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Volume II
Number 12

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
THE ELEVENTH OF NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN! Chumered by iron-tongued, voiceless, joy-provoking bells; subdued by tear-stained, thundershaken guns; enshrined in wild singing, shouting and cheering by millions of men and women, youths and maidens, boys and girls; whirled by whirling and shrieking sires over land and water; voiced in a frenzy of exuberant joy and vented in universal sprawl, who will ever forget year, month and day? VIVE VIVA! HUARAH AND HUZAH!

There can be no living person who is unimpressed with verse, spirit and soul who will ever forget the morning, noon and night of November Eleventh. Preceding the grand world-anniversary of the birth of The Prince of Peace by only forty-five calendar days, the heart-thrilling and soul-stirring message telling that THE WORLD-WAR WAS OVER came almost as another glorious poem from angelic hosts to proclaim to a wearied, soul-starved world the glad tidings of “Peace on Earth, Good Will To Men!” And like that first “Glorious Song of Old” the second wondrous word flashed from the darkness between midnight and dawn.

No matter what may be our conditions and circumstances individually, and no matter what sacred ties or friendly relations may have been severed and broken by the world cataclysm, in the heart of each of us this coming Christmas should be hailed as the second greatest and grandest in nineteen hundred and eighteen, yest, of music there was but little. There were bands of course, and more bands when officialdom took a hand in the great celebration, yet for the most part these were subjugated and drowned in the tumultuous, unceasing melody of frequent noise from stridently whistling sires on factories and all harbor craft, mingled with the blithest bellowing horns in the hands of fifty-year-old small boys and the younger kids of ten years and upwards. It was a glori-ous exhibition of spontaneous combustion bursting from deep smoldering patriotism and long repressed hopes, and when it burst forth the great white flame of peace enveloped every man, woman and child, creating a very pandemonium of joyous frenzy.

In every hamlet, village, town and city where there were red hot wires to convey and spread the contagious hurrice of enthusiasm, it was first, last and all the time the people’s day, yet it was not specially marked by the people’s music—by songs and the singing of songs in a mighty outburst of long pent-up feelings.

Not for one minute must this bit of writing be mistaken as an expression of young editorial pugnaciousness, middle-aged foolishness or fossilized inflexibility, for although not in the mad swirl of joy physically, in spirit the writer was in it up to the neck. With eyes, ears and heart he was as deep in the mad of joyous din as were others in the mire of joyful noise, yet when it had all passed and normality again began to assert, there came an unassailable sense of something which had not been lasting—a something which should have been as unforgettable as was the day itself—and something was the beckoning granule of public opinion spontaneously expressing through songs and singing; a vocal outpouring that would have been beyond the pale of the forgettable.

If we may rely upon history and story, before the day of great bells, and the introduction of whistles and sirens and horns in this country, the people went to express in shouting and singing. With the advent of many bells their glorious tooting and chiming were added to the singing, and with the increase of heavy ordinance there was added the deep-toned booming of reverberating guns, yet with all this the people song—in the earlier days hymns only, but later on both hymns and the current popular songs of the people.

In the old City of Boston, on this great peace day in the world’s history of peace celebrations, there indeed was the pealing of many bells—most notably, the ancient bell in the spire of the Old South Church that, beginning with the War of the Revolution, has clanged out war’s alarms and then joyously proclaimed the tidings of peace. But who could hear these bells through the general din? It is reported that in New York City a well-known against these wails of his church, then for hour after hour played Handel’s famous “Hallelujah Chorus” and the millennial old church hymn that everyone knows and reveres—“Owman Christian Soldiers,” “The Son of God Goes Forth to War,” “The Church Is One Foundation” and many others—yet how many heard and revered them over the noise?

Through the entire country on that day were thousands of steinchen souls to whom its bringeth not only heart-felt rejoicing for the return of white-winged peace, but also carried a far deeper significance. To those souls the day was also one of consecration to the loved and lost who unfittingly had sacrificed on the world’s altar of peace—a day in which noise, no matter what the cause or how deep the meaning, could have no part, but a day on which music would have proved a soul solace. To those souls the pealing of joy bells could they have been heard over the chime, would have come as a sorrowful yet triumphant requiem.
MELODY

Ragtime Pianists I Have Known

By Axel W. Christensen

I WAS just on the point of writing an article on the subject of "Ragtime Piano Players in Vandalia," believing that a narrative of some of the experiences that a young pianist who aspires to the vandala stage would be of interest, when the fact occurred to me that this November happened to me when I broke into vandala might happen only in part to any other aspirant to the stage of the spotlight. On that gets of this thought came another, namely, that if I could gather together the experiences of other pianists it would not only be more interesting to the readers of MELODY, but would be of great interest to myself. It also occurred to me that by studying these experiences of others, and adding such of my own that might be of value, I would be more able to write an article on how to make good in vandala with the piano.

Art Hedler is one who has won fame on the vandala stage, and I feel sure that the interview I had with this young pianist will be of benefit to others, so here is:

"If we could look back and see what the future has in store for us, how differently some of us would prepare for it," said Art to me. "Little did I think," he continued, "that when at the age of thirteen I started taking instructions in piano-playing, I would be called upon some day to use the acquired knowledge as a means of livelihood, and when the call came I naturally was unprepared. Therefore, if you are studying music, be prepared for any emergency by making your course thorough. "But I am merely learning to play for my own amusement and do not intend to become a professional," you may say. So be it; neither did I intend to become a professional, but Fate ruled otherwise and the day came when I was very glad to accept the position offered me as pianist.

"At that time there were no opportunities to study rag under professional teachers. The only way of learning how to play symphonies effectively was to visit public halls and, at the time, there was no work for me. I then was working at the piano at a rate of eight hours a day, turning the pages of music and playing with great facility. The first concert I played at was a rag concert and it was arranged for me. I was made a member of the band, and in the future there were no opportunities for me to study rag writing."

"Do not imagine, like many foolish people, that you are made to be a talent by being rag-playing. Even though you are receiving instructions in classical music, do not neglect the rag. It will not interfere with your studies, no matter how much you may like to do it, and it will not increase your facility in playing the classical music, but on the contrary it will greatly aid that end of it. Furthermore, if everyone is to make piano-playing your living, I have been made a number of times by the same people who, in my case, you will find that there are ten openings for rag players to the one for classical, all of which go to signify that you should not give up your rag. Even though you may never have occasion to use your musical ability in a means of livelihood, BE PREPARED.

"The greatest benefit is derived from our own mistakes, and the next greatest from observing mistakes of others; therefore a little account of my personal experience may not amiss, especially if I have made a number of them since joining the profession."

"I began my career with a band where I was engaged as a "drummer" and a "cornet" and was paid very little for my efforts. I was then engaged in the business of writing of sheet music, and the music was very popular among the dance halls and music halls. I was then working at a rate of eight hours a day, turning the pages of music and playing with great facility. The first concert I played at was a rag concert and it was arranged for me. I was made a member of the band, and in the future there were no opportunities for me to study rag writing."

"Do not think of your work behind the lights any more than you can possibly help in the thirty minutes before going on."

"Wash your hands well in warm water, rinse with cold water and rub hard with towel till thoroughly dry."

"Forget that there are people on the other side of those lights listening to you."

"Take your time and do not hurry your work before appearing; they will wait till you are through-sometimes longer."
OYE! OYE! OYE!
BAR! Yell! Listen! Yell! Hoedown, Hoedown! Where are they going to be? Where are the music and the people? The WAB IS OVER! And after this December issue of MELODY all war-songs, near war-songs, mid-war and would-be war-songs will be superfluous as so far as any criteria in this column is concerned, and the erstwhile critic hereafter will write his criticism by the key of love, peace and such-like lyrics.

If anywhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific on two sides, with the Canadian Border and Mexican doubling line and bottom there is anyone who holds a hatchet (permanent or temporary) in any hotel, house, house, or located in this glorious country and doesn’t know the war is over and that war-songs are now interred, then be he or she should also be interred. If in this glorious area just geographically lined and over which the great American eagle flies and soars there is any music-metre maker and rhythmical manufacture (hurrah! hurrah!); if whether him or her (there are any who are called in the women’s section) the war-song composition they didn’t hear something - DROP ON NOVEMBER ELEVENTH and smash all the war-songs now made or in the making, if there are any such him or her’s who are so foolish to think that (and don’t do’s, but just pack them in the mud-chest to keep until the next war, and here hoping it will take tons of moth-balls and “compleat” to keep them that long. And this likewise applies to those who know the war is hushed and the war-song line is badly broken, but want to send in their brain ammunition just to find out if they have used the right kind of punch-powder. To everybody—nobody—don’t cry in criticism any war-song products! If, after all, this should happen to be any heretics, and authors or almost author-composers who don’t know the war, and the music, and the post-card to Herr William Hohenmiller (private citizen who will be made more private) and ask him all about it. He probably will be delighted to reply, in detail and explain that the bottom has dropped out of his war and that war-songs are as superfluous as the once great Krupt and as useless as snow in Hades. His present address (via Hohlen- mill, which is to blame for being on the line of his personal retort) is Beth on Earth.

Mornin’! UseParser sparsely and powerfully when the shipper says, “two-knot.”

B. R. S. Cantor, Ohio

It will be quite impossible for me to give you a detailed criticism of all your songs in this column. Lack of space forbids it, so I’ll pick out what I consider the best and proceed to rob your fur from South to North. If I’ve ‘Treaties’ Far Better Than Gold’ had been written in small type, I believe you would have had a much better song. The words to this number are new and combined with a suitable small melody this song would be “then.” “Threads of Sunshine” is a musical, deeply and projected affair. Your choice is about sixty-four measures long. Introduced to the cleverer to this number. “I Wish I Had a Record of My Mother’s Lullabies,” while built rather than an old-fashioned construction is a song of pure sentiment and worth-while melody. If properly arranged this number might last this number somewhere. “When Everybody Sings” might have been a good song if every “When” hadn’t been poetized to death and if it hadn’t been left in his catalog. This piece hasn’t enough merit to compete with the others. Give it a gap attack. “There’s a Song within My Soul,” The Song in My Heart for You” “I Love the Old Song of Mine” while numbers containing much sentiment and merritonic music you can deliver the three of a plug-driver hammer when it hit’s him on the head.

To-day the player and the piano manufacturers and mixers, the war is indeed over, don’t send in your bid now in twelve and don’t do’s, but just pack them in the mud-chest to keep until the next war, and here hoping it will take tons of moth-balls and “compleat” to keep them that long. And this likewise applies to those who know the war is hushed and the war-song line is badly broken, but want to send in their brain ammunition just to find out if they have used the right kind of punch-powder. To everybody—nobody—don’t cry in criticism any war-song products! If, after all, this should happen to be any heretics, and authors or almost author-composers who don’t know the war, and the music, and the post-card to Herr William Hohenmiller (private citizen who will be made more private) and ask him all about it. He probably will be delighted to reply, in detail and explain that the bottom has dropped out of his war and that war-songs are as superfluous as the once great Krupt and as useless as snow in Hades. His present address (via Hohlenmiller, which is to blame for being on the line of his personal retort) is Beth on Earth.

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MELODY

Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen

A new roxy is opening a ragtime school in Milwaukee and doing a splendid business. This lady is handling the school formerly conducted by Prof. Iselin, who has gone to the Mid-West. The school is now in the hands of Miss Hourra, who has taken over the business and is doing a good job.

Chicago has been known as a city of popular music, and the new school is getting off to a good start. The classes are large, and the students are enthusiastic. Miss Hourra is a well-known figure in the ragtime world, and she is doing a fine job of teaching.

Rudi Borat, the well-known Chicago clarinetist, is now conducting a school of popular music in Boston. He has been very successful, and his school is growing rapidly. Borat is a fine teacher, and he is doing a great deal to promote the cause of popular music in America.

Harold Van Meter, a well-known ragtime pianist, is now teaching at the new school in Milwaukee. He is doing a fine job, and his students are making rapid progress. Van Meter is a fine musician, and he is doing a great deal to introduce ragtime to a new generation.

Frank Roberts, the famous popular music singer, is now teaching at the new school in Chicago. He is doing a fine job, and his students are making rapid progress. Roberts is a fine teacher, and he is doing a great deal to promote the cause of popular music in America.

Miss Harris, the well-known Chicago pianist, is now teaching at the new school in Boston. She is doing a fine job, and her students are making rapid progress. Harris is a fine musician, and she is doing a great deal to introduce ragtime to a new generation.

George L. Cobb

Treat 'Em Rough

ONE-STEP

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MELODY
There's A Lane That Leads to Loveland

Over the Hills at Sunset Time

Words by
DEAN WILTON, C.S.N.
Writer of
"In My Dreams of the U.S.A."

Music by
JACK RAYMOND
Composer of "Beautiful Girl of Somewhere"

PIANO

Moderate

There's a lane that leads to Loveland Over the hills at sunset time

Night and shadows softly falling into the moonbeams Kiss the day good-bye

Steady a-cross the lane,

Moon and twilight gales are calling Weath the evening sky

Guide me to where my love dreams All come true again

Down the lane that leads to Loveland Where my love dreams lie

My sweetheart with you,

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JACOBS' INCIDENTAL MUSIC
SERIES A—Excerpts from SCHUBERT

Allegro con fuoco

Andante sostenuto

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Interpreting the Photoplay

Continued from page 7

thereby stimulate the ambition of pictorial painters to become better acquainted with other works of the same composers.

Life and Works of Schubert

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT was born at Lichtenstift, near Vienna, January 31, 1797, and died November 19, 1828. He was the son of a schoolmaster, and one of nineteen children. He received his early education at the boarding schools of music at school, and at eight years of age his father began to teach him the violin. He had a sweet boy soprano voice, and at the age of eleven in competition for the post of choir boy, he was the elected candidate. This position entitled him to five excursions at the Strassburger Musikverein.

Soon after, we find trace of his first compositions. In 1810 he wrote a pianoforte piece for four hands, bearing the remarkable title of “Grosse Fantasie.” The next year he ventured on an overture, a quintet, quartet and other instrumental works; besides a long cantata-like piece, “Hapsburg’s Klage.” The last-named composition was noticed by Salieri, who detected the talent in it and sent the boy to Buczitzka for lessons in harmony. Buczitzka soon sent him back, saying “He has learned everything and God has been his teacher.”

Little is known of Schubert’s home life at this time, but however straitened by poverty it was, it could not have been altogether unfavorable to the development of his musical powers. His father and brothers joined him in quartets; his two brothers, Ferdinand and Ignaz, played first and second violins, Franz taking the viola and his father the violoncello. The year 1813 was his last year at school, as his hoarse, treble voice began to break and he was obliged to leave the Imperial Chapel and the school attached to it. In this year he wrote his first symphony in D. A large number of songs already showing the true Schubert style were also produced about this time. After five years of training he was able again, and as he could obtain no other permanent employment he was compelled to spend the next three years as his father’s assistant, teaching the poor children in the school the alphabet and a little arithmetic. But a long list of musical compositions is assigned to these years.

Some of his finest works were written during these three years of school-teaching drudgery. During the year 1813, Schubert wrote an almost incredible quantity of music. Two symphonies, two masses, many one hundred and fifty songs, and a large amount of choral and chamber music were then composed. Six oratorios were also included which are hardly known at all. One day a friend called upon him and found him in a state of great excitement, muttering to himself and pacing restlessly around his room. He had been reading Goethe’s magnificently written “Erlkönig.” The idea of that terrible night ride had taken possession of him, and the same day he wrote his famous setting of the song.

Schubert greatly admired Goethe’s writings and after setting a number of that master’s finest poems to music sent the settings to the poet. Goethe never acknowledged Schubert’s efforts until long after the death of the composer, yet by a strange reversal many of Goethe’s songs are now far better known through Schubert’s setting than by Goethe’s writing.

About 1818 sight problem came to Schubert in the form of an engagement at master of music to the family of Count Lobkowitz. One of the greatest advantages to the composer from this intimate connection was an intimacy formed with Baron Karl von Schützstein, the finest amateur singer of his day. At this time, Schubert’s compositions and sang them everywhere. This, at a time when publishers were exceptionally timid, was of great value to the young composer’s reputation.

In 1821 he wrote his seventh symphony in E which was accepted for publication. His compositions for this work are so full that it would be possible for a competent musician to complete the work, and at one time Mendelssohn is said to have instigated doing this. Schubert’s greatest unfinished symphony was that in E minor, commenced in 1821. Of this only the last movement was completed, and the work was not performed until many years after his death.

In 1823 Schubert was requested to write the incidental music to a play by Helene von Chézy, the eccentric lady who wrote the libretto of Weber’s opera “Euryanthe.”

The overture, entr’acte and ballet music to the piece, “Romance,” Duke of Cyprus” were written by Schubert, but expiracy as his music was the piece fell utterly flat and was only twice performed. The “Romance” music is popular today, the manuscript having been rescued from oblivion by Sir George Grove.

Although many of Schubert’s compositions had been published while the master was living, he received little profit from them. Neither did he succeed in obtaining any of the posts as organist or conductor for which he applied; this latter fact probably being due to his own obstinacy and desire to have matters entirely in his own way.

Schubert greatly admired Beethoven, and in turn Beethoven was much impressed with some of Schubert’s songs. Schubert visited Beethoven just before the latter’s death, and when the funeral occurred Schubert was one of the thirty-eight torchbearers who stood beside the grave.

Schubert was one of the most lauded of all artists. He was for the most part miserably poor, ugly and uninteresting looking, and his finest compositions were utterly disregarded during his lifetime. He was never privileged to hear even an orchestral rehearsal of his grandest symphony, and after his death large bundles of his manuscripts were stuffed away and left to rot in a dark cupboard for years until discovered by Messrs. Sullivan and Grove. He lived an obscure life, his genius recognized by only a few faithful friends, and at the early age of thirty-one he passed from the life that to him had been so weary and sorrowful. List, the greatest of modern pianists, said of him—“The musician most truly poet that ever lived.”

How is a little “melodio” with the genuine American punch behind it. The Boston Symphony, National Anthem and Dr. Carl Mug is now a closer friend, but superficially to go into a “toup” the affair was not without precedent, although the father had a slightly different encouragement from the latter one. The “precedent” occurred during “Civil war times” in New Orleans, when General Ben Butler was military governor of that city, and the story is told by Admiral Clark of the U. S. N. in his book “My Fifty Years of the Navy.”

It happened one night at the Varieties Theater in the old Louisiana city that the orchestra played a Confederate tune, “The Bonnie Blue Flag,” and immediately at his close someone in the audience arose and demanded a rendition of The Star-Spangled Banner. Such a request at that time in a southern city was naturally bound to start something, and what was started was a riot that stopped the performances. The manager of the house finally appeared on the stage with the announcement that the admission fee would be refunded to anyone who desired to leave the theater; and then concluded by assuring the audience that no “Yankees” air would ever be played in the Varieties Theater. This was followed the next morning by a pronouncement from General Butler to the effect that: “The orchestra of the Varieties Theater hereunder must open with The Star-Spangled Banner, close with “Hail, Columbia,” and that “I mature Doodles” must be played at least once during the event.”

Home Has Registrum Habit

A house with an organ for music and a performer for organs, whom he shall assume the duties of a popular song from a photograph in a crack- head paper, for instance eight notes across the side with, perhaps a five note period, or the skill of the Firm. In this way the comedian, familiar with the manner of women and about seven, by the same method to be: he is always to be led away as the director, with only the photographs that had been sent out.
Chicago Symphony
Continued from page 8
in Milwaukee, and her many friends and pupils will always cherish the memory of her kind heart and helpful spirit. Her death is a great loss to music.

"Bunt" Collins, a well-known Chicago concert artist and student of popular songs, is already the toast of the city with her performances in various venues. Her voice is a study in perfection, and her artistry is the envy of many musicians.

C. A. D. Moore, Ill.

"Pickapenny Rain" is a cleverly written "dixie" poem, but at this stage of the game in the world events it would be unfair to try and interest anyone in it. "We'll Meet Somewhere," while written and clever, is not the kind of ballad that is going to be popular when the Yanks are homeward bound. "In That Old Town Home," etc., is all there as a ballad. Your words and music are of the utmost importance. The only thing I can use that will interfere with the acceptance of this song is its title, which is very much like several other numbers on the market. The words are much better than the music to your song, a beautiful girl of My Dreams.

This criticism also applies to "I Have the World," etc. "Vagabond Waltz" is very reminiscent of "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." This Waltz sounds more like a song melody than an instrumental number. I think you are a better poet than a composer.

F. McG. B. J. Ford.

"Goodbye Wilson, Farewell Uncle Sam" is the same old line of hope that every soldier-songsmith has hitched up. Strip this poem to the R. D. V. and you will find "We'll Meet Somewhere" in a perfectly natural manner. "Rags Come Back" is a purely local affair that would have no appeal outside of its immediate vicinity. My Little Lot in Khaki, etc., is a fine piece of poetry, but too narrow a song recently published with a similar title. "McLain's Courtship" is about as appropriate for a song lyric as you would find in a dunce cap. "The Battle of the Heart" is a fine poem and a necessary tribute to Meeker, but wholly unsuitable as a lyric song.

C. J. H. Oakland, Calif.

"We've Started Out for Victory" is good but worthless. It's all over. "Crazy Acres" was very popular a few years ago. Banish this poem.

R. B. Robinson, Ill.

"Bunt" Collins has also done a great deal of work in the field of songwriting and is known for his dexterous use of the piano.

John McCormack, who not only puts over American patriotic songs successfully but also puts up a first-class concert, has written a fine song that should be heard. "On the Chorus," etc., is a good song. "Vagabond Waltz" is a very good song. "In That Old Town Home," etc., is a very good song. "Vagabond Waltz" is a very good song.

A. O. C. L. New York, N. Y.

"When We Were Boys" is a good song. It is about the memories of the past and the hope for the future. "The Boys Who Have Passed," etc., is a good song. "Vagabond Waltz" is a very good song.

B. A. S. New York, N. Y.

"We've Started Out for Victory" is good but worthless. It's all over. "Crazy Acres" was very popular a few years ago. Banish this poem. "In That Old Town Home," etc., is a very good song. "Vagabond Waltz" is a very good song. "In That Old Town Home," etc., is a very good song. "Vagabond Waltz" is a very good song. "In That Old Town Home," etc., is a very good song.
MELODY

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