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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

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MELODY

A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music

PUBLISHED BY WALTER JACOBS, 8 BOSWORTH STREET, BOSTON

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

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Volume III January, 1919 Number 1

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 existent only as memory. Of those who so wantonly precipitated and more foully 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, braved and fought and successfully passed through the maelstrom of war, there lives a warm and glowing memory, which is transformed into a gloriously golden remembrance of those who dared, sacrificed and passed out 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 shouting, 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 sadden to tears, at the memories of those who to secure a world's freedom are now passed beyond the smiling and the weeping.

MONROE H. ROSENFELD

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

Mr. Rosenfeld—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 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 Rosenfeld 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."

MELODICS FOR MELODISTS

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. "Huh!" 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-voicing of the public to which you would cater.

If that old proverb-maker, King Solomon, had been a popular song-writer instead of a prolific proverbist, he might possibly have proverbed in this fashion: "A good **theme** is rather to be chosen than great ranges." The hidden moral is this: If you would score a public hit—hit the public **heart,** leaving the "mentalists" to mope among the moribund. Also, leave the top-note stuff to the Melbas and the Galli-Curcis.

Every vdv fan knows that among the clever vaudeville songstresses there are not a few who put enough paprika 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 sling the slush to scoop the scallop right off the shell.

Let any who doubt the last statement just listen to the lingo loaded 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 Gloomville; 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 "lingering sweetness long drawn out," what is it? There would seem to be some people who have the luck to lug 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 limbo in the Loony Lodge of Laughing Lunatics. It is to lament!

The preceding "linger" has started a little train of thought that leads to the broad difference in results between modern vaudeville and the so-called "legitimate;" the wider effectiveness of one as compared with that of the other, namely, that in vaudeville there always is offered a variety to suit all tastes in all moods. Thus one may find himself seated at a play or an opera, for which seating he has broken himself from several hard-earned "bones," only to find out that the **one** thing offered doesn't at all suit his seat in either taste or mood. He feels bound to sit it through, however, if only to gain some return for the "bone-labor" expended, although in such instance the only "return" is a bored feeling of dissatisfaction which (please pardon the plagiarism) lingers longer than the lingering is liked.

With vaudeville the situation is broadly different, as always there is presented a wide diversity of stage events that are equally well calculated to hit the high-brow or lure the low-brow, these events covering everything from drama to dancing and even including the operatic and the acrobatic—in short, giving to many the most for their money. Perhaps your sitter-in at a vaudeville performance may be a man who is not in any way interested in the neat sketch that panoramas domestic acrobatics (possibly for the reason that he gets enough and to spare of those at home), yet his interest is aroused when the little sketch is followed by a **real** acrobatic stunt, which wins his applause because (if a dish-juggling act) it is so like while so different.

There may be another man in the audience who is not at all concerned with an attractive dancing sketch, mainly because his mind is more concerned with a daily financial dance to make all ends meet and still assure him his amusement meat, but on trips a dainty singing-soubret who, with songs and smiles or with quips and quirks, quickly seduces his thoughts from all trouble. For others in the same audience the seductive power may lie in a vocal quartet or a string ensemble, or in the brilliant banjoist who chases trouble-thoughts from the head to the feet and so down and out; even the unctious ukulele plays its enticing part, while the prestidigitator startles and astounds.

And so, from monolog to pianolog and through the whole vaudeville decalog, the merry turns whirl joyously along, with something to meet every mood and feed each fitful fancy in a kaleidoscopic menu of music, merriment and merit: twinkling toes and flying feet in delirious dances; muscular movements which amaze; palmers who puzzle; travelogs and "teachalogs;" monolog meanderings, picturesque philanderings, and —always, somewhere in the bill—one or two of the heart-songs, the home-songs or the latest popular song. What, moroseness and melancholy or disgusted dissatisfaction in a vaudeville performance? As well look for George Cohan on Billy Sunday's rostrum, a teething baby that never drools, a high-ball found in Hades or expected in Heaven!

GET TOGETHER!

THIS is not the call to a bout with gloves or a scrap with fists, but it is a hint for song-lyrists. Like the New Jerusalem that is supposed to be flowing with milk and honey, this country is overflowing with composers and word-writers who don't get anywhere because they don't get together. The first howl that they can't get words to set; the second growl because they can't get musically set. Mr. C. S. Millspaugh, 94 West St., Warwick, N. Y., desires to communicate with first-class, amateur lyric-writers. If you can write words of TODAY **(not yesterday or the day before),** why not Get Together?

TWO GREAT WARS IN SONG

ALTHOUGH wholly lacking in the necessary perspective of time upon which to correctly build, now that the great war is over we may retrospect a bit upon its songs and song-singing, and in a small way we may draw comparisons between the songs of the world-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 **The Battle Hymn of the Republic,** but what will be the vocal bequest from the greatest war of all time, at present can be nothing 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 the least suspected may prove to be the unexpected.

It is extremely doubtful whether, more than half a century ago, any living person would then have predicted that the one song of the civil war destined to live as the greatest of all war songs would be the now militant hymn of Julia Ward Howe, and this for at least two reasons—first, because of its pervading 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 appealing and popular of the civil war offerings—Walter Kittredge's **Tenting 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 travail of war to bring it forth. If at the time forecast had been made as to the lease of life of any song of that war, in all probability "Tenting Tonight" would have been the one selected to live, but "It's a long, long trail" from the dark desolation of trenches to the romance of camps and camp-fires in the open, and the song is now without place. Following is the article from the **Times:**

Beginning about twenty-five years from now, magazine and "special feature" newspaper articles will be published on the songs of the Yankee soldiers in the great war. This is a safe prediction, since it was about that length of time after the civil war that writers began to treat of a similar subject; and many an article, and even book, has been written on the songs of that war.

The songs of the old war differed from those of the present one in that they reflected more different shades of feeling. Our war has been so short that there was not room for much more than one state of mind; the state of mind that is represented in "Over There." "Over There" was just as singable up to the very day of the armistice as it was when the soldiers began to cross the Atlantic. But the history of the four years of the civil war, with its hopes, disappointments, and renewed determination, can be traced in the varying themes of its songs. In the first year of the civil war such a song as "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching" could not have been written; it needed the great losses of the North to bring it out.

"Over There" was surely the great song of this war, as "John Brown's Body" was of the other. George M. Cohan 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, the Yanks are coming, and we won't come home till it's over, over there," and the gay but threatening melody epitomized the whole struggle from the American viewpoint. Later Cohan struck another chord, "When You Come Back, and You Will Come Back, There's a Whole World Waiting for You," but here he only touched a phase. In the earlier song he struck the national note, as George F. Root struck it in the old war with his "Rally Round the Flag." Root, too, had his song of a single phase, "We are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More." We may call Cohan the Root of this war.

Next to Cohan must be placed Irving Berlin, with his "I Hate to Get Up," though he wrote others. The two catchiest lines, those which paraphrase the bugle call, were not original, having been used in the army long before he entered it; but it was he who made a song around them, a song that was sung all over the country by soldiers and civilians, sung in France, too. Ivor Novello's "Keep the Home Fires Burning" was written before the war, but is entitled to rank as a war song because it was adapted to the purpose; and the same may be said of Zo. Elliott's "There's a Long, Long Trail," which the soldiers across the water sang on their marches.

"Good-bye, Broadway; Hello France!" was first in the field, went well while it lasted, but was too commonplace to hold out. As popular a song as any was "Joan of Arc," which had two singular points about it. The author, Alfred Bryan, was also the author of "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier," which was in great favor among the pro-Germans and pacifists before we went into the war. When we did, it dropped out of sight instantly, and Bryan as quickly changed his sentiments and caught up with "Joan of Arc," which is as militaristic a song as could be written. It is irritatingly commonplace in words, but the music by Jack Wells is inspiring, and a French translation has been made of it which is a real poem, whereas Bryan's English words are bathos, made all the worse by such absurd mistakes as placing Normandy among the victims of the German invader. In place of that blunder the French translator used words which in English would read, "The bells of Rheims 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 "Your Boy and My Boy," "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land," "Bring Back My Daddie to Me," "America, Here's My Boy!" and others which few collectors of the future will bother with; but we all joined the soldiers enthusiastically in Geoffrey O'Hara's "K-K-K-Katy," which, written by an army man, has real soldier humor. It ranks with "The Captain with His Whiskers Stole a Sly Glance at Me," the comic soldier-song of the old war. In fact, the presence of so many merely 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 "Rally 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 rousing battle-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 Years Creep Slowly By, Lorena," written before that conflict. "Dixie," the greatest war song of those days, was made so by the soldiers; it was in reality a minstrel melody written two years before the war.

The two wars 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 fine music by Oley Skeats in 1917, and became the noblest musical expression that the A. E. F. ever found.

Interpreting the Photoplay

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

By Harry Norton

"PEP"

NO slang term of recent origin is so full of significance as that little word of but three letters—PEP. It is the 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 admirable. The business world demands these qualities in its workers, and nothing more surely marks a man for success than a uniform application of "Pep" to all his activities.

Sincerity 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 "Pep" in picture playing is a very necessary quality, if we hope to make our efforts interesting and pleasing to those who pay the price of admission to a moving-picture show at which they expect to be entertained, though they also take a gambling chance on being bored to death.

If the musical portion of the entertainment be poor, a large percentage of the audience will be bored and dissatisfied. This is not conjecture or supposition on the writer's part—it is fact. Patrons of the movies do not hesitate to express their opinions regarding the two items for which they pay their money—pictures and music—and while it is next to impossible for a house manager to select picture programs which will please his entire clientele, it is much more nearly possible for the musician to furnish music which will please ninety per cent of the patrons. At the "Strand," "Rivoli" and "Rialto" theatres in New York City, the music alone is worth the price of admission.

In the earlier stages of the picture business music was regarded as something necessary only to fill a seeming void. A picture show without music of some kind was too dead; the silence would become oppressive. Some exhibitors considered a mechanical piano sufficient for their needs, and that **music** for the picture came into its own is due mostly to the efforts of those pioneer piano players who used their brains and introduced what was called "following the picture."

The introduction was a success, for both exhibitors

and patrons soon realized that music with the pictures was not a "throw-in" but a valuable adjunct. It vitalized the action on the screen when intelligently applied. The writer recalls a time when managers who were fortunate in securing the services of a good pianist would boast of it to their friends and recount some of the particularly clever things their man had done.

Today, good picture musicians are too numerous to mention, though we still have some bad ones in our ranks. The "bad ones" are usually those who lack "Pep" rather than ability. Life, to them, means thirty-six to forty hours of work per week, for a stipulated price, all obligations to be discharged with as little effort as possible.

Another class of "bad ones" is made up of the "old dogs," who will not or cannot learn new tricks. It has been previously remarked in these columns that the coming of the pipe organ in the field of picture music had drawn to our ranks many organists 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 way? Obviously, it requires more "Pep" to "put over" a good military march on the organ than to play a dozen slow-going tunes, but what do Mr. and Mrs. Audience care if the organist is suffering with hookworm. They expect and should get some action.

Pianists with lazy left hands should also infuse a little "Pep" into the indolent member. If some of the listless, "dopey" players could only sit back and hear their own performance, they would awake from the lethargy and ask, "Can this be me?"

The movie musician is the decorator of the performance. If he is artistic and has imagination, he will paint a musical picture in glowing or sombre colors as the mood of the picture dictates, but if he is soulless and a dauber, everything musical will be drab and foggy.

Most all of us have had the pleasurable (?) experience of listening to after-dinner speakers who lacked that essential quality —"Pep." How gladly we would have throttled some of them! But let the speaker with "punch" in his remarks address us, and we not only listen attentively but enjoy it. Is it not possible that our picture audiences feel that way towards us? If we produce an humdrum and monotonous performance, they will wish us in Jericho—or some hotter clime; if we are interesting, they will want to hear us again.

The writer is a believer in the principle of the "survival of the fittest," also that "bluff" will be "called" sooner or later. "The mills of the Gods grind slowly," and the "mills of the Movie Gods" will sometime grind "exceeding fine" those players who are too indolent and too careless to produce good music for the pictures.

Don't assume that your audience is indifferent or doesn't **know** the difference between good and poor music. In every representative gathering there are musically educated and cultured people who appreciate the best that you can offer. Don't play down to your audience; they don't need to be played down to. Instead, you have a big proposition on your hands to succeed in playing up to the average audience. There is nothing to lose and much to gain by conscientious effort.

There is a significant term used in the world of salesmanship, namely, "high tension," and that is exactly what is needed in picture playing—high-tension effort. Don't fear that your nervous system will "crack" under high-tension strain. It will not. Musicians of ordinary physical and mental capacity will be able to endure a few hours per day of high-tension activity without fatal results, and the resultant performance will be much more endurable.

A subscriber writes: "I like the way you hit straight from the shoulder." He knows, as well as the writer, what pitfalls and lazy habits the movie musician must avoid. Some players offer the excuse, "My work depends upon how I feel." What does the theatre patron care about how **you** feel? It's nothing in his young life. You are expected to deliver the goods at every performance, and it is your lookout to keep physically and mentally fit for the job.

Put some "Pep" in your picture playing.

EXCERPTS FROM BEETHOVEN

This month's contribution to the Incidental Series is gleaned from the works of the immortal Beethoven. "A—Agitato" is adapted from the Allegro movement of the "Sonata Pathetique," Opus 13; "B—Plaintive" is the song "Adelaide" and "C—Marcia Funebre" is the famous funeral march "On the Death of a Hero."

Ludwig Van Beethoven—who was the son of Johann Van Beethoven, a tenor singer, and the grandson of Ludwig Van Beethoven, bass singer and choirmaster—was born at Bonn, December 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 1780 a friend taught him Latin, French and Italian, and likewise helped him in other branches of education.

His musical education was much more thorough. At first, with great strictness and severity, his father taught him violin and piano playing, but after 1779 he became the pupil of Pfeiffer and studied organ with Van den Eeden and Neefe. 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. After 1800 he was increasingly troubled by deafness, and by 1816 it had become so acute that he was unable to play or to conduct. His first years in Vienna were prosperous, but later his affairs did not go so well, although he never was in want.

Beethoven was short in stature, thick-set and very strong. He was unceremonious in manner, often brusque; was easily irritated by real or fancied slights, 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 for depth of expression. He was an indefatigable worker, as his many note books attest.

Beethoven's compositions have been divided by Von Lenz (somewhat arbitrarily, even if conveniently) into three periods, these according to style rather than chronology. The first period, which roughly covers his works to 1800, includes those which bear likeness to his teachers and contemporaries—the earlier string quartets, piano sonatas, etc.

The second period (extending to about 1815) was the broadest and most full, for during those years the master was unhampered by illness or family cares and his originality and constructive power had full play. The works of this period embody the third to the eighth smphonies; the opera **Fidelio,** with its fourth and final overture; the ballet **Prometheus,** the music to Goethe's **Egmont;** the **Coriolanus** overture; the pianoforte concertos in G and E-flat; 1 violin concerto, the greater sonatas and numerous smaller works. The third period embraces the Ninth Symphony, the **Missa Solennis** and the great string quartets. The notable characteristics of his music, as a whole, are an inexhaustible originality in musical ideas combined with the power of mighty expression.

To his contemporaries Beethoven was a daring innovator, because of the freedom of his modulations and his habit of infusing into one whole the different parts of a movement or a work, and of introducing new material in unusual places—regarding music preeminently as a vehicle of expression, rather than as an exhibition of skill. To his successors, he belongs to the classic age because, although he filled the conventional forms more deeply with noble thought than any other, he always did this with a constant regard for the form.

All in all, Beethoven represents the greatest achievement on both sides of musical composition—consideration for purity of form and expression of high thought.

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.

WHAT'LL WE DO?

THEY say "It's going dry." No more will we decorate the mahogany with our mazuma; no more will we play treadmill with the brass foot-rail, and tell the bartender our troubles; no more will we hear the cheery whistle of the ale-hound, as he wends his way to his humble lodgings at 3.63 A. M. Whistles are going to be dry and there will be no more hardening of the liver. Verily, bank accounts will be larger, folks will be on the job earlier and little Rodney and Beulah won't have to go bare footed on next September morn. Bay windows will be as antiquated as beardless Russians and bad breaths will be forgotten. We'll get hilarious on buttermilk, and soda mints will take the place of Jamaica ginger. "Hangovers" and "augmented domes" will have no standing on the curb market. Prominent bartenders will be jerking sodas in drug and candy stores, and in the future we'll christen our battleships and cure our dandruff with grape juice. Yea, the millennium seems to be at hand.

Honestly, we won't miss the old stuff! Some of us have gone anywhere from thirty to ninety years without a drink, still those of us who are over ninety might live to be a hundred if we took a few nips a day, but why worry? Ten years from now booze will be profane history, the same as American slavery and real imported Limberger cheese.

Of course there are some who are laying in copious supplies of unholy water and are preparing for the Sahara that they think they've got to cross, and it will be a case of many will call, but few will loosen 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 to hear his death rattle is to watch a few nuts shaking for the drinks at the front door of a gin garage any morning at 5.30 waiting for it to open. If any of the MELODY subscribers are caught putting wood alcohol in their Bevo, Mr. Bryan will immediately be notified.

MORAL—If you must make a hole in the pond by diving into it, pull the hole in after yourself so none of our weaker brothers 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 leads up to a regulation punch. Your music is of the stuff that lingers in the memory when heard but a few times. There is no reason in the world why you shouldn't place this number to advantage. It is made of the right material to sell and some publisher will surely grab it.

M. H. G., Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Can.

"When the Moon is Shining," etc. This song has the makings of a pretty and rather high-class ballad despite its ordinary title. Your words are forced in places and way out of rhyme. For example, mild and trial hardly jibe, 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 "Missouri" Waltz I could call your "Come Little Thrush" song all to the good. Now you've gone and spoiled a perfectly good song-idea by writing around the celebrated "Missouri." Nuf sed. Too bad.

B. M., Cleveland, Ohio.

Your "Sing Me a Swanee Melody" is the deadest thing we have ever played over. The whole song is nothing but "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" with a few trimmings added. You'd better submerge your number as it hasn't enough merit to interest a plumber. "Tomorrow" has an extremely catchy melody, but your lyric contains nothing to recommend it and lacks sense and rhyme. "Dixie's the Place for Me" is reminiscent of all the Dixie songs written since the "Robert E. Lee." You've even got a few measures of my "All Aboard for Dixieland" in it. How do you get that way? Your arrangements are well made and satisfactory, and if you can improve upon your lyrics you should be able in a short time to produce a real song.

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

"The Retrospective" one-step is a decided novelty in the instrumental line. I like this number personally, especially the way in which you bring in some of the good old pieces of long ago, but whether publishers and orchestra leaders will be of the same opinion is something yours truly can't say. The only criticism I can offer is for you not to make so many changes in key.

H. G. S., Denver, Colo.

"Let's Shorten the Miles Between Smiles, Boys" is a great title and almost a 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

Continued on page 24

Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen

THE ENTERTAINMENT FIELD

THE amusement season has opened up with a bang in Chicago, and all available talent is being kept busily engaged. Owing to the fact that many of our clever entertainers are still in the service, many performers of mediocre calibre 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, where once the town used to be full of them, I was finally convinced that there was but one in the whole village, and he was hard to get.

Another condition has confronted the committees 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 an act or performer you wanted, but things are different now. When you call up at an actor's old telephone number (waiting until noon so not to disturb his peaceful rest, because we all know they sleep late), you are astounded to learn from the landlady that Mr. Edmund Keane won't be home until evening; that the best time to call him up is before seven in the morning or after six at night, because he is running an elevator down to Marshal 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 route 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 "net," 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 out 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 agents' offices trying to get something to do the **other** half of the time.

Yes, the war has been a blessing to many, namely, those who were in the entertainment business and wanted to get out, and those who were out of the entertainment business and wanted to break in. Much to their surprise, a large portion of the old-timers have found that in the long run they can make more and live better off the stage than on, and we therefore see lots of new faces on the boards this year. Those who, as a result of the war have been able to break in, will need another war before they get out—the life invariably gets them. I know, because if it weren't for a lot of reasons I'd go back there myself.

Among the new stars that will shine in the local firmament is Blanch Gaudreau, a charming little body of the Eva Tanguay type, whose way of putting over a song is fast and snappy. When working before an audience she has that care-free abandon which borders on audacity, and which is so fascinating to a male audience.

Another singer of note who has just made her first professional bow before a Chicago audience is May Rosebaum, possessing a wonderful talent for singing songs such as "Song of the Soul," "Perfect Day" and the like. I enjoyed a rare treat the other evening when I listened to her at a banquet, given by the Iroquois Iron Company of South Chicago to its foundry foremen. At the same dinner appeared Adeline Cook—a pianologist of unusual talent, whose clever manner of syncopating melodies on the piano, combined with a big, rich voice, made a deep impression on the foundry men. Big-fisted, big-hearted and cheery fellows, they sure made the welkin ring with whole-souled applause.

Jeanne Shepherd is another comer in the entertainment field who is unusually versatile in her pianolog work. Her numbers run from pathos to humor, and she delivers her recitations in a forceful manner, playing her own accompaniments at all times. Among the recitations in which I have heard her are: "Dingle, Dongle Bell," "Woodman Spare That Tree," "In the Usual Way" and "Little Boy Blue."

Miss Clare Huyck has been unusually active in the War Camp Community Service, as chairman of the local branch. Through her efforts during the past season it has been possible for the sailor boys at the Great Lakes Training Station, the soldiers at Fort Sheridan, and the various soldiers' and sailors' clubs throughout this district, to have the very best in the form of entertainment. Usually it is hard to get a professional to give up very much in the way of service without being paid for it, but Miss Clare has a way about her—anyway she gets them, headliners even, and they're glad to come again. I'd like to run a booking agency, and have her in charge. It would be all profit, because I wouldn't have to pay the performers.

A SUCCESSFUL GRADUATE AT SAN FRANCISCO

Harold Hartman, at the age of seventeen, completed the ragtime course and also the course in vaudeville piano playing under W. T. Gleeson of San Francisco. He was always an enthusiast for ragtime, and soon after starting lessons made rapid progress, becoming an adept at converting the popular songs into rag, also the arpeggio rag with the melody in the bass.

In turn, he mastered double bass and every other idea on the calendar of the ragtime player. He possesses a good memory and has in some degree that rare quality, imagination, which enables him to employ all his chords and rhythms to the very best advantage. Since finishing the vaudeville course he has written four very effective compositions—a march, waltz, instrumental rag and a pianolog. On entering high school he was immediately elected to the leadership of the orchestra, whose performances of course include ragtime, as well as classical and operatic numbers. The ragtime scholar is not embarrassed when it comes to classical music—do not worry on that score, gentle reader.

Harold is very popular, his work having attracted the attention of an admiring host, and he is already in much demand for professional engagements, but has to refuse most of them owing to his high school studies. Others have begged him to give them lessons, but he modestly refers all such to Mr. Gleeson's school.

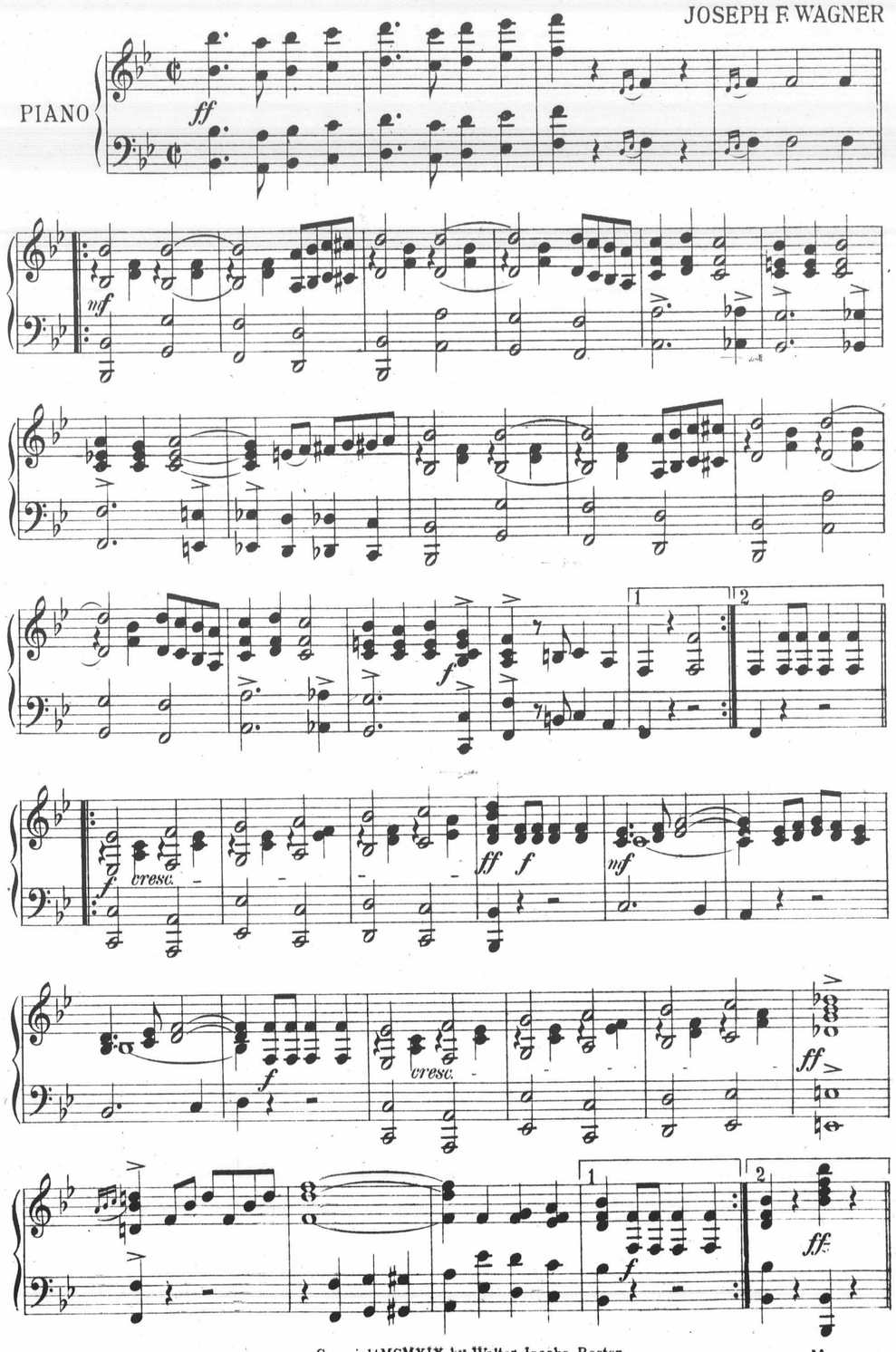
He is not unknown to the footlights, having been a successful dancer at the age of ten. In his spare time he occasionally plays short engagements, but is no longer exclusively a dancer and finds that

Continued on page 21

The League of Nations

MARCH

JOSEPH F. WAGNER



TRIO

ff *mf*

mf *f*

f

ff

ffz *ff*

MELODY

ff *ffz* *ff*

ff *fff*

ff

fff

MELODY

Dixie Lullaby

GEORGE L. COBB

Moderato

PIANO

f

𝄋

till voice

I heard a
In dreams I

fz *p*

mel - o - dy to - day, ___ It seemed to car - ry me a - way ___ Back to my
see my mam-my's face, ___ I seem to feel her warm em - brace, ___ Oh how it

p

mam-my's knee, ___ In Dix-ie - land, ___ Old Dix - ie - land; ___ It brought to
takes me back ___ To Dix-ie - land, ___ Old Dix - ie - land; ___ And then I

mem - or - y a - gain ___ This plain - tive old re - frain: ___
hear her soft - ly croon ___ This old fam - il - iar tune: ___

MELODY

REFRAIN

Hush - a - bye, ___ Don't you cry, ___ Rest your cur - ly head on mam - my's

p *2d time f*

breast, ___ For the sand - man is com - ing and the sleep - y sun sinks

down in the West, My Hon - ey, Slum - ber on, ___ Slum - ber on, ___ An-gels

watch from out the twi - light sky ___ So the bo - gey man won't

harm my lit - tle lam, That's a Dix - ie Lul-la - by. ___ Hush - a - by. ___

1 2 𝄋

f *fz* *D.S.*

MELODY

The Commander

MARCH

Revised by
GEORGE L. COBB

R. B. HALL

PIANO

TRIO

JACOBS' INCIDENTAL MUSIC

Concert Edition

SERIES B—Excerpts from BEETHOVEN

(1) Sonata Pathètique (2) Adelaïde (3) On the Death of a Hero

Themes Selected by HARRY NORTON

Adapted and Arranged by R. E. HILDRETH

Allegro con fuoco

1 Agitato

f *cresc.* *fz*

fz

fz *fz*

ff

Andante expressivo

2 Love Theme

p

Bass

MELODY

L.H.

Bass

molto rall.

Adagio

3 Funeral March

p *cresc.* *fz* *f*

pp *ff* *f* *p*

ff

p *f*

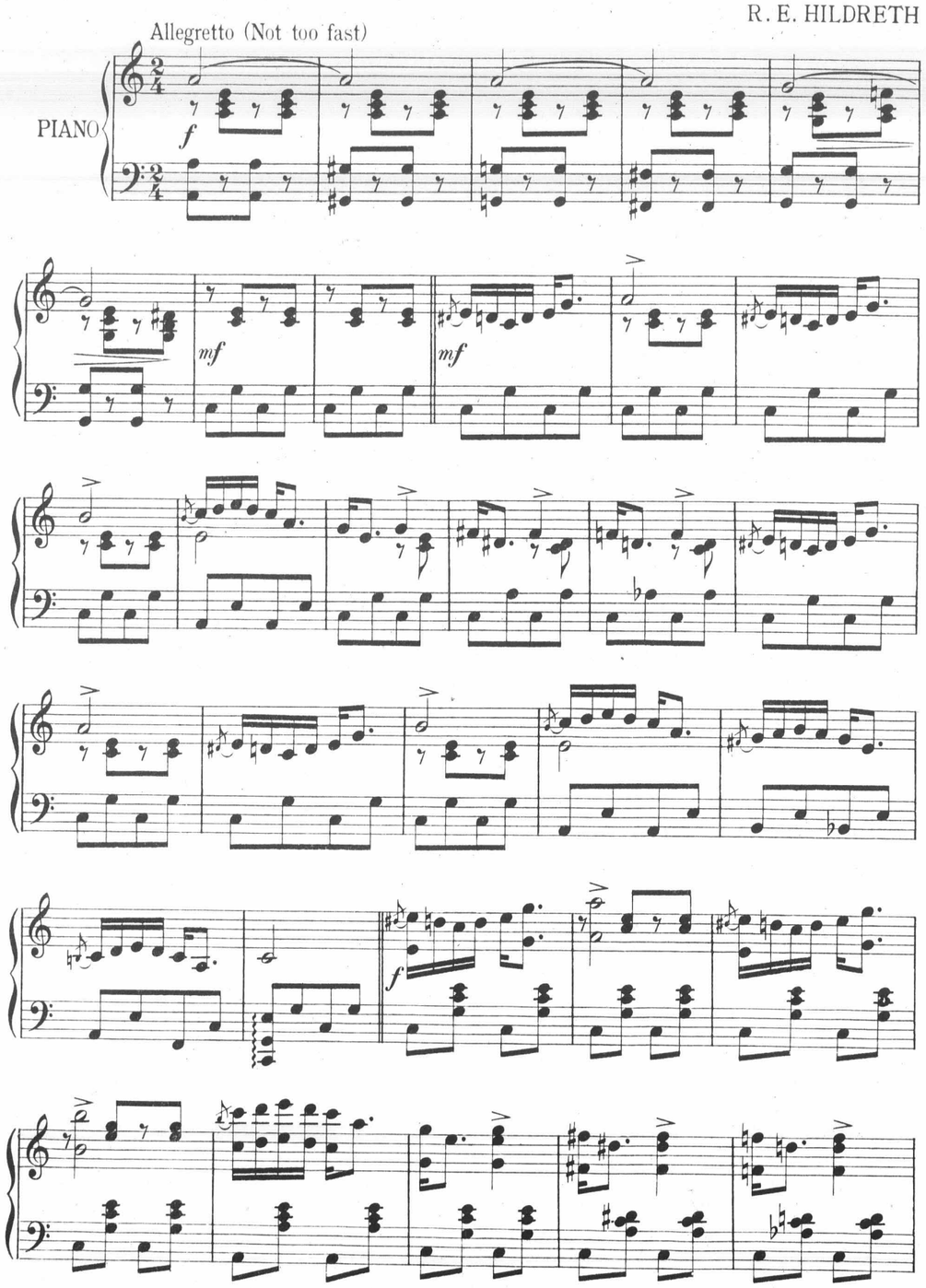
D.C. al

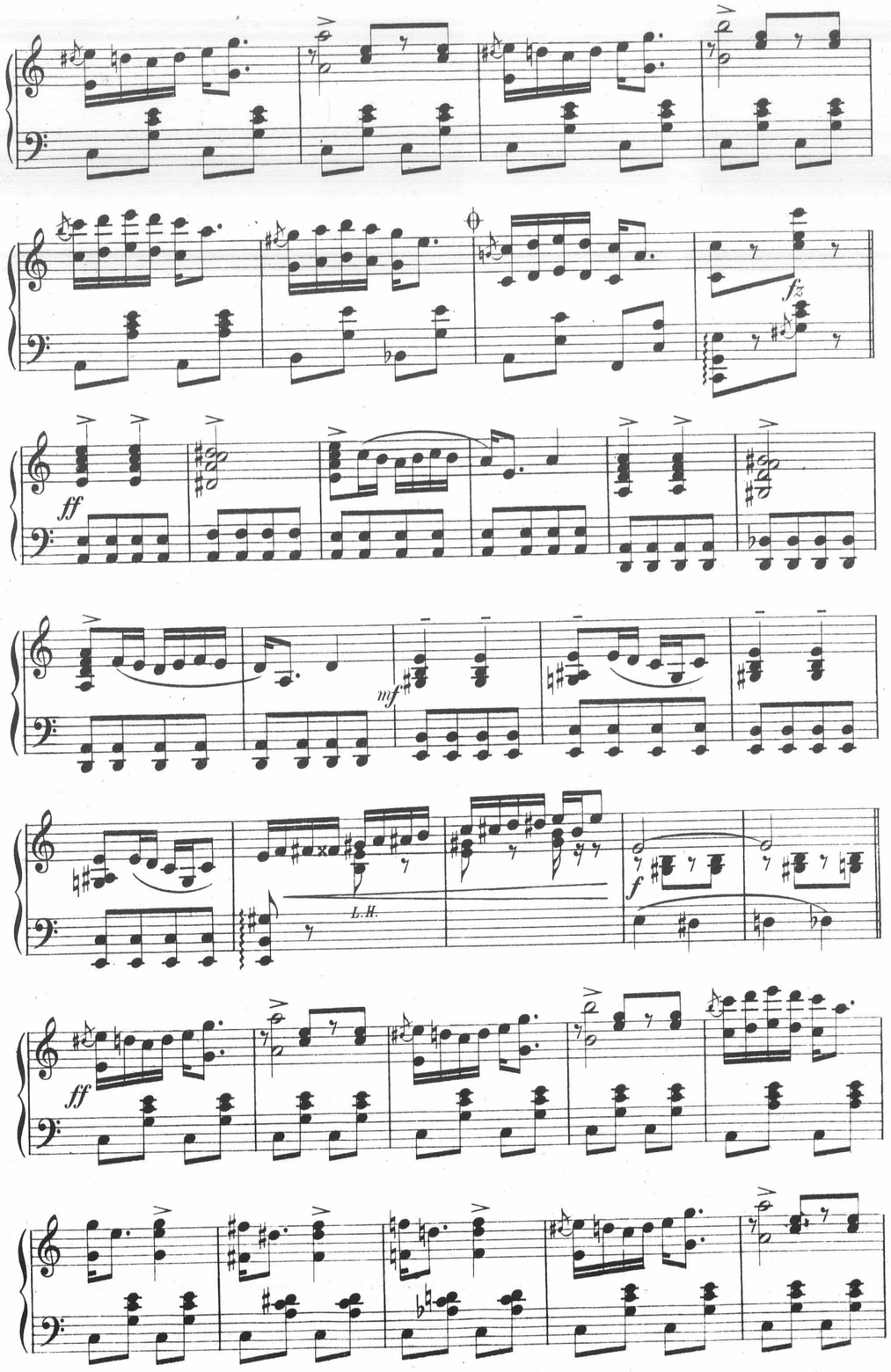
MELODY

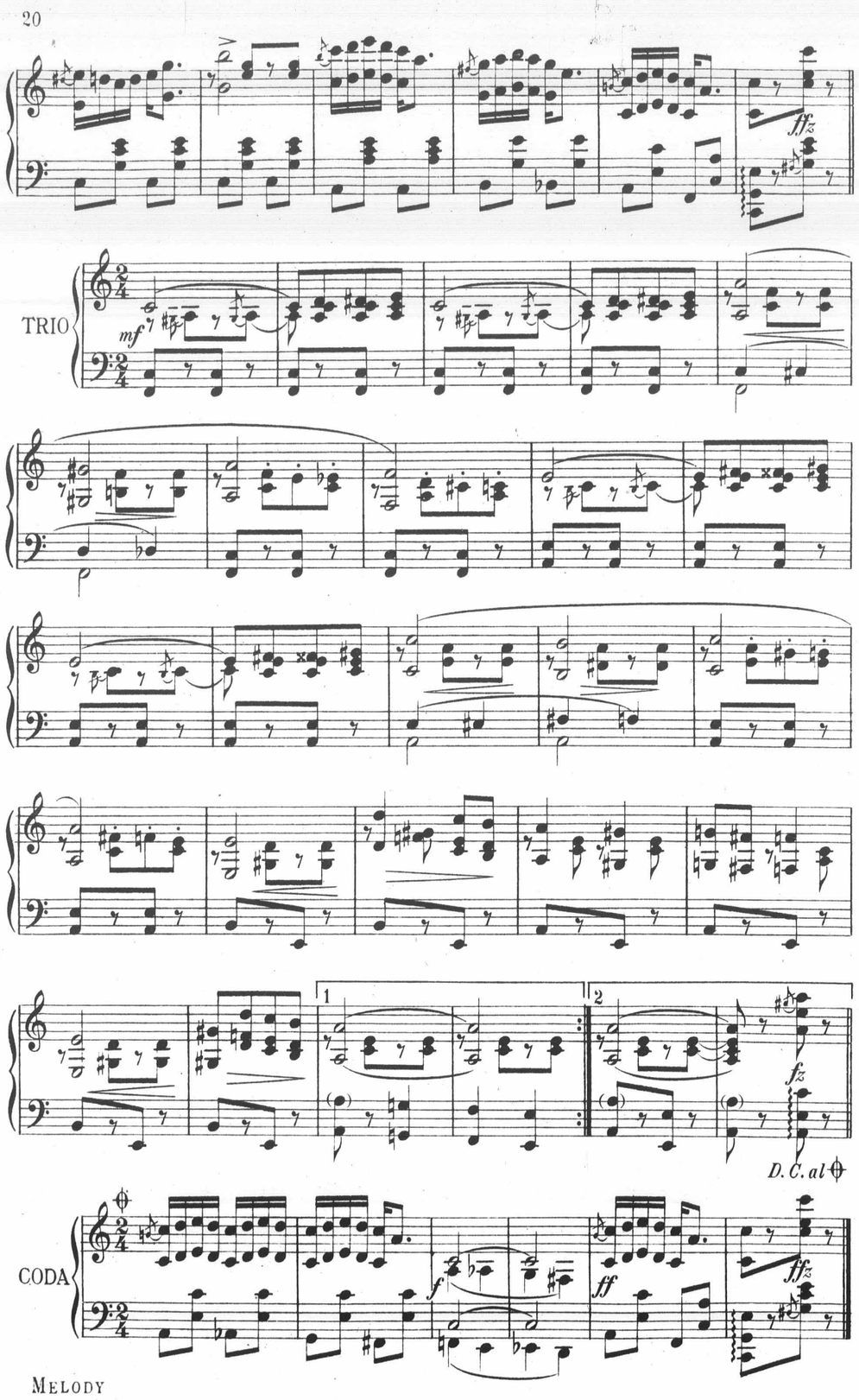
East o' Suez

MARCHE ORIENTALE

R. E. HILDRETH







Chicago Syncopations

Continued from page 8

his 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 (Ia.) 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 an 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 the coon 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. Cohan who has more vogue, wealth and popularity than ever fell to the lot of the great and good Beethoven.

My gal's a high born lady
And she feeds on pink ice cream.
She's a peachy-weechy dandy:
She's a pipin, she's a scream.
She meets me in the park at night;
A dream of honeyed bliss.
She puts her lips smack up to mine,
And then we kiss, kiss, kiss.

CHORUS

For she's my "ickle duv," she says,
My pidgie and my pet.
The copper came along that way
Or we'd be kissing 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, the 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 lilting strains swing through my dreams. I am refreshed. I go to a symphony concert because I love it, and leave the hall, "a rag."

That music plays on 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 dawn 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 disliked 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 etching that brings us

"The copper came along that way
Or we'd be kissing yet."

RAGTIME CRITICISED

The Chicago **Daily News** conducts a daily "Forum," namely a column where any reader can expound 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 lambast it in the columns of the Chicago **Daily News.** Here is a letter reprinted from the **Daily News** "Forum," in which the writer first admits that classical music in itself is 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.

"I attend the concerts at one of the West Side Parks, which are given every two weeks during the summer months, but I am sorry to say that I do not enjoy them very much for the simple reason that ragtime helps to make up the program. This, to one who appreciates good music, spoils the concert. But other young people like the ragtime better than anything else. I have noticed that they pay very little attention, if any, when a classical composition is being played, but when the orchestra strikes up some ragtime melody, or a singer gives it, the young audience is delighted.

"This reveals what harm the popular songs of the day have done." (The Editor of "Chicago Syncopations" at this point asks how the fact that the younger audience is delighted with ragtime can reveal any harm ragtime has ever done. Is it a sin to be happy when listening to music one likes?) The letter continues:

"Most young people do not know what music is. Unless a change takes place, the beautiful art of music will soon cease to be an art. This would be deplorable.

"Let us relegate ragtime to the back row, or, better still, do away with it altogether. For I agree with Joseph de Valdor, whose article on the same subject appeared recently in the **Daily News**, that it does not elevate, but demoralizes." This letter is signed by L. Struhaldo, Chicago.

The following is a letter written to the **Daily News** and printed in its evening columns in defense of ragtime:

"The discussion of ragtime and popular music has aroused my intense interest. I have played the piano in theatres for the last ten years. I have played in some of the best in the country and, if I could not play ragtime or popular music, I would have had a hard time finding a position. No one in the world loves good music better than I do, but I also like a popular piece once in a while.

"One contributor went so far as to say that 'ragtime music is harmful to children.' What is worse for children than seeing women dressed as they are on the street? The sights children see in the city parks are worse than any popular songs. Another contributor said that vulgar words were sung to popular songs. There is a class of people who will sing vulgar words to church hymns.

"People who object to popular songs should remember that we are not living in the old 'Quaker days.' They should also remember that piano players have to make a living." This letter is signed P. C., Chicago.

THE CARE OF A PIANO

L. H. Sykes, who now teaches ragtime in New Brunswick, N. J., is also a piano tuner. He must be a good one because the following remarks which he makes on the "Care of a Piano" must have been the result of much careful study and experience.

"Lack of information is responsible for much unhappiness and of unjust criticism of the piano," states Mr. Sykes. "Lack of knowledge of what is properly to be expected of a piano; what to blame it for and what is due to neglect. Sometimes unhappiness is caused by unwise comments of friends (?) who perhaps have no technical knowledge whatever of a piano.

"Pianos are made up of wood, steel, iron, glue, ivory, varnish, and dozens of different kinds of felt, leather and bushing cloths. ALL of these things are affected by heat, cold and dampness. It is a safe statement that almost ALL of the complaints against pianos are due in some measure to these elements: heat, cold and dampness.

"Place the piano in a dry room against an inside wall if possible. It would even be better to stand it out from the wall, as it often absorbs dampness from the outside.

"Dampness is the arch enemy of a piano. It causes the keys to stick; the action to work sluggishly and rusts the metal parts of the instrument. Thoroughly seasoned wood, felts and cloths absorb dampness; swell and expand. The sounding board—the soul of the piano—is made of the most sensitive and finest seasoned wood to be had. This can be absolutely ruined by absorbing moisture. Glue joints will come loose and felts will swell so that the keys won't work at all. Many of the so-called 'defects' in pianos are the result of dampness and neglect.

"Keep the room in which the piano is placed at as even a temperature as possible. Changes from heat to cold are very injurious. It causes expansion and contraction of the strings, consequently putting the piano out of tune.

"The direct rays of heat from an open fire or a register will blister the varnish, crack the wood and in many other ways seriously injure the piano.

"Do not permit a piano to stand in a draft, as between an open window and a door. This has a tendency to put it out of tune.

"When not in use, the top should always be closed, and in damp weather or at night, the keys also. In clear, dry weather when there is no dusting going on, keep the keys exposed to the light. It helps to keep them white. It is the nature of ivory to get yellow.

"When the housewife prepares to clean house, one of the first things she does is to throw open the doors and windows so as to give the rooms a good airing. Should this be in cold weather, she may not stop to think of the sudden chill given the delicate piano when the cold outside air strikes it.

"The result is self-evident. It takes about as long to check varnish as it does to break cold glass with hot water or hot glass with snow. Cover the piano over with a heavy blanket before exposing it in this way.

"When it is remembered that there are more than 6,000 separate parts to the action of a piano; any one of which may become loose from the effects of heat and dampness, the possibility of a jingle in the piano can easily be seen.

"Under normal conditions a piano should not require more than four tunings a year. It should by all means be tuned at least twice a year.

"It is a grave mistake to permit a piano to go without tuning. It may do an irreparable injury, and in any case will require several tunings in short order to make it stand at its proper pitch, therefore costing more in the end.

"One of the great masters of music being asked how often a piano should be tuned, replied: 'Concert players have their pianos tuned every time they use them; careful people every time it needs it; most people several times a year, and people with sole-leather ears, never.'"

There was the sign in a frontier dance hall, "Don't shoot the pianist, he's doing the best he can." It was not contended that he was a good performer—there was implicit acknowledgement that he was a bad one; but the indulgence of the audience was craved. Had the person set up a defense, he might have pointed out the magnitude of the task in which he was engaged, and asked credit for the fact that none of the mistakes which he had made had been repeated. And he might have concluded: "Gents, it is not surprising that I am doing this thing badly; it is surprising that I am doing it at all."—Chicago Tribune.

RHYTHMIC HUSTLERS

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

Ed. Mellinger has just made arrangements with the new Y. W. C. A. in St. Louis to take a class of fifteen young ladies in playing mandolin and ukulele. This is one time "Mell" regrets that he is only a piano player, because his stringed instrument teacher will now have all the fun teaching this particular class.

Mr. J. G. Strathdee goes after the business of teaching ragtime in Toronto in a way which shows his ability as an advertiser and organizer. It's only a month or so since he started, but in that short time he has succeeded in enrolling enough pupils to justify an assistant.

Raymond Barnhart, whose school of ragtime at Rochester is in charge of his sister while Ray is in the army, got a dandy notice in one of the local papers about some playing he recently did at one of the camp entertainments. When it comes to the piano Ray is some boy.

Ray Worley of Cleveland sent in a clipping covering three columns of write-up which one of the Cleveland papers had given the school of which he has charge, George Schulte's School of Music, and it must have been a wonderful "ad" for this school. This is the kind of advertising which, the most valuable, can hardly ever be bought and it takes a clever press agent to put it over.

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

Just Between You and Me

Continued from page 7

work this lyric over and get better results with a little hard labor and concentration. Try, anyway.

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

"Alfonso Makes 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 "In the morn when he comes home, you can hardly see his dome, for the dough that's hanging in his hair" is enough to put the kibosh on the song at once. "Oh Take Me Back to Ireland" has a fairly good poem, but the music is no more Irish in character than chilblains are characteristic of dollar watches. "Cluck, Cluck the Chicks Would Go" is probably designed to be taken as a bucolic song, but I find nothing of interest in the number except that if the hens refused to lay fresh eggs, the rooster would do the job himself. Gosh, how droll! Leave your unfinished number, "There's a Pretty Little Young Colleen Living on the Irish Isle" the way it is. 'Tis better thus.

M. L. K., Evanston, Ill.

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

P. S., Hubbard, Iowa.

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

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

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

E. R. S., Canton, Ohio.

"Come Be My Sweetheart as in Days of Old" and "I'll Be with You," etc., are two well written song poems. Of course, in the way you have written them it would be impossible to publish one without

the other. Do you know of any publisher that would take a chance on a twin-song proposition of this kind? "If I Should Search the World O'er," etc., is a good poem, but hardly fitted in my estimation for a song lyric. "You're a Garden of Flowers to Me" is an unusually cleverly constructed song poem. If this lyric was combined with a catchy waltz melody, I believe it would stand a good chance of selling, if published. "Honeymoon Days" and "Your Beautiful Wonderful Smile" are rather insipid and lack originality. "When I Bid the World Goodbye" should be toned down and be made into a hymn. It will never appeal the way it is written now. Your "Liberty" idea has been done by a New York publisher in almost the same manner and form as yours.

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

"Again I Dreamed" is a mixture of high sounding phrases and balderdash. You begin in your first verse to tell about dreaming in your dream that you dreamed. This sounds more like a nightmare or twilight sleep. Also 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 lame, would you protect me when I'm old and love me just the same?" Does this sound like a punch? Publishers would rather consider a complete song than just a set of words. I consider the advertisers that you mention as being reliable.

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

"When I Dream of You, Rose," as a song poem, is punk. You seem to reach no given point in this lyric. All you do is dream and say that you suppose Rose does the same thing, "now and then." Play an exit march for this poem. "You're Irish Too" will make excellent material for building fires. "Why Don't They Play an Old Time Melody?" is 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. "Sometime Between Midnight and Dawn," while having a weak lyric, is a mighty good ballad for the simple 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'd Love to Live Alone with You" would make a good stage song, providing you could get anyone to sing it. "All of a Sudden, Peggy" is a novelty song well written and arranged. "Submarine Blues" is an original jazz song and could be put over with sufficient plugging, maybe. As a composer, you're good. As a poet, you're not so good. Come our way again.

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

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