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MELODY

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FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

MUSIC

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WALTER JACOBS, *Publisher,* 8 Bosworth Street, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Peeps at the Publishers

The members of a new song-writing trio are Violinsky, Bert Hanlon and Ben Ryan. "Vamping Rose," a comedy song is their initial number.

The McKinley Music Co. has made Paul Elwood its Philadelphia representative to handle the professional and sales end of the business.

The Loos Brothers, from the Middle West, recently arrived in New York to exploit the songs of the Forster Music Co. via the phonograph.

J. F. Coots of the McKinley Music Co's. New York office is fully recovered from a recent severe illness.

Jerome H. Remick & Co. are having great fun over the way their big comedy song is going over. "Ain't We Got Fun" sings the song, and ditto sing publishers, performers and public.

Miss Irene Lipkin, publicity manager and head of the orchestra and band department of Fred Fisher, Inc., probably is the youngest publicity director in the business, but that's nothing against the lady.

We don't know whether it was a red hen or a red-headed cook that inspired the writing of "Biddy," but anyhow this fox-trot song is Irish, and inspired its owner, the Sam Fox Publishing Co., to start a "Biddy" week for anything but a weak "Biddy." It was a week's campaign of publicity extending from March 14 to March 20 (including the famous 17th), with hotels, cafes, orchestras, vaudevillians and music stores concentrating themselves generally on making "biddy" musically "lay." Talk about "setting" a hen! "Biddy" seems musically "set" and hatching to beat eggs. "Sunny-side" up!

Bert Kalmar, the song-writer, has bought a residence at Pelham Heights, N. Y. Nothing too high for your successful s. w.!

"Sleepy Hollow"! It makes you think of Washington Irving's sketch of Rip Van Winkle and good old Joe Jefferson as "Rip," but the "Sleepy Hollow" which made us think this "think" is one of the McKinley Music Co's. most successful recent releases.

If "When I Marry Mary Mine from Maryland" is musical bigamy because Art Hickman and Ben Black hitched up together to make this musical marriage a success, then Waterson, Berlin & Snyder are guilty as accessories, co-respondents or something like that for publishing it. This number won hearty approval for a week from audiences at the California Theatre in San Francisco, where it was staged in a song-writers' competition and also won.

"Strut Miss Lizzie," Creamer and Layton's latest blues fox-trot hit published by Jack Mills, Inc., is meeting with tremendous success in a number of minstrel companies, such shows as Schneider's Dixie Moon Minstrels, Huntington's Mighty Minstrels, the Coburne Minstrels and others featuring it.

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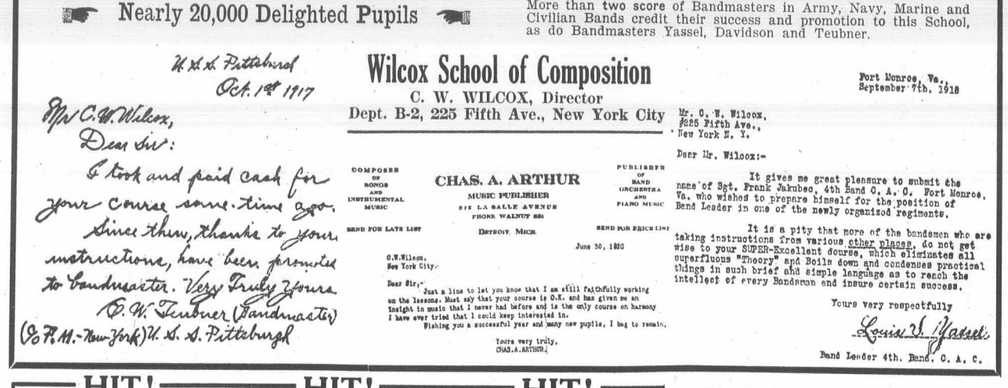

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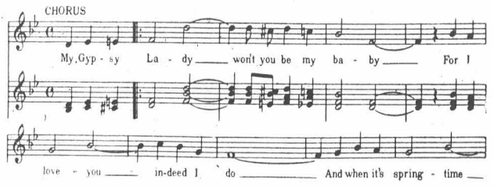

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"The Kiss Charm," a new operetta by Lee David, with book by Samuel Shipman, will soon go into rehearsal for production. The name alone would seem to "smack" of success.

Five weeks at "The Breakers" (Palm Beach) is the penalty for being a successful music publisher, but Louis Bernstein, head of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., with Mrs. Bernstein and Mrs. Shapiro, declare it to have been only a delightful vacation.

"A Dream" (pretty one understood) is good and two of the same kind is better, but a double dream done in double is best. This was proved when Betty Anderson (soprano) and Fred Jagel (tenor) doubled in a duet on the Oliver Ditson Co's. "A Dream," as featured in a special screen production of "What Every Woman Knows" at the New York Rivoli Theatre by Hugo Riesenfeld.

Holding "My Honolulu Baby" "On Your Knee" and singing "Ding, Ding, Ding" is going some, and so are these three numbers. Billy James, the composer of this triple situation has been made the professional manager of Jack Mills, Inc.

Sam Rice, Music Publisher, is the name of a new firm that has entered into the sheet-music publishing business in Chicago. Bob Sanderson will be the professional manager, and James V. Malone will be the big noise in the band and orchestra department. Offices have been opened in the Loop End Building, and a catalog will be released soon. May they "loop the loop" in success!

Jack Maser, Philadelphia manager for the Fred Fisher Publishing Co., evidently stands pat with Longfellow's line in the "Psalm of Life," "Let us then be up and doing," optimistically declaring that we are at the bedrock of bad business and everybody's next move should be "up and forward." The Fisher best sellers at the moment are "Broadway Rose" and "I Found a Rose in the Devil's Garden.

If you don't believe in "a chip of the old block," heredity or propinquity (dictionary for next, near-to, proximity, affinity, etc.), read this and bolster up your belief. Jack

Continued on Page 8

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Volume 5 APRIL, 1921 Number 4

Editorial

MUSIC IN THE INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL IS IMPORTANT AS AN ESSENTIAL

MUSIC Has a Real Place in the World! Such is the emphatic declaration of Honorable Selden P. Spencer, United States Senator from Missouri, in opening an article especially written for *The Music Trades* of New York, the journal of music commerce so ably conducted by Editor John C. Freund.

Before proceeding further in quoting from the article, it is well to say briefly who Selden P. Spencer is in the world wherein he states that "music has a real place." First of all, then, he is a lover and patron of music who was born in Pennsylvania in the memorable year of 1862. He graduated from Yale University with the degree of A. B. (Bachelor of Arts), and gained honorary degree of A. M. (Master of Arts) from the Washington University in St. Louis. He served as Judge in the Missouri Circuit Court; was elected to the United States House of Representatives in 1895; then to the United States Senate in 1918, and re-elected to that body for the coming Sixty-seventh Congress. He is chairman of the Senate Committee on Claims, and a member of other important committees.

Continuing, Senator Spencer sounds the true chord, key and scale of life in the following tone-pregnant words:

We find a lack of harmony everywhere. The rising discords of the industrial world are heard on every hand; commerce and industry are out of step with the music of progress and prosperity.

I would pitch a note today for music in industry; for music which will have a place of its own in our industrial activities; music which will make for the happiness and contentment of the workers and for the harmony and fellow-feeling of the producers, both employers and employed; music which will bring into tune and rhythm our work-a-day world, so long played upon by the strident over-tones of war.

Music in industry! It means something.

Industrial leaders and commercial chieftains have looked upon work and music as, in every sense, having nothing in common and not to be considered one with the other. Music, with many of us, is so much a "side issue" that we find it difficult to believe that it may have a fundamental place in the industrial operations of every plant, factory, shop and store—that, considered even from the sordid, mercenary viewpoint, it has its very real value in an industrial sense.

Let us for a moment analyze the subject of music as a force and factor in our industrial and commercial operations—and by that I mean not only the mill, factory and workshop, but also the great commercial establishments and marts of trade wherever men and women work for a living.

Music and the Mechanical

As a concrete, outstanding and illuminating instance of what the practical application of music in industry means may be noted the plan of the great Bethlehem Steel Works, at Bethlehem, Pa., where they stop all of the machinery at a certain hour every day, and not a wheel turns or a tool is lifted while the many thousands of men and women who work there do what? Listen to music! It is expensive to stop all of the machinery in a vast manufacturing plant. The business men at the head of the great corporation say that the gain of it far offsets the expense. Melodies get the workers' minds off their work—give them a breathing spell—dust out their brains—and they go back to their duties refreshed mentally and physically. They work better; they produce more; they are happier.

Another notable instance which may be referred to is the part music plays in the workday program of the more than 5000 employees of the National Cash Register Co., at Dayton, Ohio, where the company has erected a great music auditorium for its workers, with bands and orchestras under the direction of well known leaders, and where the daily lunch hour is followed by a half hour concert. Sunday song services are also held. All of this at the company's expense—*as a good investment*, as it has so proved itself—an investment in the happiness, contentment, good will and fellowship of the people.

There are doubtless many industrial leaders throughout the land who would little heed the suggestion that every wheel stop and every dynamo cease throbbing for a period each day while the workers listened to music. What! Stop the plant for that? To listen to music or to sing? Well, hardly!

If these men knew the psychology of music—the Americanizing, humanizing, energizing influence of it, the music period would have its place in every day's activities, and taken right out of the work time, too. For here is the real secret of success in any business: contented, satisfied, willing workers—and music brought into the daily life is the greatest and most effective influence in creating such helpers.

Workers who thus have music made a part of their lives—who lay down their tools and cease their daily activities to listen to the uplifting strains of a symphony or a Sousa march or lively "ragtime" (I confess that so called ragtime has no real terrors for me—in fact, I rather like it)—these workers are better men and better women, Better Citizens and Better Americans.

There is little danger of making a bolshevist or a radical or a government destroyer out of the man who is responsive to the elevating and refining influences of music. We see here the Americanizing effect of music—how its influence works toward the happiness and contentment of the workers and of all mankind everywhere.

Music speaks in all languages.

Before the immigrant knows our language or understands our institutions and our people he thrills at the sound of our national anthem; music speaks to him in his own language no less than in our own; it is, for the time, the one bond of broth-

erhood we have in common—our first word to the man or woman who comes to us from a far country—music.

The outreach of music, with its universal appeal, then, enables us to talk with the masses of men and women who come from abroad to take their places in our industrial army. Music is the first Americanizing force they will know.

The twofold thought that seems to be emphasized in considering the subject of music in industry is (1) that it conduces to happiness, contentment and good will on the part of the workers, and (2) that, considered from purely a financial viewpoint, it is a good investment for any business concern, large or small.

For the larger plants, factories or other establishments—as in the two instances I have cited—a band or orchestra, or both, could well be furnished by the company or corporation. Of course, in the smaller concern, where the number of employees is not so large, other and simpler plans can produce the same result.

Music and Morale

There is no need, as I see it, of placing music in industry on the sole basis of either "welfare" or "uplift" work. It should, rather, take its place as one of the phases of the day's work, looked upon as just as important and necessary, in its way, as is the lunch hour.

By making music an integral part of our productive processes—one of the essentials for the keeping up of the industrial morale, so to speak—we shall have gone far toward the solution of our most portentous labor problems and provide a touch of humanizing interest which cannot but work for betterment in all of our industrial and commercial undertakings, knitting closer the various producing elements and providing a common understanding and mutual good will which will be reflected not only in the responsive sentiments of loyalty, but also in the quality and quantity of output.

It matters little of what the music programs consist—Hungarian rhapsodies and sonatas by the old masters may be interspersed with "Yankee Doodle" and "Annie Rooney." But always give "The Star Spangled Banner" the place of honor. Don't forget that!

PASSED FROM EARTH

MRS. Jessie Brown Pounds, writer of "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" and many hymns. "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" sprang into great popularity from being sung at the funeral of President McKinley as his favorite song. It was also sung at the funeral of its writer, who passed out on March 4th,—the last presidential inauguration day.

William H. Shellaby, originator of the motto "Keep in Tune," which he gave to everybody as advice and by which he was widely known. For twenty years of the seventy-three in which he had "kept in tune" with life, Mr. Shellaby sold sheet music for Chicago publishers.

NORMALCY

OUTSIDE of those who are specifically ordained for the purpose, we have no particular use for self-constituted "preachers" of sermons, neither are we prone to fraternize, not even casually, with self-elected "handers-out" of homilies. Both of these brands of people usually are *abnormal* specimens of the *genus homo*, therefore kindly consider this writing as being neither sermon nor homily, but merely an expression of opinion on a matter which is of vital concern to all who believe in *normality*.

There is no man who wants to be put down as a prig, nor is there a woman who wishes to be posed as a prude—that is, not if they are healthy, natural, warm-blooded human beings. It is neither priggish nor prudish for normal-minded men and women to take a clean stand for decency in music—for *clean songs under clean titles with clean words*. To the contrary, it is actual "horse-sense" (the sound, common variety that is beautifully covered by the modern word normalcy), for it means making popular music a permanency by *making it popular in the home*. In the *physical* sense, we never have been able to discern the aptness of the old proverb that "cleanliness is next to godliness," but we believe that in the *mental* (or soul) sense these two attributes may be reckoned with as being closely linked with life and living.

It is not stretching either truth or statistics to assert that, whether musically inclined or otherwise, there is none of us who does not remember, revere and love the old songs which have come down to us from the by-gone time we know as the "days of grandfather and grandmother." In those days no words that even slightly suggested the vulgar or salacious ever entered into the then popular songs, neither was vulgarity flaunted in title-phrase or picture. Nor would such have been tolerated, for in those days "popular" songs meant *home-songs*.

It is because of this entire absence of the "suggestive" that, regardless of musical worth or lack of it, songs such as "Suwanee River," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Maid of Athens," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Bonnie Doon," "Ben Bolt," "Juanita," "Killarney" and a host of others are now reverenced as cherished melodic memories of early American "homes." And yet, in titles and words those old ballad-songs did more than suggest, they told and sung of mother, home, love, valor or country—the vital essentials upon which has been built true *Americanism*.

Side-stepping all discussion of moral ethics in the question, and if for no more valid reason that we want our popular song literature of today to extend into future "tomorrows" for our children's children, then our present song-lyrics must convey no suggestion of the obscene—"*risqué*" in polite parlance, "filth" in the less polite and more to the point. The majority of music publishers of today will handle no songs which hold half-hidden hints, but there is a certain small minority of publishers and *original producers* who, with no thought or conception of futurity, would seem to balance morals with money. It is against this minority that healthy-minded publishers, performers and *purchasers* should vigorously campaign under the sure slogan of "*clean songs with clean words*"—in short, mental "NORMALCY."

POPULAR CLASSICS

By Frederic W. Burry

MUSIC without syncopation, or without some element of what is commonly called "ragtime," is dry music. It lacks life, it does not appeal; it may be *plus* intellect, but it is *minus* emotion. It is the kind of so-called "classic" music that you hear at certain "recitals" where people congregate to show off their raiment, where people are bored, and yawn—and even go to sleep.

But concert programs are undergoing a change. If the items on the printed list are still more or less of the "high and dry" order, at least the encores have some tune to them, and these are the numbers that usually receive the most applause, for the majority at least feel like echoing Nietzsche when he said: "Ach! away with the music that makes the blood curdle; give me red music, music that makes the corpuscles tingle, that makes me dance"—or words to that effect.

And now that Paderewski has put his *imprimatur* on American popular music, the jazz "fiends" feel they are in the best of good company.

I know of a church choir leader who is forever interrupting his choristers with the exhortation to "syncopate, syncopate!" Yes, syncopation just means music that is alive—in proportion, quite called for in church as elsewhere. Of course you can go to extremes—which, excepting on occasion, is in bad taste. Reserve and limitation have their place with art, just as with anything else.

You hear the most discordant, bizarre effects actually in some of the movements of Beethoven, the master of what is called "pure music," but such cacophony would never do all the time. Laws are made to be broken, and rules to be disobeyed, when (by experience) you have learned how.

Ragtime (horrid word!) is rhythmic. Its lilting fascinates, its throbbing, pulsing—so utterent of passion—is action. It tells you there is something more than machinery in the world. Do you say it is not scientific? Well, it is artistic, which is better. We are informed that science is bankrupt. Now, on to the world of beauty, on with the dance.

We have been all this time practicing foreign "folk" music. Ragtime is *the* American music of the people. We are tired of stuffy "drawing-room" music; now for some music that breathes, that has some life to it.

Let everyone compose. No longer stand in awe of the "masters"—the word is out of place in these democratic days. Let everyone give expression to his feelings through the celestial medium of music. You hear infants making up their own little "tunes." Later, their original efforts are suppressed; they are told they "mustn't play by ear," but just parrot-like imitate the "masters," who often were dreary old bores. Is it any wonder that music studies, taken under protest in the child's younger days, are laid aside when he grows up?

This need not be. Lessons can be made interesting as well as thorough, but they certainly should not be *too* thorough. Let practice precede theory—a tune before the scales, say. You don't teach a child the rules of grammar before it has learned to talk, any more than you explain the laws of dietetics before it is given some food.

The Orchestra Pianist

By C. Fred'k Clark

Note: The writer of these few hints and suggestions, outlined for readers of his article who may have ambitions along lines as indicated by its caption, has been pianist and orchestra leader at Keith's Theatre in Washington, D. C., for the past eight years, previous to which he was pianist at Keith's and the Orpheum Theatres in Boston. As composer of several orchestra numbers (published by the manager of this magazine), and a man with a wide range of experience in all branches of orchestral work, Mr. Clark should know whereof he speaks.—Ed.

THE most of us commenced our study of music at an age when the meaning of the word "ambition" was somewhat vague, yet sooner or later those of us who "stuck to it" experienced the desire, and with it the firm belief (fostered by the enthusiastic praise of somewhat overzealous teachers and friends), that some day we would become artists of the highest rank—Paderewskis or Leginskas of the future. Practically all of us have seen or will see that dream fade slowly but surely into "nothingness," for we have learned or will learn that the "one-in-a-million" who becomes the world-famous virtuoso was blessed with heaven-sent genius, combined with the physical stamina and fortunate financial circumstances which enabled him or her to practice from four to eight hours daily, six days a week, under the very best of instruction.

With the fading of this dream many drop the serious study of music, playing thereafter only for their own amusement, and often becoming very successful in entirely different lines of endeavor. Others, who have attained a fair standard of proficiency, become successful teachers. Still others—to whom the career of the teacher does not appeal—actuated by pure love of the art and a consciousness that whatever talent they possess is musical, look about for a field of usefulness that will furnish them an adequate means of support, via the piano. From this latter class is generally recruited the professional orchestra pianist, the one to be found the country over in the theatre, dance or hotel orchestra.

Orchestra piano playing is a sort of "applied art." One must lose his individuality to a certain extent. The interpretation of any given number must be entirely the leader's, and the ideas of the individual player must be almost wholly subordinated to his.

Aside from a fairly good fundamental musical education, the requirements of the orchestra pianist, while not many, are rather exacting. First of all, of course, comes the ability to read at sight. Orchestra piano parts, consisting principally of accompaniment figures, are generally much easier from a technical standpoint than are piano solo arrangements, and the ability to read them quickly and accurately can soon be acquired by anyone who has had sufficient technical training to "finger" what he sees. The left-hand parts, constituting as they do the bass and therefore the harmonic foundation of the whole orchestration, are particularly important and must be played exactly as written. It is for this reason that the melody reader (one of those peculiar individuals who seems to be able to fathom only the melody or right-hand part, and whose left hand seems to fall on anything and everything but what is written) is bound to be a complete fiasco as an orchestra player.

A second, and very important, requirement is a thorough understanding of time values and the ability to "keep steady." Every note, chord and rest must be given its exact value, no more and no less. There must be no hesitation, no retarding of difficult passages, no accelerating of especially easy ones. The good orchestra pianist must "catch the beat" in the first measure and "hold it" until it is changed by the leader. "Steadiness" can be acquired by conscientious practice with a metronome. Use at first the simplest orchestra piano parts obtainable for this purpose. Don't develop the foot-stamping habit. This is a "snare and a delusion" not tolerated by any good leader, and when once acquired is very difficult to lose.

The loud pedal should be used very sparingly, if at all. With experience as a guide it may be used judiciously in very legato passages, or for the sustaining of long chords, but at first it is better to leave the loud pedal severely alone.

I have been approached many times by pianists, who seemed to be under the impression that I could give them some magic rule, or system of teaching, which would enable them to master the art of orchestra and theatrical piano playing in a very few weeks. But there is no short cut, and the only secrets of successful orchestra playing are a fairly good musical education re-inforced by special attention to sight-reading and rhythm ("steadiness"), coupled with an ability to listen to the other instruments and to watch the leader as one plays. Having mastered these requirements, join the Musicians' Union, get acquainted and keep yourself in evidence at the local headquarters, and sooner or later you will get the chance to play your first "job."

The desire to be an orchestra pianist may not be the most laudable of ambitions, yet orchestra work probably provides one of the most dependable means of a livelihood for the pianist of average ability, and certainly is preferable to "starving in a garret" while one awaits the opportunity to prove his ability as an artist and a soloist.

SEQUENCE AND SEQUEL OF SOME SONG WRITERS

BEGINNING with the mythical Pandora of the Greeks, she whose inquisitiveness was popularly supposed to have let loose from the box all the "ills to which flesh is heir;" and our own equally mythical Eve, the lady whose itching to know the taste of the unknown prompted her to eat the pippin which is said to have precipitated a barrelfull of apple-trouble upon the whole world race—in short, from times which weren't down to times which are, curiosity has been one of the dominating traits of every human being born, man as well as woman. We want to KNOW. Thus, if a man makes a mouse-trap, a monkey wrench or a music-machine which in its time made a hit, we are curious to know what became of the man afterwards. Or if a man makes a "hit" in baseball that astonishes bleachers and grand-stand, we want to know what became of the man after his "hit" has passed into sporting history.

And so it is with everything under the sun that ever has made a hit, from machines to music—from push-buttons to player-pianos, from phonographs to pictures, from political speeches to popular songs. The hit itself may long since have been chucked into the cart with the "cast-offs," yet curiosity is always rampant to know what became of the "hitter." Of the subsequent success, struggle or sequel of some of the song-writers who once scored "hits," the New York *Sun* recently gave the following short, interesting review:

A simple lilt of melody that every street boy could whistle, a dozen lines of bleating and mushy verse dominated by a catchy phrase—such was the golden formula of the old-time song "hit" writers, who are fast dying off. 'Twas the only formula known to Karl Gardner, concocter of that almost forgotten favorite, "Little Bunch of Lilacs."

Once famous as "the sweet singer," he was reported last week dying in a Chicago hospital, penniless and friendless. An unfortunate investment had long since swept away $100,000, the last of the handsome reward he reaped for writing and warbling the kind of things the public liked. And there was a time when all the country was chanting:

"Little bunch of lilacs I have plucked for you,
Tell me if you love me, if your heart is true!
Give to me a promise, surely you'll do this,
Tell me that you love me; answer with a kiss!"

Years ago, more years than most of us care to remember—well, somewhere around the time when Bryan first ran for President—the whole country started to wail "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Awa-a-a-a-y." It was the latest and greatest hit of that temperamental but astute "home and mother" poet and tunemaker, Paul Dresser, the unblushing perpetrator of "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me."

Travelers who had seen the Wabash declared that it was a most unromantic stream, shallow and muddy, with a tendency to dry up into a string of puddles; but that didn't stop the population of the United States from singing about it. Paul Dresser had put it on the map and it stayed there. And now observe the sequel. Out in Terre Haute they've established a fifteen-mile drive along the banks of the Wabash and called it Paul Dresser Drive. Moreover, they've taken steps to remove Paul Dresser's body from the Chicago Cemetery in which it was buried to a lordly mausoleum in Paul Dresser Drive overlooking the Wabash, made famous by Paul Dresser's song.

Sometimes a "hit" writer dies in comfortable circumstances. Such was the case with Charles Graham, guilty of "Two Little Girls in Blue," and also of that tearful ballad, "The Picture That Is Turned Toward the Wall."

Charles Lawlor, who wrote "The Sidewalks of New York," is industriously doing an act with his two daughters at club entertainments. Jim Thornton, who wrote "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon," is married to a woman who keeps a restaurant. His first wife was Bonnie Thornton, who died. William B. Gray, perpetrator of "The Fatal Wedding" and other hits, is doing well in the movie business. John Braton, of "Sunshine of Paradise Alley" fame, produces musical shows on a small town circuit.

Ernest R. Ball, with "Mother Machree" and "Love Me and the World Is Mine" to his credit, is still making songs and singing them in vaudeville. Maude Nugent, whose "Sweet Rosy O'Grady" made her the leading "hit" writer of her sex, is going back into vaudeville. Theodore Metz, the principal claimant to the authorship of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night," leads a traveling burlesque orchestra. H. W. Petrie, who wrote that uncommonly graceful success, "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," has fallen into obscurity. As for Charles K. Harris, who made $200,000 out of "After the Ball," he is still successfully publishing songs.

The phonograph has helped to make "hit" writing more profitable than ever, and has enlarged the field to such an extent that where one song fortune was made in the days of "After the Ball," a dozen are made today. But no one song jumps into the exclusive popularity that the most famous of the old-timers enjoyed.

SHOULD WE MEMORIZE

By Frederic W. Burry

YES, we should memorize. Of course it is not necessary to spend the time demanded to commit *everything* to memory, because, as a matter of fact, all experiences even to the smallest detail are inscribed on the infinite tablet of subconsciousness, and it is only the limitations in one's power of concentration that measures the lifting of this submerged storehouse of actual dynamics to the superficies of the daily round. However, we draw up all the power we need—of which we truly have much, and should have in reserve.

In the realm of Music, as with all the fine-arts (and all art, all the productions of man's industry and genius, should be vested and adorned with the fine robes of excellence), concentration, the close kin of memory, should hold a foremost place.

Some who decry the value of memorizing do so partly from envy, because they themselves cannot or will not commit things to memory. It is generally a matter of "will not," for, as the saying goes, "where there's a will there's a way" and you may be sure there are more ways than one. One well-tried way is through the simple Faith method—if you *believe* you can do a thing, it already is well on the way to being done.

Creation starts from within—first the desire, then thought, then action or active expression. Yes, one must be in earnest!

Memorizing is a help in many directions and connections. Of course the whole general system of piano technic should be at one's finger tips—including the scales, chords and arpeggios with all their multitudinous and various figures, inversions and positions. This is not so hard as it seems when one is patient, with an alert mind gradually absorbing the whole meaning and content of piano technic. And be it remembered that, no matter what phase or sphere of music culture is taken up, it is essential that one becomes on familiar terms of more or less coalescence with these fascinating rows of ivories.

But technic is only the means to an end. The aesthetic is the adorable end, but let it not remain always enveiled. Let its radiance shine forth to lighten the burdens of the work-a-day world and enlighten the pathway of man as he wends his way toward higher planes, to be manifested on earth. What else is or should be the mission of Music?

One should have a repertoire. It need not be a very large or wide one at first; even one good piece played tolerably well is something that awakens pride and satisfaction and stimulates ambition. More pieces can be added, and these will always need refurbishing.

MUSICAL MUSINGS

By C. F. C.

(Apologies to K. C. B.)

THERE WAS once a lady
OF UNCERTAIN age whose
NEPHEW OR somebody had spent
THREE YEARS or so
TRYING TO master the
LISZT SECOND Hungarian
RHAPSODY AND had
GOTTEN SO he could
ALMOST PLAY it
WHEN HE left town to
GO TO work in a
BUTTON FACTORY
OR SOMETHING
BUT THE lady of
UNCERTAIN AGE couldn't
FORGET THE Rhapsody
AND EVERY time anyone
WHO COULD play came
TO HER home she always
TROTTED IT out and
ASKED THEM to play it
MOST OF them couldn't
AND ADMITTED it
SOME TRIED it and
WERE SORRY then
SHE WOULD make pleasant
REMARKS ABOUT nobody's
PLAYING LIKE her Reginald
AND MAYBE they didn't have
AS GOOD teachers nowadays etc

THAT'S THE kind of a
NICE OLD lady she was
AND THEN she met me
ASKED ME up to dinner
AND SOMEBODY told me what
I WOULD be up against and
I HAD often played the
ORCHESTRA ARRANGEMENT
WHICH IS in C minor and F
WHICH IS much easier so I
SPENT TWO hours at
MY PIANO working up
A SIMPLIFIED version
IN THOSE keys
AND WHEN she led me
TO THE piano I played
MY OWN wretched imitation
FROM HER music and
IT FOOLED her although
A BUST of Liszt on
THE BOOKCASE shivered and
FROWNED BUT didn't—bust
AND SHE said I was
THE ONLY one who could
PLAY IT almost as well
AS HER Reggie
IT WAS a cheap trick
BUT SHE had it
COMING TO her
I'M MUCH obliged

You never get any of them perfect; you will always make "mistakes" with them. But be not discouraged, for such is the process of growth. New faults present themselves which were unobserved before, because your vision is becoming keener. Keep correcting; you will always be approaching perfection, and you will always have to be "letting it go at that."

But never mind, haven't you at the concerts noticed the blunders some of the "great" musicians have sometimes made? You are in good company, only—let there be continual *improvement*.

There are so many angles of viewpoint to be kept before one, so many things to look at. And those hard bars call for special attention. Sometimes they are not as hard as some of the others—just "pesky." Try how you will they won't come right or, coming, they won't keep right, at the crucial moment they fail you—these are some of the things you have to "let go at that." Perhaps in a few years———?

Walter Jacobs Incorporated for $250,000

BOSTON, March 14.—Walter Jacobs, 8 Bosworth Street, national known as a music publisher and also as editor and publisher of the popular music magazines, "Melody," "Jacobs' Orchestra Monthly," "Jacobs' Band Monthly" and "The Cadenza," was recently granted a charter under the laws of this State and the company has been incorporated in the sum of $250,000. The incorporators and officers are: Walter Jacobs, president and treasurer; S. A. Daniels, assistant treasurer, and H. P. Cobb. All are of Boston.

From MUSIC TRADES (N.Y.) March 19, 1921.

PEEPS AT THE PUBLISHERS

Continued from Page 2

Snyder (son of Herman Snyder, treasurer of the Crown Music Co.) has opened publishing offices in the Broadway Central Building in New York, with May Waterson (sister of Henry Waterson, the prominent publisher) as his general manager. He already has issued three of his own compositions: "My Ruby Pal," "Oh, Juda Baby" and "Frankie"—the last being a song for "good fellows" with its inspiration gained while on a motor tour with Frank, another member of the Waterson family.

Sailing an imaginary ship on a visionary painted sea will never make anybody sick at the stomach, but "I'm Sailing Ships on Painted Seas," the new waltz-ballad hit of the Mohawk Music Publishing Co. of Schenectady, N. Y., is said to be giving everybody palpitation of the heart—a captivating melody and heart-throbbing lyrics being the capstan and windlass on this song-ship that pull at the heart-strings.

After stating that "Margie," "Make Believe" and "Bright Eyes" are present best sellers of the Waterson, Berlin & Snyder company, Mr. Waterson of that firm says the forth-coming "I'm Missin' Mammy's Kissin'" may prove to be better than the "best." Like other kinds than "Mammy's," this lyric "Kissin'" should be the one you won't want to be "Missin'."

Charles Daniels, long associated with the San Francisco firm of Daniels & Wilson, has sold his interest in that company to Weston Wilson, the junior partner, and signed as a song-writer with Waterson, Berlin & Snyder.

Bob Schafer, with the McKinley Music Co. for the past four years, is now on the professional staff of Jack Mills, Inc., and also on the professional stage in the Keith Circuit with Eva Shirley, where he is making a big hit with his own song "My Mammy's Tears."

William Purdy plugged a motor car for some 2,000 miles up and down the Pacific Coast, plugging Sherman, Clay & Co's. two hits, "I'll Keep on Loving You" and "Do You Ever Think of Me." Some plugging both musically and mechanically.

It isn't necessary for The Interstate Music Co. of Macon, Missouri, to implore the public to "Hear Me, Norma" (the famous duet from Bellini's old opera *Norma*), for their new "Norma" fox-trot song makes you both hear it and want to hear it.

Byron Gay, the famous "Vamp" and "Sand Dunes" man, is now "free-lancing" as his own man, and evidently practicing the precepts of his "Little Ford Rambled Right Along" is now "rambling" with his music-motors where it best pleases him. To the Jack Mills Corporation fell the lucky rambling of his two newest numbers, "Love" and "The Sidewalk"—the last named introducing some new and startling dance steps, with novelty in words and music.

Jerome H. Remick, head of the firm of this well-known name and song fame, has been visiting the great Northwest in the interest of extensive timber properties of which he is the owner. Incidentally, he also visited his various branch concerns along the Pacific Coast, in which he likewise owns some good "timber" in shape of music properties.

Although it is now many years "After the Ball" with which Chas. K. Harris started

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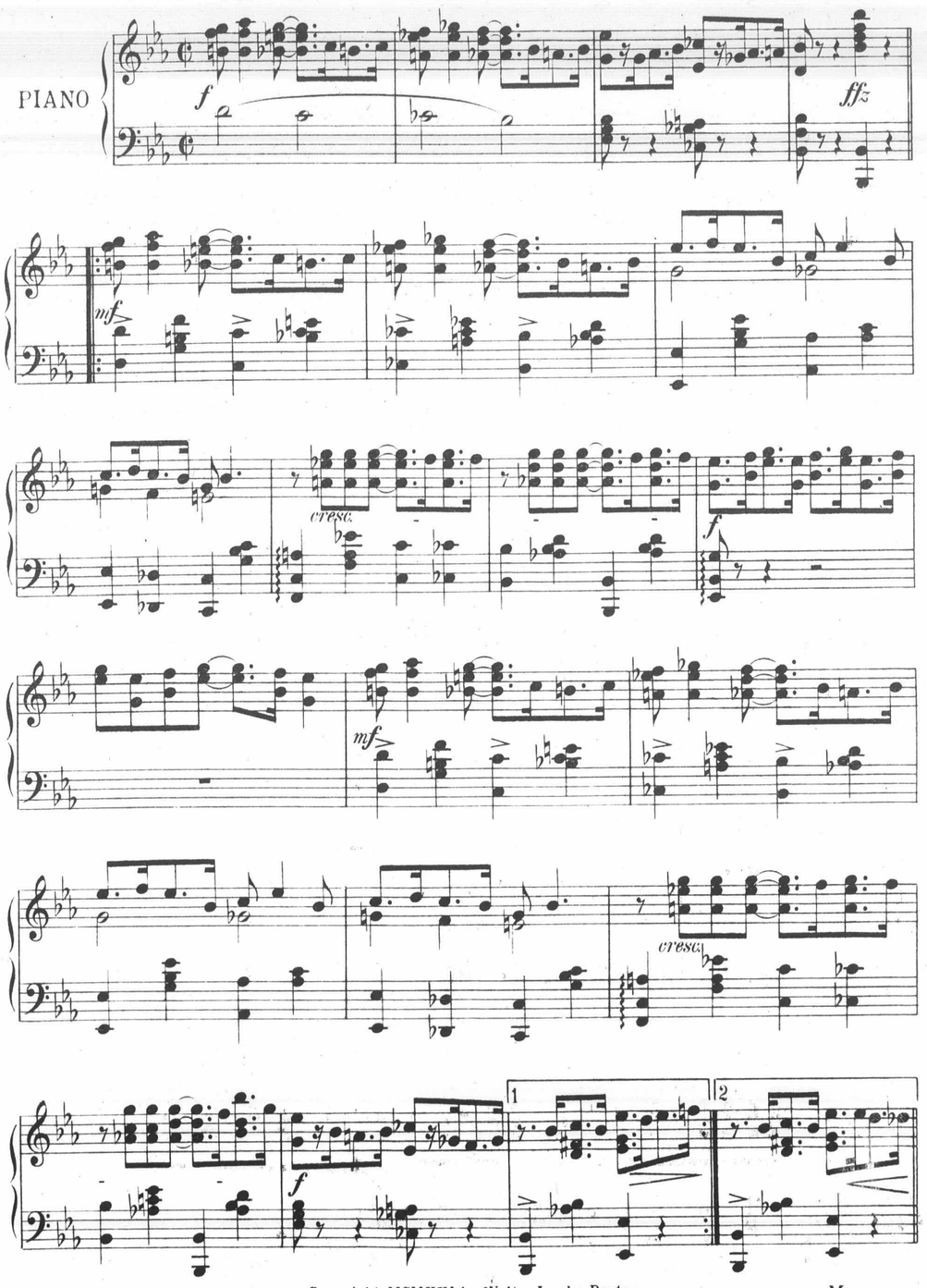
Hop-Scotch

FOX-TROT

GEORGE L. COBB



ff

mf

cresc.

f

MELODY

mf

cresc.

f

fz

TRIO

mf-ff

f

ffz

MELODY

Kikuyu

AFRICAN INTERMEZZO

FRANK H. GREY

Not too fast

PIANO

f

mf

mf

f

1 2

mf

MELODY

ff

mf

ff

1 2

mf

f

fz

MELODY

TRIO

mf *p* *fz* *f* *ff* *ffz*

R.H.

Jewels Rare

VALSE LENTO

FRANK H. GREY

Moderato

PIANO

p

rall. *p a tempo* *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *rit.* *p a tempo* *f* *p*

un poco animato

f

poco rit.

a tempo

poco rit.

Tempo I

p

cresc. poco a poco

mf

rit.

p a tempo

MELODY

f

p

Animato

mf

p Tempo I

rit.

D.S. al 𝄋

CODA

pp dim. e rit.

ppp

MELODY

Venetian Romance

BARCAROLE

R. E. HILDRETH

Andantino con moto

PIANO

mf

rall. *f* 𝄋 *mf a tempo*

f

L.H. *mf*

f *mf*

MELODY

Animato

ff

dolce

p

Animato

f

mf *L.H.* *accel poco a poco* *molto rall.*

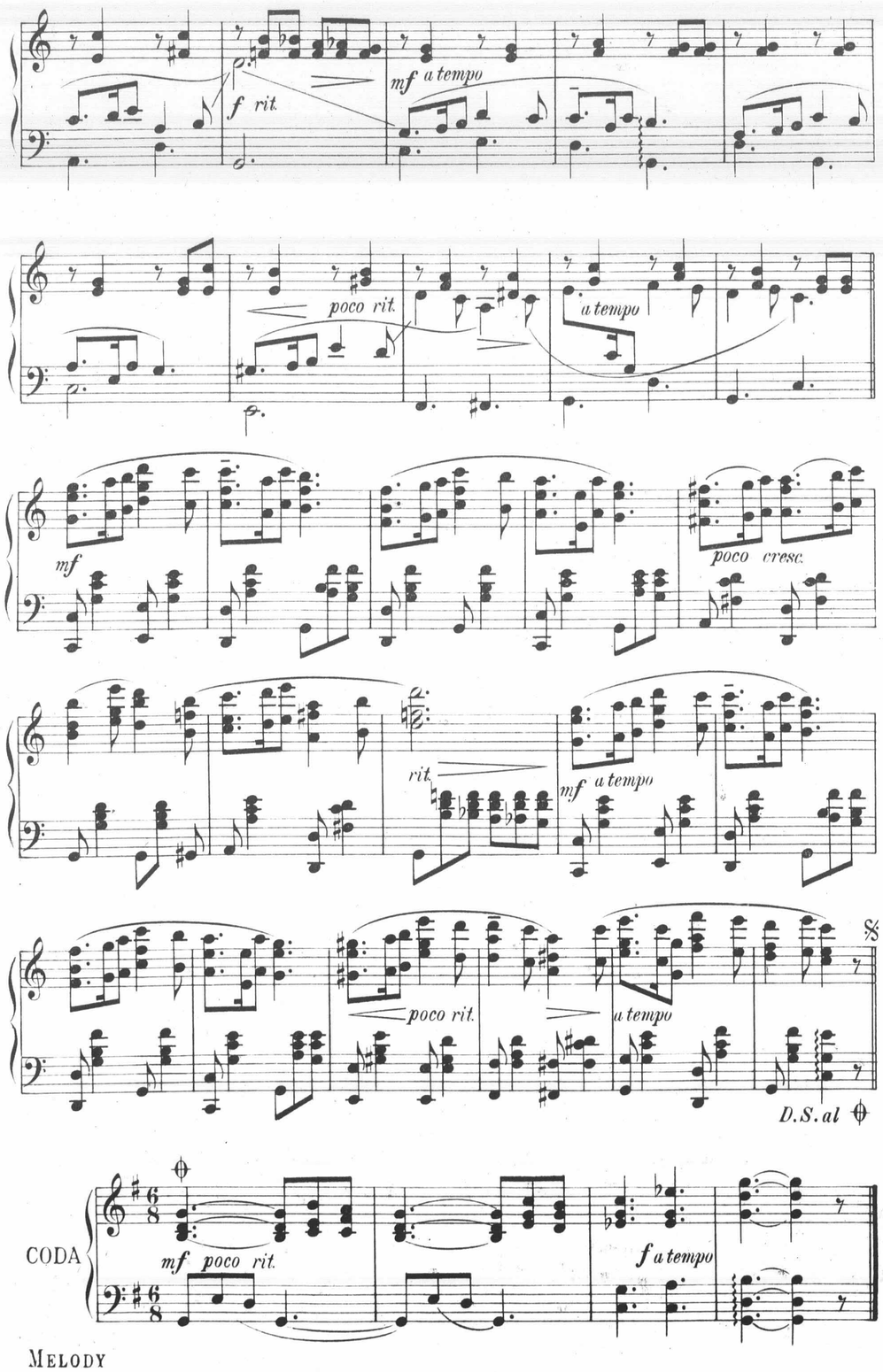
Andante

mf

mf

poco cresc.

MELODY



PEEPS AT THE PUBLISHERS

Continued from Page 8

rolling a ball of sensational popularity, yet the Harris house continues to roll them out in almost endless succession. Some of his most recent releasings that promise to "play ball" with further popularity are: Max Kortlander's "Sweet Bells of San Jose" and "Meanest Gal in Town"; Creamer and Layton's "Show Me How," "Evangeline" and "Don't Go Away," and his own latest song, "I'm Going Home," that sings of home and mother. All of these follow the line of the Harris motto for success—"Clean songs with clean titles and clean lyrics, and a clean-sounding slogan for all publishers and songwriters."

"Dance of the Kutie Kids," published by the Chas. Roat Music Co., must be some "Kute Kid" in music and rhythm. It was demonstrated before and heartily approved by the American National Association Masters of Dancing, and Louis Mahler, leading teacher of dancing in Kansas City, is sure it's the biggest and best ever, and no "kidding."

"Oh Paddy, dear, have ye heard the news that's goin' round the town?" Everybody knows the song-line and its "news" about forbidding the "Wearin' of the Green," and its significance on the Seventeenth of March. M. Witmark & Sons evidently knew its significance, and took advantage of the day and its color to push Irish songs. The Detroit office of this concern reports heavy sales of Irish songs on and before St. Patrick's day, those going the heaviest being Chauncy Olcott's "'Tis an Irish Girl I Love and She's Just Like You," "I'll Miss You, Old Ireland," "God Bless You, Good-bye" and "Laddie Buck of Mine." Next best to "making hay when the sun shines" would seem to be moving Irish songs when the green gleams.

The Strand Music Publishing Co. of New York City has been granted charter of incorporation at a capitalization of $5,000. The incorporators are M. and J. J. Schneider and C. E. Hochber of Brooklyn.

SOUNDING A NEW 1921 JAZZ NOTE

By Harry E. Farnham

"MUCH has been said about jazz. It has been turned inside out, dissected and examined by many, and the results of these examinations have been published broadcast for our music-loving nation to digest. Arguments for and against it have found their more or less instructive way across printed pages with one unanimous result—that there *is* such a thing as jazz. Every article printed reiterates it and makes its position stronger, and though its form has changed, jazz is still with us.

Dance music played by professional dance orchestras is interpreted by the public at large as "jazz." The word jazz has been so dinned into their ears through voice and press that music played differently or deviating in any way from the written score is irrevocably jazz. It is called jazz for the same reason that any phonograph is called a Victrola. The public has been so educated through advertising, that to think of a phonograph the word Victrola at once leaps to mind. And who can say that jazz has not been advertised?

The 1921 jazz, although it may not be performed in a concert style or played in the same way dance music has been played in years gone by, is not jazz as jazz has been formerly interpreted. There is a line of demarcation between them. It may be fine and even bend in places but none the less the line is there.

Jazz, as the word first came into being, is a radical interpretation of music, violating the canons of musical thought and expression and delighting in it—thriving on it, in fact. That was a few years ago. Today radical jazz has run its barbaric race and its place is being filled with—let us say, a conservative jazz—a type more fitting this period when the nation is slowly settling down from the turmoil of war conditions. This conservative jazz lacks the heavy, monotonous style of music of 20 years ago but links it with the style faintly left by radical jazz, and the two combined produce a distinctly new type, full of tunefulness and sprightliness that is truly captivating.

Say a good word for MELODY.

DO YOU KNOW?

That: Probably the first and only church in the world to organize and use a brass band for advertising the institution and attracting a larger attendance is the Emanuel Baptist Church of Chicago, with a band of 25 pieces.

That: John McCormack, who has been popular-concertizing abroad and recently closed a short operatic engagement at Monte Carlo, is scheduled to sail for the United States on the 19th of April—"Patriots' Day" in old Boston.

That: Beginning probably with Sunday, May 15, Denver (Colorado) will inaugurate a big Music Week with everything free. One of the main features of the seven days of music will be free hourly concerts given in the churches, schools, parks or downtown streets—in short, wherever a crowd can be assembled.

That: Victor Herbert holds definite and decided opinions relative to the musical status of jazz and its further extension of life, this famous and foremost musician of America declaring: "The demand for jazz is on the decline. Music is an art, and it requires a mind with gray matter to appreciate art. Jazz is not music. It is dying now."

That: Paderewski, now ex-Premier of both Poland and the piano, believes "the shimmering strains and discordant notes of jazz are typical of American enthusiasm," and told a Pittsburgh newspaper interviewer he "liked it."

That: "The Music Memory Contest," inaugurated by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music and extending over the entire country, has reached the Hawaiian Islands, a "contest" being scheduled for Honolulu some time in April.

That: Because pianos made in America are becoming exceedingly popular in Japan, and one of the biggest pushers for the American keyboard-music-makers is the firm of *Jiujiya* Gakkiten in Tokio, the front name of the firm doesn't necessarily imply that Japanese wrestling tactics are to be used in extracting music from the Yankee tune-boxes.

That: The last case in law that was argued in the New York District Court by Charles Evans Hughes, prior to his leaving the ranks of noted lawyers and assuming the duties of Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Harding, was for the Victor Talking Machine Co. in a civil suit brought against it under the Sherman Law by the R. H. Macy Co.

That: Will S. Hays, President Harding's appointee to the Postmaster General's office, is son and grandson of two well-known musicians. Will Hays, the paternal grandfather of the present Cabinet official, was the composer of "Mollie Darling" and Nobody's Darling"—two famous songs that achieved a big popularity in the '70's. The father of the present P. M. G. was also well-known locally in music, writing many hymns and being reputed an accomplished musician.

That: "Grandfather's Clock," once a very popular song composed by Henry Clay Work who is better known as the composer of "Marching Through Georgia," "ticked-tocked" off more than 800,000 copies in the high-tide of its popularity. Some "ticking," even for a popular time-piece!

That: Hugo Riesenfeld of the Rialto Theatre (picture house) in New York City recently focussed attention of the public on that theatre's orchestra by introducing as an orchestral solo novelty an old Mexican "zapotecano," i. e., the Senegambian "balafo" or the modern marimbaphone. Henry Edison, tympanist of the Rialto orchestra, was the soloist.

That: A Mr. Basso is one of the second violinists in the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Wayne Fiddler is a violin salesman in Valparaiso, Indiana. What's in a name?

That: The saxophone takes its name from "Adolphe" (Antoine Joseph) Sax, a French maker of instruments who invented it in 1842 and probably little dreamed it would become a "jazzer." The instrument was introduced into the French army bands as an important musical adjunct (the inventor becoming its teacher), and is really a most difficult instrument to play correctly and artistically rather than an easily mastered "jazz clown."

That: Some musicians are like poor cigars, the harder you puff 'em the ranker they grow, while others of the same fraternity are like the same puff-sticks—a lot of wind at one end and not much light at the other.

That: At a specified time each day the gigantic plant of the Bethlehem Steel Works in Pennsylvania stops all its machinery for a short breathing space in music-recreation, not a wheel turning nor a tool being lifted as the many thousands of its men and women workers listen to music.

That: For its more than 5,000 employees the National Cash Register Co. of Dayton, Ohio, has erected a great auditorium wherein, after the daily lunch hour, half-hour concerts by bands or orchestras under well-known conductors are given for the benefit of the workers—and all at the company's expense. Sunday song-services are also held in the auditorium under the same financial conditions.

That: Thurlow Lieurance, composer of the recent song-hit "By the Waters of Minnetonka," gained his inspiration for the song in 1904 at the Crow Indian reservation camp at Reno, and this after a fourteen-mile ride in open sleigh on a bitter cold night. The inspiration for the song came through a weird Indian ballad, sung by a Sioux chief who was visiting the camp of the Crows to take part in a festival of Indian folk-dances.

That: Through the efforts of the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, 46 out of our 48 States revived the beautiful custom of Christmas caroling for the 1920 celebration of the world festival.

That: Selden P. Spencer, United States Senator from Missouri, believes music to be important as an essential in American industries. This music-loving Congressman says: "I would pitch a note for music—music which will have a place of its own in our industrial activities; music which will make for the happiness and contentment of the workers and for the harmony and fellow-feeling of the producers, both employers and employed; music which will bring into tune and rhythm our work-a-day world, so long played upon by the strident overtones of war."

That: When a leading line in the advertising column of a big trade paper reads:

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PLAYING THE PICTURE

Mr. Movie Pianist and Organist:
MELODY is going to build to be INDISPENSABLE to you and we ask you to do your mite in helping us to become the BIGGEST AND BEST EVER. Therefore, keep us posted on the pictures that are running in your theatre, the music you are featuring, etc., etc. In return we will give you personal publicity through our magazine.

Send in YOUR PHOTO by return mail, accompanied by ample data concerning yourself—your history and line of action from your advent in the moving picture field as a pianist or organist.

THE CUE-SHEET

"MISS Grace Yordi, player at the Realty Theatre in Middletown, Pennsylvania, enters into the MELODY picture column in defense of the cue-sheet, expressing her views in common sense manner through the following interesting but brief communication:

In all this world, is there no one who is willing to champion the poor little cue-sheet? One now-a-days reads so much about the "evils" of the cue-sheet, that those not acquainted with the true state of affairs would suppose it to be the greatest crime perpetrated in the motion-picture world.

May I present my views? They may have no weight, for you see I am one of those much pointed out creatures—a "hick," a "rube," a "small-towner," a "provincial," *et cetera*, a person who couldn't possibly appreciate, say for instance, Mendelssohn's Third Symphony in A minor, but could only enjoy "The Maiden's Prayer." I have the latter in my collection of course, but I shall truthfully say that, for the life of me, I cannot recall ever having had use for it in playing the pictures.

Now, about these cue-sheets. To me they are of value—even those put out by the Fox Film Corporation, which suggest only movements. In the first place, most players seem to have lost sight of the fact that cue-sheets are intended only for suggestions. When one starts playing the selection called for on the sheet, one need not keep on playing that number if it doesn't fit the picture. Surely, after two or three bars, it is easy to modulate into something that *is* appropriate, or to improvise.

In the second place, how many exhibitors are going to run off a picture for the benefit of a pianist or organist only? Then there is the matter of "juice." The average small-town exhibitor employs as operator a man who is employed elsewhere during the day. Even in theatres having a week's run on a picture the organist usually follows a cue-sheet only for the first show, re-arranging the program afterwards.

Please do not think that, when there is no cue-sheet, I do not play. I always read up on the subject of the picture, then take a number of neutral pieces that I think may be necessary and arrange as best I can while playing, filling out between shows. It is not when one *follows* cue-sheets, but when one *does not*, that the music usually is the same things over and over again; for, when it is discovered that a certain piece fits only a certain situation, how many players hunt for something else? Also, one soon learns from experience that there are certain selections a lone organist or pianist cannot play as well as a symphony orchestra.

The main thing, after all, is to *use your head*, and as two heads are better than one—let the cue-sheet be the other head. Pictures have improved and so will cue-sheets. In the meantime, let us not judge too harshly.

No, I shall not enclose my "likeness" for publication (the small-town photographer couldn't possibly do me justice!), but I should like to mention that I have been playing the pictures for more than nine years—with my present employer since 1917. I am never overwhelmed with praises, nor is my employer deluged with adverse criticisms on my playing. However, both he and I are pleased when a patron says of a mediocre picture, with which I have done my best: "Jerry, I enjoyed the show."

"HOW OLD IS ANN?"

(Ancient-Modernity)

NOT so very long ago, the popular "fool-question" of the day was "How old is Ann?" Now, if "Ann" can be read to mean *any-thing*, then more than a grain of sense might be hidden under the apparent nonsense. *Modern* invention, ingenuity and ingenious music effects have gone far towards perfecting the *modern* motion-picture, but the moving-picture *idea* in itself is more ancient than modern, as proof in print will show. It would not now surprise us if some archeologists were to unearth evidence proving moving-pictures to have been common in Egypt during the reign of Cleopatra (B. C. 69), and Marc Antony lolling around on Egyptian divans with the much-talked-about queen, instead of "bunking" in a tent as the head of the Roman army, is indeed a most "moving" picture mentally.

But let us come down to the more modern times of only 200 years ago. Dean Swift, the famous author of the more famous "Gulliver's Travels," under date of March 27, 1713, wrote in his "Journal to Stella"; "I went afterwards to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw anything so pretty. You see a sea 10 miles wide, a town on t'other end, and ships sailing in the sea and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and storms, etc. I'm a fool!" In a footnote to the "Journal," a Mr. George Aitkin states that: "Several moving pictures, mostly brought from Germany, were on view in London at about this time." Also, in the "Tatler" of December 4, 1709-10, there is an allusion to "moving pictures" in Fleet Street, London.

Who was the "Griffith" of Swift's day, and what about our *modern* spectacular motion-pictures? It would be interesting to know whether there was accompanying music to the pictures of that day, and in what form, although it is a two-to-one bet with anyone that the soprano sax and mandolin-banjo were minus. When it comes to pluming our modern selves upon living wholly in the NEW, might not every one of us echo Swift's exclamation and individually exclaim "I'm a fool!" Yes, "How old is ANN?"

DO YOU KNOW?

Continued from Page 22

"Large beautiful floor to rent; suitable for pianos" it sure leaves much to the imagination. It doesn't say whether the advertised floor is of mahogany, ebony or hard-pine or what, and tastes in wood differ as to what is "beautiful" and "suitable" for pianos. Neither does it state whether a prospective "renter" may take up the "rented" floor and make it "suitable" elsewhere than in the building after "renting" it, and whether he is to replace the floor when "rental" has expired.

That: The old home of Stephen Collins Foster, located at Bardstown in the State made famous by his "My Old Kentucky Home," is to be owned by the State and maintained as a public institution and park as a permanent memorial to the composer of America's first negro songs.

That A. J. Garing, music director of the Hippodrome in New York City, can play with equal facility any instrument in the orchestra? That when only nine years old, as a member of the "Garing Family" (an old-time musical troupe), young Garing performed upon twenty-four different musical instruments, several of which were the inventions of his father.

That one of the most successful music publishers is a woman only just in middle life—Carrie Jacobs-Bond, author and composer of the famous "A Perfect Day," and a woman not only possessed of remarkable talent but gifted with a modest personality that by many is regarded as great an asset as are her delightful compositions.

That the "Blue Danube Waltzes"— composed by that classic master of the waltz, Johann Strauss, some forty odd years ago—are still the most popular waltzes known; that because of their unsurpassed melodic beauty, variety and sensuous appeal they find their way to the programs of symphony concerts, are played for dancing and sung as choruses.

TO ORCHESTRA and BAND LEADERS and MUSICIANS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

As the aims and purposes of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers have frequently been honestly misunderstood, as well as deliberately misrepresented, your attention is invited to the following explanation of our position:

This Society was created to enforce the right given to Authors and Composers of copyrighted musical compositions by the United States Copyright Law, to control the exclusive public performance, for profit, of their works. Similar societies have been in existence for a great many years in England, France, Italy, Germany and Austria, and in 1914 a meeting was held by the leading American Authors and Composers of music to organize a Society which would protect their rights. The Publishers of their works were invited to join; the result is that today the leading Writers and Publishers of American music are included in its membership.

What fair argument can be advanced against the right of a Composer or Author to receive compensation for the public performance for profit of his work by theatres, hotels, restaurants, dance halls, etc.? Are not the Composer and Author the twin foundations of every form of musical enterprise conducted for profit, justified in asking an equitable return for their labors?

THE LICENSE FOR PERMISSION TO USE THE WORKS OF OUR MEMBERS MUST BE SECURED BY THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ESTABLISHMENT WHERE IT IS RENDERED.—NO LICENSE WILL BE ISSUED TO MUSICIANS NOR WILL THE PAYMENT OF LICENSE FEES BE KNOWINGLY ACCEPTED FROM THEM.

Every musical union, every musician, every dealer in music or musical merchandise, every manufacturer of musical instruments, every manager of a theatre or other establishment where music is played for profit, should enlist on the side of the Composer and Author in his efforts to acquire something that belongs to them by right and by law.

An examination of the list of Publishers who are members of this Society will disclose that the compositions in their catalogues are the leading numbers in popular demand today, and every leader or musician who desires to give a first-class performance finds it essential to use many of their numbers.

In conclusion, we want everybody connected with music or the musical industry to feel, as we do, that our cause is a legal and a just one. Musical instrument manufacturers, phonograph manufacturers, amusement proprietors, etc., have amassed fortunes that would not have been possible except for the Composer and Author. So let the Composer and Author come into their own, thereby encouraging them to continue in a line of endeavor that means so much to the entire civilized world, and is of prime and vital importance to musicians.

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF COMPOSERS,
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS,
56 WEST 45TH STREET.

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