MELODY
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF
POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

Editorial
Melodies for Melodists. Two Great Wars in Song
Interpreting the Photoplay. By Harry Norton
"Pay" Excerpts from Beethoven
Just Between You and Me. By George L. Cobb
What'll We Do? Correspondents Answered
Chicago Syncopations. By Axel W. Christensen
The Entertainment Field—A Successful Graduate at San Francisco—An Open
Letter to Orpheus on Reggae—The Case of a Piano

MUSIC
The League of Nations. By Joseph F. Wagner
March for Piano
Dixie Lullaby. Song. By George L. Cobb
The Commander. By R. B. Hall
March for Piano
Jacobs' Incidental Music. Adapted by Norton-Hildreth
Series B—Excerpts from Beethoven
East o' Suez. By R. E. Hildreth
March for Piano

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER JACOBS  BOSTON MASS
PHOTO-PLAY PIANISTS

Gordon’s Motion Picture Collection

In Two Volumes, Price 50 cents each, postpaid

Volume I Contains Music for Nineteen Common Types of Pictures

SALIENT PICTURE

(PICTURE) WESTERN MELODRAMA
No. 1 Temple of Lost Souls, etc.
No. 2 For Love Scenes, etc.
No. 3 Irish Melodies
No. 4 For Comic Scenes.

Volume II Contains music for 61 miscellaneous Scenes and Effects such as storms and battle scenes; animal cries and railroad train effects; national air, etc. Use it in conjunction with Vol. I.

COMPRESIVE—Practical—A BOON TO PIANISTS

Send $1.00 for them now or ask for circulars

141 West 36th Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Christensen System of

RAGTIME

PIANO PLAYING is taught by enterprising teachers from coast to coast and by mail.

If you are a teacher, write for our teacher’s proposition where we show you how to turn your spare time into money.

If you are a person who wants to learn to play real ragtime write for free booklet and address of nearest school.

Christensen School of Popular Music
Oldest and Largest School of Its Kind in the World
20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

MACDONALD

The Weekly Musical Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music

Volume III

January, 1919

GREETING TO 1919!

To every Song-Maker, every Song-Singer and every Song-Lover in the glorious Kingdom of Songs—A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The tempest and tragedy of the world-war is now extinct only as memory. Of those who so wretchedly participated, there remains but a black and bitter memory that all the world hopes will soon be extinguished in its own dead ashes. Of those who, for righteous cause, bravely fought and successfully passed through the maelstrom of war, those lives a warm and glowing memory, which is transformed into a gloriously golden remembrance of those who died, sacrificed and pressed on in fighting for that cause—an undying and glorified flame of memory that shall burn when all wars have been forgotten.

We have passed through the last year of the old horror, and are now entering upon a year of new glory, we have had the Victory with the shooting, and have entered into the Peace with singing and smiling. Let us then offer glad tribute to what has been gained, by swinging through the advancing year of 1919 with songs and with smiles—even though at times the songs may tremble and falter, and smiles shorten to tears, at the memories of those who have to secure the world’s freedom are now passed beyond the smiling and the weeping.

MORRIS H. ROSENFIELD

With feeling of sincere regret and with full sense of the loss to popular music journalism, MELODY learns of the sudden death of Mr. Morris H. Rosenfield, the first editor of this magazine when it was known as “The Tuneful Tasker,” and a man whose passing can but leave a void in the field of popular music.

Mr. Rosenfield—who is survived by a widow, a daughter and a brother—was born fifty-six years ago in Richmond, Virginia, but for more than thirty years he had been active in the literary life of New York City as publicity agent, newspaper correspondent, music critic and song writer. He was founder and head of the Rosenfield Musical Press Bureau, that from the time of its inception had been in continuous operation for more than twenty years, and was well known in newspaper circles from having been connected with the World and the Herald, as well as the New York correspondent for several Chicago dailies. He was an easy and ready writer, and was the author and promoter of several popular song-successes, the better known of which were “Johnny Get Your Gun,” “With All Her Faults I Love Her Still” and “Hush, Little Baby, Don’t You Cry.”

Wile of these, only to a limited extent has the industry of songsters been pursued by Mr. Rosenfield, but his musical mind and his evident artistic ideas have contributed largely to the development of the song department of MELODY.

While the world of music has thus obtained a new Gain in the loss of Mr. Morris H. Rosenfield, it is the belief of this paper that his memory will long continue to live in the songs he placed in the world, and in the songs he wrote and contributed to the success of other composers.

MELD GeEFS FOR MELDIISTS

Here’s one for which the Boston Evening Traveler stands sponsor, but don’t try to make a popular song out of it. Two soldiers were discussing the cause of the great war. One of them said it was all on account of a woman, and further claimed that most fights started in that way. “Hush!” said the other, “what was the woman’s name?” “Alice Lorraine,” replied the first.

It was Leoncavallo, composer of the well-known opera I Pagliacci, who once said: “The public is the final arbiter in questions of art and the public is right.”

And the eminent composer was also right in his statement, for the music public cannot long be fooled by a so-called “popular” song which does not contain even a germ of popularity. Don’t forget, Messrs. Song- Composers, that in reality “popularity” is only the heart-waving of the public to which you would cater.

If that old proverb-keeper, King Solomon, had been a popular song-writer instead of a prolific preverbal, he might possibly have proverbied in this fashion: “A good theme is rather to be chosen than great range.”

Helen Drury is thin: if you would score a public hit—hit the public heart, leaving the “mentalistic” to snoop among the moribund. Also, leave the top-snow stuff to the Melodias and the Galli-Curci.

Every vdl fan knows that among the clever vaudeville songstresses there are not a few who put enough pizzicato into a popular song to make its memory linger for a long time after the song has been sung, but it isn’t every admirer of some particular songstress that can sing the shirt to scoop the scallop right off the shell.

Let any who doubt the last statement just listen to the ingenue bowed by one of her admirers on Sophie Tucker—one of the laughing singers in vaudeville—who, with songs and smiles, can grab from his gloom the gloomiest grouch that ever gloomed in Gloomsville; listen to the lingual lubricant whereby this admirer would lubricate an act that slides like liquid lightning: “It’s a long, lingering laugh; a laugh that will linger the longer you laugh, and the longer you linger to laugh only makes the laugh linger the longer.”

If that isn’t “tingering sweetness long drawn out,” what is it? There would seem to be some people who have the luck to log in such lines and get away with ’em, but let others try to loiter and linger along the same lyrical lines and it’s a safe bet they’d find themselves lingering for a life time in the Loony Lodge of Laughing Losmetics. It is to lament!
MELODY

THOUGH wholly lacking in the necessary perspective of time upon which to correctly build, now that the great war is over we may draw comparisons between the songs of the old war and those of that most colossal war tragedy of its time—the civil war of 1861, which likewise had its songs and singing. The one great song—at least, in its wondrous word-power—which was bequeathed to posterity by the civil war was "John Henry," and what will be the vocal bequest from the greatest war of all time, apart from being more than a guess which shall remain for time to prove or disprove. It is a fair guess, however, to say that the song now in the least unsuspected may prove to be the unexpected.

It is extremely doubtful whether, more than half a century ago, any living person then would have predicted that the one song of the civil war destined to live as the greatest of all songs would be the immortal hymn of Juba Ward Howe, and this for at least two reasons—first, because of its powerful solemnity of religious thought, and second, because other songs of that time far exceeded it in public popularity. But time has proved that, although the product of a then present time, it was far ahead of its time and belonged in reality to the future.

In a recent and most interesting article the New York Times contrasts the songs of the present with those of the past civil war, although strangely it neglects to mention one of the most popular and typical of our war offerings—William Barring's "Ten O'clock on the Old Camp Ground." This song was not written until some two years after the outbreak of the war, nor could it have been otherwise as it required the travel of war to bring it forth. If at the time of the war he had not found the strength of life of the marching ensemble, or if he, in the brilliant banjoist who makes trouble-thoughts from the inanimate object, was not already equipped, the same automatic unclebe plays its existing part, while the postscript title acts as an addendum.

And so, from songology to psychology and through the whole vaudville decalogue, the merry turns which joyfully also on, with something to meet every mood and feed each fateful fancy in a kaleidoscope menu of music, merit and merit and merriery: twirling toes and fying feet in delicious dances; muscular movements which amuse; pianists who puzzle; travels and "teasalogs;" monologues and skits and pianos and gloom; and—always somewhere in the hill—one or two of the heroes of the war songs or the love songs of the latest popular song. What, moroseness and melancholy or disgruntled disfinfection in vaudville performance? As well look for George Cook on Billy Sunday's orchestra, a teething baby that never drools, a high-ball found in Hades or expected in Heaven.

GET TOGETHER!

This is the call to a boost with gloves or a scrap with fists, but it is a hint for song-lyrics. Like the New Jewels that is supposed to be flowing with milk and honey, this country is overflowing with com- posers and word-writers who don't get anywhere because they don't get together. Get a bowl that they can't get words to set; the second groll because they kind was too this. Mr. C. S. Millspaugh, 94 West St., New York, N. Y., desires to communicate with firstclass, amateur lyric-writers. If you can write words of TODAY (not yesterday or the day before), why not Get Together?

MELODY

INTERPRETING THE PHOTPLAY

(Note: Series E of Mr. Norton's "Interpreting Music Music"
appears on pages 16 and 17 of this issue.)

By Harry Norton

"PEP"

A slang term of recent origin is so full of sig- nificance as that little word of but three syllables, and it is that spice that makes our efforts worth while, both to ourselves and to those with whom we come in contact. Vigorous, decisive, assertive action is always admir- able. The business world demands these qualities in its workers, and nothing more surely marks a man for success than a uniform application of "Peo" to all his activities.

Security of purpose and whole-hearted interest in one's work makes the work interesting to the worker and the worker interesting to those who may observe him. Therefore "Peo" in picture playing is a very necessary quality, if we hope to make our efforts interest- ing and pleasing to those who pay the price of admission to a moving-picture show at which they expect to be entertained. Mr. C. S. Millspaugh, 94 West St., New York, N. Y., is entitled, not for the first time, to the credit of having his hand on the people's pulse, of being a real interpreter of their moods. "The Yanks are coming, as placing Normandy among the victims of the German invader. In place of that blonder, more cheerful American verse which would read, "The bells of Old Rhine they sound in pain," thus changing a turnip to a rose.

"Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag" was as popular among the soldiers as any song. At home we sang more sentimental songs, such as "You're My Boy and My Boy," "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land," "Bring Back My Paddle to Me," "America, Here's My Boy!" and others which few collectors of the future will bother with; but we all held the soldiers enthusiastically in Geoffrey O'Hara's "K-K-K-Katsy," which, written by an army man, has real soldier humor. It ranks with "The Captain," with his Whiskers, and "Sly Glance," with his army man, as the comic soldier-song of the old war. In fact, the presence of so many utterly sentimental and worthless songs is a fact growing out of the shortness of this war; they could be duplicated in the earlier war. It was not until that struggle had grown deadly that we came to such desperately earnest songs as "Bally Round the Flag." Yet the early days of that war gave us, on the Confederate side at least, such a splendid thing as Randall's "My Maryland!" and such a rolling-sauce-song as "The Bonnie Blue Flag." There has been nothing to approach them in the war just ended. As for the soldiers, they obstinately refused to sing martial songs set down for them, just as they have in this war; and where our soldiers sang "The Long, Long Trail," written before the war, so the soldiers of the civil war sang "The Yeas Creep Slowly By, Lo-rena," written before that conflict. "Dixie," the great- est song of those days, was made by so the soldiers; it was in reality a minstrel song of two years before the war.

The songs were linked in a noble fashion in one song, John Hay's fine poem, "When the Boys Come Home," written in civil war days, was set to the music by Oley Skeate in 1917, and became the noblest musical expression that the A. E. F. ever found.
MELODY

and patience soon realized that music with the pictures must be a "throw-in" but a valuable adjunct. It vitalized the action on the screen when intelligently applied. The writing recalled the time when managers who were fortunate in securing the services of a good pianist would boast of it to their friends and recomposed some of the particularly clever things their man had done.

Today, good picture musicians are too numerous to mention, yet a few who are our best ones in our ranks. The "bad ones" are usually those who lack "the" or who cannot learn new tricks. It has been previously remarked in those columns that the coming of the pipe organ in the field of picture music had drawn to our ranks many musicians who had had no theatrical experience whatever. Some such performers are the worst offenders against the cause of good picture music, and this wholly because of their refusal to adapt themselves to the new order of things. They do not "play the picture" or even make a genuine effort to do so. If a performer whose ambition spurred him on to be a good church organist accepts a position at the console of a picture-house organ, he should be ambitious to make himself a good picture player or else not inflict himself upon a helpless audience.

Organ music for the pictures, if it lacks "Pep," is monotonous in the extreme. Ye who play the pictures! Can you imagine an organist playing a program of Bach fugues, postludes, preludes and the like for a comedy drama and even on a weekly! How do they get that to play on? Obviously, it requires more "Pep" on a pedal organ than on a pipe organ.

The pianists in this line of work are the same. What do Mr. D. and Mr. X. do? When the audience care if the organist is suffering with hiccups? They expect and should get some "Pep". Pianists with "Pep" left hands should also infuse a little "Pep" into their own instrument. If some of the "Piano boys" could only sit back and hear their own and other orchestral performances, their own would awaken from the lethargy and, oh! "Can this be?"

"Pep" is the decorator of the performance. If it is brittle and imaginative, it will paint a musical picture in glowing or somber colors as the mood of the picture dictates, but if it is soulless and a daze, everything will be drab and formless.

Most of us have had the pleasure of "Pep" in our lives. The listeners who lacked that essential quality--"Pep"--how gladly we would have thronged them of them! But let the speaker with "Pep" in his remarks address us, and we not only listen attentively but enjoy it. Is it not possible that our picture audience feels that way towards us? If we produce an histrionic and monotonous performance, they will wish us to choose another more palatable one; if we are interesting, they will wish to hear us again.

The writer is a believer in the principle of the "survival of the fittest." The intelligence and ability to "Pep" will ultimately survive and the "Pepless" will gradually vanish. The "survivors" will be the "surviving" artists, and the "Pepless" will be the ones who are "Pepless".

The "Pep" in a concert is as important as the "Pep" in a picture. Without it the "Pepless" are not worth the "Pep". The "Pep" in a concert is just as important as the music itself.

In view of the above, it is hoped that the pianists and organists will give every thought to the problem of "Pep".

EXCERPTS FROM BEETHOVEN

This month's contribution to the Incidental Series is gleaned from the works of the immortal Beethoven. "A. A. Aglet" is adapted from the Allegro movement of the Sonata Pathétique, Opus 13; "B. - Pianist" is the song "Adagio" and "C. - March Funereal" is the famous funeral march "On the Death of a Hero."

"B." - Ludwig van Beethoven - who was the son of Johann van Beethoven - they don't seem to like this Grandson of Ludwig van Beethoven. He was born in Bonn, Germany, March 16, 1770, and died at Vienna, March 26, 1827. He was educated in the common schools until he reached the age of fourteen, after which he received no regular instruction. About the year 1789 a friend taught him Latin, French and Italian in addition to the great strain of musical education. His musical education was much more thorough. At first, with great strictness and piano playing, but after 1797 he became the pupil of Pfeifer and studied organ with van den Bode and Need. In 1787 he went to Vienna, where he excited much interest as a pianist. Mozart heard and predicted a great future for him. In 1795 he first played in public at Vienna. About 1790 he began to play in public, and by 1810 he had become so acute that he was unable to play or to conduct. His first years in Vienna were prosperous; but later his affords did not go so well, although he never was in want.

"Pepless" was short in stature, thick-set and very strong. He was unceremonious in manner, often boorish; was easily irritated by real or fancied slight, and often boisterous. Although unpopular with his fellow musicians, he nevertheless made good friends among the Viennese aristocracy. As a performer he was remarkable for the fertility of his ideas in improvisation and composition. He was an indefatigable worker, as his many notes books attest.

"C." - Sir Henry John Smart, in his "Autobiography," says: "When he was only twenty years from now he would be profuse his tary, the name as American slavery and K. G. B. "A. L. "When the Moon is Shining," etc. This song is the making of a pretty and rather high-class ballad sold in ordinary title. Your words are forced in places and way

MELODY

Just Between You and Me

CHERRY L. DERR (J. W. team, vaudeville) and John Henry Nash, original music and words. (V. M. S. Sheet Music. Copyright, 1921, by the National Music Corp., New York, N. Y.)

We're just between you and me.

S A H A R A  that they think they've got to cross, and it will be a case of many will call, but few will be seen when we drop in on them for a "smile."

It surely looks as if old John Barleycorn was all ready to give up the ghost. All you have to do is to have his death rattle is to watch a few spots shaking for the drinks that he was giving at the gin garage any morning at 5:30 waiting for it to open. If any of the MELODY autors will submit a few novel recitations, fine, but you must be a real chatty, melodic, but you must not cany about it.

MORAL—If you must make a hole in the pond by diving into it, pull the hole in after yourself so none of your whiskers will fall into it.

D. E. S., Rochester, N. Y.

"You'll Always Be a Sweetheart to Me." This ballad is one of the best that has ever been submitted to this department. Your words tell a fine story without becoming mushy, and your chorus starts you up to a reputation punch. Your music is of the stuff that will keep the memory in your heart for a long time. If you are a "Blondie" or a "Beauty" and have any number of advantages, it is made of the right material to sell more deeply with your name in it and you will succeed.

H. G. G., Watertow, C. N.

When the Moon is Shining," etc. This song is the making of a pretty and rather high-class ballad sold in ordinary title. Your words are forced in places and way

out of rhyme. For example, "mild" and trial barely bite, and "hair of a curly style" seems peculiar to say the least. Your music is catchy and quite well arranged, but should be put in an easier key. I would suggest C. If I had never heard the "Maud" Waltz I could call your "Come Little Thrush" song all to the good. Now you've gone and spoiled a perfectly good songidea by writing around the celebrated "Missouri" idea. Too bad.

M. Cleveland, Ohio.

Your "Stay Me a Swane Melody" is the dearest thing we have ever heard over. The whole song is nothing but "Way Down Upon the Swane River" with a few trimmings added. You'd better submit "Swane Melody" as it has been enough merit to interest a publisher. "Swane" is the name of my town in the state of Maine. The name of the "Swane Melody" is reminiscent of all the other songs written since the "Robert E. Lee."

Your "You're ever so Much a Dear" is a fine example of all Aabord for Dixie's"? How do you get that way? Your arrangements are well made and satisfactory, and if you can improve upon your lyrics you should try to do it in a short time to produce a real song.

D. E. S., Atlantic City, N. J.

"The Retrospective" one-step or a decided novelty in the instrumental line. I like this number personally, and it is one of the good new things on the market. If you are the one who, with orchestra leaders will be of the same opinion and your number truly can't say.

H. S. Denver, Colo.

"The Borrower" the Miles Series of song books, Boys is a great title and also a most good song poem, but you have made the mistake of forfeiting a lot of sense in places for the sake of getting rhymes. You surely can't be a member of the "Miles" gang.

Continued on page 24
Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christiansen

The Entertainment Field

The entertainment season has opened with a bang in Chicago, and all available talent is being kept busy. Owing to the fact that many of our clever entertainers are still in the service, many performers of mediocre caliber are at present reaping a harvest and charging "regular prices," for their services. Take magicians, for instance. I had occasion only yesterday to try and locate one for a little dinner affair, and, when once the town used to be full of them, I was finally convinced that there was only one in the whole village, and he was hard to get.

Another condition has confronted the committee out scouting for talent. In the old days you could go right up to a booking agency and lay your hands on any kind of act or performer you wanted, but things are different now. When you call up at an actor's old telephone number (waiting until noon to make sure you do not disturb his peaceful rest), because we all know they sleep late), you are advised to learn from the landlady that Mr. Edmund Keane won't be home until evening that the best time to call him is before seven in the morning or after six at night, because he is running an elevator down to Marshall Fields' and pays his rent regularly. When you finally run him down after working hours and tell him you can "give him next week" at Milwaukee, with a possible note to follow, just as likely as not he will turn you down cold.

Why? Because running an elevator fifty-two weeks a year, where the money is regular and "hot," has come to look awfully good to him. It looks better than one-night stands, drafty dressing rooms, digging up agents' commissions, railroad fares, tips to stage hands and a lot of other odds and ends, all of a so-called vaudeville salary, which in most instances is to be had only about half the time. The other half of the time is spent around agent's offices trying to get something to do the other half of the time.

The war has been a blessing to many, namely, those who were in the entertainment business and wanted to get out, and those who weren't out of the entertainment busi-...
Dixie Lullaby

Moderate

Piano

GEORGE L. COBB

REFRAIN

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry.
Rest your curly head on mammy's

in dreams.

night, for the sand-man is coming and the sleepy sun sinks

down in the West, my Hen-ry, Shum-ber on, Shum-ber on, As-gels

watch from out the twilight sky, so the baby man would

dream my lit-tle land, That's a Dixie Lull-a-by.

Copyright MCMXIX by Walter Jacobs, Boston
International Copyright Secured
East o' Suez
MARCHÉ ORIENTALE

Allegretto (Not too fast)

R. E. HILDERETH

Copyright. MCMXIX by Walter Jacobs, Boston
International Copyright Secured

PIANO
Chicago Syncopations

Continued from page 17 of this ragtime playing is the greatest strength of his act.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ORPHEUS ON RAGTIME

Orpheus was an ancient Thracian poet and musician who could make trees and rocks move with his lyre. We never heard of the ancient Orpheus being opposed to ragtime—in fact, if he moved trees and rocks he must have played SOME ragtime. Therefore we reprint the following letter from the Sioux City (La.) News, assuming that “Orpheus” in this case is the name signed to a previous letter by some writer against ragtime.

My Dear Orpheus—

You have condemned me, and the millions like me, for love of the so-called popular music. You are the sworn enemy of ragtime and all that is cheap and tawdry, as you put it, and you pride yourself on that feeling of opposition.

I am but a humble follower of Sousa, I, once upon a time, played the cornet in a country band and felt seven feet tall as we marched down Main street tearing harmony to shreds. And I don’t seem able to find anything immoral in any kind of music. It seems a matter of personal choice. We all have our limitations. A hundred centuries will not serve to bring mankind to a point where Wagner’s divine harmony will be stable and thecoon songs and ragtime are thrust into outer darkness. I do not decry honest uplift, but what is good for one is not good for another. We can improve, but when we try to revolutionize, do we get anywhere?

I will now grind out a few lines and you shall imagine the music to fit them. They might have been written by George M. Cohen, who has more vogue, wealth and popularity than ever fell to the lot of the great and good Beethoven.

My girl’s a high born lady
And she feeds on pick ice cream. She’s a poorly worthy lady
She’s a papa, she’s a mama.

She’s in the sun, she’s in the rain
She’s in the city, she’s in the town.

She’s in her apartment
And I’m just a common man.

CHORUS

She’s in her apartment
And I’m just a common man.

The opera go along that way
Or we’ll be hiding yet.

That’s ragtime, and it goes with ragtime music. Anything immoral about it, dear Orpheus? I know that it doesn’t weigh a ton, but I can go out into the market place and swap it for more square meals than I could a yard of Homeric writing.

This being a hard world, art often starves or turns mendicant. And many of our rich men possess ragtime souls, while they patronize and support art. They would rather rest their tired nerves with “My Gal’s a High Born Lady” than to sit through a Beethoven masterpiece.

Is there any sane and logical reason why they should be condemned for their taste? You say that classical music would rest his tired nerves as well. You are wrong. I can hear Sousa play and then sleep smiling as the lifting strains swing through my dreams. I am refreshed. I go to a symphony concert because I love it, and leave the hall, “a rug.”

That music plows in the heart and soul. It stirs all of the emotions. It makes one wish to live and to die.

It gives every joy and every sorrow that has blessed or afflicted the world since the dawns of life.

But rest is not written in the great scores. They open more wounds than they heal. They represent life as it is and not as we have dreamed it. They are more a song of strife than messages of peace, with tears, laughter, groans, sorrow, happiness, tragedy.

The light music pleases. Give us much of it, dear Orpheus, and do not condemn us. There is little enough that pleases in this best possible of worlds. I get disgusted when I argue that if God made any music He made all music, but I think I am right.

And blessed is he who finds enjoyment, rest, pleasure and inspiration in all harmonious sounds, whether the score be that of divine “Pathetique” or the syncopated pitching that brings us.

“The opera go along that way
Or we’ll be hiding yet.

RAGTIME CRITICISED

The Chicago Daily News conducts a daily “Forum,” namely a column where any reader can express his or her views on any subject. Ragtime has been much discussed, and a number of persons who don’t happen to care for ragtime themselves have taken this opportunity to lambsit it in the columns of the Chicago Daily News. Here is one letter reprinted from the Daily News “Forum,” in which the writer first admits that classical music is itself not able to hold the attention of young people, and then in the same breath claims that ragtime is harmful because it CAN attract and HOLD their attention and interest and give them pleasure—but read this letter for yourself.
### Sheet Music

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Copy</th>
<th>URL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SHEET MUSIC</td>
<td>11¢ Per Copy</td>
<td>Postpaid</td>
<td>YOU'LL LIKE THESE</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Vocal Scores of the Grand Operas

Each book contains ALL the principal songs of the opera, as well as a complete story of the play. Arranged so as to be effective for voice and piano, or as a piano solo. Each book 25¢ per copy.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Copy</th>
<th>URL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE CARE OF A PIANO</td>
<td>L. H. Sykes</td>
<td>P. C., Chicago</td>
<td>N.P.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Popular Piano Publications

#### Single Sheet Music

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Copy</th>
<th>URL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MELODY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1¢</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Vocal Scores of the Grand Operas

Each book contains ALL the principal songs of the opera, as well as a complete story of the play. Arranged so as to be effective for voice and piano, or as a piano solo. Each book 25¢ per copy.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Copy</th>
<th>URL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE CARE OF A PIANO</td>
<td>L. H. Sykes</td>
<td>P. C., Chicago</td>
<td>N.P.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Rhythm Hustlers

F. G. Clowdien spent Christmas at his home in Chicago.

Ed. Melting has just made arrangements with the new Y. C. G. A. in St. Louis to take a class of different young ladies in playing mandolins and guitars. The piano teacher "Mel" Regional has the right of the pianists who will be in charge, George Schultz, of the school of popular music, and it must be a wonderful "ad" for this school. This is the kind of advertising which the most valuable, and hard to get, it will become the best press agent to place it over.

Nora Sparks, known in vaudeville circles as a violinist of note, will soon add her repertoire of sparkling, snappy piano rag numbers after she finishes her present course at the Chicago School of Popular Music. A finished musician, Nora Sparks is enthusiastic about ragtime when properly played.
Just Between You and Me

S. Publishing Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Alfonso the Dough in a Bakery" is a novelty song pure and simple. I can't guarantee its purity, but I can swear that it's simple. Such lines as "It's the way when he comes home, you can hardly see his father," don't sound out of place in a song that's being sung in the hair. It's not enough to put the sketch on the song at once. "Oh Take Me Back to Ireland" has a fairly good poem, but the music is too Irish in character for children's ears. The chorus and the last line of the song are characteristic of dollar phrases. "Clock, Clock the Clocks Would Go" is probably destined to become a popular song, but I find nothing of interest in the number except that the verses refused to come fresh eggs, the rooster would do the job himself. Gosh, how do you learn your unprinted number, "There's a Pretty Little Young Colleen Living on the Irish Isle" is the way it is. "That better than.

M. L. K., Evanston, Ill.

"Some Do and Some Don't, But They All Want To." It must be admitted that this is a song in a number, but the title is rather misleading, and it works out in great shape. This number is far more a class in a novelty song, and you surely ought to interest some publisher in it. Have you submitted it anywhere yet? Better do so, boys.

W. E. Hubbard, Iowa.

"Lily Belle" is a very catchy little waltz that is poorly arranged. It needs building up in many places, especially in the first strain. If you can arrange a publisher to give this piece the character and finish it deserves, you should stand a fair chance of placing it somewhere. This is all the number needs as the melodies are original and capitivating.

V. L. B., San Francisco, Calif.

"Yes, Universal Peace" has been used as a title for a march. It is published by Jerome H. Remlick & Co.

E. R. S., Canton, Ohio.

"Oh, How I Miss My Heart as Days of Old" and "Tell Me When" are two of the written songs. Of course, in the way these have been written them it would be impossible to publish one without

Waltz Vocal POPULAR MUSIC

And Bagtime Piano Playing

Practical Editoral Complete

WILLIAM F. GODFREY

"Suppose You were a Woman" and "Oh Pity My Love" are two of the latest published songs, both of which are in full size and are of the gay and funny type. Employed by the music publishers of the country, these songs have been in the hands of the trade for some time and are making an impression.

Your Books the Best of Their Kind

George L. Cobbs

Premier Novelty

GEORGE L. COBB'S

Piano Solo, 15c Net

WALTER JACOBS, Boston, Mass.

The other. You do know of any publisher that would take a chance on a twang song-proposition of this kind? If I should search the World Over, etc., etc., is a good poem, but hardly fitted in my estimate for a song lyric. "You're a Garden of Flowers to Me" is an unusually cleverly constructed song poem. This lyric was combined with a catchy waltz melody, I believe it would stand a good chance of selling, if published. "Honeydew Days" and "Your Beautiful Wonderful Smile" are rather insipid and lack originality. When I first did this number, I think it will be easy for the composer to work out the song and lyrics for the eyes of the noted publisher. To have a new song or poem in the high, broad, original and perfect combination of a first-class professional department.

Only editorial compositions will be located. Lyric or music make up entirely of the effort of our staff, which is our opinion promising. Bear in mind that this department is instituted solely on an accommodation to songwriters and publishers of MELODY, offering at a nominal cost, free consultation services of the best professional departments—and nothing more, except ability, which is free. Part of that service we deliver time. That's a new for you concerning your manuscript, you have confidence that they are worthy of your 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,' 3 Rosenau St., Boston, Mass.

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 obliged 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 professional lyric writers, has become so great 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 paragraph.

Melody's Professional Service Department offers the services of a professional composer and arranger of songs and instrumental music, together with a professional arranger of songs and instrumental music, to assist in the composition and arrangement of songs and instrumental music. This service will be rendered at a fee of $25 per song, payable in advance. The fee covers all necessary services, including but not limited to the composition of the song or instrumental music, the arrangement of the song or instrumental music, and the submission of the finished work to the composer and arranger for approval. The composer and arranger will have the right to reject any song or instrumental music submitted for composition or arrangement, and the publisher will have the right to terminate the service at any time. The service will be rendered on a first-come, first-served basis, and the publisher will be notified of the availability of the service as soon as possible. The publisher will be required to submit all necessary materials, including lyrics, melody, and arrangements, to the composer and arranger for approval. The finished work will be submitted to the publisher for approval, and the publisher will have the right to make any revisions necessary to ensure the publication of the song or instrumental music. The composer and arranger will have the right to reject any revisions submitted by the publisher, and the publisher will have the right to terminate the service if the composer and arranger reject any revisions.

E. E. H., Osie, V. Va.

"Again I Dreamed" is a mixture of high sounding phrases and bad rhymes. You begin in your first verse to tell of dreaming in your dream that you dreamed. This sounds more like a nightmare or a bad dream. You fail to mention the title for this ballad in your chorus. This should be done. Your chorus is good until you reach these lines which are meant for the punch. Here goes, "Your mind may change or love grow cold, I may get sick or laugh; would you protect me when I'm old and love me just the same?" Does this sound like a punch? Publishers should consider a complete song than just a set of words. I consider the advertisements that you mention as being reliable.

M. St. L., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"When I Dream of You, Reef," as a song poem, is pure. You seem to reach no given point in this lyric. All you do is dream and say that you suppose Bob does the same thing. "Now and then" Play an exit march for this poem. "You're Irish Too" is all right. Play an exit march for building lines. "Don't You Play an Exit March for Me"? It all there as a real sensible march ballad. If this song had been put out by a big house and plugged it would have gone over. "Lock Me Up," etc., is an odd piece of work with a haunting melody and a poor lyric. "Somebody Else's Rose" and "Dow and Dawn," while having a weak lyric, is a night good melody and a good night one reason that the melody is catchy enough to cover up the poor poetry. This number should become a good seller. "Pretty Dimples" is a cute little song—that's all. "I'll Love to Live Alone With You" would make a good song. If you could get anyone to sing it. "All of a Sudden Peggy" is a novelty song well written and arranged, while the melody is catchy enough to cover up the poor poetry. This number should become a good seller. "I'm going to leave you now" would make a good song. If you could get anyone to sing it. "All of a Sudden Peggy" is a novelty song well written and arranged, while the melody is catchy enough to cover up the poor poetry. This number should become a good seller.
SPECIAL! Great Offer to Teachers and Musicians

An ounce of proof is worth a pound of promises. Making claims is easy—"making good" is the real test of merit. Hundreds of Music Teachers and successful Musicians claim that they have been greatly benefited by the Siegel-Meyers Correspondence Courses. They write in to that effect and we cheerfully accept their enthusiastic statements as sincere and truthful. You're welcome to those letters. We will send you as many as you care to read. But, after all, we realize that this is merely "evidence" to many readers of this publication who have as yet no direct personal knowledge of what it really means—for example—to

Study Sherwood Piano Lessons and Harmony Under Rosenbecker and Protheroe

If it were possible to Sherwood, pupils of last, entitled by Rohrbeck's, Messerschmidt, Messerschmidt, and other world-famous artists, to come right into your home and offer you his personal instruction at nominal expense, you would eagerly and gratefully take your books first, for the opportunity. Yet that opportunity in years to come, to every vital essential in music. Now Sherwood in a Sherwood, the Great Master at his best—and very much more than that. His Lessons and University Extension Lectures on the Art of Teaching Music

This course of Musical Piano Lessons, conversation papers and University Extension Lectures on the Art of Teaching Music contains the fundamentals of a broad and vital musical education, and the principles of successful teaching. It contains the essential elements of A Complete Mastery of Music, and the first step in the right direction to that Mastery. It gives a complete set of physical exercises for developing neurological and tonal muscles of the fingers, hands, arms, and head, fully explained. Illustrated and made clear by photographs, diagrams and drawings. These physical exercises show how to play over 350 melodies of the most beautiful and handsomely written in music playing.

HARMONY

Harmony teaches you to

- Read music
- Play music
- Sing music

Unprecedented Special Offer

We want you to bring this offer to your attention, your family and your friends. We have many years of experience in teaching music. We are convinced that our method is the best. We want you to try it, and we will give you a special offer to help you get started. This offer is only good for a limited time, so act now!

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY

8371 SIEGEL-MEYERS BLDG. CLARENCE EDIT., Dora CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

Volume III, Number 2 February, 1919 Price 10 Cents

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

Editorial

Pro and Anti A Little Wiggle
R. S. V. P. By George L. Cobb
A Reply to a Request
Just Between You and Me By George L. Cobb
Correspondence Answered
Interpreting the Photoplay By Harry Norton
What Can I Do to Improve My Playing Excerpts from Schumann
Chicago Syncopeations By Axel W. Christensen
Answering the Critics By W. T. Gleeson
Some Side Lights By Merle Davenport

MUSIC

June Moon By Bernard Fenton
Newell for Piano
A Little Later On
Words by Robert Lowenheim Music by George L. Cobb

My Daisy Rose Words and Music by Thos. S. Allen
Jacobs' Incidental Music Adapted by Norton-Hildreth

For Her By Norman Leigh
Romance for Piano

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER JACOBS BOSTON MASS