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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

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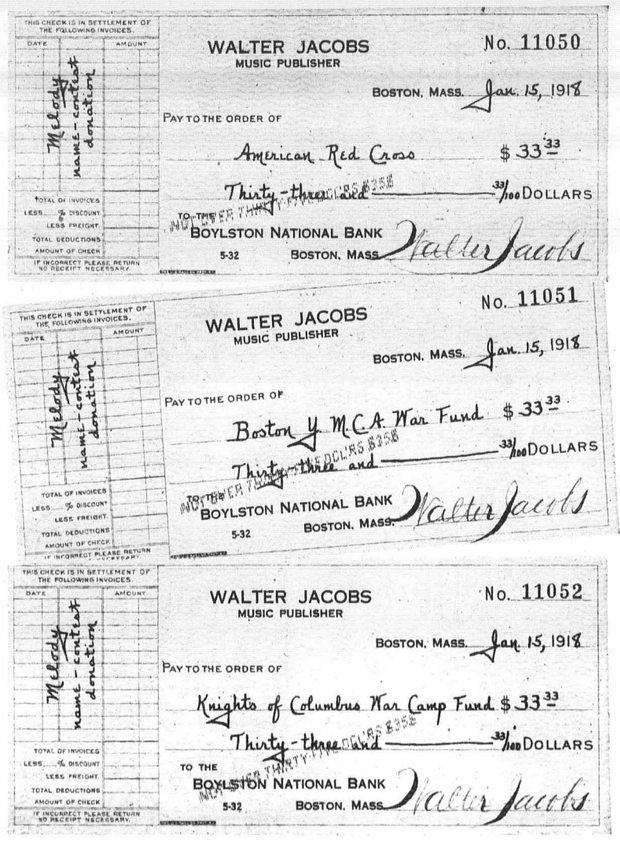

The End of the Name Contest

(See Article on Following Page)

"WHAT became of that one-hundred-dollar prize?" Although the answer to this interrogation was embodied in the full page publisher's statement printed in the January Melody, for the information of those who didn't read the article, and to reassure any "Doubting Thomas," we reproduce above the photograph for which the three checks posed before they started on their way to help the war and settle the perplexing question of proper disposition of the prize money when nobody won the prize.

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MELODY

A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music

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C. V. Buttelman, *Managing Editor* Walter Jacobs, *Business Mngr.*

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Volume II *February, 1918* *Number 2*

Why "Melody"?

TO give a point-blank answer to the above question, before entering into any details as to reasons, and tell *why* this magazine finally selected "Melody" for its new name—the answer is so simple as to be almost obvious, and that is *singleness of purpose.* As a name "Melody" expresses dignity and distinction with broad extension, a group of essentials all combined in a *single word*—practically a "blanket" title that not only covers all reasons for the magazine's right of musical existence, but a title which also embodies the very foundation of those reasons while at the same time expressing within itself the fundamental essence of all true music. As a name, then, it is short, stately and euphonious; as an essence, it is that quality in music which appeals ever to the hearts of the listeners; as foundation to purpose, it is that for which this magazine stands, and as a whole it stands for *melodic* music, *popular melodies* for the people that are singable and likable—in short, MELODY.

Naming the Baby

NOW for a few details as to the *how* of the "why." One of the most momentous problems of conjugal life, and one whose arguing sometimes causes anything but connubial felicity between the two principal factors in the argument; a problem which generally drags into it all the blood relations on both sides of the house without their being asked, and one whose final settling is bound to rest either lightly or heavily upon the innocent and inoffensive object of the dispute. is the problem of naming the new baby—particularly if it be the first-born. Eliminating the family controversy from the equation, the case is much the same with a magazine publisher when naming his first offspring in a new field—he must endeavor to secure *a name which fits,* for whom once fixed it must remain as long as the publication lives. Unlike the cognomens of the human family, that of a magazine cannot be changed as easily and frequently without disastrous results.

To come back to the baby. Mother stands firmly for something "sweet," even if it be a little high-sounding, neither does she forget some defunct ancestor or a living one with a bank account (fancy a pretty girl struggle with such a name as "Etta Beane" until some good fellow changes it for her!) Father also naturally bows to "ancestry" for the first half of the name, but holds out for something sturdy and "sensible" for the last half, while uncles and aunts and cousins (if permitted) would inflict something biblical, classic or even Shakesperean—some name-gift that would make any self-respecting kiddie forever ashamed of its handle, if it lived to grow up under the awful infliction.

Oftentimes, too, the selection of a name, or combination of names, may end disastrously for the youngster through a compromise or armistice effected between pa and ma. A possible result of this might be Mignonette Maria (easily convertible into "Mig" or "Ri"), Percival William (imagine "Percy-bill" in school), Genevieve Jane or perhaps Claude John. On the other hand—should the child happen to be a boy born—say during the present era; and should dad happen to be an embryo politician connected with newspaper printing—strong for the President, equally strong on the name of a renowned inventor, and ruler of his home roost—in such case some hapless male individual might have to shoulder a "Woodrow Hoe" through all his life.

"What's in a Name?"

WE do not agree with the immortal William of Avon when, in answer to his own question, he asserted that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." It wouldn't, and for the simple reason that *long association of name adds to the recognized fragrance of the flower,* for merely speak the name of "rose" and instantly in imagination comes the subtle scent of the bloom. Nor would a certain vegetable, when under process of cooking, smell any the less rank by being camouflaged as—say, "cauliflower." It would still be the same old cabbage carrying all the odoriferous smell associated with its cooking.

This same law of association of ideas holds good with a magazine—*it becomes known through constant name association,* and care must be taken that such association shall be eminently fitting to the purpose of the publication if it is to become successful. At the time when this magaz ne existed only as an idea in the publisher's mind, "Melody" was the first name tentatively chosen as being the most fitting. Later, when an abstract "idea" had developed into a concrete reality, and at a time when patriotism was rampant through all the land, the publisher's first choice was discarded in favor of "The Tuneful Yankee" because it was the magazine's avowed mission and intention to patriotically uphold *popular melodic music for the masses.* Yet in the end even this name proved to be a misnomer, and for at least three reasons—it was entirely lacking in dignity and distinction, many looking upon a youngster with such a name as only a joke; it was offensive to many more as being narrowly sectional rather than melodically cosmopolitan, and it did not associate itself with the full intent and purpose of the magazine.

Clearly discerning that this first-born in the field of popular music might more easily take the place designed for it in the music world by its progenitor under a better and more distinctive name, the publisher and his staff convened in joint family convention to discuss ways and means for its changing. As before stated, magazine names are not so easily changed as are those of the human family, and this youngster had been known by its birth name for a year. All of the immediate family favored restoring the first suggested name, but after

(*Continued on page 8*)

An Auto-Mechanical Music Composer

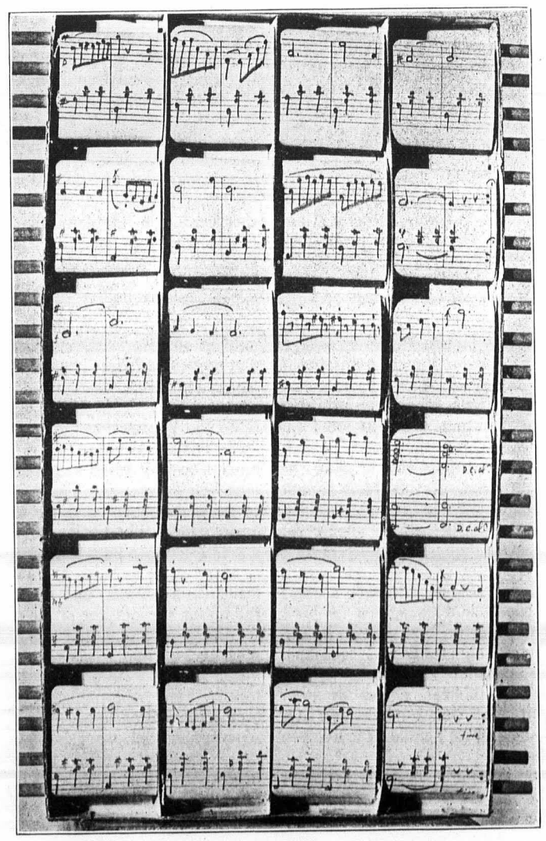
A Remarkable Invention—A Boone to the Overworked Tune Tinkers

ARE we slowly and eventually developing (or possibly degenerating) into a race of human "automats"? Since it is doubtful whether the word will be found included in even the latest dictionary, and as it is not everyone who "dines" in those marvelous victual-vending places where a mug of coffee, a slab of pie (or whatever is deposited for in the slot) is shot at the "slotters" through a hole-in-the-wall, and so experienced the truly automatic, none could be blamed for asking—"What is an automat?" An automat may be either a place or a thing, but a broad definition might easily be coined by first defining each half of the word and then combining the two halves into a whole; thus, "auto"—self, one's self, one's own self; "mat"—a thing upon which are wiped one's feet. Now combine the two, and from them we can deduce that, when we have become full-fledged automats, we literally are wiping our own feet upon our own selves (endeavors) by always having done for us the things which we might—*and many times should*—do for ourselves.

Hon. Arthur Blanchard

Below a Reproduced Photograph of his Invention, the "Music Writing Machine" or "Mechanical Brain"—Turn the Knob and Relieve Your Own Knob of All Effort

To a somewhat broad extent we already are a nation of "money-in-the-slot" automatons who seem "to move, live and have our being" by and through a metal slot. We may eat and drink, and light our rooms; talk and hear for long distances, and even listen to music; pass into a trolley-car station, or directly on to the car itself; grab a cigar, get a ball of chewing-gum or a fistful of salted peanuts; drop a box of candy or a pair of opera glasses from a cute contrivance attached to the back of the front chair at the theatre—all by dropping a penny, a nickel, or more as the case may be, into a slot or series of graduated slots. Nor should there be overlooked that cute little aperture so conveniently placed in the centre of a big round table which automatically pays for room-rent, light, heat and numerous "decks"—"kitty," we believe this little slot is termed in poker parlance. There are many more conveniently contrived contraptions which might be mentioned as "automats," but enough have been enumerated to show the growth of the auto-octopus.



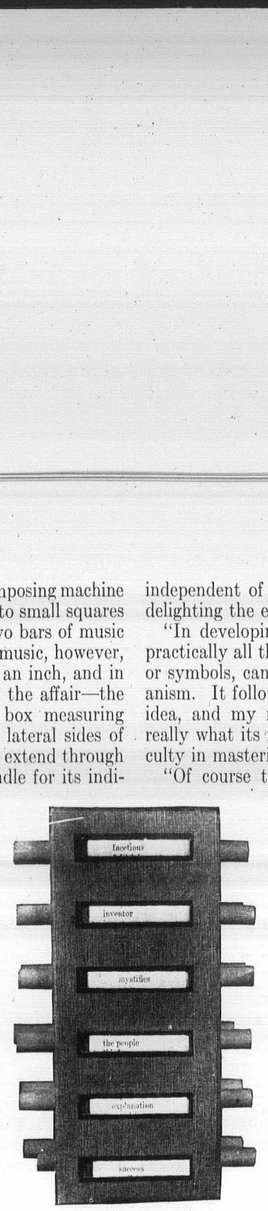
Brain-Automats

NONE of the innumerable slot-machines—so placed as to waylay the unwary at every step and turn—pretend to anything higher than the merely mechanical or brainless automat. All are simply automatic devices built to catch the "nimble nickel," but now comes a more pretentious (automatic, but slotless) "thinking machine." The genuine "thinker" is popularly supposed to be encased in the human skull—the distinguishing mark of man's pre-eminence above the animals—and more or less used according to disposition or indisposition, or perhaps enforced position. The present age of mechanical marvels, however, seems to prove that the "thinker" may be encased in almost anything, from bone to papier-mache, and be composed of almost any material other than "matter" (nerve tissue).

With the advent of the self-adders and self-subtracters and all the other automatic intricacies of self-arithmetical progression, the height (or limit) of automatic mechanical audacity would seem to have been reached, but not so. This new entrant into the field is a "thinking-automat"; a thinker (or tinker) of tunes and—Shades of Apollo and Orpheus! let us no more than breathe the audacious fact—a self-composer of real music, and all without dropping a coin of any denomination into the money-maw of a slot.

The inventor of this "music-thinker" is Representative Arthur Blanchard of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who claims for his astonishing machine that it has an automatic music-brain for any number of tunes. At present it is set to compose only in waltz rhythm, but when perfected, if a march is desired—turn a knob; for a medley or something else—turn another knob. And so on—a knob for a tune, with practically an inexhaustible supply. Nor is the inventor at all sure that he has not evolved a musical jinx—embodied the disembodied spirit of musical creation within a pasteboard monster.

On the surface this new automatic music-composing machine appears not unlike a sheet of music divided into small squares (six rows with four squares in a row), with two bars of music in each square. Unlike the ordinary sheet of music, however, the machine has a depth of three-quarters of an inch, and in this space is encased the mechanical brain of the affair—the whole being enclosed within a pasteboard box measuring twelve inches by eight. Projecting from the lateral sides of the box are the knobs of wooden spindles that extend through from side to side, each knob operating a spindle for its individual square, while wound upon the spindles are long strips of paper wide enough to contain two measures of music to a section, each section comprising treble and bass that is capable of harmonically uniting with any section immediately adjoining. These sections are projected to the surface as new squares, as the paper strips are rolled or unrolled. From this it readily will be seen that, simply by turning a knob, the original sheet (or tune) may be changed as easily as turning a cylindrical tube and so changing the geometrical figures of a real musical kaleidoscope.



Another Thinking Machine

This is the first of the atrocities perpetrated by the marvelous brain of the Cambridge inventor. Simply turn the spindles—every turn changes the plot. Yes, you guessed it—the thing is a mechanical movie plot writer, and it's no joke either, for Mr. Blanchard has sold many of them to film producers—one concern purchasing six. Good-bye, Scenario Writers!

Anyone who wishes to compute the number of changes (new tunes) possible to this little musical jinx, needs venture but a little way in arithmetical progression to suddenly find himself getting beyond his depth in figures, for it is easily demonstrated that from one setting of the sheet, and even without turning the knob, it is possible to place 10 squares in 3,628,800 different juxtapositions, and don't forget there are 24 changeable squares to the sheet. As further example in progression, let us suppose that each strip of paper that is wound upon a spindle (and there are four strips) is long enough to change its two-bars of music squares—say, 100 times—and the human brain reels at the very thought of computing the number of musical changes possible to this automechanical brain. It is somewhat similar to computing the number of changes that may be rung on a chime of ten bells.

If these results are astounding, the simplicity of the machine in its construction is equally astonishing, for a child who has absolutely no knowledge of composition can evolve any number of waltzes with each one different from the other. All that is necessary for the child to become a composer, if it can read notes at all, is to place the box sheet on the piano music-rack and by turning the knobs change the squares *ad libitum ad infinitum*—pen, ink, manuscript paper, and a little patience in copying do the rest.

Evolution of an Idea

REGARDING the theory of the "music-thinker," Mr. Blanchard is somewhat reticent, admitting only that his original idea was to provide changeable upper hands for certain basses. The inventor further admits that "to drum the piano and read fairly well at sight" is the whole extent of his musical knowledge. Nevertheless he knew, or intuitively felt, what such a machine might be capable of supplying when perfected, but by himself was unable to put intuition into execution, and so applied to Mr. Frank H. Grey, a composer friend, the result of their coalition being this automatic music-composer. As a beginning, and because of its simplicity, Mr. Grey chose the waltz form of music, but advanced construction for other forms, such as the march and songs, will be essayed later. Regarding his musical automat Mr. Blanchard further says:

"I should like to emphasize that this music machine is not based upon the principle used by 'composers' of popular music—that of combining parts of 'hits.' This, on the contrary, is based upon a theory of honest originality, absolutely independent of the work of other composers, and frequently delighting the ear with novel and quaint musical conceits.

"In developing my machine I started with the idea that practically all thinking, since it must be represented by words or symbols, can easily be done by some sort of logical mechanism. It followed, therefore, that if I was right in my basic idea, and my music composing and thinking machine was really what its name indicated, it should have but little difficulty in mastering the technique of music.

"Of course the musical accomplishments of my machine are at present rather simple, still I look upon it as a child which must creep before it walks. I know that later it will progress, as the machine is very apt. What worries me a little is that I may have conceived and embodied an intellectual Frankenstein—and you remember what that man-created monster became, as portrayed in Mrs. Shelley's novel."

The inventor may be right in thinking that he has projected upon the unsuspecting public a musical "Frankenstein," and we yet may be "waltzed" and "marched" to death by a flood of manuscripts unrestricted by the cost of publishing. If the machine behaves itself according to the inventor's expectations, however, it may be that he has conjured up a benevolent music-genie, and has set into operation a genuine "Auto-Mechanical Brain," and we don't know whether we should commend or condemn the Cambridge wizard.

Evolution of a Secret

FOR a long time we have marveled at the striking similarity of most popular tunes, almost as if punched out from a thousand blanks with the same die by a single stroke of a giant drop-hammer. It is now all clear, and it may be that this inventor simply has anticipated modern composers by making public what has long been held private, i.e., a mechanical-composer known and secretly used by them. Such contrivance plus strange coincidence would largely account for the now so-called plagiarists (who possibly may only be the unfortunate victims of circumstances), as it explains the almost startling tune-resemblance between many of our popular (and other) compositions—the coincidence being that, wholly by an unhappy chance, each just happened to hit upon the same knob combination of all the others. If such be the case, then Mr. Blanchard must be commended as a benefactor-inventor; as a musico-moral philanthropist who, by the mere twisting of a knob, has removed a most unjust and unwarranted stigma from the names of many of our composers. (The reader should not misconstrue the intent of this statement as meaning that any composer obtains better musical results from these mechanical knobs, which are of wood, than he would from the "knob" with which nature has endowed him, if as assiduously twisted.)

On the other hand, it is quite possible that these "many" would condemn the inventor for letting their musical cat out of the bag, thereby disclosing to the general public the auto-mechanical brain process of that which everybody had looked upon as gray matter, although perhaps suffering from malnutrition, but the public at large will commend and proclaim both the inventor and his invention. To achieve even greater distinction and still broader commendation it only remains for Mr. Blanchard to invent an auto-mechanical lock, check or brake, whereby it will become impossible for any one of the billion-million combinations to be duplicated—at least, not until each successive generation shall have passed to "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no tune returns," to where "the tuneless cease from tuning and the tune-tried are at rest."

Mr. Blanchard's expressed fears of having created a Frankenstein are possibly not without foundation, for already his automat would become the autocrat showing signs of obsessing the body and brain of its creator. It has propelled itself into the field of the silent drama, for it has either forced or fooled the inventor into creating its twin automat that projects plots for the films—imagine movie plots made by the million all by the same mysterious knob manipulation!

Nor can we hope that this mechanical monster will stop here, for its diabolical influence seeks to invade the sacred realm of poetry, and the inventor is now working on an automat to produce machine-made poetry. We await the future in dread suspense, for having learned its power it would not be surprising if we were to be knobbed asleep and knobbed awake. Some of us might even wake up to find ourselves auto-matrimonially hitched—wives and husbands picked out by this same thumb-screw process. This would indeed be the climax, a game of "crib" wherein this awful automat would score many more points than one by trump-turning "his nobs." M. V. F.

"Ragging" the Popular Song-Hits

"WE'LL COME BACK"

By Edward R. Winn

AT the request of readers, and with kind permission of The Metz Music Company, of New York and Stamford, Conn., MELODY presents in the music supplement of this issue Theodore A. Metz's newest song of patriotism, entitled "We'll Come Back."

Mr. Metz needs no introduction to present or past generations. He is known to the world as a composer of many songs and instrumental pieces, but is recalled to mind always as the writer of the music for the still familiar "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," conceived as a minstrel song, but associated by most persons who can and care to go back that far, with the Spanish-American War period, and Theodore Roosevelt in particular. Mr. Metz, assisted by J. A. Dillon and Gilbert Dodge, recently completed a new version of the lyric, bringing it up to date as regards present difficulties with the hateful Huns.

Theodore A. Metz is probably the oldest living theatrical musical director-trouper. Though sixty years of age, in spirit and action he keeps present-day youth on the jump to hold pace with him. More than forty years ago he was "on the road" and "out" with minstrel and musical shows of those times. He possesses a fund of knowledge and incidents connected with the development of theatricals and popular music in this country, the telling of which in an intimate sketch of his life would make enlightening and entertaining reading. Mr. Metz could today step in with his violin and "put over" the hardest musical show now running. Long live this grand old man of the orchestra pit!

TO secure the best results from a study of the arrangement shown, the pianist will early procure a copy of "We'll Come Back" in sheet music form, which may be had from any dealer. In this way comparison can be made. If this is done, it will be noticed that the composer's own arrangement suggested the harmony and counter melodies employed. The doubling of each measure is done because several of those of the music contain more than four melody notes.

The song as written, although in 2-4 metre, is really a fox trot. In order to create an effective one-step, of which there is always a woeful lack, the pianist will find it necessary to "double the time." The manner of doing this was explained in Lesson XI (see October, 1917, issue of *The Tuneful Yankee*) of the serial course of Ragtime Piano Playing by the writer appearing in this magazine.

The question is often asked by pianists, "How can I know when and where to apply a proper and effective musical idea off-hand when converting popular music into piano solo style?" This expected query is quite natural and simple, yet a full and comprehensive answer would about exhaust the vocabulary and musical knowledge of anyone attempting it. For a terse and truthful answer, one could reply: "*Acquire musicianship.*" But this is not what the questioner wants to hear.

In a general way it might be said that, possessing the ability to play melodies in full chords with a "swing" bass, the pianist is ready to develop by pleasing variation and inventive contrivance any plainness of melody or harmony. He is able to add little touches of—say, for want of a better illustration—lace embroidery trimming, and color. This ornamentation is accomplished chiefly by counter melody, embellishment and figuration. The color is applied by chromatic or diatonic alteration and addition.

This, says your practical student, reads well, but I want to get at the *how*, I want to *know*. No theory for me. Possibly, then, the secret, for secret it appears to be, may lie herein: Before one can know how to place a melodic or harmonic "fill-in" with spontaneity, the thought must have been "stocked" in one's musical storehouse, as it were, and under subconscious control.

Does this not seem logical? For, going to the field of oral expression, of which music is but another kind, it will be noted that the effective speaker is the one with instant command with a sufficient vocabulary to discuss in an interesting manner various phases of a given subject, without monotony of frequent word-repetition. Certain it is that a vocabulary is built up by slow process—a matter of tedious growth.

Assuming that the above comparison is a good one, it follows that the pianist can by gradual accumulation gain a suitable set of musical devices—the tools which serve the brilliant performer—and by degrees possess himself of a large enough variety to avoid any suggestion of dullness because of overwork. Most pianists having a "free" style have developed it by imitating what they have heard others play. These are the persons gifted with an acute "ear" and splendid musical memory—called instinct. However, the great majority interested in bringing their playing to a high standard have not been blessed with these natural qualifications, and with them music is something to be reasoned out, a solution to be arrived at. And right here is one of its greatest benefits—mental training.

For those who wish to develop their playing along the styles being illustrated, it is suggested and put forward as the one best plan that they adopt the scheme of making a special study of a selected musical form or design, writing it down in a suitable music manuscript note-book and using it as often at first as occasion will permit. Transposing it to several other keys will be found particularly helpful and useful.

In this way, as probably in no other, it will be possible to at least achieve that specific figure and by continued association to later employ the device without self-consciousness or apparent effort. Then, having mastered one idea, choose another and work on that. This is one way of making a pianist, and a good one, as it is known to have been successful in a number of cases.

Pianists, carefully watch and occasionally add to your "bag of tricks."

Interpreting the Photoplay

By Harry Norton

Breathes there a man
With soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
There's a ragtime tune
A-running through my head—
I wish I knew the name of it?

LOVE for music is one of the primitive instincts of man. Music has always been associated with the artistic and intellectual life of the world.

In literary history we read of the lays of Tyrtaens inspiring the Spartan soldiers to deeds of valor, and we have all heard of Nero's "fiddling" while Rome burned. This latter episode would seem to indicate that Nero "went in for Jazz" with his famous cabaret feasts.

Even the savage tribes in Africa have their weird folk-songs and tribal music, and the Chinese orchestra, however meaningless and amusing its music may sound to us, when heard with Celestial ears is, no doubt, most inspiring and beautiful harmony.

Music, therefore, being universal in its appeal and also the highest and noblest form of expression, is appreciated and enjoyed by all humanity. The most wonderful thing about music is that to take pleasure in it no knowledge of the technique of the art is necessary. Those most passionately fond of music are, as a rule, unable to perform upon any instrument, nor are they accomplished vocally.

Do photoplay musicians realize what a field for endeavor is open to them? They are the exponents of the art of expression of emotion by means of music, one of the greatest known mediums of expression. Incidentally, each one "does his bit" toward lightening the cares and banishing the worries of hundreds and thousands of people who each day patronize his theatre.

Music is vital to the moving picture. Its importance cannot be overestimated. The musician should never feel satisfied that his work is good enough, because our very best efforts are poor enough when compared to what might be attained. Musicians of today must continually strive for self-improvement and the cultivation of a taste for good music.

The advent of the talking machine into nearly every American home has fostered the taste and desire of the people for better music. They are now familiar with compositions they could not hope to perform and with the work of artists whom they could not afford to hear on the concert stage.

This fact—familiarity with and desire for good music—is proved by the requests which the writer and Mr. Malcolm B. Seaver, organists at the Beacon Theatre, receive daily. We are required to honor the request of any patron, and the following numbers are a few which have been requested during the past month:

"Quartet" from *Rigoletto*; "Ave Maria," Gounod; "Good-Bye," Tosti; "Last Hope," Gottschalk; "Rudolph's Narrative" from *La Boheme*; Intermezzo from *Jewels of the Madonna*; "Celeste Aida" from *Aida*; "Serenata," Moskowski; "Venetian Love Song," Nevin, and many others. These numbers are "on the records," and no doubt the persons making the requests have them, yet delight in hearing the selections played on the pipe organ.

Requests for ragtime and popular songs are seldom received by us, which goes to show that, although people like ragtime, they also appreciate more pretentious compositions, and prefer them when a choice is extended to them.

The much-used phrase "popular music" has heretofore been associated with ragtime and jingling tunes, but is fast coming to mean its exact definition—"music of the people." Music familiar to great numbers of people, enjoyed and desired by them, is *popular music*, whether it be ragtime or excerpts from the operas.

This upward trend in popular taste should be the incentive for all musicians to so improve themselves that they may be prepared to meet the demand.

Now let us "talk shop" for a few paragraphs. Patrons of picture theatres and the musicians in this profession both realize the importance of music in its relation to the photoplay, yet strange to say, the men who should be most vitally interested are inclined to be indifferent and lax in their attitude.

Many managers and owners of theatres—they who reap the benefit of patrons' attendance and musicians' work—refuse to coöperate with the musician by sharing, at least, the expense of new music. These same men do not expect the operator to furnish carbons for the projecting machine, yet they do not consider that good music is just as important to the musician as are good carbons to the operator, and both of these items are a part of their business—both absolutely essential.

The blame for this condition is mostly upon the musicians themselves, many of whom might interest "the boss" in the matter, if it were brought to his attention and convincing argument offered. Patrons of the movies should demand good musical accompaniment, but unfortunately there are a sufficient number of people who do not discriminate, people who, by their continued patronage of a theatre which fails to regard its musical program as an essential part of the whole, encourage the owner or manager in his belief that he is satisfying his audience. A few "kicks" from patrons worry the usual house manager more than any protest from attaches of his theatre.

A meagre musical library means an overworked repertoire. Some players become so stereotyped in their work, and so persistently use a few standard numbers over and over for week after week, that the writer has often wished there were a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Music in the Movies" or else a "Home for Aged and Infirm Compositions," where some of our "old favorites" might spend their declining years in peace.

In many instances lack of ambition rather than lack of means is responsible for this condition of affairs. There are folios and collections of pieces compiled and published which contain much good material, and enough of it to keep the average pianist busy for some time. The price of these books is low, usually about fifty cents.

Two such folios are published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City, containing a wealth of good music. One is entitled "Piano Pieces the Whole World Plays;" the other, "Modern Piano Compositions." If these two books be kept near at hand, the pianist will never lack "something to play."

For the pianist with experience in reading orchestra piano parts there is a collection in the Walter Jacobs' Catalog entitled "Jacobs' Folio of Classics," published for orchestra only, but with fully cued piano part, which is the best "Movie" folio the writer has used. It was not compiled especially for the "Movies," but the publisher could not have brought together any better combination for that purpose had he tried to do so. The piano part costs but sixty cents, and is a valuable book.

An important phase of playing the pictures is the selection of suitable music for the opening and closing scenes. If the introduction of characters in the play is the opening,

one may use a number in Valse lente style, or a Moderato or Allegretto movement. Pictures whose opening scenes are of dawn or sunset should be accompanied by subdued music, with gradual crescendo until the first action occurs. Particularly characteristic introductions, those with local atmosphere, or scenes indicating that the picture is of Oriental, Arabian, or Mexican flavor, should be accompanied by music characteristic of what is visualized on the screen.

Equally important is music to close the picture nicely. Most of our "Movies" end like the fairy tales—"everybody living happily," etc., and should, of course, be matched with "happy music." Choruses of sentimental ballads are good for this purpose. For example, "Love, Here is My Heart," "The Miracle of Love," "Loveland" from "*You're in Love,*" "All of My Love" from "*Flora Bella,*" and other similar numbers.

Care should be exercised to so time the playing of the last scene that the music will finish exactly with the picture as it "fades out." This gives the proper effect of completion. It is disagreeable to hear the music stop abruptly in the middle of a familiar melody. After seeing a photoplay once, it is a simple matter to judge at what point to begin the closing music.

A detail often neglected is the starting of the music *with* the picture rather than after it has been on the screen a minute or more. The music should begin the moment the title is projected. What would one think if at a concert a singer appeared, and after singing eight measures or more, the pianist should stroll leisurely on the stage and pick up the accompaniment at that point?

A photoplay must be considered just as is the drama of the spoken word, never forgetting that the music takes the place of the words on the speaking stage, in so far as possible. The music should be *with* the picture at all times. If there be a cabaret scene, that cue should be anticipated so that the moment dancing is seen the fox trot or one-step is being played. It is most unsatisfactory to listen to a player who is habitually tardy in making cues. It means that he is simply "chasing" the picture, rather than accompanying it.

One must be alert. Day-dreams and dozing do not combine well with picture-playing. The player who is good o listen to is the one who is "Johnny-on-the-Spot" for cues. As in all other pursuits in life, "the little things count." "Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well." The "Movies" are worthy of our "best done" work.

Why "Melody"?

(*Continued from page 3*)

much discussion it was decided to call upon all the relatives for advice.

The call was sent out, and rightly royally did the subscriber-relatives respond. The magazine nursery was fairly flooded with suggestions for a new name that ranged all the way from good, bad and indifferent to WORST. Many were near, but not *next*; some were so close as to be "way off"; others better fitted any old brand of canned goods, instead of a magazine with a purpose, and while a few were classic, none of them were strictly biblical or Shakesperean, although many disclosed leanings in that direction. "What's in a name?" There's everything in a name when it means life association.

Some of the "Whats"

THERE were some who suggested "Melody," either singly or in combination, but as that name was born with the idea itself it could not be counted as wholly original with the suggesters, therefore was out of the running, although it materially strengthened the cause when the final re christening came. There likewise were a lot of our good relatives who liked the year-old as a little "Yankee" (all are more or less "Tuneful" at this age) and didn't want a change of name, but these were too far in the minority and could only ride on the running-board.

Others there were who seemed to look upon the re-christening as a merry jest and sug-jested accordingly. Some of the suggestions from these jolly jokers had as much bearing on a magazine with a music mission as a "keep off the grass" sign under six feet of snow; many would have copped first prizes in a dog or poultry show or scooped a medal for chewing-gum ads in a trolly car, while many more could have jazzed along on an equal footing with the most lurid corset, perfume or soap posters that ever desecrated the scenery along a railroad track.

After all, it was a merry christening party, and if one could have got a jag on sheer fun, everybody would have been "intipsycated." Among the classics were a few "Apollos"—one of these even submitting a cut modeled upon the famous "Apollo Belvidere" statue in the Vatican which, if we recollect that statue, is entirely without a "cover" and this wouldn't do for a magazine—at least not in New England's Puritanical climate. Among the near Shakesperean were several "Popular," "Tuneful" and "Impartial Judges" (including a "Musical Judgment," also suggestive of the "last trumpet") which were strongly reminiscent of old Shylock's fawning flattery of Portia as a "most potent judge," a "very Daniel come to judgment," all of which failed to get away with the "pound of flesh." Pages more of these could be cited and not exhaust a tithe of the fun, jokes, quips and quirks all coined at the expense of our year-old magazine youngster who didn't have even an honest-to-goodness vaccination certificate. Among them all, however, was a host of excellent and serious suggestions, many of which might have scored more heavily if their originators had taken into account brevity, euphony and that "intangible something that is different."

The What and the Why

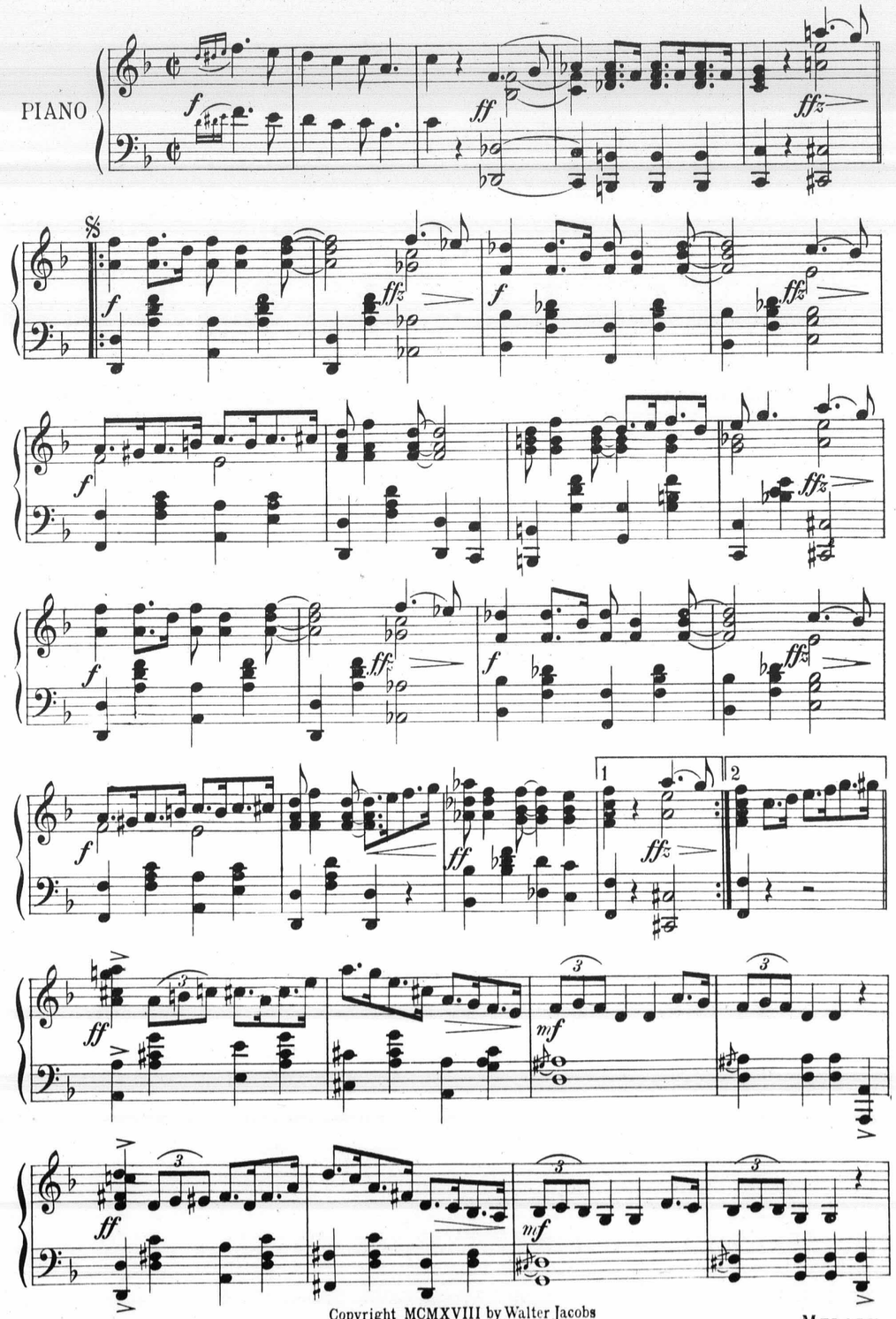
WHAT is melody? The dictionary defines it as "a rthymical succession of single notes," the "*unity of a musical thought,*" and these two in a broad way cover the whole of life. Life is an ever flowing current of events in endlessly varying rhythms, sometimes melodic (in tune) and sometimes unmelodic (out of tune), yet always moving so rapidly that "succession" seems an unbroken whole. It is wholly separate and distinct from the harmonics that are added only to more fully round out and make complete the melody, and which at times may be consonant or dissonant almost as we so will and choose. To carry the simile a step farther, life will reach its culminating beauty and fullness when it becomes a conscious "unity of musical thought." If this can be construed to mean promulgating the universally popular in music, and striving to turn the current to the better and higher through such promulgation, that is what MELODY hopes eventually to accomplish as a magazine.

"A circle," said a small boy in school, "is a straight line that comes back to the same place." While not all that might be desired as the definition of a circle, the small boy's statement exactly describes the cycle of this magazine's first year of existence in the search for a distinctive and dignified name. After circumnavigating a vast ocean of suggestions without picking up a genuine pilot, the magazine found itself back at the starting point with a name-light looming dead ahead that more than a year ago was left astern; a steady-burning light which it is now hoped will stand as a beacon for the magazine's mission—the melodic music that moves the masses to sing, play and acquire. This is the "WHY OF MELODY!"

Irish Confetti

FOX TROT

GEORGE L. COBB



D.S.ad lib.

In The Old Front Parlor

Words by
ROBERT LEVENSON

Music by
GEORGE L. COBB

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO

f

𝄋

As I dream of o - ther days your dear face I can
I re-call the day we met be - neath the old grape-

𝄋 till voice

fz *p*

see, With - in my mem-o - ry, all wreathed in smiles for me. Gee, but I was
vine, The world was all in rhyme when first I called you mine. Mem'ries of those

bash-ful, not a word from me you'd hear I e - ven was a - fraid to call you "dear." Just as
hap - py days in my heart will re - main, Oh, how I long to live them o'er a - gain. It was

though 'twere yes-ter - day I can still re - call the day I was bold e - nough to say:
then that I met you, And I found your love was true, So I said these words to you:

MELODY

CHORUS

In the old front par-lor there's a pic - ture Of my grand-dad with gran-ny by his

p *2d time f*

side; There's a pic-ture tak-en too when my dad was twen-ty - two, And moth-er was his

blush - ing bride. There's a place by the door just for one pic - ture more, And I'll

tell you what it's goin' to be. Now the next one in the old front par - lor

1 2 𝄋

— Will be a pic-ture of you and me. In the me.

f *fz* *D.S.*

MELODY

Dance of the Skeletons

Descriptive

INTRO

Moderato

THOS. S. ALLEN

PIANO

(Wind.)

f (Skeletons arriving in the storm.)

ff (Thunder.)

f

ff

tr

ff (Line up)

Dance

mf

mf (They start dancing.)

MELODY

8

f

ff

mf (Little ones.)

ff (Big ones.)

mf (Little ones.)

ff (Big ones.)

f

cresc.

ff (Getting excited.)

f

cresc.

ff (They all fall.)

MELODY

(*Dance goes smooth.*)

mf 2d time *ff*

ff

mf

ff

ff (*Confusion.*)

MELODY

ff (*Dawn approaching.*)

p (*Going.*)

mf (*Going.*)

ff

(*Gone.*)

MELODY

No. 5

Furioso

For Storm, Combat, Battle, Etc.

HARRY NORTON

Allegro

PIANO

MELODY

No. 6

Agitato

For General Use

HARRY NORTON

Allegro

PIANO

1

2

MELODY

24

By E. G. TARANTINO and THEO. A. METZ, Composer of *"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," etc.*

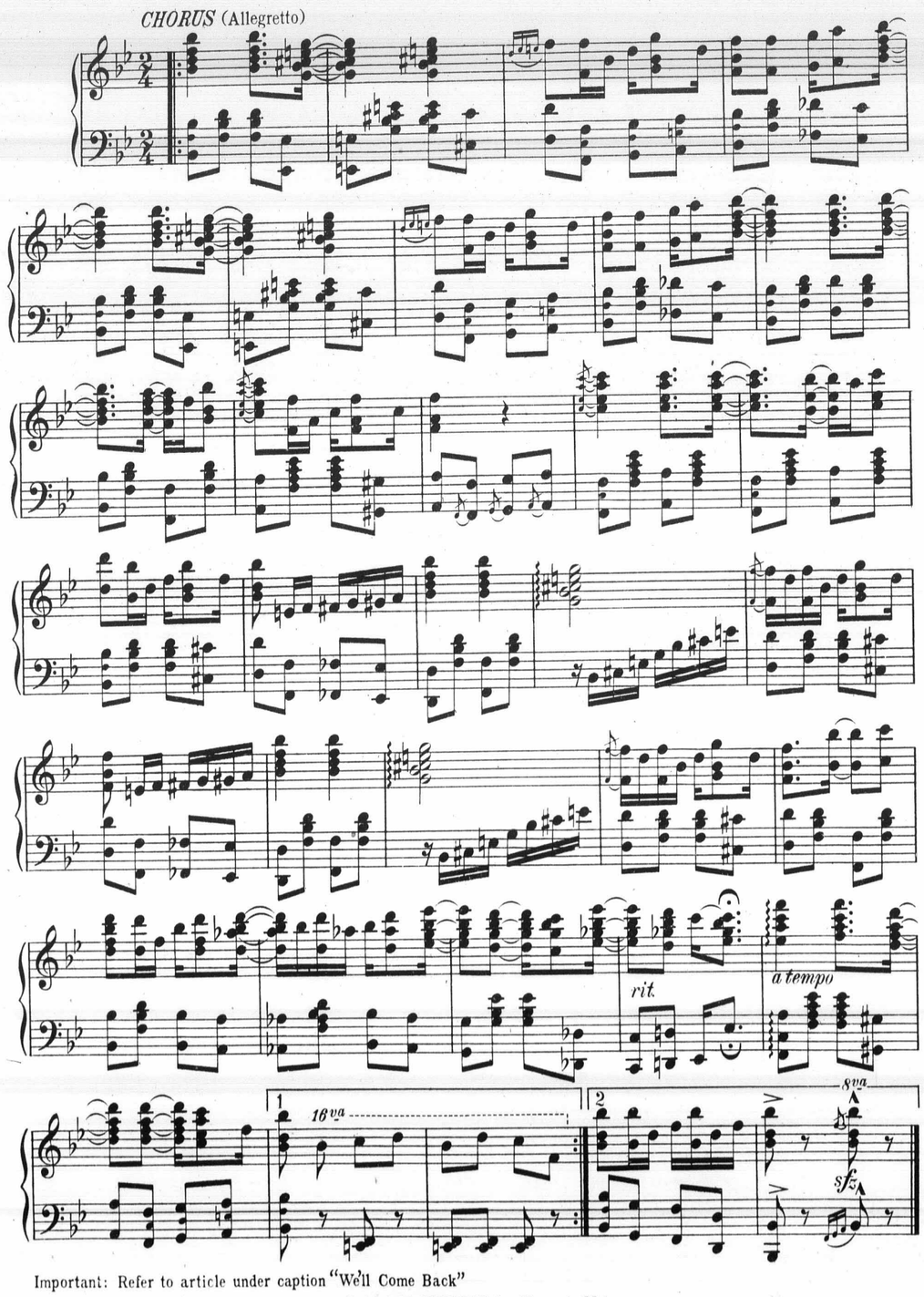
Original One-Step Arrangement of Chorus of

"We'll Come Back"

In Full Piano Solo Style

Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN

CHORUS (Allegretto)



Important: Refer to article under caption "We'll Come Back"

The Reader and the Publisher

Subscribers are invited to contribute letters or short articles voicing personal opinions or suggestions, and space will be given in this department to all that are of sufficient general interest

THE American public has been made most emphatically aware that the country is at war by the numerous inconveniences and even hardships wrought by the sudden diversion of the national energies from peace pursuits to war work, with the resultant overtaxing of resources, industries, transportation and man-power in general. While there has been comparatively little actual physical suffering, and probably will be very little in the future—at least, not what our smitten allies across the water would call *suffering*—some lines of business have been sorely tried and have been obliged to withstand heavy losses as well as to seriously discommode the public. In normal times, under such circumstances, the din aroused by the stricken ones—the pinched business concerns and the bothered populace—would soon swell through the land to such proportions as to easily drown twice the noise created by the present European atmospheric disturbances. But these are abnormal times, and it is characteristic of American temperament to reach its most normal stability in the least normal periods of national life. Hence we find the sugar shortage, the coal "stringency," the transportation tie-ups, the meatless meat pies and wheatless wheat-cakes—all the big or little inconveniences, discomforts, sacrifices, annoyances—accepted cheerfully and philosophically, every person apparently willing to shoulder a share of the nation-wide burden and accept his portion of responsibility for the country's part in the great war.

Perhaps no line was more "hard hit" in the general readjustment following the country's plunge into war than the newspaper and magazine publishing business. In truth, paper and production costs had soared pretty well out of sight some time before Uncle Sam got out his musket and joined the belligerents. Then along came the draft, with its temporary unsettling of business and home conditions, which were directly felt by the publishers; and later, when the drafted men were called to camp, the office, printing and editorial forces were nipped to the minimum, with most of the minimum, in some cases, of green material. The latest setback is one which the reading constituents of the publishers feel more directly and keenly than any of the preceding difficulties—although the public always must necessarily share to a degree in the woe or weal of so fundamentally a public institution as the press. Of course we refer to the congested transportation service following and during the recent excessively cold weather, and the resulting delayed mails and very belated delivery of the current publications. In view of the fact that the majority of the country's magazines are published in the East, the scene of the most seriously hampered shipping facilities—the confusion has been far-reaching, and few are the publishers or subscribers who have escaped thus far without inconvenience, to say the least.

One publisher stated that he was "beaten at both ends"—the same delays in transportation service that held up the delivery of one month's edition of his magazine held up the coal shipments that were required to furnish fuel to permit his plant to turn out the next month's issue. "But," he said, "I am resting fairly easily right now, for the same slow deliveries that are bothering me and my subscribers have also delayed their letters, and thus far I have received very few kicks about non-arrival of last month's magazines, although I know they were from one to three weeks late.

We uphold that publisher in his cheerful acceptance of the rather perplexing adverse conditions, but we feel that he has misjudged his subscribers in that he takes it for granted that they are "kicking" about the late arrival of their magazines. As a matter of fact, the general public is doing very little "kicking" about the annoyances which can be directly or indirectly traced to the war as a primal cause. True, there is "kicking," but careful investigation shows that the yelping comes from a very small minority, conspicuous only because of the volume of noise so out of proportion to the quantity of "kickers," while the great backbone of the country—the party known as General Public—is settling down to attend to his part in the conduct of the fight for democracy. A leading feature of that part is "bearing and forbearing" in the little matters of daily routine which are bound to be less harmonious and smooth-running than in normal days of peace.

Getting down to cases, we are well aware of the fact that MELODY reached the majority of its subscribers from several days to several weeks late last month. Nor are we certain, at the time this is written, that there will be any great improvement in delivery of the February issue. We do know that we will do our best to get the editions printed on time, and we also feel sure that our subscribers will be as lenient as they were last month, and will patiently await the best service that Uncle Sam can give when he has so much on his hands. There isn't a one of us who would want him to delay shipment of one single lump of coal, or one shell, or one bushel of wheat—or any bit of the many commodities which must be moved so expeditiously and in such large quantities to properly speed up the war—just for the sake of getting our comparatively unimportant mail through on time.

Let us hope that warmer weather, with the subsequent clearing of the choked railway arteries, will soon bring relief—not only to the magazine publishers and their constituency, but to all lines of business. Meanwhile we want to express appreciation to the host of patient MELODY subscribers who have by their patience made our task the easier. We like to get letters from our subscribers, and we don't want them to miss a copy of the magazine, but letters written about the non-arrival of any issue are pretty apt to pass the magazine on the way, for Uncle Sam seldom *loses* mail of any class. So the chances are that the patience of our subscribers not only earns our appreciation, but saves the subscribers considerable postage.

LETTERS FROM MELODY READERS

Jas. McE. R., Auburn, Wash.

WE are glad to learn of the general demand for a "Movie Music" department as a permanent feature of Melody, and we are more than pleased with your interesting letter, because it came before we had solicited an expression on the subject from our readers. For the benefit of other readers interested in the same matter, the letter is printed in full:

Last February the manager of the theatre where I am employed as pianist placed a sample copy of your paper on my piano. Upon examination of the same I found some pretty fair music in its contents, but was mostly impressed with the idea of the magazine itself, namely that it filled what I consider a long-felt want—a magazine devoted to the interests of the "public or business musician," if I may so dub myself and fellow-workers.

I am a subscriber to nearly every musical magazine of any merit, but have found none so meritorious as the Tuneful Yankee. There has been a general improvement right along in the few short months I have been a subscriber, and the latest issue containing the article on motion picture work, by Harry Norton, together with the two musical numbers, is noted with extreme pleasure.

My object in writing is to encourage you toward continuing this department. With me it fills a long-felt want. Like Mr. Norton, I have been in the movie game since its infancy, and while I cannot consider myself an authority on the subject, I have had sufficient experience to fully appreciate his articles and know how greatly I would value such a department properly conducted.

I should be glad to contribute what knowledge I have gained through experience to such a department, and would certainly appreciate being able to lay some of my perplexing problems that arise, before some competent authority for suggestions and advice. Not only would the material assistance received from such a department be of value to those of our profession, but the general interest and appreciation it would stimulate would tend to spur us on to greater endeavors, and have a most beneficial effect on the industry generally.

In the organization and conduct of such a department I should like to offer a few suggestions, but will not take the time to do so now, nor without some assurance that the same would be welcomed.

Allow me to express my appreciation of the numbers arranged by Edw. R. Winn, as

published in the last two issues. I hope you will continue them, as my audiences have certainly appreciated them.

Needless to say, we hope our correspondent will at once present his suggestions and assist in getting the "Movie Music" department into full swing by drawing upon it for such assistance as may be within its province to give. Perhaps it will be possible to develop a sort of "Movie Players' Round Table"—in any event, let every interested musician or "fan" get in the ring and help make things interesting for the editor.

A FEW COMMENTS

H. B. Rood, Albany, N. Y.

Your decision as to the prize for the new name is a very wise one, I think. By whatever name the magazine is known, it is very useful to me.

Mrs. A. A. Boyd, Elwood, Neb.

To be frank with you as you are to your readers, I am disappointed in the change made, as I do not fancy the color scheme of the cover, or the brief name chosen; even the contents does not appeal to me as much as my previous copies. It is hard to address a publishing concern by so short a name as "Melody." But then, a change could hardly suit everyone, and I shall be satisfied so long as the contents do not change for the worse.

Martin Gibson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now you have a real magazine and a name that doesn't "smell." I have seen better lettering than your artist gave you for the title line on the new cover, but at that, the work is about 500 per cent better than the "Tuneful Yankee" atrocity. Put me down for a "lifer."

R. O. Paris, M. D., Brookline, Mass.

"Melody" was my choice for a new title, and if you will look up my letter of August 23, you will find that I suggested almost the identical wording that you have used for a sub-title. Your disposition of the prize money was, under the circumstances, the most satisfactory and just solution of what I imagine must have seemed a rather perplexing problem.

B. M. Littleton, Minneapolis, Minn.

You have made the best choice possible in taking "Melody" for a new name. I congratulate you.

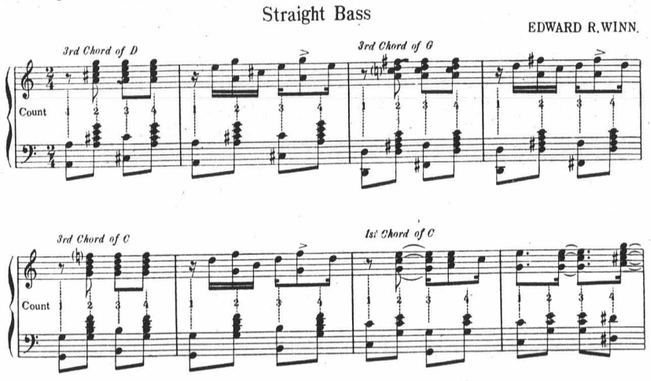
Ragtime Essence.

That the pupil may better appreciate that effective Ragtime is, after all, nothing more nor less than "consecutively repeated syncopated harmonies," the following theme, consisting of sixteen measures and employing but four changes of harmony, is given. Straight Bass is used in the first eight measures; Discord Bass in the last eight measures.

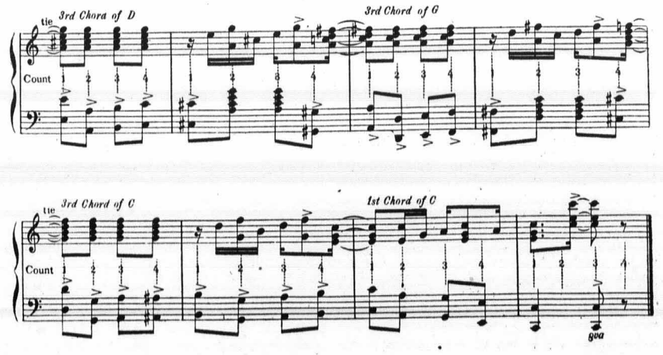
Apply both styles of bass to other melodies. Observe that the melody is not played in octaves as previously but appears as the top note of each chord in the right hand. This produces variety and prevents the constant playing of octaves in the right hand. Apply this style of treble to other melodies.

Straight Bass

EDWARD R. WINN.



Discord Bass



Ragtime Piano Playing—Lesson XVI

A Practical Course of Instruction for Pianists---By Edward R. Winn

THIS section of the course brings us to a point in our study where we find that the octave form of playing the melody may be avoided, if desired, by reducing the chord to an interval less than eight successive diatonic tones. By permitting the chords to fall in irregular positions the greatest possible variety in chord formation may be accomplished. This style is technically more difficult than the octave form and of course melodically and harmonically not so full and broad. Ordinarily, however, it is susceptible to greater brilliance and passing note embellishment.

In order to prove to himself that he thoroughly understands the manner of recognizing and deciding the chords required to harmonize compositions, the application of the rhythm patterns, various styles of bass in single and double metre and treble chords in the different interval formations, the pupil should devote considerable time to playing and analyzing strange compositions for the purpose of acquiring musical taste and judgment—instinct—and for gaining the ability to introduce them at sight.

Readers following this course of instruction are cordially invited to submit to the author for helpful criticism manuscripts showing example of melodies arranged with the majority of the treble chord formations in intervals less than an octave, and bass parts demonstrating employment of single straight bass with passing note added.

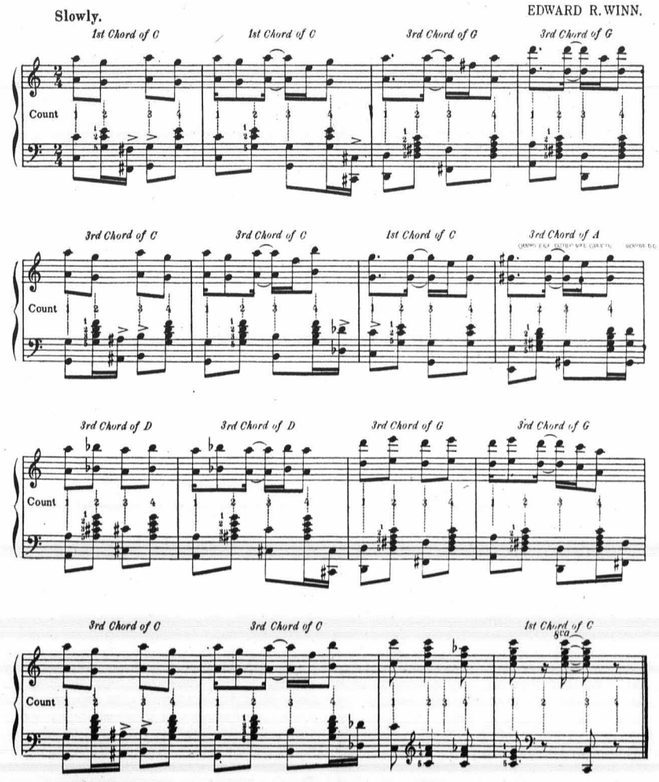
The next following lesson will embrace arrangements of melodies showing complex rhythm, discord bass and including intricate ragged (syncopated) bass.

(To be continued. For synopsis of preceding lessons see January Melody.)

Single Straight Bass - With Passing Note Added

A Passing Note may be added to the Straight Bass (alternate octaves and chords) *between* counts 2 and 3 and *between* counts 4 and 1. The passing note usually employed is the tone a half-step (semi-tone) directly below or above the tone which it precedes. Do not use passing notes in every measure. Aim to produce variety. Apply passing note to Single Straight Bass of other melodies.

Slowly. EDWARD R. WINN.



When facility in playing the above exercise has been acquired the harmonic tones may be added in the right hand,

Just Between You and Me

GEORGE L. COBB'S own corner, wherein he answers questions, criticises manuscripts, and discusses the various little matters close to the hearts of Melody readers—all of a more or less "personal" nature, and for that very reason of interest to all

No Manuscripts Returned Unless Accompanied by Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope.

A. L., Richmond, Va.

Your song sounds like the daddy of all the Hawaiian songs, "Aloha Oe." If you ever expect to interest a publisher in this number, you'll have to cut out the high notes in your chorus. Flirting with G and G sharp (above middle C) is dangerous. Better tear this song up and write one on another style, as the Hawaiian craze is nearly extinct.

Amos T., Detroit, Mich.

Your song is almost a good song. Your melody is original and correctly arranged. The lyric is only fair, though, as it lacks the *big punch* in the chorus. Have your lyric writer, Mr. C., rewrite his chorus and you'll have a regular song. Then, if you can "land" the song with a good publisher, you are made. Good luck, Amos! P. S.—Remember, this is just my *opinion*. Don't spend any money on the strength of it; I have gotten badly in the hole once or twice by doing so.

Al. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

"How Can We Keep the Home Fires Burning, When We Can't Get Any Coal to Burn" is all right for a joke in a "hick" town, but can you imagine the grand old public standing for a song like that when the Government is doing all it can to remedy the situation? There is suffering enough at this time without inflicting an atrocity like this on the public.

Charles C. B., Kansas City, Mo.

There are only three ways of securing a position in a music publishing house. You must have luck, nerve or merit—or else a happy combination of the three. If you are willing to start at the bottom and go the rounds, the coast is more than clear. Your being able to play the piano will not hinder you from "plugging" day and night—that is, if you do succeed in getting on the pay roll of some publishing plant. Go to it!

Fred W., Atlanta, Ga.

Yes, Leo Feist certainly did pay $25,000 for "Over There." In the first place, Feist could afford to pay it, and in the second place the song was well worth it. The way the public has applauded and purchased the song, it's ten to one that the house of Feist got the money back and then some long before this. No, we do not know what Feist paid Will Rossiter for "At the Darktown Strutters' Ball." Yes, it is a "jass" song, and was written by the writer of "Walkin' the Dog," Shelton Brooks.

Russell F., San Francisco, Cal.

There is no need of copyrighting your songs before submitting them to publishers. You must realize that every big house has connected with it writers who sometimes have ideas of their own. They don't have to steal your thunder. If you have something good and original, send it to any of the reliable, well-known publishers; they won't steal your ideas. They probably will send 'em back. Quite a number of my choice efforts have been thus returned to me. Then again, some haven't come back—in most cases because I forgot to send return postage.

Geo. P., Memphis, Tenn.

The question of the length of the verses for a popular song depends upon the author. If you can tell your story in four or six lines, so much the better. The average buyers of popular music nowadays don't care for long verses; they want to get right into the chorus. If you will carefully look over the songs of the last year, you will notice that there is a marked tendency toward making the verses shorter.

Philip S. D., Portland, Me.

Your "march" is not a march but a "near" fox trot. Would advise you to have a regular arranger go over your work. If you want sixteen bars in your first strain, have sixteen and not fifteen. Also give an introduction to your composition; it needs a front porch of some kind. A good harmony course wouldn't hurt you a bit.

Louis D., Phoenix, Ariz.

No, I do not think you are a nut, but that you are trying to kid the new Ed. What else could you mean by asking him to dissect the lyric you have sent in? "I'm Going to be a Veterinary to the Veterans When We're on the Hoof to Berlin" is a funny title—but I really can't take you seriously in this, your maiden effort, so come across with something else in a little lighter vein, as I believe you are light-headed enough to do it. As you did not send stamps, I shall have your pet poem framed and hung in a conspicuous place where other ambitious young song-smiths can see it, and take heed.

Verna M., Bridgeport, Conn.

Your poem, "Mother's Eyes," is very pretty and unusually well written, but as a song poem I fear you would have a hard time interesting a melody writer or a publisher in it. It would make a far better magazine poem than a song lyric. If I am not mistaken, the title has been used several times, but that does not affect its cleverness.

Dan Mc., Bath, Me.

It is impossible to give you any definite information regarding the merit of your composition. If you desire to have my opinion, you will have to submit the manuscript. Don't forget there is no "final authority" when it comes to picking winners. I can give you my opinion, but as for "picking winners"—well, I have written a whole flock of fragrant "flivvers" myself.

Jimmie Mc., Syracuse, N. Y.

The latest song Albert Gumble has written is, I believe, "So This Is Dixie." It is difficult to say which is his best song. I think they are all good.

Avele W., Chicago, Ill.

Certainly, Miss Avele, women can *and do* become successful composers and songwriters. How about Chaminade and our own Mrs. H. H. Beach, whose names and works are among the masters? How about Carrie Jacobs-Bond of your own city? Does she not rank among the greatest living writers of semi-classic music? Then there is Clare Kummer, the composer of the famous "Dearie," etc., who is now recognized as one of our leading playwrights. You may rest assured that there is no prejudice, among the music publishers, against the female of the species. Go right ahead and submit your manuscripts under your own sweet name. More power to you!

Otto T., Newark, N. J.

Someone has evidently been "spoofing" you, Otto. All the songs you hear whistled, played and sung are not million-copy hits. The song you refer to is no doubt popular, but as for being a million-copy seller—I'm willing to wear a sprig of garlic instead of my customary orchid if it is. Be not deceived by the babble of every song-writer you talk with.

Anna B., Schenectady, N. Y.

Your lyric will not do at all—for a lyric. It isn't a bad poem, however. I mailed you the alterations that in my estimation would be necessary to adapt it to a popular song. Before you write another, I would suggest that you study the lyrics of several good songs. You will note, in nearly every case, that the verse and chorus seem surprisingly short when divorced from the music. You have fourteen lines in each verse, and ten in the chorus. Many of our correspondents could get valuable pointers from the careful study of the works of our successful lyric writers.

Emma L. K., Jamestown, N. Dak.

Thanks for your kind words. Of course you didn't know that you were writing about the conductor of this department when you penned that little bouquet, so I feel quite flattered. I wish I could say something sweet about the lyrics you submit, but I can't—unless it is to compliment you upon your truly beautiful handwriting. Try again, and next time select a shorter title, confine your lyric to two verses and chorus—using the same chorus for both verses.

Behind the Scenes in Song Land

¶Credit for originating the one-verse song is being distributed among various writers by the trade papers. As a matter of fact the innovation isn't so terribly startling as some people think, nor is it much of an innovation, as one-verse songs were written before modern publishers and writers were born. As far as the popular songs of the present are concerned, however, Jack Yellen is the man to decorate for the big idea. "Nobody sings a second verse anyway" were Yellen's exact words when he wrote the lyrics for "The Battle Song of Liberty," and pronounced the job complete after one verse and the chorus had been transcribed and found good. "Furthermore," said Yellen (he may have used some other cuss-word), "I'll bet the song will sell just as well with one as with two verses." His comparison has never been proved, as the publisher (Walter Jacobs) was satisfied with the results without worrying about another verse. But there is no gainsaying the popularity of "The Battle Song of Liberty," for it has been a hit since its first appearance in this magazine some eight months ago, and numerous editions of the song have been exhausted. We may add that there is little likelihood that the sales will fall off, even with the end of the war, as the "Battle Song" has all the earmarks of permanency, and is valued almost as highly as an asset as the world-renowned "National Emblem" march. All achieved with one good verse—and a corking good tune. Hand the medal to Yellen.

¶Abe Oleman, well-known song-writer, long associated with Forster, the Chicago music publisher, has enlisted in the Quartermaster's Department of the U. S. Army.

¶'Tis said that Bernard Granville will receive a commission in the Army sometime soon.

¶Jack Wells, one of the most talented of the younger composers, died last month in a New York hospital of blood-poisoning. One of Wells' greatest successes was "Joan of Arc, They Are Calling You." He was only twenty-three years old.

¶Waterson, Berlin & Snyder have opened a new professional office in Minneapolis at 235 Loeb Arcade. The manager of the office is Frank L. Bezinsky and the staff includes Miss Audre Strahn and Harry Kirschbaum.

¶Chappell & Co., New York, announce that they will shortly raise the marked price of their production numbers to 70 cents, owing to the increased cost of publishing such music and the high royalties that must be paid thereon. Letters recently sent out to the trade in reference to the contemplated raise have met with very favorable answers.

¶Gus Edwards, not content with his fame as a song-writer and publisher of music, has become a regular author and is to bring out a book of instruction on "Vaudeville Dancing." The work will be ready about March 1.

¶Herman Löhr, who wrote "Little Gray Home in the West," and numerous other popular songs, has suffered from a dangerous illness in London, but at last reports was recovering.

¶One of the most successful "coon" songs ever used by Miss Elizabeth Murray, the ever-popular vaudeville singer, is "Somebody's Done Me Wrong," by Will Skidmore.

¶The *Music Trade Review* says that "the rumor that some publishers are paying royalties in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps is unfounded." We wonder how M. T. found out?

¶Meyer Cohen, for a year and a half manager of the business department of the Harry Von Tilzer Music Company, severed his connection with the well-known house the first of the year.

¶Milton Weil, it is reported, has again entered the music publishing business in Chicago.

¶Many song-writers are corralled in the military camps of the country. Some startling new songs are promised by one publisher who has "lined up" a soldier-songsmith.

¶Gilbert & Friedland, Inc., recent arrivals in the publishing world (*i. e.* New York) have opened a Chicago office in the Grand Opera House.

¶Another new firm is located at 1604 Broadway, New York, with the moniker "Douglas & Newman Music Co." Walter Douglas, who for three years covered the road for the Broadway Music Corporation, has joined hands with Harry Newman, formerly connected with Waterson, Berlin & Snyder. Dan Winkler is also associated with the new firm, holding the post of general sales manager.

¶It is announced that Charles Miller will take full charge of the arranging department of T. B. Harms and Francis, Day & Hunter, Mr. Miller, having resigned his post as president and general manager of the Carl Millegram Publishing Company, Inc., to return to his old stamping grounds. Mr. Miller is one of the most prominent of the younger school of arrangers and editors. Among the hits arranged by him during the last few years are "The Sunshine of Your Smile" and "Poor Butterfly."

¶The Buckeye Music Company, Columbus, Ohio, has been carrying on a tremendous advertising campaign during the past month, most of the publicity having been devoted to five numbers, with "The U. S. A. Will Lay the Kaiser Away" and "My Flower of Italy" as the headliners.

¶A new Chicago concern is the Fort Dearborn Lithographic Company, which has just been incorporated at a capital of $30,000. The company has acquired a printing plant at 708 East Fortieth Street and will operate at once. The incorporators are D. W. Kramer, who has been in the music printing business for twenty years; Miss P. J. Gotthelf, formerly in the advertising business, and H. M. Corneil, a lawyer.

NAUGHTY SONGS IN COURT

Are the cabaret "wiggle" songs more immoral than some of the grand opera vocal and physical gymnastic exhibitions? Judge Uhlir, who presides over what is known as Chicago's "Morals Court," had to be "shown," according to advices received from the City of Big Feet. It seems that two cabaret singers—Mlle. Goldie Crosby and Senorita Jennie McDoo or Princess Maggie Hinz or some such celebrities—were pinched by a Chicago policewoman for presenting indecent songs—or for presenting songs indecently, or both—and the learned judge wouldn't take the policelady's word for it.

"I don't believe it is any worse than what you can see and hear from a $5 seat at a grand opera performance," the Judge is said to have remarked. "Anyway, I'm going to find out."

And that's why there was a rush for jury service on a certain recent date in the Judge's court. You see, the Senorita and the Princess or Mlle.—whichever two stars were selected by the policette as the best examples of the worst morals in music interpretation—were scheduled to demonstrate for the benefit of the just Judge. We haven't heard whether the ruling was in favor of grand opera or the cabaret wigglers.

CREATOR OF "THE DOPE FIEND" DEAD

Junie McCree, who was born fifty-three years ago at Toledo, and in the half century of his life had achieved nation-wide fame as actor, writer of lyrics and creator of vaudeville acts, died at his New York home last month. One of his best-known creations was "The Dope Fiend," in which he himself appeared. Other well-known works were the lyrics of "The Happiest Night of His Life" and "The Loveliest Liar." As an actor Mr. McCree held important roles in numerous Broadway successes, and at one time he was president of the White Rats.

FASHION NOTE

"Sometimes," says a Granger County, Tenn., editor, "you can't tell whether a woman is dressed for an opera or an operation."

ANOTHER CROSS FOR THE SONG-SMITHS

Even the exalted composer comes beneath the axe of the income tax law. The Internal Revenue Department has ruled that royalties are taxable under the income tax section of the War Revenue bill. The ruling reads in part: "A song writer who is receiving a royalty from a concern that publishes his song must pay income tax on the royalties. So must an author on the royalties that he gets."

This ruling should result in swelling the government treasury by millions of dollars of revenue from the royalties of the wealth-sodden song-writers we have heard so much about.

Melody Music Counter Points

I Thank You, Mr. Hoover, is a novelty song (M. Witmark & Sons) that shows promise. Several vaudeville stars have adopted it, and it is reasonable to predict that the song will have a place among the comedy successes of the year.

Is There a Letter for Me? (Chas. K. Harris) has all the heart-appeal which could be expected of the writer of "Break the News to Mother." The song is one of four new ones which are finding favor and keeping Charles K. young in the love of the public. The others are **Will You Be True?, When the Cherry Trees Are Blooming in Japan,** and **Just a Bit of Driftwood on the Sea of Life.**

When the Yanks Come Marching Home (Wm. Jerome Pub. Corp.) keeps right on marching into the homes of Americans—and its sale isn't limited to this country atallatall, for that matter.

At the Darktown Strutters' Ball (Leo Feist, Inc.) can't help but be a hit, but we can't give any help to the correspondent who wants to know "to settle a bet" if the song is regarded by the shrewd Prince of Publishers as a "million-copy hit."

That's Why My Heart is Calling You (Karczag Pub. Co., Inc.) is a title that sounds alluring to the person who likes that kind of a song—and a lot of peope like that particular kind, and that song in particular. The Karczag Company, we hear, is about to bring out one or two new numbers of "hit" calibre from the pen of Otto Motzan.

Liberty Bell (Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.) is *not* a war song because the publishers say so in their advertisement. Just the same, its appeal is directly due to the spirit of the times, which sure do be *war* times if we know anything about war. War song or not, it's pretty good. Joe Goodwin and Halsey Mohr (creators of "They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii") are the writers.

In the Land of Wedding Bells (Leo Feist, Inc.) isn't a war song either—or it might be, after all, depending on whether the singer is single or married. The song is one of the three advertised by the publisher in his $5,000 space in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Sweet Little Buttercup (Jerome H. Remick & Co.) is a rather nifty ballad, with an especially attractive cover. It is only reasonable to remark that such astute publishers as Remick never waste an expensive three-color cover on a poor song.

The Dixie Volunteers (Waterson, Berlin & Snyder) is what the "profesh" calls a great fast number. **My Sweetie,** Irving Berlin's novelty song, is another that you make no mistake in buying. Both songs are outstanding stage favorites.

Long Boy (Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.) was purchased by the present owners from the Beardsley-Woods Publishing Company for a right tidy sum, and seems to be proving a sound investment. It is having wide popularity as a dance number, and sheet music sales continue good. Only a student of psychology could guess whether the wonderful picture of the "Long Boy" which decorates the cover of the song helps or hinders the sales.

There's a Service Flag Flying at Our House (Joe Morris Music Company) is a song that might be commonplace, if one were to judge by the title. But it isn't; in fact there is that "something appealing" about the composition which would justify a cautious man in the prediction that the number will be a popular one.

Au Revoir, Soldier Boy (Broadway Music Corporation) is a worthy successor to "I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time." Of course, all *popular* songs have "catchy" melodies and "clever" lyrics, else they wouldn't be "popular," but not *all* songs with them kind of chunes and words is popular, Emma Marriette, although we can't explain why. We snib that if this song isn't fairly popular, it'll be just one more thing that we can't explain.

There'll Be a Hot Time for the Old Men When the Young Men Are Away (Leo Feist, Inc.). Novelty song that is getting a lot of laughs for the vaudeville "acts," which have grabbed it right off the press, even before the ink is dry. Clever punches in words and music. Not a Sunday-School hymn.

When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez Vous Francais (A. J. Stasny Music Publishing Company) has been selling steadily among the American musical bolsheviki for some few months, and couldn't be headed off short of a court injunction. The song has been a hit in several musical shows—is yet, for that matter.

Send Me a Line (Walter Jacobs) made a most casual and innocent appearance in this magazine some few months ago, but there is nothing casual about the song. Cobb (the original and only—"George L." by the family Bible) was at his best when he wrote this truly lilting melody—and Georgie is as good as the best, whether he is at his best or not.

One Fleeting Hour (Sam Fox Publishing Company) is one of the big standard song hits of the day, and is also popular as a waltz for dancing and concert purposes.

While the Incense is Burning (Sherman, Clay & Co.) is a western number which is burning its way East, and which seems to have as much merit as **Li'l Liza Jane,** published by the same concern, and a favorite with army and civilian songsters.

The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady (M. Witmark & Sons) is a new one by Walter Donaldson and M. C. Brice.

Coo-ee (Karczag Publishing Company). Not a dove song. The title is from the call of the Australian bushman, and is introduced weirdly and effectively in the piece. A decided novelty.

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MELODY

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Music In This Issue

Say When! (Fox Trot for Piano)---By George L. Cobb

In the Glow of the Alamo Moon (Song)
Words by Jack Yellen---Music by George L. Cobb

In Bagdad (Morceau Oriental for Piano)---By Norman Leigh

"Somewhere in France Is Daddy"---By the Great Howard
Edward R. Winn's "Ragged" Arrangement of the Chorus of This Popular Hit

Interpretative Movie Music for the Piano---By Harry Norton
No. 7—"Love Theme" *No. 8—"Hurry"*

GREETINGS TO RAGTIME REVIEW SUBSCRIBERS

Just as the presses commenced to grind out March MELODIES a deal was consummated for the transfer of *The Ragtime Review* to Publisher Walter Jacobs, who thereby secures the sole title, subscription list and good will of that very popular music magazine. The *Review* will be consolidated with MELODY under the latter name, and beginning with this issue all *Review* subscribers will receive MELODY until the expiration of their present paid-up *Review* subscription-terms. Subscribers to both magazines will receive proper credit by extension of their MELODY subscriptions. Because of the eleventh-hour arrival of this news, it is impossible to give more extended notice of the new arrangement in this issue.

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