ATLANTIC PRINTING CO., BOSTON

Volume II Number 4 APRIL, 1918 Formerly The Tuneful Yankee

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER JACOBS BOSTON MASS

STARMER

Note: The Ragtime Review is now consolidated with this magazine.

Price 10 Cents

Consolidation of *The Ragtime Review* with MELODY

SUBSCRIBERS to this magazine are becoming inured to surprises, and the latest turn of the "unexpected"—the consolidation of *The Ragtime Review* with MELODY—probably was accepted more or less as a matter of course. *Ragtime Review* subscribers, however, must have been treated to the thrills of a real surprise when they received copies of MELODY instead of the March *Ragtime Review*—especially if they overlooked the rather meagre notice on cover page 1, which there was barely time to prepare for the issue.

Perhaps one of the chief elements of the "surprise" experienced by *Review* constituents was wonderment upon the apparent inconsistency of discontinuing *The Ragtime Review* at the very moment of its greatest success. In this case, however, seeming inconsistency was in reality the height of *consistency*, for with the rapid growth of *The Review* there also were greatly increased responsibilities for Publisher Axel Christensen. Although Mr. Christensen had long since demonstrated his ability to do the work of a small army, the increasing scope of his various interests made imperative some arrangement whereby he might be relieved of part of the responsibilities in order to give proper attention to his country-wide system of music schools and his music publishing business. It was at this point that the publisher of MELODY came upon the scene with a well defined idea that the best way to get along with a healthy competitor was to buy him out or take him into partnership. Result—the consolidation of *The Ragtime Review* with MELODY and the addition of Mr. Christensen to our contributing staff.

There is really very little more to be said at this time, for we believe the results achieved by the consolidation will speak for themselves—and to the satisfaction of all concerned. Certainly, *Review* subscribers will be gratified to learn that they will not be deprived of close association with Mr. Christensen, whose writings are to appear regularly in this magazine—a fact which will also give added satisfaction to all MELODY subscribers.

All in all, MELODY feels justified in expressing its pride in the splendid staff of writers and composers whose contributions are now appearing in its columns.

TO RAGTIME REVIEW SUBSCRIBERS *ONLY*

If you were already a subscriber to MELODY your subscription to this magazine has been *extended* for the same number of issues as there were issues of *The Ragtime Review* due you.

It is the desire and intention of the publisher of MELODY to give full value to EVERY *Ragtime Review* subscriber, and, on the other hand, should he have misunderstood any portion of *The Review* subscription list and be sending MELODY to anyone whose *Ragtime Review* subscription had expired, he would appreciate a statement to that effect and likewise a subscription to MELODY from those to whom the magazine would be of service.

NOTICE

The January, February and March, 1918, issues of MELODY are *permanently* OUT OF PRINT. It is for this reason that subscriptions ordered to start with any of these issues have been entered to begin with this, the APRIL issue.

Walter Jacobs, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION
$1.00 Per Year
CANADIAN . $1.25
FOREIGN . 1.50
SINGLE COPY .10

TO SUBSCRIBERS
Remittances should be made by post office or express money order, registered letter or draft on New York.
When change of address is desired, the old address should begiven, as well as the new, and notice must bereceived at least two weeks previous to the publication date of the issue to be effected.

MELODY

A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music
PUBLISHED BY WALTER JACOBS, 8 BOSWORTH STREET, BOSTON
C. V. Buttelman, *Managing Editor* Walter Jacobs, *Business Mngr.*

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office, at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879

ADVERTISING RATES
On application a diagram showing the exact cost of all space will be forwarded promptly. Forms close the *10th. If proof is desired copy must be received not later than the *5th. Publication date, *18th.
*Of month preceding that of publication date

Volume II *April, 1918* *Number 4*

Music Musings

Odds and Ends About This and That in Songdom

By Treve Collins, Jr.

SOME songs we hear have melody;
And some have not.
And some are good while others are
A lot of rot.
Some ditties give a guy a pain;
While others drive him near insane,
Or give concussion of the brain.
And so it goes.

SOME lyric writers gaily woo
The festive muse;
The same old hackneyed line of junk
They daily use.
They still rave of the dear old moon
That glimmers wanly during June,
While lovers stroll along and spoon.
And so it goes.

SOME "Girlie Shows" take up the songs
And make 'em "go."
With lots of nifty damsels prancing
To and fro.
The tired business man applauds,
The publishers reap rich rewards,
The writers buy themselves new Fords.
And so it goes.

WE have in our midst a sweetly scented note on heavy pink paper. It comes all the way from Ohio. It is from a girl. Her name is Vera Wilson. Vera wants some information. Vera well. (joke) We shall do our best to see she is not disappointed. Vera wants to know what we know about Percy Wenrich. We're always glad to tell anybody all we know about anybody else. Proceed, Vera:

Percy Wenrich (to begin this little lay in the proper historical manner), was born in Joplin, Mo. He doesn't go around advertising the fact and raving about it—but he admits it, so I guess he's still on good terms with the folks back there. Off and on he resides in New York City—when he's not garnering chunks of filthy lucre in vaudeville—and as he is a jolly-good-fellow, pays his bills promptly, doesn't knock the local administration and hasn't done anything the police can kick about, the indications are he'll continue to be a member of Manhattan Isle's floating population for a spell.

Percy didn't have an easy time getting his musical skill launched. Like many other famous writers of today, he found that the publishers couldn't appreciate his initial effort—or didn't want to.

But—and now the plot begins to get gummy—Percy knew a pretty little singer. Yea. And when nearly all the publishers in New York had turned down his number, he went to this little girl. He told her his sad, sad story and they wept in chorus. He asked her if she wouldn't please try the song on the public for him. She would. She did. It was a hit.

The singer's name was Dolly Connolly, and whisper it gently—she is now Mrs. Percy Wenrich. Bow. Slow Curtain. Choose your exits and march out being careful to heed the warnings of the fire commissioners and not tramp on your neighbor's ear.

SOMEBODY has inflicted upon us a lyric. 'Tis a wonderful affair. And then some! It has to do with some South Sea Isle, palm trees, tropical moon, lightly clad damsels and other things that generally sprout in tropical songs of a popular order. One can almost hear the sad sea waves lapping the silver sand. Almost. All would be well were it not for the fact that a part of the chorus dissertates with much fluency upon the "plaintive strains of the native bolo." A "bolo" to the best of our knowledge and belief, being a sort of Filipino carving knife, we're kinda nonplussed so t' speak as to the brand of "plaintive strains" it's capable of producing.

\# \# \#

WE would like to send a marked copy of MELODY containing Harry Norton's articles on *Interpreting The Photoplay* to the poor, misguided son of a Sennagambian Sea-Cook who, while the screen star is in the throes of a soul-wrenching death scenes persists in playing "GOOD BYE GIRLS I'M THROUGH."

Some movie pianists would play a Chocktaw War Dance at a wake.

The importance of music to the movies cannot be over-estimated. Even in the production of screen features it is customary in many of the large studios to have small string orchestras play "off stage" during the shooting of emotional scenes. "Music," said one of the directors to me, "is a big help. It acts on the emotions of the photoplayers and tunes them up to a pitch that enables them to register the desired action much more easily than when working without it." He told me a whole lot more than that. You betcha! He got real enthusiastic about the subject. He unwound a lot of comment about the different kinds of music used to help far-famed screen stars register their feelings. No more,

he told us, do they use onion-besprinkled handkerchiefs to coax tears from the brilliant orbs of the big lights of filmdom. Nay. Now they start an orchestra off on some heart-busting prelude and tears straightway flow all over the place. Of a truth, music is great stuff.

♯ ♯ ♯

AND now there steps forth into the limelight a flock of Harvard students who unite in raising their voices in horrified protest against the class of lyrics with which the present melodies are encumbered. So "het up" are they about it that they contemplate descending, en masse, upon Tin Pan Alley and showing the New York publishers just how lyrics SHOULD BE WRITTEN. We are profoundly impressed, to say the least. In fact we've got a life-sized, flesh-colored picture of some of the high-sounding, cultured Harvard lyrics, full of many-syllabled words and bumping along the tuneful highways of songdom somewhere after this fashion:

WHEN HEART-TORN GLADYS WEPT

Lyric by Geronovan LeRoy FitzCuthbert Anastasia. Music by Luke McGluke

UPON a protuberance in the earth's crust that is commonly called a hill,
Stood an ivy-bedecked place of residence near a rippling, lithesome rill.
It was there a beauteous damsel of some sixteen summers old,
Stood and sat and wept at parting from Aloysius X. McWold:

CHORUS

Pearly tears flashed in her cerulean orbs like the dew upon the ground,
And glittered with a scintillating effervescence that could nowhere else be found.
Her Roman-like proboscis with the scalding tears was swept,
All the world did moan in anguish when fair heart-torn Gladys wept!

Verily, could anything be sweeter? Canst picture the unbounded joy of the dear public when stacking up against something like the above in the cabarets and theatres? The dictionary publishers would do a land-office business. To be a lyric-writer a guy would have to be a graduate of half a dozen different colleges and have specially attested diplomas proving him an expert juggler of English in all its ancient and modern forms. When members of the writing craft got together for a quiet little gab-fest at the club they would discuss the relative grammatical merits of their lyrics and probably wind up in a parsing contest. Prizes would undoubtedly be given the lyric-writer tracing the most profound word-roots to their respective lairs. And the melody writers! What of them? Ah, but fair Harvard kicketh not at the melodies spilled by the present day composers. Nay. The melodies to their intellectually tuned ears are all to the merry-merry and highly satisfactory. It is only the words that the Harvard songsters-to-be think ought to be improved.

Verily, there are many things in this little world of ours that are what Sherman said War was:

And to our feeble mind, Harvard lyrics are some of 'em.
You betcha!

♯ ♯ ♯

DIGGING through the dusty archives of the past we have bunked into a song with a name that is a gem. Yes, we know there are a lot of songs floating around in songdom that have wonderful titles, but where, yea verily, WHERE can you find one that has anything on:—"HER ONLY SON DIED IN A RUDE, RUDE WAY." Boy, page Rudyard Kipling.

And speaking of fancy song titles, here are the names of a couple of song-writers we'd give one thin, hard, United States dime to be able to pronounce properly:—C. B. Gurkiewicz and C. F. Udrojewski.

THE crop of war songs is still flourishing. Every day adds a few more bales of 'em to the collection. It seems that every writer has had the germ of a great war-idea come to roost in the niches of his noble cranium. Straightway he's fed it much inspirational fodder, warmed it over the fire of his imagination and after some scurrying around for words in which to drape it, has let it loose upon his publisher as the greatest war-song in history. It might be well to observe in passing that some of the writers don't seem to know the SPANISH AND CIVIL WARS ARE OVER. They still talk of "the boys in BLUE." Ah, me, but let us not be too harsh. Possibly rhymes for olive-drab have not been found over plentiful.

Yes, and let us not forget the multifarious ditties that have to do with Dixie-land and the bulk of which, somehow or other, manage to work in tender references to the days when the writers used to cluster about mother's knee. As a fitting little tribute to the writers of these songs we have been moved to spill some fancy rhetoric in rhyme. Gaze:

EXCELSIOR ! !

(With Apologies To Every Poet Who Ever Wooed The Muse)

The shades of night were falling fast;
As from this earth a writer passed.
And clutched within his clammy hand
Reposed a lyric wild and grand
That had to do with Dixie-land
And
Mother's
well-known
knee!

And when the Pearly Gate he found,
And stood without and looked around,
He saw song-writers by the score
Lined up before the golden door.

Each writer clamored to get in
And there arose an awful din.
St. Peter frowned and asked them why
He should permit them to get by.
Whereon the writers waiting there
Cast up their arms into the air
And in each cold and thin white hand
Reposed a lyric wild and grand
That had to do with DIXIE-LAND!
AND
MOTHER'S
WELL-KNOWN
KNEE ! ! ! ! !

♯ ♯ ♯

POLISH your horn-trimmed goggles and skid your roving eye over the heading of an advertisement that recently blossomed forth in one of our Theatrical Weeklies:—

Song Poems Set to Music $3

Ha! Why go to the trouble of inventing an automatic melody builder? Here at last is a chance for every budding lyric-writer to get his deathless effusions hitched to melodies at rock-bottom prices. We wonder just what sort of music would be forthcoming?

We've half a mind to grab up some moth-eaten lyric and ship it out to that melody writer with three iron men attached to see what sort of a job he'd do.

We said half a mind.

The other half says "NAY."

And the nays have it.

A friend of ours once had a lyric set to music at "very reasonable rates" and the first time it was played in public everybody took it for the Star-Spangled Banner and stood up. Hence we haven't much faith in the melodies that are ground out by dozens for a few bits a throw. Nay, nay, Hermione!

The Vaudeville Theatre Pianist

By Axel W. Christensen

LOTS of piano players try to break into the business of playing for vaudeville shows without previous knowledge of the work and things come hard for them until they have gone through the mill of experience.

While, as a general rule, the music which is handed down over the footlights at rehearsal time is in much better shape than it used to be years ago, (when a dirty, fly-specked manuscript violin part was all the piano player used to get), there are still many "kinks" connected with the vaudeville business that are learned only after years of actual work.

I will therefore outline a few simple directions which, if carefully followed by the novice, will go far towards camouflaging the manager into thinking that he has been lucky enough to get an "old-timer" for the position, instead of a piano player whose experience is decidedly limited, or whose inexperience has no limits this side of Waupaca, Wisconsin.

The pianist, during the first few months of service, is at the mercy of the performers, some of whom will help the piano player with kindly hints or suggestions, while other performers, (or "artists," as they are called in the profession) are quick to take advantage of his ignorance and amuse themselves with his lack of showmanship. Besides, when an act fails to "put over" a song it's great to be able to throw the blame on someone else, and the new piano player usually gets it. How often have we seen a singer murdering a song off key, and at the same time glaring down at the piano in order to shift the responsibility for the crime?

Many a good pianist has failed to hold a position in a vaudeville theatre pit, not through lack of musical knowledge, but because he did not know those things which enable a man to play a vaudeville show in a business-like manner.

Often the theatre manager knows little or nothing about music and is sure to mistake lack of confidence for lack of proficiency. Therefore, most piano players that eventually make good in vaudeville jobs, do so by bluffing their way along, until they learn enough about the business to obtain the self-confidence that previously had to be assumed. Of course, this is one way to break into the business, because there is more or less bluff on both sides of the footlights, but a safer way is to know in advance what is expected.

It should be borne in mind that the chief qualifications for a good vaudeville pianist are: he or she must be a good sight reader, be wide-awake, and self-reliant. Added to these necessary qualifications, if he possesses a good memory and good habits, success is assured.

The first, and I might say the most important feature of a vaudeville show, is the rehearsal. Be sure to rehearse thoroughly. Do not run over a few measures of a song or dance and say, "That will be all right tonight." The chances are it won't be. The performer, as a rule, is very glad to go over his act from beginning to end, not only once, but as often as may be necessary. It is the best assurance in the world for a good performance.

The Vaudeville Pianist's Lexicon

BELOW are given a number of well-known professional terms, used in vaudeville, and their meanings. Memorize these carefully:

One and One—Means to play one verse and one chorus of a song.

One and Two—One verse and two choruses.

Two and Two—Play two verses, one chorus after each verse.

Two and Three—Two choruses to last verse only.

Two and Four—Two verses and two choruses for each verse.

Vamp—A few measures of chords, usually found between the introduction and verse of a song, which the pianist plays (usually very "piano") until the performer begins on the verse.

Seque—When this word appears at the end of the performer's sheet of music, it means that the next number must follow at once—*without pausing.*

Break—The finish of the dance—played very *forte.*

Tacet—Signifies that you are not to play that number. This mark appears often on drum, or bass parts, as very often these instruments are not used in numbers of a certain style.

Business, or *Biz*—Stop playing to give performer an opportunity to "spring some gag," make remarks, or do some stage business. Resume playing when the *cue* is given. The *cue* or word which is your signal to resume playing is always written on the music score.

Crash—a heavy discord.

General Suggestions

KEEP things moving at all times. Whenever a "stage wait" occurs, play something at once. There is no "dead" time in a well managed vaudeville show. Many leaders have a certain dreamy waltz, which they always use during "waits," as it can be stopped instantly when the show is resumed.

Unless other music is provided for the performer, play a sustained chord in C or G for the close of the act. The same is sometimes required for the opening of an act.

A flash of the footlights, or orchestra lights, is your signal to begin playing, or to stop in case you are already playing.

After rehearsal, when all the performers have left, sort the music carefully and go over every number again, practicing carefully all parts that are at all tricky. Note carefully all notations and directions which may appear on the performer's music so that you will be fully prepared.

Pay strict attention to changes of tempo, number of verses and choruses to songs, entrances, exits, cues and so on. If your memory is treacherous, make a note of all these things, *but not on the performers' music.* They hate to have their parts marked up, though many of them are, some so badly as to utterly confuse the pianist. Have a pad of paper handy. Give a page to each performer and make all the necessary memoranda regarding his act on that. You will gain the gratitude of the performer—and remember that, for the experienced accompanist as well as the beginner, the friendship of professional people is very valuable, because they can help you a great deal in your work.

Most performers like to have their opening music played "fast and forte." Play the melody clean and crisply, in octaves, when possible.

In accompanying songs, it does no harm to embellish your part, "fill in," and elaborate it, *provided* you have, first of all, taste, experience and a sufficiently accurate technic to make the part interesting. Songs in two-step or fast march form and some others are frequently made more interesting by "ragging" them, if you have the ability to so treat them. However, these recommendations must be followed cautiously and *very* sparingly, as in many cases, if you are not careful, you will confuse and embarrass the performer instead of aiding him.

Do as you are told. That's what you are getting paid for. Remember you are only an accessory—although a necessary one—to the show, and act accordingly. The worst thing you can do is to quarrel with a performer. Endeavor to please him. If your show does not go right the first night, find out the reason why and endeavor to correct your mistakes, and don't rest content until the show *does* go right. Consider that the performer has probably been doing that act of his, day after day, for a long time. He is accustomed to doing it in just one way—in fact, perhaps, couldn't do it well any other, and if your ideas about certain things happen to be the correct ones, it makes no difference. Give in gracefully and smilingly to him—you'll not lose anything by it.

Interpreting the Photoplay—The Orchestra

By Harry Norton

A good orchestra is but a large instrument composed of many human units; the conductor is but a soloist, whose art includes not only fine musical perception, but that close intimacy with the soul which will permit manipulation of the art of his players, even as the delicate touch of a harpist brings forth sweet harmonies from strings which, beneath the hand of the novice, would produce only jangling discords.—*Clifford Vincent.*

PRECEDING articles have dealt only with the accompaniment to the picture by solo pianists or organists, but orchestral accompaniment is a much more difficult proposition, if the action in the picture is really followed.

One of the great advantages of the solo musician—the freedom of improvisation—must be sacrificed by the ensemble musicians. Instantaneous changes in the music cannot be so readily accomplished by an orchestra as by the soloist, and dramatic music must be laid out and inserted in the proper places in the routine of numbers to be played.

Orchestral musicians cannot be expected to memorize their parts, as does the player of a melody instrument. It is possible to "play the picture" with orchestra as accurately as a pianist alone would play it, but the leader has heaps of work cut out for him if he really tries to do so.

In many theatres when the principal part of the bill is vaudeville, with possibly one feature picture and a news film, little attention is paid to the music for the picture program. The orchestra merely performs a medley of selections while the photoplay is on the screen, without regard to the dramatic action.

The result of such makeshift playing is often not only incongruous, but ridiculous. The accompaniment to a scene of intense pathos may be some popular comedy song like *The Wild, Wild Women.* One can imagine the effect of a death-bed scene, while the orchestra blithely plays *I Don't Want to Get Well.*

Naturally, no leader would intentionally play such a number at such a time, but if he has not prepared a routine of music properly timed to fit the action in the photo-drama, such incongruities as those mentioned are bound to occur.

As an instance of "bone-head" work on a leader's part, the writer will always remember the opening night at one of our finest theatres in New England. The leader was a man old in theatrical business, but brand new in the picture business. On the program was a two-reel Edison comedy, *Why Girls Leave Home,* a burlesque melodrama, and for music it was a "bear." Possibilities stuck out all over it and cried for notice.

Mr. Leader didn't bother much about fitting it, though. He went merrily along playing the *Dance of the Skeletons,* by Thos. S. Allen, during the entire two reels. For twenty-two minutes he played that same tune, over and over, and over again. As a "plug" for the number, it was great—as an accompaniment to two reels of film, it was painful. That was a good illustration of "playing something" for the pictures. What a difference there is between "playing something" and "playing something *suitable.*"

Many of our largest picture theatres are now employing orchestras of symphonic proportions—forty or fifty performers—conducted by musicians of international repute. These great organizations perform the finest orchestral works by the old and modern masters. Their music is sublime—worth going to hear—and no doubt many patrons are attracted to these palaces of *pictures.* Their work is grand and inspiring, and also incongruous, at times.

Let us use for illustration the Artcraft feature, *A Modern Musketeer* (Douglas Fairbanks), a "rip-snorter" comedy. Where does a Haydn Symphony, Tschaikowsky's 1812 Overture or some masterpiece equally grand, fit in such a picture?

The audience is convulsed with laughter. There is a guffaw for every ten feet of film that is "reeled off," and we find our friend "who comes only to hear the music" holding his sides and *enjoying the picture.* Three thousand people can laugh louder than the orchestra can play.

Shakspere said: "The play's the thing." We may paraphase this and render a modern version of—"The photoplay's the thing." The picture is first—music *next*—in importance. When the music is not in accord with the picture the whole show is out of tune, regardless of whether there be a symphony orchestra or just piano for musical setting.

Interpretation of the photoplay is the mission of the musician engaged in that profession. *Interruption* of the photoplay can be accomplished by anyone who can make a sufficiently loud noise to distract the thoughts of his auditors.

The writer "takes off his helmet" to any musician who conscientiously endeavors to "play the picture" in all its lights and shades, and likewise "his hat is in the ring" for musicians who will not recognize the importance of synchronization of music and dramatic action in the photoplay.

There are not and there cannot be any hard and fast rules for musicians to follow, but there are general principles which apply to the "playing of the picture" which should be recognized by every conductor, leader and soloist in the profession.

Our technique (if it may be termed such) has come to us from the great teacher, Experience. Our knowledge of the needs and demands of our profession has been acquired through actual test and application of individual ideas to the work which must be done.

Since the patrons of the film drama have become accustomed to an accepted method of musical interpretation of moving pictures, they also *expect* to hear that form of musical setting when they attend a "movie" show, and are satisfied if the music is up to that standard.

The style of picture-playing now generally in vogue has really been established by custom, and the great American public demands that to which it has become accustomed. Therefore, if we would be equal to the demand we must interpret the photoplay in the accepted style and manner, striving always for improvement.

Incidental or Dramatic Cue Music Important

THE greater number of photo-play musicians do not regard incidental or dramatic cue music as seriously important, yet it is more than that—it is essential. Those musicians whose professional experience dates back to the days before the coming of the motion picture, were familiar with incidental music as applied to the drama of the spoken word.

Dramatic music is as old as the drama itself—not a new idea, especially developed since the advent of the film drama, as some may think. Special music was composed for the spoken drama and arranged to be played at specified times during the play at a given "cue" from one of the characters on the stage. Hence the term "cue music."

When tense emotion, highly dramatic situations or virile action occurred in the spoken drama, dramatic music was employed to augment or reinforce the work of the performers and also to create "atmosphere." The intervals between music-cues were, of course, filled by the spoken lines of the actors.

When the "silent drama" came into being it was at once apparent that not only must the important dramatic action be accomplished by music, but also the intervals formerly filled in by the spoken lines of the play.

From the method of treatment of the spoken drama we deduce that the dramatic music is of prime importance and the "filling" of secondary. The "filling" must necessarily be in keeping with the character and atmosphere of the photoplay.

If, then, dramatic music is prepared for the salient points in the play, and the "filling" is inserted between these points, the result is a complete routine of music for that production. The "filling" must, of course, be selected with regard to the amount of time between dramatic cues, also the action occurring during that interval.

The Question Box

Under this heading Mr. Norton answers questions of movie musicians and movie fans." Melody subscribers are invited to avail themselves of this special service, addressing communications to Melody Photoplay Interpretation Dept.

S. F. C.—Suggestions for registration on pipe organ would be of but little value without knowledge of the organ on which the combinations are to be used. As you doubtless know, organs vary so greatly that what is good on one may be harsh and unpleasant on another; so much depends upon the placement of a pipe organ, which in turn affects all stop combinations.

For scenes of pathos and intense emotion we frequently use *Vox Humana* (with tremulant) and *Stopped Diapason* (8 ft.). By playing melody an octave lower than written, the effect is very good. For "mysterioso" effect try *Bourdon* (16 ft.) and *Piccolo* (2 ft.). If you have *Unison Cut-out* on manuals, try that combination with both couplers (16 and 4) and *Unison Off.* It is very weird. The accompaniment to both of the above combinations should be light, preferably *Dulciana* (8 ft.) or *Clarabella* (8 ft.). If these work out satisfactorily, write again.

M. A. B.—The "Berg Incidental Series" may be procured from Walter Jacobs, publisher of this magazine.

F. J. K.—In the "Spirit of 17" (Jack Pickford) it would be better to use the "Salute to the Colors," a U. S. army bugle call, rather than the "Star-Spangled Banner." There is not sufficient time in the scene at the Soldiers' Home to allow the playing of the National Anthem in its entirety, and it should never be played unless in its entirety.

J. K. S.—"Dodging a Million" (Mabel Normand) is a comedy-drama, and requires light music. There are several café scenes where fox trots and one-steps may be used. For scene in theatre use the "Introduction" and "Cleopatra's Nile" from "Chu Chin Chow" selection. Production numbers from "Hitchy-Koo," "Furs and Frills" and "The Riviera Girl" fit in very nicely on this picture.

Hints for the Stymied

By Eben G. Smith

HAVE you been stymied? Are you stymied and if so do you intend to remain so? I know you fellows. Yes, I know you well; because I have been one of you. I have trodden the rocky road to Dublin, as it were. For fourteen years I have scraped, scratched, sung and bellowed; drummed and tooted my way through mystical melody land until I have become wearied and scrawny. Since Uncle Sam decreed that I should live on rice and corn-flakes I am more so—scrawny, I mean. I have run the gauntlet from pavilion and dance hall work up to the coveted symphony. Theatre, quartet and solo work, I have tasted it all, and weathered the ordeal.

In 1912 I wrote my first song. Ye gods! Then we were off. Since then I have spent dollars and gone without doughnuts many times for the sake of the musical muse. I have published some of my own compositions and have also been stung once in the same place by a fake concern. The publishers and musicians of note throughout the United States know me personally or manuscriptorially. I have been connected with several of the largest music houses and I am with one of the leading publishers, in New York City, at the present writing. This isn't intended for a biographical sketch—not at all. I merely wish to prove, beforehand, that I know whereof I write. So pianists, drummers, fiddlers and cranks, and all of you who buzz with musical inclinations or otherwise; to you I would offer a few world-wise hints that may help to ease your load a bit and perhaps offer a clue to your future success.

Very few of us know how often in the past a quadrille has been purchased outright for a two-spot. On the other hand the amount of royalty received by Irving Berlin, from the sale of the *International Rag* is merely a vague conjecture for the majority. Extremes, to be sure. Yet the weight of the latter so outclasses the bulk of the former that we have almost lost sight of it. So strange that one positive success can blind a blundering, would-be songster, to the extent of fool-hardiness! We keep enclosing our MS. and stamps and then await their inevitable return with a resignment born of courage, while causing the busy publishers to lose a doosofalot of time and patience.

In the first place, we are all laboring under a stupendous financial hallucination, causing the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker to take up his rusty pen and jot down an immoral (?) lyric or melody. The ready encouragement of that ever-faithful circle of friends and relatives speeds our energetical capacity into sending the creation of our fevered brain, or frenzied brow, to the weary (wary) publisher. Thus the fruitless rampage begins. My fellow animals—listen to me and form your own conclusions.

There are practically seven classes of legitimate publishing houses, namely: those that publish classical and standard numbers only; publishers of instrumental numbers only; songs only; popular music; semi-popular; publishers of rags only, and those that cater to waltzes and fox-trots, etc. That is one thing we know. Suppose then that we write a few lines of rhyme. We must remember that just because we can rhyme *way* with *day* does not necessarily say that we can conglomerate a song poem. The day when *way* shall *weigh* favorably with the publisher's decision is when *way* accently jazziates its way in an original cut-up, in such a *way* that the publisher's nerves tingle, and thrills of joy run up and down his spine, while his feet move in a *way* that would seem impossible—considering what they *weigh*—in appreciation of your wonderful creation. I say, supposing we had written a poem or melody. The next move is to study its character that we may decide and submit it to the publisher who surely publishes that type or style of MS. Don't send it off, in a hurried haphazard manner, to the first address that you think of at the time.

Don't imagine that you can write poetry without knowing the rudiments of English. Don't attempt to harmonize a melody while lacking a knowledge of harmony. It can't be done. A year spent in studying harmony is far better than years of hopeful wishing and waiting. We can't all be De Kovens or Carylls; but many lose the opportunity because instead of preparing with integrity they keep striving with a blind and foolish faith that some day they will put one over. We will never have a majority of better class ditties until there are more authors and composers *prepared* to write them.

Be sure to write nice clean and neat manuscript. Make your letters of accompanying declarations brief, concise and in your very best hand writing. Be on the safe side by enclosing stamps with your MS. and have patience—while waiting for its return—for publishers receive many manuscripts besides the one that you submit to them. Never worry about your wonderful efforts being

stolen. These delicious slopations of mental harangueration are in no danger of being maliciously borrowed by any legitimate publisher. Only one-horse and fake concerns do that little trick. If your MS. is worth it a publisher will be only too glad to get it at any reasonable cost. We are all human and susceptible to the call of the greenback; but we must not forget that, as a general rule, one has to earn it.

The secret of the song appeal has been seed for many a discussion and declaration. My version is this: It isn't the rhythm of the melody nor the sentiment of the lyric that makes a number a hit, although these have a certain amount of influence. There is a subtle appeal in an original accent of natural poetry—a punch, but not a thought. A punch line is not in the expression, but in the delivery. So when you wake up and find yourself dreaming of an idea just say it in as many ways as you possibly can and then choose and use the expression that is the most originally accentuated. I tell you that this is the secret that makes songs that sell and would sell in Alaska or elsewhere without even being advertised. What do you think of that?

Why don't I write a hit? Well, as R. L. writes in the January number of MELODY, "Perhaps I shall"—I said *perhaps*. Cheer up, equip yourself and then send your best efforts to the best publishers. If you get your MS. back, accept the honest verdict and chuck the effort into the fire. If you are at all progressive you are sure to do a little better the next time. What's the use? Don't be foolish! Why man alive, don't ever let that insignificant and important little "divil" of rhythmetic allusiveness get the best of you. Catch the accent and you won't have to ask any one to sing or play it. They'll fall all over you when they hear it—both the publishers and the public. Here's hopin'!

"Ragging" the Popular Song Hits

By Edward R. Winn

"I'm Hitting the Trail to Normandy"

By Charles A. Snyder

This Month's Feature

THE selection for this month's arrangement in syncopated rhythm is the refrain of the remarkable song success, *I'm Hitting the Trail to Normandy, So Kiss Me Good-Bye*, conceived, and written by Charles A. Snyder, of New York, only recently turned songsmith, whose likeness is here presented.

Mr. Snyder's maiden patriotic effort was accorded almost immediate recognition. The melody is rated a musical gem, this fact accounting for its early favorable reception and continued high standing among the large and ever increasing number of war songs. The lyric, however, has an appeal of vital nature, and because of its inspirational quality must be considered as fired in high ambition. All due credit to this young genius!

Following up his sure-fire hit, Mr. Snyder has turned his energies and talents to producing *Where Are the Girlies of My Childhood Days? Uncle Sam, Please Keep Your Eye on That Gal of Mine*, and *Gimme Some Moh*—a song with the "gimmies",—all of which are showing signs of active life, and are fast becoming popular.

The McKinley Music Company (Chicago and New York), at the very beginning sensing the possibilities of *I'm Hitting the Trail to Normandy*, secured the sole selling rights from the Snyder Music Publishing Company (New York), of which Mr. Snyder is president, and then, assisted by their professional departments in Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, introduced this number to the public in record time through the people of the stage and other mediums. Many vaudeville artists are featuring it, including the Lyric Comedy Four, Paul Elwood, Babe Parker, Newton and St. Claire, and others. Leading talking machine, phonograph and player piano roll concerns have recorded it.

In New York, where the competition in placing songs in acts and with professional singers is keenest, the McKinley staff—consisting of Vincent M. Sherwood (general manager), Alfred L. Haase, Raymond Abrams, J. Fred Coots and "Jack" A. Holler—brought this song to the front in one week of activity, which is a record of itself. The professional departments of this company in other cities report almost equally good results.

It might not be amiss to state here, for the particular benefit of readers striving for fame and fortune in the song-writing field that, given merit, eighty per cent of the success of a publication is dependent upon public performance. Knowing this is it any wonder that music publishing firms put forth the efforts they do?

Melody desires to thank the publishers of *I'm Hitting the Trail to Normandy* for the privilege of converting their tuneful air into full piano-solo style of ragtime, thus permitting us to meet the wishes of a host of readers.

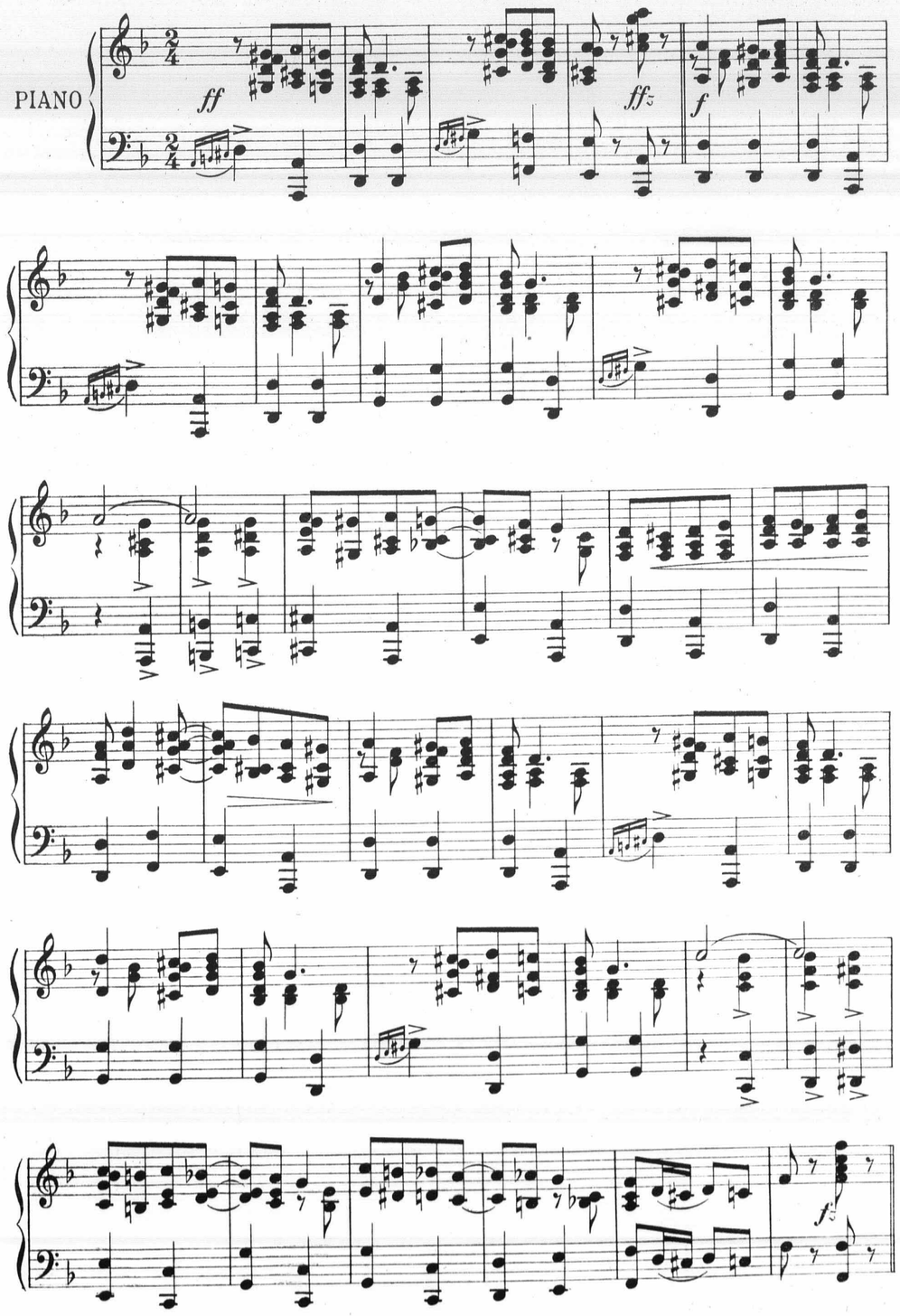
It is suggested that the reader interested in the music supplement arrangement, who has not already a copy of this stirring song, procure one at the earliest moment, as direct comparison of the chorus part should prove of value, and, it is believed, somewhat instructive along certain lines.

In granting the requests of readers for stated songs, for May it has been decided to present an adaptation of Theodore A. Metz's famous song of other days *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, which has "come back" into popularity as a war-time melody, is being played and sung in all parts of the country, and has become a favorite among the allied armies.

Here's How

ONE-STEP

GEORGE L. COBB



ff

1 2

f

MELODY

fz

TRIO

mf-ff

ffz

MELODY

When There's Someone To Love Like You

Words by
PHIL VOLZ

Music by
HARRY TEMPLE

Tempo di Valse (Not too fast)

PIANO *mf*

In all this world of care and strife We oft - en times com - plain; — There's
It's not the name of wealth or fame That makes the skies seem blue; — They

p

lots of things we crave in life That we can nev - er gain. — I
can't bring back the days gone by No mat - ter what we do; — But

have no gold nor wealth un - told; There's just one thing that's true: — My
I'm con - tent, for God has sent An an - gel down to me, — For

life is blessed with hap - pi - ness, Be - cause, dear, I have you. —
in your eyes lies par - a - dise, For - ev - er, dear, to be. —

CHORUS

Why should I long for the sun - - shine When the sun lies with - in your

p-f

eyes? — Why should I long for the spring - time When the rose on your

cheek nev - er dies? — Why should I dream of to - mor - - row When to -

day brings me joy a - new? — Why long to hold all the world's pre - cious

gold When there's some-one to love like you? — you? —

1 2

Butterflies

MORCEAU MIGNON

BERNISNE G. CLEMENTS
Composer of "Tendre Amour"

Moderato

PIANO

mf *accel.* *rit.*

mf a tempo *accel.* *a tempo*

accel. *rit.*

a tempo *accel.* *a tempo*

poco accel. *a tempo* *ff*

Con fuoco *(marcato)*

rit.

a tempo

rit.

Tempo I

mf *accel.* *a tempo*

accel. *rit.*

a tempo

accel.

a tempo

poco accel.

a tempo

espressivo

mf

lightly

f agitato

rit.

mf a tempo

lightly

f

Tempo I

mf

accel.

rit.

mf a tempo

accel.

a tempo

accel.

rit.

a tempo

accel.

a tempo

poco accel.

a tempo

Slow

mf

L.H.

molto rall.

p

No. 9 Pathétique

HARRY NORTON

Larghetto quasi rubato

PIANO

ten.

ten. *ten.* *ten.*

MELODY

No. 10 Combat

HARRY NORTON

Allegro con fuoco

PIANO

MELODY

Original One-Step Arrangement of Chorus of

I'm Hitting The Trail To Normandy

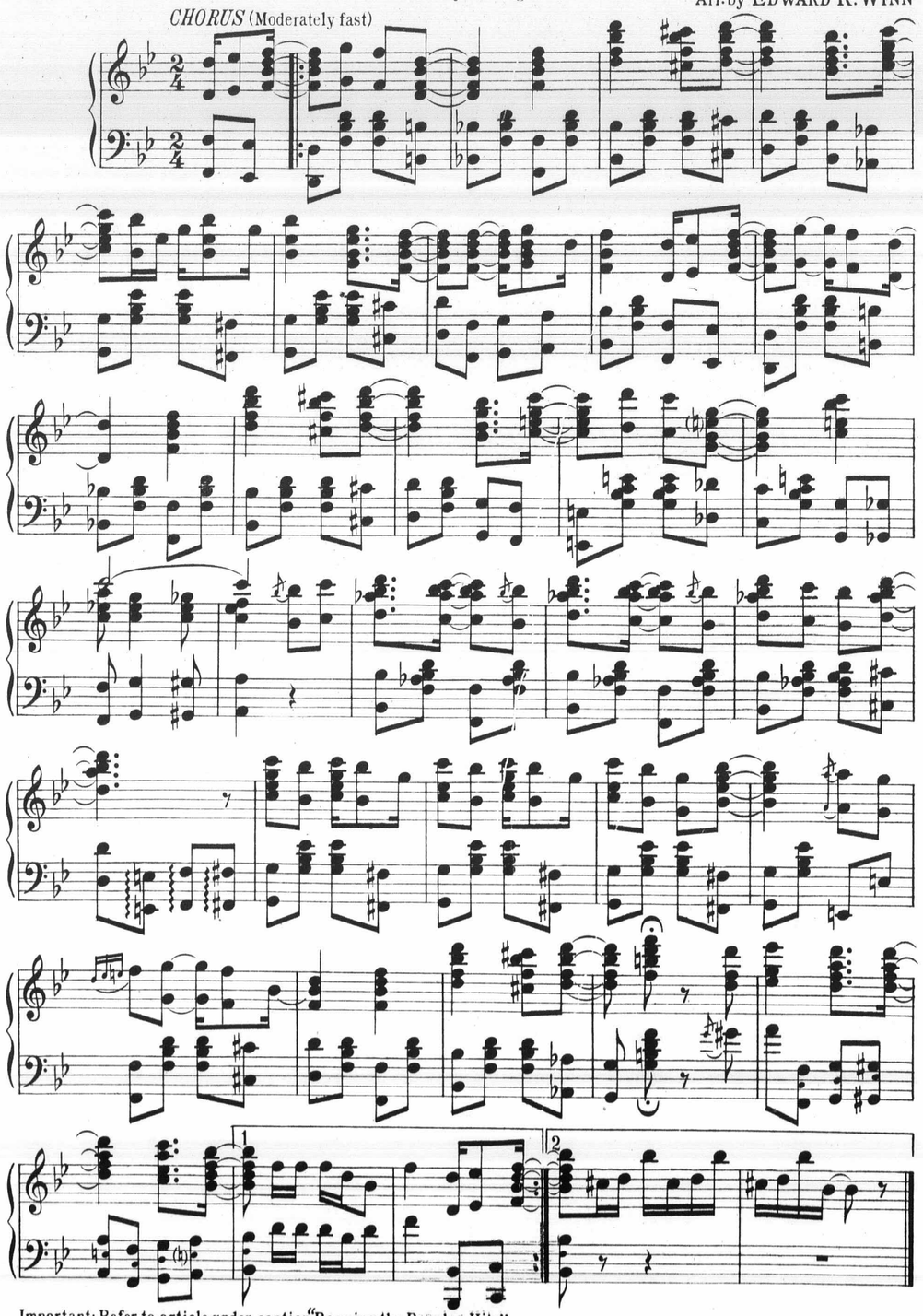
(So Kiss Me Good-Bye)

In Winn Stye of Ragtime

Words and Music by
CHAS. A. SNYDER

Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN

CHORUS (Moderately fast)



Important: Refer to article under caption "Ragging the Popular Hits"

Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen

THERE are lots of ways of advertising the teaching of music, but many teachers feel that they are bound by a certain code of ethics which prevents them from advertising except in the most dignified and ultra-conventional manner.

When you read some of their "ads" to the effect that "'So and so' will accept a 'limited number' of pupils, ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra," or that "Professor Umpah, graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Patagonia, desires a few 'earnest' students ta-ra-ta-ta," one sometimes wonders how they ever got up courage to defy tradition to such an extent that they advertise at all.

Others will run stereotyped cards reading somewhat as follows: "John Smith—piano—address;" "Maude Desmonde—voice—address," etc., etc.

Advertisements like these lack "punch," individuality and argument, and a prospective student reading over a page of ads like this in a musical magazine, or in the instruction column of a daily newspaper, has very little choice in the matter, there being nothing in any of the advertisements to help him or her decide which of these teachers to go to.

Sometime ago, however, a teacher of popular music in the Northwest "busted" the everlasting ethics to "smithereens" when he appeared on the streets of Seattle, Washington, in a large, beautiful float, driven by four horses draped with American flags, himself seated at a forty-horse-power grand piano, dressed in an immaculate white suit (to offer the proper contrast) and playing ragtime and popular music to the delight of everybody that could get close enough to the float to hear him—and it wasn't necessary to get so awfully close either.

Bernard Brin, the young man in white at the piano in the illustration herewith, apparently is not much on ethics, nor does he care much for precedent, but he sure can play the piano, and the way this novel advertising stunt brought him the pupils, as well as a city-wide reputation from just one day's campaign, proved that he had the "right dope," so to speak.

Brin makes it a practice to use this same stunt once a year and this may be one of the secrets of his marvelous success in Seattle.

JOE GUINAN, of Guinan & Felt, music publishers, of Detroit, handed me a delightful fifteen minutes the other day, when he suddenly dropped into my office. He is some talker, and I can readily see where Guinan & Felt are going to be heard from in the music publishing business, because, although I publish music myself, and it's like bringing water to the sea to try to load more on me, he nearly sold me his entire catalog. Guinan, himself, is working now on "When There's a Home Sweet Home on Every Shore," which is becoming known as "The Prayer of the Nations," for the sentiment of the song takes in the entire world. It is full of pep, and snappy from start to finish.

ARTHUR LAMB, the well-known poet and lyric writer, who has given the world many wonderful song poems, is the writer of a song entitled *When the Gates of Heaven Opened*, which is published by Frederic B. Bowers, Inc., of New York City. But, in looking over past numbers of the *Ragtime Review*, we find the same song listed as being published by Charles B. Brown, a review of this lyric having been given in the *Review of* December, 1916. Charles B. Brown claims to have bought this lyric from Arthur Lamb, and according to Charlie Brown, he gave up good money to Mr. Lamb for the same. Probably Arthur did not mean to do it, but if what Mr. Brown says is true, then Arthur has sold his poem to two people, which was very thoughtless, to say the least.

MR. O. B. FURRY, of Mattoon, Illinois, paid a visit to the Chicago office of MELODY the other day and went into ecstacies over the *Cactus Rag* (a Stark publication), which appeared in the *Ragtime Review, February*. Mr. Furry claims that his orchestra made a big hit with this number in Mattoon. Mr. Furry, together with his two sons, and Mr. Newport, have a great reputation in Mattoon on the strength of their dance orchestra, which is made up of a great variety of instruments, not being limited to just one instrument for each player. They alternate on saxophone, banjo, marimbaphone, piano, drums, violin, etc., etc., giving the dancers an unending variety of tonal effects and musical novelties. This combination played at the Mary Garden ball room, Memphis, for a period of four months, with splendid success.

EARL MORGA, formerly of Terre Haute, Indiana, where he was connected with the American Theatre in the capacity of organist, is spending a few months in Chicago, under Dr. J. Louis Brown, the eminent organist. Mr. Morga has been selected to initiate the fine new pipe-organ which is being erected by the Bankers' and Merchant's Theatre Co., of Terre Haute, in the new Terre Haute Theatre. It is a large three manual Kimball organ, equipped with echo.

The Way Bernard Brin Gets Publicity in Seattle

A NEW moving picture theatre, called the *Rialto*, has recently been opened at Dickinson, North Dakota. The local papers gave up a lot of space describing the theatre, and went so far as to give the names of the manager and the moving picture operator, who, it says, "held a card" and was considered one of the best in the state, etc. Also gave the name of the ticket seller, and the name of the violinist and the ticket taker. But, when it came to the pianist, all the information we received from the said newspaper, was that "the pianist, a professional ivory-inspirer of Minneapolis, comes with experience gathered in the leading houses of that city."

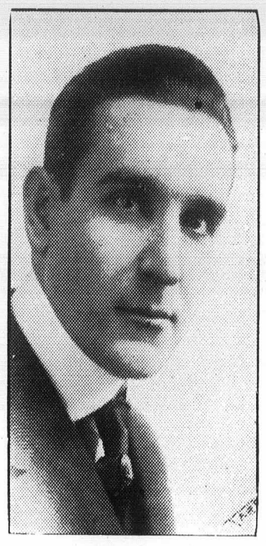
CHARLIE CUNNINGHAM, best remembered as the *Kid Composer* and *Boy Piano King*, considered a juvenile prodigy, has more than made good the glowing prophecies founded on the brilliant successes of his youthful days. He has composed a number of popular song hits, and his *Good Bye Annie Laurie* won a gold medal when sung in a contest in the London music halls about ten years ago, while his *My Pal* song was used with great success on the American vaudeville stage. Recently, Charlie has been working on a comic opera score, and those who have

heard fragments of it, declare it to be one of his best efforts. His inimitible original "eccentric" style of playing ragtime has gathered in more than one silver trophy. Not content with using ten fingers, his knuckles, arms and elbows, he brings forth a crashing finale by using both feet. Here's hoping his new operetta makes as big a hit as does his playing.

A corking good popular piano recital, entertainment and dance, was held at Schiller Hall, in the Garrick Theatre Building, Chicago, on February 23rd. Among the ragtime artists taking part were Harold Van Meter, Ray Worley, John Scheck—these three being of Chicago,—Edward Mellinger, of St. Louis, and George F. Schulte, of Cleveland. Harry Fetterer (the world's greatest ventriloquist, barring none) obliged. Jane Lamoureux, warbled in her most delightful coloratura manner, accompanied by Alice Lambert. Miss Lambert and partner gave a remarkable exhibition of modern ball-room dancing. Dance music was furnished by a wonderful jazz orchestra, headed by Dave Reichstein at the piano, who was amply supported by an eccentric drummer, a dynamic banjo player, and a moaning saxophonist (and how that boy could moan on "that there instrument").

RAE HARRIES, prima donna, whose photograph adorns this page, came from Merrill, Wis., to Chicago, and suddenly leaped from obscurity to fame through her singing at the Moulin Rouge, and other Chicago amusement places.

THE accompanying photographic engraving, pictures Mr. William Schilling, who has been extraordinarily successful in vaudeville with a sketch entitled *Vampire's Fool*, also *Destiny*, *The Lash*,



William Schilling

and now in his newest playlet entitled *He Never Knew*, in which he appeared at the Rialto Theatre, Chicago, where the sketch was received enthusiastically by the "first-night" audience.

SHORT NOTES

ADELAIDE KLEIN, a striking brunette of beautiful appearance, the fortunate possessor of a voice of fine quality and unusually large volume, lately singing at the Broadway Strand Theatre, Chicago, was enthusiastically applauded by the big audiences.

The New Liberty Theatre at Fargo, N. D., was recently opened to the public, being equipped with an up-to-date pipe organ.

Mabel Rogers, the enterprising Kansas City popular music teacher, was obliged to close her studio for one week on account of severe illness.

Edward Benedict, organist at the Broadway Strand Theatre in Detroit, was invited by the management of the new California Theatre in San Francisco to take a three weeks' vacation and come out and play their instrument, all expenses paid, and was given a lot of money besides. Mr. Benedict took advantage of the opportunity, and, as a result, he has been offered a permanent position as manipulator of the largest and most wonderful Hope-Jones Unit Orchestra that has yet been built.

"Singing will develop U. S. vitality," says William S. Tomrons, dean of choral singing-masters in America, in the Chicago Daily News.

M. L. Dappert, who enlisted as a private last summer, long before the draft took effect—and gave up a splendid position as teacher of popular music to do this—has been sent to the officers' training camp, after having passed through the stages of private, corporal and sargeant.

Charlie Schultz, who has been manager of a large school of ragtime in Milwaukee, recently joined his regiment at Camp Grant, Illinois.

The last time I paid a visit to Ed Mellinger and his St. Louis School of Popular Music, he ushered me into a luxurious eight-cylinder coupe that would discount a Pullman sleeping car for luxury and comfort. This is going some, because on the previous visit Mellinger only had six cylinders. We are looking forward to seeing him again soon and maybe then it will be a twin-six.

Larry Ball, now appearing at the Friars Inn, Chicago, is using a new line of "nut" numbers, such as "I'm a Brother of Lily of the Valley," and the loop audiences are beginning to talk of this clever little man.

Fritz Christiane has given up his class in Washington, D. C., for the time being, and has entered the government service there.

"My daughter is very patriotic and is not going to play any more German music," said Mr. So-and-So. Mr. This-and-That replied as follows: "I'm afraid that won't help any, she probably will play something else in place of it."

Esther Gomberg of Duluth, Minnesota, took a short piano engagement in Milwaukee, with good success.

George F. Schulte reports that his new Akron school, which he manages from Cleveland, is doing well.

Will Newlan, who, for four years, was the director of the Kilties Band, and who is well known as a saxophone virtuoso, is now teaching popular music on all instruments in Chicago.

Miss Ada Rogers has opened a school of mandolin, guitar, ukulele, etc., in Chicago, making popular music her specialty.

Mabel Normand studied under Phil Kaufman, of Los Angeles, and made good. This was some time ago, but Phil is still talking about it—so that's how we were reminded of the fact.

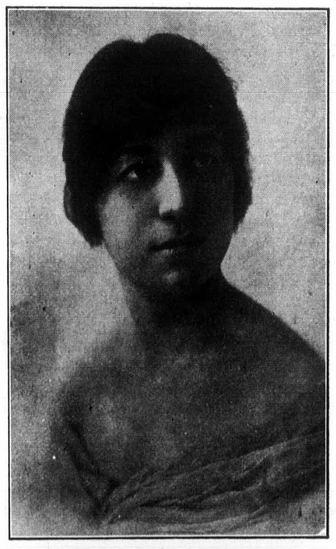
A new school of popular music has recently been opened in Rochester, New York, under Mr. R. C. Barnhart.

R. Smythe of Beloit, Wisconsin, has just opened a new school of popular music.

"That doll has certainly got a Montana voice," said some one in the audience. "Oh, you mean a "Beaut," said somebody else.

Mrs. E. Krumweide, of Elgin, /Ill., lost her studio by fire but is now running full blast again.

G. M. Roche, of Springfield, Illinois, directed a home talent minstrel show recently, thereby making a big hit.



Rae Harries, Chicago Prima Donna

At a banquet given by the Illinois Poultry and Egg Shippers' Association at the Hotel Jefferson in Peoria, Illinois, a corking good entertainment was furnished by Dorothy Morris, character and classic dancer; Gladys Easter, singing comedienne; Charles Hitchcock, character monologist, and C. Juhasz, the talkative trickster.

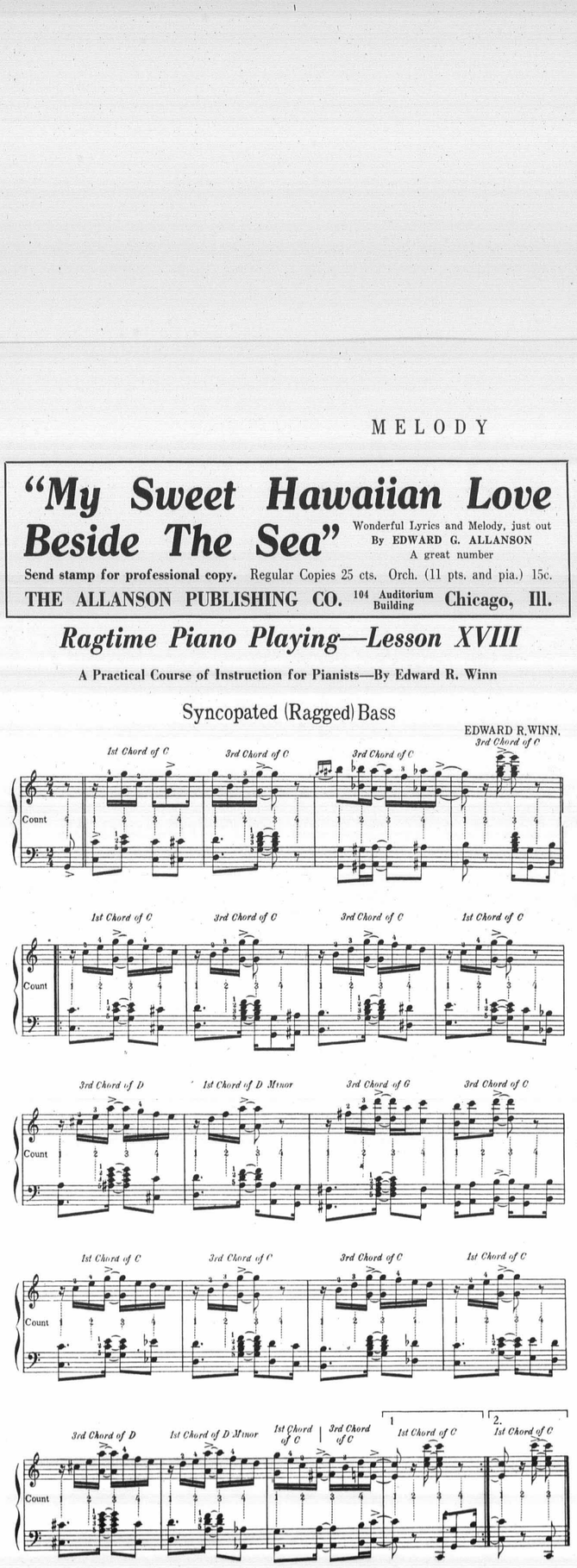
George F. Schulte simply burns up newspaper space in advertising his school of ragtime and popular music in Cleveland. His latest idea (around Valentine's Day) was to run an advertisement occupying about 150 lines, with a picture of Cupid at a piano playing ragtime.

Ragtime Piano Playing—Lesson XVIII

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

Syncopated (Ragged) Bass

EDWARD R. WINN.



THE accompanying theme and arrangement is an effective example of syncopated (ragged) bass. The ideas embodied in this selection should be studied carefully, memorized, and then applied to up-to-date melodies in off-hand arrangement.

This altogether novel rhythmic handling of the accompaniment is rather startling to many ears when heard for the first time, and is a good test of the performer's ability as an accurate time-keeper. It is "different" in style and worth any pianist's while to acquire. Precision and technical accuracy will here count for much. *(To be continued)*

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. Address all communications direct to MELODY.

E. J., New London, Conn.

"Dreaming of the Old Folks" has a real pretty title page, but the words and music sound as if they were written sometime B. C. Folk songs are not being worn this season, and it's a shame that you were roped into spending good money to have this antediluvian conglomeration published. A song to be popular nowadays must carry the melody along in the accompaniment. Chords are all right on the old parlor organ, but they won't do on the piano in the average American home today. If at first you don't succeed, don't be a "sucker" the next time.

S. L., Muncie, Ind.

"Stand Pat for Uncle Sammy" has a stirring martial chorus, and would make a far better instrumental number than a song. As we have said so many times, there are too many "war" songs on the market now. Add a few strains to your composition and you will have a good march. No one has yet cornered the march market—not even Sousa—so you have a chance. After you have it finished, send it in; we'll be glad to see it.

Miss V. F. P., Houston, Texas.

I have played over your delightful waltz several times and it grows on me. You have great talent and excellent taste in your phrasing. Make or have made a manuscript that will look a little neater and send it to one of the publishers specializing in music of this sort. Would advise you to repeat your first strain after your trio or third strain. Your title, "Angelique," is a little etherial, but it just suits your dainty composition.

W. D. R., Chicago, Ill.

I hardly dare to advise you regarding the sale of your waltz. An outright sale proposition doesn't appeal to the average composer, but this being your first number, I think you can afford to sacrifice and "sell out," as the price you are offered is much higher than most beginners get. If the waltz "goes over," the publisher may do something handsome for you, as did Hawkes & Son, of London, for Ancliffe, the composer of "Nights of Gladness." Ancliffe sold his rights for a very small amount, but the number was a tremendous success and the Hawkes concern not only allowed the composer a generous royalty, but made him a present of a $5,000 English motor car. So you can see that there *are* "square" publishers.

G. D., Titusville, Pa.

I am not a clairvoyant, and, therefore, am unable to judge the merits or demerits of your song from the title alone that you sent. You will have to submit your song complete before you can expect me to pass on it. Enclose stamps if you want your manuscript returned.

R. H., Jackson, Miss.

You paid the postmaster 24 cents to deliver your manuscripts to the MELODY office. And you enclosed only 6 cents in stamps for the return transportation charge. Did you expect that bale of brain-storms to shrink 18 cents' worth after I gave my opinion of it? Or were you so optimistic as to think I would find only 6 cents worth to return as "unavailable," and would send a check for the balance? Well, I am tempted to send you a check—to put on your lyric lathe. You need a brake. You have sacrificed quality for quantity, and I feel sure that if you would be content to turn out one or two carefully conceived poems instead of a whole flock of indifferent bunches of word-hash, you would at least save yourself considerable postage expense. Songs aren't written on the piece-work plan, nor do publishers buy them by the dozen. I have returned all the MSS. that the 6 cents would carry, and will send the other peck when you forward the necessary stamps.

W. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"A-M-E-R-I-C-A" has been done twice, to my knowledge. That makes it *overdone* as a popular song. Not that the sentiment depicted in your verses is less praiseworthy than when the subject was first used; everybody feels, thinks, talks, and sleeps on that same sentiment these days. But everybody can't write a popular song about it, because popularity is achieved only by the songs that offer something new—or at least something old presented in an "original" manner. Your poem shows nothing new in rhyming or ideas, therefore it would be a further waste of time to set the words to music. Next time, choose a subject that *isn't* popular, and maybe you can produce a potential popular-song lyric. Did you forget to enclose stamps?

F. O., San Francisco, Calif.

"Those Moving Picture Queens" reads like a cross between an advertisement for a feature "fillum" and the tale of a love-sick male movie fan of the 10-cent, front-row type. As a popular song poem it fails to arrive anywhere. It lacks popular appeal, and it slips up seriously in the sixth line of the second verse. The rhymes are fairly good, except in the case of "girls" and "whirl," which is punk, and "screens" and "queen," which is also poor. And you say your "heart goes a-gleaming." How is it done? "Enchancing" rhymes with "entrancing"—but the former word is not of the common or dictionary variety. The lyric contains the germ of an idea for a good stage song, but you must treat the germ better, or it will not survive. Try again—I have seen much worse lines than yours, even with all the faults I have found.

J. W. H., Carrollton, Ohio.

Your poem is built on an idea that might strike a popular chord. Then again, it might not. The latter is the larger and more possibilious "might" because "war" songs of any kind are obliged to labor against almost hopeless competition. Still, "All Aboard" has the "something different" lacking in 99 out of 100 of the songs of war vintage. I must pass up your request to name the song.

No, it is not necessary to copyright lyrics or music before submitting MSS. to publishers. Legitimate publishers have no desire to steal songs, and you certainly would not be so unwise as to submit MSS. to an unknown concern. Do not be afraid to send your best efforts to any of the established music publishers, and give them a reasonable amount of time to reach your work, which must await its turn among the hundreds of others which the average large house receives daily for consideration.

Although, as I say, it is not necessary to copyright your songs before sending them to publishers, it is possible to do so, as the copyright laws provide for the protection of works not reproduced for sale. It is necessary to file a copy of the copyrighted MS. with the Register of Copyrights at Washington, and pay the usual fee. But should you dispose of the poem or song later on, the copyright would have to be assigned to the publisher. My advice would be to save your money and let the publishers look after the copyrights.

C. I. D., Portland, Ore.

"All Aboard for Treasure Land" is a fairly good "kid" song. Your chorus is hardly long enough; it should contain thirty-two measures. You take too many liberties with the scale in some places, and I fear the ordinary singer would have considerable difficulty in "looping the loops." Your words are good—perhaps a little heavy for this type of song, but you can easily simplify them. On the whole, your song shows merit, and, when the alterations I have noted on the MS. are made, should find its way into the catalog of some good music publisher—if you have reasonable luck in making connections with the "good music publisher."

R. O. L., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The royalties earned by "Poor Butterfly" are said to be close to $100,000. John L. Golden and R. H. Burnside, the writers of the lyrics, and Raymond Hubbell, the composer, split the dainty sum among themselves.

L. L., New York City.

Thanks for them kind words. I am very glad you like the song—but it happens that it was written by another man, although his last name is Cobb. But it's a good song, and I enjoyed your compliments, so why worry over a little mistake?

T. U. L., Chicago, Ill.

No, I can't see anything "wrong" with your song. I can't see the song, for that matter. Where is it? Do you expect me to come to Chicago to look it over? If you do, I am afraid you never will see me; that three-cent stamp certainly won't pay my fare. Perhaps you forgot to enclose the poem with your letter? Please send it along—or, at least, tell me what to do with the stamp.

F. A. A., New York City.

"Try Your Luck," etc., if set to the proper music might make a good summer song. It is replete with clever double rhymes, and the meter is excellent. Your meaning is a trifle vague in the two lines next to the last in your chorus. If you analyze these lines you will see that they have no bearing on the rest of the chorus, so you'd better patch them up and make your meaning a little more clear. On the whole it is a good novelty lyric. "Come on and Love," etc., in my opinion, is on the border line of the "raw." The public doesn't care for songs of this type. If one happens to get by, it is always destined to be short-lived. Your melody for this song has a catchy rhythm, and would make a good number if "proper" poetry were put to it. You say you understand harmony fairly well, but are unable to arrange your melodies. What you need, I believe, is experience. If you have the theoretical part, practice will do the rest.

Ted D., Chicago, Ill.

Have you ever heard "Havanola" fox trot? If not, why not? You had better hie thyself to a music vendor and obtain or come in close contact with a copy of said piece, and you will discover about sixteen bars of your brain offspring. Teddy, have you been visiting "kafes" during the long winter evenings, and have you heard the aforesaid melody so often that you think you are the papa of it? You cannot and must not do these things, Theodore. They can't be done with impunity. Send stamps and I'll return thy manuscript that thou mayest see the error of thy way.

E. S., Providence, R. I.

"Took You to the Picture Show," etc., is a cleverly constructed comedy song of little or no commercial value. Take a look at some of the best sellers, and, perhaps, they will give you an idea as to what "brings home the tripe." Your ballad is good in every respect—perhaps a little too high in the last few bars of the chorus, but you can easily remedy that by transposing it one key lower.

Mrs. A. A. B., Elwood, Nebr.

"When I Dream that My Dreams," etc., is a very pretty poem. The title has a slight "chestnut" savor, although you have put some originality into the treatment thereof. The only thing I should suggest is that you lengthen your chorus; it should be twice as long. Then, with good music, it would make a pretty song. I say *pretty*—not *popular*. "Do Your Best" contains some clever punch lines, but would hardly be suitable for a song lyric. Besides, there are so many "war songs" now on the market, that I can't encourage anyone to add to the long list of songs of this type that never can become popular.

C. K. H., La Crosse, Wis.

"Good Luck Sammie" is simply another "war" song, that's all. It is full of new and original rhymes, but it would never have a chance as a published number. Reason: Too many such songs now. You have natural talent for writing song poems, so why not put your ideas into something that will show at least a chance of bringing in some returns?

R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I fear that Ball and Brennen got ahead of you on your "Angels' Paradise" song when they wrote, "A Little Bit of Heaven." Nevertheless, you have worked out a clever poem. Your rhymes are imperfect in places and your meter rather difficult to follow; still, if some of the more glaring faults are corrected, some publisher might take a chance on the lyric. "When the Angels Drove the Devil," etc., is a fanciful, and very far-fetched Irish ballad. I can't believe that you put much thought into the poem when you wrote it. Your story is too rambling, and, anyhow, I don't think it is the kind of song that would sell. "All the Eyes in the Skies," etc., is a real novelty song; perhaps a little too long in the chorus, but worse songs have "gone over." You may be able to interest some melody writer or publisher in this lyric.

G. K. Y., Jamestown, N. Dak.

I received your letter in good condition, but your song seems to have missed the train. You are the second person to arouse my curiosity this month about an "enclosed" poem that wasn't enclosed. Yet you asked me to "please find enclosed my song," etc. I must caution you against this practice. Don't ask anyone to find something enclosed when it isn't. It is a very difficult feat.

G. S., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

You have a very original idea in your poem, "At the Wonderful Banquet," etc. I'm going to tell you right off the bat that the lyric is absolutely no good—for a popular song; but it would be a riot if a spot were found for it in a musical show. There are only a few minor things in your poem that I would care to criticise. "Exist" and "bliss" do not rhyme, and the lines ending with "hearts" and "darts" should be changed; they don't "make sense" as they stand. You have originality, and I know no reason why your chances for success in the "game" aren't as good as the next fellow's—or a little better, possibly.

Melody Pauses to Remark

That *John M. Tait*, director of a leading popular music school in Brooklyn, N. Y., says that although business was somewhat frostbitten early in the winter, the pianos and people have thawed out and business is now better than ever.

That *Sam Marks*, who recently increased the capacity of his Toronto popular music instruction plant by opening a branch at 2386 Dundas street, West Toronto, is anticipating still further extension by the addition of two new teachers. *Miss Elsie Martin* is directing the branch school.

That *W. B. Griffith*, formerly of Raleigh, N. C., where he conducted a successful orchestra and teaching business, is now located in Atlanta as a member of the faculty of the Griffith School of Music—an institution of many years' standing and great popularity in the Georgia metropolis.

That *Mrs. N. B. Griffith* is the founder and director of the school mentioned in the preceding paragraph, and her faculty includes some of Atlanta's favorite musicians, among whom may be mentioned her daughters, *Mrs. L'Ella Griffith Bedard* and *Miss Mary Butt Griffith*, as well as her son, previously alluded to.

That Long's Academy of Music (*Ed. P. Long*, director) is one of the successful and substantial educational institutions of Seattle, Wash. *E. T. Bradbury* is secretary.

That *H. D. Price* is opening a chain of popular music schools in the vicinity of his Stockton headquarters. His plans call for schools in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Stanislaus, Fresno, Napa and Sutter counties.

That popular music—the good old American variety—has invaded India. *Albert Heyes* is one of the pioneers, having recently opened a popular music school in Calcutta.

That the Jefferson Conservatory of Music, Jefferson City, Mo., is giving increasing attention to popular music, classes in that branch averaging about fifty this season. *Oscar H. Petry* and *Nathaniel Epstein* are managers of the conservatory, which furnishes instruction on practically all instruments.

That one would naturally expect to find American ragtime and popular music in Hawaii—at least on the basis of a fair exchange for the "Hawaiian" croonings which have innundated and are still innundating our more or less civilized country. At any rate, there are schools of popular music upon the happy islands and we understand that one of the most recently established is that directed by *Frank B. Wrigley* at Honolulu.

That *Miss M. Boltey*, manager of the Boltey Popular School of Music, Cleveland, offers a brilliant example of modern feminine achievement. Miss Boltey's school is one of the most successful in the country, with no exceptions in favor of the sterner sex.

That we find another example of what the charming ladies can achieve in the marked success of *Miss Dorothy Chantler*, who is director of a well-established popular music school in Tacoma, Wash.

That *Edward Venezia* has opened studios at 32 Boylston street, Boston, where he gives attention to piano instruction, especially in the popular branch.

That *Al J. Markgraf*, director of Markgraf's School of Music and Markgraf's Orchestra, San Francisco, finds business so rushing that he anticipates opening a downtown branch.

That *Anthony Baluta* almost established a record by filling his schedule to the limit within about two weeks from the opening of his Flatbush (Brooklyn) school of popular music.

That *Mrs. Irma Firestone*, popular Chicago pipe organ instructor, includes popular music playing in her course for motion picture players. Mrs. Firestone is not only a successful teacher, but is also a highly proficient performer, having been for some time understudy to the head demonstrator for a leading Chicago pipe organ and orchestra unit manufacturer.

That *Miss Anna Greer* and *Miss Gertrude Greer* are, respectively, president and secretary of the Greer School of Music, Chicago—a flourishing institution.

That the Sandberg School of Music and Dramatic Art asks, pertinently; "If you have a piano, why not play it?"—which isn't at all bad for a slogan. *Emos E. Sandberg* is director of the school, which is located at 1818 Washington avenue, Minneapolis.

That *J. H. Sherer*, well known pianist and organist of New York City, and an orchestra conductor of experience, is also achieving much success as an instructor in the pleasant art of popular music playing. His school is now in its sixth year and is steadily increasing in prestige.

That *Will H. Bryant* is popular enough in his home town, Terre Haute, Ind., to be the Rotarian Band and Orchestra member. Will is director of the Bryant School of Music, which includes on its faculty teachers of practically all instruments and branches of music.

"HELL"

Is Carroll Justified in the Use of "Hell" in His Song?

WILL CARROLL has written a new patriotic song, which is causing much comment, most of the corament being in the way of arguments for and against his use of the name of the lower regions in the title. Carroll claims he is justified in using the naughty word, inasmuch as his title is the battle-cry of the English "Tommies" and used in the trenches "Over There." He says, in part: "I carefully considered the fact that this title would bring much criticism upon my head and that the 'goody-goodies' would make a fuss over the word 'Hell' being used and circulated in a song. I, for my part, think that I am fully justified in using it for various reasons. We find it in the daily papers, in the Bible, in up-to-date books, and we hear it every day. But, aside from this, I have made use of 'Hell' because (1) it is the battle-cry of the boys in the trenches 'Over There,' and (2) I failed to find a stronger expression in the dictionary. Had I found one, rest assured that it would have been used. The title of this song, 'Over the Top, with the Best of Luck, and Give Them Hell,' was suggested by Arthur Guy Empey's now famous book, 'Over the Top,' for it was while reading this book I found the expression used for my title. Mr. Wensley and I wrote the lyric, and, while doing so, agreed that 'Hell,' in any form, was too darn good for them. All facts considered, I hardly think I will be condemned by any thinking man or woman for the writing of this song."

The chorus of the song is as follows:

Over the top with the best of luck and show 'em how we can fight,
Get a son of a Hun at the end of your gun and make ev'ry bullet bite,
Ev'ryone steady, be sure and get ready, when you hear the whistle to yell,
Over the top with the best of luck and give them Hell!

Strong language for a popular song, perhaps, but it has "punch" all right. What do you think about it?

SONGLAND GOSSIP

Al Jolson, the popular Winter Garden star, having spent a goodly portion of his life in popularizing the songs of music publishers and song-writers by featuring their productions in the typical Jolson style, has decided to make a little money for himself in the same manner—at least, we know, several of the numbers in "Sinbad," the new Winter Garden show, are Al's own make.

Millions of people in all parts of the globe were saddened by the press dispatches of March 12, which announced the death of Mrs. Lena Guilbert Ford (an American), whose authorship of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" had endeared her to the citizens of many nations. That Mrs. Ford and her crippled son should have been killed in a German air-raid on London is one of the peculiar tricks of fate whose sinister effects combine to cement the allies the closer in their determination to wipe from the face of the earth the source of such atrocities as air-raids on defenseless women and children.

Ernest Ball has returned to the fold of M. Witmark & Sons, and that firm will henceforth publish Ball's compositions as of old.

"Oregon, My Own," is the title of the song which won first prize in a contest for an official state song instituted by the Oregon State Federation of Women's Clubs. W. J. Carkeek of Sherman, Clay & Co. (San Francisco), is the man who pockets the prize. The words for the song were written by Mrs. Maud Spafford Burling of Portland.

Some time ago Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, of the Canadian Army, sent John Philip Sousa a lyric called "In Flanders' Fields the Poppies Grow." Sousa set it to music and sent the manuscript to the military man's headquarters for his approval. Last night the composer was notified that the Canadian officer had died in Flanders, where the poppies grow.

"The Road to France," by Daniel Henderson, which received the $250 prize last year in the National Art Society patriotic poem contest, has been set to music by Mrs. J. Vernon Butler and dedicated to the Worcester Oratorio Society. It was given its first public performance on Jan. 22, at the concert in Mechanics' Hall for the benefit of the Red Cross. Mrs. Butler has for many years been pianist for the society.

French composers want royalties for the public performance of their music in this country, it is said. Oscar Osso, who represents in this country the Society of French Playwrights and Composers, and the Society of French Authors, Composers and Publishers of Music, announces that in the future he will see to it that royalties are paid by motion picture houses, cabarets, etc., along the lines followed by the American Society. The scale of royalties is not stated. In the past the French Society has been content to collect royalties on the use of the copyrighted numbers used in concert.

Popular music publishers who have thus far contributed their share in aiding war work by providing music for military bands in the camps and on the ships for recruiting purposes and for other government work, have, according to reports, agreed to render assistance to the government in its campaign for food conservation. The popular publishers have agreed to give to the food administration space on the back of each sheet of music in which to publish a message to the people on the subject of food conservation. It is estimated that fifty million sheets of music are sold each year by the leading publishers, and thus the food message will, through the medium of music, reach more than that number of people.

Frank H. Gillespie, the Pittsburg, Penn., music publisher, announces the acceptance for early publication of a high-class ballad entitled *The Story Your Eyes Told to Me*, by Treve Collins, Jr., and Raymond J. Iden.

CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME LOST
(The Line Was Busy)

Walter Jacobs, Boston, Mass.
Dear Sir:

Under separate cover I have sent you a copy of my latest song entitled "They Can't Down the Red, White and Blue," which I thought you might like to buy. Here's a chance to make some money. My price for the same is ten thousand dollars ($10,000). After you sell about a million copies you can, no doubt, sell out to one of the big New York publishers for, say, twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000), as was done with a certain other song recently. If interested, call up ————, Mass., 3456, ring 18. Do not wait to write, as I am going to go right ahead if I don't sell.

Yours truly,
———— ————.

MUSIC COUNTER POINTS

A Soldier's Rosary is a big counter number—still new. When it grows up it should be a hit. Contains much melody and merit. *(Stasny.)*

The Wild, Wild Women are Making a Wild, Wild Man of Me is a great fast number; very popular. Dancing and stage. *(Piantadosi.)*

I'm the Brother of Lily of the Valley. Best "nut" song on the market. Will be big dancing hit. Better than the sister song, "Lily of the Valley." *(Gilbert and Friedland.)*

Sweet Little Buttercup *(Remick)*. Appealing ballad. Big number in Remick catalog.

At the Darktown Strutters' Ball *(Feist)*. Bigger than ever.

Liberty Bell, It's Time to Ring Again. Patriotic march ballad. Stirring melody and great lyric. Popular. *(Shapiro, Bernstein.)*

Baby's Prayer at Twilight *(Waterson, Berlin & Snyder)*. One of the greatest ballads written. Appeals to everyone. Hit.

You're Absolutely Wonderful—What Do You Think of Me? Great novelty song; also a production number. *(McCarthy & Fisher.)*

We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser *(Joe Daly)*. Big comic patriotic song. Should be a hit.

Here's something subtle from the Emporia (whereverthatis), Kansas (oh, yes, it's in Kansas, that accounts for the dry humor), *Gazette* which is creating considerable mirth among the papers of the more chilly northern states:

Miss Morgana is one of the few modest singers who have appeared in Emporia. She wore enough clothes for two ordinary singers.

"I wonder why the composer called this a cradle song?"
"Probably because it has a rocky tune."

Melody Agents

Where the magazine can always be obtained

Allentown, Pa.	Hartman & Lansche, 840 Hamilton St.
Albany, N. Y.	Cluett & Sons, State St.
	H. E. Stahler, 287 Central Ave.
Ann Arbor, Mich.	University Music House, Press Bldg.
Baltimore, Md.	Carl C. Holzapfel.
Bangor, Me.	D. L. Carver, 25 Broad St.
Battle Creek, Mich.	Chas. E. Root Music Co.
Boston, Mass.	Oliver Ditson Co., 150 Tremont St.
	Krey Music Co., 361 Washington St.
Bridgeport, Ct.	M. Steinert & Sons Co., 915 Main St.
Brockton, Mass.	Andrew Grant Piano Co., 1226 Main St.
	Old Colony Piano Co., 4 Main St.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Denton, Cottier & Daniels, 32 Court St.
Cedar Rapids, Ia.	Waite Music Co., 225 So. 3d St.
Chicago, Ill.	Fritz & Schnier Music Co., 225 So. Wabash Ave.
	Lyon & Healy, Jackson Boulevard.
	Western Book & Sta. Co., 425 Wabash Ave.
Cincinnati, O.	Jos. Krolage Music Co., 424 Race St.
	Willis Music Co., 137 W. 4th St.
Cleveland, O.	Kaiser Music Store, 45 The Arcade.
	H. J. Votteler & Son, 37 Arcade.
	H. E. McMillin & Sons, 2053 E. 9th St.
Columbus, O.	Goldsmith's Music Store, 69 S. High St.
Concord, N. H.	Harriott Music Co., 92 No. Main St.
Dayton, O.	Meredith's Music Store, 24 W. 4th St.
Denver, Col.	H. T. Baskerville Co., 1549 Champa St.
	Denver Music Co., 1538 Stout St.
	Hext Music Co., 1626 California St.
Detroit, Mich.	Willard Bryant, 218 Woodward Ave.
	Grinnell Bros., 243 Woodward Ave.
Erie, Pa.	Jos. A. Weber, 1714 Peach St.
Fall River, Mass.	Mrs. F. A. Forest, 174 So. Main St.
	H. L. Thuot, 364 So. Main St.
Fitchburg, Mass.	J. F. Chaffin Co., 157 Main St.
Ft. Worth, Tex.	Ft. Worth Music Co., 610 Houston St.
Galveston, Tex.	Thos. Goggan & Bro.
Grd. Rapids, Mich.	Friedrich Music House, 206 Monroe Av.
Hartford, Ct.	Farris Music Store, 173 Asylum St.
Haverhill, Mass.	Fred W. Peabody, Merrimack St.
Holyoke, Mass.	M. P. Conway, 805 High St.
	John T. Roy Co., 168 High St.
Honolulu, Hawaii.	Bergstrom Music Co., 1020 Fort St.
Houston, Tex.	Oliver's Music House, 810 Main St.
	Thos. Goggan & Bro.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Carlin Music Co., 3 No. Penn St.
	Fuller-Wagner Music Co., 27 E. Ohio St.
Ionia, Mich.	G. W. French & Sons, 325 Main St.
Kansas City, Mo.	Eze & Heard, 1015 Grand.
La Crosse, Wis.	Fred Leithold Piano Co., 325 Main St.
Lawrence, Mass.	Knuepfer & Dimmock, 254 Essex St.
Lewiston, Me.	F. E. Tainter, 40 Lisbon St.
Los Angeles, Cal.	R. W. Heffelfinger, 446 So. Broadway.
	Lindsey Music Co., 416 Broadway.
	So. Cal. Music Co., 332 So. Broadway.
Lowell, Mass.	Kershaw's Music Store, 118 Central St.
Manchester, N. H.	Piper & McIntire, 888 Elm St.
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.	L. F. Collin Pty, Ltd.
Milwaukee, Wis.	C. J. Hambitzer, 417 Broadway.
	Wm. A. Kaun Music Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Metro. Music House, 41 So. 6th St.
Montreal, Can.	Wm. J. Shaw & Co., 85 St. Catherine St.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Gunther-Winn School of Popular Music
N. Bedford, Mass.	H. L. Thout.
New Haven, Ct.	M. Steinert & Sons Co., 183 Church St.
New Orleans, La.	Philip Werlein, 731 Canal St.
New York, N. Y.	Edward R. Winn, 155 W. 125th St.
Norwich, Ct.	Plaut-Cadden Co., 145 Main St.
Pawtucket, R. I.	Meiklejohn Music Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Joseph P. Drew, Walnut St.
	Hyman Morris, 151 No. 8th St.
	O. K. Music House, 1317 Arch St.
	H. A. Weymann & Son, Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	W. H. Witt Music Co., 110 5th Ave.
	Volkwein Bros., 516 Smithfield St.
Pomona, Cal.	C. H. Short Music Co., 151 E. 2d St.
Portland, Me.	Cressey & Allen, 566 Congress St.
	M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Portland, Ore.	Graves Music Co., 151 4th St.
	Seiberling & Lucas, 125 4th St.
Providence, R. I.	Bailey's Music Store, 72 Weybosset St.
	Chas. E. McCloskey, 60 Snow St.
	M. Steinert & Sons Co., 509 Westminster St.
	H. L. Thout, 412 Weybosset St.
Queenstown, Tas.	Frank O'Shea, King St.
Riverside, Cal.	G. S. Umholtz Music Co., 657 Main St.
Rochester, N. Y.	Samuel W. Levis, 39 South Ave.
Rockland, Me.	Maine Music Co.
San Diego, Cal.	Thearle & Co., 1025 5th St.
San Francisco, Cal.	Sherman, Clay & Co.
Salt Lake City, U.	Shepard's Magazine Store, 237 So. State St.
Scranton, Pa.	Powell & Chandler, 138 Wash. Ave.
Sedalia, Mo.	A. W. Perry & Sons.
Seymour, Conn.	Mrs. W. P. Foster, 38 2d Ave.
Sherbrooke, Can.	H. C. Wilson & Sons, Ltd., 144 Wellington St.
Springfield, Ill.	J. Myles Roch, 614 So. 8th St.
St. Louis, Mo.	Humleth Music Co., 516 Locust St.
	J. Placht & Bro., 113 So. Broadway.
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.	Alton A. Adams.
Stevens Pt., Wis.	Schuweiler's Novelty Shop, 1019 So. Division St.
Sydney, Aus.	W. J. Deane & Son, 500 George St.
Syracuse, N. Y.	Clark Music Co., 416 So. Salina St.
	Godard's Music House, 215 James St.
	Leiter Bros., 333 So. Salina St.
Taunton, Mass.	H. L. Thout, 3 St. Mary's Sq.
Tokyo, Japan.	The Kyoyeki Shosha.
Topeka, Kans.	E. B. Guild Music Co., 722 Kansas Av.
Toronto, Can.	Whaley, Royce & Co., 237 Yonge St.
	R. S. Williams & Sons Co., 143 Yonge.
Tulsa, Okla.	R. S. Saunders & Co., 200 E. 2d St.
Utica, N. Y.	Peate's, 122 Columbia St.
Worcester, Mass.	C. E. Steere, 18 Mechanic St.
	M. Steinert & Sons Co., 208 Main St.
	Williams Book Store, 533 Main St.

MELODY wants representatives in every city. Dealers write for our proposition. Address MELODY, 8 Bosworth Street, Boston, Mass.

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

H. K. L., Peoria, Ill.

DON'T fear that you will "hurt the publisher's feelings." He wants to know just what you think about the magazine, and if you don't like it, tell him so—but also tell *why*. If there should happen to be some little feature of MELODY that you approve of, tell him about that, too. Perhaps the publisher, being human, would prefer to read only commendatory remarks anent his publication, but endeavoring to make him happy by side-stepping unfavorable criticisms and mentioning only the points that please you, is putting the cart before the horse. The publisher's greatest joy can come only through knowledge that he is producing a journal that gives greatest possible satisfaction to the largest possible portion of his friends, the subscribers. And this can be achieved only through accurate, first-hand knowledge of what the said subscribers want—and also what they *do not want* in a magazine of this kind. So, on with your uncamouflaged opinions!

M. L. Kittren, Minneapolis, Minn.

Your suggestion regarding the title page of MELODY is well taken. The last paragraph of your letter is interesting to print intact:

I am interested in popular music, but have had a difficult time to "hold my own" in my home because every other member of the family is prejudiced against anything that smacks of "popular" or "ragtime" in music. I have always contended that the terms "popular" and "ragtime" are not synomymous; furthermore *good* popular music is *good music*, and *ragtime* is also good in its place, but ragtime is not the whole of popular music. While I was a subscriber to The Tuneful Yankee from its first number, I never dared expose the magazine in my home; its slangy make-up and *profane* cover page would have afforded my family just the argument that they needed to prove that popular music and its associations are of low grade. Though there seemed to be a gradual improvement in the magazine, it was not until the first issue of MELODY appeared that I felt free to introduce the journal to the home-circle critics. And it was a knock-out for me and my contentions regarding popular music. The general tone of the journal, the educational articles on popular music (especially those by Mr. Myron V. Freese and Mr. Z. M. Bickford), just dove-tailed with my previous arguments, and now I am glad to say that MELODY is a permanent addition to the music library of our home, and I hear much less said about "trash" when popular music is mentioned. We have played many of the pretty numbers in our little family orchestra, and several of them are already favorites.

I can see where MELODY will fill a wonderful mission as an apostle of *good* popular music.

T. I. L., Brattleboro, Vt.

MELODY would like to print all letters received from interested friends, but this would be absolutely impossible, even if the entire text space were devoted to the purpose. As intimated in the heading of this department, we are obliged to select a few of the more interesting communications for reproduction, and even the few are usually condensed materially unless of *unusual* merit. Your former letters were heartly appreciated, as were many, many more from others, written in similar vein—none of which was of sufficient general interest from our readers' standpoint to warrant publication. In this connection, we are compelled to admit that one or two paragraphs of your last letter are sufficiently readable to be worthy of space:

I can't understand why you didn't print my letter last month . . . Do you plan to give space only to the writers who have something to kick about? I notice in the heading over the "Subscriber and Publisher" department that you agree to print all letters received [Did you read the "fine print" in the heading carefully?—Ed.], but this makes the second time I have written and have been ignored as far as printing my letters was concerned. If you failed to print them because I said only complimentary things about MELODY and the great improvement recently made in the magazine, perhaps I can get by if I hand you a little "rough stuff." Well I can kick as hard as the next one and I am starting in by bawling you out for not printing my letters . . . If you don't intend to print our letters, why mislead us with that heading? And if you want to print only kicks why not call it the "Kick Department." It would put those of us who like MELODY in a tight place if we want to get into print, but believe me, I can find *something* to kick about if I have to.

Bits from the Mail Bag

January issue of MELODY received. Congratulations on the big improvement. The name just fits. Congratulations again on the disposition of the prize—that was the most honorable and patriotic solution of a rather delicate problem.—*Frank Oneto, San Francisco, Cal.*

It is a most useful magazine for picture players. Could you not include a musical monologue occasionally?—*Irene Taylor.*

I am pleased with the change, both in name and class of matter.—*Albert Pooler, Camden, N. J.*

I can't say that I like the new name of the magazine, although it is no worse than the old one. The magazine is less vulgar, which is an improvement. On the whole, I feel justified in renewing my subscription.—*K. Moore, Newark, N. J.*

I am more than pleased; MELODY is superior to any magazine I have ever had and it is a big help to me in playing at the movies.—*Mrs. C. O. Burt, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

It tickles me to read the opinions of the subscribers who say they miss some of the "snappiness" common to the early issues of MELODY (then *The Tuneful Yankee*). Is it possible that human beings like to be ridiculed—or is it that they enjoy seeing the other fellow "get it in the neck?" Snappiness is good, but when it comes to *snapping* one's friends, I snap on the lid. MELODY as she now reaches me is all to the merry. It's a "snap" at a dollar a year—here's my dollar for the next twelve months. —*Andrew L. Collingwoode, St. Paul, Minn.*

MELODY is all right, but isn't it rather tame? —*H. L. Morton, Dayton, Ohio.*

It looks to me as though the transformation of *The Tuneful Yankee* into MELODY has removed the stinger, but not interfered with the honey product, nor the flavor, thereof.—*Harriet Little, Boston, Mass.*

ATLANTIC PRINTING CO., BOSTON

Volume II Number 5 MAY, 1918 Formerly The Tuneful Yankee

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

MUSIC

PUBLISHED BY

WALTER JACOBS BOSTON MASS

STARMER

Note: The Ragtime Review is now consolidated with this magazine.

Price 10 Cents