

THE TRUE ORATOR

Delivered at the Commencement Exercises of the New England Conservatory,
June 24, by Mr. Burrell, who received class honors in Oratory.

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When the old Roman defined an orator, "A good man skilled in the art of speaking," he told to the world the secret of true eloquence. For eloquence is born of truth of heart, moulded in purity of mind, and flows from lips that know no fear. It is the spark in the heart fanned by the bellows of knowledge that flames into eloquence and makes a man the true orator.

Great has been the power of oratory. Ay, it was speech that of old made Order our of Chaos. "God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." The Greek rhetorician, Longinus, calls these words the sublimest passage ever uttered. And now, since the Almighty had lighted the Universe, in the land of Syria, prophets of Him who was to come, lifted up their voices so that all might hear and be comforted.

To the westward across the Mediterranean, as if struck by one of God's thunderbolts, fair Greece is shaken from shore to mount, as leaping from the loins of the earth there comes forth—not Homer, not Aristotle, not Plato, not Socrates; but the man who did more for Greece than all these together, he who fired his countrymen in to victory and so made the republic a fact—Demosthenes.

Three hundred years after the Hellenic orator had done his great work, the citizens of Rome throng to the Forum. There the voice of Marcus Cicero is heard urging them not to submit to the rule of Antony. As he speaks the world listens—"be it, Romans, our first resolve to strike down the tyrant and the tyranny. Be it our second to endure all things for the honor and liberty of Rome. Other nations may bend to servitude; the birthright and distinction of Rome is liberty." Half a century passes, and there stands at Corinth, at Ephesus, at Athens, and last at Rome, St. Paul, the master-orator, preaching the word of God and of a Risen Lord.

Passing over the patristic period when St. Jerome and St. Augustine were enlightening Europe with a torch of Christian eloquence, the fourth century hears the East startled by the voice of Chrysostom, who at Constantinople and at Athens sounded his words of Truth, Justice, and Patriotism. That eloquence from him of the Golden Mouth quivered through the Dark Ages; it awoke Savonarola to rise in the might of an Elijah, to rebuke wickedness in high places, though the end be the fagot and the stake; it stirred Zwingli, inflamed Calvin, and fired Huss; it thrilled Martin Luther in Germany, and aroused John Knox in Scotland; and when France was sunk in moral night it awakened her to a true sense of her faith and work when heard in the dawn-thunder of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Masillon.

In the political world of England, but a few years later, the Earl of Chatham is making himself known to all time as the Great Commoner; and Edmund Burke, whose voice was for liberty to all mankind, cries out for justice to the Colonies. Old England, fair Ireland, and rugged Scotland have heard brave men speak the truth, and seen them die for it, and on their roll of honor inscribed with immortal pen we read such names as Fox and Grattan, Whitefield and Chalmers, Brougham and

O'Connell, Edmund Burke and William Pitt—all who used their powers that mankind might be blessed and God glorified.

So the true orator marches down through time until America feels the tread of his advancing step, catches the sound of his rallying cry, and lo! she is thrilled from the pine-woods of Maine to the palmetto grove of the Carolinas. Come back with me one hundred and twenty years. Look in on the scene in Independence Hall, the birthplace of liberty. See those staunch patriots, Carroll and Sherman, Jefferson and Lee, Franklin and Hancock. Listen to those living words of Lee, of Jefferson, of Franklin. Rising as on wings to God above they sway the brazen tongue of yon Liberty Bell and make it “Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land unto all the Inhabitants thereof.” Now let us go to the Mecca of a free people, old Faneuil Hall. Who stands there? Samuel Adams in his red cloak, cocked hat and tie-wig on. How it adds to the sublimity of his eloquence. Listen to that angelic voice and those pure words of patriotism born in a soul impressed with the strongest religious sentiment found only in the hearts of God-fearing men. All honor to those patriot-orators—Fisher Ames, James Otis, Samuel Adams, and Patrick Henry, the wave of whose eloquence floated in the breeze the stars and stripes at Yorktown, and made it possible for the Thirteen Colonies to become the United States of America.

Year by year, eloquence in this country, with the public spirit of her citizenship ever active and growing, has caught that life and energy which moved the orators of the republics of Greece and Rome. That persecuted zealot, the man who walked across the stage of life without looking to either side to catch his image in the mirrors of the world, that silver-tongued champion of the rights of humanity—Wendell Phillips—preferred to be called a bigot by his own generation than to be called a coward by the next. Daniel Webster, the magnet of the Senate Chamber, the Defender of the Constitution, and the greatest orator of the Western world, let us place in the highest niche of all. Be it said of resolute Calhoun and skillful Everett, of passionate Choate and the magnetic Clay that they were all men with profound convictions who fought as they believed, and what they regarded as the truth they never sold to save the hour. Tell the statesman, tell the orator to look up to these men, for they stand as models of Oratory for all coming time.

Liberty and eloquence have ever gone hand in hand. Never has the great, the true orator compromised with what he believed to be evil, for that was to him the surrender of his integrity. The orator of Greece declaimed against Asiatic conquest; he of Rome against imperialism; the eloquence of the Early Church and of the Middle Ages preached against papal despotism and wickedness in high places; in the eighteenth century, France heard many a fearless cry for liberty—a cry that rang across the channel, and stirred to its depths the heart of every lover of freedom in Britain, that swept the wide Atlantic, and re-echoed from these shores in the slogan-call,—“No taxation without representation.”

And what of the future? Will the “art of arts,” as oratory was named of old, still be the power it has been? The great occasion will at all times be the opportunity of the orator, and he will ever be heard arousing, instructing, and persuading as never printed page will do; and in the hour of this old world's need, men will be thrilled to high endeavor and noble action by “the true orator.”

ORATORY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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I.

“Considered as the last finish of education, or of human culture, worth and acquirement, the art of speech is noble, and even divine; it is like the kindling of a heaven’s light to *show* us what a glorious world exists, and has perfected itself, in a man.”—*Carlyle*.

Under this general head I wish to treat an important subject in a practical way. I desire to place before all readers of the QUARTERLY, the result of some personal observation gleaned from a twelve years’ course in the public schools of Boston, statements of leading educationists, the condition of this branch of study, its prospects, and the conclusions that present themselves after a careful consideration of the subject. It is not my purpose to indulge in theory and merely speculative thought, or to write an exhaustive treatise on oratory; I wish simply to make an effort to spread information on a subject on which there remains much to be learned by the general public.

This is an opportune time to arouse general interest in the importance and value of oratory. Were Demosthenes an American at the close of the nineteenth century he would say of his country, as he once said of Greece, “We are those whose government is based on speaking.” But the difference between the Greece of yesterday and the America of today is that the former educated her youth to realize the truth of these words while the latter fails to do so. But does not our country offer far more privileges and advantages for public speaking than did the old kingdoms and republics of Greece and Rome? Are there not on every hand places in which to gather and to speak? Is not the air filled with free speech? Could the field for public speaking be larger or grander? Could the demand be greater? Could the supply be smaller? But a more pertinent and practical question is, How can the supply of good speakers in all branches of active life be increased? If we would remedy an evil or correct a fault, we are wise in probing to the bottom to see what is the trouble. So in order to consider the last question we must look into the public schools, the vestibule of education, where are moulded the mind and the heart that must in some future day influence public opinion and change or create conditions.

Let us see then what is being done in pursuit of this study in our schools. Let me speak first of Boston. Of her schools I am prepared to speak from a personal knowledge. What may be said of Boston it is safe to presume may be said with a considerable degree of truth of other cities.

For many years, rhetoric, rhetoric, rhetoric, has been drilled into the heads of pupils, while speech and action—the body and the life of oratory—have been lost sight of in a maze of figurative expressions and the labyrinths of ornate display. The result of this is that large numbers of young men and women are pushed out upon the country, year after year, to get their living by public speech, who cannot even *read* well. If you would verify my statement go into the court-room, the legislative chamber, or almost any of our churches. If you care to ask those who are our foremost orators today, to what they ascribe their success as public speakers, they will tell you that it was not

to the drill in the public schools; but to study, practice, and drudgery in the art on entering into public life.

How is oratory, commonly known as declamation in boys' schools and as recitation in girls' schools, regarded by nearly all of the pupils? Simply as a matter of memory, and even at that a *tax* on memory! The only incentive to do well is to obtain a passable mark. This does not seem to offer much inducement except to the few who would rival a Bottom. The hour of class declamation is looked forward to as one of amusement. Little or no criticism of the pupil's effort is made, and quite too often does cynicism take the place of criticism. I do not attack the teacher. He is not to be blamed when he has nothing better to offer as a substitute for faulty recitation. He well knows that he can only hide his ignorance by resorting to sarcastic remarks that are relished by all except the pupil who is being criticised. It is rather the misfortune than the fault of the teacher that he knows nothing of this branch of instruction. At time the declaimer is sincere in his effort; but his careful work often brings down upon him not only ridicule and mockery but derision and taunting.

It has come to my notice that poetry is most frequently chosen for purposes of recitation. While it might not be expedient to dispense with the recitation of all poetry in the higher grades of the grammar school and in the high school, yet there can be no question that only the poetry of the best standard authors should be allowed. The reason why most pupils prefer to recite poetry is evident. It is easier to learn poetry than prose, and as memory seems to be the chief thing taken into account, it is quite natural that the best prose is seldom heard. On public declamation day there may be an exception to this rule, for then both teacher and pupil aim to put on the platform the best that lies within their combined efforts. It would be no fairer to blame the scholar for his choice of reading than it is to blame the teacher for not teaching what he himself is ignorant of. Declamation is nothing more to the pupil than something that is required of him at stated times; something that must be done or the rules the school will be broken and he will be disciplined. Other studies are regarded by the scholars in a different manner, for they know that their teachers are specialists in them, possess confidence in themselves and their work, and teach with good authority.

Teachers engaged to instruct in English Literature are expected to give some attention and time to declamation which is looked upon as a kind of appendage to this general subject. It would be just as sensible to engage an instructor in arithmetic for primary schools and expect him to demonstrate examples in trigonometry and calculus. The ability of the literature teacher to teach oratory depends solely upon his own study of the subject in his early school career or his personal attention to it in after time. In short, it is for the most part a matter of mere chance that a teacher happens to be equipped with the desired knowledge of oratory. What then is at fault? It can be nothing but the *system*. It fails to set an oratorical standard before the pupil. His ideal is low.

It has been said that oratory has moved the world along and that music has played its martial accompaniment. Certain it is that we know of the power that both oratory and music have exerted over the world's history. Is it not natural then to look in the public schools for instructors in oratory as well as in music? In all the great cities of our country at least one special teacher of music is engaged for public school work. This is well and good and the results are most satisfactory. In Boston, there are eight special instructors in music, and it is their duty to visit the schools, teach the pupils how to sing, give lectures on music, and point out the primary and fundamental principles of the subject. Now let us see what attention is given to oratory in our schools. In order that I might

speak not from mere hearsay but with the best of authority, I have communicated with the superintendents of public schools in some of the largest cities in America. The first question that I asked was this: "How often is declamation required of the pupils in your schools?" From Philadelphia came the answer, "There is no rule in respect to the matter"; from Chicago, "At irregular intervals"; from St. Louis, "No special set time is given to it"; from New Orleans, "Twice a month"; from Montreal, "The delivery of the speeches of others has no place in the curriculum of our schools." In Brooklyn and in Baltimore declamation is required frequently, and in Boston the time for this work is left to the option of the teacher. Such answers as these from the leading cities of the country must be a fairly good criterion of the work being done in other cities and towns. It is evident then that oratory has the most subordinate place and that it is taught and practiced less than any other study. Only in the cities of Brooklyn and Baltimore is it a regular study, but even in Brooklyn it does not count toward securing a diploma. I find, to my surprise, that in half of these cities the schools have no public declamation day. In one of the replies sent I read the following: "I regret to have to say that we do not have public declamation days, as, I think, they would help to train pupils in all that pertains to speaking, and cultivate also, in a marked degree, a taste for good literature—if the selections were judiciously made. The value of such exercises must be considered also—especially in teaching—which is so important both to the individual and the country's patriotism" In a reply from Montreal I am told that reading and paraphrasing take the place of declamation. A similar course may exist in other cities. While the first two are important yet they can never take the place of declamation. Pupils are taught to read in order to get the thought, and that they may express that thought they must be taught how to speak. In only two cities—Boston and Brooklyn—are text-books on oratory used. In any other study, it would be an astonishing thing if at least one book was not in constant use by each pupil. Brooklyn, as far as I am able to judge, is the only great city in the United States where there are special teachers in declamation.

In the light of these facts what interest in oratory could pupils be expected to take? The only superintendents who will say that the interest of pupils is growing are those of Brooklyn and New Orleans. Some superintendents do not hesitate to say that it is lessening. This apathy with which pupils regard oratory or public speaking is bound to work serious consequences. To this we shall refer again.

The last question that I asked of the school superintendents is the most practical one, because it suggests a change of system—a change which appears to be exactly what is needed. "Do you think that the appointment of speaking-masters, after the manner in which singing-masters are appointed, would prove a wise and profitable experiment?" Of the eight superintendents but one answered this question in the negative—the superintendent of the schools of Chicago. Most declare that it would prove undoubtedly a good experiment. The need of such instructors is certainly seen by many of our leading educators. Mr. William H. Maxwell, superintendent of Brooklyn schools, writes that he thinks it would be highly desirable, and Mr. Henry A. Wise, superintendent of the schools of Baltimore, writes the following: "For many reasons a *good* speaking-master would be most serviceable. A man of literary taste, able to train and develop the *natural voice* of pupils and to give them examples of declamation worthy of imitation, would be of decided service to a school system, especially in meeting the teachers to instruct and advise them." In Boston, declamation comes under the general head of Reading, or Language, or English Literature. Some thirty years ago, Mr. Lewis B. Munroe taught vocal and physical culture in the Boston schools. Mr. Edwin P. Seaver, superintendent of schools, says, "Mr. Munroe did much good. He taught practical speaking, not

simple elocution in its commonly accepted meaning. It seems to me that as declamation is taught today by the instructor in English Literature it would be easier for the teacher and more profitable to the pupil would all scholars learn and be instructed in the same piece. But could a man be secured like Mr. Munroe, I should like to see his kind of teaching renewed, for I think the appointment of speaking-masters in the public schools would bear good results.” While I realize that each of these opinions is but the opinion of one man, yet each is, by virtue of the man’s position and the extent of his supervision, as important to this educational question of oratory in the public schools and bears as much weight upon the subject, as does the opinion of the criminal lawyer in a murder case or that of the Secretary of State in a question of international diplomacy.

From these reports from different cities we may make a summary something like this: Oratory in the public schools is subordinate to everything else, that is—less time is given to this study than to any other. In most schools it is regarded as an ‘extra,’ and it does not count toward securing a diploma. It is not only one of the many subdivisions of the course in English Literature, but receives less attention than do reading, or rhetoric, or composition, or poetry, or paraphrasing. We note also that text-books on this subject are rarely used. Moreover, in only one or two of the great cities, is there any special teacher of oratory in the schools.

The indifference and apathy shown toward the study are in striking contrast to the interest and importance attached to it in the early centuries. Then the teaching of oratory was of prime importance. It was to a general education what sculpture is to masonry. Every citizen in ancient Rome and Greece was expected to know how to speak in public. Without that knowledge a man was deemed ignorant. Cicero destroyed a conspiracy and Demosthenes built up a republic because they had a thorough knowledge of public speaking. The professors of oratory were the great men of that time. Cicero divided the study of oratory into five branches and each was deemed important enough to have its special teacher. One of the branches, Delivery—consisting of elocution and gesture—required three teachers.

Is the change that has taken place in two thousand years a pleasant one to consider? I think not. Oratory is not a lost art. Rather, it is a discarded one, to be taken down from the shelf and brushed up and polished at the time of great crises, as the housewife takes down and cleans her old china and burnishes her silver when there comes to her home a worthy visitor. Our great essayist and historian, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, has said, “In a country like ours, where each man is to do his part in conducting the government, and where so much of his influence must proceed from meeting his fellow-citizens face to face, and holding his own among them, there is no part of training more important than that of public speaking.”

The same sentiment was realized quite as much when Greece and Rome were at the height of their splendor and glory as when the two countries were striving for position and power. Our own country felt it before 1776 and 1861, and the consequence of it each time was liberty to a race and a step of progress in the march of civilization. Should as grave a situation as the revolution or the rebellion face us today, or tomorrow, who would take the forum, who would climb to the balcony, who would mount the rostrum? Let it come twenty years hence, and the student in the public schools of today will be called upon to rally, to charge, and to plead with a people. Man’s heart is moved when he himself is true, but his lips cannot move eloquently unless his mind has the knowledge to apply those principles that in their interpretation make men free. Alger said, “A

perfected voice can reveal everything which human nature is capable thinking, or feeling, or being.” While all voices cannot be made perfect, yet there are none but can be improved through systematic training. Place a high ideal before a student, and if he be ambitious, he will strive to reach it. Let perfection of voice which gives power and mastery over one’s fellows be set as the ideal. Improvement must follow.

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II.

It is not only a misfortune to us, but a ground for reproach that the speaking-voice which has ever animated and persuaded men, which has ruled monarchs, destroyed oligarchies and built up republics, which has given liberty and citizenship to enslaved peoples, which has discovered and corrected corruption, advanced morality and purity, and caused right to triumph over wrong, and justice over tyranny, should receive such contemptuous treatment in the training schools of the foremost republic in the world. Yet the actual state of affairs reveals astonishing things. Boys and girls tremble before the ordeal of speaking in the presence of their class-mates, but before a lesson in geography or arithmetic they are calm. Pupils “play sick” on declamation day, yet when the singing hour comes all are well. They secure short pieces to learn, yet for hours they will examine flowers and appear happy and contented. They beg and entreat to be excused from speaking, yet many are anxious to solve a difficult problem in mathematics. When they reach the platform their heads hang down and their arms sway to and fro. They are *afraid* to speak. They see no use, no good in it. They wonder why declamations are continued when they are repeatedly laughed down, and they make no advancement. I wish to repeat ere that most pupils read solely for marks; they have no idea of reading well for its own sake. They are severely criticised if they mispronounce a word, skip a paragraph, forget the place, gasp for breath, do not pause one second after a comma, two seconds after a semicolon, three seconds after a colon, and four seconds after a period! Punctuation may or may not be a guide to one’s obtaining a right idea, but it should never be considered as a guide to correct expression.

That oratory can be taught and ability to speak well acquired can be shown by a few noteworthy examples. It was a serious matter with Demosthenes when he was trying to overcome his many impediments of speech. With Sheridan and Erskine, Mansfield and Brougham, Grattan and Walpole it was a matter of constant drudgery to master all of their imperfections. The great Robert Hall closed his first service not with a benediction, but by telling his audience that he had forgotten all of his ideas. The younger Pitt labored from childhood to be a powerful speaker. Webster and Phillips wrestled long with the rules of the art. But perhaps you say that these men were born great. If to be born with a true heart and a noble purpose is to be born great, they were born great indeed! Similarly, many are born great to-day. These are being educated in our public schools. They should be taught to send abroad their best influence. They have the heart, the impulse, and the purpose, but not the mental power to express their ideas and convictions. It is certain that they never will possess it until they are drilled in what was once regarded as the “art of arts”—oratory.

Man has devised no instrument that can reach the heart like the human voice. We owe it, not only to pupils and to teachers, but to the community at large, to cultivate the voice as far as public systematic training will allow it. In the school of old Athens three different classes of teachers were employed for the formation and improvement of the speaking-voice. One strengthened it and extended its compass, another improved its quality, and yet a third dealt with intonation, modulation, and inflection. Voice culture was then regarded by the instructors and by the pupils as

a matter of serious study. History has taught us that the result of this training was of practical value to thousands of the Athenian youth.

What is the strength, the extent, and the quality of the voice of the average pupil to-day? It may be ear splitting on the foot-ball field, but how does he wield it on the platform? What is its compass? Generally a shout or a barely audible whisper. Its quality? Rasping, cracked and harsh, stuttering, stammering, lisping, mouthing, palatal and nasal. Hundreds of boys and girls with one or more of these defects of speech uncorrected are graduated from our grammar and high schools every year. With these voices, they go through life, grating on the ears of all with whom they talk, embarrassing themselves while annoying others, and failing to make friends because their company is not agreeable. To what can we ascribe these defects of speech? Instead of decreasing they seem to be on the increase—a fact which goes to show that little or nothing has been done to lessen such imperfections. If at the beginning, which, as Plato has said, is the most important part in any work, those with impaired voices were given scientific training in the mechanism and right use of the voice, all of these defects could be helped, and a large majority of them remedied. It is precisely here, says Dr. Lennox Browne, on the threshold of their career, that many fail. John Ruskin gave a word of encouragement when he said, General public feeling is tending to the admission that accomplished education must include not only a full command of expression by language, but command of true musical sound by voice.” Mark you, not mere *sound* by the voice, but true *musical sound* which is variation, modulation, and all that does away with monotonous speech. Simple sound, the shooting out of noise, has become so essential upon public declamation days that in some of our schools, he who speaks loudest receives highest honors. To be sure, a loud voice is a requisite for a good speaker, but noise without expression like force without judgment falls by its own weight.

I wish that what declamation is taught in our schools might be confined to the study of the masterpieces of literature. Then all pupils would be brought into close touch with the greatest and best minds of the centuries, thereby fostering solid thought and encouraging clear, forcible, and persuasive expression. I regret that the general tone of selections in our schools is not on a high plane. It would be well if high school pupils were taught not only something of the great poets and their works but something of the lives and speeches of renowned orators. Orators have influenced the times quite as much as poets. We all admit that poets and poetry should have an important place in the curriculum of all schools, but we are inclined to forget that our very public school system was made possible through the energetic oratory of wise and good men. A child is sent to school for the purpose of developing and storing the mind, and yet what many learned men declare as the best means of doing this—the practice of recitation—is given the least attention of any study, is laughed at by many, and practically ignored by more. In the city of Boston nearly five times as much time is given to this study in the primary schools as in the high schools. In the first class of the English High School in this city there are not even the common declamation exercises all the year round. If any of my statements are questioned, I invite your own personal inspection of this subject.

After such considerations we are face to face with this conclusion: That a new department under the general head of Oratory should be organized in all public schools. Speaking-masters should be regularly appointed to carry out this plan. They should be men with a good knowledge of voice building, public speaking, and forensic oratory. But someone may say that teachers with such qualifications cannot be found. I am convinced, however, that a sufficient number of competent

instructors in this work can be found. I am satisfied that instruction received at colleges of oratory, worthy of the name, will fully equip teachers of reading and oratory for our towns and cities. Every year's delay in the adoption of some well-devised system means an irreparable loss to thousands of school graduates. How important it is that an instructor in voice-building be employed in our schools so that all pupils might be trained to realize with Shepard that "the living voice is the grand ordained instrument for the world's awakening and redemption."

If it were found necessary, I would begin again in the high schools what was done in the kindergarten and primary schools—the study and practice of enunciation, articulation, pronunciation, and flexibility of the voice. Were this drill in voice-building carried through all grades, the improvement in speaking that would follow would be admitted by the most sceptical. In every day life it would not only lesson and prevent slovenliness of speech, but I am inclined to think it would lessen the use of slang to some appreciable degree. Voice-building is but one part of a course in oratory, but as it is most important, I have seen fit to make special mention of it.

Of the influence on the pupil, this may be said—that a course in oratory will have served its purpose when he can express himself clearly and distinctly, with pure language emphatically spoken. In time this ability would develop into the power of persuasion. If the present systems are continued we may judge of their results upon our future citizens by the results we see to-day upon men in active life. While the coming lawyer may be deeply read in all that pertains to his profession, it will be impossible for him to rise to prominence and power like a Choate or a Webster, because his manner, voice, and address will not be pleasing, far less persuasive. He will retain all of his imperfections of speech and idiosyncrasies of manner, and so will have but little influence over the jury and court. Sooner or later he will realize the solemn truth of Bishop Berkeley's words, "Half the learning and half the talent of the world are lost because of faulty elocution—the *manner* of speaking." The cause for which a good man labors is set back by that which ought to be its greatest help—the proper use of man's voice—that which distinguishes him from the brutes and gives him supremacy over all creatures.

Think of the remarkable power that the English language can wield when the voice is properly trained and adapted to the matter of thought. In public speaking manner is quite as important as matter. Arnold, teacher of the poet Spenser, said that no language is better able to utter all arguments either with more pith or greater plainness than our English tongue. While we possess the most adaptable language, so far as expression is concerned, our students are not taught to adapt it to its proper and best use in the form of expression and delivery.

Some people raise the cry that the adoption of a course of study under the supervision of speaking-masters would result in graduating from our schools "yelloctutionists" and "elocution-maniacs!" Not at all; not any more so than the teaching of singing sends out those who misuse the true art of music. Such a course of instruction in our schools would tend, in a short time, to change for the better the character of speech on the platform, at the bar, in the legislative hall, and in the pulpit. Men who know *what* to say would know *how* to say it. How could it help but do this? A long course in arithmetic and the higher mathematics creates a wholesome taste for civil engineering; one in geography for geology and mineralogy and zoölogy; one in drawing for painting and sculpture; one in rhetoric and literature for poetry; the novel and journalism; one in music for composition and melody,—and so on. Continuous drill along these various lines in our schools determines many a

youth to choose that specific subject which has appealed to him most forcibly, as his life work. So there come forth in later years great linguists, journalists, engineers, novelists, singers, composers, poets, scientists and philosophers. All of these great artists were given the first incentive to their chosen work, felt the first impulse to accomplish something, and were inspired to attain renown by some good influence which acted upon their minds during an early training in our public speaking, the exposition of the lives of great orators, the consideration and the study of the history of oratory, and the application of the rules of the art, help to prepare our men and women to address their fellows in a manner pleasing and persuasive?

The tendency to-day is to teach rhetoric, the theory of the English language and then to stop just when the scholar is catching a glimpse of something practical. The result is that we have much of fine rhetoric and little of true oratory. Of course, the highest flights of oratory cannot be taught nor can they be reduced to rule. The highest reach of any fine art goes beyond the scope of teaching into the field of personal genius. But a certain reasonable level may always be gained, and this is well worth striving for. There is not an art so capable of unfolding the great powers endowed by nature as that of oratory or public speaking. It develops faculties which would otherwise have remained forever hidden. Many a person under proper training has disclosed the most unexpected talent and achieved startling results.

There is more need of true oratory in America to-day than ever before. These times of turmoil and agitation demand that the people look for leaders; and how important it is that they find men whose heart and mental power make them eloquent! Simply because men lack the knowledge and ability to speak well many of our citizens "must flounder along through life practically shorn of half the power that is in them, and shut out from a large success."

Let us hope that the promoters, the faculty, and the management of the public schools of this country will soon see fit to generate some force that will awake and stimulate this latent, dormant faculty of the youthful mind. It is not too late in the day to change the present system. What Ralph Waldo Emerson said thirty years ago is doubly applicable to these closing years of the century when the constituency to be served is not one of thirty millions, but of seventy millions. "If there ever was a country where eloquence was a power it is in the United States. Here is room for every degree of it on every one of its ascending stages,--that of useful speech, in our commercial, manufacturing, railroad and educational conventions; that of political advice and persuasion on the grandest theatre, reaching, as all good men trust, into a vast future, and so compelling the best thought and noblest administrative ability that the citizens can offer. And here are the service of science, the demand of art and the lessons of religion to be brought home to the instant practice of thirty millions of people. Is it not worth the ambition of every generous youth to train and arm his mind with all the resources of knowledge of method, of grace, and of character, to serve such a constituency?"

THE CONSERVATORY

THE FOUNDATION OF THE ALUMNI

A Survey of the Educational and the Social Features in Student Life

(Reprinted from *New England Conservatory Magazine*, Vol. IX, Nos. 1 & 2; October-December 1902).

The awarding of a diploma to a graduate does not mean the graduate's severance from the institution which makes the reward. Rather is it his credential from that institution. He is appointed its life-long representative. All such representatives are alumni, and the alumni that they may be united and have a practical working basis are organized into an association. The Alumni Association of the New England Conservatory is the one which claims our especial attention.

An alumni association has an addition of forces each year. Its very perpetuity is dependent upon this increase. The alumni association, of this, as of all institution, must grow. When it ceases to grow, the alma mater is itself *non ens*. The association is not only born in the college or conservatory, but it grows therein and nowhere else. The conservatory, in this sense, is an incubator for the future alumnus. The student appears to be merely a student and nothing more, but potentially he is an alumnus in that all his energies are directed toward the development of a complete student, a graduate—an alumnus as a final product of the educational system. The alumnus wherever he may find himself in later years, never ceases to be what he has been made—namely, an *alumnus*. The early training, the fundamental teachings, the student spirit, are never to be wholly erased from the individual. He will bear them as the birthmark of the intellectual life. He is an alumnus despite himself. He is an alumnus according to the following formula: ambition plus talent plus training plus Conservatory diploma equals alumnus. But this is not all.

I have said that the student is potentially an alumnus in that all his energies are directed toward the development of a complete student or alumnus. A vital question arises at this point. We may ask how *conscious* is the Conservatory student of his position, his real strife, his progression, his aims, his ideals. The intellectual maze in which the American student is wont to find himself tends to shut out from his view the well-defined marks which later on in life he more clearly discerns on the moral and intellectual roads of thought-travel. No honest investigator of our modern educational system dare deny the slough of perplexity, indecision and worry into which the average student is thrown. But what has all this to do with the alumni of an institution? It has considerable to do with our subject when we realize that the alumnus emerges from these tortuous paths to the broader and straighter highways which, in these days of liberal education, both man and woman must find when they start upon their post-student career and conquest.

What the student is, so will the alumnus be. It is not uncommon to hear the cry raised for a stronger, more interested and active alumni association. The college authorities realize that the sustenance, the growth and indeed the perpetuity of a college are largely measured by the activity and loyalty as well as by the character and success of its graduates. It must not be deemed a manifestation of self-reproach if a like plea be raised for a stronger, more active Alumni Association of the New England Conservatory of Music. Let us deem it an appeal for the self interest and mutual progress of student, of Conservatory and of the present alumni.

The time has passed when all our attention and energies are to be devoted to arousing enthusiasm and interest among the present alumni. Many an alumnus feels his dearth of alumni spirit. If he does not feel it he has at least been told of it. He is ruled to a large extent by an indifference to alumni and Conservatory. He is not wholly to blame for his apathy. Aside from his present pressing business demands he has been, in the past, largely a creature of the circumstances of a conservatory or college life whose trying conditions I have briefly pointed out. Let these by-gones be by-gones and let us gather our forces for the support and betterment of the present student that he and she may become better alumni.

A complete, perfected Alumni Association can only be the result or product of a completely perfected Conservatory life which shall generate the thorough Alumni Association. There must be a completeness of something before there can be anything of completeness. The Conservatory makes the alumnus when it awards the senior a diploma, but it does not produce, necessarily, in that award, the spirit of the true alumnus—one intensified with real love for and a yearning to support the alma mater. Such a spirit must be the out-growth of a Conservatory spirit which is its creator. Before the Alumni Association can be fully maintained it must be, at least, *positively* created. The seeds of alumni loyalty must be sown in the mind and heart of the young and growing student. Social impulses must receive attention. If possessed by one they must be directed along proper and uplifting lines. If lacking in one, then there must be bred and fostered a wholesome social environment.

The graduate will never make a good alumnus unless he be, as a student, a good Conservatorian—not alone in the technical, musical sense, but in the broad common-sense of the university spirit. The students' Conservatory must be to them what the United States Army is to the soldier in its ranks. When he receives his honorable discharge, as year after year the finished student does his, the soldier becomes a member of the Grand army of the Republic. He is ever ready to grasp the helm of the Ship of State or support the arm that signs a proclamation of freedom. His work in the active fight—in the foundation and the preservation of a republic—has made him loyal to his land for he has caught the *spirit of patriotism* while *servicing* his country. So ought the student to catch the Conservatory spirit while serving his musical apprenticeship that there may be in him, and in her, a loyalty to the alma mater, and a worthiness as an alumnus which as years roll by shall not flag but grow in strength and in enthusiasm.

How shall we catch this spirit? This is the problem of the present day—how to unite most effectively in the Conservatory the technical and the practical parts—the educational and the social functions. The truism that no force is generated without the bringing together of two elements is suggestive in our consideration. What is needed is a harmony not alone of music, but of minds and hearts and spirits. The social shall become linked to the educational. Would that there might be a marriage of the two which no divorce court presided over by Judge Jealousy or a jury of musical pettifoggers could annul! Let the heart of education beat in harmony with the heart of sociality to the tickings of a great university metronome. Let us use the intellectual microscope to discern and solve the deep, difficult problems, and the spiritual telescope to catch vision of the ideal in our life work.

The Conservatory principles must afford the ground for a development of the social as well as the educational nature so that these two natures may be most attractively manifest in the one person as

he or she becomes an alumnus. Certain t is that such a delicate and difficult task demands for its successful accomplishment, minds of deep insight, perspicuity of wisdom, and hearts of forbearance and kindness. Any conservatory has a mammoth problem on its hands when it seeks to develop properly and liberally the educational in music, but is it not true that the best musician is he who has, as it were, a polarized nature—a pole of music and a pole of sociality? One-sidedness has ever been a drawback to the highest and most complete accomplishments. The musician, for the sake of himself, his conservatory, and the alumni, should be trained for something besides the mere executant or performer. If he be constitutionally absorbed in his own work, and his temperament all music (and no play), is it not possible for him to be guided, unconsciously it may be, on to a broader, higher, more social plane where his life-work may have its value for the practical and the social life, some of his musical oxygen. He will, in a short while, although scarcely realizing it, breathe into his system the social oxygen and it will become essential to the proper maintenance of his student-life. The student needs relaxation as much as he needs money. He can learn quite as much for his own good and that of the public, before whom he must go, by studying how to make the social and the educational harmonize and become mutually helpful, as he can by constantly applying himself each day to an unnatural and strained exercise of musical technique. His social hours will make him a better musician; his music will improve his social companionship. The philanthropist would not misplace his money by endowing some college with a chair of Harmonization of the Educational and the Social in College Life.

Companionable association and social advantages in conservatory or college life are a means to the success of both individual and institution—and their logical product is an energetic and worthy alumni association. The life of the student in college determines the life of the man in the world. The life of the student body determines as well the life of the alumni body. The life of the student body determines the life of the man in the world. The life of the student in college determines as well the life of the alumni body. The truth of such an analogy cannot be well disputed. The Conservatory has in this matter, a problem on its hands which calls for earnest and persistent attention. It may be that its solution lies in the hands of the students themselves. If so it becomes the duty of the authorities of an institution to do all in their wisdom to satisfy the yearning in the student after the “social.” I do not mean to advocate that a management become indulgent and “passing easy.” On the other hand, there are required intelligent oversight and considerate foresight so that the restraint, when such be laid, shall be felt by the students not as the restraint of the autocrat but of the prudent father—a restraint not for the purpose of manifesting and proclaiming one’s power, but simply for the purpose of exercising a proper right to curb the over-strenuous social youth.

The Alumni Association—its interests and its life-is grounded in the Conservatory. It cannot be successfully or commendably “worked up” after graduation. I have not suggested any concrete plans which might be adopted to further the alumni interests. Such I may dwell upon in a subsequent article. It has been my endeavor, in this writing, to open up a subject in a general way—one which I deem worthy of more universal consideration. I entertain no doubt that when the ground is as well cultivated for the *social* as for the *educational* in student life the Conservatory can point with just pride to a loyal ever-working Alumni Association as it points now to a magnificent army of Conservatory graduates in the pedagogical chairs and on the concert stages of the world.

FROM THE PEN OF SUPREME PRESIDENT BURRELL

The President's Message

(Reprinted from *Year Book, Sinfonia Fraternity of America*; Vol. VII, 1908)

Boston, April 1, 1908

DEAR BROTHERS:

"THE object of this Fraternity shall be for the development of the best and truest fraternal spirit; the mutual welfare and brotherhood of musical students; the advancement of music in America, and a loyalty to the Alma Mater."

Wise words to make men wiser; good words to make men better; true words to make men nobler! A new light shines down from above to brighten the realm in which musicians move and have their being. Every Sinfonian should know these thirty-eight words of high sounding character as he knows his scale of C. Upon them - as a fundamental clef - he should build his life as a man. Phi Mu Alpha! What a triune throne around which every brother of our band shall have his affections cluster and his hopes center!

As one reads of the object of the Sinfonia he is at once struck with the significance of the words, "the development of the best and truest fraternal spirit." I purpose to notate, on the few pages that follow, harmonies on this theme. Ten years ago, when Father Mills started a little club of male students at the New England Conservatory in Boston, he sought not the musician in the institution, but the man in the musician. No such question was put as, "How well can you sing, young man?" or, "What can you play, sir?" but, "Come on, boys, let's get together!" This was the slogan that struck the ear and stirred the heart, for it meant something for sociability's sake, good fellowship and mutual helpfulness. The result is to-day the Sinfonia Fraternity of America. The principle that the development of manly qualities need not be stunted in the enthusiasm for one's art has found a fine exemplification in the progress of the Sinfonia. It is a truism that as long as man loves but himself and his art he can never attain to the full measure of manhood or reach the sublimest heights of his art. He must seek to love men as brothers and art, not for the sake of art itself, but art as a means toward bringing all men up to that verdant plateau where their souls may be fed in very rejoicing in all that is true, beautiful, abiding.

Such are sentiments and principles that move every heart in our midst. Fraternity seeks to upbuild the whole man, to make of him a manlier man, a more musicianly musician. Fraternity, in spirit, is not, as some may imagine, a four years' college course policy. In its real essence, it is what may be aptly termed a life insurance writ on the tablets of men's hearts, paying precious dividends on demand. He has failed utterly to catch the truest fraternal spirit who in the world beyond the college door slinks away from his fellows and shrinks up in some dark corner. Fraternity is as real as man himself, for it is in and of and for man. It is not a mere name, a shibboleth, a magic word to conjure up song, shout and shriek for a few student years. The ground that fraternity covers is not a cellar floor of dark and dire secrets. Its scope is not confined by some low studded red ceiling and four black walls. Its place of abode is not a fun factory and a foolish house. Fraternity's foundation is a man's honor. Its vision is from the open windows of his soul. Its dwelling place is the temple of Sacrifice.

This mystic spirit of fraternity, permeating a company of men having a common and honorable pursuit in life - music - must make of such men better musicians. As the student of music soon learns that a Wagner overture and a Bach fugue stand, as one may say, at musical poles, so a Sinfonian is early taught that selfishness and sacrifice are human poles. The differentiation is not only intellectually posited, but actually experienced, for he learns to practice self-denial. If he have more of the male than the man in him, the Sinfonia is a great school for chopping off the fore-legs of the animal and effecting a cure for stubbornness; thus, the process of cutting away the excrescences and grafting on the virtues. Such a regeneration, taking place in man, will find in very logic, a transmitting and an infusion of these better, nobler qualities into the every composition and performance of the artist and musician.

Beneficial alike to musician and man is the power of *receptivity* - a willingness, an eagerness, a patience to learn. He who would teach must first be taught; he who would give, first get. The man who joins a fraternity generally makes up his mind by either the beneficent force of intuition or some violent external suggestion, that it pays to be obedient and receptive. He realizes that he must be both well-rounded and on the square - a veritable human peg, able to fit into a round hole or a square hole. He busies himself now in unraveling the knotty snarls in his mode of living and seeks to lay out before him the silken skeins of Life itself. If he has found that living is trying on him he makes now a firm determination to try Life.

Is all this a vagary and a dream of some Utopian fraternity? Not at all. Put the question to the fraternity man, ask yourself - the Sinfonian - about it? Is it not true that the Sinfonia which you have sworn by and love so dearly, puts elixir in that man who is willing to learn and eager to grow? Do you not meet one another as co-workers, as brothers, as fellow Sinfonians? Is not the spirit of friendship pervading and dominant? Doesn't the magic grip feel like a galvanic battery? Do you not become electrified into a living, aggressive, enterprising, wide-awake student, winning a new independence for yourself through that fraternal interdependence so keenly felt in the Sinfonia? Are you any longer a mere metronome, keeping time with your monotonous scale practice as you walk from lodging house to class room and then back again? Have you not learned to beat time in Life's own sweet, true rhythm? Is not your tempo marked by enthusiasm, steadfastness, earnestness, manliness, brotherhood?

The seed of fraternity must be sown in the mind and the heart of the young and growing student generation. What is needed, brothers, is a harmony, not alone of music, but of minds and hearts and spirits. The fraternal must become linked to the educational in the student life. Would that there might be a marriage of the two which no divorce court presided over by Judge Jealousy or a jury of musical pettifoggers could annul! Let our organization ever seek to have the heart of fraternity beat in harmony with the mind of education to the tickings of some great mystic metronome. Let us be they who use the intellectual telescope to discern and solve the deep and difficult problems and focus the spiritual telescope to catch a vision of the ideal in Life's heavens.

Brotherhood! The brotherhood of men! What spiritual significance! Do we catch its true meaning? Does it give us a real and vital experience? Do we get a spiritual insight? Do we look out with a broader vision? Do we think in terms and live in acts of brotherhood? If we do, we move in harmony, attuned to both God, the Father, and man, the Brother. What is music without harmony? Verily it is *not* music. Life without good-will and fraternity - what is it? Indeed it is *not* life. He has not truly lived who has not lived for others, in sympathy and in harmony with his fellows.

If such be our life, it embodies the Sinfonia spirit. Do you know what it is? Can you interpret the Greek triad - □ **MA**? These are not the questions. Do you *feel* it? That is what I would know. The most powerful and subtle emotions in life are oftentimes like the great force of the universe -

electricity - mysterious and unknowable, yet a pulsing, moving dynamic about and within us. There is, in truth, a mysticism in fraternity. We cannot comprehend or explain all. It is well so. What we understand is wont to appear ordinary and commonplace to us. Yet this spirit of fraternity is none the less real. Indeed, it is the more real because it is mystic; the more mystic for it is real; tremendously vital for it is both mystic and real.

In few words, we are conscious of an existent fraternity, of this spirit of brotherhood in our hearts because we *feel* it. Beyond this there is no standard of measurement, no reduction to terms. Sufficient it is to feel fraternity stirring our finer emotions, instilling the nobler thoughts, inspiring acts of sacrifice, keeping alive and fresh our highest aspirations. These virtues are the fragrant flowers of the fraternity seed and they bloom perennial as the fires of brotherhood burn within us.

It is good to be a Sinfonian for "Once a Sinfonian, always a Sinfonian."

Fraternally yours,

In **MA**,

Percy Jewett Burrell

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(Rprinted from the *Year Book, Sinfonia Fraternity of America*; Vol. VIII, 1909)

Boston, April 1, 1909

"The mutual welfare and brotherhood of musical students."

DEAR BROTHERS:

This is the text from the first page of Sinfonia writ for four little Sinfonia sermons. Although the sermonizer, I take my seat right in the midst of the Sinfonia audience and listen to the message. The thought that I should like to drive home so that it will sink deep into the hearts of all the brothers is that of personal responsibility. Without this sense there can be no mutual welfare, no brotherhood of any class of men. Wrapped about the idea is all that Sinfonia ever was, is today, and ever will be.

Our very genesis was not really a beginning after all, but indeed the product of a personality - Father Mills. In all its growth our fraternity has been nurtured by loving hearts and counseled by wise heads. Men have felt a personal responsibility. If its future is to be one that shall command admiration, a sense of *personal responsibility* must be its ever-constant attendant and guide. By this I mean a profound realization of duty on the part of each one of something beyond mere *self*. I mean one's self *projected* - an ego that consciously reaches out after God the Father and touches man the brother. For a man's personal responsibility never stops with himself. It has a three-fold significance and embraces himself, his brother, and his God.

The Sinfonia is what each man is; no less, no more. Its dimensions are the size of the Sinfonian. Its height is your ideal; its breadth, your intelligence; its depth, your feeling; its weight your work. If you have a high ideal, a broad intelligence and deep feeling, and you do much work for Sinfonia you will understand full well what personal responsibility *means*. Let us print in big type the dimensions of a true Sinfonian:

IDEAL. INTELLIGENCE. FEELING. WORK.

Ideal. - First, brothers, get a high conception of life itself. Take account of what an *individuality* means - not arrogance and self-conceit, but honesty and self-respect. Now, think of an ideal, then speak out about it, and next work for it. Let it be as practical as a high ideal can be. What? How do you like the sound of the best men among musicians, or the best musicians among men? No, The best men among men! That is a splendid ideal, is it not? Such men must possess *stability*. You, yourself, should seek it for yourself. Do you know it oftentimes is the accumulation of a series of other virtues? The gentler ones, such as sincerity, sympathy and sacrifice. Remember these virtues when you speak of the ideal *sincerity, sympathy, sacrifice*. Is there any higher type of man than found in that happy combination of a good, great man and a great good man? Do you not recognize the elements of sincerity, sympathy, sacrifice and stability in such a one? It is destined for few to *do* great deeds but it is meant for all to *be* good men. Remember the true words of a wise man who wrote, "It is not what those around us *do* for us that counts - it is what they *are* to us." Improve, if you can, on even this ideal of *good* and *great* so that you will get to think on the highest plane and move along righteous lines. Try it. It gives a fellow a boost to *personal responsibility*.

INTELLIGENCE. - An ideal to be worthy must be born of intelligence and feeling. It must take into consideration the mutual welfare of all. It must not be selfish. It should study men before it attempts to shape men. It should sympathize with men before it seeks to summon men. Sinfonia spells *brains* as well as heart. It does not say that every man shall admire everything in everybody who is a Sinfonian. This would smack of insincerity. It means something on the level - practical and helpful; for in Sinfonia it is designed that every man should study everything in everybody in order that he may know him better - that he may recognize his virtues by praising and trying to emulate him and discern his weakness and shortcomings by sympathizing with and trying to help him.

If intelligence demands both honest praise and heartfelt sympathy for one's fellows in Sinfonia it also calls, and in a loud voice, for *fairness* - fairness in judgment and action, but especially so in judgment, for if that be fair the act to follow will be right. If the historian had told me to write a message of but one paragraph it would have been this:

Meet the fellows half-way. Intelligence calls for fairness. The idea, the spirit of *conciliation* is the most beautiful revelation of the divine in man's intellect that I can think of. Listen to the other fellow. Do not browbeat him. Do not ridicule him. Do not ignore him. Show the fair spirit. Give up every little whim or prejudice of yours up to that point where the surrender would carry with it the very vitals of a great principle. Prune off the trivials, the caprices, the prejudices on your argumentative tree. Be reasonable and you will *win* the other man. Can you find anything in that marvelous mind of Abraham Lincoln standing out more striking than his *fairness* to all: "with malice towards none, with charity for all, with fairness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on . . ." See how concisely and eloquently Lincoln puts it. His were the words of a victor of victories and a master of masteries. A worthy model, a fine example for Sinfonians, for all men! When one speaks of a Sinfonian he means a man - a fellow musician - *you*. Whereas before you may have lived isolated in your work, in your pleasures and pains, your conquests and defeats, your hopes and despairs, now you have company. The force of the idea of brotherhood has made itself felt upon you. Has it? Have you got in its way? Do you meet the other fellow halfway. Among honest, intelligent men this halfway business is a great meeting-place, for it has all the sweetness of the lover's tryst and all the surety of the soldier's rendezvous. It is pretty safe ground. One may come from the east and the other from the west of the broad field of opinions shaking their fists at each other and when they start off again, lo! They go arm in arm marching due south. Fairness warms men up. Try it. It gives a fellow a boost to personal responsibility.

FEELING. - I have said that an ideal to be worthy must be born of intelligence and feeling. "The greatest thing in the world is love." May we not think of it as God's own feeling in man? If every Sinfonian felt it what a brotherhood would be ours! Do you love your fraternity? What does this mean? Love for fraternity may sound abstract, but it is nothing of the kind. It means love for *men*. It means love for one man + one man + one man + one man and so on until you have covered all your fraternal obligations to every other man. A desire and a strife to meet these is proof of *your* personal responsibility in your fraternity. Some men ask, "How shall I get the fraternity spirit?" Learn to love men. Every man thinks more of himself in the end if he thinks more of his fellow-men in the beginning. This is the right procedure in order to have the right kind of fraternity. Some men, it is true, have the peculiar knack or the blessed power to show more loving kindness, more fraternal spirit than others, but if this love for the mutual welfare and brotherhood of musical students be alive in your heart it will be seen in the glow on your face, felt in the warmth of your hand-clasp and heard in the ring of your voice. Have you sown your heart with seeds of love? Try it. It gives a fellow a boost to *personal responsibility*.

WORK. - Intelligence that possesses the ideal and the feeling of love that sustains it must produce good works. Its visible expression must be seen in *works* for □ **MA** principles. The continued and permanent success of our fraternity depends upon us all, but "all" is made up of units. Speak aloud this word - *unit* - and shout the first syllable. It is this part of the word that I want to emphasize. No one can do all the work, but *u* can do some of it. If *u* do not do something for your frat it is because *u* have no capacity for work, and no love for men, and it may be *u* lack both. If such be the case I suggest that you dwell for a moment or two on the second syllable of our little word "*unit*." Ofttimes the reason for failure to work for something or somebody is not because people think too much of themselves, but because they forget to think of others. They remember to be personal, but forget the responsibility which is a part of the whole. If a Chapter does not get along well it is because some man in it is sick, peevish or out of gear. It may be you. *It may be I*. Speak aloud these last four words. Do it now, and then take a look inside. Is the Sinfonia machinery at work? With regularity? Look sharp; for the smallest piece of mechanism out of order in a great machine will do a lot of damage. It may smash the whole engine, hurt other things in blowing up and even kill the owner. If you are not working for Sinfonia it is because you do not love your brothers. Do not say you can not, but right here go back to the little sermon on Fairness. Your attitude impoverishes the Sinfonia. You become a pauper in your fraternity - taking everything and giving nothing. Such a man is like seaweed on a ship's hull and retards her progress over the seas. In order to get along yourself you simply cling to what is doing its best to move ahead. Sooner or later such a man will be scraped off.

Now, then, let every brother find his work in Sinfonia and set out to do it. If a good thing has been started, put your shoulder to the wheel and push. Think of what has never been done that would be good to do, and try to find a way to do it. Now turn back to the little sermon on Ideal. Avoid growing sleepy, indifferent, careless and spiteful. You have a *personal responsibility* in this matter. Unless you do what this demands to build up Sinfonia at least one of our great aims will never be accomplished by Sinfonians - the advancement of music in America. No one save a man working with high ideals, broad intelligence and love can hope to reach this end. His musicianship alone will not avail him.

I might name many very different things in one's apprenticeship in Sinfonia for his life work that would be good for him to do. I think I will. Attend all meetings, and be prompt about it. Read the by-laws and the constitution, and see that you live up to them. Officers, enforce them; study the ritual and master it. Let every man do quick and complete work on his committees. *Speak* in meetings; don't talk. Answer letters immediately. Keep promises. Think up new ideas; tell about them and work them out. Most of all, fellows, show a willing spirit for work and enter into it with zest. Let us tune ourselves up to the highest key of brotherhood and so make a veritable Symphony Orchestra of the minds and hearts of America's musicians and her lovers of music, and then shall we drown this old world's sharps and flats. Go back to the little sermon on Love.

The Sinfonia will grow, my brothers, as you grow because the Sinfonia *is* you. The word is of eight letters. The spirit is of *you* which can never be spelled out except in life itself. The mutual welfare and brotherhood of musical students will decline and die if you are selfish, careless and indifferent. Sinfonia will become not something, but somebody, as you grow into a living, loving force in the great, big world. Try it. It gives a fellow a boost to *personal responsibility*.

More than ever is it good to be a Sinfonian, for "Once a Sinfonian, always a Sinfonian."

Fraternally yours,
In □ **MA** □

Percy Jewett Burrell

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(Rprinted from *The Phi Mu Alpha Annual*, Vol. IX, 1910)

Boston, March 15, 1910

"The advancement of music America and a loyalty to the Alma Mater.

DEAR BROTHERS: It has been my privilege in the previous two messages to choose a text from the article of our Constitution on "Object". I have sought to say something worth your time to read on the development of the best and truest fraternal spirit" and "the mutual welfare and brotherhood of musical students" This year I have turned to the remaining aim of our fraternity expressed in the words "the advancement of music in America and a loyalty to the Alma Mater". On the opening pages of our YEAR BOOK I desire to emphasize this specific kind of loyalty, and in so doing I trust that its close relation to the advancement of music in America may be apparent.

The present-day demand for education is determined to no small extent by the world sizing up, as it were, the human products that are gathered and sent forth from the collegiate and educational field. The world has a right to ask, "What has education done for Jim Smith?" If Jim Smith can show a fellow feeling for Tom Brown, John Jones and Charlie White, and if he can put out a right hand that will fit into the other fellow's right hand, education has produced brains plus brotherhood. Such a man going forth with a sheepskin in his grip is going to win men, women and endowments for our colleges and universities. Is he not, brothers? You can imagine that he is the fellow who in college used to shout, "Hurrah for Harvard!" and "Three cheers for Yale!" and who felt it in his heart as well as in his throat. He is in short the very best type of the college man. I fancy he would be the first to sit down in a spelling match if asked to spell "snob" or "sneer", but he ought to be able to stand up to the end on such words as "sincerity", "sacrifice" and "Sinfonia."

You ask what all this has to do with our text. It has a great deal to do with it, for this loyalty touches in very essence the mind and heart condition of men. He who does not think broadly and feel deeply does not lose much sleep because of working loyally. While the man who comes out of college is expected to make a mark for himself in the world and so prove what is in him - you may put it down as certain that unless something besides rules, definitions and equations got into his head as a student - he will find himself quite erased as far as making a positive impress upon his fellows in the broadest sense of what manhood and life-work really ought to be. The ideal college life today should afford, and I believe it does, an opportunity for men to meet with influences other than those strictly academic, scholastic and pedagogical. The debating and literary clubs, local societies, general fraternities and the like help in developing the social side of man's nature. Here men meet one another on the same level. Rough exteriors are planed down by rubbing up against smooth ones, and the smooth find out which way the grain really runs in getting scratched by the rough ones. These diverse, not diametric - indeed they are, after all, harmonizing aspects of the student life - are true developers for both making a rounded manhood and putting a man on the square. Isolation in thought and in body does not tend to make a man love any one in any corner but his own. His corner is only big enough for himself. Fraternity, it seems to me, is a sort of life's "puss in the corner" game where one is glad to exchange corners when the other fellow whistles and everybody has an equally good and profitable time.

I see that I have used the word "Fraternity". Let us do so again and put the word Sinfonia before it, so it reads Sinfonia Fraternity. What does it mean? Loyalty to the Alma Mater! I believe that that is what a true fraternity means every time. I have no sympathy with the individual who berates the college fraternities because he is outside of them and knows nothing about them. It is true that some fraternities are not as good in their influence as others may be because each man himself, the world over, has a goodness that is relative rather than positive. There are some days not as bright as others, yet the Creator does not snuff out the sun.

While every one recognizes the Church and the State as the most conspicuous handmaids of education, is it not true, as well, that the American college fraternity has been a prominent and positive factor in the growth and popularity of college life? I think so. Does not the "frat" man love his frat and his college equally well, and when he goes out into the world does he not both love his fellowmen and cherish his Alma Mater? A short time ago a class in one of our universities was getting ready to put on a Shakespearean play. All the female characters chosen by the committee happened to be non-frat members. The coach asked, "Wouldn't it be wise to have at least one of the fraternities represented in the cast? You want their support, don't you?" Promptly came the answer, "Oh, the frat girls have college spirit enough to support it anyway!" I thought that had a pretty good illustration of how fraternity and college spirit go hand in hand and that a school without the former is liable to lose much of the latter, and in short order find a diminished loyalty to the Alma Mater.

You may put this down as a truism: A college spirit cannot be successfully worked up among alumni after graduation. To be a loyal alumnus one must first have college spirit, and this same spirit is kept aflame largely through the oxygen in the lungs of the fraternity members. Our own Sinfonia has proved this. The institutions which have been pleased to see the red and black fluttering in their midst emphasize the truth of this assertion. Brothers and all others who read this Year Book, listen to the testimony of one of the directors of a leading American conservatory: "I have no reason to regret the expenditure of any time or money that I may have made because I feel that the good Sinfonia has done the conservatory and the students far surpasses any outlay that I may have made. . . . One of the cardinal principles of the order is a loyalty to the Alma Mater, and I believe that the establishment of fraternities in the conservatories is developing their school spirit a hundred per cent."

Another director says: "Sinfonia is the best thing that ever happened to our young men."

Yet another voices this sentiment: "I believe Sinfonia makes a man a better musician."

Indeed it does make him a better musician, for added to his own personal ambitions is the ardent desire to be an honor to his fraternity and to his Alma Mater.

We do not speak in parables, or mysteries, or imaginings, or longings. Such are the testimonies of men of conspicuous positions in the musical realm who have observed critically and intimately Sinfonia and Sinfonians. The music departments of our universities and our conservatories of music are the agents - wise, systematic, thorough and far-reaching - in the advancement of music in America. Their graduates are bid godspeed as they seek the path leading to advancement and attainment. They feel the push of the Alma Mater behind and see the beckoning of the goodness of Attainment before. Every true Sinfonian knows what this means; every institution that boasts a Sinfonia chapter in its midst has felt the warm pulsings of the Phi Mu Alpha heart.

If I were standing before my own chapter of the New England Conservatory and speaking on this same subject, I believe I should begin the speech something like this: "In one sentence, brothers, let me try to strike the keynote. While every Sinfonia man vows that 'once a Sinfonian, always a Sinfonian', and *is* a Sinfonian, now, at last and all the time, he never has forgotten and never

will forget that he is (if I can coin the word) a 'Conservatorian', *first*, last and all the time." The same might be said, with its own local application, of the members of all the chapters. I have seen many a man with a Sinfonian pin shining on his vest, but I have yet to see the sneer at him who wore nothing save buttons on his vest. Loyalty to the school and friendliness and helpfulness to its students, whether Sinfonians or not, ever have been prominent traits of the brothers of the "black and red"

The most rational aim of any educational institution is to turn out graduates that will be an honor to the school. The graduate to be such must possess culture as a result of musical training and enthusiasm as a result of social activity. It can not be well disputed that the growth and perpetuity of a college are largely measured by student activity which promotes a common interest and inspires consequent loyalty as well as by the personal character and commercial success of her graduates. Sinfonia has had ten years to make known the fact that every Sinfonia shout shouted means a more wide-awake, enterprising graduate; that every Sinfonia meeting where are discussed plans of ways and means fosters a more mature judgment which in years to come may help, by wise counsels, the Alma Mater.

Brothers of the Sinfonia, do you not realize more than ever what it means to you to associate for four, three, two, or even one year in a fraternal, brotherly way with fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five other young men all bending their youthful energies toward a high goal of musical culture? This abundant good-fellowship makes a wholesome, uplifting and indelible impress upon your complete manhood and is fashioning you into a better all-round man and a better man all around - outside as well as inside the mystic circle. I speak the truth when I state that to foster a movement that so promotes real brotherhood and musical progress among the future musicians of America reflects wisdom and far-sightedness on the part of those who stand at the head of our institutions of musical learning. Sinfonians, you are entitled to take just pride that *you* are proving at last that *musicians can be welded together in love and for mutual helpfulness and progress*. You are developing that type of manhood which ever shows itself in loyalty to the Alma Mater. Now you are coming back to the Alma Mater to see the old school, the old teachers, and to greet the new brothers in Sinfonia. In unison do I catch your cry, "Te amo- Alma Mater."

Another paragraph or two and I am done with the annual message. It is this: The institution which seeks only to develop art, cultivate brains and promote the scientific does not reach the acme of its possibilities or embrace all its opportunities. Its widest mission extends into the field of sentiment, emotion, the spontaneities and, indeed, the humanities of life. To strive to subordinate the heart to the head is a worthy performance in the unchecked passions of the race, but in the one seeking knowledge in the higher schools the shout, the song, the society are not at all the anomalies they may seem at first glance. The noisy, youthful outbursts that sometimes are heard may be in truth the very potentialities capable of begetting, fostering and sustaining a sentiment and love for the time, the occasion, the thing that inspired them. The graduate of today is inclined to remember his Alma Mater for its sociality as well as its intellectuality. The college spirit gets into him during the college days. In his after life this same spirit seeks to get out of him in the most practical ways and helps for his Alma Mater. But first of all, loyalty to the Alma Mater must have the seeds sown in the form of enthusiasm, college spirit and brotherhood in the *student*. His first exuberance may be sometimes criticised as puerile and irrational, but in later years we find that these pristine, bubbling-over manifestations have undergone a process of evolution and he has come to possess an alumni spirit "safe and sane." Such a one loves his Alma Mater. It means counseling to him. The shout and the song are not forgotten. Oh no! They were the prologues, the prerequisites, the harbingers of still

better things, for with him it is now, "All up for the old school!" and "On with our sons and daughters to the old Alma Mater!"

Give the conservatory, the college, the university, give any school an enthusiastic, wide-awake, alert, progressive student body, and loyalty to the Alma Mater must ever be the keynote struck by the alumni. Nothing so happily and positively forecasts a forceful alumni body as the visible proof in the *esprit de corps* of a chapter in the Sinfonia Fraternity. The Sinfonia Fraternity of America has been and ever will be one of the strongest bonds that holds an alumnus to the Alma Mater. Every Sinfonian means a graduate that means, in turn, a true and loyal being with a soul all aglow for the old school that gave him a cultured musical mind and a warm, brotherly heart.

More than ever, my brothers, is it good to be a Sinfonian. For "once a Sinfonian, always a Sinfonian."

Fraternally yours,

In □□□□□

Percy Jewett Burrell.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(Reprinted from *The Phi Mu Alpha Annual*; Vol. X, 1911)

Boston, Mass., April 1, 1911

Dear Brother Sinfonians:

"We come a band of Sinfonians true,
An earnest crowd, a hustling crew.
We'll raise the flag of black and red,
And keep it raised until we're dead!

"Now, on to the tune of Sinfonians true,
An earnest crowd, a hustling crew-
Into the air with all your hats
And drown this old world's sharps and flats!"

In the early days of Alpha Chapter I spoke the foregoing lines at a local banquet. The Sinfonia spirit in me had inspired - save the mark - poetry! I spoke the lines hoping to make things move a bit. I forget whether I succeeded in this or not. Never mind. It is the "forward movement" of the present Sinfonia year that makes me recall the incident. I do not refer to the verses as such, but to their embodiment in vital forces - "Sinfonians true," "an earnest crowd," "a hustling crew."

During the past year it has been a high privilege of mine to visit at least once each of our new Chapters and to preside over the installation of the two new ones. It did me a world of good to see "the flag of black and red" and hear "the drowning of this old world's sharps and flats." The one regret is that my capacity was not big enough to take in all the Sinfonia oxygen and life that were everywhere about, and that what I was not able to absorb could not have found its way into the minds and hearts of the many absent brothers throughout the land.

Brothers, do you realize the vitalizing forces about you? Do you feel them coming to you? No! *Do you feel them going out from you?* That is the right question. It is a fine thing to discover for one's self in life's great battle, that we are all brothers of one human blood, one American home, one Divine Father. One cannot help but bow his head in gratefulness and humility when he feels the cordial clasp of a brother's hand, hears a brother's warm welcoming word, sees the glow in a brother's eye, whenever and wherever in this vast country of ours he meets a man who loves to throw his hat into the air and shout: "Once a Sinfonian, always a Sinfonian! Long live the Sinfonia!" Almost I am moved to write of recent Sinfonian incidents and anecdotes, but if I should begin - well - Harry Kaiser's book should contain a lot more than a President's Message and an Index of Members. We'll leave something for that Ann Arbor banquet in June. It will be a hummer! Get there and hum, brother.

I have looked into the Year Books of the past three years, and I see that the "messages" have been given in "sermonette" form. The three worthy objects of Phi Mu Alpha have been treated, and now what is left for the text and theme of this year's annual message? I feel that the time of preaching is about over. Practice is becoming more and more the style among us. This makes me wonder why the theme "Practice" might not do for the 1911 message. I think I shall try it.

The historian Gibbon once wrote: "Every man receives two educations - the one he gets from others, and the more valuable one that he gets from himself." Sinfonia affords the latter sort, for first she teaches a man the *brother idea*, and next the brother *acts it out in life*. He has been preached to, now he practices. The fraternity man should feel his fraternity as a *personal epoch* in his life. Instead of throwing cobble stones at one another, we are picking up precious stones and clasping hands. Yes, Sinfonia has proved her right to live by her very products. What has she done for the individual, for the best in music, for the Alma Mater, go a long way to demonstrate to the world that Phi Mu Alpha principles are not all theory. We have passed from the static to the dynamic stage of life and by moving ourselves we are moving others. We are ready and eager to hitch up, to share, to work and move together. The Yorkshireman said, "'Ear all an' say nowt, tak all, an' pay nowt; an' if tha does owt for nowt, do it for thi sen." If this had been our philosophy, mice and not *men* would have come forth in our midst.

Sinfonia has lived as a club and as a fraternity for thirteen years. While it has been our day of schooling and discipline, it has not been for us all passive - indeed, it has been an active, progressive, producing period. How far we have progressed, how often we have practiced, how much we have produced, can be measured only by the Unseen one. Records and figures tell us only of records and figures. Deep feeling, high hopes, ennobling inspirations, pure thoughts, uplifting emotions and exalted aspirations have all been ours - yet no one can sound, measure, weigh or figure them out. Our veins have tingled and the handshake has become a brother's grip. We cannot explain everything, but we know that because of Sinfonia we have been living our brotherhood *life* and not merely our routine *lives*. To understand one another better means less discord, less strife, less war. We have understood, we do now understand one another better than we could have ever dreamed without our fraternal oaths and bonds. We begin to realize that the only *true* friend after all is he who knows all about you and likes you just the same.

The personnel of the Sinfonia is not by any means perfect. No one boasts of that, but those in its fold are better, and bigger and broader, for they have been taught sincerity, sympathy and sacrifice, and they have set themselves to *practise* and to work out the real, the true, the best things in this transitory life. Some men have looked "bad" before they passed through the first degree, and almost succumbed in our seemingly heartless midst. We have had the lesson taught that the surface often fails to reveal the substratum and that gold and diamonds in the world's history have been oftentimes *stumbled* upon. We have discovered that every man has a *heart*, and we are ever seeking to find how that heart can be reached and touched. The spirit of pettiness, fault-finding, jealousy and envy is dying away. In many instances this is because it has been *preached* away, and men have learned to *practise* broadness, discreet admonition, conciliation, co-operation and just praise. The hearty, royal slap on the other fellow's back is becoming popular. It is said that Matthew Arnold was a continual grumbler. The story goes that after he died Robert Louis Stevenson said to a friend: "Well, Arnold is in Heaven, but I imagine he is awfully disappointed in God." Let us be thankful that less and less Sinfonian "Arnolds" are on their way there - or elsewhere.

Best of all, the Sinfonian can go right on living out his principle of brotherhood - of "close harmony." He is not a Sinfonian for four years and then a "superior" graduate, a forgotten and forgetting Sinfonian. Phi Mu Alpha issues no four-year endowment policies. Hers is a *life* insurance. Our fraternity is not like an express train which runs you smoothly along the college track, gives you a good time while you are on, and then when you strike the outside world in a new and perchance distant spot, where there may be no local Sinfonian stations, drops you off the rear car with a thud. It is a *through* ticket you get from the first "bat on the head" or "crack on the coco," or whatever you may style those physical tokens of pristine affection - *through* to the last breath of the body at the

final degree of life itself. The man in Phi Mu Alpha can be preached to and he can preach, can be practised on and practise on. The full course in Brotherhood gives him a good ear, a good tongue, a sore body (for an initial period) and a strong muscle. It aims to make him a *man* - however else, little or much, he may be.

So brothers are drinking now from the golden cup at the Sinfonian fount. They will never cease to drain its contents, for the fount is an everlasting spring of Brotherly Love. Fifty years hence men will drink from this same chalice and be revived. And they will carry two precious instruments in their hands, bequeathed unto them by you and me, the intellectual microscope to discern and solve the deep and difficult problems of music lore and the spiritual telescope to catch a vision of the brotherhood ideal in their life work.

Do you ever wonder, brothers, what the history of the Sinfonia Fraternity of America will be fifty years hence. Many of us will not be here to read its printed page or hear it fall from eloquent lips. When that far distant day comes my hope is that the history may be told in words as beautiful and true as those which I heard not long ago in that marvelously tender voice of Eva Booth. When she was asked to write the history of the songs of the world she answered, "I can't do it. They are in the dying bed, the child's lisp, the shout of victory on the battlefield, in hallelujah chorus, the morning song of the redeemed, the evening song of the penitent - in man's soul. Feeling engulfs them. Not until the subtle nature of man is solved can it be done."

Until the half century comes may the Sinfonian who has seen the light see also a vision in his daily toil and joy. May those who are still without and blind, but all the time our brothers, come too, and *see*. Go with me, if you will, brother of the Black and Red, half way around this globe of ours. I want to show you something - somebody. The story is told as true. Listen. In most parts of China the natives have no knowledge that cataracts can be removed from the human eye. Not long ago a blind Chinaman visited an American missionary doctor in one of the larger cities in the interior of China. The cataract was taken off and after the eye had healed the Mongolian went away rejoicing to his humble home many miles back in the country. One morning, some two weeks later, the good doctor was looking out of his office when, lo! A strange procession met his eye. At the head strode his Chinese patient. He had told the joyful tidings of the surgeon's science to all the blind natives in and about his village, and here they come - every man's hands upon the shoulders of the man ahead - all blind - a company of thirty poor yellow men, guided on by the grateful Chinaman who through the skill of "the American god" had been brought from the old darkness into the new light.

With this picture for the Sinfonian to look upon and to think over in its application to the life and light of our fraternity, I am happily bound to write yet again: "Once a Sinfonian, always a Sinfonian! Long live the Sinfonia!"

Fraternally yours in Phi Mu Alpha,
Percy Jewett Burrell

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Extract from the President's Address at the Alumni Reunion, June 21, 1910

(Reprinted from *New England Conservatory Review*, Vol. II, No. 1; May 1912).

There is nothing in a present name unless when you hear it you think of something alive. Willie Williams wouldn't stir an eyelid. Thomas Edison, I fancy, would open an ear and more. There is some difference between N. E. C. A. A. being interpreted—*Nothing ever comes; always asleep*; and *NEW ENERGY COMING, ALWAYS ALIVE!* . . .

The alumni have no ax to grind. They seek to get nothing for themselves except that joy of satisfaction that comes from a consciousness of doing something. As students we were in the "getting" business; as alumni we should be in the "giving" business. We entertain no doubt that the N. E. C. would go right on without the N. E. C. A. A. organization, but this same institution would close its every door and run up the flag at half-mast at the stroke of midnight, June 21, 1910, if it were not for that larger body of graduates from whose ranks the membership and personnel of this association finds ready recruits and willing workers. . . .

The historian Gibbon has said that every one receives two educations in this life: the one he gets from others and the more important one that he gets from himself. It is the latter one that should be and is being turned into its greatest usefulness by asserting it in behalf of that institution where one receives the education from others. After all, education is "take and give"—life's highest form of the "battledore and shuttlecock" game. If, taking eagerly with the one hand, one does not give bountifully with the other—ingratitude reigns. . . .

Members of the Senior Class, the future power and usefulness of any alumni body is in such as you, and I have long realized that the Alumni Association should exert itself to the utmost to create a wholesome Conservatory spirit among the students, that they as such may learn to love the school and go forth as alumni increasingly loyal in their devotion to the alma mater; that they should seek a place in the front ranks of the alumni army among the outpost, pickets, and cavalry skirmishers and not lie back in the ambulance corps following on behind. With an increase of ninety-seven new life members during the past year, among them whom was Lillian Nordica, '76, I believe the corps is rapidly decreasing in size. Seniors, with your splendid class spirit, I am forced to believe that you have come to realize to-night that loyalty to the alma mater must have its seed sown in the form of enthusiasm, college spirit, brotherhood, sisterhood, in the *student*. Toward this end have the costume carnivals been inaugurated, and with the generous cooperation of the management and the zeal of the students they have acquired a national reputation for themselves and an increase of prestige for the Conservatory. Every graduate ought to mean an alumnus; that means in turn a true and loyal being with a soul all aglow for the old school that gave to him and to her a cultured musical mind and a warm, fast-beating heart. . . .

As the New England Conservatory has aimed to do its best by you as students, so should you seek to do your best for her as an alumni, for she has sought to send you out not as good musicians only, but as loyal alumni. The Alumni Association affords a field for usefulness for every graduate. Verily, numbers make work and enthusiasm; and, believe me, nothing can ever be done

best without enthusiasm; and you can never get truly enthusiastic unless you first get at work in some cause. I don't care a rap about enthusiasm without intelligence behind it, and we need the new, fresh, keen brains of the Seniors in our forward movement. To-day, members of this class of '10, you stand as the most valuable and important asset of this school because you go out into the world as brand-new living, working human examples of what the alma mater has done for you and made you. Work for the alma mater; push on and move up, so that when your work is done and you fall it may be said of you as truly as of the Swiss mountain guide whose monument in a public square at Geneva reads, "He died *climbing*." It must not matter whether or not you have liked this man or that man, this rule or the other; the institution itself is bigger than any one man or collection of men, or rule or code of rules. If you can read on your diploma that you have not only graduated in piano, organ, voice, or violin, but that you have graduated *from* prejudice, pettiness, jealousy, and envy, you will be the possessors of priceless parchments.

Your alma mater was founded with a peculiar reverence, a devotion to duty, an unflagging perseverance. I cannot help but believe that Dr. Tourjée must have had a wonderful vision of some such splendid monument to the cause of music and education as the N. E. C. stands for to-day, else how shall one account for that continuous personal sacrifice—the true index of greatness—his unceasing labor, his God-pervading and man-winning personality. Beginning in the little town of East Greenwich, R. I., fifty-seven years ago, with obscure teachers and a mere handful of pupils, and despite adversity of every kind, this institution lives to-day with nearly 1,500 graduates and 3,000 yearly pupils, a faculty world-famous; and it will continue to flourish in the days to come, for it was born into this world in humbleness to fill a place in the minds and hearts of a music-loving people. Well may it be called, in this year of our Lord 1910, the United States Conservatory of Music! . . .

Members of the graduating class: a diploma of this school is no mean asset to you; your life as a musician is of no trivial consequence to this school, but greater than either and both is your life as a loyal alumnus to this alma mater. The future of the N. E. C. is in the hands of the graduates as they go on to the world's field of work. If they besmirch her name—alas! If they glory in her—all is well. Therefore, go into life's battle with the enthusiasm and faith of Gustavus Adolphus before the battle of Lützen. Because of wounds received on his chest he wore no breastplate. Just before he went on to the field an old soldier advanced toward him and asked, "What is your breastplate going to be?" "God and His righteousness" came the answer. "What is your battle-cry?" "Emmanuel, God with us." "What is your battle hymn?" "A mighty fortress is our God." In that faith did Tourjée found your alma mater! In that same oneness of purpose, devotion to duty, clear-sighted vision, willing sacrifice and loyalty to principle, will she be preserved, and the preservers, like those of any and all great universities the world over, are the alumni who have caught the true spirit in their student service and who go forth loving the alma mater with a loyalty that in all time will work and win for her.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(reprinted from *The Phi Mu Alpha Annual*; Vol. XII, 1913)

Chicago, April 21, 1913

Dear Brother Sinfonians: What message of most helpfulness and greatest incentive can I send to all Sinfonians? Would that I had the power to discern it! I have looked over five Year Books which contain messages from the writer and have noted that the preamble of the constitution, clause by clause, has served as texts. I am impressed with the fact of the worthiness of the Sinfonia object. I am not surprised that □□□ is bigger, busier and better to-day than ever before. It lives and grows because it has a right to live and grow. Sinfonia is not a usurper of another's prerogatives, not an excrescence on fraternal society. It supplies a very real need in the minds and heart of young men, and older ones, too, who want to develop musicianship and manhood.

To measure the growth of brotherly feeling is a difficult task. Mathematics and scales cannot do it. Yet you know and I know that right in this direction has been our greatest progress. Let us rejoice in our consciousness of this fact and determine that our chief purpose is the development of the truest fraternal spirit. Herein each and every brother can help to increase Sinfonia's weight; he can be a truer brother to-day than yesterday and on to-morrow than to-day. Unless brothers in the chapter *know* that they are more charitable and generous, more decent and more all-round better men within a fraternity than they would be outside of one - then indeed such men belong outside. A personal consciousness of the possession of a Sinfonia idea and ideal and a practical exemplification in daily life are the proof positive that one is a Sinfonian indeed.

Will you not pardon me if I glance over the last six years - years fraught with so much of personal interest - for during these years which mark one-half of the life of the National Sinfonia, I have sought to serve my brothers as their President. With the five Year Books before me and these pages upon which I now write I count six Annuals. It is with a feeling of deep interest that I recall the installation of six new chapters - *Zeta* at Columbia, *Iota* at Evanston, *Kappa* at Baltimore, *Lambda* at Greencastle, *Mu* at Oklahoma, and *Nu* at Granville - and I must not forget the first alumni chapter founded this past winter in the metropolis itself. The fraternity has expanded two-fold, and there has resulted - *men*. Before this book is in your hands a petition will have been received from the University of Iowa, and it may be that other petitions will have come to hand. One chapter has been placed on the inactive list - Gamma of Detroit. It is a creditable record for any fraternity that of the fifteen chapters founded in the first male musical fraternity ever organized in this country - an experiment in organization if there ever were one - only three chapters have become inactive.

In 1907 the number of Sinfonians in the country was 473; to-day there are 876. During the coming year the one thousandth member will enter the Sinfonia fold. One thousand *Phi Mu Alphans!* Where? Everywhere - the world over - in the smallest hamlet in the land, in the metropolis of America, in the great cities of the globe. What a band to boost the Sinfonia! What of the next six years? If the increase prove proportionate we shall have twenty-four chapters and two thousand brothers. It is not too much to hope for. Indeed, our hopes should be for an even larger success.

The past six years have seen the adoption of many new policies, and the realization of fond hopes - all of which I believe time will justify. I am not attempting to name them in the order of importance, for in many cases there is an equality in this respect. I refer to what all brothers must know - to our successful publications - three *Mystic Cats* a year, and as creditable a fraternity organ in

the □□□□□ Annual as there is in Greek letter journalism; the classification and systemization of all members and the adoption of a membership card index; an embossed coat-of-arms; new shingles, new pins, a song book; recognition in Baird's official Fraternity Manual; new and revised ritual (first and second degrees) and paraphernalia; uniform observance of Founder's Day; the annual visitation and inspection of chapters; expansion tours; the appointment of local alumni secretaries and the awakening of the alumni body; the historical examination of all active members; the annual prize competition for American composers; a more compact and centralized national organization; all debts paid and a surplus in the treasury; a better understanding and appreciation on the part of all brothers of the significance and scope of the *national* Sinfonia.

I cherish for the future Sinfonia the position as the most potent, practical force among musicians of America. Only as the units, the individuals are strong, intelligent, aggressive, enthusiastic, masterful, honest men can the Sinfonia Fraternity - our organization - become a real power. It is up to you, my brother! To be a Sinfonian, in the musical realm of life - this should be a mark of distinction. Others should look up to you because you are really above them; they should expect more of you and get it - because you have "the goods to deliver."

The individual Sinfonian will make or unmake the national Sinfonia. The mystic letters □□□□□ are not being disgraced by individual indifference, sloth or crime. Honor and more honor is attaching itself to the Sinfonia here, there, and everywhere. Today the name Sinfonia is known from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico as it has never been known before. It is good to be in the bonds of □□□□□. Travel over the Sinfonia circuit once and you and I can talk in terms of a mutual and happy understanding. I covet for Sinfonians the good things of living and of life and they will come to you and to me only by our leading a life that is good. The ethical and moral standard of your brother Sinfonians is higher than ever. Men talk not in terms of character demolition, but of character building. I should like to see in the 1914 Annual, from every active Sinfonian, a one-sentence expression as to how Sinfonia has most helped him during the year. In his own way, he will tell unconsciously, how he is helping Sinfonia and the grand total result will be the taking account of our fraternally *moral* stock. Let each brother remember this suggestion. It may be that the Historian will think it a worthy one and act upon it.

To each brother in our fraternity I wish such a success, that in its winning, he will set an example for others to follow him. I want Sinfonia to *lead*. Forward!

Fraternally yours in,

□□□□□,

Percy Jewett Burrell.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(Reprinted from *The Phi Mu Alpha Annual*; Vol. XIII, 1914)

Portsmouth, N. H., August 19, 1914

Dear Brother Sinfonians: It is the summer-tide that finds me at the task of writing the annual message. My happy fortune it has been, during the past month, to motor throughout peaceful New England, and to see, and hear, and feel, and breathe in all that Nature bestows upon man, in this, her teeming season.

It is, in truth, His own creative works that in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fourteen, speak forth a message to Sinfonia. This is so impressed upon me at this time, that I can write no more, no less, than what comes into my mind and goes out of my heart, while I seek in a weak human way, to interpret the Infinite Idea as one sees it written, as by great crayon, on mountain, river, valley, and sea. And the messages that are for you and for me are four, and their tones are clarion, and sound forth to every spot on earth, whether at war or in peace, where dwells a brother in *Phi Mu Alpha*.

THE MOUNTAINS - They rise the highest and pierce the clouds and kiss the skies. Man must look *up* to see them. From their crest he can see all. But he must look up, before he can get up. Would he survey the great stretches into the distance he must move in the majesty of *Optimism*. So shall the Sinfonian who would seek the summit of success for Sinfonia and self have faith in himself and in his brotherhood, for without faith there can be no radiance from the sunshine of Optimism to light the path of progress - indeed there come no "works" after his strife. Works! It suggests

THE RIVERS - In the upper Androscoggin, I saw a log jam eleven miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. There were millions of logs tight in their own embrace. Down the stream were dams, and sawmills with many wheels and great machinery, driven by the power of the Androscoggin. What a mighty work that river does! It acts the giant's part toward sheltering humanity in homes of wood. This river is ever in motion; it moves as a constructive force - it *works*. Brothers, do you catch the message of the Rivers? If you do, and if you heed it, in the majesty of *Work* you will build a bigger and better Sinfonia. And the rivers flow into

THE SEA - As they wind on they grind deeper and deeper into mother earth; they push back the shores; the Sea receives and welcomes her own. Where is the power like that of the ocean? Who is he, who can leash her fury or arouse her calm? Who can measure her fathomless depth? Depth! Is this not what determines her power and her glory? Is not the mighty mountain wave indeed the visible depths? What is then, this message of the ocean, if it be not one that spells our *Character*, deep, strong, abiding? Picture before yourselves, the one thousand Sinfonians the world over, sitting on the shores of the Atlantic for a Nature lesson - watching and listening to the great and mighty ocean breakers - then rising to their feet with a new strength, a wonderful invigoration, and a clear consciousness of the profundity of human character, before unknown to them. They rise and move in the majesty of manhood! Now from the roaring, surging ocean, let the Sinfonian turn his steps inland, and gaze down upon

THE VALLEYS - Nature leaves nothing undone. She caps a mountain peak with glistening snow and carpets a valley in lovely green. She delights in delighting man. Did you ever ride along the upper Connecticut River Valley close to the Canadian line? How serene and peaceful it is! Hill and slope, pool and stream, forest and plain are jewels of nature studding the valley. All is peace, there is

sweet concord, fragrance ladens the air, every visible thing is attuned - the message to ear and eye, to the breathing nostrils of mankind, ay, to his very soul, is Harmony. Verily the mighty fabric of Nature is so gloriously interwoven that man kneels in awe. And it seems to me that God attunes Nature, not for Her sake, but for US, that we may key our own human natures to the majesty of *Harmony*.

May our Sinfonia brotherhood, on each day of the year to come, draw close to mountain, river, valley, and sea, and hear their vibrant message of Optimism, Work, Character, and Harmony. If each brother will do this, ours will be a fraternity whose optimism will have no cloud, whose work will know no drone, whose character will show no stain, and from whose harmony will sound in truest ring, "Once a Sinfonian, always a Sinfonian!"

Fraternally yours in,

□□□□□,

Percy Jewett Burrell.

PRESIDENT'S ALUMNI REUNION ADDRESS

(Reprinted from *New England Conservatory Magazine and Alumni Review*,
Vol. V, No. 1; September-October 1914).

For thirty-five years the Alumni Association of the New England Conservatory of Music has met in annual reunion. I suppose it has done this, not in order that friendship might be renewed and new friendships made, but that enthusiasm and loyalty for the Alma Mater should grow and glow. It occurs to your President that whatever else his remarks may be this evening they ought to be directed along this line of appeal to your sentiment and love for the old N. E. C. And it also occurs to him that the word "Conservatory"—indeed, the very root of it—is full of meaning and that to emphasize "conserve"—to keep, to save, to preserve, to defend—means quite as much for our *alma mater* as its ordinary every-day meaning in the musical world.

Does not the lamp of a Conservatory or indeed any institution of learning send out a very clear light along three distinct paths all leading to the same temple of achievement—that of efficient service? I would mark them in this way—(1), to conserve culture; (2), to conserve the virtues of heritage; (3), to conserve the student energy or esprit de corps. Now just where does our Alumni Association fit in this work of conservation?

It is not the only duty of such an association to uphold, strengthen and unify the spirit of the alumni body, but our organization does not trespass outside of its province when it seeks to have a share in creating and sustaining a wholesome Conservatory spirit among the student body, that all its members as such shall learn to love the school and go out as alumni ever loyal in their devotion to the *alma mater*.

An alumni association is handicapped and uses up a vast amount of energy that ought to be directed along constructive lines whenever it is forced to use a crowbar of argument to make a hole in the ice of a frozen graduate before the warmth of college zeal can bubble to the surface. We are not organized for the sole purpose of collecting dues and holding an annual jamboree. I doubt not that every college finds men and women indifferent to the appeal of sentiment and the force of loyalty. It is the institution that finds fewer of this hard, cold type that lives longest and best. The perpetuity of a school is grounded in human qualities—reverence for its founders, respect for its maintainers, ardor of its students and loyalty of its alumni. To conserve all of these virtues is a task for both the Alumni and the Conservatory authority. The Board of Directors has felt, and wisely so, I think, that the Conservatory itself has the first work to perform because it is with that, and not an alumni association, the student first comes in contact. Not only is a school known by its alumni, but the visible mark upon this same alumni is the impression, more or less well defined, made upon the undergraduate by the institution itself, by the men and the women who teach, by the very policy by which marks the conduct of administration in its relation to the student body. A loyal alumnus is the product of a warm, pulsing university spirit, and this *esprit de corps* can never be worked up after the student graduates and gets away from the dynamics of student work.

I think we may put it down as a truism that the right kind of school will have the right kind of alumni. Let us be frank, for we are together.

The “worth-while” alumnus is the one who has had not only a curriculum in the conservation of culture, but has been through a refining process of justice, wisdom, sweetness, sanctity and spirit during the days of student service. In other words, the alumnus of this or of any other institution will be in spirit, endeavor and loyalty just what the atmosphere of the *alma mater* has afforded for the student lungs. If the college air has been five-fifths nitrogen the alumnus will wheeze and die; but if there is life-giving oxygen he will throw up his hat for the old school as long as headgear is in vogue. Said one farmer to another farmer, “Uncle Zeke hain’t the man he wuz, is he?” Said the other farmer: “No, by gosh, he never wuz!” May the application of this illustration cease to have force with us.

There may be a relative inadaptability on the part of conservatories of music to get the same amount of college spirit out of their students, but they can get the same quality, for human nature has the same mother the world over, and the graduate can be trained to count flesh and blood and heart and soul as worthy and as useful a credential for personal success as a bundle of brains and the embodiment of art. We want live wires—every grad wherever he or she may be the world over—and that is just where the N. E. C. grad is—all over the world—to be individual storage batteries with wires of loyalty running to the very *alma mater* herself to give it constant and renewed and increasing power for efficiency and service.

How best to subserve these vital interests should be study of all from trustees to normal teacher, into whose hands are entrusted the mold forms of character and the hope of learning. Let us provide a course in University Spirit—a humanizing department. Then the N. E. C. will graduate something more than musicians, as Technology sends out more than engineers, Georgetown more than lawyers and Harvard more than philosophers. If these alumni went away and were doctors, lawyers, engineers, architects, professors only, what forsooth would become of their *alma mater*? They have acquired proficiency in something other and better than their chosen profession—they have become liberalized in the spirit of human fellowship by getting together often during the student years. This the Alumni Association succeeded in doing for four years through Symphony Hall Costume Carnival. What an opportunity our *alma mater* has with its many hundreds of students to get them together in common purpose, unity and fellowship that the student energy—social, if you will—may be conserved, that in its turn alumni loyalty may be more of a fact and less of a theory!

It may not be amiss to add here that our annual meeting held last evening it was voted that a course of lectures be given during the coming fall and winter under the auspices of the Association. The committee in its report recommending that such a course be undertaken, stated it felt that with the co-operation of the Association, the Conservatory, the new Boston Conservatory Alumni Club to be formed, the student body and the augmented public interest in the lecturers and their subjects the Association will be able to increase materially its funds, promote good fellowship through a common endeavor for a worthy object, liberalize the student education and in a practical, yet dignified way bring to the attention of both the student body and the general public the fact that our Alumni Association is alive, alert and eager to serve itself and others to a commendable degree. The given to the Association the use of Jordan Hall for which courtesy we are deeply appreciative. The course will open with a lecture by Mary Antin, author of “The Promised Land,” at which time it is planned to have the first formal public presentation in this country of Yiddish Folk Songs.

Toward the end of conserving student energies, the Association still keeps in mind its publication of the *New England Conservatory Magazine and Alumni Review*, of which the Lillian Nordica memorial number just issued is a striking evidence; its upbuilding of the valuable Conservatory library through its own gifts and the annual gifts of each graduating Class; its Tourjée Memorial Student Aid Fund which is assisting each year an ever-increasing number of students in time of emergency; its present plan to organize a Conservatory Boston Alumni Club that we may at least keep apace with the quite remarkable N. E. C. Alumni organization on the Pacific Coast at Los Angeles; its sympathy, endorsement and activity in fostering fraternity and other social organization within the Conservatory; its desire for co-operation in both sentiment and work between the Directory Committee of the Conservatory; its desire for co-operation in both sentiment and work between the Directory Committee of the Conservatory and its own Board of Directors, and for further information along this line I urge you to read the *Review* which has just closed its most successful year under the tireless leadership of Mr. Drayton. We trust that we may be adjudged not only alive and alert, but safe and sane in all our endeavor for the welfare of an *alma mater*, which through nearly 2,000 graduates, tens of thousands of former students, and many millions of dollars paid in tuition, has helped to keep the New England Conservatory of Music in big, bold type on the musical map of the world.

I feel that no more need now be said about the conservation of the student energies; nor shall I speak of the conserving of musical culture, for those who follow are best fitted to speak of it. I ought, however, to bring your very patient attention to an end by a reference in few words to what I named at the beginning as the conserving of the virtues of heritage.

Men in this life cannot know everything about consequences, but they can have faith in the outcome of their own initiative when the individual is honest and the concerted endeavor worthy. Faith begins where wisdom fails, and this was never better brought before our eyes than by the founder of the Conservatory, for through his faith and sacrifice, perhaps, more than by his knowledge and culture, do we possess the wisdom and glory of today.

The genius of the organizer in Dr. Tourjée stands out pre-eminent, not only in the musical realm, but indeed in the field of practical and lasting utility, and it was from his conserving an infinite capacity for love that there came an infinite capacity for work. He did not lisp, "Forget God and take your time," but with the great Livingstone, exclaimed, "Fear God and work hard." And this gathering tonight is one visible proof of the value of conserving the virtues of heritage, for it was Dr. Tourjée himself who organized nearly four decades ago our Alumni Association.

I have read recently two articles which have brought to my mind our founder. One was the address, both scholarly and practical, of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, which he delivered as President of the Harvard Alumni Association, and in which he said, "Let the University teach a due reverence for the thoughts and imaginings of those who have gone before.

“ ‘Old things need not be therefore true,
O brother men, nor yet the new,
Ah, still awhile, th’ old thought retain,
And yet consider it again.’ “

And the other is to be found in the current number of the *Review*, our own Dr. Elson's article on Dr. Tourjée in which in his terse and inimitable way he speaks of him as a personal friend to each and every pupil and how no one could accomplish the "personality" of work as he did. Will not all of you read Dr. Elson's article?

Dr. Tourjée's optimism must have been as happy and bouyant as the words of the New England opet, and in his soul-surgng he must have sung in joy and spirit:

"All space seems filled 'ith rainbows 'ith gold
spots for me to capture,
And all God's everlastin' hills was bustin' into
rapture;
The birds, the frogs, the grasshoppers all sung
their loud hosanners,
And every single fores' tree turned into a
pianner."

May we as an Association and as a Conservatory conserve this virtue of heritage,--a jubilant optimism.

May we, bound together as we are by one common tie, conserve all there is now and will be in years to come in musical culture, student energy and the virtues of heritage, and may all our endeavor redound to the honor of our Alma Mater, the N. E. C.

ALUMNI IN ACTION

(Written originally for the 1915 Class Book)

(Reprinted from *New England Conservatory Magazine*, Vol. V, No. 4; June 1915).

There is a difference between an active volcano and a volcano in action. There is, too, a distinction between an active member of an organization and a member in action. This is why I have chosen the subject:--ALUMNI IN ACTION for numbers don't really count unless they do *work*.

As president of the New England Conservatory Alumni Association, now nearly forty years old (the association!), I make a plea for new blood. I call for new recruits in the organized Alumni Army: not by conscription, but by volunteer service. The response which I hope to hear is one that will mean just as much to the Class of 1915, the Conservatory and the Association as "Forward March!" "Fire!!" "Charge!" mean to the soldier and the regiment. These commands signify that somebody moves—they tell of ACTION!

Nothing in this world succeeds so well as the organization of human beings. And nothing counts for so much in the individual as his own organized forces. As students, you have already recognized this truism in your very selves by so building your energies, training your capabilities, adjusting your forces, and adapting your plans, time and money that you will graduate a successful music student. You have correlated and harmonized physical, intellectual and spiritual forces—both endowed and acquired—for your own good, and, I trust, the ultimate good of your fellows.

During the past two years you have gone beyond your own ordered and regulated self, and projected it into what you call a class organization. This Class Book is one tangible result of it; life-long friendship a more vital and valuable end and other worth-while achievements are certain to be yours because of your being a part of an organized class. And this I say to convince you, if it be necessary, that you really do believe in organization and because you do, the Class of 1915 ought to be eager to ally itself with the organized body of Conservatory Alumni.

The Alumni mission is service, and service only. To what? The Alma Mater. It is, in brief, that service of which you read in the object of the Association. There are today about five hundred *life* members out of a total living graduate body of more than seventeen hundred. This does not sound as if there were any imminent danger of becoming a dead crater. A life member ought to be a live member; and my plea does not stop with active or life members, but calls as well for *live* members—for *alumni in action*. I have always looked upon the all-important mission of our Association each year as the work of interesting the graduating class in the organized Alumni body. I believe that next to the very natural ambition to secure a diploma should be a firm determination on the part of each senior to become actively affiliated with the alumni of his Alma Mater. In truth, the Class of 1915 will find its usefulness increasing and its loyalty more manifest by being one of the Association in action. Ours in an institution nobly founded. Should it not be loyally sustained and notably progressive through alumni activity?

If you believe that the Conservatory has served you well and are conscious of an ever-growing devotion to her, this plea will not fall upon dull ears. But if you are about to go out into the world

indifferent to the welfare of your Alma Mater because you are, it may be, dissatisfied, disgruntled, disgusted with anything or anybody you will have to reorganize yourself and hope for the best for all. If out of your three, four or more years of Conservatory life you have caught no N. E. C. spirit, the Alumni Association has long since come to realize that for such as you no school spirit can be worked up after graduation. We are sorry for you, for the Association, for the Conservatory. If, on the other hand, you are ready to shout for, sing of, and serve the Alma Mater, I believe your own human efficiency will grow in the field of our one common art and the world will exclaim: "Where did she come from?" "Where did he get it?" I know it can be said now with even more truth than in the first Neume that one may ascribe to the Conservatory Alumni an impressive authority in the realm of music. The graduates of the New England Conservatory earn no small praise, for to them belongs the distinction of having exercised an influence greater than any other graduate force whatever toward raising the standard of music and inculcating in the public mind a finer appreciation of it. The deeper the sense of loyalty, the more one *feels* for a cause, the more one will be, the greater things one can do.

Can I not impress upon the graduates of this an all classes—past and future—to look upon the Alma Mater as her school, and that as long as they bear her mark, they ought to be just as much concerned about her standards and methods, her equipment, her personnel, her reputation and character, her present and her future as those who administer her offices? No institution of learning is composed only of executives and faculty, student body and employees. The final analysis shows that what holds a school together today, and insures its not falling apart tomorrow is the alumni in action. Its disintegrating force, an ephemeral existence, will be determined by the alumni out of action. In days gone by a united alumni influence has made itself felt for the good of your Conservatory as it has for many a school, and in time of lethargy or peril, if such should come, it must be the alumni who will rally, as they have in the past, to the support of their Alma Mater.

The New England Conservatory has not yet begun to measure up to the scope of its possibilities to measure up to the scope of its possibilities. It is but a child in comparison with the older institutions of learning and culture in the world. Do not deceive yourselves—you of 1915—that you have had the best. That is coming in the next decade, the fifty years to come, the century beyond. We are now beginning. This is indeed the Commencement of your Alma Mater. Your New England Conservatory is not going to be satisfied to loaf along with three stories on a plot of land 250 X 150 feet, a faculty of fourscore members, an enrollment of nearly 3,000 students—not this when by working all the time, in action every minute, it can multiply manifoldly both its material equipment and its human output. A mighty constructive force in these years ahead will be the Alumni in action. And for this future and its work the Alumni Association is organized. It would be the motor that starts and keeps in action the students and graduates of this great institution.

How has the Alumni Association been kept in action? Lack of space here makes it necessary for me to refer you to the 1910 Neume in the Conservatory Library, where one can read the answer. I should mention, however, two permanent features which have been established since that year—the Tourjée Memorial Student Aid Fund, now amounting to nearly \$2,000, and the *New England Conservatory Magazine-Review*.

What of the future? Three new plans and hopes ought to arouse your interest. They are:

1. *The election of a permanent class secretary of each graduating class to keep as intact as possible, through correspondence and occasional reunions, the class organization.*
2. *The organization of a Boston New England Conservatory Club for the purpose of promoting local loyal endeavor and efficient cooperation for the good and advancement of the Conservatory. (There are about 500 graduates and several thousand former students living in Greater Boston.)*
3. *The institution of an Annual Mid-year reunion for all the former students, whether graduates or not, that they may have the opportunity to see the Conservatory in action during the midst of the regular school year.*

Now none of these things is very costly. Fortunate it is that this is so, for our Association and the alumni, as a whole, are not blessed to any great degree with this world's goods. Yet what we may lack without the might of the dollar sign, can we not make up through the force of applied loyalty? Y being alive, the now unknown hand may lavish upon us many good things. But first must come ideas, purpose, endeavor, organization, co-operation, solidarity, enthusiasm, persistence, action. Our Alma Mater must ever be abreast the times, yes, in the vanguard; not resting on her oars, but pulling with them, for better a splash over now and then while in action than barnacles on the blade. So together let us pull hard!

Every loyal member of the Class of 1915 can do something for 1915 by making 1915 a power in the ranks of the Alumni Association. Recent classes have joined in large numbers. It has been gratifying. Then let the Class of 1915 continue on in action as alumni. It can best be done by every one of its eighty-three members pledging himself as a Life and a Live members of the oldest organization in the New England Conservatory of Music—the Alumni Association—which was founded, indeed, by him who was ever in action and whose good face graces one of the pages of your Class Book—Eben Tourjée.