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Walter Jacobs
Published by
8 Bosworth St.
Boston, Mass.
Teasing the Ivories, No. 7
By Axel W. Christensen

CHewing THE IVORIES — AN EPISODE

I was interviewed by a reporter during a recent vaudeville engagement at San Francisco and one of the questions asked by the interviewer was: "When did you make your debut?" to which I thoughtfully replied: "Last Sunday afternoon in the theater."

"What! You don't mean to tell me that you have never been on the stage before?" came the next query.

"No," replied. "I don't mean to say that at all. What you asked, however, was when I made my debut, and to that I answered truthfully in a fashion, because at my opening performance in every city I experience virtually the same sensations which I experienced the very first time I appeared in public. I have never been able to overcome this, and although occasionally I may seem at times, I am really nervous until I have taken my first bow."

"Why?" came back the writer with another question. "Don't you always get over it?"

"Oh, I usually get over it," I answered nonchalantly.

Then assuming a sort of patronizing paternal air I went on: "You see, with a single act such as mine, there is no cut and dried routine to be rehearsed with and played by the orchestra. The orchestra has to invent every scene of the best, because I never call for anything more than an introduction of about sixteen measures and a little exit music. This not only gives the boys a chance to clinch underneath the stage and play cards, but also makes it possible for me to change things at a moment's notice.

"Audiences are not by any means all alike in disposition. In one city your act may make a tremendous hit, yet even so you must not necessarily run away with the idea that you are sitting on the world, because in the next town the audience is liable to take the stock right out of you. It makes no difference if the stage manager does kid you along by saying that the audience in this town never applauds anybody or anything, no matter how good, but that they appreciate you every bit as much as if they did applaud — and so on, etc. etc. That is, if you are good when he is telling it, but you would rather they didn't applaud and you don't feel right when they don't. I guess that's the main reason why I never have been able to give a first performance in any city without more or less 'back-lash,' as they say in the north woods.

"Fortunately, it is often possible for me to judge an audience by the manner in which it treats the acts which precede me on the bill. While my judgment is not infallible — if an act of the slap-stick variety is ahead of me on the program, I nearly always know what is in store for me. A slap-stick act I refer to that sort which will draw sympathetic laughter from the audience, and, or what will be highly appreciated by the mind of the mental valve — the kind to which the straight man always tells a joke with a face on the head with a folded newspaper every time he talks to him, or else punctuates his remarks with an occasional kick in the stomach. If such an act goes over big, I work one of these changes and substitute a comedienne for some of my musical numbers. On the other hand, if the slap-stick act flops, then I know that the audience is hungry for something else, and they are always willing to be fed on something else."

"Quite so," huffed the reporter, who then had permitted me to talk about myself without interrupion.

("Next come the Ivories — an episode")

Before there ever was a piano put into my house for me to practice upon my father furnished the music for his family, and as how he never it was the sweet music that I have ever heard. Father played the violin, and there being no enigma in those days the things he played were the sweet melodies from the organ he played — "Pas de Merle, "The Bohemian Girl" and others. On many Sunday afternoons in winter I have sat listening to father play his violin, while looking out of the window at the familiar street scene that someone had changed to something unfamiliar and unmelodious;

"but the music of the orchestra will imbue a dead stage-setting with a new atmosphere of life."

Then came the time when they bought a piano for me. When the instrument came into the house father laid down his violin, and to my knowledge he never again took it up to play. From that time it was for me to cheer the household with music, and much did I (doubtfully) cheer it — especially when I was called in to play my best show pieces for company. It is hard for me now to believe that the cymbals fully appreciated or really
enjoyed my attempts at "music cheering," but whether they did or not they surely had to account on you for protection, and no doubt the good Lord by that time has either forgotten or forgiven the lie they told my parents about that son's wonderful (?) piano work.

While my folks were trying hard to make a musician of me in spite of myself, I was trying equally hard and perhaps harder to evade practice by making use of every artifice and trick that was known to or could be devised by a restless kid who didn't want to be "made." For instance, we had an ambitious clock that would go ding-dong-five minutes daily, until one day Uncle Jim timed my practice hour by his watch which had been set all wrong.

On my fourteenth birthday I was extremely fondest in breaking an arm, and that ended the first sub in my musical career. Personally, I looked upon that broken arm as a God-send, for it automatically put an end to my "drivvy." My only regret was that I had not had the presence of mind to think it over, for with her patience by this time wore so thin and under the edge of seventeen prosecution from the hard work entailed in keeping her "helpful" at the piano my long-suffering mother asked me to resume practice after I had recovered the use of that arm, and about a year later I was employed in the office of my father who at that time was associated with the largest firm in the country then making mining machinery.

Organized by the employees of the company was an "aid association," and it was decided by the organization to give a concert and gather in a lot of money for sick benefits. A notice calling for volunteer talent was sent around to all the departments of the establishment, and anybody who could do anything was expected to be present at a preliminary meeting or rehearsal. I was given a "spot" on the bill, after I had played a score of different pieces of music in my own small way. I was the Mendelssohn 'Wedding March' for the committee. This committee consisted of several of the foundry and machine-shops foremen, with (if I had my life to live over) a mind to start on 50 years of "spires." Even at this day I don't consider that I was the very thing, the very thing that one could have done. The "art," however, was for some few music talent among the employees of the company, but in this I was not of the same kind of committee to pass on my work today, instead of a cold-blooded art judge, things might be pretty salt.

The concert was given in Old Central Music Hall of Chicago — a building for which a long time had stood at the corner of State and Randolph Streets as a monument to the best in music, until a big department store decided it needed that corner on which to expand itself. The big eight clock, with the auditorium packed to the doors, and the affair was a success financially and socially. It also might be said that we have been a success, artistically, for every act on the bill was a "hit," because all of the talent had plenty of friends and shop acquaintances in the audience.

For instance, a big bowery iron molder was vigorously appraised for his song, even after breaking down in the middle of it, and left the stage with a very audible remark to the effect that the band player had spoiled his (the molder's) voice. Another signal iron molder, a man who worked in the carpenter shop, rendered (?) "Anne Laurie," but as the music reached into its higher notes, he was off his best possible range, when we went after the top note he failed to get it and slumped. However, that didn't make any difference with his friends and he was "hounded" out of the house.

About this time I made my entrance. I entered as unobstrusively (and excellently) as possible, singing my music in one ear and with nothing in the other, yet all the time churning vigorously on a nickel's worth of gum that I had put in my mouth to keep up my courage and forget to remove when I went on. Now I had put in an awful lot of practice on that "Wedding March" and everybody thought I had it down fine, but I certainly put over a nifty performance of it on that occasion. However, what my hands lacked in pianistic ability was more than made up by my oscillatory agility of jaw, for I worked my chewing voyers with painful diligence on that gum in strict tempo to the music — this to the intense discomfiture of my folks, but to the huge delight of the rest of the audience.

I didn't play the whole piece, for as soon as I found a convenient stopping place in the thing I dreamed of the stage amid a very appreciative applause. The audience had derived more fun from watching me chew that gum than from anything else on the program up to that point, so I was finally forced to take an encore. Just as I stepped from the green screen on to the stage again, someone tossed after me in a hoarse stage-whisper:

"Take that gum out of your mouth — see if it works!"

In full view of that mighty audience I extracted that gum from between my chewing voyers and carefully stuck it on the under side of the piano below the playing voyers. That brought down the house.

MUSICAL ALLIANCE

UNDER the caption of "The National Bureau for the Advancement of Music" The Musician prints an illuminating article that should appeal to every musician and music-lover in this country who is not entirely lost or disinterested. The article, by Warren Stormy Smith, it is as follows:

The professional musicians in this country are not too numerous. The manufactures of musical instruments, the publishers of music, and the dealers in instruments and music, are all considerable, but they are all very small, and the number of those who have been particularly responsible for any of the development of music in this country is far too small. The philosophy of the present age is to be a docile dance machine, and the appeal to the dancing public is made under the most seductive phrases. But the searching voice of the advertiser is no longer so seductive as it was in the days of yore.

The controversy is not one of opinion, but of fact. There is no such thing as a neutral body of opinion in the matter of music. There is the opinion of the public, and there is the opinion of the professional musician. It is the duty of every musician to participate in the exercise of his abilities and opportunities in this great movement, just beginning, the far-reaching possibilities of which can be but faintly conjectured.

JAZZ GETS A JOB

ACCORDING to a New York newspaper, as reported in the Boston Herald, it would seem that jazz is in jeopardy of a job that is to be jealously guarded by the"art" circles of this country, and that the only "fans" who have to undergo are those in the "jazz" circles. The article, by Warren Stormy Smith, it is as follows:

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Little Song-Shop Talks

Almost from the date of its initial issue the publisher of MELODY has been possessed with a notion which finally has progressed into a notion. This notion is that any one reader of a magazine would be interested in knowing what others are saying about the same subject. To these ends, the editor has decided to make the notion a reality. In “Little Song-Shop Talks,” which is featured in this issue, the editor will present a selection of the latest and most interesting comments on the music world from other publications.

Words From Us About Others

A RECENTLY organized publishing firm of Boston is that of Norley Brothers Co. One of the members of the new firm is Mr. Aaron Norley, who is known as the author of “My Beautiful California” and “Dance, Little Mamma.” His recent release, “My Beautiful California,” has been well received by the public.

Does music publishing pay? We say it does in some cases, and in a particular case in mind is proved by a bunch of snapshot photos received from the Eddie and Leo Publishing Company of Charlestown, Illinois. One of the photos shows Mrs. Eddie and Lue, the other an old photograph of a music store.

Golden Songs from the Golden West may sound mighty like the title of a song, but it isn’t—at least, not in this instance. It is a song which is composed of the familiar tunes known by us, and which we have all heard before.

PATRIOTIC PEALING

Patriotic music is not necessarily confined to that of the national instrument, but may be found in a vast variety of forms and styles. It is often found in folk songs, which are sung by the people themselves. These songs are often written to express their love for their country and to inspire others to do the same.

MELODY

In all probability there is not an opera or a musical that is not accompanied by a large choir of voices. The choirs are often composed of students, who are trained to sing in perfect harmony. These choirs are often supported by a orchestra, which provides the music and direction for the performance.

WHO’S WHO, IS IT YOU?

The publisher of MELODY regrets that he was unable to be on hand for the opening of the new edition of the magazine. The publication is scheduled for Friday, June 20th, and the editor would have been there had it not been for a previous engagement.

More indispensable to players, producers and promoters of music for the people.

They know that MELODY subscribes to the belief that every buyer should be treated as a potential customer. In order to serve this purpose, the publisher of MELODY has decided to make the music of various artists available to the public at a reasonable price. This will allow more people to have access to the music they love and enjoy.

The songs that have been published in MELODY over the years have been selected with care. They are chosen to reflect the tastes of the music world and to provide something for everyone to enjoy. Whether you are a seasoned musician or just starting out, there is something for you in MELODY.
Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christiansen

From Chicago

The Chicago office of MELODY is again in that city after having been successively, as well as successfully, located in San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and New Orleans.

Bert and Hazel Starklie de do a wonderful vaudeville act on roller skates to ragtime music. They are playing the Hippodrome in Chicago this week.

Arthur Bunker has been phenomenally successful with his new theatrical enterprise in San Francisco. This genius can put on a finished "revue" shorter time than any man I know and his new show, which he produced at the Perlola Hotel restaurant, the rendezvous of the San Francisco "smart set" was the talk of the town.

Bunker opens a booking office for vaudeville acts, a producing studio where he whips into shape raw material that possesses the necessary talent, and is the Western representative for many Eastern concerns. His producing studio is the one formerly occupied by Mr. Gleason's school of ragtime. Going to San Francisco a few months ago with the magnificent sum of $14,000 in his pocket, Bunker has not only made a name for himself but has accumulated a good-sized bank roll. Having been associated with him in vaudeville in the past, we wish him all the success he deserves.

Mr. Gleason's new San Francisco studio (four in number) are working at full capacity.

Ray C. Bannister, who for some time has been operating a studio in Rochester, N. Y., has opened an office in Syracuse and has a large class of pupils studying ragtime and jazz music.

Edward Mellinger, manager of the St. Louis Studio, has opened a new studio in Kansas City. Ever heard of Rider Ragtail's "Operator of Record" Well, "Ed" is becoming almost as well-known as the "operator of schools."

Georgia McClure, manager of the Oak Park school, reports business as very good since the holidays.

According to a recent newspaper item it was an undying scene that saved a certain grand opera from failure in New York City. It sure is tough when there is no other way to save a grand opera than by making it a burlesque or boodle, and we always thought it was the music that saved, as well as made, an opera.

Lina Ahanaoule put over a class singing act at the Palace, here, one of her big numbers being "Every Little Movement done" in syncope style. At the same performance Lew Blockensturfe featured his new monologue, which deals mostly with the demise of John Bailycome.

A. Robbins scored his usual success with a musical act at the Majestic. Like a slight-of-hand man he produces numerous musical instruments, and other things, from large pockets. He imitates the various instruments very cleverly.

Stigil, piano-acrobationist, is getting a very good act together and will appear in Chicago soon.

Walter Stedgel, organist at the Court Theatre, has a soft spot during the engagement of Nora Cayne. Nora Cayne does not care much for a pipe organ as an accompaniment to a musical show, so they have an orchestra at this theatre at the present. Just to make the appearance of earning his big salary, Walter comes down every night and plays a three-minute number on the organ, while the orchestra is taking a rest between the acts.

Gertrude Newman, who is featuring "My Gal," is making a big success with this song.

The teachers and pupils of popular music who want to see their names in the paper, should send news items to the Chicago office of MELODY—20 East Jackson Boulevard.

From Elgin, Illinois

Harold Nio, one of the popular 1000 High Boys, is enjoying with results with Mr. Jones on the piano.

C. A. Sturm, Albert Snyder, Alvin Willians and Al Swenson are all new students at the Elberfeld school and are anxious to learn ragtime from A to Z.

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MELODY
I've Been Living in the Land of Sunshine
(Since the Day I Saw You Smile)

Words by:
Irving Crocker

Music by:
George L. Cobb

Tempo di Marcia

REFRAIN
I've been living in the Land of Sunshine since the day I saw you smile;

The clouds of gray have rolled a way
And let the golden sun shine through;

Skies are blue since I met you, dear;

There's so much gladness all the while.

Some people's hearts are always blue;

I never knew that there was such a thing as joy;

There's so much happiness for you and me;

Till the day when I met you, dear;

Some people's loves are sad and lonely,

I never knew that there was such a thing as joy;

There's so much happiness for you and me;

Till the day when I met you, dear;

Since the day I saw you smile, I've been smile.

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Ta-Dji-Da
ORIENTAL DANCE

WALTER WALLACE

Allegro deciso ma non troppo

PIANO

sempre staccato

cresc. poco a poco

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All-of-a Twist
RAG

(Apologies to Dickens)

Not too fast

Frank E. Hersom

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Worth Its Weight in Gold! 

Many times over

Because $10,000 Oranges Was Worth $5

To my brother Max

Love Scenes

Charles Bendix

The Meeting 40
Romance 40
Perturbation 40
Barcarolle 40
Wedding Bells 40

Mr. C. B. Reed

Editor

Walter Jacobs

Published by Walter Jacobs

Price, $1.00 net, post.

Descriptive Synopsis

When the derelict to Sannox, Rise and Fall, was rescued from the perils of the Atlantic Ocean by the grim and stern British steamer, "The World's Hope," its passengers found themselves in the midst of a stormy sea, unable to escape the fate that awaited them. The story unfolds as the passengers struggle to survive the treacherous waters, facing danger and uncertainty at every turn.

From Louisville, Kentucky

Miss Lura May Browne has been added to the teaching force of the Louisville school. She is a wonderful asset, for not only is she a teacher of the piano, but is equally good on violin, viola, cello, guitar, and piano.

Mrs. Boswell was out for a week because of illness, but is back on the job and feeling fine.

Miss Peggy Miller took time from her busy schedule to enjoy a musical comedy company.

Miss Perkins has only seven students left in her piano lessons, and is playing "Dear Heart," "Love of My Life," and "Vamp" by ease.

Miss Evans is playing the "Forest Waltz" like a veteran, and shows all the earmarks of a wonderful musician.

Charles Schmitt is back from France, and from the way he readily reads new music, it was hard to convince me that he hadn't met our old friend George Schulte over there and taken a few lessons from him.

Miss Edna Grinnell has finished the advanced course and is now playing professional engagements.

Forrest Thompson has been selected from the many hundreds of Louisville music teachers to teach popular music one day each week in the Music School of Vocational Training at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky. Thompson is considering $500 per month from the U. S. Government as the camp musical director. There must be something in either himself or the system he teaches.

He also has been elected secretary and treasurer of the "The Music Educators Society," one of which two of Louisville's most prominent men, Messrs. Walter A. Francek and Harry O'Dowd, are president and vice-president. The company is incorporated for $20,000. He is also a member of the Blue Grass Minstrels, which are kept busy playing around Louisville and vicinity. The wonder is how he finds time for all these enterprises.

Peanuts at the Publishers

B. W. McCellan, editor of the Music Publishers and Dealers Department of The Music Teacher, has been ill at his home in New Rochelle, N. Y.

Sherman, Clay & Co., inaugurated the new year auspiciously by introducing two new songs: "On a Dreamy Night" and "I Am A Mother." The latter was used at the Columbiaare of the Chicago So. M. E. C. Church.

Walter Smith, composer of "While the Snowflakes Whirl" and "Dreamy Moon," and "Hold Me," by Art Hickman and Ben Bliss.

We had always supposed that pickup 

ing were in dark or lighter shades 

of black or brown, but here comes one 

that is "Blue." "Pickin' Blues," a 

new vaudeville hit in the catalog 

of the McKinley Music Co. Came to 

think of it, however, one of his big 

hits was "Sweet Richmond Moonlight," 

his expense to sight the event, 

thinks it's too early to prophesy as 

to prima donna or ornament opras, but 

is willing to admit that "The Little 

Lady has some voice and much 

method."
Under the Soft Pedal
LITTLE TUNES TUNED FROM TYPE AND TALK

WE HAVE heard it talked and have seen it typed that the Boston Lead A. E. F. of M. has sent forth the foot against jazz and jazzying by its member musicians. This sounds like the jazzying to just off.

We also have seen it bailified in hie, hold, black type that the American Association of Masters of Dancing has "put its "shimmer out of shrill "jazzing"—that the "shimmer" is officially "sound," while "rock-holds" (in dancing) are announced to be unpardonable. More about this in detail will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Speaking of jazzying, it's a two-to-one bet that the denizens of the "League" (artists and not baseball) would like to see the "jazz" music, and that it jazzyed up and down and all over this country, the opening lines of Cooper's poem "The Task," namely, "Oh, for a Lodge is such a wildness, in some boundless captivity of shade."

"Don't you think your nose ought to be colleged?"

"No, I think it should be harrested.

The above bit of reporting is from the Music Pals, but when recalling words and vocal methods of certain shades of the "popular" we have heard—well, for "harrested" the editor of MELODY would substitute "threshed" and then some.

With some that now is being machine-made, machine-manipulated or machine-moved, one is all the more likely to have one's nose caught in the "ether" and the manual once was supreme, and this not even missing music that was invented by Mr. Arthur Bliss of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and now comes an automatic music-maniacal.

According to the New York Music Trade Review: "A French investor is credited with devising a system of music writing that does away with the necessity of turning the music-ster. The music is printed on a roll similar to the ordinary type of player roll, which is kept in motion by mechanical means so that the music bars appear before the player in rotation, and at any desired speed. The music of the accompanying words is printed across the roll just as in the ordinary form of sheet music."

To quote from an Exchange: "Bobbevian is a state of mind surrounded by whikers."

How many are there who have held this musical station that is not true if only Bobbevian had less of crack andmarkup in its state and more of music in its mind. It should not be forgotten that popular music does not wear "whikers" nor "spot the spintrich," therefore, more of "rag" and less of "snee" might prove a good Bobbevian music.

In a recent editorial on "Politics and Music," Mr. John F. Remot, the able editor of The Music Trade, wrote:

"The United States is the only country where our politicians have lither taken no interest whatever in music and the arts, or is any of the cultural influences. In deed, the Bureau of Education in Washington, though admirably led by the Hon. Philander P. Claxton, is helpless banded by the miserable appropriation it receives, and has virtually only the power of suggestion.

"The attitude of our public men arises simply from the fact that the great army of those engaged in music, the arts, the sciences, and even in education, have been more or less indifferent to their civic duties, and as not notary any influence whatever upon public opinion or those who seek the sufferings of the voters."

These are plain and pointed words from a man who keeps his finger on the public pulse as well as upon the arteries of music. It is a case of "fifty-cells" in indifference and apathy with the remedy in the hands of two parties—the mass of male musicians and music-lovers who have the franchise, and all musical women who by voice and action can move the mass.

Burning their trumpets that were made from rams' horns, the ancient Jew has no instruments of music other than those of percussion. There was a triangular harp that was struck with a bone needle, a tinten that corresponded to the modern tambourine, and the dulcimer (a sort of horizontal harp) that was struck with hammers. Great Rags and Little Raggs: What a hot opportunity? An iron needle, fingers, fobs and hammers with which to smile and no records of these being any ancient Jewish jassers!"

"Bill" Jacobs, one of the most widely known sheet-music salesmen of America, is "bill" with Irving Berlin, Inc., this company having secured his for sales department. There is big liability that "Bill" will prove a bigger asset to the Berlin forces, for he is a prolific publisher of the "popular" product and has some product to push—practically some sales with some songs.

G. Schirmer, Inc., of New York City, gave a complimentary house-and-entertainment on Thursday evening, January 19th, in their Vitaphone office—the largest of its kind in this country. Some 1,500 members of the Schirmer forces were present at the function, and included among the outside guests were E. R. Wight (the Schirmer Boston representative), and general manager of the Boston Music Co., and several branch managers. Music and menu were all to the narry—McKee's Orchestra for the first, and Mazurka for the second.

Taylor C. White is scouting around Seattle to scum up business for Jerome R. Remick & Co. By rights he belongs to the Portland "Song and Gift Shop" of this well-known firm, but you can keep a good sord settled.
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