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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

YULETIDE VIBRATIONS. By Frederic W. Burry
MASTER MUSICIANS AND MODESTY
WANTED—A MAN. By Emil Medicus
MUSICAL MUSINGS. By C. F. C.
LISTEN TO THE KNOCKING BIRD. By D. L. McCulloch
A NEW PLACE FOR YOUR PHONOGRAPH. By Felix J. Koch
FOR WOOD, WHAT WOULD YOU?
MUSIC MART MEANDERINGS
THEORY OR PRACTICE FIRST? By Frederic W. Burry

MUSIC

YOUNG VETERANS. By Gerald Frazee
March for Piano

TOY TOWN TALES. By Frank E. Hersom
No. 3 Dance of the Dolls. Suite for Piano

THE PLUNGER. By Thos. S. Allen
Galop for Piano

PUT AND TAKE. By George L. Cobb
One-Step for Piano

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GOSSIP GATHERED BY THE GADDER

THE season of giving is near, give freely and give joyfully! If you can't afford to give in costliness, give in kindliness; if you can't give costly jewelry, through some book or books give the more valuable jewels of great thoughts enhanced with the gem of your own thoughtfulness in the giving; if you can't give gold, give in gladness and in graciousness; if not in money, in memory and music—the card of kindly remembrance carrying the music of friendship, fellowship and good cheer. If you *can't* give lavishly, you *can* give lovingly while holding the giving within the limit of your resources, ever remembering that to exceed such limit may savor of self-interest perhaps colored by hypocrisy. To Everybody! Greetings—with best wishes for A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

If you want to give something to somebody which will carry joy and music in its giving, know that in the various hospitals in and around the City of Washington (not to mention other places) there are approximately four thousand soldier-patients who would be glad to receive gifts of talking-machine records. At the Naval Hospital in particular, a new recreation room has been fitted up for the soldiers and marines there who are convalescing from injuries received during the war. A talking-machine has been installed, but there is not a record to make the machine available. Dig out those long-forgotten and now never used old records, remembering that what is *old* to you will be NEW and a joy to invalid soldiers, and send them to Washington in the care of Woodward & Lathrop for the "boys" for whom nothing was deemed too good when we watched them depart for "Over There."

As representative of the people of America, on November 14th President Harding laid the corner-stone of the Victory Memorial in Washington—a memorial which will stand on the Government Reservation at Sixth and B Streets, and is to cost when completed $10,000,000. If present plans are carried out, there will be installed in the great auditorium of this greatest of American Memorials the finest and most costly pipe organ in the world.

Speaking of war memorials and pipe organs, in "Greater St. Louis," the official organ of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, Charles C. Kilgen (president of George Kilgen & Son, manufacturers of pipe organs) is quoted as saying in October last that: "Organ building has increased more than 300 per cent since the world war, owing to the use of organs in theatres, high schools and the many churches which waited until the war was over to buy new organs. Residence organs are now being used more than ever before, owing perhaps to the many millionaires made by the war."

Music lovers who have enjoyed the tuneful melodies and harmonies of Ivan Caryll in his many light operas, or "comedies with music" as he preferred to call them, will regret the passing of this composer of lilting numbers, which occurred at his apartment in the Hotel Ambassador in New York City at 1:30 on the afternoon of November 29. The late composer's wife and daughter (Miss Primrose Caryll, now appearing with De Wolf Hopper) were with him at the last. Ten days prior to his passing Mr. Caryll

had put the finishing touches to the last number of "Little Miss Raffles," which was booked for an initial performance at New Haven. Another late one scheduled for an early production is "The Hotel Mouse."

Ivan Caryll (a pseudonym for Felix Tilkin, his real name) was a Belgian and born at Liege 59 years ago. He was a fellow pupil with Ysaye at the Liege Conservatory, studied with Saint-Saens in Paris and established his residence at London in 1882. He was a prolific composer of light operas or musical comedies, his first being "The Lily of Loveville," which was produced at the Bouffes Parisiene in Paris. This was quickly followed by "The Shop Girl" and "The Circus Girl," then came "Chin-Chin," "Papa's Darling," "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" "The Pink Lady," "Marriage a la Carte," "Our Miss Gibbs," "The Earl and the Girl" and "The Duchess of Dantsig," besides others in collaboration. Many will recall his "nigger song" with its invisible chorus of "Honey, My Honey" in "Little Christopher Columbus," written for May Yohe of later "Hope diamond" notoriety.

According to an article in a recent issue of *The Music Trades*, "the days of the so-called popular overture are over"—according to Erno Rappee, the orchestra director at the Capitol Theatre in New York City. Mr. Rappee predicts that Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Strauss and even Schonberg will supersede Von Suppe, Rossini and Thomas in the popular taste of "movie-fans," and that "Poet and Peasant," "William Tell" and "Raymond" will soon be among the "has-beens." Maybe! But?

Look out for the ladies when they line up in the lists against what doesn't loom to their liking or you may lose out on what you like. No, this hasn't anything to do with the "licker" that's been lost, but it does deal with lyrical lilting, if it may be so-called, as listen. At a recent meeting of the Evanstown Women's Club in Chicago, Mary Ross Potter (dean of women at the Northwestern University), Mrs. Mary Oberndorfer (the chairman of the music committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America) and other lady lashers of the popular music rhythms now in vogue, registered oratorical jabbs at jazz. Nor do these ladies intend to stop with orotund oratory, for it is said they will begin a campaign of ousting what to them is *outre*, with their first "oust" aimed point-blank at the theatres.

"The furnace is a model of patience; although it is often sworn at, it never gets hot just for that," says the Boston *Transcript*. Right, brother, and it also often throws out gas with hot-air and puts a damper on your evening "smoke" with its smoking.

Trying to "do" jazz before it is ready to be "done" by the perfectly natural process of "self-elimination of the tried and found useless," is akin to the brain action of the drunken driver whose horse fell down. With no attempt to come down "off his perch" and help the fallen animal, but sitting swaying on the seat and yanking at the reins that befuddled driver yelled: "Git up out er that, ye beast, git up or, by cripes! I'll drive plumb over yer."

"Curfew" has been rung for jazz music in Cincinnati, and the turbulent tom tom and blatting banjo has been slapped and sent to bed betimes. Judge Stanley C. Roettinger of the Court of Common Pleas in that city has sentenced it to go "bye-bye" at 10.30 every night to pacify certain complainants. A "bedlam of noise in the guise of music" said one, "very disagreeable music" declared another, while yet another "preferred tom cats to jazz."

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Yuletide Vibrations

By Frederic W. Burry

CHRISTMAS! the perfect day, but not only one special day. It is a season, a period or "tide" when waves of music make the air ring and sing with the melody of joy; the season of giving and of thanksgiving when every pessimist is compelled to hide his head or change his viewpoint.

Christmas is particularly the season of cheer and goodwill, the time when everybody is impelled to live in love and charity with their neighbors. Song is in the air, orchestras are playing and that universal solo orchestra, the piano, is sending forth its vibrations of sweet sounds from every household.

What would life be without music?

Nowadays its aid is brought with real service on every occasion and in all places: home, theatre, religious gatherings, workshop, hospital—indoors and outdoors; welcome at all times, never out of season, it perpetually sends forth its vibrations of laughter and delight and comes with healing on its wings.

Music prevents you from taking life too seriously.

There is a tendency in many quarters to make a fetish of what is called "Truth"—that elusive, celestial being which everybody worships at a distance, ever concealed behind the seven veils of mystery and romance. The gentle art of pretence! with our masks and firecrackers!

The truth is there all right, but we don't feel like giving up our sweet dreams and illusions—at least, not yet awhile—and so we invent our theories of relativity and continue to discover ever new delights and pastimes with our fine arts and our artifices.

The lure of the make-believe! But may not our ideals eventually materialize themselves and become realities? And how music, mistress of the fine arts, lightens the too heavy burdens of present-day existence—the veritable handmaid of science that is to deliver mother earth from its dirt and drudgery.

And so we continue onward with our faith. No matter what the trouble may be, we forget it at Christmas Tide—we pass by our frets, kill the noxious thoughts, laugh with the sunshine, shake our wings and breathe deep of the tonic aethers.

Christmas is essentially a merry season, putting the ban on Puritanism and gloom; a time for dancing and all manner of joyous vibrations. The gospel of optimism is its message. Men of all shades of belief and non-belief are caught by the Christmas contagion. Everybody invites you to be merry, and there is nothing half-way about the word "merry"—it is being happy in the superlative. Sometimes the unwise extreme is reached, and the aftermath keeps the doctors merry. However, one can be both merry and wise at the same time without being fussy or nervous over one's health or besetting ailment as the case may be, and—"as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he"!

Then let the blithesome strains of Christmas sing and ring! and when the jazzing chimes herald the *golden dawn* of *Aurora*, with swiftly following *sun-rays* rousing all *jolly companions* and the whole world vibrating to "the tintinabulation of the bells, bells, bells"—*bells of Moscow, bells of Seville* and "Big Ben" *with the wind* sounding for miles around—then Christmas and its devotion to "Home, Sweet Home," always *memories of home*, shall emphasize its annual doctrine of cheerfulness.

And when the *silv'ry shadows* of the *purple twilight* follow the *sunset frolics*, and we gather 'round the *flickering firelight* and the *glowing embers* with *dream thoughts dreamily drifting*—what *enchanted moments* are these indeed, with *fairy flirtations* and *fancies!* And then the "Queen of the Night" with her *moonbeams*, and *star-dust* like a *rain of pearls!*

Beautiful visions of "A Perfect Day." Yuletide, the season of song and of laughter!

Master Musicians and Modesty

THIS old world has ever had (and probably always will have) its hero-worship and hero-worshippers, nor will it in any way lessen the adoration of the worshippers to have positive assurance that, more than in some particular attribute which originally called forth the worship, their idols were no different from many of the ordinary mortals in general crankiness and other human characteristics. This is perhaps particularly true of the musician-worship offered by many people who would make musical genius a mantle which covers any or all "mannerisms." Thus it is that certain of the master-musicians, who transcended others in writing music-masterpieces which are looked upon as "immortal," are regarded as supermen in all respects by many worshipful devotees—this notwithstanding that, other than in their great music gift, and in their everyday life and living some of these music-gods possessed crudities in manners which would put to shame a South Sea Islander and many times were about as modest in manner and deportment as a monkey in a menagerie that has had a quid of tobacco put over on it as a delectable dainty.

If there are any who doubt this, let them read the following article under caption of "Are Great Musicians Modest?" taken from *The Australian Bandsman*, in which a writer has humorously compiled several instances where modesty in master-musicians (and other great persons) was conspicuous by its absence. Here is the compilation.

Are great musicians really modest? Perhaps the majority are, for we often find greatness allied to modesty. But there are exceptions to this rule. Beethoven, supremely great as he was, yielded to no man in admiration of his own genius. When he was playing, the slightest whisper sent him into a towering rage. "When I play the whole world should be silent," was a favorite form of rebuke to any who dared to disturb him; and on one occasion, when he was playing before a very exalted company and the sound of conversation came to his ears, he rose in a fury, and shouting, "I play no longer to hogs," swept like a tornado out of the room. Regardless of the axiom that even "a cat may look at a king," he resented, often in the rudest manner, the stares of the curious. One day, when sipping his wine and reading a newspaper in a restaurant, he was annoyed by the interest he excited in a stranger at a neighbouring table. He frowned at him and spat on the ground as if he had seen a toad; then glanced at the newspaper, then again at the intruder, and spat again. His hair bristled gradually with more shaggy ferocity, till he closed the alternation of spitting and staring by exclaiming in a loud voice, "What a scoundrelly face!" and rushed out of the room.

Schopenhauer, not content with denouncing all his rivals, without exception, as so many charlatans and wind-bags, left behind him a manuscript volume, every line of which was fulsome praise of his own genius, of which the following is one of the modest expressions:—"Not while I am living, but in time, people will recognize that, in comparison with mine, the treatment of those dealing with the same subjects as myself is flat. By me on these accounts has humanity been apprised of sundry matters it will never forget, and my writings will never pass away."

Handel's conceit and rudeness were at least equal to those of Beethoven. Even in the presence of his royal pupils he would fly into most violent passions and swear like a trooper. "You forget yourself, Mr. Handel," a court attendant said reprovingly on one such occasion; "you should show more respect to Her Royal Highness." "Royal Highness," snorted the musician contemptuously. "Bah! de respect is due to me. There are many Brincesses, but odly won Handel." On another occasion when George I sent a message summoning him to an interview, he returned this answer:—"Del His Bajesty he bust waid. By tibe is bore imbordant than his."

When Marie Antoinette once inquired of Gluck how his new opera was progressing, he answered, "Madame, it is nearly finished, and I assure you it will be superb," a conceit which was rivalled by that of Meyerbeer, who, when a friend declared that if anything better could be composed than one of his rival's operas, he would dance on his head, answered, "If that is so, I should advise you to start practising at once for I have just commenced the fourth act of 'The Hugenots.'"

Viotti, the famous French musician of the 18th century, had an exaggerated opinion of himself, and displayed a great contempt for royalty. One day he was summoned to Versailles to play before Marie Antoinette and the court. The performance had begun; the opening bars of his favorite solo commanded breathless attention, when a cry was heard, "Place for Monseignor the Comte d' Artois." At the sound Viotti immediately ceased playing, placed his violin under his arm, and walked out of the place. Even Haydn, usually the most modest of men, showed at times that he had as keen a conception of his own merits as any of his admirers. On one occasion, when a friend said to him of his "Salomon" symphonies, "Sir, I am strongly of opinion that you will never surpass these wonderful symphonies," he answered placidly, "No! I never mean to attempt the impossible."

But such a boast was diffidence itself compared with that credited to Abel, a composer of great repute in his day, but a pigmy compared with Haydn. One evening when Abel was asked by his host to play something, he refused point blank, until a sarcastic remark from a fellow guest roused him, and he bellowed in reply, "Vat, shallenge Abel! No, no! dere ist but von Got and von Abel!" A musician's vanity can survive even death, if we may believe the story that it was Purcell himself who wrote the epitaph which appears on his tomb in Westminster Abbey:—

"Here lies H. Purcell, Esquire,
Who left this life and is gone to that
Best place, where only
His harmonies can be excelled."

The great Wagner himself was by no means a modest man. I could mention others, but why prolong the list? Modesty is one thing, and greatness another. Goodness is not always associated with greatness. Speaking for myself, I would rather be a good and happy man than the greatest musician in the world. We cannot all be great, but we can try to be good. Hazlitt once wrote, "No really great man ever thought himself so." Hazlitt was wrong. Great men, as a rule, know that they are great. They know that their work is superior to that of their rivals.

Even poets, more so than musicians, suffer from an overdose of conceit. Horace, speaking of his own work, proclaimed to the world, "I have reared a monument more lasting than brass, and loftier than the regal structure of the Pyramids." This boast has its parallel in Shakespeare's lines:—

"No marble nor the gilded monuments
Of Princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

Ovid punctuated his deathless lines with crows of vanity, as when he says, "I have written this essay as a possession of all time"; and Pliny wrote to his friend Paulinus that he always had the reward of immortality before his eyes. And from Dante to Walt Whitman it would be easy to name poets by the dozen who were of Cervantes' opinion that "everyone whose verse shows him to be a poet should have a high opinion of himself." But the vanity of great men is by no means always confined to the appreciation of their own gifts and achievements. Lord Byron thought more of his handsome face, and his conquests in love, than of his immortal verses.

On the other hand Thomas Moore would drink in with delight compliments on his sweet singing, while praise of his poetry left him unmoved. It is a great mistake, dear reader, to expect perfection in human nature. However clever or great a man may be he is still a man with faults and failings similar to our own; and we should not expect him to be better than ourselves. Let us exercise a little charity towards the great. We may admire their wonderful works, but let us refrain from worshipping them. There is too much man-worship in this world. There is but one God—even God our Father.

Wanted—A Man

By Emil Medicus

WHEN God made the world, He had a plan. His handiwork was beautiful, but something was lacking. He made man, but still there was a void and only was it supplied when woman was sent to share his joys and, by her fall—as the Book says—his sorrows. We feel that justice demands an equal distribution of the blame; it was a "fifty-fifty" proposition and there is no logical reason why the poor woman should continue to carry the burden. If woman is the weaker vessel, then there is still less reason to blame her as man should then have known better. But—such are the ways of men.

It is unnecessary to go back into those old days of Scripture for proof of man's unworthiness or worthiness, just as you wish to consider this matter. Present conditions are the result of man's actions, and, while everything under the sun has been charged as the cause of all our ills, we need but open our eyes and take stock of ourselves to judge rightly. The war was a nasty mess, as are all wars; it has been characterized as uncivilized, but has anyone been able to point to a civilized war? If so, then man cannot be classified as civilized in this enlightened age.

You will observe that trouble invariably starts when someone covets something that someone else has. Selfishness, and not money, is "the root of all evil," and we have lived through a decade of selfishness that will stand out in history as a blot upon our civilization. "Get all you can while the getting is good" is the slogan in every walk of life and, as was to be expected, in the scramble someone got hurt. War has never settled anything permanently, and will never do so as long as human nature is as we know it. We have come to the place where anyone but a fool knows that wars are liabilities, and the sooner we recognize that "the pen is mightier than the sword," then and only then can we hope for a permanent peace.

War is force, and force brings about bad feeling which inevitably ends in crepe and slow music for someone. Friendship means love, love begets understanding and understanding insures peace and prosperity. Those who succeed in life are the ones who do not go about with chips on their shoulders.

There is a word in our language that means much, but somehow it is not in the vocabulary of the masses. That word is WORK—fair, honest-to-goodness work which blushes to accept remuneration without giving full value in exchange. When we get down to this sort of work there will be no business depression, no bad debts, no rumblings in the industrial world such as we hear all too frequently at this time. The great trouble lies in the ability of the great majority to dodge work, in its best meaning. We have come to a pretty pass when business organizations get together and set prices for which certain commodities are to be sold; when labor organizations say just how many brick or how many lath shall be laid in one day of eight hours, when corporations set values on things that do not belong to them. One set of men is as guilty as the other and, while it has been the fashion to cry "profiteer," the long and short of the whole matter is that all are profiteers, as profiteering is nothing more than securing something for too much over or under its cost price. We are by nature all profiteers because we seek bargains, and bargains mean that someone is getting less than a fair price.

In the past few years no one class has been harder hit than the farmers, and yet there seems to be no compunction on the part of the purchasing public to shout "profiteer," then the next moment quibble with the farmer for his produce at prices far below production costs. Is this fair? He, the farmer, has taken his medicine like a man and has gone to work, instead of adding his voice to the grand chorus of discontent. In a way it is a pity that he has done this, as he, being the backbone of the nation, had in his power a weapon that could have brought the discontented populace to its knees and perhaps by his example held the mirror before them.

Where is the seat of the trouble, and how can it be eradicated? Look well to your own house before you examine others. If you are a good musician, a good merchant or a good business man, you are an asset to your profession or calling; if you are mediocre and have no desire to better your work you are a liability without one redeeming feature. Yes, you are a millstone—a joy-killer and a nuisance wherever you go. Lasting success is measured by the amount of good you do that helps the other fellow below you who is striving to reach higher planes. By helping others you are helping yourself; by holding others down, you not only injure them but also yourself. Why act like a spoiled *child* when there is such a demand for big *men*?

It is human nature to crave success, but of the two courses that lead to it the great majority selects the smooth and easy path. The only royal road to success is steep and rough—it was not meant for weaklings—which, in turn, means that it is no short one to travel. It cannot be done on the basis of an eight-hour day with numerous restrictions, nor can one gain the objective by riding slipshod over the rights of others. Corporations are good things, and so are labor organizations, but they must function in an orderly manner with just regard for the rights of others, failing which they become a menace not only to that third great party—the masses—but also to themselves. If you are a member of either one, it is your duty to use your influence for fair play and not permit some loud-mouthed, mediocre officer or member to "get away" with something that savors of bolshevism. There has been too much of this in the past, and those who have eyes to see can read the handwriting on the wall.

Be a man, a He-man, and remain steadfast to the best that is within you. Think for yourself and deliberate well before adopting a course, then stick to your point as long as you conscientiously feel that you are battling for the right. Try it just once, and when you have won you will experience a new sensation that causes you to feel that life is well-worth living. Throw your weight on the side of right, even though your very life is at stake. You will make new friends and you will make numerous enemies, but the former will count for more than the latter. You may be sure that the man

who goes through this life without an enemy is a failure. He lacks backbone and initiative; he lacks that force which snatches victory from defeat; he lacks will power—the foundation, upon which success is built. He is just a misfit whose life becomes a blank.

Look out for the man who works a lot and says little. He is a good listener, and being a good worker he has infinite patience. It is not well to cross swords with such men. They know their business, and unless you know yours you are in for a mighty fall. Talk is cheap, and usually those who talk most have little that is worth while to say. Take for instance that august body assembled at Washington—the best bunch of talkers ever assembled under one roof, and by the same token the best bunch of shirkers. And now they wish to add to their numbers! Shades of Adam! we will then be slain by the jawbone of a senator! Of course there are exceptions (for which we are very thankful), and you will note that those exceptions are lined up on the side which uses brains as well as tongues. Pick up a copy of the *Congressional Record* and read therein the numerous speeches (many that have never been made) or, worse still, such twaddle as the following: which took place on the floor of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Blanton—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Tincher—I will yield to the gentleman who commented upon this bill before.

Mr. Blanton—Does not the gentleman think in defining this bill in poker terms you would say it prohibits——

Mr. Mann—How does the gentleman know——

Mr. Blanton (continuing)—Playing deuces wild or stud poker but permits the ordinary jackpot drawpoker gambling.

Mr. Walsh—What is the gentleman talking about?

Mr. Tincher—Now, the gentleman has interrupted me, and as his remarks are part of my discussion and so will remain in the Record, I want to say to the gentleman that I do not know what he is talking about. The gentleman is talking along the same line that he followed against this bill in the House. He said that it prevented gambling in the night time, but permitted it in the day time, and no one understood it. I believe the reason no one understood that statement of the gentleman from Texas was because we are unfamiliar with deuces loose or wild, or whatever he calls it.

Mr. Blanton—If the gentleman stays in Congress long enough he will understand what those terms mean.

The writer had the honor(?) of sitting through one such session, years ago. He saw members of the legislative body vote first and then ask the sponsors of the bill in question whether they were right. Needless to say the opinion carried away from Washington was not one of pride, but why blame the tools? We all have helped to put such men in power and the fault is largely ours. Musicians have not taken enough interest in matters of this sort and it is time they were realizing that, as long as they think solely in one channel, they need expect no bouquets from the public other than that with musical tastes.

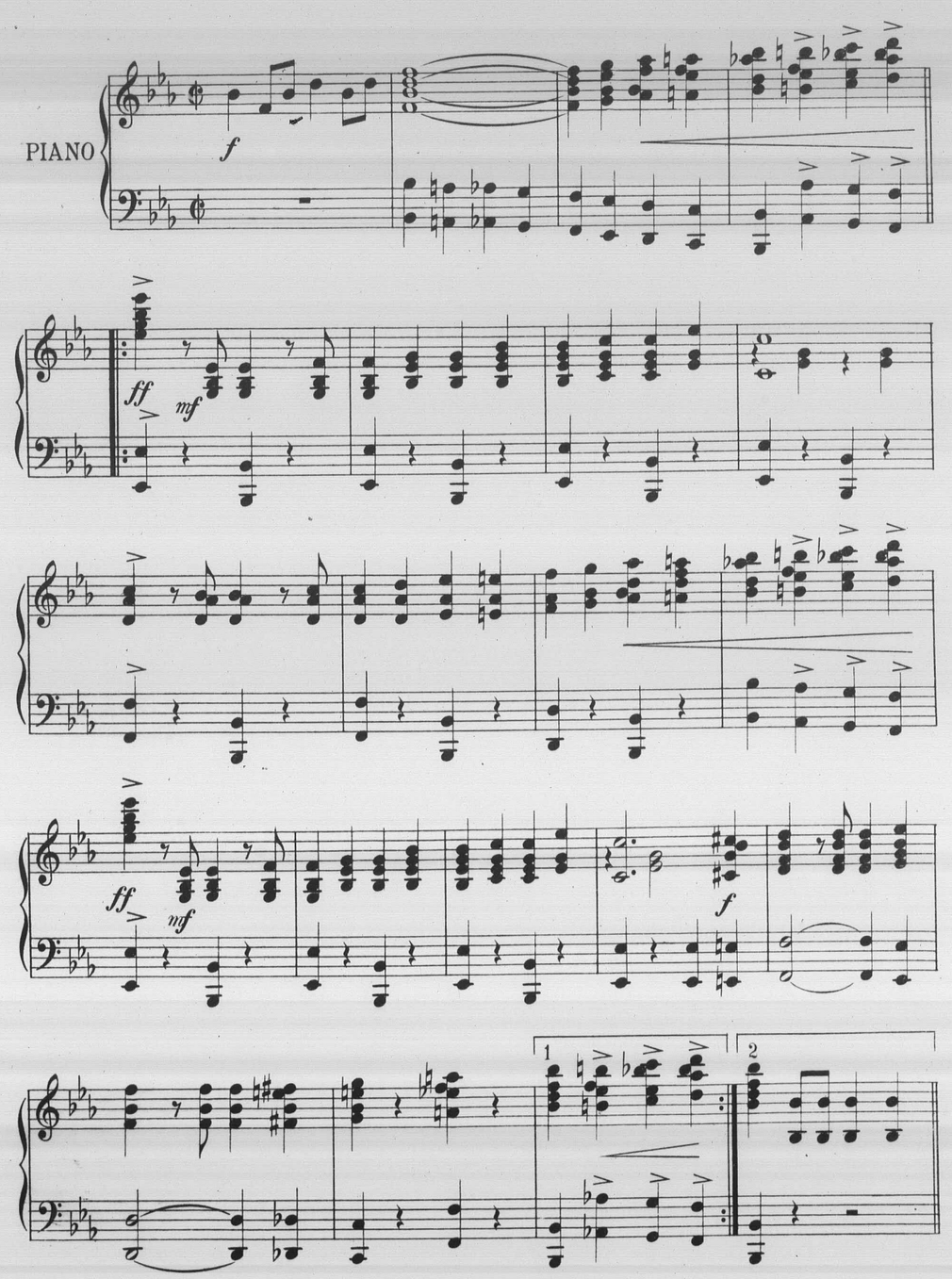
This is an age of specialism, but specialism does not mean lop-sidedness. A man who concentrates solely upon one subject can never hope to rise as high as one who alternates work with play—that is, one who has a vocation and an avocation. The former lives the hermit life surrounded by the walls of his study or laboratory, and the constant strain upon his brain eventually induces fogged mentality. On the other hand, the later works like a Trojan during certain hours, then breaks away for respite, casting aside thoughts of the task through communion with nature, perhaps, or engaging in other work totally dissimilar to the big job. Keep your eyes upon the latter; he will be heard from, and he will have something worth while to say.

It takes a big man to be a success. Are you going to be the exceptional man, or are you content to live your years on this planet as one of the great majority—a phonograph, as it were, which reproduces the work of others? Do not lay your lack of success to misfortune, no luck or such things, which excuses are unknown to the big men, as these things do not exist except within the imagination. A real man always manages to get to the top, no matter how great the obstacles which beset the way.

Young Veterans

MARCH

GERALD FRAZEE



f *ffz* *mf* *f*

ffz *mf* *f cresc.*

ff 1 *f* 2 *ffz*

TRIO *ff* *mf-ff*

MELODY

f

ffz

D.S. al 𝄐
MELODY

Dedicated to Dolly

Dance Of The Dolls

From the ***SUITE***

"Toy Town Tales"

№ 3

Moderato grazioso

FRANK E. HERSOM

PIANO

ff *mf* *f* *mf* *f*

L.H.

Printed in U.S.A.

mf *f* *ff* *rit.* *mf* *a tempo*

f

mf

ff

L.H.

leggiardo

mf

f

mf

f

mf

f

MELODY

1

ff
poco rit.

a tempo

2

a tempo

ff meno mosso

mf a tempo

f

mf

f

L.H.

ff

L.H.

MELODY

The Plunger

GALOP

THOS. S. ALLEN

PIANO

ff *mf* *f* *ff* *fz*

1 2

TRIO

p *fz* *ff* *cresc.* *ffz*

8

Put and Take

ONE-STEP

GEORGE L.COBB

PIANO

ff

mf

f

fz

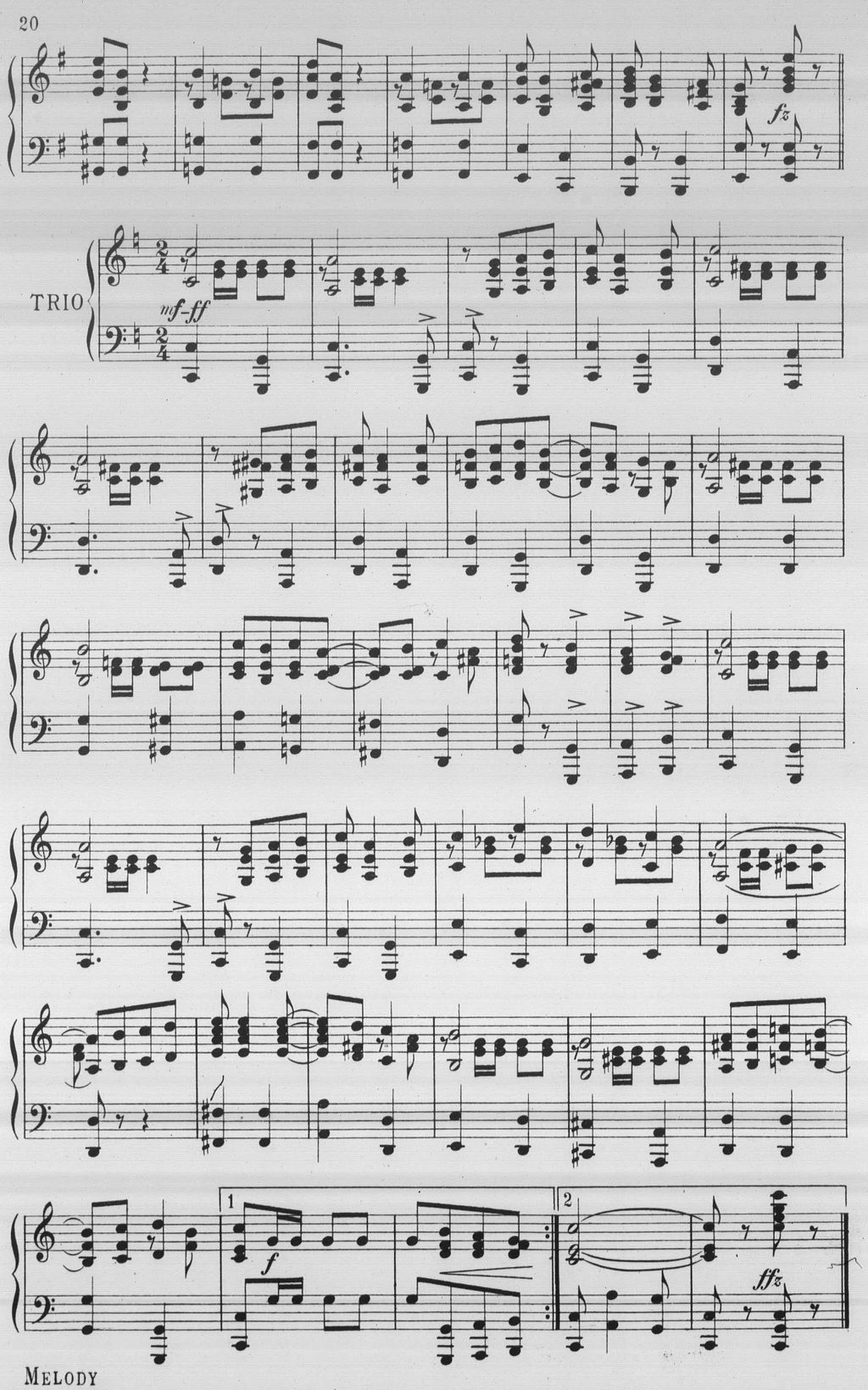
ff

1

2

mf

f



MELODY

MUSICAL MUSINGS

By C. F. C.

(Apologies to K. C. B.)

IT SEEMS that just NOW EVERYBODY is WRITING SONGS, or TRYING TO, whether THEY ARE musicians OR NOT, which of COURSE IS quite all RIGHT AS one doesn't HAVE TO know much OF ANYTHING about MUSIC TO write a SONG NOW-A-DAYS, BUT THEY do have TO HAVE a musician TO PUT the song on PAPER, AND it seems AS IF all the amateur SONG WRITERS in town HAVE PICKED me out TO FIX up their EFFUSIONS AND they COME TO me full OF ENTHUSIASM and CONFIDENCE and play THEM OR hum them OR WHISTLE them AT ME and want a PIANO PART the next MORNING AND I know MOST OF them have hopes THAT I will play their COMPOSITIONS or have them SUNG AT the theatre WHERE I lead the ORCHESTRA, and of COURSE MOST of them ARE PRETTY bad and SOME ARE so impossible THAT I have to REFUSE TO work on THEM AND I tell THEM SO as gently AS I know how, but I CAN see it hurts AND I'M afraid I'm MAKING A lot of ENEMIES by telling THE TRUTH, but I don't KNOW WHAT else to DO ABOUT it and I'M ONLY hoping that SOME DAY some one WILL BRING me a SONG THAT is really SOME GOOD so that I CAN play it or HAVE IT sung at THE THEATRE and PROVE THAT I am NOT JEALOUS of the OTHER FELLOW just BECAUSE I am trying TO WRITE myself, and THAT I am willing to HELP AN amateur COMPOSER if I can ONLY FIND a good one. I'M MUCH obliged.

Listen to the Knocking Bird

By D. L. McCulloch

HUMAN animals sure are funny birds. How wise they think they are, and yet how gullible. There isn't any way in the world wherein people show their lack of reason more than in the choosing of a piano. It doesn't make any difference about the wisdom shown by a person in other lines. A genius at finance, and a goof in a music store! A successful lawyer, doctor or merchant, careful and cautious at all other times, is a "mark" when choosing his piano. The more he knows in some other line, and the better his judgment, the less he shows of both when picking out the instrument for his own entertainment and his children's education.

It's a puzzle to me why—and I think there is no "why" to it any more than there is a reason for a woman getting off a car backwards. I have wondered often at the actions of people in this respect, and have finally come to the conclusion that by their lack of common sense in choosing instruments they wish to prove their wisdom in everything else—the exception proving the rule.

There are many things to be considered in the choosing of a piano. Two things that any piano must have are good tone and action. This is not alone for those who have mastered the technique of playing, and have educated themselves to a realization and appreciation of good tone quality.

It isn't the best news to tell, or the

most enjoyable thing to hear, but it is a crime the way most persons reason when buying a piano for their children to commence their musical education. I have heard countless times something like this: "Don't show me so good a piano, I am just buying this now for my children to practice on. When they have studied three or four years, and have learned to play good music well, I will get them a good piano."

I am sure *you* never reasoned that way and I hope that after reading this article you never will, because no greater mistake could be made than to purchase in this manner. If you buy an old worn-out instrument, how can the child learn proper technique? It just can't be done! and the money which *isn't* always saved by such a purchase is wasted on the unnecessary lessons given later. You have heard many times, as have I, a pupil remark that he just couldn't do on his piano what he could do on the teacher's. A piano need not be new to be satisfactory, but it must not be worn out. When it has reached the stage where the keys are loose and nearly every note struck brings out a rattle like a corn-sheller, it is an abomination. Any one who can learn to play properly on such a "box" is nothing short of a genius.

You may not be able to pay the price necessary to purchase a new piano, but even that is no excuse. In any city in the land you can buy used pianos that are good. Quite often instruments are offered for sale that are not readily salable, due to bad condition of the finish or to case-design not up to date. Too many people buy a piano as a piece of furniture, with its worth as a musical instrument entirely secondary. Such people would not think of having a piano with the varnish badly scarred, or blistered from too much heat or dampness, because it wouldn't look so good to the tongue-wagging women of the neighborhood.

For a beginner "touch" is much more important than tone. Each key must have the proper mechanical action in order that the pupil may master difficult technique. A piano key is held in place by a pin running through it at the balance rail. To keep it from weaving from side to side, the key works on a guide-pin in a rail right under the ivory. On both sides of each pin the key is bushed with a piece of hard cloth. This is done to keep the key exactly where it should be, and firm. It must be tight, but not too tight, or the key will stick when pressed down. After years of use these bushings become worn badly, and of course then the key wobbles. At the same time all of the pinning in the action has become loose.

In the ordinary upright piano action there are five points where the parts are joined together by pins. These pins are held solidly in the wood in one part, and have a bushing of felt around them in the other. When all of these bushings are worn out you can easily imagine what a wonderful mechanical condition has been reached. Those who have worked in the shop of a piano house can understand why a piano has only a certain amount of use in it. Mr. Average-Man should realize this also. He doesn't expect his tin gas wagon or his automobile to last forever. He knows that it gets in worse condition all the time, until finally it is ready for the Markowitz Salvage Co. Most people, however, feel that the piano is altogether different in this respect. They will tell you a piano is just like a violin—it improves with age. It's a wonder they don't say the same thing of an egg.

I have heard many people praise an old trap of a piano to the skies that wasn't fit for anything but fire-wood. They tell you that their piano has such a wonderful tone and, no matter what you paid, you could never buy a new piano with a tone like their instrument. They are right, too, but not in just the way they mean. If a manufacturer turned out instruments with a tone like some of these arks, he couldn't give them away with a cake of soap.

Like a violin, a piano improves with age in one respect only. The seasoning of the wood in a violin is what produces the richer and more musical tone. Age does the same for the sounding board of the piano, but age does something altogether different to the steel in the strings. These become crystallized, rusty, and lose their life. The bushings and other felt parts of the action wear out, and the noiseless action is replaced by the corn-sheller. The felt in the hammers that strike the strings is worn down thin and hard. I have seen them worn clear to the wood core. Fine, lovely, delightful, soul inspiring tone, when well seasoned wood hits a fine well rusted string! The creases in the hammers become filled with dirt and rust from the string, and this also improves the tone!

Keep your piano in good condition. Have competent workmen look after it regularly. When they tell you it needs repinning, and parts replaced—buy a new piano. This is the only way to treat yourself fairly.

Don't sacrifice musical quality for the finish or the color of the case. Many persons buy an inferior piano because it happens to match the furniture. This need not be taken into consideration, because (and I have said this often) the piano is NOT a piece of furniture. You would not use that method in choosing paintings to hang upon the walls of your home. Would you refuse to hang a "Whistler" in your library because the colors used by this master didn't harmonize with the wall paper? The makers of the oldest, and most widely known instruments, those few that by sheer merit have established themselves as producers of the best, do not make 57 varieties of case-design and finish. The only case finish made by these manufacturers is the ebony and mahogany. Once in a while you see one in walnut, but with few exceptions these are special orders.

Changes in case-design are made often by only the makers of poorer and cheaper pianos. The cheaper the piano the more fancy the case is liable to be, and the oftener the style of it is changed. One of the best known of all the makes has had practically the same style in one upright for thirty years or more; and to prove that you should not buy for case style, let me add that one of the largest factories in the country—turning out thousands of pianos annually with a wide variety of names, case styles and finishes, but all decidedly mediocre or worse—have one case that is an exact reproduction of the one mentioned above, unchanged for years. Fifteen feet away you can't tell them apart; cover the names and you can't distinguish between them; strike a chord on them and an Egyptian mummy would at once know the difference. The one has individuality of tone, rich and full, and a superb action—the other is simply piano, and just isn't there. A piano is a thing in itself, distinctive, and should not be thought of as part of the furniture.

The choice between a grand and an upright is usually decided by the fatness of the purse, though many times by the size of the room in which it is placed. If you have a large room, a grand is preferable in every way. The tone of a grand is fuller, and in a medium or large size is of a much finer quality. The action of a grand piano also is much superior, and has greater possibilities than the upright action. If you are buying for use in a dance pavilion, church or hall, by all means choose a grand, if you are possibly able to do so. It is unfair to a pianist to expect him to fill a large room with tone, when the tone isn't in the piano. The writer has committed crimes on a piano that must be answered for, I suppose, and I know whereof I speak when I say it is unfair to ask a pianist to fill a large room with tone, when he hasn't anything to fill it with.

A few DON'TS in regard to piano purchasing may be in order here.

Don't figure that your friend knows what is the best piano just because he can play one well. He might advise you right, and then again he might not.

The wrong advice you should avoid regardless of the sincerity of the donor's intentions. These intentions are sometimes good, and other times not.

Don't think that an acquaintance or a teacher can't be partially influenced by a commission. Some are partially influenced, some knowingly and willingly lie, in order to get their "cut." Nearly every music store in the U. S. A. will pay, and does pay, a "bit" to the teacher or performer who "just happens" to come along with the purchaser. Pardon me for one error here—I should have said that *you* pay the bit instead of the music store.

Admitting that their intentions are good, the capable performer or teacher usually has little or no knowledge of the reasons for a piano being good or otherwise. You may get advice a thousand times more valuable, if you can talk to a tuner or action man who has had factory and music store experience. Factory experience is of value to him in arriving at conclusions regarding respective worth of pianos, because he learns there how they are made and from what materials. He hears in one factory what is used in another plant, and if it is better or worse material he learns "why." Store experience is essential, enabling one, as it does, to determine by working over and repairing used pianos of all makes those that stand up best under abuse and give the longest service. Believe me, and I speak from much experience, you can't fool a piano mechanic on pianos.

Don't try to put it over on him. He may tell you that a certain piano costs a good deal, but it sure does stand the gaff. He knows the makes that stay solidly in tune, and he knows the ones that can't be tuned properly at any time. Owing to faulty construction, some pianos have many strings with faulty vibrations. These false vibrations cannot be tuned out, and a tuner that can do a nice job on such a piano is indeed clever.

Don't expect to buy the best instrument in the world for the price of a medium grade one. Many people believe they can do it, and they are the fish that grab the hook of the unethical salesman. Yes, and some of the ethical boys, too. They know that no one else could do it, and they are just as sure that they can.

Don't set out to show all your friends how much you can save on a transaction of this nature. You may have a hard time later "saving your face" with the same folks. The prices of pianos in reputable stores represent quite closely their worth. There are few exceptions to this.

Don't waste too much time listening to the "Knocking Bird" who sells pianos. Too many salesmen try to sell their goods by proving the poor quality of their competitor's stock. Many of them seem to know their competitor's line better than their own. There are few indications of cheapness apparent to the average unsophisticated buyer other than general appearance. Celluloid, and vegetable-ivory keys, or, more particularly, ivory with a wavy grain, is a certain indication of mediocrity.

Your greatest safety in choosing will lie in the reputations certain firms have made for their product. This is the one best bet in choosing a piano, and it goes for most everything and everybody under the shining sun. If a good reputation can be purchased, it's a new one on me. It isn't in the deck I play with.

Don't take any stock in the tales the wiseacres will tell you that a certain

(*Continued on Page 24*)

A New Place For Your Phonograph

By Felix J. Koch

QUITE one of the really big compensations of farm-life is the pleasure one has of week-ends and holidays, entertaining friends and relatives from the city or other country-sides on the garden-plot of the farm. Naturally, weather at all permitting, no one wants to sit indoors when in the country, and so chairs and benches are brought to shady nooks well outside. There are hammocks and swings for some; there are croquet-sets and perhaps tennis-courts for others, while many of the callers are content just to throw themselves in the lush grass on the ground.

Then, by and by, of course someone wants music! Rather, everyone has been longing for it, but the given someone was the first to dare to ask!

They know that the farm, like every well-regulated farm in Anglo-Saxon lands these days, has its talking-machine, victrola or what it may be. They know, too, that even since the last visit the music-lovers of the place will have acquired no end of new records for this. Wherefore they DO want to hear these records; hear also old familiar pieces, and yet—well, who wants to be the victim, and with tending instrument and changing pieces every so often remain confined at the open window and INDOORS!

Against this, one ingenious farmer near Pt: Pleasant, Ohio, has arranged a very, very simple, but none-the-less attractive and delightful, concept of the phonograph. Out in the garden he has had, this long time, a rose-bush—a perennial, as what farm has not!

So close to this instrument that the twigs and branches would intertwine to form one seeming whole he planted other rose-stocks, such as to secure him roses in blossom in substantially all but the cold months of the year. While giving these inexpensive plants a chance to grow, and pruning them carefully to his purpose whenever a moment might be handy, our yeoman friend devoted certain spare moments of his time to other ends.

Dropping in at the cross-roads tinshop, he secured for next to nothing old bits of scrap and sheet metal that happened to be about. Of these, he had the tinner make a box or container large enough to contain the graphophones. This box was made water-tight along all edges, and was further fitted so that one might slip the box of the instrument in easily from the side. This done, the tube-end of the horn could be slipped through a hole just big enough to receive it in the top of the metal container, coming then to exactly the desired position to fit the instrument inside the box. A little slide at one side, too, allowed of the winding; one might lift the lid if he wished to change records in turn.

This box, then, was firmly moored well within the clump formed by what would seem, on first sight, just one great rose-bush. On holidays, and other occasions when company was due, the instrument was slipped inside. The horn was adjusted; the record put into position; the instrument was wound, and all things ready for just touching off. Incidentally, that horn, too, was painted to harmonize with the roses at such moment in bloom.

Guests arrive, are seated among the shrubbery in the garden and, on signal, one of the family will start off the talking machine concealed in the rose-bush. And what so lovely then as the serenade, or what it may be, pouring forth from what is a perfect cloud of perfume and a perfect avalanche of lovely blooms?

(*Continued from Page 23*)

piano is sold now only on its past reputation. Keep your hand on your watch when some salesman offers a better buy at much less money. Good reputations are mighty hard to get, and firms, as well as individuals, maintain them at any cost.

Don't imagine that you know more than all the rest of the crowd. Profit by the experience of others. In this respect, be old fashioned and you will suffer no disappointment. Put a little more into a purchase, and you will receive ample interest in satisfaction. Play the favorites, and you win in the long run.

For Wood, What Would You?

IF you—who perhaps for a livelihood may be playing the pictures and using a made-for-business upright piano—were about to purchase for personal use a "concert" or a "baby" grand instrument, in its construction and finish what would you wish for a wood? Would you choose a wood that was capable of being tinted to an ivory white, as was the famous piano that accompanied (in tone and on tour) that marvelous cantatrice, Jenny Lind, on her first concert tour of America away back in the early "somethings" or other? Or would your preference be for wood which could be "toned" to an almost jet black or perhaps to a deep, rich red?

In constructing their "grands"—the aristocratic members of the percussion family of instruments—piano manufacturers requisition nature's choicest products of woodland growth from some of the most distant outlying forests of the world, many of these makers of pianos utilizing rare and not commonly known woods for the veneering, inlaying or trimming in various styles of "wood-dressing." Thus, for one expensive and beautiful style of finish there is a wonderful East Indian mahogany that comes from the Andaman Islands off the eastern coast of far away India. This is the most rare and costly mahogany in the world, and in its native habitat is known by the East Indian name of "Padouk." It is with this wood that some of our "Pullman palace" cars are so beautifully finished, although there is an almost unlimited supply of fine mahogany to be had from South America.

From old Mexico (on the Pacific coast side) there is brought another costly wood that is known as "Prima Vera"—a *white* mahogany which practically is of the same fibre or grain as the red species, but wholly without any red tint. Another rare wood is the coramandel, a variety of ebony (often called the "golden-ribbed" ebony) that comes from the Coramandel coast of Africa. This is one of the heaviest known woods, and is exceedingly hard. Another wood of great hardness and toughness is teak. This grows on the Burmese Peninsula in Asia, and is shipped from the great Port of Rangoon in Burma, India, being drawn from the forests and loaded on ships wholly by elephant power. Teak wood offers great resistance to the action of sun and water, and will not shrink nor warp nor split. It is because of this resisting quality that the wood is used in ship constructing.

Then there is the sturdy English or "Pollard" oak, that comes from the famous Nottingham forest which centuries ago gave shelter to "Robin Hood and his merry men," and which in all probability furnished material for the bows of that happy-go-lucky band of outlaw-archers, as well as for the ribs of many staunch English "sailers." It now lends itself to aid in the construction of peaceful pianos.

Coming nearer home, there is our own (so-called) *Hungarian* ash that is a native of West Virginia, but which is called "Hungarian" because of its close grain resemblance to a wood that grows in the country immortalized by Liszt in his wonderful "Rhapsodies." As a wood for piano purposes, when finished and highly polished the West Virginian ash is far more beautiful than the real Hungarian.

The woods mentioned do not exhaust the list, but those named are the most costly products of nature which enter into the construction of piano artistry. How many popular players of the humble and "knock-a-bout" upright pianos realize the costly and expensive make-up of the aristocratic "grands"? Probably very few ever give it thought, but now, if thinking of buying one—"For Wood, What Would You?"

Music Mart Meanderings

IF because of unlooked-for conditions, contingencies or circumstances you can't express the Spirit of Christmas just as you'd hoped to do this year, just make a virtue of necessity and "Say It With Music." The newest popular song or piano piece or the latest fox-trot record will bring *you* to *her* mind every time it's sung, played or heard.

Here it is, the of-course-to-be-expected disarmament song that Jack Glogau, general manager for Fred Fisher, Inc., says has been indorsed by President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes—"Sink All Your Ships in the Ocean Blue"—the latest Fisher song release.

A new song with a very timely title just now is "Hello Prosperity" by John Bratton and Joe Stanley, published by Jerome H. Remick & Company.

Also apropos of time, tide and event is "Unknown"—a song by Howard Johnson and Irving Bibo based on the national memorial tribute of honor paid to America's unknown soldier-dead on last Armistice Day. It is published by Leo Feist, Inc.

"Flag of a Country That's Free" sounds like the times not long ago when martial music and marching feet dominated all America. It's a peaceful new number published by The Star Company of Kingston, Pennsylvania.

A new firm to enter the music-publishing ranks in New York is Bob Harris, Inc. The name-head of the firm was formerly connected with the Columbia Graphophone Company of that city.

Two more publishing plungers in New York are The Vaughan & Pryor Company and Sid Caine, Inc. Sid Caine was formerly manager for Jack Mills, Inc., and is succeeded in that position by Samuel Buzzell.

Still another new one is the Bob Schwartz Publishing Company that will open offices in the Hilton Building at Forty-eighth Street and Broadway in the Metropolitan music mart. Louis Cohen, formerly with Jack Mills, Inc., will manage the new firm.

Theory or Practice First?

By Frederic W. Burry

IN a sense theory and practice are "opposites," and these, contrary-like, invariably go together. Mistaking causes for effects is a common error, when opposing or complementary attributes are neither one supreme or authoritative, but are interdependent.

That is as far as our reasoning can gather. A creator experiments. The genius does not have the plans given him to work with. He has to pioneer, and venture forth into untried fields. With little or no guidance he must blaze new trails, and, if he is successful, neither expect nor receive popular approval. He does it all for sheer love and joy in his creative task. He does not despise what has gone before, and he does not ignore former experimenters. But he knows that he stands on their shoulders, that their earnest efforts were still but of tentative character; he may now even extend their work, possibly do something better.

This will not be done unless there is self-reliance, patience, industry, study.

Experience teaches. And this is not any mere muttering of others' theories. They are to be looked into and then supplemented by some original thoughts. Our personal salvation lies in adding our own little quota to the world's storehouse of wisdom. And, then, theory must be given form. It must be of practical value. There must be technical expression.

All movements should be crowned with the glory of art. Let the touch of the beautiful be put to everything.

It is hardly necessary to wait till you understand "all about it" ere you start to apply a theory. One does not give an infant a list of hygienic regulations before it has something to eat; nor, when it grows a little older, a grounding in the rules of grammar before teaching it how to talk. Instinct and experience must be allowed their proper play.

If we keep on, checking, proving, correcting, we shall arrive somewhere. There must be concentration, attention, diligence. Every practical exercise will throw some light on theory.

This is no excuse for side-stepping decided research into the meaning of things. Every master's statement calls for respect. Just because a theory may be radically altered or superseded by another is not to imply that the old theory was wrong. There will be more changes with newer theories. All you get is working hypotheses. Theories are modified by such things and conditions as improvements in the makes of instruments and customs of the time.

It is human nature to want to do something. Creation is the first word. Consciousness comes later. Then, with the inkling of brain unfoldment and the dawn of interpretation, the thought of Meaning comes and, *Eureka*, at last all is clear.

But—comes the time of disillusionment. Youthful enthusiasm with its jumping at rash conclusions subsides, for further practice and experiment soon call for modification; text books are changed, other theories are abroad. And so the endless research proceeds, parallel with the never-ceasing march of experience.

This is particularly true of music and the fine arts in general. Those who are looking here for unshakable laws will not find them. The artist is one whose world is the future, whose domain is of the Infinite—who handles crude materials to imperfectly express his ideals.

One must simply go on. Fictional theories will help, as long as one is not tied by them. Their limitations and constraints will assist, as long as one recognizes them for what they are—tentative explanations for the as yet incomprehensible nature of music, the celestial art. Our part is particularly to *do*, to portray, to express—not to be over-curious as to meanings. Music belongs to the emotions more than to the intellect.

But the spirit perceives what is beyond mortal thought.

At present words fail to tell half what is contained in the science of beautiful sound.

Let us practice, and mould our little theories, but let us be careful in our pride and modest with our assertions.

If this business of getting-out from others and getting-in for yourself continues to keep up, some genius will have to invent music-automats, or self-taking-care-of offices and departments, as pretty soon there won't be anyone left to act as managers or representatives for others because everyone will be for himself. Here are two more to add to the list of "play your own talking-machine."

Joe Mittenthal has resigned from the sales-managership of the Broadway Music Corporation to sales-manage his own publications under the firm name of Joe Mittenthal, Inc. The new firm—incorporated by J. Mittenthal, M. Pilcer and M. E. Beck, and capitalized at $10,000—starts out with "Tell Her at Twilight" and "All Aboard for the Rocking Chair Express" as catalog leaders.

Milt Hagen, the well-known song writer of New York, put in four months of "vacationing" in the wilds of Canada. He is now back in the big song-burg, but expects to "look-in" on Chicago for a while in the near future.

Ruth Lloyd-Kinney (last summer's soloist with the Sousa Band at Willow Grove Park) and Mildred Graham (a New York concert singer) both use the higher-grade songs from the catalog of M. Witmark & Sons. On a recent recital program of the latter singer were "When May is Turning to June," music by Arthur Penn and lyric by James Stuart Montgomery (a soldier of the A. E. F. in France well-known by his war verses and "thumb-print" articles), and the Frank Tours setting of Col. McCree's famous "In Flanders Fields." The first named singer used Arthur Penn's "Smilin' Through" and "Sunrise and You" at the Sousa Willow Grove concerts, and is now singing the same composer's "Gingham Gown."

Jack King has resigned from duties with Irving Berlin, Inc., and will consign himself to vaudeville with Lew Rose as a partner.

Practically simultaneously with the advent of the New Year comes the re-advent of some of the Old Music. Under what will be specialized as "The Royal Blue Edition," Charles K. Harris has compiled many of his own and other composers' old-time songs, instrumental pieces, operatic numbers and semi-classics, the purpose of this edition being to keep these old favorites from ever getting out of print. Included in the famous Harris song-compositions are such ones as "After the Ball," "Break the News to Mother," "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," "I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You," "Always in the Way," "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Added to these are some hundred and fifty of the popular Harris publications such as "Three Little Chestnuts" (Page), "Don't You Mind It, Honey" (Cara Roma), "Dream of Heaven Waltzes" (Bauer), besides many of the once reigning hits from such one-time popular musical comedies as "The Ginger Bread Man," "A Stubborn Cinderella," "Algeria," "The Time, the Place and the Girl," "The Umpire" and others now all but forgotten.

Reports from San Francisco announce that Sherman, Clay & Co. of that city are soon to open professional offices in New York City at 56 West 45th Street, with Richard Powers in charge. Mr. Powers is widely known to the sheet-music trade as the former Eastern representative for the sheet-music department of this progressive house. This firm has just published Paul Whiteman's arrangement of the "Song of India" (fox-trot), which has had a big run on Victrola records.

Pianos and phonographs (at least, as selling commodities) may be regarded as weather pointers that generally indicate which way the wind of prosperity is blowing. The sales representative of a big piano manufacturing concern in the Middle West predicts better business for this fall, basing his prediction on the five following reasons: (1) Practically all merchandise stocks are very low. (2) Money is much easier. (3) Crops generally are good and more diversified than ever. (4) Manufacturers are starting their wheels rolling. (5) Individual confidence is being restored.

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34. Octave Chime
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36. Syncopating 2 Notes
37. Syncopating 3 Notes
38. Syncopating 4 Notes
39. The Arpeggios
40. Major Scales
41. Minor Scales
42. The Tremolo
43. The Trill
44. Low Form
45. Turn
46. Mordent
47. Endings
48. Lead Sheets
49. Half Tone with Melody Note
50. How to Accompany the Melody
51. Using Tie and Combining Stems
52. Combinations to be Memorized
53. Half Tone with all Members
54. Raise and Grace Combined
55. Preliminary for Beginners
56. Foreword to Note Section
57. Accompaniment in Right Hand
58. Diatonic Embellishment
59. Single and Double Fill
60. Harmony Tone Treble Rag
61. Modulatory Arrangement
62. Half Tones with Fills
63. Half Tone Treble Rag
64. How to Get a Melody
65. Double Waltz Bass
66. Over Octave Treble
67. Determining Count
68. Effective Metres
69. Breaking Octaves
70. Repeated Phrases
71. Half Tone Discord
72. Incomplete Forms
73. Designing a Metre
74. Departure of Train
75. Chromatic Bass
76. Inversion Bass
77. Over Octave Bass
78. Chinese Discord
79. Discord Treble
80. Octave Mordent
81. Graced Triplet
82. Double Bass Rag
83. The Chromatic
84. Double See Saw
85. Slow Drag Bass
86. Half Tone Bass
87. Second Metre
88. Diatonic Bass
89. Popular Style
90. Fourth Metre
91. Hatfield Bass
92. Breaking Chords
93. Waltz Metres
94. Thumb Melody
95. Breaking Octaves
96. Octave Glide
97. Bell Treble
98. Elaboration
99. Diatonic Rag
100. Chromatic Rag
101. The Advance
102. Half Tones
103. First Metre
104. Reverse Bass
105. Ballad Bass
106. Cabaret Bass
107. Climax Bass
108. Third Metre
109. See Saw Bass
110. Half Tone Rag
111. The Delay
112. The Grace
113. Drum Bass
114. Crash Bass
115. Skip Bass
116. City Style
117. The Tie
118. Bell
119. Rumble
120. Foghorn
121. The 5-8 Rag
122. Bass Drum
123. Keene Bass
124. Scale Bass
125. Organ Bass
126. Whistle
127. Triplet
128. Inversions
129. Passing Notes
130. Summary

JAZZ SECTION

131. Jazz Bass
132. Treble Blues
133. Honky Tonk Bass
134. Jazz Treble
135. Future Jazz
136. Bass Blues
137. Stop Bass
138. Syncopated Tenths
139. Triple Bass
140. Sax Slurs
141. Wicked Harmony
142. Two Cycle Jazz
143. Clarke Break
144. Cafe End
145. Jazz Obligato
146. Fifth Spacer
147. Week End
148. Skip Ending
149. Double Thumb
150. Chromatic Fives
151. Linn Break
152. Sixth Spacer
153. Dissonant Ending
154. Triple Filler
155. Chinese
156. Over and Under
157. Organ Chromatics
158. Hoochy Bass
159. Uze Blues
160. Run to 3
161. Mike's Finish
162. Static Bass
163. Third Spacer
164. Chromatic Skip
165. Florid Tenths
166. One-Step Bass
167. Continuous
168. Kenney End
169. Fourth Spacer
170. Bass Spacer
171. Slurred Grace
172. Over Hand Filler
173. Tenths with P. N.
174. Pep Tone
175. Graced Turn
176. Inflected Treble
177. Kramer Close
178. First Filler
179. Run to 1
180. Encore Bass
181. Quadruple Fill
182. Add One
183. Slurred Mordent
184. La Verne Discord
185. Mason End
186. Oriental Bass
187. Interlocking
188. Double Octave Treble
189. Roll Bass
190. K. C. Variation
191. Broken Type
192. So-Sow-Sew
193. Lack Bass
194. Two Cycle Bass
195. Rialto Ending
196. New Filler
197. In Minor
198. Down Run to V. N.
199. Player End
200. Persian
201. Blued Voice Note
202. Third Filler
203. Obligato
204. Suspended C. Tones
205. Triplet V. Notes
206. Third Filler
207. Chromatic to V. N.
208. With Half-Tone
209. Last End
210. Blue Obligato
211. Double Octave Bass
212. Forecast Bass
213. First Spacer
214. Quarter Triplet
215. I. B. Ending
216. Second Filler
217. Run to 4
218. Tomorrow Style
219. Waterman Bass
220. New Type
221. Frank's Final
222. Second Spacer
223. Discord Scale
224. Treble Sixths
225. Half-Step Bass
226. Double Two
227. Arpeggios Bass
228. Half-Step Treble
229. Jerkins Bass
230. Discord Obligato
231. Suspended P. N.
232. On Chord Tones
233. With Passing Note
234. Ad Lib Run to V. N.
235. Dia. Trip. Down V. N.
236. Fifth Filler
237. Chro. Trip. Up V. N.
238. Fourth Filler
239. To any C. Tone
240. Whites Bass
241. Fifth Spacer
242. Octave Chromatic
243. Half-Dis. Treble
244. Ninths
245. Tenths
246. Split Bass
247. Spacer or Ending

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