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VOCAL

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PIANO

After All
After You've Gone
A Good Man is Hard to Find
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Alabama Lullaby
And That Ain't All
Anything Is Nice From Dixie
Are You from Heaven?
Battle Song of Liberty
Beautiful Girl of Somewhere
Beale Street Blues
Blue Ridge Blues
Break the News to Mother
Breeze Blow My Baby Back
Bring Back Those Wonderful Days
Broken Blossoms
Can You Tame Wild Women?
Casey (K.C.)
Cathedral Chimes
Chong
Come on Papa
Cootie Tickle, The
Daddy Long-Legs
Dallas Blues
Dear Heart
Dear Old Pal
Don't Cry Little Girl Don't Cry
Don't Cry Frenchy
Don't Forget the Salvation Army
Evening
Everybody Wants a Key to My Cellar
Er'ry Day
Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia
Eyes, That Say I Love You
Farewell (Aloha Oe)
For Johnny and Me
Friends
Frenchy Comes to Yankeland
Garden of Old Fashioned Flowers
Gates of Gladness
General Pershing
Girl of Mine
Good-Bye Wild Women
Granny
Greatest Story Ever Told
Hand That Rocked My Cradle
Have a Smile
Hawaiian Dreams
Heart Breaking Baby Doll
He's Had No Lovin' for A Long Long Time
How Can You Keep Them Down on the Farm
If I'm Not at the Rell Call
I Ain't Got Weary Yet

I Ain't Got Nobody Much
I Found You
I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome
I Want a Doll
I'm Forever Building Castles in the Air
I Ain't Got Nobody and Nobody Cares
I'm Glad I Can Make You Cry
I'm a Real Kind Mamma
I'm Going to Break the Mason Dixon Line
I'm Hitting the Trail to Normandy
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry
I've Found the End of the Rainbow
I've Lived, I've Loved, I'm Satisfied
Indiana
In the Heart of a Fool
In the Land of Beginning Again
Irishman Was Made to Love and Fight
Ja-Da
Jazz Baby
Jazzing the Blues Away
Jerry
Joe Turner Blues
Johnny's in Town
Just You
Just for Me and Mary
K-K-K Katy
Kisses
Knock the Bull Out of Bolsheviki
Land of Jazz
Lullaby Time
Mama's Blues
Mamma O' Mine
Mamma's Chocolate Soldier
Memories
Me-Ow
Mickey
Minnie Shimmie for Me
Music on the Wedding Chimes
My Belgian Rose
Mummy O' Mine
My Chocolate Soldier Sammy Boy
My Little Rumbly Rose
Mummy Mine
Naomi
New Moon, The
Nona
Oh Death Where Is Thy Sting
Oh Frenchy
Oh Helen
O How She Could Spanish
Old Grey Mare, The

Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning
Oh How She Can Dance
Oh How She Can Sing
Oh Susie Behave
O You Sarah
O O O O O Oh You Women
Oo La La Wee Wee
One Two Three Four
On the Rockin' Rosa Lee
On the Road to Home Sweet Home
Out Out Marie
Out of the East
Over There
Pig Latin Love
Ragging the Chop Sticks
Red Lantern, The
Rockabye Baby With Dixie Melody
Rose of No Man's Land, The
Salvation Lassie of Mine
Silver Threads Among the Gold
Singapore
Sipping Cider Through a Straw
Smiles
Somebody's Waiting for Someone
Some Day
Some Day I'll Make You Glad
Some Sunny Day
Sweet Little Buttercup
Sunshine (Spread all the Sunshine you can)
Take Your Girl to the Movies
Takin' 'em Down
Tears
Tears Tell The Story
That's the Meaning of Red, White, and Blue
That Wonderful Mother of Mine
They Were All Out of Step But Jim
Till We Meet Again
Tishomingo Blues
Tumble Down Shack in Athlone
Turkistan
Up In Mabel's Room
Wait and See
When Ireland Comes Into Her Own
When the Preacher Makes You Mine
While the Incense is Burning
You're Making a Miser of Me
You're Some Pretty Doll
You're Still My Old Sweetheart
You Can't Blame the Girls
You Cannot Shake that Shimmie Here
You'll Find Dixieland in France

After Glow (A Tone Picture)
Aloha Oe
Aloha Oe Syncopated Waltz
Big Ben One Step
Battle of Gettysburg March
Ben Hur Chariot Race March
Burning of Rome March
Butterflies Moreau
Cairo Fox-Trot
Calico Rag
Chippers The
Columbia's Call March
Commander, The March
Croon Time Reverie
Dance of the Cuckoo Kids
Dance of the Skeletons
Dream of Spring Moreau
Eileen Syncopated Waltz
Fairy Flirtations Dance Caprice
Flight of Fancy
Florence Waltz
Four Little Blackberries
Fire Alarm March
Hawaiian Blues
Hawaiian Dreams Waltz
Home Sweet Home Medley Waltz
Hoops-Kick Two-Step
Il Travatore Syncopated
Indian Saga March
In the Bazaar Oriental
Jazz Blues
Kansas City Blues
Memories of Home Reverie
Midnight Fire Alarm March
Moonlight Woogie Valse
Memphis Blues
Midnight Flyer March
Napoleon's Last Charge
Our Sammie March
Paul Revere's Ride March
Rag Rag Rag
Rubber Plant Rag
Sandy River Rag
Sing Ling Ting Chinese One-Step
Some Shape One-Step
Sleepy Hollow Idyll
Summer Dreams Idyll
Shadow Time Reverie
Society Three-Step
Tahana Intermezzo
Tender Amour Serenade
Turkish Towel Rag
United Nations

30c. List—VOCAL

A Dream
A Perfect Day
Asleep in the Deep
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere
By the Campfire
By the Watermelon Vine
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
Do You Remember
Dreamy Alabama
Egypthand
Give Me All of You
Golden Gate
I Love You Truly
Just a Weary for You
Kentucky Babe
Lil Lisa Jane
Little Pink Rose
Lonesome That's All
Mamma's Lullaby
Oasis
Oh What a Pal Was Mary
Rose Room
Sing Me Love's Lullaby
Some Day When Dreams Come True
Somewhere's Voice is Calling

Star of the East
Sunshine of Your Smile
Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight
Sweet Siamese
Tell Me
Story Book Ball
Vamp, The
Western Land
When the Boys Come Home
Yagland
Arabian Nights Vocal or One-Step
Beautiful Ohio Vocal or Waltz
Destiny Vocal or Waltz
Hindustan Vocal or Fox-Trot
Kentucky Dreams Vocal or Waltz
Moonlight Vocal or Waltz
Oriental Vocal or Fox-Trot
Russian Rag Vocal or Fox-Trot
Sand Dunes Vocal or Inst.

INSTRUMENTAL

Blue Rose Waltz
Bluin' the Blues
Chapel in the Mountains
Chicken Reel
Chapel by the Sea

Dream of Heaven Waltz
Egyptian Nights Fox-Trot
Fairy Kisses Waltz
Hearts and Flowers
Kiss of Spring Waltz
Meditation
Mighty Lak a Rose Waltz
Melody of Love
Maple Leaf Rag
National Emblem March
Peter Gink
Rainy Day Blues
Sand Dance
Star of the Sea
Sunset in Eden Waltz
Turkey in the Straw
Wedding of the Fairies Waltz
Wedding of the Winds

35c. List—VOCAL

Absent
At Dawning
Carissima
Dear Ye Cry, Ma Honey
Glowworm

Heidelberg
I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles
Magic of Your Eyes
Message of the Violet
Missouri, The Vocal or Waltz
Mether Machree
My Rosary for You
My Wild Irish Rose
Sweetest Story Ever Told
There's a Long Long Trail
When Irish Eyes are Smiling
Where the River Shannon Flows

INSTRUMENTAL

El Capitan March
King Cotton March
Kiss Me Again Waltz
Liberty Bell March
Lights Out March
Manhattan Beach March
Ragging the Scale
Robin's Return
Stars and Stripes Forever March
Washington Post March
Wayside Chapel

Orders sent direct to Melody should be addressed to "MELODY SHEET MUSIC SERVICE" 8 BOSWORTH ST., BOSTON, MASS.

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

The Story of a Story
A Musical Star of Magnitude
Waggish Wagging by a Wag
Granddad and Granddam Days
Found Gold at the End of Ragtime Rainbow. By E. R. Winn
Chicago Syncopations. By Axel W. Christensen
Just Between You and Me. By George L. Cobb
Jazz Notes. By Jimkin

MUSIC

Eat 'Em Alive. By Allen Taylor
Jazz Fox-Trot for Piano
D-I-X-I-E R-O-S-E (Dixie Rose) By Alfred H. Morrison
Chow Mein. By Frank E. Hersom
Chinese Episode for Piano
Isle of Pines. By R. E. Hildreth
Waltz for Piano
Boodiewah. By Davis-Elliott-Cobb
A Syncopated Arrangement of the Chorus of this Popular Hit, by Edward R. Winn

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Volume III

October, 1919

Number 10

The Story of a Story

THE SPELL OF SONG-WRITING

By R. L.

FOR not a little time past, on the back cover pages of his popular sheet music publications (such as *Kiss of Spring*, *National Emblem*, *Our Director*, etc.), Publisher Walter Jacobs has been running an advertisement of his monthly magazine MELODY, and thereto is attached a little story within a story — the outer story being a reason for this notice, and the inner one (the subject of the reason) a personal heart-story. Many of these back-cover advertisements or announcements of the magazine listed the contents of the issue for January, 1918, and included in this list of contents was "The Spell of Song-Writing by R. L." From a subscription standpoint the magazine advertisement has been wonderfully effective — not only bringing in yearly subscribers, but requests from many prospective subscribers for a single copy and therein lies the "inner" story, for hundreds and thousands of these requests have read in effect: "Be sure to send the issue of MELODY containing 'The Spell of Song-Writing'."

When this particular edition of MELODY was exhausted, and went "out of print" many months ago, it became necessary to reply to these specialized requests by personal letters. This not only entailed much additional clerical labor, but incurred quite a material expense, and as these special requests are still coming in (as they seem to bid fair to do for some time to come), the necessity of personal replies still exists. To offset this matter of largely increased mail and additional work, Publisher Jacobs has decided not only to reprint the requested article in this issue of MELODY, but to publish several thousand extra copies of the issue to meet all future demands for this special number, and there you have the "outer" story.

The "inner" story which has caused this "outer" story was written by Mr. Robert Levenson, who sponsored "The Spell of Song-Writing" only by his initials (R. L.) when it first appeared in the magazine. Even in the face of this explanation its reprinting may cause comment among some who have read it before, yet because of its appeal a second reading of the story will do no one any harm. Its appeal lies in the fact that it is not fiction, but is the open confession of the author's own experience in the song-writing mill. Since writing that article Mr. Levenson has turned out a number of vocal hits, one of the most successful of these being "My Belgian Rose."

Just by way of a formal self-introduction, permit me to announce myself as one of those many, many persons who try to write popular songs. For quite a few years I have followed the muse of song-writing, if there be any such lady, like one of those children of old who followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Again and again have I sought to win her with honeyed words and accents sweet that — to me, at least — seemed to flow as mellifluously as a singing brook, but almost all in vain. One song was too weak in this spot, another was too good for a ten-cent number and not good enough for a thirty-cent number; that one didn't have a new idea, while this one (the manuscript of which my economical mother has used to line her pantry shelves), lacked some of the "essential elements of popularity" — whatever that may mean. I haven't been wholly unsuccessful, however, as I have had quite a number of songs published. I've had the great pleasure (and small profit) of collaborating with some of the well-known writers, and I've made a little money from writing songs. But just now I was figuring what it had cost me to write and sell the songs I have disposed of; in my mind I drew up a rough balance-sheet of my song-writing experience, and then I began wondering what made me stay so long at so unprofitable a business.

My mental balancing of accounts showed that the money I had made was negligible, as compared with what it had cost me to make it, yet I admit to a sneaking fondness in my heart for song-writing — and there are thousands of others like me. You perhaps know somebody or other in your town — it may be that person whom you see in the mirror — who writes songs; who tries unsuccessfully to place them, and who still keeps on trying. He will tell you that his stuff is good, but that the publishers won't take the trouble to examine it — or some such story which you may brand as "hard-luck." He still writes on and sends on, and receives back — the songs which he sent on. Why does he do it?

It cannot be for Art's sake that these would-be song writers

Continued on page 4

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...Chimes of Westminster	...Castle Perfect Trot	...Keep Moving
WALTZES	...Zum (College One-Step)	...Skip Along
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A MUSICAL STAR OF MAGNITUDE

Miss Helen Spring, the living vital original of the accompanying photographic presentment, has just closed a most successful season at the Cort Theatre in Chicago, where she has been playing the leading role in the clever show "I Love You" — a production that does not afford her wonderful contralto voice the full opportunity it should have, yet she has done vocal wonders with the material at hand. This young singing-actress is one



HELEN SPRING

of the youngest stage-stars that has ever delighted Chicago audiences, at the present moment registering only nineteen years of living, but judging from her present work and success she doubtless will register brilliantly as a star for a long time to come.

Miss Spring, who is a native of New York with her home in Mount Vernon, lives fully up to the vernal significance of her name. She radiates the very essence of spring, is alive with the bubbling enthusiasm of youth, revels in popular music as well as that of the classic and blossoms in both equally well, and adores ragtime when it is *real* ragtime. She already has won popularity on Broadway, and has played in stock in Boston where her charming personality and brilliant dramatic ability were highly appreciated and heartily applauded.

THE STORY OF A STORY

Continued from page 3

continue to write, for they are not satisfied with the mere contemplation of their brain-child, even though it be printed and in the physical form of a popular song. Furthermore, they do not set for themselves an artistic ideal, as whatever ideals they may have for the most part are measured by shekels, yet not entirely so. There are many writers who would gladly give up all their share of profit in a song, if it only could be made a hit. They do not persist for the sake of art, nor entirely for the sake of money. What, then, is the spell which leads them on, even in the face of failure?

Did you ever imagine how it would make you feel to go to the theatre with some friends and see a play that you had written, actually move? Wouldn't you like to go into a book-shop, see a great stack of copies of a "Best-Seller" and know that you had written that book? If, then, you had written a song, wouldn't you like to hear somebody who was passing along the street whistle what you had made, the song-creation of your brain? That's the answer. You go to a vaudeville theatre, and you hear a singer singing it; you drop into a movie show, the pianist plays it; you pass a street-corner, a group of young fellows are harmonizing its melody — the harmony may be perilously "close" but you don't care, or you go shopping and hear the sales-girl humming its melody, as she waits upon you. It's all in the "feeling," and there's no feeling in the world that can compare with it.

A father or mother may think that their new baby is the cutest, rosiest-checked, best-natured, prettiest baby in the whole wide world, but it takes the approval of hundreds of thousands to make a "song-hit"! A book has to be read through by each person who appreciates it, yet one singer can sing your song in a theatre and the entire audience of two thousand people at once become familiar with it. A play requires thousands of dollars to produce, while it seems so ridiculously cheap to put a song on the market. A book has hundreds of pages — a song but two or three. What quicker road to fame and success, then, than by writing a "song-hit"? And so the mental mirage lures us on until we seem to be nearer and nearer the oasis of fame, and then, for the most of us, there comes a day of disillusionment and bitter heartache, when we find ourselves still in the vast desert of unrecognized and know that our visioned oasis was only a mirage.

We have written and written; we have tried our best. Some laugh at us and some encourage us; some pity us and some even admire us, but we do not achieve the final recognition we seek — the plaudits of the multitude. We feel that we easily could eclipse some of the efforts which find their way to the song-writers' "happy hunting-grounds" — the "hit" class — and possibly we could. We finally decide that we never had a chance anyhow; that the publishers won't give anybody outside of their offices a look-in, and at length we reach the conclusion that there is nothing in the blamed business. Then, after we have made up our mind that we are thoroughly disgusted with the song-writing and song-publisher's business, an idea strikes us. "Gee, that would make a great ballad!" we ejaculate in ecstasy. "Feist might fall for that. Let's see, what rhymes with 'moonbeam'?" Lo, as Shakespeare once remarked, "We're in again!"

The whole music business would seem to exercise this spell, for it appears that writers are not the only ones subject to its magic. I once knew a man who was a leading salesman in the popular-song business. He was immensely popular and immensely valuable to his firm, which was one of the biggest. In a burst of confidence one day he told me that he, too, had succumbed to this spell. "I could make three times as much money selling corsets or underwear or clothing as I do selling music, but I wouldn't change," he said, and I believe he spoke the truth. He had an attractive personality — in fact, I never heard of his having a single enemy — and was one of the highest-

paid if not the highest-paid in the business. When he died it took several salesmen to do his work. He could have made three times as much money selling underwear, yet he wouldn't change, nor could he quite tell why. The spell had him.

I know another young man in the music business, who was born in Russia. He came to this country some time ago, quickly picked up the language, and then, somehow, the song-writing bee began buzzing in his bonnet. He left the town where he resided with his family and went to New York. Someone advised him that the best way to break into the game was to publish his own songs. He went to it, but found he could not sell his songs through the regular channels because he was not listed with the syndicate stores, yet nothing daunted he canvassed from house to house and sold enough to make a living for himself. He used to go to Yonkers, Jersey City, Weehawken and other neighboring cities and towns every morning, selling as many copies as he could. In the afternoon he went back to New York and would go from one publishing house to another, trying to place a song or two or to get into the good graces of the well-known writers whose influence might help him in getting a song published. It is now about five years that he has been writing songs. He is personally acquainted with most of the biggest writers in New York City, yet to the best of my knowledge he has had only two songs published by big publishing firms, neither of which became very popular. And yet he writes on!

I know another young fellow — know him personally and very, very intimately — who has had more educational advantages than most popular song-writers. He was graduated from High School, and for a while went to one of America's most famous old colleges. He won several prizes at school and in college, but he too, had been stung by the song-writing bug and sought to become acquainted with the publishers and writers in the city where he might happen to be; he also could sing a bit, which helped him. While in college he would sing evenings for one or another of the various publishers, and even succeeded in having one or two songs published. He finally left college and went to work regularly for a publishing firm, "plugging" songs in the hope that eventually he might get the firm to publish one of his offsprings — for this was no small local publisher, but a big New York house. He traveled over the country singing the firm's songs, writing songs of his own and receiving assurances from the head of the firm that they would soon publish one of his own songs.

That "soon" never came, and he and the New York house parted ways. He decided to give up the business, but chance came along, beckoned to him alluringly and back he went to the magic realms of words and music. Again his hopes ran high — once more they were dashed to the ground. From time to time Dame Fortune has flipped him a coin or two, but never the golden purse which she holds forth so temptingly. A dozen times he has forsworn allegiance to song-writing, and as many times he has broken his vow. Right now, at the time I am writing of him, he has really and truly declared himself disgusted with the business, and thinks that even the hit-writers don't make so very much when compared with a regular, honest-to-goodness salary which makes its appearance every Saturday. But I know that he'll change his mind again some day, for you see, deep down in his heart he figures like this: "At the present time nearly one-half the civilized world is singing a stirring song called 'The Marseillaise,' and it was written by a shoemaker! Therefore, haven't I still a chance?" I think he is right, and that he has — for I am he.

WAGGISH WAGGING BY A WAG

GENERALLY speaking, a "wag" is a wit, or at least one who is wittily inclined, and waggishness is the indulging in frolicsome witticisms. A "wag" also may be a movement of some kind, let us etymologize a bit. To "wag" is to put into motion — to oscillate, wobble, wiggle, or waggle something (say, as a person's pen or tongue in words either jocular or peevish); to

"wig" (also a motion) is to scold, berate, vituperate or tongue-lash someone in words peevish or worse, while to "wig-wag" is to talk without words and by motions — that is, to attract attention to something or someone by means of signals with flags. And through and by motion, *i. e.*, frolicsome accentuation in rhythm, there can be waggery (drollery) in music as well as in prose, poetry and speech.

In a moment of music-waggishness, musical jocularly or what you will, a tuneful tot was evolved as a musical wag by a waggish musician, who gave to his little music-joker the name of "Peter Gink," and ever since his evolving the "kid" (slang for joke) has been sometimes wiggled and sometimes waggled because of his birth connection with a music-aristocrat. As Peter, the little cuss has been wiggled because of being related to a "Peer," as a little Gink, he has been waggled because of jocosely rubbing elbows with one of the famous "Gynts," and because of this free wiggling and wagging of a joyful jester — Peter Gink has been royally wig-waggled all along the musical line, *i. e.*, accorded much attention by word signals, but not yet "flagged."

Peter's latest adventure in the way of signal attention, was to get himself noticed in the Boston Herald under date of September 13th (ominous as a date yet not so bad as would have been the 23d), and this notice came through a correspondent to Mr. Phillip Hale's scintillant column, "As the World Wags." In the correspondent's letter to the column Peter is partly wiggled and partly waggled (phon-ash-can-graphed), yet is wholly wig-waggled by the process. Here is the way in which poor Petey gets his from the correspondent.

A MUSICAL GINK

As the World Wags:

I rolled into the movie the other night with the first mate when the following was thrown upon the screen:

PETER GINK
COBB

First we thought it was going to be one of those funny cartoon pictures, but all of a sudden the man with the diamond in his shirt and another on his finger waved his baton and the orchestra started away from the dock, full steam ahead. Peter Gink! Imagine a phonograph playing Grieg's immortal Suite and at the same time rolling down the street inside an ash can. There was no mistake about it, and we listened for five minutes while the orchestra dragged Anitra by the hair through Dwarf King's Hall and then turned around and dragged her back again. Ase's Death was evidently too "slow" for composer Cobb and it was just as well.

F. A. F.

For the love of Pete! why is the little Gink being so ripped, rapped and rip-rapped for an "accident of birth" that was no fault of his own? Peter was born with red-blood coursing through his veins, and admittedly is a musical cut-up, but he isn't a rough-neck who would raise a rough-house as this correspondent claims. In youthful exuberance he might execute a few exaggerated steps in accentuated rhythm when dancing with Anitra, but he *wouldn't* muss-up the lady's marcel wave by dragging her through anybody's hall, hallway or haul-way by her own hair, and he just naturally *couldn't* if the lady was as much "wiggled" as he has been — all of which nails a base libel on Pete's character. As for Ase's (or anyone else's) death being too "slow" for jolly Peter's pater ("Composer Cobb"), that is simply a matter of the quick and the dead — Genial George is far too much of the first to mope among the last, and that hangs the crape on the other fellow's door-knob.

Peter is a musical pull and not a music-pill. When apolied externally (rhythmic massage) he is a joy-kicker (not joy-killer) who makes the feet laugh and the face smile, but if taken internally (musico-mentally) it is quite possible that he might make a music-dyspeptic groan infernally. If George L. wasn't so busy enjoying the effects of his little music-joke, as the paternal progenitor of Peter he might take unto his soul the piteous plaint of the queen mother to son Hamlet: "What have I done, that thou darest *wag* thy tongue in noise so rude against me?" Peter may be "A Musical Gink," but he has gimp and isn't an unmusical jinx. To do a little wig-wagging ourselves: If you don't know this little Jack-joker personally — get Peter, get acquainted with the Gink and get the Cobbian joke in "Peter Gink." Incidentally, you'll get a funny feeling in the feet that'll fit your features with a smile.

Granddad and Granddam Days

IN THESE times of much movement, where from meat to music everything which is meant for human enjoyment must be cooked to order and served *a la carte* (according to mood or whim), and in times when all pleasure accessories to life necessities practically are "motored" to or for us (motored-pictures, motored-trips, motored-music, *et cetera*), it is interesting to know something of the amusements of past days. In their musical recreations it is interesting to learn something of the home-cooking for home-consumption (self-made and self-served) in the days of granddad and granddam — what were their musical amusements, and how they were gratified.

In those days (of course) there were theatres with their orchestras, and there were concerts, but as recreation these were of rare (rather than every other night) occasions. But (also of course) there were no motion-pictures with their marvelous music accessories, nor were there as many bands and (more than an occasional fiddle and piano) practically no dance orchestras. Neither were there cabarets and cafes where were heard nightly all the latest and next-to-latest popular songs. Of necessity therefore music recreation of those days was mostly home-made and home-consumed, but of this there was an abundance and certain songs and piano pieces ran big in home-popularity. Of rag and jazz there was none, but of melodies there were many. Of these old-time "popularities" Mr. Quincy Kilby — the well known veteran theatrical man and manager of Boston, and for many years connected with the famous old Boston Theatre — writes interestingly in a recent issue of the *Boston Herald* as follows:

Having recently become the fortunate and appreciative owner of a bound volume of sheet music collected by my father's sister 70 or 80 years ago, I feel that some of your readers may be interested in knowing what selections were popular in those days. The pieces are mostly vocal, though some few are instrumental. I give you the entire list.

"Buy My Roses," Webber's Hunting Chorus from the opera of "Der Frieschut," — the spelling is not mine — "arranged for the pianoforte by M. H. Parnell, composer and director of music to the Boston Theatre. Published by C. Bradley, 164 Washington Street, Boston"; "Gaily the Troubadour Touched His Guitar," "Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue," sung with the most enthusiastic applause by Miss Clara Fisher."

Clara Fisher was born in 1806 and was for many years a favorite soubrette and musical star. As Clara Fisher Maeder she played the old lady, Miss Clarissa, in the Globe Theatre production of "Our Boys" in 1876. I knew her in 1882, when we were both in the traveling company of the Boston Theatre. She was a bright, breezy little woman with decided opinions of her own, which at times she firmly voiced. Her sister Amelia was the Miss Fisher whose theatrical boarding house on Bulfinch Place housed such well known actors as William Warren,

Joseph Jefferson, Maggie Mitchell, John Wilkes Booth, Maurice Barrymore, the Sothorns, father and son, and many lesser lights. Miss Fisher's front door and doorplate are preserved to posterity in the collection of the Bostonian Society in the Old State House at State and Washington Streets.

Next comes "Oft in the Stilly Night," Scotch air from Moore's National Melodies. "Scotch air! Tell it not to Dublin. But to continue. "Buy a Broom," "My Alpine Rose," "The Swiss Boy," "Green Hills of Tyrol," "The Ingle Side," "The Harp of Love," as sung by Miss Johnson in 'The Spy' to the air of 'Bonny Doon,' "Love from the Heart," as sung by Mme. Vestris, "The Swiss Hunter's Welcome Home," "The Minstrels Returned from the War," "The Mermaid's Cave," sung by Miss Hughes with enthusiastic applause, "Farewell to My Harp," sung with rapturous applause by Miss George in the opera of 'John of Paris,' composed by Charles E. Horns." I doubt if the opera of "John of Paris" has been heard this season.

The next has no bearing on its predecessor, despite the apparent innuendo. "The Mellow Horn," composed and sung with rapturous applause by (Mr. Jones) — the parenthesis is theirs, not mine — "written by C. W. Hyatt, Esq., and respectfully dedicated to J. H. Eastburn of Boston." "Evening Song of the Virgin at Sea," a Duett, the words by Mrs. Hemans, the music by Her Sister."

"The Deep-Deep Ocean," "The Maltese Boatman's Song," as sung at the Apollo Society. Arranged for one, two or three voices by L. Devereaux. Boston, published by James L. Hewitt & Co. at their Music Saloon, No. 16 Market Street." Which might be a good place for a saloon today, though hardly for music.

"I See Them on Their Winding Way," new song composed by B. Hime, the words taken from an unpublished poem by the late Bishop Heber. "The Boys of Switzerland," "Home Sweet Home!" "Auld Lang Syne," "Absence," "The Lavender Girl" — which sounds like a musical comedy of today — "Grand Centennial March," dedicated to Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, mayor of Boston, by C. H. Zeuner." This was published in 1830 and is embellished with a view of the present State House, "taken from the Mall."

"Bonaparte's Coronation March," "Cadets March," "Bonaparte's March Crossing the Rhine," "London March," "Kinlock of Kinlock," "The Favourite Swiss Waltz," "The Bird Waltz," "Waltz, the last composition of C. M. von Weber," "The Celebrated Grand Waltz of Beethoven," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "The Campbells Are Coming" and "Langolee, an Irish Melody."

No syncopation, no jazz, no duets for ukulele and saxophone. This was a placid, matter-of-fact world 75 years ago. Such a collection made today of up-to-date music would in all probability precipitate a war between Dixie and Honolulu.

Then, after cooling off a little, he remembers to thank his lucky stars that he did not delay any longer than he did in starting out to gather in the golden harvest he has found at the end of the ragtime rainbow.

Mr. Seymour frankly admits that when he first heard of popular songs being taught to pupils in a few lessons it sounded "fishy," and that figuratively speaking, as the magazine writers would say, he buried his head in the sand like an ostrich and refused to listen, but continued to hold down his job as an orchestra leader and pianist in Danbury's leading vaudeville theatre. But "truth crushed to earth will rise again," and friend Clifford had the rare good fortune to receive a second call from Old Man Opportunity — just born lucky, we guess!

Being now a few years older, and having learned not to blow

FOUND GOLD AT THE END OF RAGTIME RAINBOW

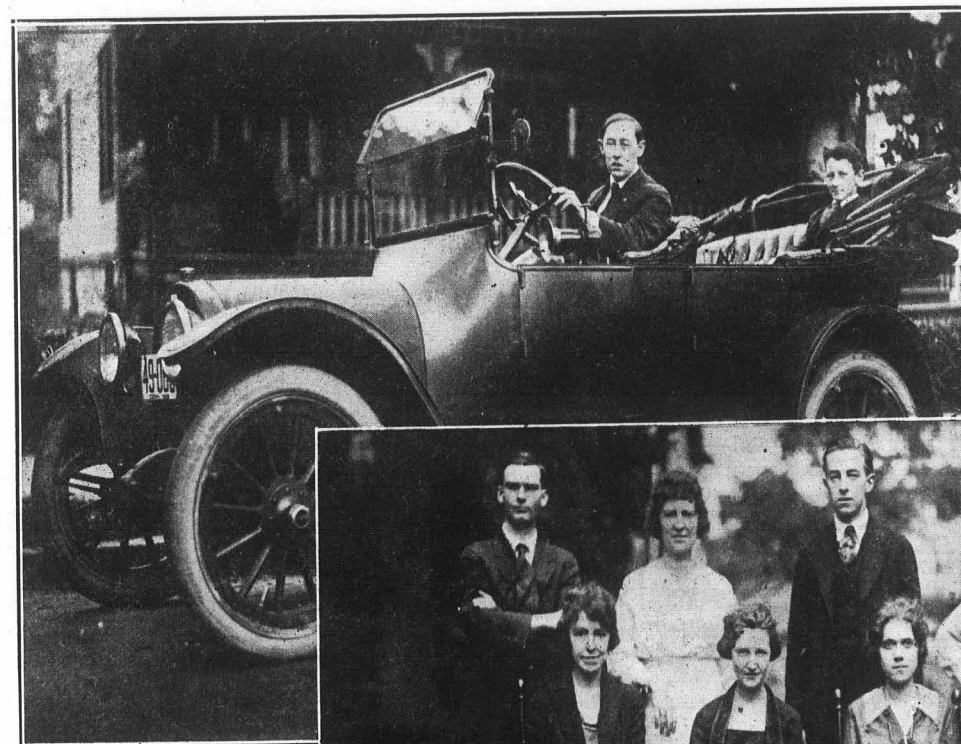
By Edward R. Winn

WHETHER you do or do not believe in the old fairy tale about there being a big pot of gold hidden underneath the end of a rainbow, it is absolutely certain that, if you never start to find the end of the bow, you never will find the pot of gold.

Mr. Clifford F. Seymour, for several years a teacher of popular music and ragtime piano playing in Danbury, Conn., takes himself down one of the side streets of that bustling town and kicks himself around a few of the vacant lots, the while muttering "Bonehead!" whenever he recalls that he might have taken up Twentieth Century piano instruction long before he did.

out the gas, our hero lent an eager ear this time to the "rainbow story," with the result that soon another conductor was guiding the orchestra while at his home there was displayed right in the front parlor window a sign reading, "Winn School of Popular Music." Say, that gave the neighborhood something to talk about. And is Cliff satisfied? Oh, boy! also lady! And sweet cookie! As he says himself, he may have lost an opportunity to be a pioneer, but he had the good sense to climb aboard the bandwagon while the climbing was good and grab off the territorial rights for his home town before someone else "beat him to it."

Popular music teaching has earned for Mr. Seymour other things besides social prominence in Danbury and surrounding places. For instance: his city home, a bungalow at Peach Lake (N. Y.) for his summer residence, and a couple of automobiles — but they're not Cliff-ford's, only a joke, kind reader.



Of a jovial nature, it is natural that "Cliff" should notice the humorous phase of music teaching, which is generally overlooked by those who take their work too seriously.

"The teaching of popular music is very interesting," he said in a recent interview, "and contains many a laugh for the instructor. Here is a little story which goes to show how people may be convinced that you really can learn to play up-to-date music in comparatively few lessons. Not long ago, at a house party, a discussion came up about the playing of popular music and ragtime. A young lady who had been taking classical lessons for quite some time was asked to play a popular tune. The poor girl had to admit that she could play only classical music. 'I can play for you,' spoke up a miss of tender years. And she did!

"When she had finished, the older girl said, 'Now, that is what I call real playing. How many lessons have you taken?' 'Only seven,' replied the child. She was one of my pupils, by the way," added Mr. Seymour, proudly, "and, needless to remark, I got several new ones through that little demonstration."

"I recall another funny experience that occurred while I was teaching in one of my branch studios. I was waiting for a pupil one day when the door bell was rung vigorously. Expecting to see my pupil, imagine my astonishment when, on opening the door, I came face to face with a man about six feet in height and of massive build, who completely blocked the doorway. Under his arm he carried a big guitar. 'What's the matter now,' thought I, as I looked into his excited face. Visions of that guitar crashing down upon my head passed before me, and I guess I did the 'shimmie' all right when he started to roar, 'I have come to — take guitar lessons!' Choking down a sigh of relief I explained to him that I taught only popular music and ragtime piano playing. A few minutes' demonstration convinced him how easy it was to play the piano. Casting his guitar aside he bellowed 'I think it's a — sight easier to play the piano, so I'll take a lesson right now.' He did, learned quickly, and is now very happy. Whenever we meet he tells me what a wonderful method I teach."

One pupil of whom Mr. Seymour is very proud is Master Edward Gallagher, who is the passenger shown in the photograph.

Joseph Kristinus, four-



teen years old, is another juvenile pupil who gives much promise. After taking a score of piano lessons Joseph organized an orchestral trio, with himself as pianist and leader, George Baldaph, thirteen, as drummer, and Earl Walters, fourteen as violinist. These boys can rattle off the latest popular music amazingly well, and their services are in constant demand.

Now, with studios in South Norwalk, Bridgeport and Poughkeepsie besides Danbury, Mr. Seymour finds himself in a line

Continued on page 21

Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen



TEMPORARY FUGITIVES

THE writer of this department is about to remove the Chicago office of MELODY temporarily to the Pacific Coast, and as we are leaving for San Francisco immediately after this writing and are carrying the said "Chicago office" along with us, for a time at least the syncopation sanctum will be under the proverbial hat, i. e., wherever we happen to light.

Having become somewhat emboldened by that Easter ragtime trip about which we wrote last month, we at first had contemplated making this trip by auto, and the date was actually set for October 1st, but three days of hard rain dampened our enthusiasm. The roads between Chicago and Kansas City, which are very much unlike the delightful boulevards from Buffalo to Boston and New York City, are not noted for their smoothness, and we had dismal visions of being stuck in the mud many times between here and K. C. So we are taking the train, and in three days expect to walk in on Mr. Gleeson, the veteran ragtime teacher of the Pacific Coast. We shall see Phil Kaufman, Bernard Brin and all the rest while out there, and in a later issue of MELODY I hope to tell you something about the "syncopated zones" of the West and the Northwest.

SYNCOPIATED NOTES

FROM CHICAGO

Otto Pellage, who formerly was connected with the Christensen School of Popular Music in Chicago, favored us with a visit while on his way through from Oakland (California) where he now resides. He was on a trip to the Knights Templars Conclave at Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack G. Elberink of the "Elberink School of Ragtime and Dramatic Art" in Elgin, Illinois, were callers at the Christensen down-town studios in Chicago recently.

Mazie Peralta of Denver is here taking an advanced course in ragtime piano

OLD MANAGER OF THE CHRISTENSEN SCHOOL IS BACK

Sgt. George F. Schulte, for eight years manager of the Christensen School of Popular Music in Cleveland, Ohio, has again assumed full charge. George was one of the first ragtime teachers to enlist in the service, and one of the last to return. As he puts it, "I waited until it was all over." When he again saw the Statue of Liberty, it so tickled him that he made his band play "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here" all the way up New York Harbor. There is no doubt that George put pep in his band at that time, for we know what he can do.



When shortly after his return he met Mr. Christensen at the See and Bee boat at Cleveland, the "Czar" felt rather shaky, for when George shook hands with him he delighted in pulling him all around the dock for about ten minutes. From all appearances army life has agreed with George, for he has gained about 25 pounds in weight and never was so husky, in all his life.

The only thing about George which we don't like is that, whenever we ask him about the late war, he replies by saying: "It's all over, let's forget it." If it wasn't for receiving mail from him which was post-marked "American Expeditionary Forces," one might think he had never crossed the pond, for he absolutely refuses to talk.

George has again taken the management of the Cleveland school which during his absence was so ably handled by Mr. F. G. Corbitt and later by Ray Worley, both of whom have now returned to

their own schools at Boston and Chicago respectively. We know that George will make good at Cleveland, for he is Cleveland's original ragtime teacher. In past years he has turned out a great many satisfied pupils, among whom there are several who hold responsible positions in ragtime schools, and also many professional players.

playing. She expects to use this in connection with her organ work. Miss Peralta is an unusually clever organist, having played first organ at the Ravoli Theatre in Denver.

Miss McClure, who until recently was connected with the main school of ragtime in Chicago, has taken charge of a new school of ragtime and popular music which has been opened in Oak Park. Miss McClure has been so successful with her pupils that she has a large class who are willing to go to Oak Park for their lessons, and we have no doubt that she will make a success of this new studio.

Mr. William Romano, who before he entered the service of Uncle Sam operated a school of ragtime in Joliet, has been discharged from the army and will resume his teaching at the main school next Monday.

A school of ragtime, popular music and jazz is to be opened in Indianapolis, Indiana, on or about October 15th. This school will be in charge of Charley Schultz, who has been teaching in Chicago for several months, before which he had operated a very busy school in Milwaukee.

Miss Nerad and Miss Hickey have returned from a very pleasant vacation, and are ready for the busy season which already has started in.

Miss Janice Reynolds of Whitewater, Michigan, is taking a teacher's course in ragtime, and promises to be one of our "very best." She already is a very clever pianist.

Everyone around the Chicago office is anxiously awaiting the return of Edna Morton, who expects to pass through here on her way to her future home in Philadelphia as soon as the Cincinnati "Reds" win the pennant—and it sure looks as if they have it already won. As we have before written Edna will soon be "Mrs. Morris Rath."

Eat 'Em Alive

JAZZ FOX-TROT

ALLEN TAYLOR

PIANO

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MELODY

Musical score for page 10, featuring piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'mf' and 'ff'.

MELODY

Musical score for page 11, featuring piano accompaniment and a TRIO section. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'mf', 'f', and 'ff'.

MELODY

D-I-X-I-E R-O-S-E

(DIXIE ROSE)

Words and Music by
ALBERT H. MORRISON

Moderato

PIANO

f *ff*

When I was a lad Down in Ten-nes-see,
Down in Mem-phis town, When the ev-'ning's fine,

p

I was bad, oh just as bad As an-y boy could be.
Joe and Sam - bo hum a tune While Lou and Man - dy jine.

In the old red school My old teach-er ma'am Said that I was
How their voi-ces blend, Like an an-gel choir, Swell-ing soft-ly

born a fool, Nev-er would a-mount to a con-ti-nen-tal; But there is one who loves me
till the end. Ev-'ry one is shout-ing with ad-mir-a-tion, That haunt-ing strain is com-ing

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fond and true, Lis-ten while I spell her lov-ing name to you.
back to me, Lis-ten while I hum to you the mel-o-dy.

CHORUS

D - I - X - I - E, spells Dix-ie, R - O - S - E, Rose She is neat-er,

p-f

yes, she's sweet-er Than the sweet-est flow'r that grows. Though I've got no

ed-u-ca-tion, Here's one thing I knows, D - I - X - I - E that's Dix-ie,

R - O - S - E, Rose. Rose. Dix-ie Rose. Dix-ie Rose.

f *ff* *f* *ff*

D.S.

MELODY

Chow Mein

A CHINESE EPISODE

FRANK E. HERSOM

Moderato (Not too fast)

PIANO

mf L.H.

ff

p

f

ff

rall.

delicato

mf

mf a tempo

cresc.

ff L.H.

p

rall.

mf a tempo

MELODY

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ff L.H.

p

rall.

un poco animato

mf

f

ff

D.S.al (then Trio)

TRIO

f L.H.

mf

MELODY

MELODY

Isle of Pines

WALTZ

R. E. HILDRETH

INTRO Andante con moto

PIANO

WALTZ

MELODY

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Musical score for page 18, featuring piano accompaniment. The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *ff*, *mf*, *f*, and *cresc.* (crescendo). Articulations include accents and slurs. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

MELODY

Musical score for page 19. The top section is labeled "TRIO" and consists of seven systems of music. Dynamics include *p*, *ff*, and *f*. The bottom section is labeled "CODA" and consists of one system of music. Dynamics include *poco accel.*, *f*, *ff*, and *ff*. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

D.C. Waltz at Φ

MELODY

BOODIEWAH

Melody converted in accordance with the Winn Method of Ragtime Piano Playing

Words by W. MAX DAVIS
and EDDIE ELLIOTTMusic by GEORGE L. COBB
Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN

CHORUS (Moderato)

The musical score for 'Boodiewah' is a syncopated piano solo arrangement. It consists of eight systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests, with some measures marked with 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The arrangement is credited to George L. Cobb, with lyrics by W. Max Davis and Eddie Elliott, and an arrangement by Edward R. Winn.

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BY GEO. L. COBB

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WILL ROSSITER, "The Chicago Publisher," 71 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.



FOUND GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

Continued from page 7

of musical endeavor which is bringing him greater returns than he ever hoped to attain, for with him music is an art first and a business second. Since he was twelve years old his passion has been to play the piano, and this desire he has satisfied with great credit to himself. As a theatre pianist, few can beat him;

when it comes to musical comedy, light opera or vaudeville one rehearsal is enough, while playing a "movie" is like stealing it. He almost hates to take money for "following the picture," it's so easy.

Yes, there may be a pot of gold at the end of every rainbow, but only preparation, opportunity grasped and then application spells success in finding the end of the bow. Clifford F. Seymour proves the rule.

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DESCRIPTIVE SYNOPSIS

WHEN the soul is moved by Love's Awakening, it is as if some enchanting voice had spoken within with more power than words can convey. It thrills through every nerve and passes to the heart like some dissolving strain of Sweet Music. This may be said of

SCENE FIRST wherein is portrayed "The Meeting at the Ball," and where the enchanting Waltz so delightfully pictures the fascinating charms of Love. Its captivating grace, and dreamy Love Melody ever floating before the mind, alluring the lovers on and on throughout the mazes of the dance.

SCENE SECOND is "The Wooing," in which we have a Romance wherein Love's pure emotions, with all its fond and tender glances, its hopes and longings, now find their utterance, and in most charming manner tell their tale.

SCENE THIRD is of "Perturbation," for alas the course of true love never did run smooth, however strong the affection or intense the passion! Here we find our lovers are highly agitated. They quarrel. Emphasis takes the place of gentleness! The scene is graphic, and although, towards the end, the storm is abating, and a PLEADING is perceived, yet peace has not fully calmed the troubled waters.

Happily, however, a RECONCILIATION takes place as pictured in

SCENE FOURTH where Love again asserts its sway. Here in accents sweet and tender the Lover now sings a charming Barcarolle, and with renewed ardor pours forth the affections of his heart. Here the light guitar, as it were, plays accompaniment to a beseeching melody. All is forgiven and forgotten. The Lovers are fully reconciled.

And now the DENOUEMENT. This is finely portrayed in

SCENE FIFTH where merry Wedding Bells peal forth the finale to our little Romance. Here a Wedding March is heard in grand proportions throughout the entire scene. In this wonderful pouring forth of sound are perceived congratulations, and all the joys of the nuptial festivities. It is a grand and fitting close to the whole. But hard! At the end are heard once more those dreamy strains of the opening waltz; in these Sweet Memories the scene now dies away.

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MELODY.

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, September 21st, at Symphony Hall in Boston I had the pleasure of hearing Sousa's Band play to a much crowded house—and "thereby hangs a tune." It is almost superfluous to talk about the playing of the Sousa Band, but before starting in on my own little barrel-organ tune I must say a word about this artistic bunch. I have heard the Sousa aggregation many times before, but I have never heard them play as they did at this concert and that is saying a great deal—time, tempos, technic, tunes and TONE (I can't think of any more "T's")—all being combined to make the perfect whole in band ensemble artistry, and winning round after round of appreciative applause from the audience. Now for my little individual tune.

I went to the hall a little early so that I could drift around to the stage door and perchance have a chat with my friend Mr. Joseph Green—he is one of the "Green Brothers," who are famous as xylophone artists, and albeit "Green" by name, are wonderfully well ripened and sophisticated in artistic performance. Well, the "perchance" materialized and I had the chat. Of course you know or have heard of "Peter Gink" (one of my music progeny who on his mother's grandfather's side of the house is related to the famous "Peer Gynt" bunch of musical people)? Well, that's the theme of my little tune. Joseph told me he had been featuring "Peter" with the band, and that very shortly he and his brother George were going to make an Okeh Record of Pete. I stuck on my most *sang froid*, blasé front so that Joe could not see I was nearly tickled to death, but I was.

Added to his other accomplishments Joe must be one of these telepathists, or

mind readers, for after a little chin music he asked me if I would like to meet John Philip Sousa himself. I admitted that I would—and I did, which was a most unexpected pleasure. After an exceedingly friendly hand-shake, I told the great band leader I had wanted to grip the Sousa baton-bunch-of-fives ever since I was knee-high to a cootie. He smiled out loud, and said some very complimentary things about "Peter Gink," but not many about Pete's paternal ancestor.

R. J. L., Norwalk, Conn.

By writing to the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., you may be able to obtain some of the books you want that treat on the subjects of phrases, themes, motives, etc.

G. W. D., Mackinaw, Ill.

"Let's Be Friends" has a poor and uneven meter, with a very complicated and wordy punch line at the end of the chorus. The verses, in my humble opinion, are of the right length. With a little more thought, I believe that you can patch up this poem so it will be good material for a waltz ballad. In "Venetian Love Moon" you have evidently tried to "hitch your wagon to a star," but in reality you have annexed your go-cart to a "flivver." You have attempted many glorious things with your melodies in this composition, but they all dive off at tangents at the wrong time and consequently get nowhere. For instance, you start your trio in three flats and end it in two flats. This is just as wrong as asking the custodian of the joy-juice to put the collar on the bottom of your glass. This number is well arranged but lacks consistent melody.

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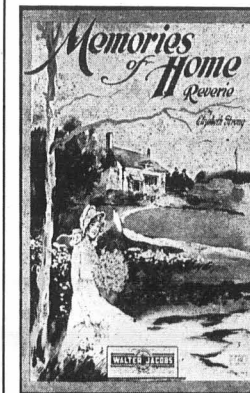
1. Mimi, Danse des Grisettes; Big Ben, Descriptive One-Step; Crystal Currents, Waltz; Slim Pickin's, Fox-Trot Rag.
2. Iron Trail, March; Chain of Daisies, Waltz; Cheops, Egyptian Intermezzo; Ballet des Fleurs.
3. Omeoni, One-Step; Intermezzo-Irlandais; Hearts Adrift, Valse Hésitation; That Tangoing Turk, One-Step.
4. Sighing Surf, Valse Classique; Law and Order, March; "Funnies," Trot; Rain of Pearls, Valse.
5. See Dixie First, Song; Joy Boy, Fox-Trot; Expectancy, Novallette; Shepherd Lullaby, Reverie.
6. June Moon, Novallette; A Little Later On, Song; My Dusky Rose, Song; Jacobs' Incidental Music, Series C—Excerpts from Schumann; For Her, Romance.
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J. C., Alexandria, N. Y.

"The Bridal Ring" would have been mighty good material years ago for a sob-song, but if it were published now you would get nothing but ridicule from the rabble, and the whole thing would be taken as a joke. If in the future you can turn out an up-to-date lyric as well written as "The Bridal Ring," I see no reason why you can't grind out hit and selling material. I sincerely hope that we shall hear from thee again.

E. G. S., Rochester, N. Y.

"So Long Ago" is a tender little ballad with good words, pretty melody and a rotten arrangement. The song could be greatly improved by keeping the accompaniment synopated along with the voice melody. "I Found Them in the Old Back Yard" is too odd to be of much value. The lyric, while being rather attractive, is altogether too far fetched. The melody lacks "sing." "Love Is All" is a terrible concoction. The words are sloppy and the music is punque. Can it. "She's a Pretty Little Japanese" starts off well, but gets lost somewhere along your line of endeavor. The words to this piece are well written and characteristic, but the music and meter are positively wicked. Consign this composition to the wicked place. If "In Love's Own Sweet Way" were better arranged, I might be tempted to call it a good, near-

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high-class ballad. "I Never Saw This Town Before" sounds like a convention of felines of the Tom gender—it is so full of nice discords. To sum things up old man, you surely have an abundance of talent, but you have no more knack of putting you ideas on paper than Sitting Bull did of raising Angora goats.

A. L. M., Springfield, Ill.

I fear the reason why "The Choo Choo Man" doesn't sell is because it lacks appeal. The words, written in childish dialect, are poorly done and the music, while melodious, is too old-fashioned and antiquated in style. The arrangement also is very crude and full of errors. The five hundred sample copies that you have sent out is a mere drop in the "old oaken bucket." Lots of publishers send out literally thousands of sample copies and then oftentimes get no action. You had better bury this song on the bottom shelf of your cellarette, and charge it up to loss. It is plainly "not there."

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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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A. F., Ypsilanti, Mich.

Little playmate, you haven't one chance in a thousand of getting one penny for or out of your song. You fell, and fell hard for the old, old game of paying an unknown for a punk musical setting. Your words are quite pretty and certainly deserve much better music. Just forget the whole business and don't repeat the same mistake twice.

Nac., Ripon, Wis.

"Lonesome Trail" is a thoroughly good song. The poem is sensible and well put together; the music is catchy and very correctly arranged. This number should enjoy a fair sale. "Land of Love" is a pretty ballad-poem, but unfortunately falls as flat as a pancake in the last line of the chorus. I think you should change the sense in this line so as to give the whole lyric a brighter tone. "Wonderful Land" is a fine and shining example of a "Dixie" song poem, but, as you say,

someone beat you to it with another number incorporating the same general ideas. Personally, I like your lyric as well as the other. "Lovetime" is absolutely hit material. Nuf sed. "Girls," as a song poem, has flat hoofs. Poison it. "Once in a While" hardly contains enough originality to make it worth bothering with.

J. LeB., Lynn, Mass.

"Heaven Was Lonesome without You" is a beautifully written and well put together Mother poem. Of course, while there is always room for another good Mother song on the market, I think that the music-buying public is rather tired of this style of ballad. You have a very fine and keen sense of lyrical proportion, and should try your good right hand at a lot of song poems. Most all of your titles sound good to me, but a title alone is no earthly good unless worked up into a song poem. Call again, neighbor.

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JAZZ NOTES

By Jimkin

"Peter Gink? Peter Gink?" And then, as you recognize the distorted melody, "Oh, yes, I see—Grieg's 'Peer Gynt' of course, and this is 'Anitra's Dance.'" "The music is obviously taken from the well-known 'Peer Gynt Suite,' but is so subtly altered, and so changed from its dramatic character by the smooth, equable tone quality of the saxophones, that it rises to the heights of satire. There is something absolutely insolent about this clever travesty by George L. Cobb," says the Victor

Record Catalog. Even if you don't know a thing about "Peer Gynt," it's a mighty good one-step, anyhow.

"No waste in Paris," says Secretary Lansing in an interview upon his return from France. And to think that before the war Paris was the home of the perfect 30!

"I Know What it Means to be Lonesome," a recent release of Leo Feist, Inc., which that firm purchased from Kendis & Brockman, is to be given great publicity by its new owners.

The Imperial Society of Dancing Teachers, of London, recently held an annual congress at which were introduced several new dances designed to "supercede jazz, the fox trot and all other dances," according to officials of the organization. What a chance!

Carroll Shannon, the young Irish-American tenor,

is rapidly coming to the front and soon will be featured in a new comic opera. He has been engaged to make records for several companies.

Jack Mills, who was professional manager for McCarthy & Fisher, is now in business for himself. He intends to publish popular-priced music exclusively.

"My Baby's Arms," sung with great success by Delyle Alda, prima donna of this year's Ziegfeld "Follies," is the joint composition of Joe McCarthy and Harry Tierney. Harry also composed the score for the "Midnight Whirl" and some numbers of "The Royal Vagabond."

W. C. Handy, of the Pace and Handy Music Co., Inc., has received from the St. Louis (Mo.) Chamber of Commerce a large photo of the city's skyline, in recognition of his work as author of "St. Louis Blues."

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