THE ETUDE. If not, and stamps are inclosed, they will be returned.

CONCERNING THE EXTINGUISHED "BASSO PROFUNDO."

BY GEORGE KECHIL.

JUDGING from the rôles written for the basso voce by Meyerbeer, Rossini, Donizetti, Halévy, and other composers who flourished at a period when there were far more capable singers than there are nowadays, the basso profundo was by no means the *rara avis* that he is at the present time. Lablache, Staudigl, and Karl Formes, together with several others, managed to invest the lowly portions of the music entrusted to them with an amount of weight which greatly added to its dignity and impressiveness. Later Foli kept up these traditions—to be succeeded by Abramoff, the memory of whose performances in the seldom heard "Zauberflöte" still lingers. But now that Edouard de Reszke has retired from the opera stage—or, at all events partially retired—there seems to be no basso who is, strictly speaking, a basso profundo.

Splendidly sonorous though the voices of Plançon and Journet are, they are (in compass) more basso cantante than bass, being, apparently, of little effect below the G. Though Plançon sings Marcello in "Gli Ugonotti," he is not heard to the best advantage in those phrases in the celebrated "Puff, Puff" air which take the singer down to F; while the wonderful

Si - gon, vien, vi - al, Si - gon, in the first act is equally beyond his powers. Nor in the scene with Amneris is he able to sing the phrase "Iside legge de' mortali nel core"—which descends to F-sharp—as a Ramphis with the compass of a true basso would, though in the higher portions of the music the excellence of his upper notes and the ease with which he produces them must make some of his haritone hearers envious.

Under these circumstances it would appear that a future avenger of the basso profundo who, in addition to being able to sing in Italian, German, and French, is the fortunate possessor of a compass the lower register of which is of the desired weight and resonance. For, besides the artists already referred to, neither Klopfer nor Knipfer can sing those portions of the music for Hermann ("Tannhäuser") and Heinrich ("Lohengrin") which take them below the compass of a basso cantante. Deima, the basso of the Opera, Paris, being equally unfortunate in basso profundo parts. In the beautiful "Noch bleibe denn unausgesprochen" they get on well enough till they come to the low F—when they are done for! Perhaps the immediate future holds the required voice and attendant linguistic accomplishments; falling that, it is, let us hope, possible for some really capable singing master to develop in an intelligent pupil what the present generation of operatic basses lack.

EASE IN SINGING.

BY FRANK J. BENEDETTO.

V.

(Concluded from The Etude for December, 1904.)

The second class consists of those who have decided correctly as to the kind of voice they have been gifted with and who are able to handle their high tones well enough so far as dynamic demands are concerned, yet who really contract the throat when singing softly and force when using full voice. This may be true enough even though the singer protests that all is easy. Often an expert ear is required to detect this crime against the voice, so cleverly is the affair managed by a talented singer.

Proof to the ear lies in deadness of soft tones and lack of brilliancy or a certain forced, harsh quality in full voice. Many a singer suffers from this very trouble who would indignantly deny the fault and be highly insulted if told of it. On the other hand, he will freely admit that Miss "So and So" has a far finer voice than her own, while it may be that her apparent inferiority is due to the very fault of which

we are speaking. A singer laboring under this difficulty is fatally hampered and must eventually take rank below those of equal gifts who have been more fortunate in their training.

Then there is the singer who looks upon every high note as a fort to be taken by assault, no matter what obstructions are in the way. He may actually get a fair result, tonally, and in justice it must be acknowledged that he is doing less violence to the voice than the singer who smother the high tones, imagining that because they are high they must necessarily be "easy." On the other hand, his lack of ability to sing in any other way than with full power practically eliminates him from the ranks of the artists and reduces him to the availability to a practically inconsiderable quantity.

To return to the theory of vowel formation on high tones it must be emphasized that the modification of the voice is extremely slight, so slight, indeed, as to be scarcely noticeable to the average listener. Still a decided change takes place, the mouth opening more widely for "oo" and "ee," somewhat more for "u" and "a," while for "i," "e," "o" (as in "ah") and "a" (as in far) the change consists almost wholly in allowing the head resonance to predominate. When singing softly the mouth may be nearly closed, the modification of the vowel being effected wholly by this latter means. The tip of the tongue is also slightly drawn back from its resting place at the base of the lower teeth. The sensation is of decidedly less action than is experienced on the lower tones are sung. This looks simple on paper, and it is easy to see how these various modifications are made by closely observing a few singers. When the practical work, however, the same difficulty is encountered which has been spoken of before, viz.: the tendency to exaggerate. A very little of this latter in the upper voice will soon become an injury to the organ itself; the greatest caution is necessary, or the pupil will get deeper and deeper into the mire. The situation is rendered more difficult by the fact that the notion prevails among many teachers that increased brilliancy of the high voice is due to increased effort. Exactly the opposite is the truth, so the first task is to thoroughly uproot this old idea.

For this purpose the teacher is admirably adapted, as will be readily comprehended by the reader who has followed this discussion. The indirect method of teaching is therefore recommended, and here as elsewhere, for reasons already given, continuing the exercise just given we will suppose that the pupil has come to the first "high" tone, that is, the first one which tempts him to extraordinary preparation because he feels instinctively that he is overexerting himself before is inadequate. For this and for each succeeding tone he may simply relapse into the labial humming, which will enable him to go on up another octave or so. As soon as he feels that he may resume the pronunciation of the words as formerly. During the humming, however, he must imagine the words, and he must imagine the labial humming to be the labial humming of F above C; he will have practically no pronouncing to do until the last two or three notes. All this time, however, he must be diligently practicing the vocal cords, of course, all soft work and the least kind of exercise for the organ itself. Let us now suppose that this exercise has been used for a few weeks.

Two habits should now be eradicated. First, the pupil will be absolutely cured of the idea that high tones are to be taken by main strength, and will never, under any circumstances, allow himself to be tripped into a display of force. Second, he will have become accustomed to the idea of modified vowel sounds on high tones.

These two habits usually bring about the desired result very soon. The pupil comes to regard the change to the labial humming on the first high tone as a rather tame and uninteresting effect, and some day when he is not noticing what the exact pitch is, he will forget to change to the labial humming, and as he did not "force the issue," the result may be confidently expected to be correct. Little by little the higher tones will come in a similar way, with the modification of the vowel sounds, and the whole problem of "high" tone production is solved. Of course, it must be borne in mind that, the higher the tone, the more marked the modification, until a point is reached where the change to the labial humming or vowel sounds is very slight or disappears altogether. Above A the mouth corners may be slightly drawn back as in smiling. This only applies to female voices or boys' voices.

Modification of Consonants.

This subject will usually take care of itself up to this point, but, when a point has been reached where the full voice may be used on the high tones, great care must be taken that the consonants do not close the throat. This may be accomplished by modifying them as by prefixing a soft "h" ("h"mery), or by any device which will allow the throat to stay open. This, of course, must be so skillfully done as to deceive the auditor, as is also true of the vowel modification.

Low Tones.

Low tones are also subject to modification as to vowel demand. Let the pupil practice "rum-zim" a great deal and copy the same style of tone production in the words. The attempt to pronounce the vowels distinctly on the extreme low tones will do little good. The pupil must be trained on the extreme tones of the voice. This lesson of vowel and consonant modification therefore means the addition of several tones to the range both above and below. The pupil should now be able to sing any tone as easily, freely, and effectively upon any tone in a considerably extended range. The average soprano should take F above high C, mezzo D, and alto A-flat. This may seem like claiming a good deal as a result of such simple means. The explanation is simple enough, however. Tone production, artificial clear and halting, as it is in its very nature, is essentially instinctive. This may be verified without difficulty. Children at play or calling to each other out of doors constantly use tones pitched around high C or higher. Who or higher. When the teacher calls them they will hear another low tone, effectively placed and with the vowel properly modified. Street hucksters in calling their wares instinctively choose a high pitch as most productive of business, and their vowels and consonants are modified too. As, "haw-herrys" for "strawberries," "A (pp) holes" for "apples," etc. The farmer in calling his pigs takes the same tone every time, and he needs no more than five dollars per half hour to tell him that a hard "g" closes the throat. Moreover he knows by experience that his audience will understand him perfectly if he makes the faintest application to "Poo-ee" instead of plain "pig." Another proof is that fine singers are often at a loss to explain how they produce their tones. It is reported of Patti that here as elsewhere, for reasons already given, continuing the exercise just given we will suppose that the pupil has come to the first "high" tone, that is, the first one which tempts him to extraordinary preparation because he feels instinctively that he is overexerting himself before is inadequate. For this and for each succeeding tone he may simply relapse into the labial humming, which will enable him to go on up another octave or so. As soon as he feels that he may resume the pronunciation of the words as formerly. During the humming, however, he must imagine the words, and he must imagine the labial humming to be the labial humming of F above C; he will have practically no pronouncing to do until the last two or three notes. All this time, however, he must be diligently practicing the vocal cords, of course, all soft work and the least kind of exercise for the organ itself. Let us now suppose that this exercise has been used for a few weeks.

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Dynamic Shading.

For a considerable period the pupil must now be contented to sing everything in this careful way and with expression. He must not be ambitious to sing with "power" or "force" until he has learned to sing weakly at which more "power" may safely be turned on, on the instinct of the pupil will make it known. Occasionally a pupil will be found who is so exceedingly cautious by nature that he will not sing at all. In general it may be said that it is human nature to exploit its own prowess, and when the voice is ripe the pupil will unconsciously add total emphasis where the voice cannot fail to grow in every way by the mere routine of singing, even if regular study is no longer kept up. No undue strain will ever be put on the voice, and it must grow steadily in power and effectiveness.

Interpretation.

With a voice developed in this way the mental and emotional nature of the singer find ready and spontaneous expression. This is also a natural function, such expression being practically instinctive.

It must not be imagined, however, that because so much is said of nature and instinct that the writer excludes the cultivation of the voice by the many and excellent means which have been handed down from one generation of singing students to another. On the contrary, the object of this discussion is to point out a way by which all may be able to profit to the utmost by such study. Of all musicians the singer needs most incessantly to keep the study of his art open, both by reason of its beauty and sensitiveness as a means of emotional expression.

A WORD FOR THE MASTER.

ANOS.

Who enjoys music, without fear or anxiety, professional or financial? The Amateur.

Who enters into a concert, heart and soul, serenely seated in the third balcony? The Amateur.

Who knows all the professional people in town, with interest for all and malice for none? The Amateur.

Who elevates local public taste, and makes good concerts possible? The Amateur.

Who is the bone and sinew of the choral society? The Amateur.

Who gives just and intelligent criticism, unbiased by jealousy? The Amateur.

Who can acquire a full and delightful store of musical knowledge in general, because of no claim is particular? The Amateur.

Who can dream over his music, undisturbed by the flight of time and the fear of rivals? The Amateur.

Who should be encouraged to lay off indolence, and become a true musician, if not a professional? The Amateur.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND MUSICAL SETTINGS.

A writer in the *London Musical Opinion* who signs himself "E. G." has written forth some interesting ideas in regard to the relation of the English language to musical setting. We quote parts of the article:

"Each language has its own genius, its own peculiar tricks of emphasis. How, for instance, are you to translate French so that it shall fit the music? In our neighbors' language there are many short unaccented syllables that cannot be reproduced in English. You cannot have three instances of confidence in English. Then the French unaccented final "e" of poetry has no real equivalent. These details are slurred over in English, but that slurring—such as giving two notes to one syllable or monosyllable—is quite against the best modern ideas of setting words to music; and I do not know any translations in which the position of words in a sentence has not been altered. The beauty of the music was conceived by the original composer to fall on a certain word of the utmost dramatic importance; any alteration really weakens the dramatic effect of the music. I know that there are by no means popular ideas, and I shall probably be referred to many translations in which the original has been faithfully followed as to the music falling on the right word; but, so far as my knowledge goes, this is never obtained without sacrificing our language. The closer the translation is to the original, the less is offered with the more absurd does it sound in performance."

There is a bigger question behind this matter of translation. I will even go so far as to aver that there is not one composer who has yet understood the genius of the English language in its dramatic purposes. Our style of vocal writing is largely founded on German music, which—except in the case of Wagner, and to some extent of Schubert—does not follow the genius of the language. The latter is largely founded on Italian; and, when that influence is not to be traced, it will be found that the vocal melody is too often instrumental. Brahms is an instance of this. In his first songs he has the nerve to repeat words in a meaningless way in order to pad out a verbal phrase that was too short for the melody he had invented. All this has been copied by English (American) composers; and when they are modern enough to try to follow the lead of the world in the marriage of music and verse, they copy Wagner, who modeled his declamatory style and his vocal melody on the German language, which differs very considerably from our own English.

The British [and American] composer of the future who desire to write opera must study his language anew and forget all about the style of foreign composers. The first thing he must understand is that our normal accent is lambs in anything approaching the declamatory style of speaking, and he must remember that it is unnatural to have more than two unaccented syllables. Our poets have tried their hands at measures that will give them more scope than the limited scope of our normal language; but these experiments have never been a success. William Morris, who attempted to capture some of the secrets of Homer's verse, only succeeded in producing a tortured and unnatural style; which cannot be read with the emphasis and accent that is required by the sense of the words. Swinburne has done more than any other poet to enlarge the scope of English verse; but his experiments are not really successful. He has tried to force the English composer the fullest scope for variety of declamation.

And that brings me to another aspect of a question which of much moment. It is this: although the conventional idea is that poetry and music should be allied, the stiffness of all prosodical schemes militates against the free expression of emotion in music. Poetry is a specialized form of speech, and a highly artificial arrangement of natural speech accents for the sake of obtaining a verbal music which shall convey the emotion behind the words. That attempt to convey emotion is never successful when the poem is illustrated by music—a far more subtle and powerful medium for the expression of emotion. Indeed, the very conventions that help to give verse its color and swing better suited for the purpose of poetry, get in its way analogous to those of language. The merest sketch of a poem or prose of well balanced cadences is what is required. For this reason you will find that the finer and more artistic the poet in its complete metrical expression of thought the less successfully can it be set to music; whereas, on the other hand, a bald sentence may call forth the greatest powers of the divine art.

HOME TALENT.

By X. Y. Z.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Allen moved to a suburb of one of our large cities they identified themselves at once with things musical. A long experience of fifteen years, as soloist in some of the best city churches, gave Mr. Allen a feeling of confidence in his own voice. The fact that at various times he had led various choruses more or less successfully enabled him to accept the position of director of the suburban musical club without any misgivings as to his qualifications for the office.

The Beethoven Club was a social and musical affair of some years' standing, and as it was without a leader for the casting of the net, Mr. Allen was considered by some of the members to be "almost providential." Be that as it may, the modest remuneration offered for his own and his wife's services (the latter being a pianist) came as a welcome addition to the family income, and Mr. Allen entered upon his duties with enthusiasm. There was no question about the club's being a social one, whatever it might be for the members. Mr. Allen was offered with charming frankness, and Mr. Allen discovered early in the season that there might be difficulties in managing a neighborhood club.

"Let us sing one of your old numbers," said the leader pleasantly at the first meeting. A part song was chosen and was progressing smoothly when a voice from the tenor ranks exclaimed in the midst of a delicate passage, "Under the stars and stripes I was considered by some of the members to be 'almost providential.' Be that as it may, the modest remuneration offered for his own and his wife's services (the latter being a pianist) came as a welcome addition to the family income, and Mr. Allen entered upon his duties with enthusiasm. There was no question about the club's being a social one, whatever it might be for the members. Mr. Allen was offered with charming frankness, and Mr. Allen discovered early in the season that there might be difficulties in managing a neighborhood club."

Mr. Allen bit his lip and gave the attorney for his tempo and resumed his haton. "I think Mrs. Allen must be crazy," she played an eighth twice instead of a quarter and never observed that rest at all," came in an audible whisper from the contraltos. "I know it," replied a pretty soprano, "I noticed that," adding irrelevantly, "Do you like the way she does her hair?" and then for two weeks. The club decided upon a pretty and rather ambitious work for the season, although the soprano soloist objected to some of the solos, and the two rival contraltos would not speak to each other for two weeks. "I don't care," said the soprano, "I've sung for years in some of the very best choirs, and I object decidedly to Mr. Allen's dictation. The idea of his telling me how to sing those solos. He wants me to

sing softer purposely—so I won't get a big effect! He's jealous—that's what's the matter. I sing twice as many choruses as he did at the church concert, and he didn't like it a bit; neither did his wife. And anyway she isn't in our set!"

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greater number of cultivated singers. Who is to blame? There is but one answer. The voice teachers of to-day are responsible.

We find our best American singers seeking new ideas, new methods of training. One who hardly knows where to go to secure safe instruction. Pupils feel that the best results have not been obtained under present conditions. They realize their latent powers, but their demonstrations satisfy no one. They are in a state of desperation to the latest sensation of the way of a teacher. There is a new something he claims to have discovered of exceptional value to his pupils. After a few days of promises and fairly good results have become greatly impaired, bad habits formed, and prospects ruined beyond repair. This same condition of affairs exists abroad. Voice-placing is even in a more deplorable state there. There are so many teachers and new methods that one does not know how to choose. A number of American teachers have located abroad and are successful.

Let us turn back to the old Italian methods, to the singers who sang from infancy to the grave with well-preserved voices, where art co-operated with Nature. There was Farinelli, with his sympathetic training his pupil Caffarelli, on scales, trills, groups, appoggiaturas, etc. Not until during the sixth grade did he teach him pronunciation and declamation. Then at last the great teacher said to him, "You are the greatest singer in the world." Where can we find any who are willing to submit to such dictation from a singing master now, whose patience and willingness to teach him well, even with the hope of such a reward as was Caffarelli's?

We can form no idea of such singers or such in this present day, as were Balzani, or Lotti, or Verini, or even the great teacher, who was the virtuoso of the Italian school, so famous during the first half of the eighteenth century. A beautiful voice is a gift from God, which must be perfected by untiring labor and the most judicious training. Every teacher can be improved. There is promise of some success for all. While all cannot be gifted, most voices, if properly trained, prove a pleasure to oneself as well as to friends.

In selecting a teacher great care should be exercised. The vocal cords are the most delicate of all musical instruments. The only recommendations teachers can have are results in their pupils, not always the teacher's singing—that can easily be misjudged. It is the product of another's painstaking; hence it is a pity, but nevertheless true, that the excellence of a teacher's singing is not the best criterion. The teacher who is broadminded and open to conviction lives to the benefit of his pupils. The question of price is how are we to promulgate the correct methods of voice production? There is but one way: Correct teaching.

The teacher should be forever a student, always searching, adhering to established ideas, never wavering, always on the alert; never experimenting, only proving; ever studying human nature. A voice teacher is not successful who does not take care of his pupils' mental and physical condition, and temperament in order to bring out the best in each particular voice.

Although the correct art of teaching voice culture has never been formulated, the best one can do is to select the teacher of experience, who succeeds through study, research, and patient effort. The teacher who is broadminded and open to conviction lives to the benefit of his pupils. The question of price is how are we to promulgate the correct methods of voice production? There is but one way: Correct teaching.

Reflection, and plenty of it, is absolutely necessary before undertaking anything, but once your mind is made up, you should strike to



In this restless and progressive age it is natural that the "PAGANINI" TONE-PRODUCER, we should eagerly welcome any innovation that promises superiority over the inventions of the past. We may all hesitate to experiment with anything that really promises better results with no greater expenditure of mental and physical effort. When, therefore, we learned that the rosin, which string-players have been using ever since the discovery that horse-hair was the best medium for vibrating double strings, was to be superseded by something infinitely better in every respect, we gladly cast all doubts to the winds and invested in a cake of "Paganini Tone-Producer."

This new low-food was probably given the inconceivably hideous name it bears because the discoverer of its ingredients believed, or was anxious that the public should believe, that any player who used it would be able to rival the tone produced by the famous Italian virtuoso. Naturally, the temptation to walk in the footsteps of Paganini is quite irresistible; and when so much can be accomplished with such absurd ease and for so pitiful an expenditure of money, the imbecility of the violinist who would stick to the old-fashioned rosin and refuse to produce tone as Paganini produced it is inconceivable.

The "Paganini Tone-Producer" is, we are told, a combination of certain gums. It contains no rosin, and we are assured that, as a means of vibrating the strings, its superiority over all forms, qualities, and grades of rosin is astonishingly great. Besides which, special stress is laid on the fact that, as the "Paganini Tone-Producer" is not a rosin, the player is spared, by its use, the annoyance of having his instrument covered every while with rosin. This, at least, sounds reasonable enough; so we are almost willing to forgive the impossible name in which these mysterious gums have been baptized, hoping that the new "Tone-Producer" may really prove helpful in producing good tone.

Well, we have tried it—tried it without prejudice and with the strongest predisposition to find it excellent. The result is, however, disappointing. The "Paganini Tone-Producer" does not, it is true, create a dust to settle on the bow and instrument as rosin invariably does. But it is certainly something less helpful in the production of a good tone—which, under all circumstances, is the most vital point for consideration. The friction caused by the application of rosin to the bow-hair is, as everybody knows, essential in the production of tone. Without a certain degree of friction between hair and string it would be impossible to produce any thing better than uncertain and unsatisfactory sounds; and while rosin is the best medium for this, bow-hair will create too great a friction and necessarily result in the production of a crude and impure tone, a knowledge of its qualities and its proper application have proven it to be the best medium obtainable for a proper vibration of the strings.

Now this very friction, this essential of tone-production, seems inconsistent in the "Paganini Tone-Producer." The gums of which it is made (or whatever may be its ingredients) have almost the effect of lubricating the hair, with the disagreeable result that the degree of resistance to the bow is diminished in drawing the bow is not felt. The bow glides over the string too freely, in much the same manner as hair that requires rosinning. This effect alone is, in our estimation, sufficient reason for rejecting the "Paganini Tone-Producer" will not prove acceptable to the fiddle-playing world. It has no commendable qualities that we have been able to discover, except that

it is not accompanied by an accumulation of rosin dust. But such an advantage is strictly too insignificant seriously to be considered by any player, whether professional or amateur.

SO MUCH has been written in YSAËS' OPINION these columns in connection OF ROSE. With Rodé's famous studies that it is hardly conceivable that our readers should mistake our attitude toward these remarkable compositions. What we especially wish all students to know is the esteem in which these études are held by violinists who, judged superficially by their merits, might be supposed to be far beyond the needs, both musically and technically, of serious study of Rodé.

In a recent discussion of the value of Rodé's études an old friend of YsaËs assured the present writer that the Belgian artist has never neglected the study of Rodé, and that, even to-day, when he apparently does not require their aid, he is absolutely devoted to them, and may often be heard practicing some one of the twenty-four études so slowly and conscientiously as any struggling, painstaking pupil. We were further told that it is YsaËs' frankly expressed conviction that no higher degree of instrumental skill is necessary than the ability to master the Rodé études.

We were delighted to learn YsaËs' opinion of Rodé, and go without saying that such an opinion reflects the greatest credit on this great violinist may astonish the majority of students who "long ago" put aside their Rodé and have wholly forgotten that such a master ever lived.

The great majority of players have unfortunately not been trained to appreciate Rodé. They scramble through the twenty-four études, giving not one the serious and prolonged study which it demands if any thing artistic is to be accomplished. And that is all.

The blame, however, rests chiefly on our teachers. It is they who are responsible for the fact that the majority of students who painfully struggle with the difficulties of the great concertos are inured to the study of Rodé études, and even tolerably well. It is they who train pupils in such a manner that the least competent boy or girl ridicules the idea of "going back" to Rodé. "Why, I dropped Rodé long ago!" is an expression frequently heard; and the boy who sneers at a gifted player for his earnest devotion to Rodé would probably be greatly shocked if he could be made to understand that it requires the patience of patient toil truly to master the twenty-four études.

The ability to play the Rodé études as they should be played necessarily means the possession of the most advanced technique. The études are so remarkably well constructed that they contain practically everything an artist requires in his musical and technical equipment. By this we do not mean to cast knowledge of the Rodé études on the violinist, and that Paganini and other important educators may be dispensed with. Quite the contrary. Ernst, Paganini, Wieniawski, Viëtcamps—all are essential in the training of a violinist. They, too, have a mission. The part they have played in the development of violin technique must never be underestimated. The peculiar individuality of Spohr, his great knowledge of the instrument, the great variety of his technique and all it teaches us, should be forgotten by the teacher who is entrusted with the development of a gifted pupil. But when all is said of other masters' studies, we must not forget that we find there not the technical features that distinguished one man's style, but the broadest conception of the art of violin-playing and the completest exposition of violin technique.

CROSS OPINIONS say that the number of violin studies is increasing every year.

SOME INTERESTING seems deeply interested in the work and duties of a teacher, has asked us to express our views on this subject. It gives us particular pleasure to dwell on such a subject, more especially since there is such a vast array of men and women who are to-day engaged in teaching and of this great number so few who have, or seem to have, even a fair conception of their duties.

Our correspondent has asked us more questions than we have space in which to answer; but we shall try to cover what seems to us the most interesting and important ground of his general inquiry.

THE COMMERCIAL SIDE OF TEACHING.

Try as we may, we cannot separate commercialism from art. As long as there exists the need of earning a living, as long as the individual assumes obligations and responsibilities, so long must he also satisfy into consideration the question of money-making. The painter, the poet, the musician, however idealistic and unmercenary, is compelled by force of circumstances to acquire and accumulate money. Intellectual labor makes its demand for pecuniary compensation quite as natural as the need of food and shelter. The artist, therefore, is not a free man; he is a man who is bound by the necessities of life. So, without going too deeply into our correspondent's first question, we will only yet add that, with the inexorable need of meeting material responsibilities constantly staring every human being in the face, it is an altogether false conception of idealism which imagines it must necessarily soar above all questions of lucre. But there is surely a commercialism in art, in the teacher's art, and it cannot be denied or condemned. It is the commercialism which we encounter every day—the kind of commercialism which would be branded as dishonorable in the business world. We mean the acceptance of money for services rendered, and certain forms of deliberate misrepresentation. Unhappy, teachers are rarely so circumstanced that they can calmly close their doors to but gifted pupils. They are often driven to the die of starvation were they to accept only the talented ones among the thousands that are studying music. But, talented or otherwise, the pupil that pays for instruction is entitled to the same interest and attention. This phase of the question is, we fear, not always clearly understood by our teachers; but there can be no question that teachers serious and prolonged study which it demands if any thing artistic of the business relations which should exist between them.

GENERAL DUTIES OF A TEACHER.

The average conception of a teacher's duties seems to be the giving of general information and the correction of glaring mistakes. This, indeed, is far from being good enough. Ignorance and error can call the pupil's attention to technical misapprehensions and glaring crudities.

The pupil's personality requires, first of all, earnest consideration. In the beginning as well as in the later and the higher development, the subtle art of strengthening the pupil's individuality and, at the same time, surmounting his individual tendencies is the teacher's most important task. The pupil's musical and instrumental tendencies which he possesses by the few—the art that calls for the finest instincts and is broadened only by the keenest observation.

But since so few men are gifted with the truly high powers of a teacher, the great majority can be depended upon only to perform their general duties as teachers, and to point out to their pupils the nature and what such duties are in a simple and direct manner to reduce to a brief and intelligible formula. But, roughly speaking, the following outline may serve as a guide in all branches of the study of music.

(a) The correction of mistakes and the right manner of illustration.

(b) The employment of excellent material for purposes of illustration.

(c) The development of fitting work for technical and musical training.

(d) The strengthening of good individual tendencies, without musical or technical sacrifices.

(e) A sincere appreciation of the value of imitation. By the correction of mistakes at the right moment we mean the faculty and wisdom of directing the student's attention to his unappreciated errors in such manner and at such times as seems best calculated to contribute to his knowledge. Some teachers who

endeavor to be conscientious in their work feel it their duty always to interrupt the pupil if even the most insignificant technical blunder has been committed. Such a course is, of course, entirely in error, for the simple reason that the player thus loses self-confidence and mental poise. Technical blunders are not always necessarily defects in the sense that the player knows of them, and, therefore, of a better performance. Frequently they are merely such mishaps as may occur to the accomplished artist, indicating nothing radically wrong in the player's technique or equipment. The mere technical accidents, they require no special attention, and frequently call for no comment whatever; as undoubted physical defects, their correction, immediate or otherwise, is absolutely imperative. But the teacher must be capable of distinguishing between the accidental and the chronic, for if he lacks the perception and experience that enable such distinction, his efforts to be conscientious will impede the pupil's progress rather than assist him in the attainment of his goal.

As to the material that should be utilized for purposes of illustration—here the artist teacher finds a wonderfully rich field for the exercise of his knowledge and his gifts. He will not merely seek to enlighten the pupil on the point in question, or clarify what is either obscure or misconceived; but he will look far beyond the surface of the difficulty, and so present his views that the pupil will not only understand what he did not before understand, but also grasp the fundamental principles which are involved.

When it comes to the selection of material for musical and technical instruction, the greatest care is required to lead the pupil aright. Our standard works—such as, for example, Fiorillo, Kreutzer, and Rodé—are naturally indispensable in every case. We know of no studies that replace these Fiorillo, Kreutzer, and there is surely nothing in the whole literature for the violin that can be favorably compared with Rodé's twenty-four Caprices. But neither the works of these three authors, nor the standard works that are utilized to precede or follow them, should be administered in the order in which they are written; and a number of both Fiorillo's and Kreutzer's études, for that matter, should be carefully studied. It is the custom of many teachers to deal with all pupils alike respecting the study of études and solo pieces. Certain études are invariably taken up after certain others have been disposed of, and the same course is pursued with the études and solo pieces. Such a plan is obviously absurd, and necessarily fails to accomplish the desired result. The earnest teacher who studies the needs and the individuality of each pupil will always find that he cannot consistently adhere to any definite course of work. He will find himself in much the same position as a skilled physician who, while guided by general principles and experience, must also take into consideration, above all things, the general condition of his patient. In other words, talent and temperament vary so greatly in kind and degree that often what is best for one may be harmful for another.

The building up of individual tendencies is one of the most delicate and difficult tasks set for all teachers. To develop a strong natural tendency for virtuosity, for instance, is itself a simple matter, but to accomplish this without sacrificing the higher aims of art is indeed itself one of the highest works of art. Virtuosity, as it is commonly understood, is the need of every player; but it should always be developed as a means to nobler things. Alone it can never give pleasure to any intelligent lover of music; but if it be made a subservient attribute, the vehicle to loftier music, it will be a most valuable asset to our ambition and our enjoyment.

However great the difficulties which confront the able teacher, none are so peculiarly subtle as those which he encounters in serving as a model to his pupils. The teacher must himself be taught to imitate, for through imitation facility is acquired in a great variety of forms. But in imitation lies always this source of danger, that the gifted pupil may imitate so cleverly and persistently as to destroy, in the end, his latent powers of individual expression. How many teachers are capable of resisting the temptation of developing all their own characteristics in the art of their pupils! They may scarcely be said to develop their pupils' characteristics rather than their own, utilizing the art of imitation only as a valuable factor in the demonstration of what is good! The few, however, who are wise enough to resist the temptation, and insist upon individual expression from the pupil—these are the teachers who enable

their calling and enable us to understand the higher joys of their art. Will not all our teacher-readers make the effort to move up to a higher level of art and achievement!

CARELESSLY TUNING. It is probably the experience of all teachers that pupils, even the gifted ones, are exceedingly careless in tuning the violin. We say "careless," because in the case of a pupil of sensitive hearing, no other reason can be attributed to his readiness to play before the strings have been perfectly tuned; and even where the teacher is not absolutely convinced of the correctness of the pupil's ear, and, for this very reason, remains in doubt as to whether the imperfectly tuned strings are the result of an insensitive ear or of indifference. The manner of the pupil's process of tuning often furnishes sufficient evidence that better results could easily be attained with a reasonable amount of care. The question of faultless tuning is undoubtedly becoming a serious one with all pedagogues. Nothing demonstrates this fact more clearly than the absence of all helpful suggestions on this point in the least works devoted to the violin's early training. The "Method" by Spohr, de Beriot, Dancla, for example, naturally introduce this subject in their early pages; but beyond informing the pupil that he must tune the four strings accurately, with a suggestion as to the manner in which the bow should be drawn, nothing is said that can be of the slightest assistance to the player who does not know instinctively when the strings are in tune.

It is a great pity that the greatest of these well-known violinists and authors were doubtless baffled by the peculiar difficulties of the question, as were probably all other writers who preceded and followed them. This, at least, is the conclusion, since nothing of pronounced practical worth can be found in the many volumes that have been devoted to the young violinist's development. And the words of these authors, which are all that remain, are that the player should "tune his violin" and "How did you learn the art of tuning the violin?" the probable answer would invariably be, "It is impossible for me to remember." In all probability, the ability correctly to tune a violin is never the direct result of custom and experience. The alert and sensitive ear is soon impressed with the character of a perfect fifth interval, and without being able to determine just how the proper adjustment of this interval is brought about, the player is nevertheless peculiarly sensitive as to any deviation from the correct pitch.

The same thing occurs, in reality, with all players, with this difference only, that the gifted pupil acquires this art without apparent effort, while a sluggish ear acquires it laboriously and only after much experience.

The following anecdote attributed to YsaËs will interest all readers who have given the question of tuning any consideration:

To a well-known music teacher of London YsaËs recently said: "My first teacher was my father, who was the best violinist in my native town, Liege. He grounded me in the principles of violin playing. Excepting the instructions I received from him, I was never self-taught up to the time when I had good fortune to fall into the hands of Henri Viëtcamps. 'I presume that I was about 18 years of age when I first met him. I was playing in a concert in a small town in Belgium when my attention was attracted by a white-haired, distinguished looking gentleman, who occupied a front seat. He was demonstrative in his applause, and when afterward I found out that the gentleman in question was no more than the incomparable master himself, my pleasure knew no bound. That same night he said to me: 'God has sent you to me. I will make you the greatest violinist in the world.' That I was not worthy to live with Viëtcamps. I well remember the first time I played for him in his home. I took from my case my violin, which I found was badly out of tune. I deliberately began to tune it and must have consumed as much as five minutes before I got it to suit me exactly, for the pegs did not work well. I was nervous lest my master would grow impatient at my tardiness. No, he remained calm, and did not attempt to play before my violin was in perfect tune. 'Don't hurry,' said he, 'and have an hour if necessary. The most important thing of all is to have a correctly tuned violin; otherwise a perfect performance is quite impossible.' That I never forgot. I am always scrupulously exact about tuning my violin."



THE DIFFERENCE.—Proud mother (after son has been pounding the piano for two consecutive hours): "I think Johnny is just full of musical notes. Father (wearily): "Yes, I am too, but then I'm not tolerators."

GRANDPAPA.—Ovid: "I've got the greatest singer in the world." Neighbor: "Who is it?" Owner: "I don't know his name, but he sings bass, and the record costs two dollars."

UNNECESSARY.—Dorothy: "Papa, the piano must be tuned in time for the reception to-night." Father: "Nonsense! Play something from Wagner, and they won't know the difference."—Scraps.

DESPERATE CASE.—Mrs. Aklit: "Your new boarder does not look very like Mr. Boardman. What's the trouble with him?" Mr. Boardman: "Why, I don't know, but they say the poor fellow has a saxophone."—Chicago News.

ABSENT TREATMENT.—Mr. Slick: "I believe I'll get Lydia a practice chair instead of a piano."

Mr. Slick: "Well, it makes less noise. I approve of this silent practice, it is a kind of absent treatment, you know."

YOUTHFUL CRITICISM.—Brother Willie (while sister is struggling with the *Sonata Pathétique*): "Did Beethoven compose his music on a piano?" Mother: "Why, Willie?" Brother Willie: "Because it never stops."

THE LATEST.—Mr. Spive: "Quaver has just composed a piece for nonplayers of music."

Miss Saccarine: "For nonplayers of music! How unique! And how does it sound?" Mr. Spive: "It doesn't. It's composed entirely of rests."

"Ah!"—Prof. Notorious, by his ideal method, of the recommended opportunity for learning "to play the piano to pieces in one month."

NATURAL HISTORY.—The organist—a curious bird—Sits perched on wooden frame; He claws the keys—it seems absurd,—And pedals into fame.

POETICAL CARS.—"Dear Teacher: Will you please transcribe my hour to another week, and oblige, Your pupil,

"LAZZIE."

"Dear Professor: Please excuse Freddie when he ought to take a lesson. Yesterday he contracted a black eye, and is ashamed."

"Yours, etc., "MR. A. SHARP."

Extracts from Miss Hammerchever's Home-made Dictionary of Musical Terms:

Can't remember the name of a melody—A musical corker, giving full directions how to cook up chords.

Congregational singing—A concerted endeavor on the part of the congregation to lead and outsing the choir.

Dumpee—in public performance, the lack of applause.

Musical characters—Break musics. They usually have very long hair, and come from abroad.

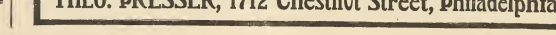
JUDAS IN MUSIC.—The sporting editor of a Western paper was sent out to report a wedding.

Next morning the musical people of the place were astonished to learn that Mendel & Sons' wedding march was played at the ceremony.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR.—At Holyoke an organ recital was given which properly opened with a selection from Bach. The local critic, without in the least intending to be funny, printed "The program opened with a Back number."

His melodious waltzes have been sung by the greatest singers of almost two generations. Hard it is to realize that their composer's active hand is now stilled forever.

He asserted that his most noted composition was inspired by the devil in a dream. Waking, he hurriedly wrote it down, but, though he put his best art in it, he declared that it was far inferior to that which the devil had played for him in his dream.



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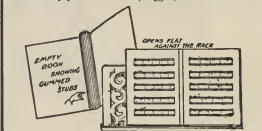
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We have just been passing through the Christmas season, the time when we are supposed to be imbued with the spirit of "Peace on earth, good-will to men"—indeed, so surcharged with it that our entire life will contain nothing but thought of the good of our fellow-beings. We are not even permitted to forget this, for does not the Christmas reminder of it return every year to keep us faithful to our duty?

Just as I was beginning to feel something of the fullness of this spirit in the atmosphere, I received a letter from one of our ROTUNDIAN readers which contained a query that might have been asked at variance with the Christmas mood. The writer of this letter seems to have always tried to put this Christmas admonition into practice, and steadfastly refrains from uncomplimentary remarks in regard to her co-workers in the profession. To do this in this day of jealous backbiting is a matter of no small credit. But she feels that she is beginning to arrive at that period when patience ceases to be a virtue, and when it is getting to be more and more difficult to contemplate with complacency the charitable methods of fake teachers, who, even the incompetent seem to be able to attain with the public, through their assumption of superiority, and cleverness in trading on the ignorance of this same public. Now the trouble-some one who wishes answered is, whether she should continue her policy of quietly ignoring all this, meanwhile measuring her own life by her own ideals, or shall she actively fight for what she thinks is right even at the risk of being misunderstood?

It is not always easy to decide what it is best to do in face of these difficulties, which confront us all in like manner. We have constantly improved upon our consciousness the fact that there is a right and a wrong side to everything. Much of the pleasure that we might otherwise take in life is marred by this lurking consciousness that there is a wrong side, a side from which all the beauty of texture is gone and nothing shows but a tangled confusion of threads. In textile fabrics it is possible to turn this wrong side from the sight, and it does not seem a regularity of its existence even giving us offense. But not always so with the fabric of life. It is impossible to turn it from the sight, for when we turn it, we turn it back with all its disagreeable reality. Then because of the interrelationship of people and their interests, there seems to be a tacit agreement to cover up these disagreeable facts, to gloss them over, lest someone be injured. But to those who believe in the supremacy and perpetuity of right, there is a tendency to embitter the mind in this permitting of so much sham to pass unresented. Through it the disillusionment in regard to the actual conditions of life becomes greater and greater every day. There is so much of that one's faith in the much vaunted power of right grows less and less, and one's life and sham flourish like a green bay tree, and it is too tedious seem to be for the unjust, it does make one to question whether it is really worth while to struggle so earnestly and valiantly for the attainment of a standard that seems absolutely unnecessary. There is scarcely a man, whatever his trade or profession, who has not been confronted by the subtle temptation to follow the easy methods of those who slip by all the difficult questions of right and wrong, and the strenuous upholding of basic principles, making a profit anywhere. Now, however, the petition is keen, men stand shoulder to shoulder, light reaching forward, if it does break the rank, what will it matter, if it makes one a leader? No one who has ever resisted an evil impulse, and who is lightly of his power. And in many cases the evil is scarcely recognized by the guilty one. It is probably self, more or less, to his own conscience. This is possibly the reason why he appears so hardened and indifferent.

We are not, in this article, to deal with the gross and open catalogue of wrongdoing, but only to speak warning of those who belittle the musical profession and are the real foes of the cause of art. Scattered over the length and breadth of this country ours are men and women who "fretch" music. Now, even the little district school teacher must have some guarantee of fitness for his or her fitness. It almost seems that the only line in life open to people contently without references or credentials of any sort is that of music teacher. The tradesman must demonstrate his personal ability, if not his character. But men and women who play or sing externally upon the instrument they profess to be able to teach others to master, without testimonials as to preparation for the work, or as to character, or even as to previous training, can go into any town or village in the United States of ours and secure pupils; these same pupils being the children of respectable parents of average intelligence, and really desirous of their children's well-being.

There is something pitiable in the spectacle of a man who has laboriously achieved a position where he can give his children opportunities he himself was unable to secure, paying out hardly earned money in the endeavor to refine or educate a child in music, to someone who has absolutely no claim to confidence and no ability to teach.

We are an intelligent people, as a people. We generally investigate matters with some degree of thoroughness. We ask references and guarantees from those who serve us and those whom we serve. But we seem to say farewell to common sense, to prudence, and to the actual evidences of our five senses when we enter that specific domain of art called music. You will find a father intruding a child with a voice which anyone can hear to be strong and sweet to some teacher (now, God save the mark!) who sings off the pitch in a cracked falsetto. This is a fact which has come under my own observation. This same man would not make any kind of mistake. He would not send his son to study grammar with a man who knocked the King's English into a cocked hat. But no question of fitness seems to be raised in many minds as to this particular profession.

I have instanced the vocalist, because the pretense is so much greater than among instrumentalists. The temptation is manifest, especially at this day. The standard of the player has rapidly advanced and people are beginning to understand that it requires years of conscientious effort to attain eminence upon any instrument. The voice, on the contrary, still remains comparatively unchallenged upon artistic lists, in America. It is a fairly well sung still satisfies the general demand, and it does not seem a regularity to a very ordinary musician to undertake to teach this. If you tell them that long years of study, experience, and conscientious experiment, and the knowledge of physiology—a keen observation of character and temperament—are merely the primary essentials of a good vocal teacher, they will not even understand you. To have played accompaniment for a really good teacher for a short time constitutes one man's equipment. To have sung a little, at most entirely without training, another's. To have studied six months or a year, another's, while I know of one instance where the grocery business was discarded for a vocal studio. It is a solemn fact that the last named teacher used to counsel the use of omens by his students, and it does not seem a regularity to realize that the delicate instrument, unused, divinely fashioned, played upon by the breath, as the Zolian harp is by the passing breeze, is at the mercy of these Gods and Vandals, we cannot wonder at the seeming rarity of good voices or the speedy decay of others.

It is no less lamentable that so many have their confidence abused in the study piano, organ, violin, etc. A superficial equipment and a slovenly technique sometimes stultifies what might have been a good and even a great talent. When we are drawn to begin doing a thing because we love to do it, the alternative is a certain amount of the ability to achieve. For the first step in learning is to concentrate, and we never concentrate so well as when we are not aware of it.

It is really of very little use even to recognize the existence of certain conditions unless one can at least suggest a partial remedy. In the case we are considering, a few suggestions may be of use. In the first place, a teacher should be required to furnish certificates, or references as to ability, attainments, etc.; and the parent or guardian or would-be student should be urged to insist upon them, and to examine them. The teacher should be required to term superficial capacity. The real capacity of the teacher, as a teacher, is tested only by the attainments of pupils, not by the number of pupils, but by the proportion of a class. By the character and quality of the average work done, they should stand or fall, and be

willful. When a teacher has many pupils for years and none of them ever passes the bounds of mediocrity, it is pretty safe to conclude that the teacher, as a teacher, is distinctly mediocre, too. When, on the other hand, a goodly proportion become more or less distinguished it is equally safe to conclude that the teacher, as a teacher, has not a mistaken vocation. The only thing that justifies teaching is fitness for it; and that fitness, while dependent to a certain extent upon what we know and what we can do, exists pre-eminently in so imparting what we know that it will enable others to do what we can do, and even more than we can do, as their own powers transcend ours.

Again and again you hear of some incompetent teacher who either does not help people at all or who teaches them to do things altogether improperly. "Well, music is the only thing they know,—and they must have bread and butter!" I prefer for my own part that they should starve! It is much less injurious to the community at large in the long run to have them take a small portion of other people's property, whereby to satisfy an innocent and natural craving, than to take from them in the use of an immortal gift. A misused voice, an ill-formed hand, a repressed and stultified intelligence, shall we have these pay the penalty of the most pressing need of our life? There is no excuse for any human being's not knowing at least how to do one thing well; and still less excuse for doing anything one cannot do well. Pity for the incompetent teacher has an angle guide, perhaps, but when we realize the wholesale sacrifice of time, talent, and energy it implies on the part of an entire class of pupils, then we see this apparently lovely commiseration is really a disguised form of an avowed lie. When a man tries to do other things and proves his unfitness, he fails; but, wonder and sad paradox! In music, he succeeds. Let us be up and doing, in the endeavor to impress upon the public the necessity, for character, as to musical ability, power to impart, and character! The danger of sending young and impressionable pupils, and impressionable parents, to the hands of unprincipled persons, is apparently taken into account scarcely at all by those who should most gravely consider it.

We will be distinctly understood that none of the foregoing strictures apply to the young teacher who has been well taught and can tell the how and the why to pupils as far as a brief education has gone. We refer only to the empirical way in which we are often told to know much and who really know very little and that little of no real value to the earnest gifted student. We have written with a thought of the worthy workers once crowded out by mercenary characters, of the people misled by ignorance. It is but an echo of the bells that so soon will ring out again upon a waiting world,—the bells that are to "ring out the false, ring in the true."

As a conclusion to the ROUND TABLE for this month two letters containing helpful suggestions to young teachers are appended.

Concerning Corrections.

I suppose most music teachers have had their nerves racked and many a pupil's progress retarded because they will not heed the corrections that are made at each lesson. I am sorry to say that I have had to make the same corrections many times with the same pupil, and in cases where one ought to have been sufficient. I always have a feeling, too, as if it must be due to a failure on my part, because of not having impressed it strongly enough upon the pupil's mind. But I have devised a little plan which has resulted very successfully in my work, and which may also be new to some of my fellow-teachers.

I write in pencil on the margin of the music, as concisely as possible, whatever the thing is for which the pupil is to work. If a wrong finger has been used, or a wrong note struck, I draw a line around the right one. Although there is nothing remarkable about this, yet it is simple and practical. As this offsets the music considerably, I have written in a clean page of music, as do my pupils also, as fast as those faulty places are corrected I erase the pencil marks. I make it a game with the pupil to secure a clean page, and I find that with children it works wonders in this manner. Neither is it beneath the mentality of adults also. Every mind needs something definite to work for.—Jane M. Waterman.



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