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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

MUSIC

PUBLISHED BY

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MELODY

A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music

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Volume II *June, 1918* *Number 6*

Chance-Shots and Sure-Shots

By Myron V. Freese

LIFE, if we live it actively and to its full measure, is, after all, only a great and glorious shooting-gallery wherein all who are red-blooded unhesitatingly take a sportsman's chance. We set up special little targets for ourselves to suit our individual desires; we rim the circles in such colors as fancy dictates, often changing both target and circles at pleasure's whim or conditions compel, and each one takes a shot with the hope that eventually, before powder and shot are exhausted and clear sight has failed, he will happily strike squarely in the center of the inner circle and make the lucky "hit" which, even though it may not startle the world, will bring a rich reward.

What is a sure-shot, and what generally makes a "hit"? Is it that which is always aimed with the deliberate intention of making a bull's-eye, or is it a careless shot that apparently by happy chance swerves to the mark—literally, a chance-shot? More times than not the "hit" is purely an accident, never the absolutely sure-shot without some equalizing balance creeps in as aid, unless chance or circumstances or all combine for success. And how could it be otherwise? To be absolutely sure at all times —regardless of environment, conditions or contingencies—would mean to be supreme, and the universe acknowledges but one Supreme.

From a psychological standpoint, when shooting at a target of any sort, a certain element of surety is bound to enter, either consciously or unconsciously, yet many are they who apparently fire at random and ring the center. On the other hand, how much of absolute surety obtains, even with intent as an actuating force? Modern gunnery, for instance, would seem to be as absolutely sure as it is possible for scientific study, invention and long training to make it so, but is it? Does not the happy chance (accident, if you will) of winds, waves, atmospheric and physical conditions, or something, necessarily enter into the equation whenever the sure-shot is made? Perhaps the answer is better left to the shooting experts.

A physician, possibly driven to his wits' end by an obstinate case which defies the *usual* medication, as a last expedient ventures upon an experiment that violates all medical precedent, and one in which he really has no professional faith, and—oh, happy chance! the patient lives. The doctor has made his "hit" (discovery, science calls it), and the world hails him as a marvel. Again, if we may believe what we read, and what purports to have come from the lips of the great "wizard of electricity" himself, Edison was seeking for something else, "got all balled up" in his experimentation, but by a happy chance reproduced sound and invented (?) the talking machine. In both these instances the "hit" was an accident, but the developing and perfecting for the benefit of others by the discoverer (?) may represent the labor of genius.

The late Neil Burgess began his stage career in a very ordinary variety theatre and "smoke-house" as an interlocutor in the "circle." It was anything but a position of mark, yet probably he might have landed no higher had he not accidently discovered that he could play the part of a typical old lady as no other actor has played it either before or since, and so created his inimitable "Widow Bedott." The remarkable Charlie Chaplin also tells that at first he was a film failure, even to the point of "getting fired," before by happy chance he "hit" upon the thought of his famous grotesque costume, make-up and action, thereby becoming the highest salaried "movie" actor in the world.

It is the same in the song-world, and the "big-seller" in popular songs—the "hit"—might not inaptly be termed the "Charlie Chaplin" of tune, yet please don't forget that in the film-world there is but one Chaplin. There is no intent to convey the impression that effort and endeavor do not enter into every song success, for the writer of every song launched on the world undoubtedly puts into it his very best, with the hope of making a musical "bull's-eye," but we are speaking particularly of the phenominal "hits." Of these there are many that are aimed with care and deliberation at the target of success and seem to embrace all the elements of a sure-fire shot, yet somehow all but the certain one veer, swerve, and—miss. There are many big-selling popular songs of today that are reaping a goodly harvest, but there always is the "*one*" which makes the bull's-eye "hit" that brings the big reward to him who fired the lucky shot (look at it as we may, luck is one of the contingents that plays a big part when the ungaugeable public is the target).

One of the big song-successes of today is "Over There," by Mr. George Cohan, who fired true and at the psychological moment. This will have its popularity of a day and then fade, as have many more of yesterday and the day-before-yesterday which made their "hits," yet are now all but forgotten. It is doubtful, however, if any song of either today or yesterday ever reaped for its writer a golden harvest equal to the one of the day-before-yesterday vintage that is now never sung, even if remembered, and one even the title of which was an accident; a song which not only seemed to be a flat failure at its singing debut, but one whose singer was greeted with laughter before he left the stage, and one which the writer, in a furious fit of anger, meant to forget if possible; a song written for an amateur to sing at

"Ragging" the Popular Song Hits

Something About "Over Here" and Its Composer-Publisher—the Seventh Article in the Interesting Popular Song "Words and Music" Series

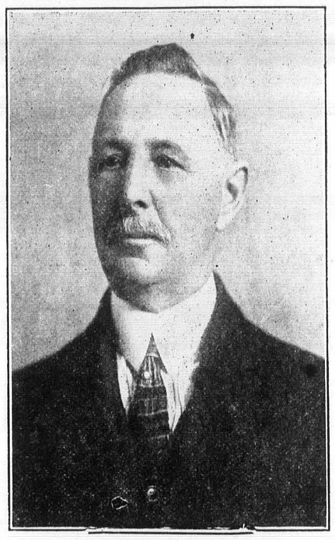
By Edward R. Winn

PATRIOTIC to the very last syllable is the sentiment pervading the popular song hit converted into piano solo arrangement and presented in the music supplement of this issue of MELODY.

Charles B. Weston's latest and best-selling composition sounds the clarion bugle, pictures the loving mother with enduring courage resolutely giving her boy to the cause, sends the gallant soldiers "over there" to inspiring music and, best of all, brings them back noble, war-stained heroes with victory won for enduring liberty. One can almost hear the scream of defiance being emitted by the American eagle perched on the shield design (insert) in the centre of the service flag cover drawing's white field.

"Such is the patriot's boast where 'ere
we roam,
His first, best country ever is his
home."

"Over Here" at present is in great demand, and for several reasons. The theatrical publicity given this song has early carried it far. Being featured on various circuits in the vaudeville field has had a stimulating effect. Designating a few of the acts which have incorporated this number would give mention to the Trivola Quartette, Beatrice Baker, Fields and Wade, Bonnie Satire, Al Wakefield and the Dixie Comedy Four. This song title will be found on many programs. The choice of name was a happy one indeed, for already it is famous in song, story and picture.



Charles B. Weston
Writer and Publisher of "Over Here"
(See Mr. Winn's unique arrangement of the chorus of this popular song on page 20.)

SOME six years ago a new name attained prominence in the popular music world. It was then that Charles B. Weston decided that song writing was his forte and gave to the public his initial success, "The Days When We Were Young," a ballad. Other songs followed in quick succession. Best known among them are: "Just You and I," "Love Among the Whispering Pines," "My Tipperary Rose," "It's You, Just You," "The Only Way" and "The Voice of a Child." His latest release is a tuneful number entitled, "For You Wedding Bells Will Ring."

For so prominent a composer, some might be inclined to regard Mr. Weston as living at the wrong end of the bridge—yes, he resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. By Gothamites this is regarded as extremely thoughtless, if not actually a sufficient handicap to forestall success in any line. But not by C. B. His songs have an assured sale in practically every one of the 300 or more music stores in the metropolitan district, and while all have acquired more than a local demand, "Over Here" represents his record hit of national scope. This song has been given prominence in the monthly trade bulletins of the music supply houses, and judging by its selling qualities will go on piling up the dollars for some time to come. Just now it is an especially fine asset of the Weston concern.

Success and the manner of its accomplishment is always interesting, and doubly so when it is of the twenty-four carat variety. That Mr. Weston is successful—unusually so—goes without saying, for otherwise there would be no story, but there is a reason, and here is the one given by himself: "To be successful as a publisher of music, you must be a grandfather and a motor boat enthusiast." Does not this reason, startling as it is, in a measure explain some of the numerous previous failures in music publishing? This is something worth thinking about, and should be given deep consideration by those who contemplate entering this somewhat hazardous enterprise.

Mr. Weston has the distinction of being the only New York publisher of popular music owning his own printing plant. This, together with the fact that he has no author or composer royalties to pay—excepting to himself—gives him a decided competitive advantage. A born salesman, he finds his greatest pleasure in personally securing orders for his issues. Can he sell music? As well ask if a duck can swim. Of course he can sell Weston music, but with his imprint on it and himself behind the imprint he would come near to disposing of any old music, even if it was as old as Ann. Look at his picture, which conveys an impression of Mr. Weston as he sometimes appears, and see if you don't believe this to be true.

Any one of the larger publishing houses would be glad to avail itself of an outside man or two who possesses the imagination, enthusiasm, persistency and salesmanship ability of Mr. Weston. Several of the New York concerns have made him flattering offers, only to be refused, for, as he will confide to you himself, C. B. is working for Weston. Possessing the two requisites for a well ordered success —organization and equipment—it is not to be wondered at that Charles B. Weston, single handed, has created within but a few years an established music publishing business and gained an enviable name as a writer and composer. A beautiful residence in Brooklyn, of which he is the owner, stands as a monument to his success, and rightly it may be said to be the house that popular music built.

AS a type of piano solo, hardly any other arrangement (extreme technical simplicity considered) could be more effective for dancing than the treatment given the "Over Here" arrangement offered in this issue. The notation shows at a glance the devices employed, and these, while simple and pleasing, are varied. For the most part, they consist of passing notes, embellishing the melody and connecting the tones of the chords in the accompaniment; diatonic, chromatic and combination scale passages; grace notes, both melodic and harmonic; broken octaves and "rolling" bass in tenths, broken chords and arpeggios. These in fact are the representative stock inventions used by the majority of pianists, and are therefore the most familiar.

Practically all musical adornment is accomplished in this manner, and all ornamentation is founded upon the general ideas presented in this adaptation. Great effectiveness is claimed for this style of playing, and while unusual as a model in written music for piano, it nevertheless is the one preferred by dancers and auditors to those forms lacking its swing and striking rhythm, even though more elaborate in adornment and difficult of performance. This conversion of a melody is easily and quickly made by any pianist. It is accomplished by playing the melody notes in octaves with the right hand (conceded to be technically the easiest form of playing a melody manually), and employing straight bass, alternate octaves and chords with the left hand.

The proper chord or harmony, for each measure or bar, is determined by consulting the instrumental part of the sheet music, considering of course only those notes which when combined will form a fundamental or other satisfactory chord. The next step is the adding of one or two of the tones of the chord prevailing in each measure between the melody octaves in the right hand where convenient, thus producing a chord of three or four tones in the treble part. With this full harmony and straight time as a foundation, the application of syncopated rhythm, musical figures, devices and embellishments may be made at will.

Such arrangement as this is suitable for almost any purpose, and may be made an adjunct to the versatility of the amateur as well as that of the professional. Pianists who enjoy entertaining with popular music, and their numbers are legion, will experiment in this manner with many songs, and with perseverance will be able to convert strange melodies off-hand. Once mastered, most performers will largely adopt this form of playing to the exclusion of all others—especially so as regards performing piano parts note for note as written.

The pianist who wishes to copy the general ideas exhibited in the solo arrangement of "Over Here" will be greatly assisted in analyzing them by procuring the sheet music of this song from the nearest music dealer. After the proper study and dissecting of the musical notations displayed in this he can develop other compositions in a similar manner, always keeping in mind the principles previously stated regarding the essential elements necessary to their construction in full solo style.

an amateur performance, thus precluding any advance idea of making a world "hit," yet a song which suddenly swept the entire country with a flame of popularity as a great conflagration sweeps a village of wooden structures before a strong gale, and swept its author from his feet with sheer surprise. Such a song was "After the Ball," written and composed by Charles K. Harris.

The history of this song—its inception, making, launching and unexpected hitting of a bull's-eye—is an interesting story given to Paul Waitt of the *Boston Traveler*, for it was *the* "hit" *in a period of "hits."* Song-dates are elusive things to accurately fix without having specific record at hand, and Mr. Harris gives the date of this song as "about twenty-five years ago," which would bring it somewhere in 1893—a period of many song successes, all of which were eclipsed by this chance-shot.

During a period which covers roughly about five years (1890-1895), there were many remarkable popular successes, both preceding and following "After the Ball"—song successes that probably never have been equalled in the intensity and broad extent of their popularity since that time, yet none touched the high-record mark of the latter. In '92 there was "The Bowery," which was in the mouth and on the lips of everybody, followed by "Daisy Bell" in '92 or '93, and a little later by "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow" (an English music hall song). Then came the remarkable sweeping success in popularity of "I'm the Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," introduced by Evans and Hoey in their "A Parlor Match." This song was actually founded on fact, and was based on the picturesque career of Charles Hill Wells— a social freebooter who, in England in 1893, was convicted of swindling and served a term in Portland prison.

Jumping to 1895, there came "Sweet Marie," a song that was just beginning to wane in popularity when it was followed by "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back," "Two Little Girls in Blue," and "The Sidewalks of New York"—the latter, as a typical song, really being the best of the lot. All of these songs undoubtedly were aimed and fired at the public target with the deliberate intention of scoring a "hit," and all of them struck well within the inner circle, yet "After the Ball" was the happy accident that scored the big bull's-eye, made the phenomenal "hit," and maintained its singing lead over them all, reaching the astounding mark of more than seven million copies before it commenced to wane in popularity.

The story of how this famous song came to be written is a biographical romance, and it is all the more fascinating because its narration comes from Charles K. Harris, the man who wrote it.

His office is at the corner of Broadway and Forty-seventh street, New York. It was here that he let the reporter in on the real story of "After the Ball."

He was tilted back in his desk swivel chair, with his feet on his desk, smoking a black cigar with a red band on it. And he told his story without a break.

"You know I was born in Poughkeepsie, New York," he began. "My people did not have much in worldly goods, and when I was a very little chap they moved to Saginaw, Michigan. As a kid, I did about everything a kid could do. I shined shoes, sold papers, worked in hotels as a bell hop. Times were very hard in those days. I was a musical lad and crazy about the banjo. I fished up an oyster can somewhere, rigged it on a broom handle and used the wires on the broom for strings. I could play anything on the thing.

"When I was twelve, I wrote an operetta, words and music, called 'The Fairy Prince,' which was given in the grammar school hall for the purchase of a school organ. We got the organ all right. My family moved again, and this time to Milwaukee. When I was about eighteen the Elks in that city gave a minstrel show. I wrote the songs and lyrics and really made my first hit. You know I can't play from note today.

"It is all by ear; yet in those days I had the nerve to hang out a sign that read 'Teacher of Banjo.' I got a few pupils, too. Whenever an actor came to town and wanted something new, I used to go to him and offer to write him a song for five dollars. I made many a sale in this way. I wrote several little operas for church festivals for fifty dollars apiece. I just picked up a little here and there. Then again I would entertain evenings at private homes with my banjo for five dollars an evening.

"Up to 1892 I had written about two hundred songs of one kind or another. Then came a night when I went to Chicago to attend a ball with my fiancée. Shortly after our arrival at the ballroom my attention was called to a beautiful young woman in company with a young man. She was the daughter a very wealthy jeweler in Chicago and had just broken her engagement with another young man who was present with another young woman.

"The jeweler's daughter interested me greatly, because time after time I caught her following every movement of her former sweetheart. After the ball was over, while I was escorting my fiancée to the carriage, I noticed the jeweler's daughter, just behind me, watching her former sweetheart just ahead. I didn't think of any song and I returned to Milwaukee the next day.

"I was 'all in' after that big social function and was lying on a sofa in my study, resting, when Sam Doctor, a friend of mine, came in. 'Say, Charlie K,' he said, 'the National Wheelmen are to hold their convention here in Milwaukee, and the local wheelmen are going to entertain them with a minstrel show. I'm going to be an end man, and I want you to write me a song that will 'knock 'em dead.'

"Oh, but Sam," I groaned from the sofa, "I'm all in; I can't do anything after the ball.

"Do you know, something struck me right between the eyes at that moment. The words 'after the ball' stuck. I got up from the sofa and said to Sam: 'Sam, you go home and I'll have your song tomorrow.'

"As he went out, tickled to death, I sat down at my desk and in fifteen minutes had written the three verses and the music of 'After the Ball.'

Mr. Harris interrupted himself with a hearty laugh. "Wait until you hear the rest," he chuckled.

"The wheelman show was going to be 'pulled off' at the Milwaukee Academy," he resumed. "It seated about three thousand people. Oh, they were a great crowd, those wheelmen—the old bicycle nuts, you know.

"The night of the show I went down and stood with my coat on my arm, away back near the door. Presently along came Sam Doctor with my new song, 'After the Ball.' He sang the first verse beautifully. There wasn't a sound in the house when he finished.

"Equal silence pervaded the place at the close of the second verse. Then he started on the third verse. On the second line he began to stammer. He had forgotten his words. People gave way to a roar of laughter. Sam was laughed from the stage.

"I was furious, and as I dashed out of the Academy I took an oath that I would never write a song for an amateur again.

"The next afternoon a traveling man friend of mine came up to see me. One of the first things he said on coming into the room was: 'Say, Charlie, I was at the Academy last night—'

"He got no further, because I came back at him with a request to please stop his 'kidding.'

"'No, but I am serious,' he went on. 'There was something about that new song of yours that got me. How does the story end—how does it come out?'

"Do you mean it?" I said.

"'I sure do,' he answered seriously.

"So I got out my banjo and sang the song through for him. Tears were rolling down his cheeks when I finished. After he had gone, I said to myself, 'That's funny; there must be something in that song to make a man like Jim cry.' Then I forgot all about 'After the Ball,' and went to work on other things.

(*Continued on page 23*)

What's What About Whiting

A Collection of Intimate Information, Facts and Near Facts About a Young Genius of Popular Song

By Treve Collins, Jr.

YOU now have the opportunity of bending an enraptured eye upon the classic features of one of Songdom's greatest little hit-smiths—Richard A. Whiting. The middle "A," by the way, stands for Armstrong, and is the contribution of some fond relatives to the family cognomen. Which indicates that a guy's relatives begin to take advantage of him at a tender age. The stubby object that juts forth from Dick's left hand is a non-skid Peruvian Perfecto of hardy parentage. The cheroot was not absolutely essential to the picture, but Dick thought it would give him an air of considerable prosperity. "Besides," he added, with a cheerful grin, "it makes me think." It made us think, also. It made us think, among other and less repeatable thoughts, that it was manufactured by a Bedouin Tentmaker and smuggled into the United States between a bale of camel's hair and a crate of over-ripe Bermuda onions.

Dick Whiting hard at work on a new melody.

Ty Cobb, the famous ball swatter, taking a few musical pointers from Dick.

However, to get going right on Dick's history, let your mind amble back into the dim and dusty recesses of the past about twenty-six years. If you're not old enough to do that, call on your imagination and construct a little mental picture of a small though prosperous town in Illinois, as it existed one year more than a quarter-century ago. Label it "Peoria" and you've got the time and place of Dick's birth. It was in old Peoria, Ill., gosh all hemlock, that Dick first opened his baby eyes upon this Vale of Tears—and the admiring throng of relatives and close friends who had gathered to give his fond parents a super-abundance of choice and original advice upon the proper method of rearing a male infant. And while somebody was telling somebody else that Dick had his mother's eyes, his father's chin, and that his port ear bore close resemblance to that of a world-famous brigand, others among those present planned numerous glittering careers of greatness for the right honorable Richard A. But he fooled 'em all by becoming a song writer.

During his early youth, Dick entered upon a manful struggle with the three R's at one of those "little red school houses," made famous by song and story. Later, he absorbed much further learning of sorts at a military academy. The strict discipline of this institution sorely irked his tender soul, and his rebellious spirits gave rise to many escapades that resulted a bit painfully for those participating therein. Dick emphatically refused to disclose the name of the school for fear it had failed to live down his prior connection with it. Dick is ever thoughtful of the feelings and welfare of others.

In the leisure hours that fell to his lot during his "happy school days," Richard dallied not with the small-time amusements that usually suffice for our modern youths. Nay, Nay! Early in his career he annexed a goodly wad of business acumen and prepared himself to accomplish much heavy work in the commercial world by rehabilitating wood-boxes, beating carpets, delivering newspapers and engaging in other momentous undertakings that enriched his personal exchequer quite considerably, so to speak. And then (whisper it gently) there came into his sweet young life a female!—a dazzling bit of femininity who was to have a large share in the shaping of his future.

Historians have dug up the fact that in every great man's life there has been a woman, or a collection thereof, and either individually or collectively, she has had much to do with the great one's subsequent doings. So it was that Miss Green was wafted into Richard A.'s tranquil existence. By trade she was a creator of spiffy bits of feminine head-gear. Likewise she kept the wolf a few extra yards away from the front porch by teaching the younger Peorian generation to perform upon the piano. She it was who first innoculated Dick with "Mary's Pet Lamb Waltz," "Captain Jinks" and other bits of musical flotsam and jetsam.

Under her careful (though not always fully appreciated) tutelage Dick's fingers learned to scamper lightly and skillfully over the keys of the family Steinway.

Old Father Time duly hobbled along Life's Merry Highway, Dick passed his seventeenth milestone and became imbued with a wild desire to become a song-writer. (Dick, of course—not Old Father Time.) In the heat of his newly born ambition, Richard dashed into the parlor, planted himself upon the hair-cloth sofa and proceeded to record an awe-inspiring array of notes that represented his first song. Record, alas, does not give the title of this deathless gem. Perhaps it's just as well, for Dick himself says he had a lot of trouble "placing" it, though publishers didn't seem to be bothered much on that score, usually "placing" it in the receptacle generally reserved for waste paper. Thereafter, Dick constructed a number of airy, fairy ballads that had all the ear-marks of reaching sales of two billion copies but were always unavoidably detained upon the publishers' shelves for some reason or other.

"My early efforts," said Dick thoughtfully, "seemed to have a peculiar penchant for collecting dust and anything else that was loose—except money. If anyone wanted an autographed copy of my maiden compositions, I could scribble my signature in the sand and other accumulated debris on the title page without any trouble at all. But at that, everybody was kind to me." His eyes kindled and he smiled reminiscently, "people gave me lots of good advice." He gazed off into space, then turned back to us and continued, "On the level," he wagged his head vigorously, "I received more kind criticism and less real money from publishers during my earlier career than any other melody manufacturer, past or present, living or dead and that's going some. If advice were only royalties, I'd have retired in opulence before pacing out my nineteenth summer."

Dick got a few other things out of his system concerning publishers in general, and after a time we sounded him on his average yearly production. Thereupon he told us that if the muse doesn't give him the cold shoulder, he can turn out about twenty-five songs a year, though he prefers to construct about ten national hits every twelve months and let it go at that. So you can see

there's nothing hoggish about Richard. He believes in doing a certain amount of work and doing it well and his pet ambition is not to be the writer of ALL the song-hits on the market. At that though, he informed us confidentially that there were a few songs he'd *like* to have written; for instance, *Poor Butterfly*, *The Rosary*, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*—"and any other big royalty snatchers" we could think of.

Then, in the course of our chatter, we mentioned the word "Inspiration," and expressed a desire to know just what inspired him to take his Steinway in hand and evolve the sundry ditties for which the dear public dishes out many of its thin hard dimes. Shorn of camouflage and boiled down, the things that usually cause Dick to wax melodic are: (*a*) Garage Bills, (*b*) Overdrawn Bank Accounts, (*c*) Insurance Reminders.

But notwithstanding the extreme practicability of the things that are responsible for Dick's songs, he is "wery" temperamental. Like all true artists, he's strong for "atmosphere" and the ethereal quality of his surroundings appeals strongly to him. That is why, just as dawn is creeping through the skylight of his attic room, and he is slowly wending his way through the door after having been "detained at the office," he finds the muse particularly kind. The melodies he constructs at that time are better than any of those that come to him at any other period during the twenty-four hours that constitute a regulation day.

Just a few of the songs that have meandered forth from out the stilly night and Dick's attic (you can take that word "attic" either way you choose) to charm a melody-loving public and energize many a lightsome foot, are: *It's Tulip Time in Holland*, *And They Called It Dixieland*, *Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose*, *Where the Black Eyed Susans Grow*, *On the Way to Waik-Ki-Ke*, *Ain't You Comin' Back to Dixieland*, and a multitude of others that, according to the honorable Richard himself, "went big with the office force, but somehow never reached the two million mark." Amid some of the latest products of Dick's fertile mind and nimble fingers we find: *Bravest Heart of All*, *Where the Morning Glories Grow*, *Throw Me a Kiss From Over the Sea*, *Cabarabian Nights*, *It's Derby Day in Dixie*, *Tennessee and Me*, *and Some Sunday Morning*.

To the query as to which one of the foregoing was receiving the biggest share of public attention, Dick replied, with a shrug and a smile, "No one number seems to be straining itself to win public fancy at the present time. And do you know," his voice took on a grieved tone, "the public doesn't seem to be a bit bothered about it either." He sat back in his chair and eyed us in mock sorrow. We were duly sympathetic over this sad state of affairs, but managed to lead the talk into light and recreative channels. We found that Dick's chief amusement is telling other people how to bowl, play billards, swim or in fact how to do anything else that he isn't able to do himself. Which shows that Dick's fame for generous nature and a constant desire to help struggling fellow mortals, is not undeserved. In truth if you're looking for a husband, or a wife, or have parlor furniture or old shoes for sale; if the cat has the measles, the dog is afflicted with the mumps and your canary is getting bald around the neck—if anything at all worries you, no matter what it is—if you have domestic, foreign or internal disorders, complications or other such that you can't for the life of you figure out or dispose of—write Dick Whiting, care of Jerome H. Remick & Co.'s Detroit office, and he'll cheerfully set you right—without cost and with a regal air of good fellowship that'll make you want to twine yourself around his neck and weep tears of joy and gratitude upon the hand-embroidered bosom of his violet silk shirt.

Never, in all our tempestuous career as a scribe, have we come across a human being with such a whole-souled desire to please and be of service wherever and whenever possible in this weary world. 'Tis almost overwhelming, so it is! Gosh!

As we unravel a few mental kinks we now recall that we also gently asked Dick whether amateur song writers ever disturbed his calm routine by inflicting their stuff on him for comment and general criticism. He looked at us with a hostile frown. "Whaddayuh mean, 'Amateur?'" he growled. "That's what the Boss invariably calls my efforts. Privately, I class all other song scribblers as amateurs. Some of 'em stumble on the same ideas I have, only they get them into print quicker and then I call them something else. Lots of times the Boss packs back stuff to me with the notation: 'Go over this and pep it up—put a wallop in it.'"

His voice trailed gloomily off into silence and he looked sadly out of the window. To brighten things up a bit we invited him to relate some of the funny incidents we were sure fell to the lot of a prominent personage like himself during the course of his daily labors. "Funny things?" he echoed, "Why the only funny thing about this song-writing game is how other writers sell their stuff and my melodies are such deep secrets that they never reach the great body politic."

And when a chap whose name graces the title pages of some of the biggest hits that ever found their way to the pianos of this great and "gullorious" nation complains that his stuff never reaches the public, it's time to get rid of a loud and hearty laugh. We did, and Dick looked sorely pained, but whatever he may have had in his mind to say about our outburst was dispelled by the rapid entrance of a bulky individual who responds to the name of Ty Cobb. The only original Ty—another hit producer de-luxe, and getter of pitchers' goats. He gave Dick one of those long-lost-brother greetings and thereafter numerous yards of general conversation were unfurled. Finally, we all decided that a picture of Ty and Dick would be just the thing to add a bit of lustre to this limping lay, so we sent out a hurry call for a photographer, who was down stairs matching the door-man for several dollars and the gold braid on his coat. Ty was induced to festoon his amiable countenance with a studious look, while Dick grabbed up a manuscript and the camera man got in some deadly work. Hence, in addition to a regular "hard at work photo" of Richard A. Whiting, you also obtain, for the one price of admission, an invaluable bit of photographic art that contains among other things: *1st*—Dick's Pet Piano; *2d*—Dick himself; *3d*—The Redoubtable Ty Cobb; *4th*—One of Ty's Cuff Links; *5th*—The manuscript copy of Dick's latest number: *We'll Build a Rainbow in the Sky*.

What matters it that in Dick's haste he held the manuscript upside down while the photo was being taken? It showeth not in the reproduction, so all is well. And such being the case, this cadenza will now gasp its last and expire, leaving you free to turn your thoughts once more to the high cost of living, the Bullsheviki, the injustice of having to work for your daily chow, and the like. Selah!

When Lulu Sings

By CLIFFORD VINCENT

The night is still and sweet
And mellow moonlight rolls to meet the breeze.
I rest in peace complete,
While to my window seat
So softly sifts the murmur of the trees.

But hark! A voice I hear—
My lovely Lulu sings beneath my sill,
And full upon my ear
The heart-song of my dear
Is wafted till my very soul's a-thrill.

Though I love Lu—sweet thing!
I'll likely love her more when she grows up.
For age, methinks, will bring
Her less desire to sing
My lovely Lu, you know, is but a pup.

Interpreting the Photoplay

By Harry Norton

IN the January number of MELODY appeared an article on the "Adaptation of Music to Motion Pictures" by Mr. Joseph O'Sullivan, director of music for the Mutual Film Corporation. In that article the writer states: "Practically all the large film distributors and some of the producing companies have trained musicians on their staffs . . . . who adapt music and cue it for each star production."

The producers have thus recognized the importance of the musical accompaniment to their pictures but have not gone quite far enough in that direction. In order to attain perfect synchronization (as far as is possible) the musicians of the staff should be consulted *while the picture is in process of production*. A recent Goldwyn picture, "A Splendid Sinner" (Mary Garden) illustrates the point taken. Three times during the play the star plays a violin solo, unaccompanied. It is quite evident that Miss Garden is not a trained violinist, which makes synchronization all the more difficult, yet such a situation could be handled in a way that would make possible the adaptation of music which would fit the scenes.

If a musician were consulted, in such an instance he would no doubt suggest that a violinist be employed off-stage to play a certain number of measures of a specified musical composition while the performer before the camera simulated or "faked" the playing of the instrument. Then when preparing music cues for that picture there would be no guesswork or haphazard insertion of a melody to fit those scenes. The music director would *know* what had been used, just how much of it had been played and the result would be perfect synchronization and the saving of a deal of annoyance to the musicians who must play for that production when presented to the public.

In the article referred to Mr. O'Sullivan truly says that perfect synchronization of music and action cannot be attained because of the peculiar construction of the photoplay, lack of continuity of action and the frequent use of the "cut-back" and "vision." Neither can the adaptor of music to the picture hope that producers and directors will alter their methods in order to facilitate the work of the musician. It would be unreasonable to expect that they would or could do so but it is not asking the impossible when the musician requests *consideration*—and possibly *collaboration*.

Perfection of detail and attention to the *little things* have brought the photoplay to its present high standard, therefore we may not hope in vain that the musical portion may yet receive recognition and consideration alongside the scenario and "prop" list.

An Interesting Letter

A SUBSCRIBER (H. M. B.) has written to this department as follows:

"I am a pianist and organist with a desire to 'play the pictures,' but have had no experience whatever in any theatrical work. I have done concert and accompanist work for a number of years and although specializing in classical music, I can and do play ragtime. My ambition is to play pipe-organ for the movies, but I am not competent to tackle the job and am aware of it. Have studied organ and am considered good for church work, but I realize when I attend one or two theatres in Boston where the organists really *play the pictures*, that my playing would not fill the bill.

"I have consulted two teachers of organ in regard to special instruction or coaching along the lines necessary to prepare for that kind of work but they have discouraged me and have spoken disparagingly of the work of theatre organists. I am inclined to think, however, that the teachers are in the dark themselves and their attitude is one of sour grapes.

"Any information or advice will be appreciated."

It is a fact that many organists who have devoted themselves to church work look upon the theatre organist as being outside the pale. It is also a fact that those considered to be outside are all satisfied to be there—especially when the pay envelope comes around. You judge correctly when you surmise the teacher's attitude to be that of "sour grapes."

The necessary coaching for the work of playing the pictures must be obtained from one thoroughly experienced in that branch of the profession, one who knows the tricks of the trade and can impart that knowledge to you. The requisites of a successful picture player are ingenuity, tact, the faculty of adaptation and facility in music reading. Everyone has the three first named requirements to a greater or lesser degree but the photoplay musician must develop them to the nth power.

In your case a year's experience playing piano for the pictures would be of greatest value. The routine of the work and the knowledge acquired would make you a full fledged picture player. During that time you could be instructed in the special requirements of organ playing for the pictures, which, as you have noted, differ radically from church work. Undoubtedly some suburban theatre would be glad to avail itself of the opportunity of securing a good musician and would be lenient until you acquired the knack of picture playing.

Self-reliance is a necessary and valuable asset for the beginner. *Decision* and *precision* rank next. You must do your own thinking and put those thoughts into action when you are alone in the orchestra pit—and you will often feel as much alone as if you were in the middle of the Sahara Desert, even though there be an audience of a thousand people back of you. With the playing of the overture and the rise of the curtain you have started something and you must finish it or fizzle.

The principal idea in playing the pictures is "the eternal fitness of things." A characteristic fox-trot, *Irish Confetti* (February *Melody*) will serve to illustrate the point. It would be ludicrous to use that number for the Paramount feature, "The Honor of His House" (Sessue Hayakawa) but it is just the thing for "Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley" (Mary Pickford). The former is a dramatic photoplay based upon the Japanese idea of honor while the latter has a characteristic vein of Irish humor running through it.

When ideas come hard, bear in mind that good music is always *good*. Play something worth while even if it doesn't exactly fit, provided it does not conflict with the general atmosphere of the picture.

It is simply the application of common sense reasoning which assures the best results.

A prospective entrant to the ranks of picture musicians has a decided advantage over his predecessors of ten years ago. The beginner of today is privileged to visit many theatres where specialists in the art of playing the pictures are performing and there is no rule or law against stealing the other fellow's thunder. There is even no principle involved if one wishes to make use of another's ideas. The movie musician's methods are open to the public or at least to those interested in his work. There are no secrets or cryptic formulae in this business. All is above board (the key-board)—although the organist does some under-handed work with his feet (laughter).

So the writer's advice to the beginner is *to begin*. Watch the old-timer at work (or play) and then, maybe, improve upon him.

Playing a New Show

MANY musicians experience difficulty in playing a new show. The "first time over" is dreaded by many experienced players. Much of the difficulty may be overcome if the player will rely mostly on memorized material for use at the first per-

formance. This method gives ample opportunity to watch the screen and make mental notes of the principal characteristic or incidental music which will be required.

Most photoplays have what the writer terms "neutral spots"—periods containing no particularly dramatic or emotional acting, and which may be accompanied by music correspondingly neutral. Every pianist has dozens of such numbers committed to memory and they may be used to "fill in" on the first show. Then when preparing a routine or line-up after the pictures have been seen, new material should be inserted in place of any chestnuts which were used on the first show. Those who make use of the "Musical Suggestions" may prepare incidental music in advance according to the cue sheet and later substitute from their own libraries for the remainder after the film has been viewed. It is better to *play something*, even though you use old standbys, than to fumble through a show without playing anything in particular.

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.

R. K. A., Venice, Cal.

The following Andante numbers are very serviceable: *The Perfect Melody, Cinema, Contemplation, The Song of Songs, The Perfect Song.* All are obtainable from Walter Jacobs, publisher of this magazine.

A. C. F., Jackson, Miss.

Vaudeville playing is part of many movie musicians' work, so questions regarding the branch will be answered in this department. Dancing acts will not be difficult for you to play if you will *listen* to the taps. Don't try to watch the act. It is not necessary. Just listen and keep with them. Be susceptible to all variations in their tempo, and play every note written in your part. When rehearsing the act try to fix in your mind the tempo of each number. If you start with them at about the proper tempo you will have no trouble.

C. V., Boston, Mass.

You ask why it is that you can tell with your eyes shut when a burglar is on the screen? Why do all safe-pickers, second-story men and kidnappers work to the same kind of music? It must be that "they" (the movie pianist—not the burglars) are all using that No. 4 Mysterioso of mine, published in January MELODY. I'm not conceited but that seems to be a reasonable solution of the "mystery" (oso).

Miss B., Boston, Mass.

I don't know why such narrow seats were placed in the Beacon Theatre. In fact, I had not realized that theatre seats differed radically in width—although some people are wider than others.

F. J. B., Galveston, Texas.

For "Amarilly" (Mary Pickford) Irish scenes, use in following rotation: *Irish Washerwoman, Irish Confetti* (Cobb), *She Never Kissed Anything Else Except the Blarney Stone, Come Out of the Kitchen Mary Ann, Wearing of the Green, Irish Washerwoman,* and *You Don't Have to Come From Ireland to Be Irish.*

A. K. N., Canajoharie, N. Y.

There is a selection from Puccini's *La Tosca* published for orchestra which may be used for the Paramount production "La Tosca" (Pauline Frederick).

Give Them Better Pianos

By Axel Christensen

WHY is it that nine out of every ten pianos in vaudeville theatres are not in first-class condition? This is a matter of such vital importance that no reasonable excuse can be given for not supplying the pianist in the pit or the artist on the stage with an instrument that will enable him or her to give to the audience a first-class performance.

In the very small and obscure movie houses, with small seating capacity and inferior run of pictures, where, in fact, expenses have to be shaved in every possible way in order to make both ends meet, and where the pianist receives possibly eight or ten dollars a week, there may not be a remedy for this condition. Still a few dollars spent every month for a better piano would enable the pianist to play the pictures several hundred per cent more effectively than on an instrument that ought to have been consigned to the junk heap long since.

In a moving picture theatre of fair size, catering to an intelligent audience however, the piano forms an important part of the performance. Be the pianist ever so clever, if the piano is out of tune, or gives out an unpleasant metallic tone, or is lacking in strings (which is often the case), the music cannot be other than an imposition upon the audience.

Where a manager does not furnish his pianist with as good an instrument as it is possible to procure, he is not getting full returns on the investment represented by the salary paid to the piano player. A finished artist, who has spent years of study and practice, can command a good salary from the theatre manager, but he is not able to give what the manager is paying for when there is erected between him and the audience a thick wall in the shape of a poor piano through which the artist's talent cannot penetrate.

It is a positive crime for a manager to engage a vaudeville artist at a salary ranging from one hundred to two hundred dollars per week, and then expect the artist to make good on some old "prop" piano that has been standing around the stage for years in all sorts of climatic conditions, until the tone has become positively water-logged and the keys feel like blocks of wood under the pianist's touch. The manager might just as well engage a twelve-dollar-a-week piano player to do the two-hundred-dollar artist's act—the audience would hardly know the difference.

Not long ago a certain pianist well known on the vaudeville stage was engaged to play at one of the small theatres in Chicago. This artist has made good in the greatest vaudeville houses of the country, but when he came out for rehearsal and saw the instrument that he was supposed to play on he got the proverbial cold feet and attempted to cancel the engagement, but the management forced him to play.

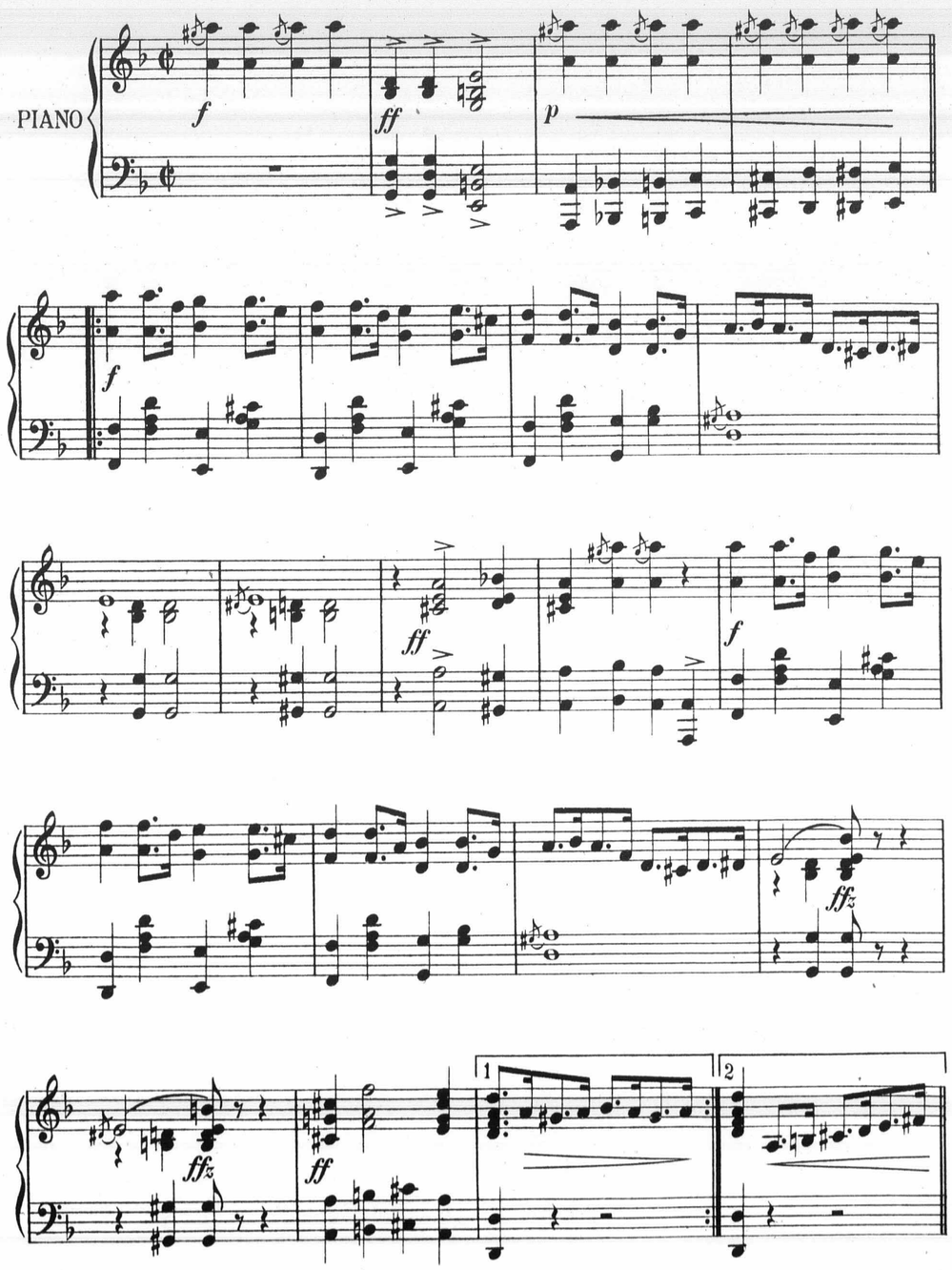
The piano had been standing around the stage for years and was the most battered looking instrument imaginable. Indignities without number had no doubt been heaped upon it during its many years of service, but the crowning indignity was in the form of wet, sticky paint, which had been splashed on it that very day by a careless painter, who had not taken the trouble to close or cover the piano. Thus in addition to being out of tune there were a number of the keys that played in "groups" on account of sticking together—any one of them when struck would bring down several others. The result was pitiful, and this wonderful pianist "flopped." Paderewski himself would have flopped if he had had to play on that instrument.

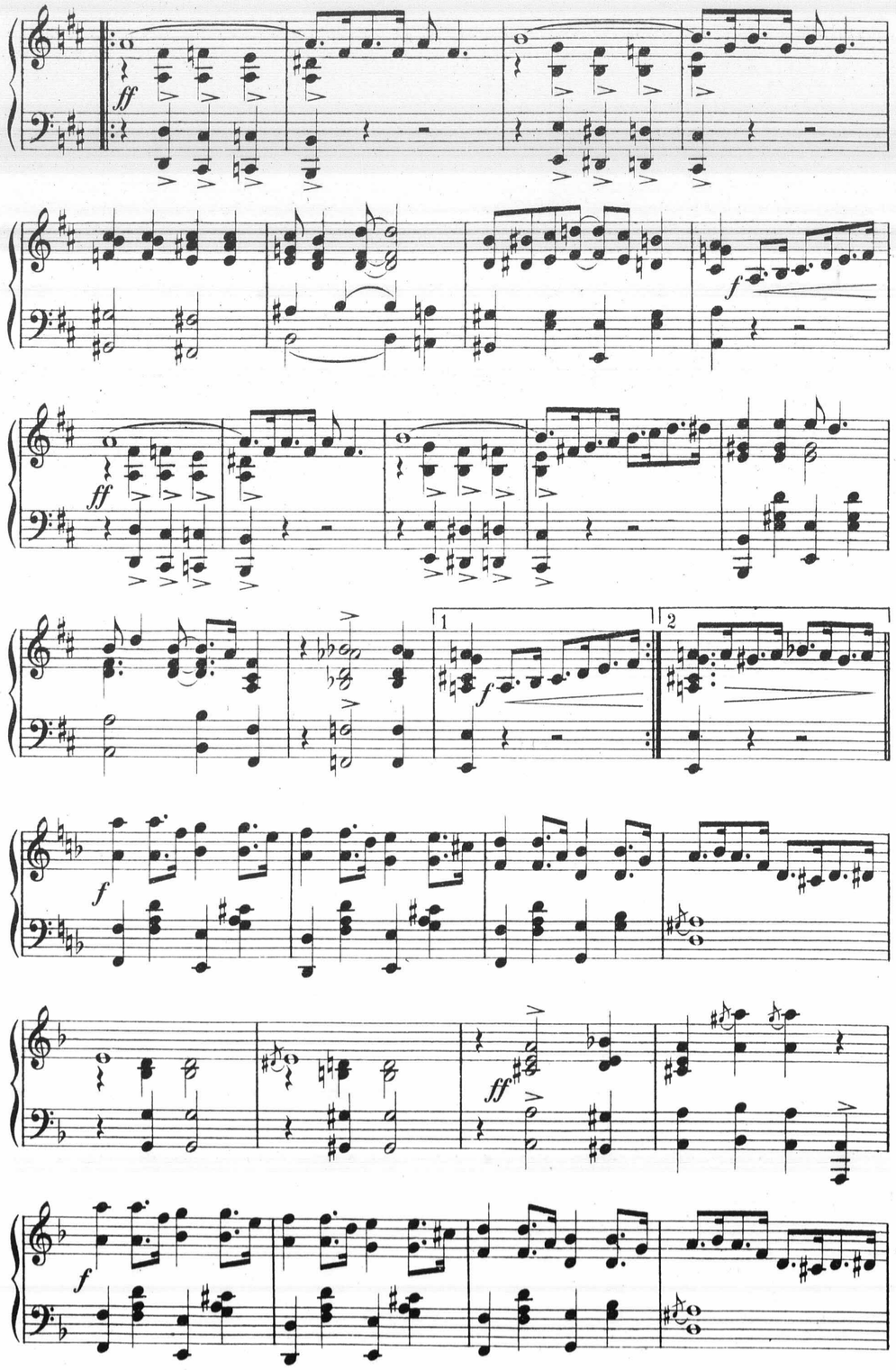
Therefore, I would like to say to all managers who have given their pianos little of their attention in the past, *do not expect your pianists to give you workmen-like service unless you give them good tools to work with.* The better the piano, the greater will be your return on the money invested in the piano player.

What Next!

Fox Trot

GEORGE L. COBB

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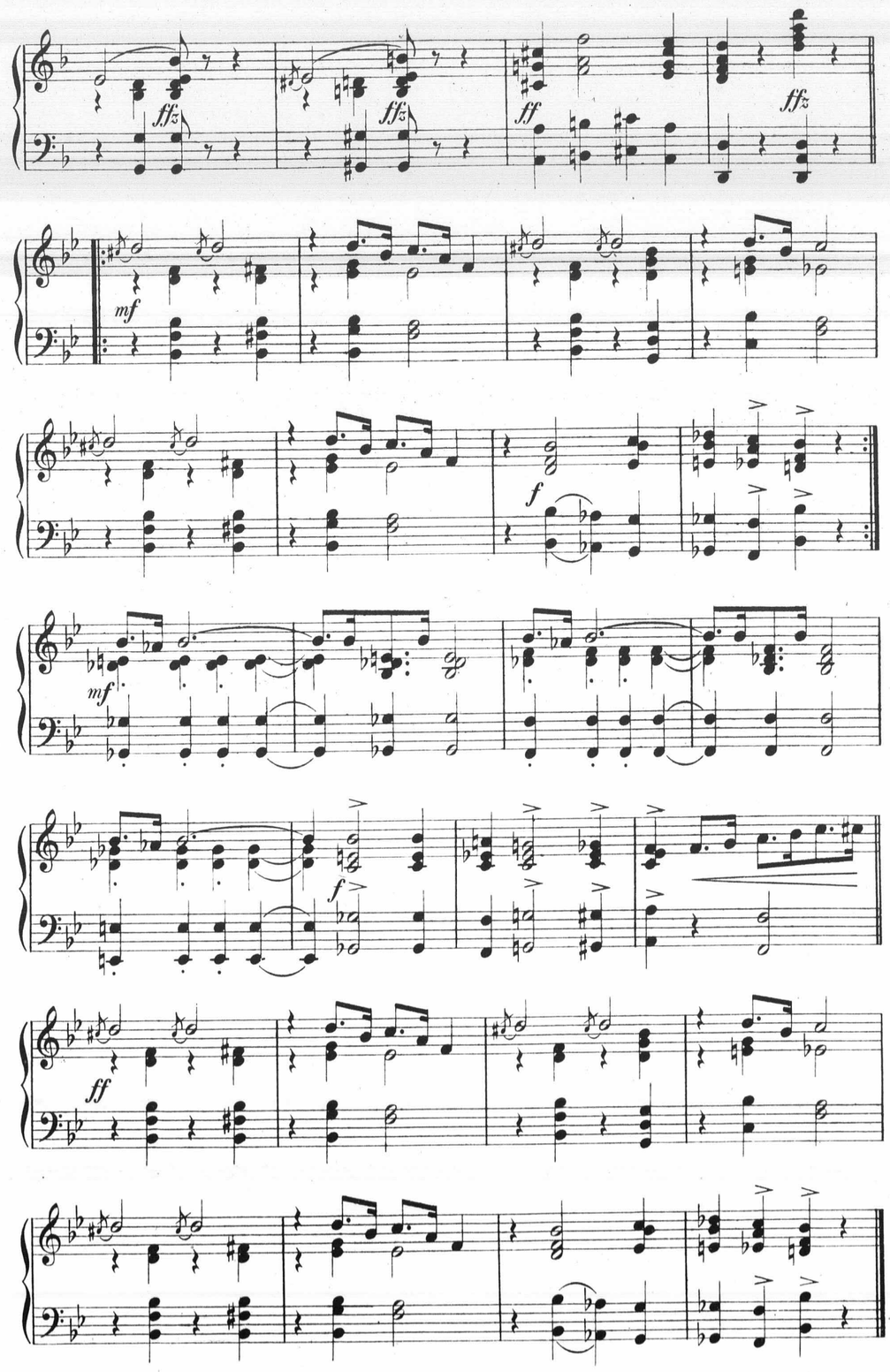
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My Little Pal

Words by
ROBERT LEVENSON
Writer of "My Belgian Rose"

Music by
LEO GORDON

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO

f

I just can't write this let - - -
I've got the pen and ink

Till voice

fz *p* *p*

ter, I'm sit_ting, pen in hand For spok_en words are
here, The sta_tion - er - y, too; But still I can - not

bet - - ter To make you un - der - stand; I've so much I
write, dear, I'd ra - ther talk to you. All my trou_bles

want to say But you are so far a - way.
dis - ap - pear When I know that you are near.

CHORUS

My lit - tle pal, you know I need you, Let my love lead you

p *2d time f*

back home to me. Though we're man_y miles a - part, There's a cor_ner in my heart, Where I

know you'll al - ways be. I oft_en dream that in the gloam - ing

With you I'm roam - ing; once more, my gal, Just re - mem_ber when you're blue, I'm still

wait_ing, dear, for you, 'Cause you're my lit - tle pal. My lit_tle pal.

1 2

f *fz*

D.S.

Moonlight Wooing

VALSE d'AMOUR

BERNISNE G. CLEMENTS

INTRO

Moderato

PIANO

VALSE

Tempo di Valse

TRIO

dolce

ff

dolce

f

ffz *mf*

mf R.H.

rit.

accel.

ffz

ffz

f

No 13

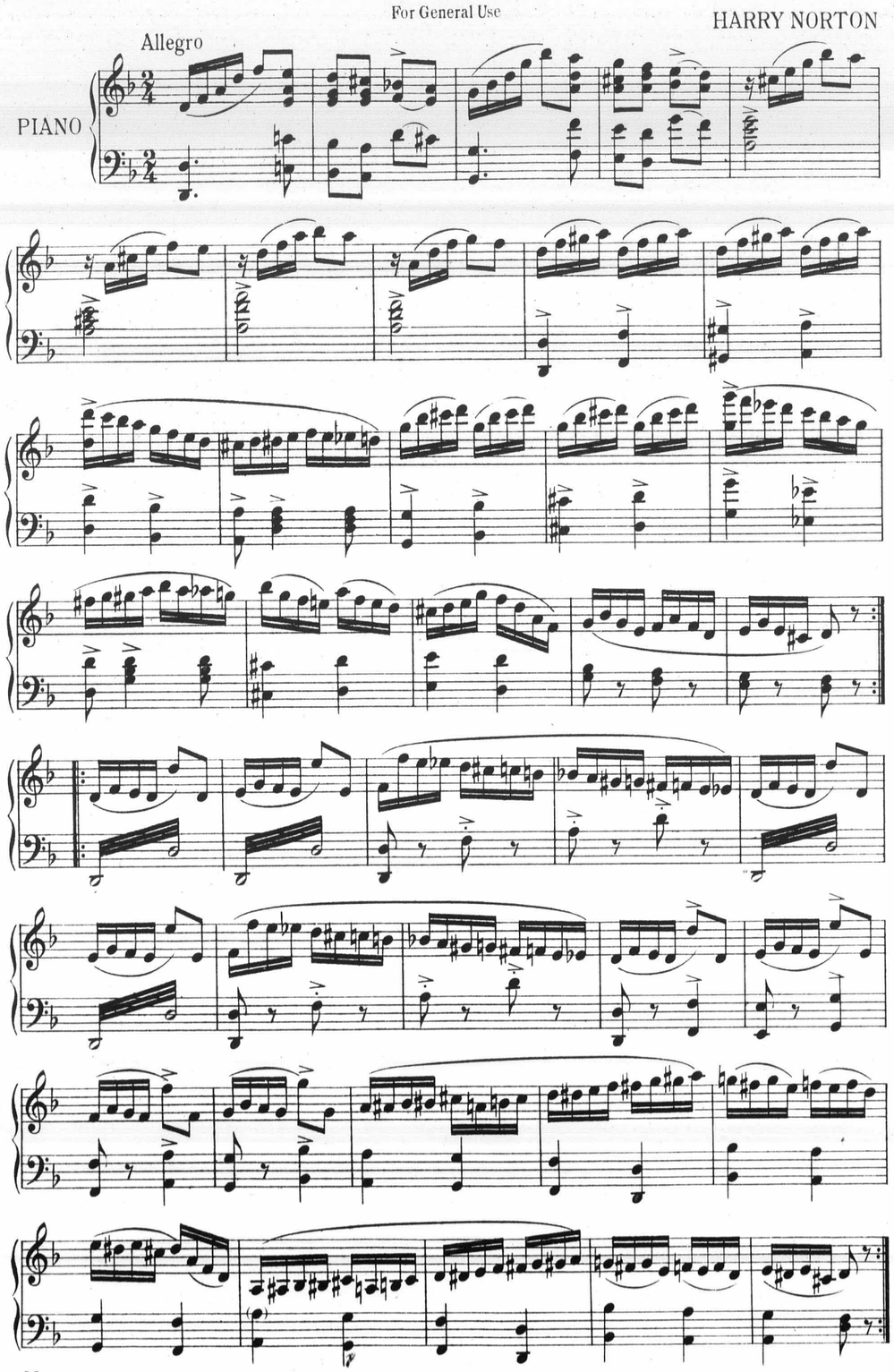
Hurry

For General Use

HARRY NORTON

Allegro

PIANO



MELODY

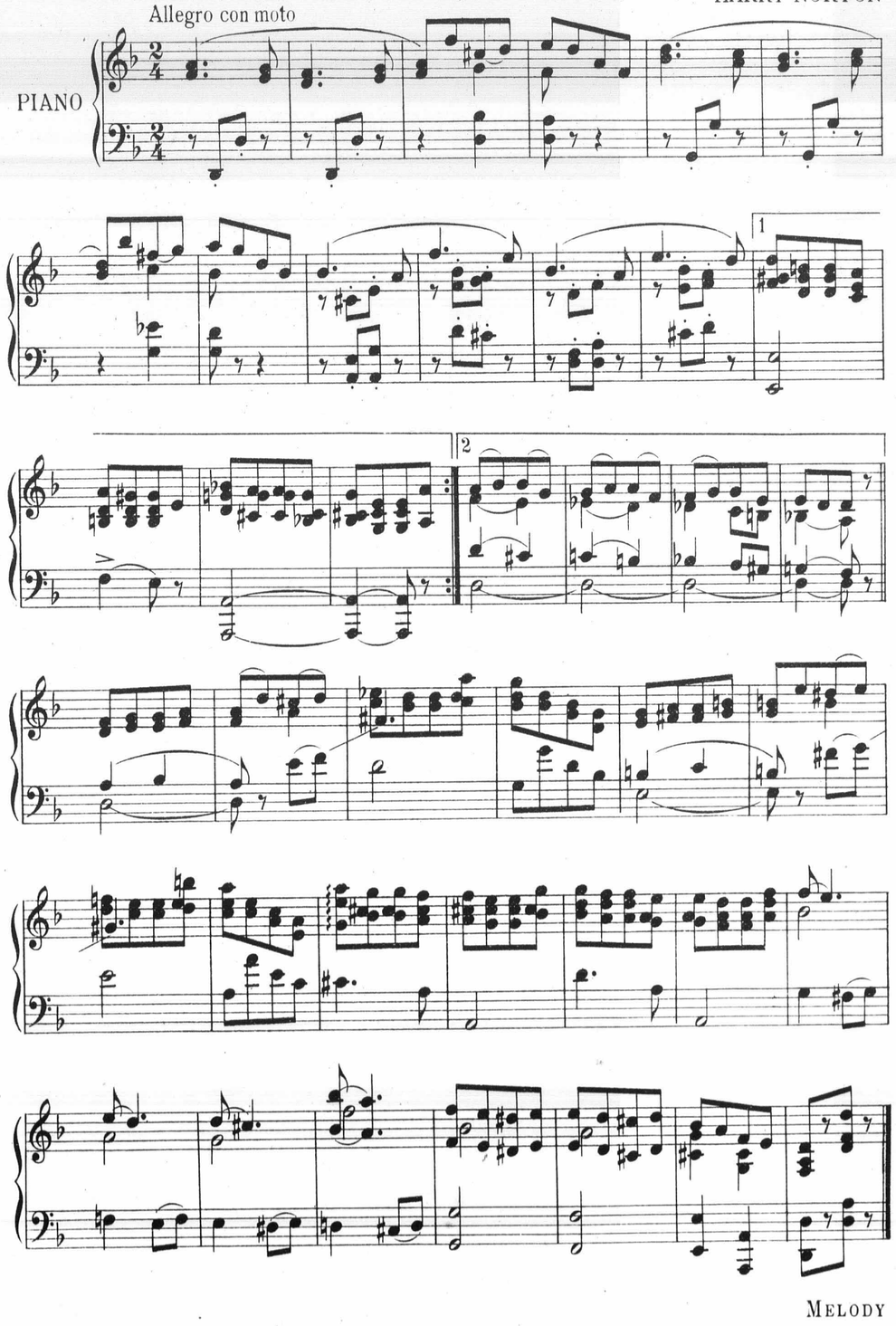
No 14

Agitato Mysterioso

HARRY NORTON

Allegro con moto

PIANO



MELODY

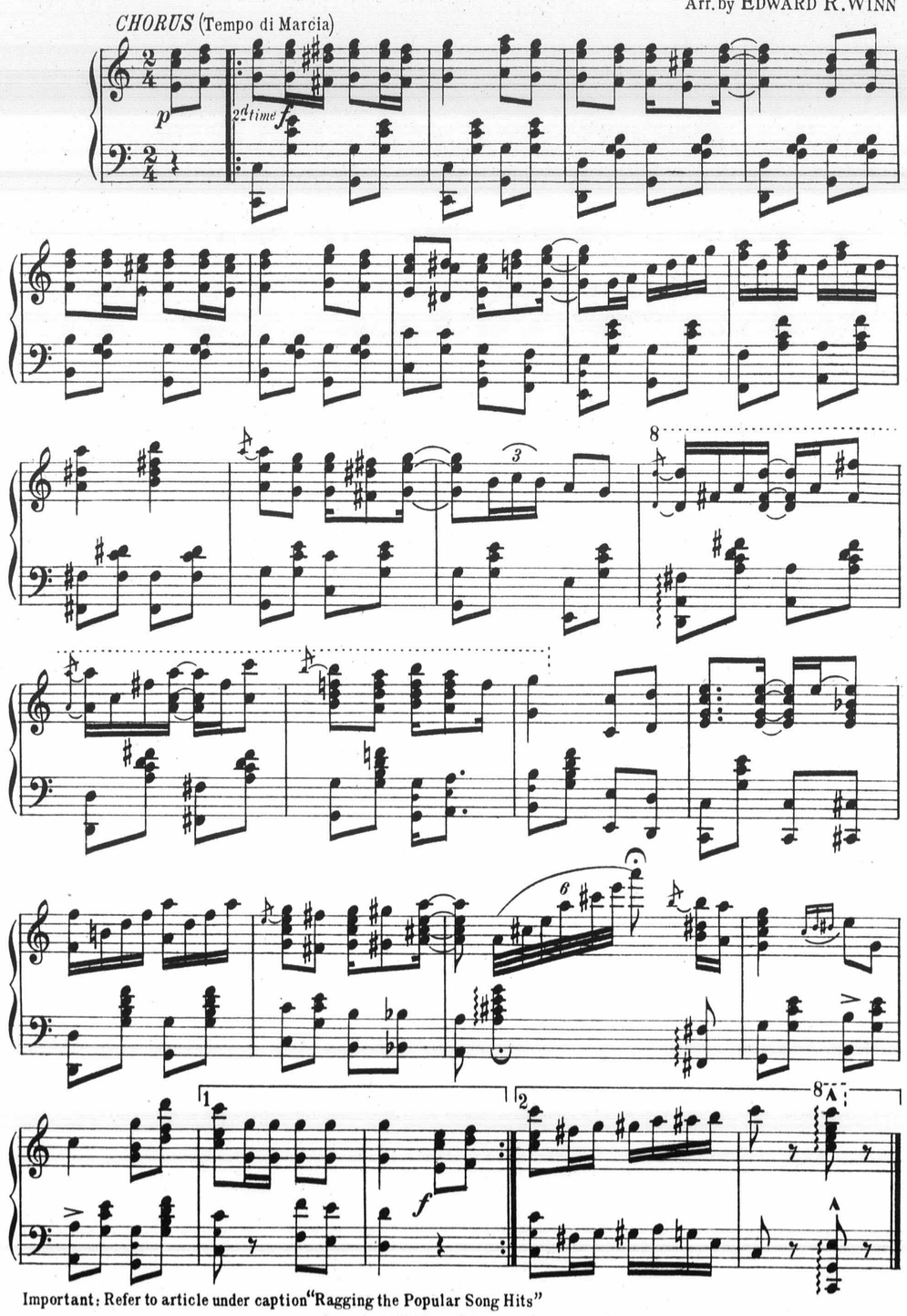
Original One-Step Arrangement of Chorus of

"Over Here"

In Winn Style of Ragtime

Words and Music by
CHAS. B. WESTON

Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN



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

Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen

WHAT ONE YOUNG WOMAN HAS DONE

SOME years ago a young woman answered an advertisement which appeared in the Detroit papers calling for a young lady to teach popular music. She was one of about twenty applicants, and on account of her magnetic personality, which made itself evident in a few moments' conversation, as well as ability at the piano, was put in charge of the Detroit office of a school of popular music.

She had much to contend with during the first few years. An avalanche of protests was showered upon her by her friends and by other music teachers in the city, who could not and would not believe it possible to achieve success as a teacher of popular music and ragtime. She bore up under this adverse criticism, however, and in due time had the pleasure of giving instruction to some of the people who at first had criticised her, and even teachers who had ridiculed her system were now desirous of teaching it—and so she conquered her field in Detroit.

The reader must not gather from this narrative that it was a "soft snap" for Miss Smith. She worked hard, early and late, and never neglected an opportunity to increase the popularity of the system she taught. She is painstaking with her pupils and never allows a pupil to go out of her studio door with any part of a lesson obscure, or with any misunderstandings of principles or technic which should be cleared up to insure maximum benefit from practice in preparation for the next lesson.

In this is the real secret of Miss Smith's success, which—remarkable as it is—can be duplicated by other ambitious young women who are endowed with the requisite talent, personality and stick-to-itiveness.

JANE OR JOYFUL JAZZ

TRUE to her promise, Jane Lamoureaux dropped in again the other day and said the following things to me about joyful jazz:

"After being regarded as music-mad musicians, infected with the virus of a violent form of musical insanity, which caused them to produce sounds more bewildering to the ears than the cubist or futurist painting were to the eyes, jazz orchestras and bands have jumped into profitable popularity.

"This joyful jazz music reflects the flickering, flying lights of intense nocturnal revels. It is marvelously syncopated, a kaleidoscope of sounds, alive with color, passion, savage rhythm, successfully luring the mind from contemplation and repose.

"I have seen gray-haired, dignified gentlemen and ladies succomb to its infectious, impulsive charm, stimulating them more surely than the most potent highballs ever concocted. Their feet flew more lightly over the polished floor, conventional pose was forgotten, for a few fleeting moments the fires of youth burned in their veins, flushed their cheeks and brightened their eyes.

"Through the delirious, delightfully care-free dance music played by the jazz orchestra methought I heard occasionally the soft purling of the fabled fountain of youth.

"The gray-haired ladies and gentlemen were dancing with the joyful abandon of lively youth. One breathless matron declared, 'I feel ten years younger.' She certainly looked it at that moment. Perhaps this wonderful feeling of revivified youthfulness which the invigorating music of a good jazz band inspires in part accounts for its unprecedented success."

The Government is now arranging to send entertainers to France every two weeks for the next two years at least, to play the theatres that have been and will be erected behind the lines. It is said that this will be done for at least fifteen months after the war is over.

SOPHIE TUCKER

WITHOUT doubt the greatest living exponent of ragtime music on the vaudeville stage, vocally speaking, is the peerless Sophie Tucker, who is known from coast to coast as the "Mary Garden of Ragtime." Miss Tucker is now touring for the United Booking Offices.

Miss Tucker is called the "Mary Garden of Ragtime" because she resembles the famous grand opera singer in that she is the greatest of her kind. She has a voice that would do justice to grand opera, and she sings a larger number of popular melodies than any songstress, past or present. She permits her audiences to select the songs they want—and she sings them all. In a week she averages from one hundred twenty-five to one hundred fifty different popular songs, and she puts into all of them that snappy swing that makes a person want to dance. Her voice has tremendous power and she has a personality that never fails to win an audience.

SONG BOOSTERS' NIGHT

THE popularity of ragtime and popular music is demonstrated again in the great enthusiasm with which people attend "Song Boosters' Nights" at the vaudeville theatres throughout the country.

Song Boosters' Night has become quite an institution and is known to be one of the good drawing cards for filling a theatre to capacity. The usual manner of conducting one of these affairs is to throw the lists open to all comers among the people who write and boost the sale of popular songs. Each one of the contestants then comes out on the stage, hands his music down to the musical director in the orchestra pit and immediately, without any preliminary rehearsal, sings what he thinks is his best song, getting the audience to join in with him if possible in singing the second chorus (it is considered a great boost if you can get the people who pay money to hear you sing to do the singing instead). Then, after all of the contestants have done their best, or worst, as the case may be, they are lined up in front of the audience, and the contestant that has the most friends out there gets the prize. The prize is given to the one who receives the most applause when his or her name is called.

While this seems to be a very unfair way to award prizes, it has been found to be the best policy, because each singer is sure to bring all his friends, and all their friends, to the song contest on the night in question in order to give the singer a big boost. As there is no free list on that night the theatre makes a lot of extra money, which is of course the real reason for giving the contest.

Ragtime piano playing contests are run in the same manner and in many theatres a certain night every week is given over to aspiring ragtime pianists who wish to show what they can do. This certainly is a great thing for young pianists who feel they have talent for the stage, as they are here given an opportunity to perform before an audience of people who paid good money to hear them, and—excepting the personal friends present—who will not give applause unless it is deserved. Many performers on the vaudeville stage today received their start by appearing in one of these contests or an amateur night.

PASSING NOTES

EDNA MORTON, expert teacher at the leading conservatory of popular music in Chicago, has a service flag with four stars—one brother and three sweethearts in the service.

Frances Moe, probably the first stenographer employed in any school of popular music in the world, is now thinking of retiring after many years of faithful service, first as stenographer and later as a successful teacher.

Capitola Davis of Joliet, Ill., reports unusually good prospects for summer teaching.

While I write there is a pleasing interruption in the form of a sixty-piece band marching by the window playing the "National Emblem March." I must take a look at them. * * * Just got back from the window. Believe me, that's *some* march, and the way those trombone fellows tear the living daylights out of the second strain just thrills one to the point of wanting to enlist right away, or buy a Liberty Bond, or "something." Wish I owned the copyright to that piece; about all one hears played on the street these days is "National Emblem" and "Over There."

Alice Lambert, teacher of dancing and piano in Chicago, has almost finished her preliminary training as trench-board operator and will leave for France within the next few weeks.

George F. Schulte, whose school of popular music in Cleveland is one of the landmarks of the town, has been a busy boy the past month. He enlisted as wireless operator in the signal corps, and as the school for this work was also located in Cleveland he has up to now maintained his music school also. This made it necessary for George to get down to his office before 8 in the morning, go to the wireless class at 10, where

(*Continued on page 27*)

Ragtime Piano Playing—Lesson XX

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

THIS division of the course of lessons contains the final part of the work and should prove of interest because of its unusualness.

Ragtime in waltz metre has never become immensely popular, notwithstanding its great brilliancy, but it is worthy and for intricate rhythm has many possibilities.

The pupil is urged to give to the rhythm patterns shown the same thoughtful care and thoroughness in study as was accorded those syncopated figures in 2-4 metre in earlier lessons, as the reward for this effort will likely quickly result in the ability to play waltz rag, an accomplishment which comparatively few pianists possess.

Waltz rag involves identically the same principles as two-step rag. The metre is 3-4 instead of 2-4 or 4-4. The bass may be played as written in the sheet music, or "filled in" as explained in Lessons I, II, and III and other early instalments of the course.

Discord bass (see Lesson XIII in November *Tuneful Yankee*) is not particularly effective, except in occasional instances.

All rhythm in waltz metre may be classified as Rhythm Nos. 6, 7, 8, or 9, or combinations, as the examples given embrace every possibility in waltz syncopation.

The pupil will find much of interest in applying the rhythms to up-to-date melodies in waltz metre and a wider range of style will be quickly acquired with study by adding this style of rag to the repertoire.

Every general principle and rule stated in reference to two-step rag will hold good for the playing of waltz rag and all previous lessons should be reviewed for assistance if needed in accomplishing this style.

This, the last instalment of the course in Ragtime Piano Playing, completes this series of lessons. It is with a feeling of regret in the thought of parting the bond of friendship which these monthly lessons has held for student-readers and teacher that the writer concludes this work. It is his desire and hope that pianists interested in ragtime derived something out of the course. If the numerous letters which he received in reference to this subject form any criterion, many were helped and the author's time and effort in compiling the course were well rewarded by this attention and interest.

The writer desires to register his thanks for the many expressions of appreciation contained in these communications and will be greatly interested in continuing to learn of the future results of these lessons at any later time. If within his power he will be pleased to render help and information that will be of practical assistance.

With sincere wishes for the artistic and professional success of these readers—his unseen pupils—the author brings this course of lessons to a close.

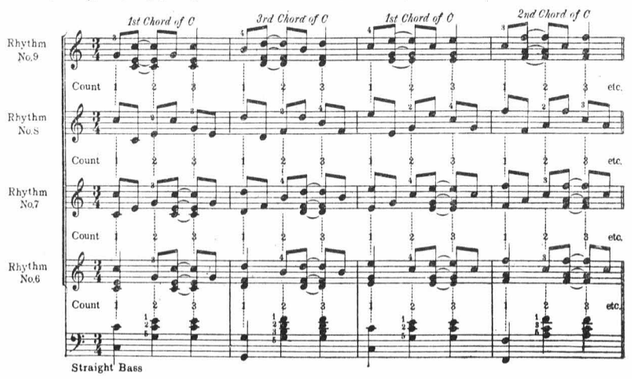
Waltz Rag.

Rhythms Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9.

Ragging One Melody Note in a Measure.

Play treble part with right hand, octave higher than written, combined with the bass part (*bottom staff*) with left hand.

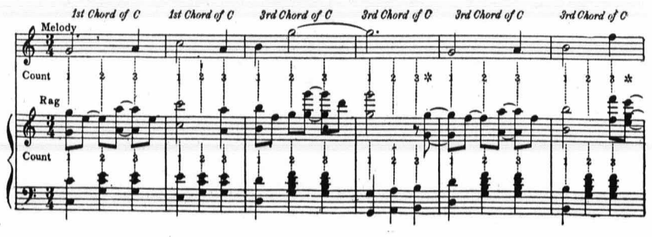
Note:- If too difficult, the pupil may omit the harmonic tone used with the octave.



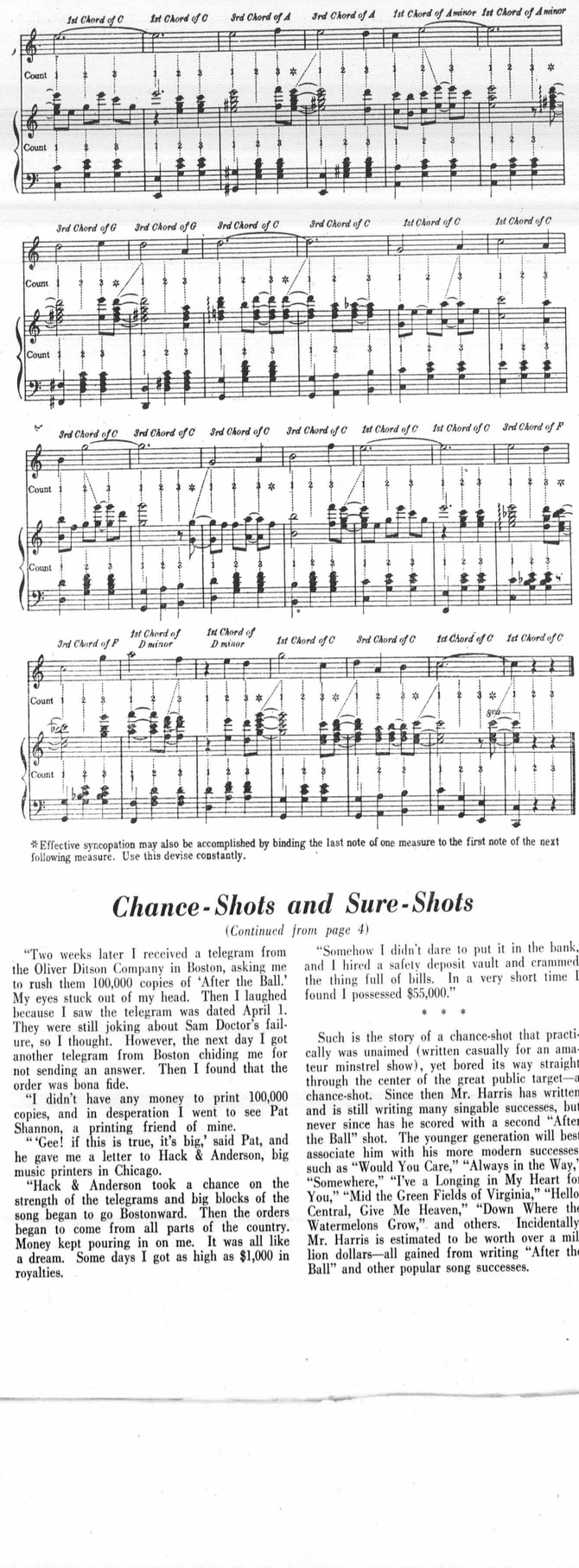
Love's Old Sweet Song.

J. L. MOLLOY.
Arr. by Edward R. Winn.

Comparative Rag arrangement demonstrating Rhythms Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9 and various combinations, employing passing notes and harmonic tones in treble and "Straight" and Discord bass. First play melody part (*top staff*) in octaves with right hand, combined with bass part (*bottom staff*) with left hand. Then play Rag part (*middle staff*) combined with the bass part as before. Observe carefully the manner one, two and three melody notes are syncopated in the Rag part and apply Rhythms Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9 to other melodies in 3-4 time.



Love's Old Sweet Song. (Continued)



*Effective syncopation may also be accomplished by binding the last note of one measure to the first note of the next following measure. Use this devise constantly.

Chance-Shots and Sure-Shots

(Continued from page 4)

"Two weeks later I received a telegram from the Oliver Ditson Company in Boston, asking me to rush them 100,000 copies of 'After the Ball.' My eyes stuck out of my head. Then I laughed because I saw the telegram was dated April 1. They were still joking about Sam Doctor's failure, so I thought. However, the next day I got another telegram from Boston chiding me for not sending an answer. Then I found that the order was bona fide.

"I didn't have any money to print 100,000 copies, and in desperation I went to see Pat Shannon, a printing friend of mine.

"'Gee! if this is true, it's big,' said Pat, and he gave me a letter to Hack & Anderson, big music printers in Chicago.

"Hack & Anderson took a chance on the strength of the telegrams and big blocks of the song began to go Bostonward. Then the orders began to come from all parts of the country. Money kept pouring in on me. It was all like a dream. Some days I got as high as $1,000 in royalties.

"Somehow I didn't dare to put it in the bank, and I hired a safety deposit vault and crammed the thing full of bills. In a very short time I found I possessed $55,000."

* * *

Such is the story of a chance-shot that practically was unaimed (written casually for an amateur minstrel show), yet bored its way straight through the center of the great public target—a chance-shot. Since then Mr. Harris has written and is still writing many singable successes, but never since has he scored with a second "After the Ball" shot. The younger generation will best associate him with his more modern successes, such as "Would You Care," "Always in the Way," "Somewhere," "I've a Longing in My Heart for You," "Mid the Green Fields of Virginia," "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," "Down Where the Watermelons Grow," and others. Incidentally, Mr. Harris is estimated to be worth over a million dollars—all gained from writing "After the Ball" and other popular song successes.

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.

ALTHOUGH this department is open to everyone, I take it for granted that all persons who submit questions for my attention, or songs for criticism, are either subscribers to MELODY or buy the magazine regularly of their dealers. It is impossible to reply to all correspondents promptly because of space limitations, and with a long waiting list, it wouldn't seem fair to try to crowd in criticisms or answers to questions for persons who do not do their little bit to support the magazine—now *would it?* So, after this when you write to me please say, "I am a subscriber" or mention the dealer from whom you purchase your copy of MELODY each month.

Melody subscribers are requested not to expect replies by mail. All communications directed to this department will receive my personal attention and answers to all questions that I am able to answer, as well as criticisms of poems and manuscripts, will appear on this page in due time. "First come, first served." And please do not send in any more "war songs."

M. D., Albion, N. Y.

"When I Am Coming Back Home to You," has several good points in the melody but none in the lyric. Your melody is a little more than fair and is what I would call a "march song" melody. Your title is not original and your lyric is entirely out of the question. Even a good melody will never carry over a song with a lyric like this. I note your remark about my picture at the top of this column. You say I look like a friend of yours who is a shoemaker instead of a musician. I fail to see where he has anything on me—am I not a Cobbler? Let us all join in the chorus of "Strike up the grape nuts here comes a squirrel."

B. A., Fayette City, Pa.

"Wild Rose" has always been a good title, but used largely in the good old Irish way. Now you come along and plant her in Tennessee. And Tennessee is a pretty hard-worked section—hardly a month passes but what some song-writer plows a verse across it, or stakes out a new title on the state. I don't say that "Wild Roses" won't grow in Tennessee, or that "Tennessee" songs won't continue to bloom. I am quite sure that there would be very few buds on your rose bush, however, and they would be frost-bitten, even in Tennessee. Seriously, I cannot offer encouragement to you, except to say that you have some ability in rhyming. You must select subjects which are less hackneyed, or which will not invite the use of such "old stuff" as the "Love-dove-grows-rose-Tennessee-me" rhymes and accompanying sentiment. The public wants something new—or something that appears to be new. It is not necessary to submit music with verses. Publishers will look over verses or music separately; in fact, it is better to submit lyrics without music or music without words than to run risk of spoiling commendable lyrics with mediocre music, or vice versa. Always write your verses legibly—the song complete on one sheet. Put your name and address on the sheet, and don't forget the return postage.

W. G. H., Greenfield, Ill.

I can find nothing to criticise in your song, "For I Have You." It is a pretty ballad—a trifle above the ordinary, and you should be able to dispose of it. It is advisable that you use a larger size manuscript paper. Yes, publishers must be absolutely sure of authorship before publishing any song. There are plenty of new works to select from without running risk of infringing on copyrights and becoming involved, possibly, in expensive litigation. No matter how many magazines may print a poem, it would be safe to be on the safe side and not attempt to use that poem—or any other lyrics—without obtaining permission from the author or copyright owner. Do not forget that "permission" may include the privilege of paying a royalty, and to avoid complications, have the "permission" embodied in a written agreement. Eugene Field's poems are jealously protected by his relatives, and although they are public property in the matter of popularity, the copyrights still hold good, I believe, and you would be unable to use a Field poem without obtaining permission from the heirs. Your question regarding a "publisher's rights" involves too many details to be answered comprehensively on this page. Write to the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C., for a copy of the laws regulating copyrights, royalties, etc.

P. O. J., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Yes, we still have your manuscript and also your threat to sic a lawyer on us if we do not return your pet poetry. Send us three cents' worth of fresh U. S. A. stamps and we will mail your maudlin material back to you. Others take heed. Always enclose stamps if you want your manuscripts returned.

Mrs. A. A. B., Elwood, Neb.

Your lines, dedicated to a New York concern, which you say you have written to fit the tune of $24 "good money wasted," come under the heading of "more truth than poetry" and I am printing the "lyric" with my hearty endorsement, except that I hope that you and I and the rest of the MELODY family will not be where there is any chance of meeting fake music publishers after the last "farewells."

Mr. Song Serpent, with something to sell,
Take your song secrets and travel to—well,
It's easy to spell, but a lady can't tell,
So I bid you farewell
Till we meet in—purgatory.

The songs you submit you say you have written "for amusement only" so we'll let them go at that. There is nothing in "Slacker Jack" to merit the attention of the music-buying rabble, although your introduction of that uncommon animal called a "yak" is somewhat out of the ordinary. Would you give away a zoology text-book with each copy of the song to prove to the unlearned masses that the animal isn't just a frame-up to make a rhyme for "Jack?" "Ask Daddy" is pretty vague, since you give no idea *what* the pater is to have his leg pulled for. Perhaps there is an idea for a good stage song here, the idea being as yet in a rather raw state. Personally, I do not like the repetition of any single phrase so many times—the seven reiterations of "ask daddy" in your chorus make me think of a parrot in moulting season.

Your revision of "When I Dream" is far better than the first effort. It is not within the province of my department to furnish the names of music publishers. You will find the names of reliable concerns in our advertising columns and in the review column.

M. M. C., Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

The sentiment which inspired your poem, "Yankees and Canucks," is splendid, and while I am sure that everyone in the United States and Canada would shake hands with you on it, not very many would buy your song, for it is little more than a eulogy to the Sammies and the Johnnies, with very ordinary music. "Sunny Alberta" has pretty words and rather pretty music, but do you really think there is anything in the song to merit the serious consideration of any publisher, who must get his money back on a fair percentage of his investments? I doubt if even Alberta people would enthuse much over a purely "local" song.

G. S., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

"While He Was Playing" strikes me as *some* lyric. The only real fault I can find with it is that the rhythm is rather difficult to "get onto" from the melody writer's standpoint. Story and rhymes are original and what I would call of hit calibre. With some snappy "jazz" music the song should surely receive consideration from a live publisher who handles that type of compositions. Success to you.

H. J. W., Gloversville, N. Y.

Your lyrics are refreshingly original, to say the least. But pray tell me where you wrote those lines? Such hen tracks might have been spilled in the back seat of a F--d running through the stump fields of Mecosta County, Michigan, on flat tires. To read your poem I had to requisition the services of our office handwriting expert—a top-heavy savant, well versed in Prakrit, hieroglyphics, editorial penmanship and other diseases and he agreed with me that the Ford above referred to must have had cracked springs.

Seriously, your "Fool's Gold" lyric contains an original idea which might appeal to a certain type of vaudeville performer. It would never do as a popular song. The words as they stand mean nothing—although that fact would not necessarily have any bearing on the song's stage possibilities. "My Affinity" has many good lines but would not make a popular song; it is more of a soliloquy with a dash of incidental music. "When You Sang with the Nightingale" is all to the good. Would have been a big hit if published twenty years ago, but is too passé in its style to be worn now.

E. C. W., Brockport, N. Y.

I find very little to say about your song, "Somewhere." It is not a bad song, and at the same time hardly would be considered good. Compare your words with the lyrics of a dozen or more songs of present and past days; you will find that you have nothing new in your lyric, and have not even given the old sentiments a new form of expression—no "punch" anywhere. The repeated use of the words "somewhere" and "someone" in your chorus does not appeal to me. The monotony of such reiteration—although effectively used in some very popular numbers—should be avoided, especially by the beginner. I like your melody. Properly arranged, with good lyrics, it would make a mighty good march song. I do not think it would be advisable to submit the composition to a publisher until you have worked it over—and in revamping it, if you cannot dig up a real startling, new idea or two, try something as far from the "war-song" style and sentiment as you can get in a week's journey. I cannot give replies by mail. However, would certainly be glad to hear from you again.

C. S. M., Warwick, N. Y.

I hate to have to say it again, but here goes: "When Our Sammy Boys" *is simply another war song.* You have no new sentiment, although your use of a large number of popular song titles in your verses and chorus is rather clever. Music is poorly arranged; melody not bad, although somewhat reminiscent of "Over There." Worse songs have "gone over" but yours wouldn't have a chance in the competition of good, bad and worse war songs now on the market—to say nothing of the steen thousand that haven't reached the market but are waiting in line ahead of you. Try another style of song.

Mrs. E. H., Merrill, Mich.

"The Last of Three" is a good song of its kind, but altogether too sad in its tone for a popular number in these times. People have enough sadness thrust upon them nowadays; they need something cheerful in their songs. Verify this statement by visiting a music counter and noting the kind of songs that are purchased by the first twenty-five customers. I would suggest that you employ a more modern style in constructing your melodies. Your experience with the New York critic was unhappy—and funny—wasn't it? Such contrary and self-contradicting opinions must have been influenced by a very eccentric digestion, as you have surmised.

G. M., Burlington, Ill.

The arrangement of the melody you have set to Edmond Vance Cook's "Mother Thoughts" is quite musicianly, but your composition as a whole hardly seems worthy of Mr. Cook's beautiful poem. Why don't you try it again, possibly lengthening the setting by adding a different strain for one of the verses? By the way, I presume you have secured permission to use the lyric, which undoubtedly is protected by copyright?

Melody Professional Service Department

Important Announcement to Lyric Writers and Composers

MELODY is constantly receiving letters of inquiry from readers who desire the assistance of a professional composer and arranger of songs and instrumental music. While up to this time MELODY has not felt obligated to give lyric writers or composers assistance other than that available through our free criticism columns, the demand for additional help, especially on the part of amateur and semi-professional lyric writers, has become of such proportions and so incessant that we have decided to establish a special composing and arranging branch. We have, therefore, made the necessary staff and equipment additions to provide a *Melody Professional Service Department*, the purpose, scope and restrictions of which are stipulated in the following paragraphs.

Melody's Professional Service Department offers the services of a professional composer and arranger of national reputation, who will arrange melodies, compose music for song poems and carefully edit and revise and properly prepare manuscript for publication. This work will include, when required, the services of a lyric writer of established reputation, who will also edit, correct or compose lyrics complete, as desired.

The scope of the Melody Professional Service Department is confined absolutely within the limits implied by its name. The Department will not undertake to publish any composition, either in the magazine's music section or otherwise, assuming responsibility only for such professional services as are outlined herein. To this end we are able to make no guarantee whatsoever, except that *all work will be musicianly* and when manuscript is delivered it will be *complete and flawless and ready for the engraver and printer, or for the eyes of the most critical publisher.* In short, *our one guarantee is the high-grade, original and perfect workmanship of a first-class* professional department.

Only meritorious compositions will be handled. Lyrics or music obviously unworthy of the efforts of our staff, or which in our opinion promise only certain waste of money and effort for the author or composer, will be returned with a candid statement of our opinion.

As a general rule we do not advise writers—especially amateurs—to publish their own compositions if a reputable publishing house can be interested. While the greatest waltz success of today, Missouri Waltz, was first published by the composer—likewise Chas. K. Harris' "After the Ball" and other hits—these instances are not common, and the safe plan is to submit finished, workmanlike manuscript to the publishers, who have means for properly exploiting compositions and who are always on the watch for new and original numbers of "hit" calibre. However, in cases where composers, with full knowledge of the conditions, desire to assume the responsibility for publishing their numbers, we will furnish such advice and information as our long connection with the publishing field affords.

Estimates submitted only after receipt of manuscript, accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelope. No responsibility assumed for manuscript submitted without sufficient postage (letter rates) for return. Charges will be based on the length and style of composition and amount of work required, and will be as low as commensurate with *first-class work.*

Bear in mind that this department is instituted solely as an accommodation to subscribers and readers of MELODY, *offering at a nominal cost the services of one of the country's best professional departments*—and nothing more, except advice, which is free. Part of that advice we deliver now: Don't send us your manuscripts unless you have confidence that they are worthy of our best efforts, and don't ask us to do anything more than is outlined in the foregoing paragraphs. Address all communications to

Melody Professional Service Department 8 Bosworth Street, Boston, Mass.

Music Counter Points

If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Good Night Germany (Leo Feist, Inc., New York). Words by Grant Clarke and Howard Rogers, music by Geo. W. Meyer. *Some* novelty "fast" song. Typical Feist song. Nothing can stop it.

In the Land O'Yamo Yamo (McCarthy & Fisher, New York). Words by Joe McCarthy; music by Fred Fisher. Bully song by big writers.

Hello Central, Give Me No Man's Land (Waterson, Berlin & Snyder, New York). Words by Sam Lewis and Joe Young; music by Jean Schwartz. This is one of the songs featured by Al Jolson in "Sinbad" at the Winter Garden.

There's a Lump of Sugar Down in Dixie (Jerome H. Remick & Co., New York). Words by Alfred Bryan and Jack Yellen; music by Al Gumble. Nuf said.

A Soldier's Rosary (A. J. Stasny, New York). Words by J. E. Dempsey; music by Jos. A. Burke. Good seller and good ballad.

Sand Dunes (Will Rossiter, Chicago). By Byron Gay. Oriental one-step of originality. Fast becoming popular; looks like the biggest instrumental number ever published by Rossiter.

Some Sweet Day (Forster Music Publisher, Inc., Chicago). Words by Abe Olman; music by Tony Jackson. Jazz song. Great for stage and dancing. Big seller.

I Miss that Mississippi Miss that Misses Me (Waterson, Berlin & Snyder, New York). Words by Joe Young and Sam Lewis; music by Pete Wendling. Good novelty song. Same old stuff in new clothes. Probably will be a hit.

Some Day (A. J. Stasny & Co., New York). Words by Walter King; music by Earl Burnett. Waltz war song. A sentimental "war" ballad of fair merit. Good waltz chorus and sensible words.

Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, General Pershing Will Cross the Rhine (Leo Feist, Inc., New York). Words by Howard Johnson; music by George Meyer. One of the current "big" numbers of the Feist music mill. Well received in theatres. Selling well. Orchestration makes an excellent dance number.

Indianola (Jos. W. Stern & Co.). By S. R. Henry and D. Onivas. Instrumental novelty fox trot. Also published as a song. Great for dancing and a positive hit.

Are You From Heaven? (Gilbert & Friedland, New York). Words by L. Wolfe Gilbert; music by Anatol Friedland. Fine ballad by writer of "Persian Rose" and "Little Dream Girl." Hit.

Three Wonderful Letters From Home (Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., New York). Words by Joe Goodwin and Ballard MacDonald; music by Jas. Hanley. A ballad with heart appeal for thousands of American mothers, sisters and sweethearts. Better than average music.

POPULAR MUSIC RECITAL

AT a public recital of popular music, given at the Franklin Square House in Boston on Saturday evening, April 20, the feature of program and performance was Mr. Axel W. Christensen of Chicago, who opened the recital with an organ rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

Mr. Christensen received an ovation from a capacity audience for his piano program numbers, which were of broad variety and extended scope. They included transcriptions, pianologs and imitations that all but brought the house to its feet. An accomplished pianist of the conventional concert type, this player is also remarkable as an exponent of modern ragtime, injecting into this form of playing a swing, rhythm and technical embellishment which is far removed from the ordinary. This probably is due to his complete control of the more classic technic and his ability to combine both in one, making the first serve as a solid foundation of the second—a musical feat of technical difficulty and dexterity, yet marvelously brilliant in effect as accomplished by Mr. Christensen.

The other performers were all students of the popular school, under the management of Mr. F. G. Corbitt, and all played with an originality and wide diversity that relieved the program from any hint of monotony. Especially worthy of individual mention was the second number on the program, "America," played by Master Maurice Chapman, a serious-minded performer aged 4 years. The youngster appeared in a sailor uniform and played his number with all the ease, grace and *sang froid* of the stage veteran. He was an instantaneous hit and responded to an enthusiastic encore with a song.

The performers, exclusive of the star, were: Maurice Chapman, Mr. Roland Snow, Mr. Sylvester St. John, Miss F. L. Smith, Mr. George Whitmore, Miss Agnes Morrissey, Miss Sophie Porress, Miss L. G. Sheehan, Miss Edna Hoffman, Mr. William McCarthy, Miss G. Barraban, Mr. Alec Peddie, Mr. Theo. Hickox, Miss Irene Little and Miss Edythe Horne.—*C. V. B.*

A Modest Vampire Poeter

A WELL known and very popular New York composer and arranger has passed on to a member of MELODY staff a letter which reveals a hitherto unknown genius. The genius is none other than the writer of the letter, who, sad to say, lacks in modesty what she makes up in skill as a poet and vampire, we fear. The following is an exact copy of the soul-unbosoming epistle:

New Kensington, Pa., March 4, 1918.

Dear Sir:—I thought I would write I want to know if you note music. I am a born poet I can write the words but I cannot note music please send me your price and Contract. I wrote a song the name is Brave Boys I get three cents on every copy. I can poet but I do not no nothing about the notes. I am a great speaker I am called the Heart Breaker I can catch most any man I make up my mind to. Hope to hear from you soon, I am

Mrs. ———

The New York musician who forwarded the letter suggested that a lady with such a happy combination of gifts should be able to make her mark on Broadway, the matter of getting music "noted" and taming the publishers being a mere whoof to one of her prowess.

WILLIAM JEROME, writer of many popular songs, and head of the publishing company bearing his name, recently absorbed by the A. J. Stasny house, is now associated with the writing organization of Leo Feist, Inc.

THREE musicians in a large motion picture house in Toledo were "pinched" recently for playing the Star Spangled Banner in ragtime. It was found, upon investigation, that two of the players were Germans and the other an Austrian. We are disposed to remark that some of the "ragging" done by *chin musicians* is deserving of similar notice from Uncle Sam.

CHICAGO SYNCOPATIONS

(*Continued from page 2*)

he puts in six hours of hard work, then back to the studio until 10:30 or 11 in the evening.

Frithjof Larsen, who recently joined the ranks of Chicago teachers of popular music, has an enviable reputation in classical circles. He studied under some of the best known artists in the country—among them Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, piano; Adolph Weidig, harmony; etc.

Grace Clement of Pittsburg has just come from the hospital, where she was operated on for an abcess of the head.

F. G. Corbitt of the Boston school is in Cleveland on business in connection with George Schulte's ragtime college.

Edythe Horne, who has charge of Mr. Corbitt's Boston school, distinguished herself greatly at the ragtime piano recital at Franklin House last month. She was forced to give several encores and received a huge bouquet from some admirer in the audience.

Miss Little, assistant manager and instructor of Boston's leading school of syncopation, covered herself with glory when she played at the Franklin House affair last month. Miss Hoffman, who played at the same recital, is associated with Miss Horne and Miss Little in teaching real ragtime to the Bostonites.

Mrs. Margot Steele, of Jersey City, writes that the entertainment given by her pupils in Arion Hall last month was a big success. Mrs. Steele teaches singing as well as popular piano playing, so that she had abundant material to draw from for a recital program. She expects shortly to give a garden party, at which ragtime will be the headline attraction, of course.

Bernard Brin, of Seattle, Wash., has placed a teacher in Bellingham, Wash. More power to you, Bernie.

Hannah Harris, of Milwaukee, reports that Mr. H. E. Worthington, who recently graduated from her school and received his diploma, could not play a note five months ago. Another of her pupils, Aaron Mayer, aged 15, has turned out to be a genius.

Prof. Hans Mettke of Davenport numbers among his bright pupils the Misses Early, Jane, Stella and Pearl.

Marcella Henry, of La Salle, Ill., has just finished the manuscript of a new instruction book for ukulele.

According to the *Diapason* the city of San Francisco pays out between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars a year for recitals on the exposition organ in the city, but the average receipts of these recitals are about $50. In the face of this it is said that the present organist, Edwin Lemare, is going to be held for another year at a salary of $10,000. But some of the papers are putting up a holler, claiming that a better drawing card should be put in his place.

Speaking of pipe organs, Edward Benedict, formerly organist at the Broadway Strand, Detroit, has just reached San Francisco, where he will preside at the consol of the mammoth Hope Jones orchestral organ at the new California Theatre.

Lyon & Healy of Chicago have taken over the local agency for the American Photo Player. The Photo Player is an instrument quite popular in the moving picture houses.

Mr. Jack Cohen has entered the ranks of popular music teachers in Chicago. According to reports he is making good in every way.

Mrs. Minikus is doing some clever school advertising in Omaha.

Mr. Mellinger and Mr. Weber recently took Mellinger's automobile, a lot of paste and posters, and proceeded to bill the town of St. Louis in great shape. Result: More pupils for the Mellinger and Weber schools there.

A. J. Albrecht, operating a south side school in Chicago, has prospered well in the popular music field. Now he is looking around for a nice piece of ground on which to erect a bungalow.

N. Roberts, of Peoria, Ill., claims that the fact the distilleries there have been closed for some time has had no effect on *his* business.

J. M. Roche, of Springfield, gets in touch with most of his new pupils through his orchestra work.

Miss Julia Reig is now teaching popular music in Washington, D. C.

Ed. Feltman, formerly of Chicago, now has a class in Trinidad, Colo., in addition to playing a movie house there.

Daniel A. Hill, the noted St. Louis tenor, will play a summer engagement as usual at Locksley Hall, Waupaca, Wis., accompanied by John Chadie and Ed. Smith.

John F. Dennis, pianist of note, has just bought a new car—a Hupmobile this time. John lives in Chicago, but is well known throughout the Central West.

Harold Van Meter has resumed his work at the Western Avenue school of popular music in Chicago. He reports his health fully recovered and is ready for a big summer season.

Robert Marine of New York writes that he may leave for the front shortly.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, etc., of MELODY, published monthly at Boston, Massachusetts, as required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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Managing Editor—C. V. Buttelman	Boston, Mass.
Publisher—Walter Jacobs	Boston, Mass.
Owner—Walter Jacobs	Boston, Mass.
Known bondholders, mortgagees, etc.—None.	

(Signed) Walter Jacobs, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1918.

(Seal) STANLEY A. DEARBORN, Notary Public.

Melody Agents

Where the magazine can always be obtained

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Galveston, Tex.	Thos. Goggan & Bro.
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Hartford, Ct.	Farris Music Store, 173 Asylum St.
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Portland, Ore.	Graves Music Co., 151 4th St.
	Sellerling & Lucas, 125 4th St.
Providence, R. I.	Bailey's Music Store, 72 Weybosset St.
	John Fitzpatrick, Music Dept., Shepard Store.
	Chas. E. McCloskey, 60 Snow St.
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	H. L. Thout, 412 Weybosset St.
Queenstown, Tas.	Frank O'Shea, King St.
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Rockland, Me.	Maine Music Co.
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Office Chair Chat

THERE'LL Be a Hot Time for the Old Men When the Young Men Are Away, the Leo Feist, Inc., song, which the Chicago Division of the Department of Justice pronounced unsalable for patriotic reasons, was later pronounced *salable* by the chief of the Justice Department at Washington. Almost any kind of a song would be "salable" with such bounteous free publicity back of it, but in spite of this and in the face of the favorable ruling by the head of the Department of Justice, the Feist firm has voluntarily withdrawn the number. This action was announced and explained in a circular sent to all dealers handling Feist songs, and reading in part as follows:

Although the Department of Justice has ruled that the sale of the song would not be interfered with, we have voluntarily withdrawn it, in view of the fact that some of our friends have different viewpoints as to the wisdom of singing the song at this particular time, because of the moral effect it is likely to have on "Our Boys."

A few of the people have gone so far as to suggest that the song is unpatriotic. Therefore, even though you personally may not agree with this viewpoint, we will appreciate your complying with our suggestion not to sell any more copies of the song, and return to us for credit any copies you may have on hand.

The withdrawal of the song was, under the circumstances, a commendable move, and although the publishers will lose a multitude of full-size, hard dollars thereby, the rebound in the way of constructive publicity resulting from general public approval should at least partly offset the loss on the concern's investment in the "Hot Time" edition.

THEY say that OH LOOK, a very successful musical comedy playing at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, will go on the road next season.

THE RODEHEAVER MUSIC CO. of Chicago has withdrawn from the market its song *We'll Be Waiting When You Come Back Home*. This action was announced following an infringement suit filed by Chappell & Co., publishers of *Keep the Home Fires Burning Till the Boys Come Home*. This is the fourth time this season that Chappell & Co. have been obliged to turn the hose on publishers who edged too close to the "Home Fires" for safety.

SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND copies doesn't amount to much as a total sales record for the average big hit, but a first edition of that size is rather remarkable; in fact, very few publishers would have the nerve to contract a printer's bill of such proportions on any new-born song child, no matter how promising. However, six hundred thousand is the size of the first edition of *Keep the Glow in Old Glory*, written by Ben O. Liel, of the accounting department of Wilson & Co., Chicago packers. Thomas E. Wilson, head of the company, liked the song so well that he thought six hundred thousand copies none too many for the first edition. "Anything that will 'keep the glow in Old Glory' is cheap at any price," Mr. Wilson explained, "and I certainly think this song of Mr. Liel's will do much to increase patriotism." Thousands of copies of the song were distributed free among civilians and in the army and navy.

THE McCormack record which auctioned off for one thousand dollars at a recent Red Cross benefit in New York netted the worthy publisher of the song a trifle less than two cents.

WHO will receive present and future royalties from the sale of "Keep the Home Fires Burning"? Mrs. Lena Gilbert Ford, who formerly lived in Elmira, N. Y., wrote the lyrics of the song. Both Mrs. Ford and her son were killed when the house in which they were living in London was destroyed by a German bomb in a recent air raid. If Mrs. Ford died first, her estate will pass to her son, and he, being dead, to his relatives. If, however, the son died first, the estate will go to an entirely different family. The English courts have a hard nut to crack in this case.

EARL CARROLL, whose flights of melody and rhyme have entranced millions, is now entrancing himself with another kind of flight in the Army Flying School in Texas. They say that Carroll's ability as an aviator is second only to his soaring prowess as a song writer.

IRVING BERLIN is now a private in the ranks of the National Army at Camp Upton. It is said that Irving went into training in order to pass the physical examination. Needless to say, the composer of "They Were All Out of Step But Jim," and a few gross more of "best sellers" will be popular among the Yaphank men, for he is not only a composer but a good entertainer and a good "mixer."

IN addition to $25,000.00 previously invested in bonds of the Third Liberty Loan, Leo Feist, Inc., purchased bonds with every dollar of the company's sales return for the week ending May 4.

"Morning! Have you the Beethoven Sonata?"
"Yes, ma'am. Do you want it arranged for two or four hands?"
"Do you think my daughter is a centipede?"

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MELODY

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