A NATION'S SONGS

The Popular Songs of America at War

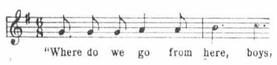
By A Patriot

A NATION that sings can never be beaten—each song is a mile-stone on the road to victory.

Songs are to a nation's spirit what ammunition is to a nation's army. The producer of songs is an "ammunition" maker. The nation calls upon him for "ammunition" to fight off fatigue and worry. The response has been magnificent. America's war songs are spreading through the world—hailed by our allies as the omen of victory.

When the boys march down the Avenue, it's the martial crash of "Over There" that puts the victory swing in their stride. When the subscription squad "sets to" before a Liberty Bell, "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There" starts the signatures to the blanks. When the troop trains speed through, "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France" swells every heart with confidence.

Even into the jaws of death! American history has no finer page than that of the boys on the Tuscania, who went down singing "Where Do We Go From Here."



But aside from their effect as stimulants of the national spirit, these war songs, simply as developments, are interesting.

Whence did they come? What brought them? How did they happen?

The list is already a familiar one. Leading it is "Over There." Pressing close for popularity are "Where Do We Go From Here," "It's a Long Way to Berlin, But We'll Get There," "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France." And now they're singing a lot of newer ones like "We're All Going Calling On The Kaiser," "If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Why Then It's Good Night Germany" and "Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Gen'l Pershing Will Cross the Rhine."

When we examine into the source and nature of these songs, we find that practically every one issues from a single publishing house,—the house of Leo Feist, Inc.

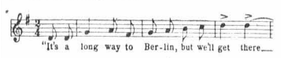
Practically every one gives voice to a tremendous eagerness for "Getting over and at 'em." And the music has a certain buoyant urge that stirs the very corpuscles of the blood.

Truly remarkable that one man should give the nation practically all its war songs.

But this is only the external fact. Music is not to be judged as other things made, bought, and sold. It comes not from without, but from within. It is the language of innermost feeling. That a hundred million sing Leo Feist's war-songs means that he has succeeded in truly reaching a hundred million hearts.

That Mr. Feist himself neither wrote words nor music of any of these songs is away from the point. It was he who made them possible. It was he who conceived "Where Do We Go From Here?" It was he who made "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There" into a great recruiting song. It was he who brought "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" to the status of a full-fledged camp song. It was he who dug "Katy" out of an army camp, and gave it to the people. It was he who paid George M. Cohan $25,000 for "Over There."

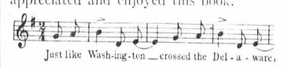
It was he who made a part of America's tradition "Homeward Bound," "We'll Knock the Heligo Out of Heligoland," "Bring Back My Daddy to Me," "I'll Come Back to You When It's All Over," "Round Her Neck She Wears a Yeller Ribbon," "Give Me a Kiss by the Numbers," "Each Stitch is a Thought of You, Dear," "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip," "I Don't Want to Get Well," "We Beat Them At the Marne," "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy," "I'd Like to See the Kaiser With a Lily In His Hand," "When I'm Through With Arms of the Army," "When We Wind Up the Watch On the Rhine," "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You."



Mr. Feist is also responsible for one of the greatest innovations in music since the war began. It was he who conceived the idea of a pocket-sized songbook for the use of Soldiers, Sailors and the folks back home.

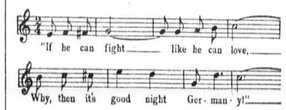
This eighty-page gloom dispeller contains all the old favorites with words and music of the newest copyrighted songs. He gave the book its appropriate title, "Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing," and marketed it at a price within reach of all, 15c.

One of Mr. Feist's most valued treasures is a letter framed in his office from a soldier in the trenches telling how he and his pals appreciated and enjoyed this book.



Zwingli said, "Nothing makes a man more of a man than music." Leo Feist is not only building national-spirit—he is building man-power. He is a genius that serves subtly—but none the less powerfully.

Like all men with a purpose, Leo Feist has a whole-hearted slogan—"You Can't Go Wrong With a Feist Song." With it he has confidently led the campaign for singing cheerfulness—with a success that is evidenced in every city, town and hamlet of the United States, for the great Feist songs are heard everywhere. Today they are our inspiration—tomorrow our memories.



They are the songs that will commemorate the victory of Liberty in the great big future—when young faces have been marked by the hand of time—when guns are aged by rust—when great monuments mark the land where rest those who went forth *singing*. Get these songs—learn them so you will know them in years to come, just as you know "Dixie", "Marching through Georgia" and the songs of the Civil War.

MUSIC WILL HELP WIN THE WAR!

Reprinted from

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Nation that sings can never be beaten—each song is a mile-stone on the road to victory.

America's War Songs are spreading through the world—hailed by our allies as the omen of victory.

Songs are to a Nation's spirit what ammunition is to a Nation's army.

The producer of songs is an "ammunition" maker. The Nation calls upon him for "ammunition" to fight off fatigue and worry.

Major General Wood said: "It is just as essential that the soldiers know how to sing as it is that they carry rifles and know how to shoot them. There isn't anything in the world, even letters from home, that will raise a soldier's spirits like a good, catchy marching tune."

Therefore

Music Is Essential

and as always

"You Can't Go Wrong With Any 'Feist' Song"

Volume II, Number 8 AUGUST, 1918 Formerly The Tuneful Yankee

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

MUSIC

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER JACOBS BOSTON MASS

STARMER

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

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MELODY

A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music

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Myron V. Freese, *Literary Editor* Walter Jacobs, *Business Mngr.*

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Volume II *August, 1918* *Number 8*

Melody Melodics—Tones and Half-tones

Jazzing Jackies

WHETHER it is in singing or playing or fighting, the American "Jackies" always can be depended upon to "jazz 'er up." Those who were fortunate enough to have heard the Navy Jazz Band (made up of sailor musicians from the navy yard in Charlestown, Mass.) when it created such a furore of enthusiasm while appearing in vaudeville circuits to boost the last Liberty Loan drive, will be interested to learn that this band of live ones (if not already there) is booked for France to entertain the soldiers in the rest camps; they also can guess, after hearing them, that this bunch will go a mighty long way towards jazzing up the boys over there.

Yankee Doodle Down To Date

GUESS it's true that "you can't keep a good man down," for America's once famous old-time war "Dandy" has bobbed up in a different kind of a war song with new uniform, accoutrements, riding stunts and everything. In "Yankee Doodle's Over There" (the new marching song written by Kent Perkins of Boston, and used with trèmendous effect for community singing by Vernon Stiles) "riding on a pony" has given way to ambling in tanks and soaring in planes; a grenade is stuck in his hand instead of "a feather in his hat," and "macaroni" is now become a stern reality in khaki.

Singing Soldiers and Sailors

IT is impossible to dodge facts, particularly when they insistently force themselves to the front, and it is no longer possible to deny that music has become a powerful fighting factor in this war. Perhaps not always in the actual fighting (although we have records where the men have gone "over the top" with fight in their eyes and a song on their lips), but before, between and following some white-hot and soul-searing encounters music has proved itself a vital factor—a strong incentive to action and a large preventative of the dreadful mind-weariness and soul-sickness which is so liable to come with the following inaction.

Such a factor not only deserves attention but demands it, and this is now being accorded it by the powers that be. In the camps the soldiers not only are encouraged to sing, but are being trained in chorus singing by competent directors and leaders, while for the sailors aboard ship and at training stations the old deep-sea sailors' chanties are being revived and taught in all their salty vigor and rhythmic glory.

Naturally, the sterling old national hymns of *The Star Spangled Banner* and *"Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory"* have place of honor in the singing repertory, but other than these and the "chanties," for the larger part the latest "populars" are the music-meat of soldiers and sailors alike. Thus through a great world crisis does the high-brow bogey of "popular songs" prove itself to be a boon instead, as by example of those who have reached the actual scenes of the enacting crisis it likewise drives home the fact that, with every ounce of their body and brain power, singing soldiers and sailors are every inch of them fighting men.

Some Musical Backing!

IF you doubt there always being a song to hit the case, assimilate the following little war story, given to the London *Phono-Record* by Harry Lauder shortly after his return from a visit to the western front, and then acknowledge to yourself that here at least is *one* case.

"I'll tell ye a wee story," he proceeded in his own pawky and inimitable way, "an' it's no' a made-up yin, min' I'm telling ye! This is a story of how a gramophone backed up the gallant soldiers o' a gallant Scottish reegiment. The day's duties had been long an' arduous, and for hours and hours the Jocks ha' been under a fierce bombardment—without a rest an' without a halt. Then day gave way to night. Sheels were conteenually burstin'—Lazy Lizzies, Whus'lin' Wullies and a' the rest o' the devil's messengers. Now the rain came on, sheets and sheets o' it—rain that looked as if it never wud stop and made one wonder where it all came fra. Even the trenches were flooded. That night passed, and at dawn the Germans were scattered and new positions were taken. But it still rained!

"Several hours later the boys were relieved and tramped miles back to their rest camp, in mud to their knees all along the road and the water streaming doon their necks and squelching in their boots. It was evening before they arrived at the place where warm tea, warm clothing and a good dry bed awaited them, but mon! even before a helmet was doffed one o' the Jocks made for the company gramophone. He slipped on a record, woond up the machine an' started it agoing. A' the discomforts o' the past 36 hours were sent into oblivion when the machine calmly churned oot—'When You Come to the End of a Pairfec' Day.'"

Patriotically Appropriate

TALK about the "eternal fitness of things!" A prosperous small merchant in the City of New York, and an undeniable descendant of the race of Moses and Aaron, was the worried father of an only son at the front to whom he had sent some few letters without receiving any reply. The old gentleman closed one of his last recent communications with the pathetic appeal: "Why don't you write your old father and mother, Abe? We have had a very mysterious fire in our little home, but everything was covered by insurance."

This brought no response from Abe, who probably was having all the "fire" he cared for, so a month later another letter was sent and wound up with: "Father and mother are well, but why don't you write, Abe? We have had another of those funny fires in our little home, but everything was covered by insurance." This evidently woke up young Abe, who sent a post-card reading: "Am glad you and mother are well, but 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' for me, Dad."

This and That About Jean Schwartz

What the Girl Reporter Dug Up About This Celebrated Composer

By Treve Collins, Jr.

"DO you always sit with your feet up on the desk?"

The Girl Reporter looked down at us amusedly as she put the question.

We looked up, removed our nether extremities from their resting place, planted them on the floor and grinned.

"No," we responded amiably, "not always. Only once in a while when we're busy and want to keep people who have nothing to do from sitting on it and pestering us to death."

"People?" queried the Girl Reporter, her blue eyes widening innocently.

"Uh-huh,—Jones and his everlasting mess of jokes that came over in the ark with old man Noah; Rowland with his wild tales of the wonderful dames he met the other night, and," we paused significantly, "a few others."

"Meaning me among them, I suppose?" The Girl Reporter smiled slightly.

"Yes, you're included," we admitted.

"It's too bad about you," she returned. "If you're so terribly exclusive, why don't you build a fence around your old desk and have a little boy in brass buttons stop everybody at the gate and make them give their whole family histories before they are permitted to come into your august presence?" She regarded us sarcastically through half-closed eyelids.

We ignored the dig and presently the Girl Reporter, idly sifting the mass of papers and drawings on our desk, brought a photograph to light. For a few moments she regarded it critically. "Who's this?" she finally asked.

"That," we replied, "is the picture of one o' those guys who grab off a poverty-stricken existence writing songs,—Jean Schwartz."

The Girl Reporter looked reflectively out of the window, then turned to us. "Isn't that the chap who was with the Dolly Sisters in vaudeville for such a long time?" she asked, a gleam of interest in her eyes.

We nodded.

"I think he's splendid," said the Girl Reporter warmly. "I've seen him a number of times, and he's a perfectly wonderful pianist."

We grinned maliciously. "I'm sure he'd be tickled silly if he knew that no less a celebrity than you,—Lizzie Tish, the far-famed Girl Reporter of the *Daily Chore*, had such a high opinion of him," we commented gravely.

The Girl Reporter tossed her pretty head. "Never mind the would-be-comedy," she retorted sharply, "I think he's nice, so there!"

"All right," said we, soothingly, "let it go at that. There's no use of your getting all riled up and kicking holes in the roof over it. Besides, if you're gonna hang around this shack after hours, you'll hafta behave yourself and not go roaring all over the place. The managing editor's in his cubby-hole over there writing the tenth volume of a book on golf and if he hears you howling your head off, he'll come out here, tear you up in small pieces and feed you to the hungry commuters out in Park Row."

The Girl Reporter sniffed contemptuously. "Oh is that so? Well, don't worry about me. I'll take care of myself. The M. E. is a bully good chap, even if he does like golf, and the few words I whisper to you won't disturb him."

"Well if that's what you call whispering, I'd hate to hear you speak right out loud," we muttered, but the Girl had returned to her contemplation of Jean Schwartz's physog and our words passed unheeded.

"Have you got your stuff about him written up yet?" she asked at length, laying down the photo. "I'd like to read it if you have."

We shook our head. "No, I haven't got going on it yet, but if you have a wild desire to become acquainted with Jean's dark and dismal past, I'll tell you all about it."

"Go ahead," said the girl.

"First of all," we began, "he was born."

The Girl gazed at us in mock consternation. "Really?" she queried. "You don't mean it!"

We assured her it was the truth. Furthermore that Jean had first blinked his way through the light of day in Budapest, and that prior to his becoming one of the country's biggest hit-smiths he had spent a lot of time off and on working as a clerk in a dry goods store, as a cashier in a Turkish bath, and as a piano player in a concert hall.

The Girl Reporter eyed us doubtfully. "Did you say he was a cashier in a TURKISH BATH?" she asked.

"Certainly. Why?"

"Nothing, only is that actually what he told you or is that just one of those little fancy touches you people love to put into your interviews?"

We endeavored to appear deeply pained and righteously indignant. "I would like to have you understand, young woman," and we glared at her with as much dignity as we could get a strangle hold on, "that our interviews are written along straight and narrow lines. Truth sticks out on 'em in large bumps. In fact they're like Ivory Soap,—99.99 per cent pure. We don't take liberties with what people tell us. We don't put words in their mouths and what we have them down as saying they actually said. See?"

The Girl Reporter laughed. "Of course, of course," she said contritely, "I take it all back. Reporters NEVER take liberties. Heavens, no! Perish the thought. But how long has Jean been writing songs?"

We pondered for a moment, gazing the while at the flaring calendar over the telegraph editor's desk. "Let's see, I should say he started about a year before you were born, and has been writing for something like twenty-one years."

The Girl Reporter's eyes twinkled. "So that makes me twenty years old, doesn't it?"

"Just about," said we. "But you really don't look your age."

"Thank you." The Girl Reporter smiled sweetly.

"No," we pursued remorselessly, "you don't look your age." We inspected her appraisingly. "You're twenty, but you talk like about fourteen and act like ten."

The Girl gasped, her eyes blazed, but before she could speak we continued blandly, "and the first song Jean wrote was called Bullsheviki."

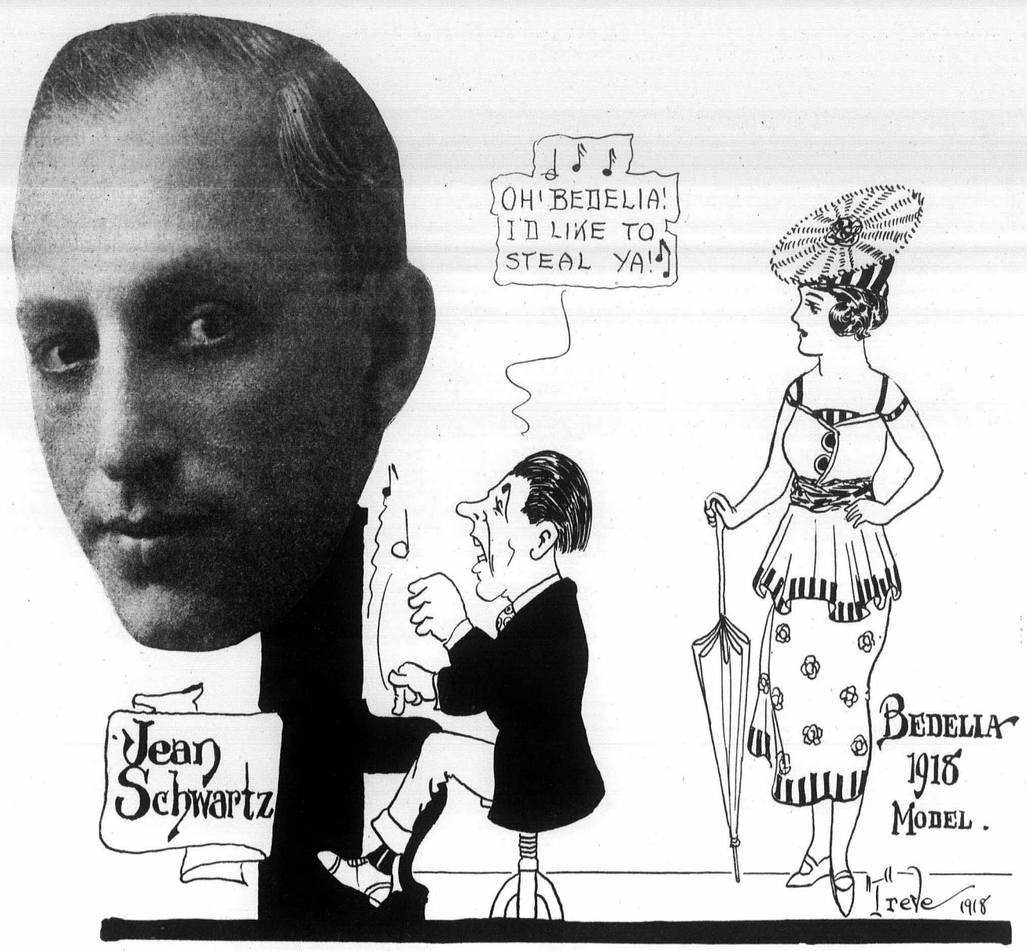
"Bullsheviki?" protested the Girl Reporter, "why that word wasn't known twenty years ago!"

"Maybe not," we shrugged, "but his song was called 'A Little Bit of Hot Air,' so what's the difference? Anyway, he wrote it in collaboration with Vincent Bryan; it was sung by Peter Daly and sold to E. T. Paul for the large and juicy sum of twenty-five cold, hard iron men."

"Twenty-Five Dollars!" exclaimed the Girl, "why I thought songs brought their writers much more than that."

"Yes," said we, "that's what everybody thinks. That's why all the jobless waiters, and stenographers, blacksmiths, undertakers and bum mechanics take to song writing. They want to get rich in a hurry, but it's not done, in these days. It takes time like everything else and lots of the big boys in the song-writing game today either gave away their first efforts or sold 'em for whatever they'd bring. However, our friend Jean has done much better since his first song was sold."

"I should hope so," said the Girl, "but tell me, did any of his early songs make much of a hit?"



"*Any* of 'em?" we said pityingly. "Why my dear girl, your popular musical education has been sadly neglected,—nearly all of 'em did. Especially Bedelia."

"Bedelia," said the Girl in astonishment, "did Jean Schwartz write that?"

"Yes, he's the guilty party. He not only wrote it, but it's his pet song and he thinks it's his best to date, notwithstanding the fact that he's got a list of hits as long as your arm to his credit. He wrote Chinatown, Mason Dixon Line, Mr. Dooley, I Love the Ladies, Carolina, Hello Hawaii, and about a thousand others. His latest hit is 'Hello Central Give Me No Man's Land,' and it's making quite a killing, just now."

The girl looked at us in surprise. "And do you mean to tell me he considers Bedelia better than Hello Central Give Me No Man's Land?" she asked incredulously.

"So he told us."

The Girl shook her head slowly. "I don't agree with him," she said after a time. "I think Chinatown and Hello Central are his best. Especially the last one. It makes a wonderful fox-trot! And when a jazz-band plays it as it should be played, Oh Boy!"

When the Girl Reporter goes straying mentally in pastures a la dansant, everything else is relegated to the scrap heap of oblivion, for dancing is her pet indoor sport. Writing tear-jerking "specials" comes next and eating fudge of granite-like consistency is third on the list.

So while she sat there dreamily humming snatches of jazz opera (?) accompanying herself with tappings of her daintily shod feet upon the floor, we perused the scattered notes we'd jotted down concerning Jean's career. We found that it takes him about five or ten minutes to write most of his songs; that baseball is his chief hobby and that he considers his old partner, William Jerome, the greatest popular lyric writer of the day. "He's 54 years old," said Jean, "and can still write 'em."

Furthermore, Jean Schwartz believes that Grant Clark is an A Number One lyrist, and that Joe Young is the coming lyric writer of the age because he can write comic songs and ballads as well, and—

Well, that just about covers everything he told us.

Which being the case there's only one thing left to do and that is,—STOP.

We will.

Right here.

"Ragging" the Popular Song-Hits

By Edward R. Winn

CONTINUING true to the record of consistent presentment of popular song hit choruses of national interest as arranged in piano solo style and displayed in the music section, there will be found in the present issue the ninth compilation of this "words and music" series, the McKinley Music Company's latest vocal publication to find popular public favor, "Let's Keep the Glow in Old Glory, and the Free in Freedom, Too," the refrain melody of which is used by kind permission of the publishers.

The author of this inspiringly patriotic lyric, of which the title suggests the theme, William D. Nesbit by name and well known in the mid-West, has completely succeeded by a single stroke in proclaiming in beautiful poetic form the war sentiment of the entire nation.

His various connections with several newspapers and his activity in numerous civic and social organizations lend significant distinction to the song and may prove more than ordinarily influential in creating friendly interest.

That a composer could produce such a masterful and spirited tune as is wedded to the words of this song and call it his first effort is hardly believable. Can it be that some highly schooled and more than ordinarily clever writer is modestly hiding behind the name Robert Speroy, which is a new one in the world of song creating? In any event, the music of "Let's Keep the Glow in Old Glory" is of a character worthy of all the attention and praise accorded it, already greater by far than most melodies receive during their entire lifetime.

The McKinley Music Company, as most music buyers know, is noted for the superior manner in which publications bearing the imprint of this firm are produced. Their printing department in Chicago is one of the most complete and modern

in the country, permitting of color work of the highest artistic and intricate mechanical perfection.

Thus in employing with formal permission and reproducing in the original colors the exalted picture appearing as the cover design on a late number of the Butterick Publishing Company's fashion magazine, *The Delineator*, the McKinley Music Company has set what is probably a new standard in popular sheet music title-pages. One look at the frontispiece is sufficient to induce most persons to become immediate purchasers.

Besides being featured by the leading talking machine and phonograph concerns and player-piano roll manufacturers throughout the country, "Let's Keep the Glow in Old Glory" has been introduced simultaneously in hundreds of theatres and given mention in more than 1,600 newspapers. This publicity, while wholly merited, counts; it "makes" a song as nothing else will.

The catchy melody appealed to "Ban-Joe" Wallace, the vaudeville headliner, on a first hearing, and he quickly conceived the idea of teaching it to a bevy of American Red Cross nurses whom he was instructing in the intricacies of the ukulele. The picture of these courageous girls and their famous instructor appearing here was "snapped" on the roof of the St. Andrew Hotel, New York, shortly before the young women (God bless 'em) sailed for battle-scarred France.

IN offering any facts in connection with the McKinley Music Company's numbers, especially the introducing of new issues, it is hardly fitting not to devote some space at this time to one of the most enthusiastic and active members of their professional staff, J. Fred Coots, assistant manager of their

Mr. J. Fred Coots

New York office. Nothing in popular music affairs—McKinley music affairs—is too big, or too little, for this young man. While Mr. Coots has definite musical ability—he plays piano and sings excellently, putting over a song of most any type in a spirit and with a personality that always pleases the most critical individual or audience—his outstanding commercial characteristics are resourcefulness and willingness, a willingness to give attention to the smallest detail. He seems never to tire, and being persistent, yet tactful, he succeeds. And that's what counts. Details of a career are interesting, but the thing all remember is the final score—the results.

Speaking of results, Mr. Coots has succeeded in his efforts to have "Let's Keep the Glow in Old Glory" adopted by the public schools in New York City, the elementary and high schools in the five boroughs already having decided to add it to their official programs and the music supervisors of the Board of Education having given their assurance of undivided

(*Continued on page 21*)

Interpreting the Photoplay

Remarks, pro and con, on "Suggestion Sheets"—Douglas Fairbanks in "Say Young Fellow"—Questions Answered

(Note: Nos. 17 and 18 of Mr. Norton's "Interpretative Movie Music Series" appear on pages 18 and 19 of this issue)

By Harry Norton

Sense and Suggestion

IN previous articles the subject of "Musical Suggestion Sheets," as issued by several of the film producing companies, has been touched upon, and has evoked response from many picture players with arguments pro and con as to the value of the suggestions offered. Nearly all agree that the suggestion sheets are of value in at least one respect—the player is apprised in advance of the nature of the action of the photoplay by the indicated tempi of the musical numbers listed for adaptation to the film. On the other hand, there is a decided division of opinion as to the suitability of many numbers that are suggested.

In July MELODY the writer expressed the opinion that the selection of musical numbers and their adaptation to the moving picture, is and probably always will be, a matter of individual ideas and "taste."

The suggestions offered for use with many feature photoplays are the ideas of an individual musician, usually a man of long experience and proved ability in matters theatrical, and if conscientiously compiled are of undoubted value to both the seasoned and inexperienced players, but being the work of an individual musician and an expression of his ideas upon a subject, they are of course open to criticism if the critics wish to open fire upon them.

One of the first companies to make use of the "suggestion" idea stated on each sheet that the musical program outlined thereon was the only proper one for that film, and must be used if results were to be secured. That was a rather broad statement, which was later modified by a suggestion that a leader might substitute similar numbers from his available library.

In a preceding paragraph the writer used the expression "if conscientiously compiled" the suggestions were of value. In some instances there has seemed to be a tendency to commercialize or exploit the publications of some one publishing house or catalog. That is not the best way, because it cannot be expected that a musician will gather a large library of music when derived from but one source.

Every musical library of any size has been accumulated from the catalogs of all reputable publishers of music, and greater variety exists because of that fact. Therefore, the compiler of suggestions should endeavor to make use of the best and most suitable compositions, regardless of their origin. This argument does not apply to dramatic or incidental cue music because the supply is far short of the demand and but few publishers have made any effort to supply the demand.

As to whether or not the method of playing the pictures as outlined on the suggestion sheets is a good one, is also open to discussion. Theatre managers have ideas on the subject as well as their musicians; some do not like the "hodge-podge" effect of a change in the music with practically every change of scene in the photoplay, and their argument is good and worth listening to.

An acquaintance of the writer's, who manages two downtown houses, expresses the opinion that his audiences are better pleased with a good program of music that is not interrupted too frequently by changes which are not really necessary. He recognizes the necessity of "working up" the really dramatic moments of the drama, but argues that the abrupt termination of a musical number, leaving it unfinished, is not pleasant to the hearers. He prefers that his musicians overlook trivial "hurries" or "struggles" and continue with the musical number, which must of course be of appropriate character. His argument is good and deserves consideration, and he is qualified to criticise because he was graduated from the ranks of movie pianists to the position he now holds.

The writer has before him a cue sheet which illustrates the point taken. "Intermezzo Granadas" is suggested for a scene of one and one quarter minutes duration, immediately followed by "Marche des Petits Soldats" for one and three quarter minutes. In this instance there is no necessity for a change, whatever. If, instead, the "Marche des Petits Soldats" had been suggested to cover the entire three-minute interval the result would be decidedly better. The writer has played this particular picture and knows the result.

The time allotted to the two numbers named will not permit the completion of either, but the combined time (three minutes) is sufficient for a proper rendition of one of the numbers, which is undoubtedly preferable from the viewpoint of an audience, especially since the "Marche des Petits Soldats" is a well-known number and quite popular at the "The Pops" given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There is no doubt that the audience would be more pleased by a complete rendition of the above number than by its abrupt termination, in order to simply change the music because a new title appeared upon the screen.

"Following the picture" can be overdone, and in the overdoing the music is slighted. This is particularly true in regard to comedy features of five reel length. Douglas Fairbanks can lead an orchestra or pianist a merry chase, if the attempt is made to follow "Doug" in his many athletic stunts, and it is wholly unnecessary to do so. Pictures of that nature are so enjoyable and laughable that music need not be depended upon to put over a "punch."For such pictures a program of light, popular music—musical comedy selections, etc. played in their entirety are suitable material. When the "big punch" occurs, as in "Say Young Fellow," then dramatic hurry music should be used.

Mention of Fairbank's latest offering, "Say Young Fellow," recalls one or two pithy captions which are worth pasting in one's hat. One assertion is that "Success is achieved through one's application of common sense to the affairs of life and business;" the other that "Success is ten per cent inspiration and ninety per cent perspiration."

The first applies to picture playing without any modification; the second applies also, but with a greater percentage of inspiration, plus a portion of aspiration with a dash of concentration.

The result of applying common sense to the playing of the picture was impressed upon the writer on a recent visit to a theatre to hear an organist who is a new-comer to the ranks of movie players. The gentleman is, to begin with, a master of the instrument he plays, but prior to October of last year he had never considered the picture business as a field of endeavor. Without previous experience in any branch of theatrical work he took up picture playing, and the writer was really surprised at the rapid progress shown. His interpretation of the Artcraft feature, "A Doll's House," was par excellence. This is purely the result of the application of "common sense" to the work in hand, because the writer knows that this organist has not endeavored to imitate or copy the methods of other picture players hereabout. He has "doped it out" for himself, and the result proves that "it can be done."

(*Continued on page 25*)

Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen

HOW SEATTLE ACCEPTED BERNARD BRIN

SHORTLY after Bernard Brin opened his temple of piano syncopation in Seattle, he was interviewed by a reporter, whose account of the visit follows herewith.

Oh, Say! (Bing! Bang!) didja know we're going ra-hag time crazy?

Good evening, do you get what you want when you want it? If not, dash up to the New Pantages Building, between cars, or while you're waiting for the next chair at the bootblack's, and see Bernard Brin.

"We endeavor to give the people what they want," said Brin. "How's this?"

Then he whirled about on his piano stool and tore off a couple of yards of popular ragtime that would have made your feet itch and your shoulders jump.

"Well, just whaddye mean?" asked the gink from *The Star*.

"Oh," said Brin, "RAGTIME—in 20 lessons."

"No!" said *The Star* guy.

"Yeah!" said Brin, "Easy."

The guy from *The Star* fainted. When he revived he was humming, "When It's Night Time Down in Dixie Land."

"What's that again?" he asked Brin.

"Simply this," said Brin. "We teach pupils how to play popular music by note in 20 lessons. Sometimes it takes only 10 lessons."

And so *The Star* guy learned that half of Seattle is ragtime crazy and the other half is getting the bug.

Brin is said to be about the niftiest ragtime player on the coast. He's already taught one per cent of Seattle's population how to play the light, popular stuff in syncopated time and he's going to sign up another teacher, a lady probably, to help him out during the coming winter.

Students drop in between street cars and learn how to play some late piece, dash out and go home, and nobody is the wiser till it's all over and they can tickle the ivories like an old timer.

"Takes about four or five months to teach most of 'em," said Brin. "I have pupils from the department stores and from the swellest homes of the wealthy. I've got a couple of draymen on their 17th lesson. One of my newest students is a lady 80 years old."

The sign on the door reads "Seattle School of Popular Music." This is the only school of its kind in Seattle.

IS RAGTIME RESPECTABLE?

JOHN STARK, the pioneer publisher of ragtime music, who discovered Scott Joplin of "Maple Leaf" fame, made some interesting remarks in a recent conversation with the writer.

"I note that the controversy still goes on as to the respectability of ragtime," said Mr. Stark.

"In the first place the name no doubt was a handicap.

"Then there were quite a number of fairly good players that could not play it, and of course they were against it; again there were and are yet a large number of people who have no other way of showing culture and good taste (as they think) but to berate ragtime. And last, there were quite a number of good souls who really believed that there is something evil lurking somehow in ragtime.

"All of these people have cultivated these ideas until it has taken possession of their wills. The mind of man consists of a will and an intellect. The will is a silent partner and is all powerful. The intellect is a puppet slave, which tries to find ways and means to justify the decision of the will.

"Jesus said: 'If they believe not in Moses and the prophets neither would they believe though one rise from the dead.'

"Mohammed said: 'If we should open a window to heaven and show you the angels you would say "our eyes deceive us," ye would not believe.'

"Shakespeare makes King Henry IV say: 'The wish was father to that thought, Harry.'

"And an old saw among the people has it: 'Convince a man against his will he's of the opinion still.'

"And further, *A* is a democrat and lives on one side of the street; *B* is a republican on the other side. Each has five sons. A's sons are all democrats and B's all republicans. All are bright fellows. What did the intellect or common sense have to do with it?

"Now, whether the better instrumental ragtime will ever beat down and conquer the enslaved intellects, we will have to leave to the future.

"Mark Twain I believe has said that classic music is much better than it sounds. Ragtime fortunately is not handicapped that way. If you want to wake up an audience just start up the 'Cataract' or the 'Old Maple Leaf Rag.'"

WE are pleased to present herewith a photograph of the charming queen of song, Miss Crystal Jackman, who has won honors in all parts of the country.

She possesses a delightful soprano voice of unusual volume and exceedingly fine quality.

Miss Crystal Jackman

She has recently been heard in some of the better class cabaret shows in Chicago, previous to which she played a successful season in big time vaudeville.

At the present time she is spending her vacation at her home in Des Moines, Iowa, but will be heard from in the music centers the coming season.

THREE RAGTIME STUDIOS

THE accompanying cut shows photographs of three well known ragtime studios situated a great many miles apart. The one in the top picture is that of Edward Mellinger in St. Louis, the center being that of Dave Reichstein located in the western section of Chicago, and the lower photograph shows Bernard Brin at his desk in Seattle.

A MASTODON INSTRUMENT FOR PLAY PICTURES

THE Wurlitzer Hope-Jones unit orchestra organ in Covent-Garden, Chicago, Ill., is one of the most powerful musical instruments in the world. It also excels in the number, variety and beauty of the effects produced and provides greater majesty and dignity of tone than many of the world's largest pipe organs. It produces all the effects of the great symphony orchestras and it adds a wealth of tone color never before heard in orchestra or organ.

Unlike the organ, the quality and power of its tone are affected by the touch of the performer's fingers on the keys. The instrument, like the violin, is so sensitive as to reveal the feelings of the artist who plays it. Its expression shades are controlled by the fingers of the performer in the act of playing upon the keys.

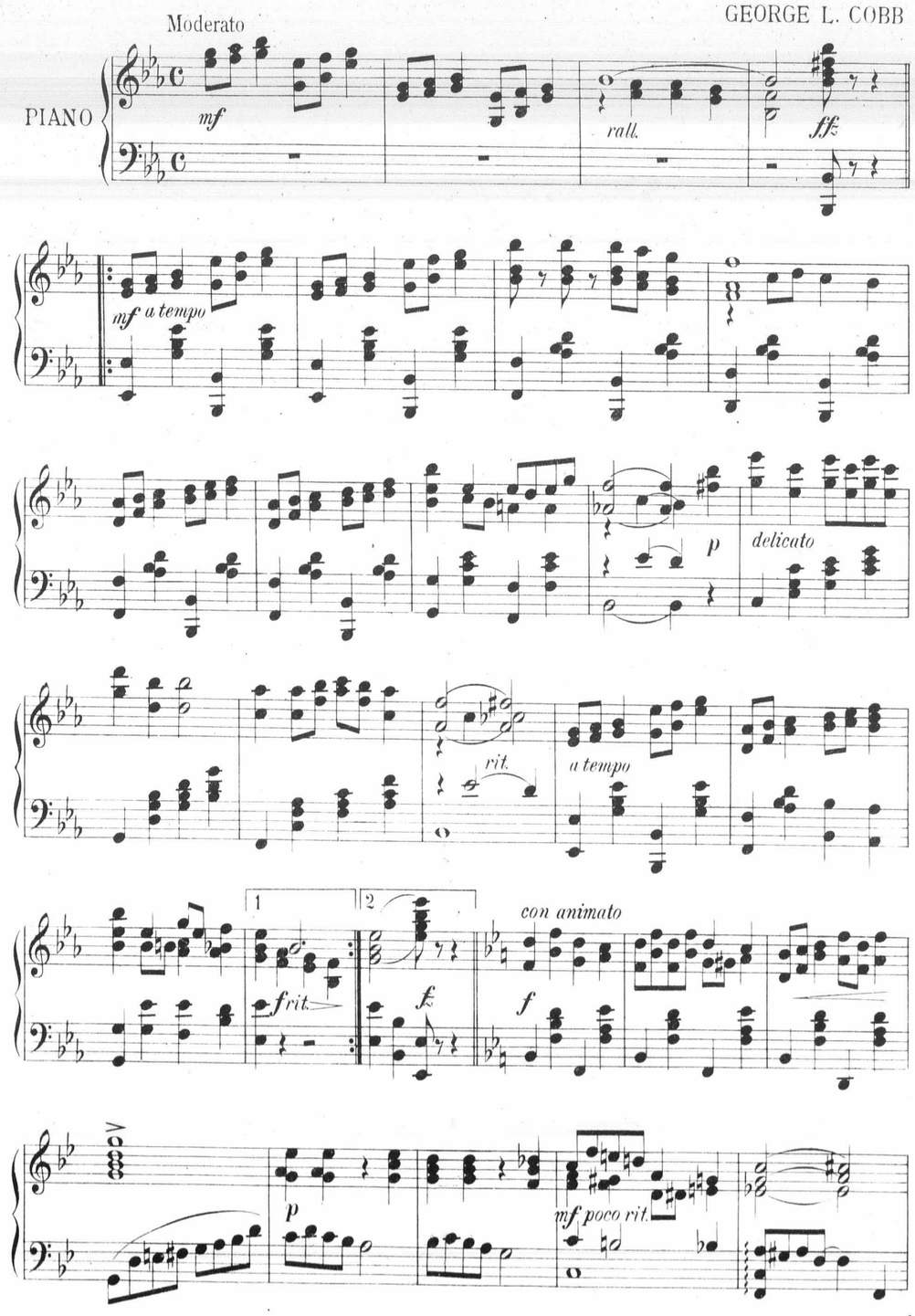
The main and solo organs are located in specially prepared chambers on the left of the proscenium arch, looking toward the stage, and the tuba and foundation organs on the right.

(Continued on page 21)

Moonbeams

NOVELETTE

GEORGE L. COBB



f a tempo

rall.

a tempo

mf

delicato

rit.

a tempo

fz

mf

2d time *f*

MELODY

ten. *ten.*

1 2

f *fz*

mf

p *delicato*

rit.

a tempo

fz *p* *poco rit.*

Allegro

f *ffz*

MELODY

Where the Chapel Bells Are Chiming
On the Bay of Old Biscay

Words by
TREVE COLLINS, JR.

Music by
TED HAMILTON

Moderato

PIANO

f *fz*

%

till voice

There's a ti - ny vine - clad cot - tage In a
Ev'- ry ev'- ning I can pic - ture How the

p *p*

land so far a - way, Near a lit - tle moss grown chap - el On the
sun - set's gold - en glow Tints that peace - ful lit - tle cot - tage As in

bay of old Bis - cay; And my thoughts are turn - ing dai - ly To that home a - cross the
days of long a - go; And I'm long - ing, yes, I'm long - ing To go back a - gain and

sea, And to those quaint old chap - el chimes that seem to call to me.
see That lit - tle grey - haired moth - er who's been wait - ing anx - ious - ly.

CHORUS

Where the chap-el bells are chim - ing On the bay of old Bis - cay,

p *2d time f*

(Chimes)

In that dis - tant land a - cross the sea Where it's ev - er home, sweet home to me;

There's a lit - tle moth - er yearn - - ing For her on - ly son's re -

turn - ing, Where the chap-el bells are chim - ing On the bay of old Bis-

1 cay. 2 cay. Where the chap-el bells are

f *fz*

%

D.S.

Odalisque

VALSE ORIENTALE

FRANK H. GREY

INTRO
Lento

PIANO

mf *f* *p*

VALSE

dolce

p

rall. *a tempo*

L.H. L.H.

MELODY

Energico

f

1 2

poco rit.

dolce

p a tempo

rall.

a tempo

L.H. L.H.

MELODY

Mysterioso

mp

f

mp

f

Con forza

ff

Basso marcato

Basso marcato

Basso marcato

MELODY

fz

ffz

Mysterioso

mp

f

mp

f

D.C.Valse al ⊕

Allegro

CODA

f

ff

lunga

ffz

MELODY

No. 17 Dramatic Tension

HARRY NORTON

Moderato sempre rubato

PIANO

D.C.al

No. 18 Hurry

HARRY NORTON

Presto

PIANO

Published by Walter Jacobs, Boston

Syncopated Piano Solo Arrangement of Chorus of

"Let's Keep The Glow In Old Glory"

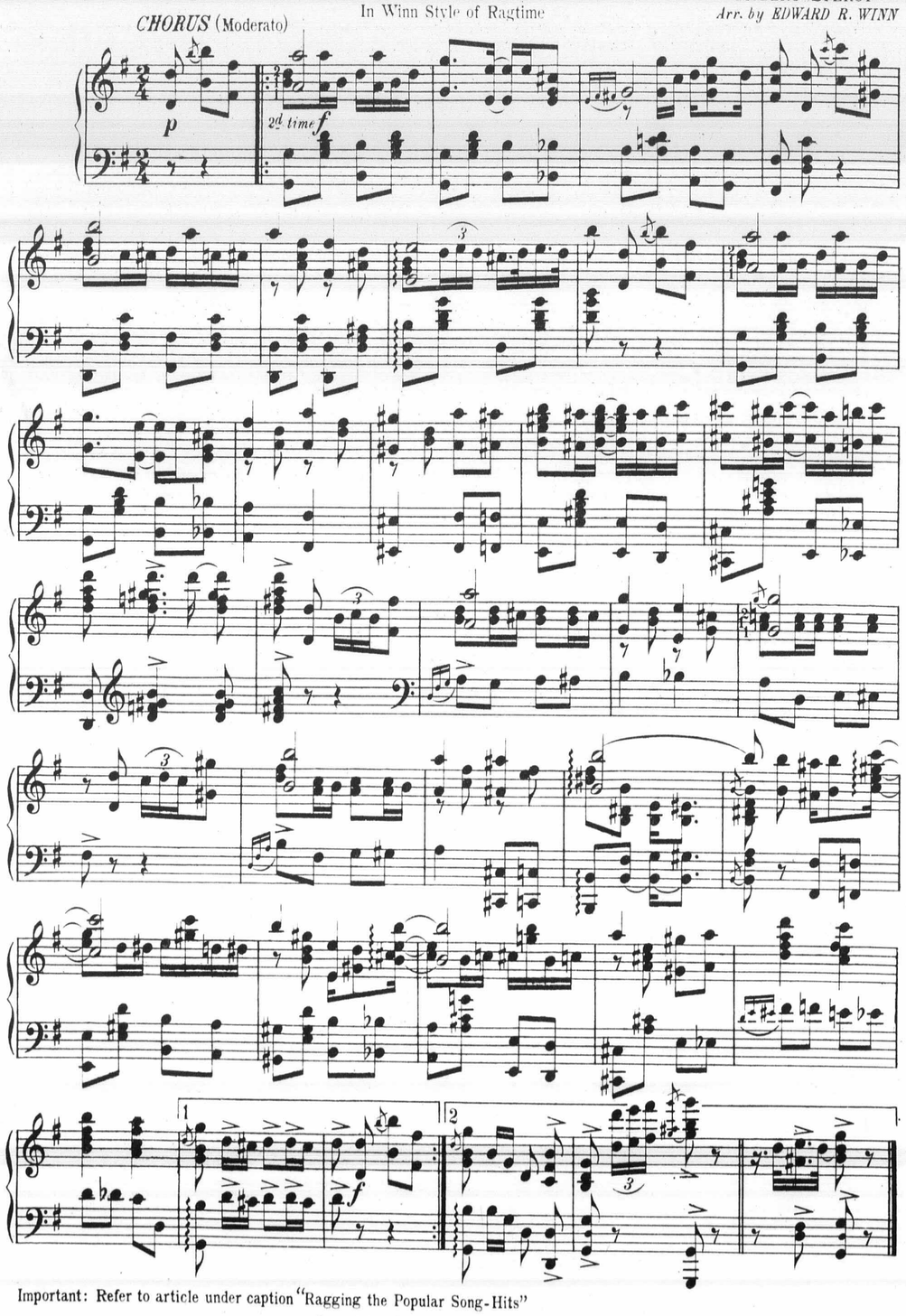
(And the Free in Freedom, Too)

Lyric by
WILBUR D. NESBIT

Music by
ROBERT SPEROY

In Winn Style of Ragtime

Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN



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

"Ragging" the Popular Song-Hits

(Continued from page 6)

support for this patriotic song as being particularly worthy of teaching to the young pupils.

On a recent two weeks' trip combining business and a short vacation Mr. Coots taught the song to 12,000 school children in Greenwich, Conn., and it is certain that these youngsters will always have a pleasant recollection of the day he stopped in their city.

Partly because of the large number of friends and business acquaintances he counts among those connected with the talking machine and player-piano roll interests, Mr. Coots looks after these branches for his concern. In his efforts here he is singularly happy—and successful.

Mr. Coots has a superfine sense for theatrical publicity and personally represents his company at the various war song contests held at the leading vaudeville houses in and near by Greater New York, not stopping short of invading "the Jersey side" if required, and he has always met with encouraging applause and encores.

His first big work at these contests was done with the highly educational patriotic song entitled "A-M-E-R-I-C-A Means I Love You, My Yankee Land," the second number to be given in this purposeful series of arrangements. His next winner was the McKinley Company's still popular "There's a Little Blue Star in the Window." And now he is hard at it with "Let's Keep the Glow in Old Glory," participating nightly in local patriotic bazaars, benefits and song contests.

Many know of J. Fred Coots as a song writer, remembering his "When I Dream of the Girl of My Dreams," "If You Can't Enlist, Buy a Liberty Bond," and others. His latest effort, a war song, is entitled "Don't Back Down, Back Us Up, That's Our Soldiers' Battle Cry."

And this leads us to the grim part. Anticipating an appointment by the government as an entertainer in training camps and behind the fighting men, Mr. Coots expects soon to leave for France to "do his bit," and this, in a way, promises many pleasant hours and a lightening of the task for the boys "over there." While he is overseas his many acquaintances very likely will often discuss his personal qualities of genuineness and sincerity, and in all probability comment on the ingenuous look he gives you when he shakes hands, which seems to say, "Let's be friends forever."

Judging by the progress he has made in the four short years he has been identified with the popular music world, we expect eventually from J. Fred Coots nothing short of a record smashing Broadway musical comedy success.

But, as that is somewhat of a prophesy, we'll have to wait and see.

CHICAGO SYNCOPATIONS

(Continued from page 8)

The main organ is made up of diapasons, flutes, strings, clarionets, piccolos, etc.

The solo organ is a distinctive instrument of specially selected solo stops, such as trumpet, orchestral oboe, oboe horn, tibia, quintadena and kinura.

The tuba organ comprises the bombardes, tubas and clarions, and is most brilliant and powerful.

The foundation organ has the tremendous diaphone, diapasons, special strings, tibias and flutes.

The echo organ is located in the rear of the balcony, and is a complete organ in itself, with its own pedal department.

Distributed throughout the instrument are numerous percussion effects, such as harps of different shades of strength and quality; large and small cathedral chimes, xylophones, glockenspiel, sleigh bells, vibrating bells, etc.

The traps comprise bass, kettle and snare drums, crash cymbals, tambourines, birds, castanets, triangle and a host of others.

To one side of the instrument is a piano which is operated from the organ keyboard, and having the expressive touch gives the performer practically the touch control of the artist's fingers upon the piano keys.

There are also thunder, rain, wind and other effects. Wind pressures varying from 6 feet to 25 feet are employed.

Three electric motors, aggregating 52 horsepower, are required to supply the wind for the instrument.

From the console runs a small cable of fine electric wires, and under each of the keys operated by hand or feet there is an electric contact made of pure silver.

There are four manual keyboards, and immediately above there will be seen two semi-circular rows of stop keys which control the speech of the various instruments. The heavy bass notes are played on a keyboard operated by the feet of the performer. The manual and pedal keys have two movements each. Upon a light or ordinary touch the key will descend in the usual manner, but when a firm pressure is exerted the key will fall another sixteenth of an inch, producing a tone of greater intensity or different quality as the performer may elect.

The pedal and two lower keyboards are filled with the pizzicato touch by means of which the pizzicato or plucking effect is produced, which is a valuable adjunct in orchestral productions.

The response of the pipes and other effects to the touch is instantaneous. The rapidity of the action far exceeds that of the finest piano. The instrument is played from a movable console or keydesk in full view of the audience, in the position usually occupied by the musical director. Hundreds of miles of electric wire have been consumed in giving control of the various parts, in addition to which vast quantities of pipe organ and structural wires are used.

The smallest organ pipe employed is the diameter of a straw and but three-fourths of an inch in length. The largest, a diaphone, weighs 900 pounds, is 32 feet in length, and contains over 500 feet of lumber.

THE VAUDEVILLE AGENT

"THE vaudeville agent's life is not a particularly happy one," said Frank Doyle to me the other day (Doyle books a big circuit from Chicago).

The booker is expected to know every one of the thousands of acts in the show business; is expected to keep up with the improvements made in every act; be aware of changes in cast which may work against the effectiveness of the act; know every detail of the work of those acts which may be placed on the same bill; recognize the value of every offering in the field of entertainment and, more important, never pay an act any more than any other agent of whom the house manager may get track, nor more than it is actually worth to the manager served.

On the other hand the booker, to please vaudeville players, must always book anyone with whom he has been intimate in former years, regardless of the merit of the act; must never forget a face nor an act; must always view every act in a charitable way; must open up his books to every curious player, and must provide work when it is needed and at a salary a little higher than others pay.

The booker is paid by the actor, as five per cent of the player's salary is deducted for this purpose. While paid by the actor, the manager considers that he is the booker's boss—and he generally is. The house manager can throw his bookings where he wills, and if he does not secure satisfaction from one agent he is likely to turn to another. So the booker must jolly the house manager at times. He must agree with the house manager's judgment of an act, must coincide with his classification of a show, and must humble himself in various ways to keep the manager's goodwill.

The old story about Richard Mansfield blaming his advance agent for every little thing is apropos. It is told that Mansfield walked up town at one stand. He crossed some planks laid in front of a new building. Stepping on one, there was a splash of mud, which soiled the legs of his trousers. "Durn that agent," was the actor's remark. It is the same in vaudeville. When business is off, the agent is likely to be blamed. When a show does not run ideally, because of the incompetence of a leader or a stage crew, the agent is generally given the blame. When a stage is too small to properly set an act the blame is laid on the agent for booking it.

Many agents when booking a show have gotten wise enough to saddle the responsibility on the manager before finally closing the contracts. This explains why there is so much apparent stalling on the part of the agents. The booker gets the O.K. of the manager before closing up contracts and then has an alibi if there is a kick.

Not long ago the manager of a Chicago house expressed himself as anxious to play a certain dog act. The booker indicated as much to the artist's representative handling the act. The act signed a contract. The contract was slow in returning to him, and as many contracts signed by the act had not been finally executed, the act supposed the deal was off and signed elsewhere. When the manager heard this he waxed very indignant. The fact is that he wanted to get this act if he could not get a tabloid for that half week. When he learned that the act was not available he roared and fumed, and said that if he did get a tabloid he wanted this offering to play between acts. Fortunately the last agent who received the act would listen to reason, and the contract was annulled. About this time the house manager landed a tabloid and decided he did not want the dog act. A

contract signed by one party only "held" when he wanted the act, but he reasoned differently when he did not want it, and refused absolutely to play the attraction. There are a hundred instances of this kind.

Mr. Doyle has been the most independent booker who has ever figured in Chicago vaudeville. He has always insisted on booking houses as he thought best, in spite of the wailings of managers, holding that his judgment of a show was better than theirs; that he was less prejudiced than they were, and that he could do the work better without interference.

The agent's work is not understood by those who have not had long experience in that line. The trials connected with booking shows are so many, and the aggravations so numerous, that those who know the booking game cannot help but have sympathy for the booker.

STUDIO NOTES

J. Forrest Thompson, composer of a number of good rags, who has been conducting a school of ragtime in Louisville, Ky., has joined the colors, leaving Mrs. Boswell in charge of his school.

Jack Cohen, who has been teaching in Mr. Corbitt's school of ragtime in Cleveland, has returned to Chicago to take charge of one of the oldest schools teaching ragtime in this country.

Ray Worley, who conducts a school of ragtime in Kansas City, is spending his summer vacation in Colorado, and writes that he is getting thoroughly rested so that he can do justice to the large class of pupils he expects to enroll in the fall. His assistant, Mr. Riggs, has a large class of pupils for the summer.

R. C. Barnhard, of Rochester, has left to fight for Uncle Sam, leaving his sister to manage his school until he returns.

Miss Perry has returned to the staff of ragtime teachers to handle the large class of pupils formerly taught by Frances Moe, of Chicago.

Harold Van Meter, who has been connected with one of the largest schools of ragtime in Chicago for some time, has also gone to the front.

Word was received from Alice Lambert, former teacher of ragtime in Chicago, that she is in Atlantic City waiting orders to sail for France, where she will be one of Uncle Sam's "Hello girls."

Edna Morton, who is in charge of a Chicago school of ragtime, has been very busy during the past few weeks. So many new pupils are being enrolled that there is some talk of employing a new teacher to handle the new class.

Will Newlan, who has charge of the band and orchestra department in one of the schools of ragtime in Chicago, recently played a very successful engagement at the North American Restaurant, but on account of the increased number of pupils in his class he was obliged to cancel an engagement for last week.

Frankin Steinko, who has been teaching ragtime in one of the suburbs of Chicago is now studying banjo, and expects to add a class in stringed instruments to his already prosperous school.

Esther Carroll, who teaches vocal in a Chicago school on Jackson Boulevard, is spending a two weeks vacation, but intends to continue her work as soon as she returns.

George Schulte, former teacher of ragtime in Cleveland, is now in camp in Georgia, and reports that he likes his new work.

Charles Schultz, who formerly managed a popular music school in Milwaukee, dropped in to say good-bye to his old friends in Chicago, last Saturday, as he expects to leave for France sometime in the very near future.

Harriet Smith, of Detroit reports business good for the summer months.

A new school of ragtime is being opened in Toronto, Ontario.

Philip L. Eubank has started a school of ragtime in San Antonio, Texas, and from the amount of good advertising he is doing he must have a large class of pupils by this time.

Jacob Schwartz, of Buffalo, reports lots of new pupils during the past month.

Bessie Yeager, of Minneapolis, says that she surely will need more space for her school next fall, judging from the past season.

At Philadelphia, Bessie Leithmann now has her down town office in smooth running order and reports continued good business.

FROM ST. LOUIS

EDWARD MELLINGER, director of an extensive school of ragtime piano playing in St. Louis, instills enthusiasm into his teachers and pupils by means of bulletins which are posted on his bulletin board at frequent intervals. Here is one of them:

FOR OUR PUPILS TO READ AND UNDERSTAND

We hope that you have been making good progress during the last several weeks and that you are satisfied with the results thus obtained. Only continued practice on your part will bring this result.

Some persons imagine that ragtime is so entirely different from classical music that you do not have to practice at all! This is wrong. While you do not have to practice so much, still it requires at least an hour EACH and every day. More than that would be even still better.

We have too many friends in this city who KNOW what our school and system is for you to believe these few knockers. Here are some of the best and most well-known musicians in the city, who will tell you some wonderful things concerning our system—they know.

Tony Bafunno, leader and director, Park Opera Company orchestra.

David Silverman, orchestra leader at the Lyric Theatre, and at McTague's and the Maryland Hotel.

Louis Kopelman, pianist, Empress Theatre (former teacher of our school).

Miss Eunice Cheney, pianist de concert, Cafe, Grand and Franklin.

Prof. Harry Meyers, orchestra leader, Rienzi Cafe, 10th and Olive.

Besides the branch school in South St. Louis, Mr. Mellinger has just established a branch in Alton, Ill. He is soon to start a school in East St. Louis.

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.

B. J. M., Medford, Oregon.

THERE has been no change in the music-editorial staff of this magazine, nor any deviation from the general policy first established as regards the publications appearing in our music-pages. We agree with you that there are successful music writers in the West—likewise in the Southwest, Middle West, Northwest. Perhaps there are even better writers in the West than there are in the East; we do not attempt to say, although we do know that composers and would-bes are more numerous to the square inch in the vicinity of certain Eastern cities than anywhere else in the world. And no doubt your patriotic song is a good one; you say that it is "better than any patriotic song ever owned or published by this magazine," which puts it in pretty good company, in view of the phenomenal *natural* success of The Battle Song of Liberty—the only patriotic song ever published in MELODY—now in its tenth edition in sheet music form. If your song is as good as this, it seems reasonable to assure you that some publisher would be glad to buy it, except for the fact that patriotic songs are a drug on the market. If you wish us to publish the words of your song for criticism by MELODY readers, we will gladly do so.

E. T. S., South Bend, Ind.

"If You Were True" has many clever lines and pretty music throughout, but this kind of song would hardly be popular nowadays. You don't seem to work up much of a climax in the last part of this number. It just dwindles away toward the end where it should have a punch. Kindly make your manuscript in ink if you submit any in the future.

O. R. E., Camp Cody, N. Mex.

"My Southern Girlie," while good words and music, somehow lacks the punch and appeal that goes to make a song popular. In the last of your chorus you strike G above middle C, which is out of the question in a song of this kind. It is difficult to say whether it would pay you to submit this number to publishers or not. However, do so and you will be convinced one way or the other.

G. J. M., Columbia, S. C.

I fail to find anything remarkable in the music you have set to Wilbur Nesbit's poem, "Your Flag and My Flag." While your melody fits the words rythmically, it hardly seems strong enough to go with such an inspired lyric. Your arrangement is very weak and crude and would require a thorough going over by someone competent to do this work before it would ever appeal to a musician or a publisher. Be sure and get permission to use this poem before you submit it anywhere or consider publishing it yourself. The poem already has been set to music by permission of the author, and published.

M. R., New Hamburg, Ontario, Can.

"Where the Mulberry Grows" is a nice little ballad about Marie and a Mulberry tree with the plot laid in Italy. You mention leaving your heart and hand in the golden land of song. Which one did you leave? "Mississippi" is a funny "coon" poem. That's all. "O'Brien is Tryin' His Luck at Flyin'" is all to the merry, but the title is too near like a Witmark publication ever to get by with a publisher. "On America's Honor Roll" tells a beautiful story and is a fine patriotic poem. Your lyric is worthy of a good musical setting.

A. C., Pulaski, Tenn.

"When We Come Back to America and You" is a patriotic ballad, a little above the popular class and has considerable originality. There are tons of these songs on the market and it's not possible to tell what will go, to say nothing of its being accepted. A better arrangement of this song should be made if you are considering an assault on the publishers' sanctums.

L. T., New York City.

We haven't the space this month to go into detail regarding the four songs you have written for the amateur musical comedy to be given by your club. No, these numbers are not in the popular class but are what I would consider real production material. Your melodies all have an original lilt and the show surely should be a success if all the songs are as good as the ones that you have submitted here for criticism. We will be interested to know how your show comes out.

A. A. B., Elwood, Nebr.

"Singing to Me of Thee" is a pretty poem about a bird in a tree singing a melody to a she about a he "over there." This effort might be made into a song poem if the chorus were a trifle longer. "Little Vine-clad Home Among the Roses" is one of the daintiest bits of real poetry that we have seen in many a day. This lyric is worthy of a high-class musical setting. Your "Skeeter and Frog" poem is not worth criticising.

W. J. F., Kansas City, Mo.

"Under the Stars and Stripes," taken as a whole, is a good march ballad. Your words are very amateurish and I would advise you to practice writing parodies on popular songs. That will help you get on to the hang of rhythm and meter. The melody to your verse starts with two eighth notes preceding the first measure. You have no words for these in your first verse but in your second you use the word "Kaiser." Better add two words to your first verse. The music is well arranged, catchy and is the stuff that sells. All you need is experience, as I believe the spark of song writing genius is already kindled within your manly breast.

E. E. H., Osie, W. Va.

"Last Night I Dreamed" is too long for a song poem. I would suggest that you cut it down if you hope or expect to use it as such. This poem is far above the average published ballad and abounds with fine sentiment and perfect rhythm. It ought to inspire any melody writer to do his best.

T. N. T., Chicago, Ill.

Your ballad, "Flowers of Loveland," is a direct steal on "Roses of Picardy." Your words are fairly original but your music is rank larceny. I am under the impression that you sent this number in purposely to see if the Boston bean-eating editor was on to his job. T. N. T. are some initials to carry around for life. They may be loud but we've surely heard good reports about you. Joke.

W. J. C., Vallejo, Calif.

Irish ballads are more than scarce these days when every one is writing, or trying to write, war songs. "Her 'Witching Irish Smile" combined with a typical Irish melody,

full of the "old sod," should find its way into the catalog of some big publisher.

A. L. E., Bronx, N. Y.

You can read your title "Love Throbs Are Echoes of Love" backwards and get nearly as much sense as the way it now stands. Your music plays well and is arranged correctly enough but your words seem to "bag at the knees." The story that you meant to run through your poem rambles so that I find it impossible to tell whether your plot lies in a clock store or a nursery. "Ooo Sis You Let Him Does It" is squirrel food, that's all.

E. M. G., Washburn, Me.

Outside of a slight steal on "Perfect Day" in the opening measures of your chorus, "We've Grown Old, You and I" is a real and originally written ballad. There is a wealth of pure sentiment in the words and the melody has the appeal that goes to make songs of this kind popular. Add an eight measure introduction, change the first four measures in the chorus and your number will be Okey. "We're Coming Comrades" is a good rollicking march-song in 6-8 tempo. "There's a Soldier Boy Somewhere in France" is a good ballad. Both of these songs could be made to sell if they were properly plugged.

D. J. M., Toledo, Ohio.

"He's Marching Home to You" is almost flawless as a war song. Better than many of the numbers of this type published. I fear you will have difficulty in placing it. You know the answer. Turn your talent into a channel not so overworked.

E. B. S., Meadville, Pa.

"Little Girl" and "Glory" both contain merit. "Little Girl" has been done before, so you will have to change the title of this song. "Glory" is refreshingly original and cleverly written. "Dreamland" is a nice little ballad and I would advise you to make more use of your melody in the accompaniment. Songs to be popular nowadays must be written and arranged so that they can be played either as an accompaniment to the voice or as a piano solo. In "Happy Love" you make the same error.

A. C. B., Henderson, Ky.

"Give the Soldier Boy a Song" as a poem may have been inspired by the loftiest spirit of patriotism, but as a song I think it a very flat affair. Just imagine going to a regular theatre some evening, wearing a high collar and your best girl—a regular theatre with seats and everything—and hearing some harmony-hound sing these lines: "To the fields of France he's flying" and "Keep his courage skyward." Don't you think you would chortle up your sleeve a bit? So do I. Write something, anything but a near war song.

E. I. P., Scranton, Pa.

"I'll Try to Make the Picture Do" tells a fairly good story, but the metre is so crooked that it would have to be straightened out by a master hand before it could ever pass muster and be set to music. "No Man's Land" and "I was Never Born to Be Alone" are too silly and suggestive to bother with. "Angels of War" contains the germ of a mighty fine idea and if worked out with thought and care could be made into a fine song poem.

G. J. L., Gillespie, Ill.

"Away Back" is a state song with a few novel rhymes but with little original thought; reference to the "silv'ry moon" seems wholly irrelevant. However, with a strong melody this song might achieve as much success as the average state song—which isn't anything to send thrills through the money pockets of the fellows who sell motor cars to song writers. "Send Me a Kiss by Wireless" has been overdone already; this one offers nothing new. The meter in this lyric is correct, rhymes are good—and that is the best I can say for the poem.

N. N., Medford, Mass.

Your questions are all sensible, but most of them are slightly outside of my jurisdiction. I sprung a few of them on the editor, some on the big chief, and the query about the natural musicianship of all colored people I tried on the elevator man. He sang for me, briefly (very briefly), and I am able to definitely settle one of your questions by stating emphatically that *not all* colored people are musical. It is a fact, however, that as a race, negroes seem exceptionally blessed with musical intuition. There are several very successful colored composers, and I do not think the matter of color or race should be a serious obstacle in the path of any aspiring song-writer. You ask if a conservatory education is essential to the successful composer. All the education in the world wouldn't make a successful composer, and, on the other hand, while some composers are entirely "self-made" as far as education is concerned, copious quantities of "natural talent" without a reasonable degree of education seldom bring the possessor thereof into renown. Education—acquired either through hard experience and "digging," or tuition under good instructors—is quite essential. But talent—the germ of genius—must be there first. This magazine is anxious to give all assistance possible to aspiring song-writers and composers, and we aim to encourage all persons who show indications of talent. Those who obviously are unblessed by the muses, we also endeavor to encourage—to expend their energies in some more promising pursuit.

I would advise you to seek the counsel of some one of the many music schools in this section. Remember that music is a broad field and embraces several distinct professionals, among which you should find place to exercise the talents with which you are endowed.

About Songs, Song Writers, Song Publishers

A few Sundays ago the Jerome H. Remick & Co., and the Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. baseball teams clashed. The score of 9 to 5 was in favor of the Remick boys.

* * *

"I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" is being featured by Emma Carus and Larry Comer on the big time. Yes, it's a Feist song and a hit.

* * *

Lieut. Emil Breitenfeld, U. S. A., is responsible for the big song hit "The Last Long Mile" in the Henry W. Savage production of "Toot-Toot."

* * *

"Do-Re-Mi" is the title of the new fox-trot intermezzo recently placed with Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. by the popular and well-known composer of musical comedies, Otto Motsan.

* * *

Irving Berlin was responsible for bringing the "Lambs' Gambol" to Camp Upton, L. I., the other Sunday. He's now at work on a new show to be presented by a cast of enlisted boys from the camp.

* * *

Earl Carroll, now a full fledged lieutenant in the Aviation Corps, has been transferred from Camp Dick, Texas, to Mineola, L. I.

(*Continued on page 27*)

Interpreting the Photoplay

By Harry Norton

(*Continued from page 7*)

"Inspiration," unfortunately, is not to be acquired. It is a gift of Nature, and if we do not possess it to a great degree we can at least cultivate our small share which we do possess.

"Aspiration" is unlimited. We may aspire to anything and be limited only by environment, education, social position, physique and a few other small matters, but nevertheless our aspiration may be termed unlimited.

"Concentration" is free to him who will make use of his ability to concentrate, but like so many good gifts that are free, it is not appreciated and most of us are not as successful as we might be because of our neglect to make use of the faculty of concentration.

The ninety per cent "perspiration" part of the Fairbanks' formula is familiar to all players who interpret Mr. Fairbanks' screen offerings successfully or otherwise.

The application of common sense reasoning to the work of playing the pictures will surely start one on the road to success, the measure of his success to be determined by his inherent ability and the possession of other natural gifts.

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.

D. F. B., Pueblo, Col.

The following numbers will be found useful for pictures in Japanese atmosphere: "A Night in Japan," suite by Braham; "In a Chinese Tea Room," Langey; "Japanese Patrol," Tobani; "The Dragon's Eye," Gay; "Poppies," Moret; "Hong Kong Gong," Hildreth, and "Ylang Ylang," Anthony.

K. S. J., Vancouver, B. C.

For "rough and tumble" comedies, 2-4 one-steps are the best material, and for "chase" scenes there is nothing better than the old fashioned 2-4 galops which were published for orchestra in great numbers years ago.

J. H. N., St. Johns, N. B.

Excerpts from standard overtures make excellent dramatic hurries: "Zampa;" "Jolly Robbers;" "Orpheus;" "Semiramide;" "Morning, Noon and Night" and many others which are undoubtedly familiar to you.

M. A. B., Trenton, N. J.

There is no doubt in the writer's mind that movie audiences prefer soft, subdued musical accompaniment to the pictures, but managers do not all agree on the subject. Some want volume of sound, and it must therefore be supplied them since many managers are conceited enough to believe that they know what their audiences want better than the patrons themselves.

Melody Professional Service Dept.

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 St. Boston, Mass.

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ABOUT SONGS, SONG WRITERS, SONG PUBLISHERS

(*Continued from page 24*)

People who don't know the meaning of "Blighty" will find the answer in the new Feist song, "When I Get Back To My American Blighty," by Teddy Morse and Arthur Fields.

* * *

William Jerome, Jack Mahoney and Percy Wenrich are the writers of "The Rainbow from the United States." This number was a big hit in "Lambs' Gambol" given recently and went over so big that Charles Dillingham secured the stage rights for the Hippodrome show next season. It will be a Feist publication.

* * *

Joseph M. Davis, of the Triangle Music Co., who first published "Don't Leave Me Daddy," has just enlisted in the Naval Reserves.

Jerome H. Remick & Co. have started a campaign on the new song "Smiles," by Will J. Callahan and Lee S. Roberts, which the House of Remick purchased from Mr. Roberts less than a month ago. $5000 is said to be the purchase price.

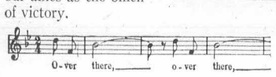
A NATION'S SONGS

The Popular Songs of America at War

By A Patriot

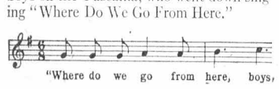
A NATION that sings can never be beaten—each song is a mile-stone on the road to victory.

Songs are to a nation's spirit what ammunition is to a nation's army. The producer of songs is an "ammunition" maker. The nation calls upon him for "ammunition" to fight off fatigue and worry. The response has been magnificent. America's war songs are spreading through the world—hailed by our allies as the omen of victory.



When the boys march down the Avenue, it's the martial crash of "Over There" that puts the victory swing in their stride. When the subscription squad "sets to" before a Liberty Bell, "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There" starts the signatures to the blanks. When the troop trains speed through, "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France" swells every heart with confidence.

Even into the jaws of death! American history has no finer page than that of the boys on the Tuscania, who went down singing "Where Do We Go From Here."



But aside from their effect as stimulants of the national spirit, these war songs, simply as developments, are interesting.

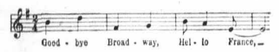
Whence did they come? What brought them? How did they happen?

The list is already a familiar one. Heading it is "Over There." Pressing close for popularity are "Where Do We Go From Here," "It's a Long Way to Berlin, But We'll Get There," "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France." And now they're singing a lot of newer ones like "We're All Going Calling On The Kaiser," "If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Why Then It's Good Night Germany" and "Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Genr'l Pershing Will Cross the Rhine."

When we examine into the source and nature of these songs, we find that practically every one issues from a single publishing house,—the house of Leo Feist, Inc.

Practically every one gives voice to a tremendous eagerness for "Getting over and at 'em." And the music has a certain buoyant urge that stirs the very corpuscles of the blood.

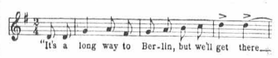
Truly remarkable that one man should give the nation practically all its war songs.



But this is only the external fact. Music is not to be judged as other things made, bought, and sold. It comes not from without, but from within. It is the language of innermost feeling. That a hundred million sing Leo Feist's war-songs means that he has succeeded in truly reaching a hundred million hearts.

That Mr. Feist himself neither wrote words nor music of any of these songs is away from the point. It was he who made them possible. It was he who conceived "Where Do We Go From Here?" It was he who made "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There" into a great recruiting song. It was he who brought "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" to the status of a full-fledged camp song. It was he who dug "Katy" out of an army camp, and gave it to the people. It was he who paid George M. Cohan $25,000 for "Over There."

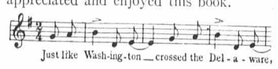
It was he who made a part of America's tradition "Homeward Bound," "We'll Knock the Heligo Out of Heligoland," "Bring Back My Daddy to Me," "I'll Come Back to You When It's All Over," "'Round Her Neck She Wears a Yeller Ribbon," "Give Me a Kiss by the Numbers," "Each Stitch is a Thought of You, Dear," "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip," "I Don't Want to Get Well," "We Beat Them At the Marne," "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy," "I'd Like to See the Kaiser With a Lily In His Hand," "When I'm Through With Arms of the Army," "When We Wind Up the Watch On the Rhine," "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You."



Mr. Feist is also responsible for one of the greatest innovations in music since the war began. It was he who conceived the idea of a pocket-sized songbook for the use of Soldiers, Sailors and the folks back home.

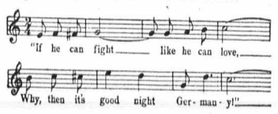
This eighty-page gloom dispeller contains all the old favorites with words and music of the newest copyrighted songs. He gave the book its appropriate title, "Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing," and marketed it at a price within reach of all, 15c.

One of Mr. Feist's most valued treasures is a letter framed in his office from a soldier in the trenches telling how he and his pals appreciated and enjoyed this book.



Zwingli said, "Nothing makes a man more of a man than music." Leo Feist is not only building national-spirit—he is building man-power. He is a genius that serves subtly—but none the less powerfully.

Like all men with a purpose, Leo Feist has a whole-hearted slogan—"You Can't Go Wrong With a Feist Song." With it he has confidently led the campaign for singing cheerfulness—with a success that is evidenced in every city, town and hamlet of the United States, for the great Feist songs are heard everywhere. Today they are our inspiration—tomorrow our memories.



They are the songs that will commemorate the victory of Liberty in the great big future—when young faces have been marked by the hand of time—when guns are aged by rust—when great monuments mark the land where rest those who went forth *singing*. Get these songs—learn them so you will know them in years to come, just as you know "Dixie", "Marching through Georgia" and the songs of the Civil War.

MUSIC WILL HELP WIN THE WAR!

Reprinted from

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Nation that sings can never be beaten—each song is a mile-stone on the road to victory.

America's War Songs are spreading through the world—hailed by our allies as the omen of victory.

Songs are to a Nation's spirit what ammunition is to a Nation's army.

The producer of songs is an "ammunition" maker. The Nation calls upon him for "ammunition" to fight off fatigue and worry.

Major General Wood said: "It is just as essential that the soldiers know how to sing as it is that they carry rifles and know how to shoot them. There isn't anything in the world, even letters from home, that will raise a soldier's spirits like a good, catchy marching tune."

Therefore

Music Is Essential

and as always

"You Can't Go Wrong With Any 'Feist' Song"

Volume II, Number 9 SEPTEMBER, 1918 Formerly The Tuneful Yankee

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

MUSIC

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER JACOBS BOSTON MASS

STARMER

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

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