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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

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Music Mart Meanderings

Speaking of caterpillars and kittens and other "blue" things that are in no way blue, here are a few of the many "Blues" that are being put over by rolls and performers: "Mississippi Blues," "Ole Miss Blues," "Nervous Blues," "I'm Dying with the Blues," "Joe Turner Blues," "Dangerous Blues" and "Wabash Blues."

John Philip Sousa's famous band, that is now making a trans-continental tour, is also making a program feature of "Somewhere in Naples," one of the recent song releases of the Sam Fox Publishing Company.

Specially prepared advertising material was sent broadcast to music dealers all over the country for Irving Berlin's slogan-song, "Say It With Music," which was nationally featured during the week of February 11-18.

"My Mother's Melodies," a very recent song release of Charles K. Harris that will induce "memories," is being extensively featured by the music trades and gathering popularity galore. Other near-recent Harris releases that are reported as having a "big call" are "On a Little Side Street," "Baby's Eyes" and "The Easiest Way."

Two well-known song collaborators, Bob Schaffer (doing the singing) and Harry Squires (doing the piano playing), have entered vaudeville where they are featuring their own compositions. Two of these numbers are "Daddy, Your Mamma's Lonesome for You" and "I've Got My Habits On"—both being pretty good "habits."

To paraphrase a well-worn one from the marvelous "William" (surnamed Shakespeare), "One touch of melody makes the whole world kin." Guess it does, too, for the recent establishing of "Irish Freedom" has started something doing in the American freedom of the "popular," and many vaudeville acts have been featuring one of the well-known publications of M. Witmark & Sons—"I'm Doublin' Back to Dublin." It also is finding freedom through the phono-records and piano rolls.

"Good-Bye Shanghai" (oriental fox-trot by Howard Johnson and Joe Myers), "Thanks to You" (song-ballad by Johnson and Violinsky), "What'll You Do?" (by Isham Jones), "Venetian Love Boat" (by Frank Magine) and "When the Tide Comes In" (one of the latest Kendis and Brockman ballads) are recent releases by Leo Feist, Inc., that are to be boosted by a booming campaign.

If one swallow doesn't make a summer, neither does a lone blue bird mark the closing of winter, yet Georgia Price and Sam Coslow expect to find a harvest through many summers and winters with "I Found My Bluebird"—a new fox-trot song by these two co-writers.

A release recently announced by the Jack Snyder Music Publishing Company of New York is "In Maytime I Learned To Love You." It's a good title to a new song, but the subject "Learned" is as *old* as that first "Maytime" when Adam and Eve went maying in the Garden of Eden.

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MUSIC MART MEANDERINGS

Continued from Page 1

The lucky winner of a prize loving cup in a recent song contest at the Chicago Rainbow Gardens was "Granny"—no, not the dear old lady of our "kid" days that so many of us like to remember, but a singing relation of Irving Berlin that carries the same intimate name of "Granny." The winner was the song getting the biggest applause, and the singer was Al Dodson of the Berlin forces, who will also sing it for the Gennett records.

Because of increased business S. C. Caine, Inc., has been forced to re—we very nearly wrote "caine"—move to larger quarters, next door to the old ones in West Forty-Fifth Street, New York City.

Belle Baker is featuring "Ten Little Fingers and Ten Little Toes" in her vaudeville act. She probably doesn't feature in the act the second "Ten Little" ones mentioned, but both "Tens" together feature a twenty-winner in a new Feist song number she is featuring.

"Drag the Dragon" may sound like a pre-prohibition preaching from the water wagon, but it isn't. It's a new musical "Dragon" dragged into musicdom by Al Bernard and Bob Harring and released by Handy Bros. of New York, and they say it doesn't "Drag" musically.

"Babbling Brook" is a February release by the Kendis-Brockman Music Company of New York that is being featured in vaudeville. When we come across human "babblers" the impulse is to dam their flowing battle at once, but probably the K-B.M.C. hope this "Babbling" will be like Tennyson's "Brook" and "go on forever."

Music trade circles report that the recent best-selling releases in London have been "Alice Blue Gown," "Feather Your Nest," "Moonlight," "My Mammy," "Put and Take," "My Little Bimbo," "Salome" and "The Tears of an Irish Mother." Probably the report is true, but it's funny to think of the last one named in the list as being an English favorite.

Chicago has radio concerts every evening, and the special feature of one given on Thursday, February 2d, was a program of Feist songs. The songs and their singers were "Wabash Blues" and "Ain't Nature Grand" (Bob Allen and "Lucky" Wilber), "What'll You Do?" (Lillian Allan), "Swanee River Moon" (Tom Faxon), "Ten Little Fingers" and "Stealing" (Lew Schneider) and "Thanks to You" (Ned Miller).

"Mr. and Mrs. Rosy Posy," "Good-Bye," "A Regular Girl," "Spring Time," "Bad Little Boy and Good Little Girl" and "Love's Highway" are seven song successes from the new Schubert musical comedy, "The Blushing Bride," which had its opening in January at Poli's Theatre in Washington, D. C., and scored a success. The theme is taken from the well-known farce, "The Third Party," with new lines and lyrics by Cyrus Wood. Score is by Sigmund Romberg, and the music is published by M. Witmark & Sons.

With the inimitable Sophie Tucker doing the introductory honors for the lady, "The Belle of Times Square" should find it easy to break into song-society. "The Belle" is a new ballad by Eugene West, with the Triangle Music Publishing Company of New York acting as publishing "chaperone."

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Music as a Stepping-Stone

By Oliver Guy Magee

SOMEONE has said, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." A little musical knowledge, however, has proven quite the contrary to many successful men in business pursuits. Countless numbers of these have received their business and even their general education by "working their way" through college, utilizing for that purpose their musical ability. Were a list compiled, it would, for length, make the *Encyclopedia Britannica* look like a school-girl's diary in comparison. A friend of mine who belongs in that list said to me recently:

"You may not believe it, but I got through college largely because I was able to scrape a little on the fiddle. You see, I was in my second year when father died, leaving nothing; and my funds ran out so suddenly it made my head swim. It was up to me to get busy and rustle for what I needed. I was determined to finish my course. If I took a regular job somewhere I couldn't keep up my studies, too. So I just dug around and chased up a bunch of musical engagements.

"I organized a small orchestra and fiddled for dances, store openings, receptions, weddings, and most anything that would unearth a few honest dollars, and I made money enough to take me through in fine shape. Of course, a lot of the fellows looked down on me because someone at home wasn't providing my wad every month, and most of the girls stuck up their noses at me. But that's the way I got through college.

"After I graduated I cut out music altogether, for to tell the truth, I was pretty punk. I took a good business job, one I would never have connected with if I hadn't been a college graduate—and now I can give the loud, hoarse ha-ha to about three-fourths of the Willie-boys who gave me the frosty eyebrow because I had to work at college."

This man's story is only one among thousands. Many business colleges throughout the country maintain brass or military bands, made up of students. From the standpoint of the college, the band is a good advertisement, while to the student who plays in it, it means a vast deal more than that. For sometimes these colleges offer entirely free tuition to young men with ability to play an instrument, sometimes partially free. This method obtains, not only in business colleges, but also in some of the largest colleges and universities.

This is a god-send to the small-town boy. It gives him an opportunity to realize his golden dream of "going away to school" and amounting to something. Without funds, perhaps, his parents too poor to contribute to his education, he may secure a free scholarship in a good college, and get a sound basis for success in life. And all because he has played for a few years in the village band and acquired a modicum of musical ability.

Many an uneducated city worker can gain a college or business education in the same way and double his chances of success if only he is able to toot or scrape a little on a musical instrument.

I know many successful business and professional men who followed this method. One man taught mandolin and guitar for a number of years in a town of fifty thousand inhabitants, at the same time attending a medical college. He had a large and remunerative class, and not only made enough to pay his expenses, but put away a very respectable amount every month besides. After his graduation, his mandolin and guitar went on the scrap heap. But they had served their purpose—they had bought him his education in his chosen profession.

Another man with whom I am personally acquainted, also a physician, made his expense money in a still more unusual way. He signed a contract with a small circus to furnish it a band of a certain number of pieces at a stated price.

He filled his band with young fellows, mostly from rural communities, who wanted to "see the country," and who were willing to work cheaply for the privilege. He realized a nice little profit, which made him a very juicy roll at the end of the season.

After three seasons of this, he began the study of medicine, and is now a successful and prosperous surgeon in a thriving western town. He hasn't had a musical instrument or a baton in his hands for years, but they procured him his start in life, and he has a wholesome respect for them.

Many a man has used musical knowledge and ability as a chair on which to stand in order to reach the educational jam in life's pantry, thereby attaining a sound basis for success in business and the profession.

The Mental Attitude of Musicians

By C. Fred'k Clark

ARE you one of those peculiarly changeable, sensitive personages who are in the clouds of mental exhiliration one moment and in the depths of depression the next,—super-sensitive to the slightest criticism or adverse comment, to changes in conditions, diet, even weather, annoyed at trifles, upset at any change in your daily routine, impatient and intolerant at frequent intervals; in other words, are you a *musician?*

The above may sound more like the list of symptoms present in a fit subject for a sanatarium, but if you practice music constantly and play or teach for a living, just devote a moment to self-analysis, kind reader, and see if one (or more) of the above symptoms doesn't apply in your case. Of course some of us are worse than others, but we all have that super-sensitiveness that in the artist is called "temperament," and in the every-day performer "pure cussedness."

Under either classification it is not an enviable attribute, neither is it confined to players of any one instrument, although it may appear to be more pronounced in pianists and violinists. I have in mind an excellent trombonist, who at regular intervals is thoroughly disgusted with about everything in this world from the government of the United States to the price of a shoe-shine, and these moods are not momentary. They sometimes last for days and are very "real" to him.

What is there about music which makes its devotees—professional or amateur—so highly sensitive? Why is it that a chance remark, whether or not intended for our ears, will often produce a feeling of depression in otherwise normal human beings, from which we don't recover for days?

Think for a moment. Do you know a really good musician who isn't super-sensitive? Of course there are other sensitive people, individuals who couldn't distinguish a quarter-note from a Dal Legno, but it is difficult to mention any other one class or profession that suffers so generally from this bugbear, unless it be public entertainers in other lines whose sensitiveness, of course, arises from the same source—the desire, or rather the actual necessity, for public approbation, without which success is impossible.

Have you ever noticed those rare occasions in your practice when the most difficult passages seem to "come easy," when you seem to be capable of playing almost anything, and yet the next day the same numbers apparently present almost insurmountable difficulties and you jump from the instrument in disgust, firmly resolved to hunt up a job in a grocery store? The change in mood seems inexplicable, and it is, unless you content yourself with the explanation that it is all in the "state of mind." Of course the physical condition has considerable influence on the mental state, but untoward physical conditions can generally be easily recognized and remedied, while the fact remains that these changing moods often come and go without any apparent physical cause.

Have you ever been suddenly called upon to play a solo or a difficult accompaniment at sight, at a time when you had far rather take a licking than attempt to play anything? Some trivial circumstance or condition had produced a feeling of extreme nervousness which threatened to prevent a creditable performance of anything with the slightest difficulty attached.

You may remember the story of Liszt at a dinner-party. Upon being pressed by the hostess to play, after repeated refusals, due to this same contrary mood, he finally went to the piano and standing with his back to the keyboard and his hands behind him, played a folk-song, saying, "There Madam, I trust I have paid for my dinner." We can't vouch for the truth of the anecdote, but if it did ever happen, Liszt could "get away with" that sort of thing. You and I can't.

All of this is merely leading up to the statement that these purely mental moods of depression or nervousness over a public performance can be overcome to a great extent, and in some instances, banished entirely, by an effort of the will. It isn't easy, but it can be done. And it isn't exactly necessary to embrace Christian Science or New Thought to accomplish it, although the methods used may bear some slight resemblance to the principles of these cults.

In the first place one should banish resolutely from mind all thoughts of failure or its consequences. Such thoughts as "If I make a mess of this my reputation is ruined," bring you about three-quarters of the way toward the very failure you fear. Say to yourself instead, "Oh well, I've played this before and gotten away with it" (if it is the truth), or "I've played things about as difficult as this without going to pieces," or "Surely I haven't studied and practiced for years only to fall down on this dinky affair," then, and only then, if you are still in a state of panic, say to yourself, aloud if you must, but say it so that *you* hear it, "I don't give a d—n," and mean it, even if you are a perfect lady and not at all given to profanity.

Wish I had time and space to tell of some of the musical "tight places" this silly sounding affirmation has pulled me through. Of course it won't give you the power to play something that you know is away beyond you. Nothing in the world but more study can do that. The only wise course in a case of that kind is to refuse to attempt it, politely but firmly, always remembering the Irishman's advice to his son, "My boy, it is far better to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to speak and remove all doubts." Of course this admonition referred to speech-making rather than to a musical performance, but I believe the application is obvious.

Now I don't intend for a moment to advise a constant care-free "don't give a darn" attitude in all your playing. Nothing could be more ruinous than that. It is only potent at those infrequent moments when extreme nervousness and fear of failure threaten to prevent your giving anything like your usual performance.

There has been published in the last few years a considerable amount of literature of a psychological character, and much of it is especially helpful to the nervous, temperamental musician. Granted, that some of it is "pure bunk," it is fairly easy to distinguish the wheat from the chaff. Haddock's "Power of Will" and Kleiser's "How to Develop Self-Confidence" contain many suggestions that are invaluable. In fact, it was from the latter work that our "Don't give a rap" prescription was obtained. The psychologists term it auto-suggestion. You may call it just "kidding yourself," but if it works, or even helps a little, where is the objection? Certain it is that "negative thoughts" and fear of failure only make success more difficult of attainment, while "positive thoughts" and such affirmations or "slogans" as "I can, I will" are helpful beyond doubt if one can but open the mind to them.

A well known musical director once said to the writer, "If you are bound to be a musician all your life, be sure and take up a 'hobby' of some kind, preferably an out-door game. It is necessary to keep you from going insane." It was good advice. To think, live and dream music constantly, as many of us do, must be extremely wearing on the health in general and the nerves in particular, and a moderate amount of physical and out-door exercise is imperative if a normal mental attitude is to be retained.

Melody Remains the Soul of Music

By George Hahn

MOZART is credited with having stated that melody is the soul of music and, judged by his music, Mozart had lots of soul. Though he contributed his share to a more sophisticated attitude toward music,—just as during a later day such a melodist as Schubert did by a more free treatment of the old forms, Mozart's firm foundation was a tune.

Despite the marvelous tone-painting that has become a fetich with schools of modern composers, the magic of melody insists on surviving. Tschaikowsky, whose symphonies stand as high in general esteem as any written since Beethoven, uttered a striking allusion to this point when he said that music, to be truly artistic, must remain interesting. It is perfectly safe to assume that his conception of "interest" hinged upon good melodic content, as virtually everything he wrote had striking melodic lines.

Richard Wagner believed that music minus melody could be made to serve a serious purpose, and after proving to the world in *Tannhauser* and *Lohengrin* that he did not come to this conclusion because he couldn't write good tunes, in later works he more or less studiously avoided an outstanding melodic appeal, concentrating his efforts upon providing tonal atmosphere for his stage scenes. Verdi, a master of melody, looking on from sunny Italy, gave the Wagner idea a good try-out in his later works, but how melody insists on being heard is indicated by the fact that Verdi's fame rests largely upon the popularity of his tuneful operas and not upon grandiose tone-painting in his last efforts.

The magic of good melody is that it serves the emotions as well as the intellect, and reaches the heart as well as the brain. It is not one-sided, like intellectual music, and it does not need to depend upon a trained aural receptiveness, like tone-painting. Though banality, unoriginality and reminiscence bores the trained musician or the accomplished amateur, a sparkling, fresh melody, supported by interesting harmony, is quickly admired and loved by all classes of musicians and listeners. Such melodies are commonly termed "inspirations." No term is more appropriate, for it requires a genuine inspiration to pen such melodies and they are inspiring when heard.

There are in this and every other civilized country, composers who are attempting to court fame and prestige by writing ponderous works of one sort or another. Perhaps some of them who write for piano hope to surpass Chopin; perhaps some who write for orchestra believe they may outStrauss Richard Strauss; others are intent upon writing opera where Debussy left off with *Pelleas et Melisande.* Suppose that some of them succeed? In such case will they have gained more lasting and universal fame than if they had written one short, inspired melodic gem such as Schumann's "Traumerei," Beethoven's "Minuet in G," or Dvorak's "Humoresque"? It isn't likely! So universal is the appeal of fine melody, accompanied by fine art in construction and harmonic value, that the world has yet to overlook a faultless gem and discard it to the limbo of oblivion.

What greater monument can a composer build, than to contribute a spontaneous melody to mankind's treasure box—a melody so inspired that age cannot wither its beauty nor repetition deaden its charm?

True, it may be easier to write a long opera of notes and nonsense than to pen a short gem of serene beauty, just as it is perhaps easier to write a book of "verse" than to write one poem like "In Flanders Fields." But solid achievement, in a world of humans whose emotions are stirred by genuine art, now, as it ever has been, depends on quality and not quantity.

The demand—the thirst—for melodic beauty will never be superseded by the ghastly gibberish of super-intellectualism of the cacophony of futurists. The world will never see the day when melody, for melody's sake, will be less regarded by the multitude than noise for noise's sake.

Good melody makes its way in the world no matter how formal the surroundings. Beethoven, a fount of melody as well as a genius of technique, put the soul of melody into the *Andante* of the Fifth Symphony; he put a beautiful love song into the *Andante* of the Fourth; he loaded some of his sonatas with the most exquisite of melodies, and no one but mentally inflated modernists think them commonplace. Millions have enjoyed and admired his "Minuet in G," and it will continue to be beloved by mankind for generations. It is a melodic gem.

Mendelssohn wrote prolifically, but when he penned the "Spinning Song," the "Spring Song," certain of the other "Songs Without Words," the melodic masterpieces in his oratorios and the *Andante* of the "Scotch Symphony," he touched the divine in music.

When we think of Handel, we likewise think of the "Hallelujah Chorus," and ejaculate a "hallelujah" for this and the immortal "Largo."

The name of Schubert lives on his reputation for melody, and what he wrote *without* melody is already known only to professionals. His melodic masterpieces will live to enrich the human mind until the end of time. There are no greater illustrations of the power of melody in music.

Dvorak gave a small part of the world some wonderful string quartets, and a "New World Symphony," of which the *Largo* is a well known masterpiece of melody. But his song, "Songs My Mother Taught Me," and his "Humoresque" are monuments that any composer might be proud to erect for himself—monuments that will be more enduring than marble.

Rubinstein's works are slowly fading, but we keep the "Melody in F" and the "Romance" for self-evident reasons.

Grieg's strong bent toward the rugged melodies of Norway have kept a large proportion of his works on the piano rack. Had he confined himself to intellectual musical pastiming, the rank and file of music lovers would have known little of Grieg.

Paderewski has written comparatively little, but he composed the inspired "Minuet," and that will be played and admired long after the great Pole is only a memory.

"To a Wild Rose" has been the foundation of MacDowell's grip upon posterity. His splendid Indian suites for orchestra are gathering dust on many a shelf, and his sonatas are not being played as often as they deserve to be.

Consider Godard's "Berceuse." Here is a number from an opera that appears to be dead outside of France. The world keeps the "Berceuse" alive because it likes the melody.

Moskowski in his "Serenade" and "Spanish Dances" tuned his lyre to the lilts of exquisite melodic lines. Ethelbert Nevin did the same in "Narcissus" and "The Rosary."

The thirst for lyrical music is not confined to the so-called newer nations of civilization like the United States, but is quite as characteristic of the old world, where music as we know it had its birthplace and has had time to become more generally appreciated. The people in Europe are not

Melodies Old and New

By Frederic W. Burry

THE old, sweet melodies! What we call new ones are the same old tunes with new arrangements. There are only a handful of chromatic tones for the artist musician to juggle with, so it is not surprising that certain melody figures are often repeated and we hear the expression—"I have heard that before, somewhere." Of course, a different setting gives an aspect of newness to the composition. Moreover, every writer of music stamps his work with the unique signature of his own personality, that you will observe attaches to all his works.

What is new? What is original? There are some melodies that live for years and echo down the ages even for centuries—tuneful, haunting arias, born from deep heart throbs that find a responsive vibration in every generation. Time and space are transcended. Thus we find modern authors trying to imitate these masterpieces, or at least gather an inspiring suggestion to help them with their own special work.

How many of the popular airs and well-known hymn tunes are lifted bodily, or with possibly a few little changes, and placed in a modern conventional vesture to satisfy the taste of the people? This ever remains the same, subject only to the passing whims of fashion and custom—these whims constantly recurring and repeating themselves, ebb ing and flowing in cycles and periods, as it was, as it is, as it will be.

There are so-called futuristic composers who are inclined to over-reach themselves. Endeavoring to outdo all precedent they introduce many unprepared and even unresolved "harmonies," and usher us into what they call the land of "infinite" melody. This is the kind of music that does not please—it is not meant to please. It is to make you feel, poignantly and acutely, and to make you think. This distressing art is for the *intelligentsia*.

But, after all, it is the public demand that counts. The *demos* or the people invariably know what's what. They may at times be a little slow in catching on, for they are conservative and possibly suspicious as to novelties, still, the innovation of yesterday becomes the commonplace of today and anything that is worth while is sure to live.

People are too busy to bother their heads over "infinite" harmonies and melodies. Music is the language of the emotions. It must appeal to the heart, then there will always be an audience.

Most of our American music has a generous atmosphere of syncopation. Old-time melodies are transcribed and given a new flair by putting them to what in vulgar parlance is termed ragtime.

Some declare it is enough to make the masters turn in their graves—the way their works are executed and tampered with. If by this it is meant that new life is given to relics of the past, then may the good work go on. We want music that will resurrect the dead. Let there be more vivifying music; sweet, sonorous, not necessarily boisterous; music to please and arouse us to inspire as well as to amuse—keeping in step with modern advance that recognizes the past, lives and breathes in the present and, without impatience, points to the future.

Music is the ideal, voicing itself—a great physical stimulant that never will be prohibited. On the contrary, its very practical value is now so universally recognized that at all times—in all places, in every season and on all occasions—the air is vibrant with the melodies of yore as well as with the modern popular music, all for the furthering of expression and achievement through joyous utterance.

Happy is he who has learned to retire at will into the land of song. He can make his own recreation and his happiness is not dependent on the winds of fortune or the caprice of circumstance. Melody makes for balance, for concentration and for health—for all-round physical harmony, and thus for real and complete success.

The language of music is complete in itself—songs without words, or with words if they aid the music, for the melody is the real thing. It speaks to the heart, to the emotions. Having a dialect international, there is no "foreign" in the universal realm of music.

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whistling grand opera tunes in the streets and singing them in the homes; they are whistling and singing folk songs and popular songs, just as they do in the United States. Melodic excellence is just as rampantly desired in Europe as it is elsewhere. Our own Victor Herbert, when he studied and played the 'cello in Europe, noticed that the wants of the common people were for genuinely lyrical compositions and that much high art went unappreciated. He came to the conclusion that a combination of artistic excellence with melodic charm would be the golden middle-way that would make a broad appeal. He has acted upon this assumption—how successfully everyone knows.

The craving of Europe for good melody was shown when, some twenty years ago, Sousa's band made an extended tour of Europe. The band created a great popularity for Sousa's marches in Europe, long after his earlier and better known efforts had about run their course in this country.

And now we come to popular music in America. Musicians steeped in the classical forms often decry it, frequently without reason. Above all things, popular music must have a pronounced melodic appeal. There is bad popular music as well as good popular music; it is folly to place the same label on all of it, as some one-sided musicians wish to do.

Popular music is like vaudeville—each individual number must stand or fall upon its merits. The audience is unfettered by preconceived opinions, and accepts or rejects as its emotions are stirred. Melody naturally must predominate in popular strains, but in late years the harmony to some of our songs has become much more satisfying to musicians.

Popular music exists because it satisfies the common demand for melodic entertainment. As has been pointed out, there is a plenitude of melody in many of the classics, though some of it is embroidered with technical difficulties, but the demand for melody is so constant that there is a tremendous field for popular music. To compose tunes that go to the hearts of the people is no mean employment. Appreciation is usually certain.

"Little Gray Sweetheart of Mine" is a new ballad in march tempo with something new in the lyric line that has been released by Fred Fisher.

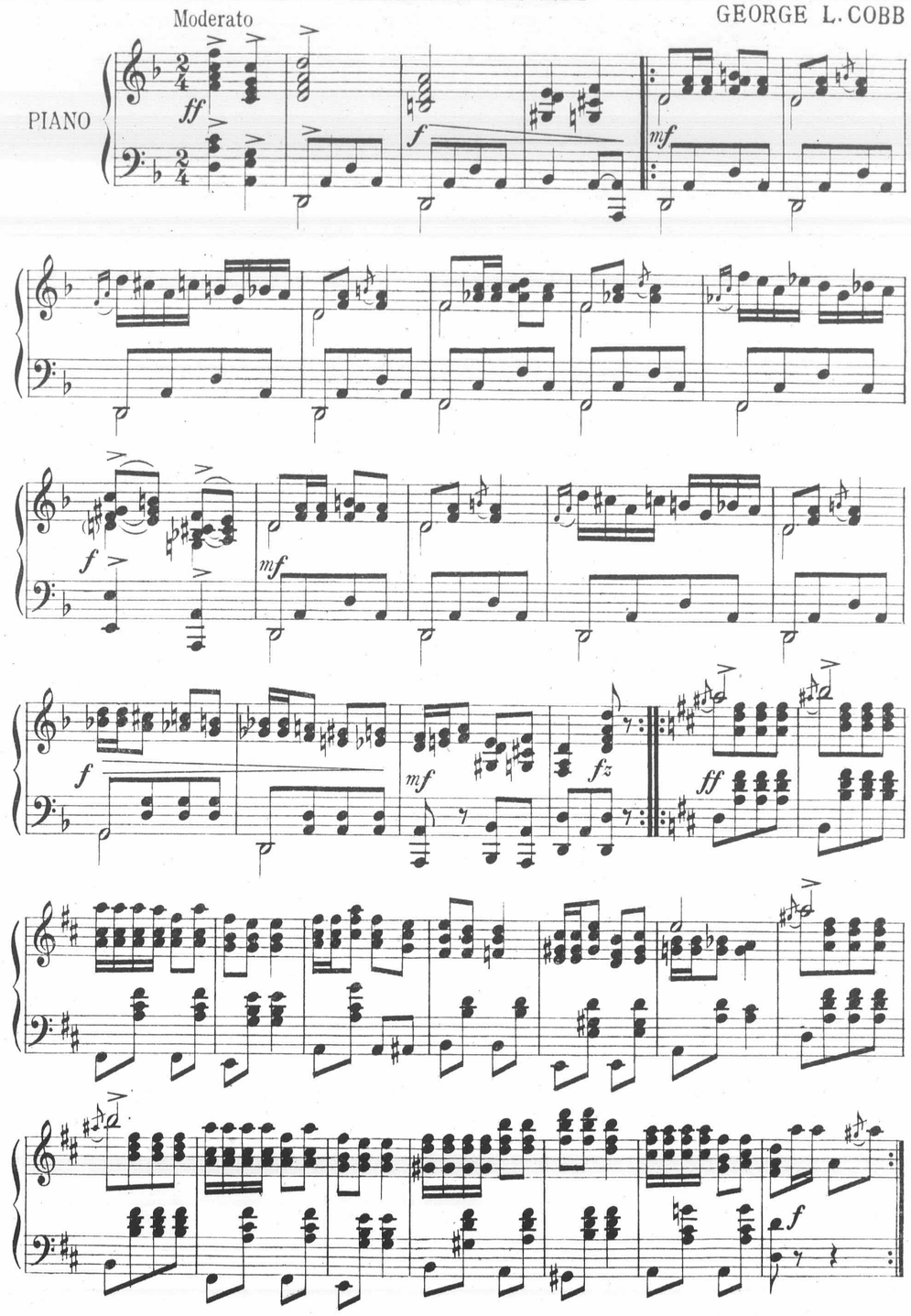
"Heart Broken" is the latest fox-trot release of Charles K. Harris that this veteran New York publisher of music says is going big with the trade.

It might be a cradle song, but "If I Had My Way, Pretty Baby" is a new fox-trot ballad that Joe Mittenhal, Inc., of New York are trotting out.

Broken China

ORIENTAL NOVELTY

GEORGE L. COBB



mf

f *mf*

f *mf* *fz*

TRIO

mf-ff

MELODY

1 2

f *ffz*

mf

f *mf*

1 Silent

p *ffz* *ffz*

MELODY

Braziliana

MORCEAU CHARACTERISTIQUE

FRANK E. HERSOM

Moderato (Not too fast)

PIANO

mf *cresc.* *f*

ff *ffz* *mf*

ff *mf*

MELODY

cresc. *f*

1 2 *fz*

Brillante

f

ff

1 2 *f*

MELODY

Tempo I

mf

ff

mf

cresc.

f

ffz

MELODY

TRIO

ff

ffz

Meno mosso (2d time, slow and broad)

mf-f

f rit.

rit.

ff

ffz

MELODY

A High Stepper

GALOP

VICTOR G. BOEHNLEIN

PIANO

ff *mf* *cresc.* *ff* *ff* *ff*

TRIO

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

Zulaikha

EGYPTIAN DANCE

R. S. STOUGHTON

Lento

PIANO

p

mf

p

mf

Allegro Moderato

mf

1 2

fz

Più mosso

f

mf

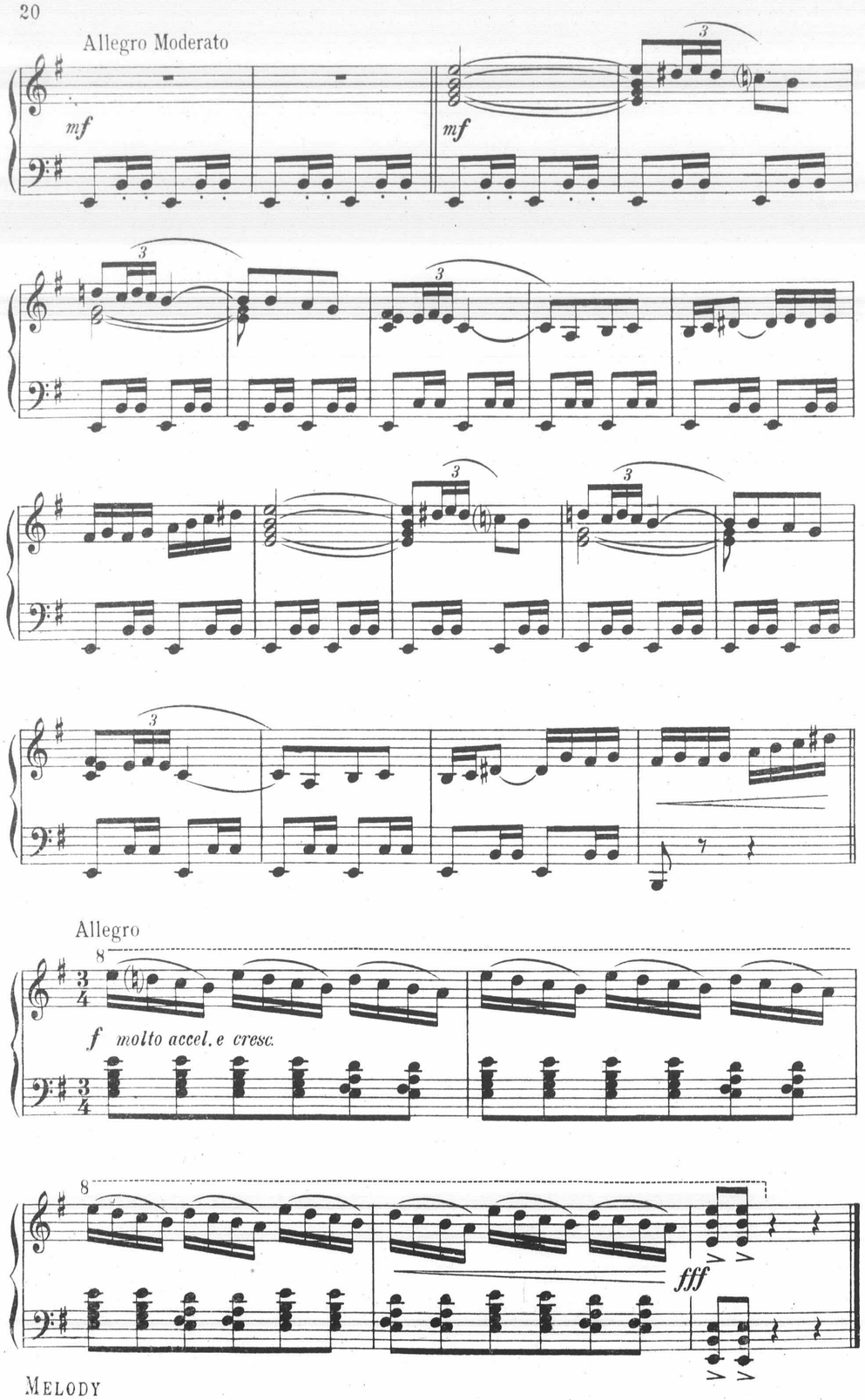
f

ffz

mf

1 2

f



Interpretive Music for the Movies

By Joseph Fox

NO. 2—THE PROPER ATMOSPHERE

IN the beginning, when music was first introduced to the patrons of the moving picture, no effort was made to play only such airs as were suitable to the scenes depicted on the screen. Music in those days was just a side issue pure and simple. The house-manager, in all probability, hired the lone pianist with the sole idea of giving the people who patronized his house a little more amusement for their nickle or dime.

Then along came some wise bird, who discovered the fact that it was more fitting to play a galop than a waltz when the villain pursued the suffering heroine over hill and dale. From that moment music began to take its rightful place in the silent art, until now we have the big, wonderful production with its accompanying musical setting, ofttimes almost perfect.

No doubt, everyone who reads this has at some time or other sat in a picture show entirely engrossed in the plot that has been unfolded, conscious that there was an orchestra playing down front somewhere, yet unconscious of the fact that the music was supplying just the right atmosphere. This is the direct result of a perfect musical setting. The moment the music obtrudes, it detracts from the picture and ruins the desired effect of absolute unity so essential to the ideal production. Maybe if we take a specific instance, it will be possible to make our point clearer, and by so doing more aptly define what giving atmosphere to a picture means.

When we played "The Copperhead" an entire musical setting was provided with the picture, and each and every one of the fifty odd numbers in the score was a perfect gem. When the troops gathered in the square on the eve of their departure to the front, suitable Southern music gave the scene such a vivid setting that the beholder actually lived for the moment with the people depicted, and when the chaplain offered his prayer of supplication for the safe return of the men the music ceased, and in the silence one felt as though he were in the presence of something sublime. Then the snare drum sounded the advance, and one could feel the blood tingle and his heart beat faster as the music took up the various strains of the old battle songs—"Marching Through Georgia," "Yankee Doodle," and others. Then a sudden change after the troops had gone in the distance, back to the folks who had been left, and so on all through the story.

Had there been one piece of modern music introduced into this score the whole picture would have suffered, for it would have spoiled the illusion of time and place.

It is this subtle atmospheric setting that gives the orchestra leader so much cause for worry. He knows full well that, although the ordinary picture fan is not an authority on musical matters, there always are those behind him who are able to detect the slightest suggestion of false atmosphere, and his own artistic sense of proportion is often troubled.

The quick cut from one scene to another that bears no relation to the previous one provides one of the hardest nuts to crack that confronts the leader. The death scene followed by the dance (or vice versa) offers one of the best illustrations of this unavoidable difficulty, and various leaders manage the situation in different ways.

We have knowledge of a very good musical director who *always* plays each piece of music to a finish, *regardless* of the sudden change that may take place in the picture. However, it must be said in all fairness to this man that he chooses his music with such care and understanding that he puts over his pictures with a reasonable amount of success, but the fact remains that at times the music and the picture are about as far apart as the two poles. If pictures are to be given their proper musical setting the music MUST at all times be subjective to the picture. The moment the music tries to dominate, that moment the effect of unity is lost and a sense of incongruity prevails.

A recent picture may be cited as an example. In the "Gilded Lily," the heroine, May Murray, dances—this gives the orchestra a perfect chance to score a big hit, for the dance can be timed to perfection. As the picture was played at one house this scene was played without flaw. Then the scene suddenly changes and there is a shooting incident. The cut is an easy one, yet in another house this part of the picture was ruined because of the fact that the music was still playing the dance after the dance had finished, and the strains of the jazzy air still persisted even as the villain lay dying with a bullet in him, thus throwing the picture and the musical atmosphere out of sympathy with each other.

In another picture, seen lately, the plot was laid in the time before the French Revolution, yet for all the marching, and battle scenes where the French soldiers were fighting, the orchestra repeatedly played "The Marsellaise." From this, it will readily be understood and admitted that the leader who aspires to provide the best setting for pictures MUST of a necessity have at least a rudimentary knowledge of history, and of the music that is associated with different periods of time.

There was a time when every sea scene was accompanied by "A Life on the Ocean Wave," just because that happens to be a sea ditty, but now (unless one wants to create a little comedy) it is seldom played in a good house. "Hearts and Flowers" is another old standby that used to create a feeling of depression, where now it acts as a laugh producer, and so on. Dozens of compositions could be cited to prove conclusively that music does provide a distinctive atmosphere all its own, by causing the brain to associate certain sounds with certain scenes.

Looking back some ten years ago when we were very green at the game, it provokes a smile to think how we used to fit pictures in those days. To begin with, the picture was never shown us at a pre-showing. That would have been thought a waste of time, so we saw the picture first at the matinee. During this time we were supposed to mentally tabulate the music that would best suit, and after the show we would go through our scant library and pick out those numbers that seemed best adapted. Of course the settings thus provided were terrible, but then again so were the pictures, being for the most part two and three reel western thrillers that depended upon lots of shooting and hard riding to captivate the observer's interest.

Most of our musical programs consisted of one march (or galop) after the other, with an occasional introduction of a little sob stuff. No attempt was possible under existing conditions to cue the picture with any degree of accuracy, and none was attempted. Our simple formula consisted of but two principles, i. e., slow action, slow music; fast action, fast music. Comedies were our meat, and we used to cut loose with everything we had. This was the drummer's chance to distinguish himself, and nobly he responded to his opportunity. His allotted space in the pit was crammed full of all the noise producers in the catalog, and a few that he had invented himself. Did an automobile run into the scene, he was right there with his little box of bird shot with which he gave an imitation of the engine. When the guns were spit-

ting fire, his shot effects on the snare drum were most realistic, causing old ladies and children great distress. If the ocean waves were rolling, the long tin box with its small shot was gently tilted, and the audience plainly heard the sad mournful sound of the sea on the beach, and so on. The drummer was the atmosphere, and the other instruments just played.

But all this has changed, and now we have heavy, serious plots, in many cases calling for the heaviest music in the library. This means that the picture-show musician need be one who can read and execute any and all kinds of music.

Realizing the need of interpretive music, the leading music publishers throughout this country have carefully gone over their available stock, and have brought out in folio (or other forms) hundreds of compositions whose natures warrant their being added to the picture leader's collection, for such music has been chosen because of its peculiar adaptability to this phase of the musical profession. No leader can afford to be without as much of this music as his purse allows, for he knows not when he will be called upon to use it. In many cases these publications are arranged in handy form so that it is but the work of a moment to make a selection.

It is not my intention to try and give a list of pieces suitable for the various shades of emotion that call for atmosphere, but to drive home my belief that certain music gives certain atmosphere it is necessary to give a few specific instances.

There is clown music, just as surely as there are human clowns, and when clownish scenes are to be fitted, music such as "Potato Bug Parade,*" "Dance of the Lunatics,*" and others of a like nature give an added touch of humor to the situation.

Oriental scenes are not always fitted by playing the latest so-called Oriental jazz number of popular music, for many of these compositions are rank steals from real classical numbers, so twisted as to pander to the perverted tastes of a jazz-crazy public. Such numbers as "Pride of the Desert,*" "Braziliana,*" "Girl of the Orient,*" "In a Tea Garden,*" and others with the right Oriental minor strain, will fill a long felt want in this direction.

One of the most difficult pictures to fit is the pastoral, or strictly atmospherical production, where the action is subordinate to the characters of the performers. Just as Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" story depends upon its gloomy word painting for the dismal effect it produces, so does the "atmospheric" picture depend almost entirely upon the effect of the musical setting. To introduce in such a picture music that is not in every respect suited to the portrayed scenes would be to create a foreign atmosphere that would irrevocably defeat the producer's idea.

When such compositions as "Sleepy Hollow," "Drift and Dream,*" and a host of other such soothing and beautiful tone-poems, are played to a production that depends upon atmosphere, then the picture is enhanced in much the same way that the setting of a precious stone accentuates the value of the gem. The simile might even be carried further with propriety, and say that the musical setting is to the picture exactly what the diamond cutter's art and the goldsmith's art is to the precious stone—without the music the picture would still be good, yet the fact would not be driven home with sufficient intensity, just as without the setting the diamond would still be valuable, but its value would not be apparent to so great a number.

The intense horror one feels when viewing "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" is increased a hundredfold when accompanied by the depressing strains of "Songs from Eliland" (Author's note: I haven't this music at hand, so am not absolutely sure of the spelling, but I cite it because it fits the picture perfectly). People who viewed this production in a certain picture house told me that they had never been so impressed with music before, proving conclusively that music has much to do with the ultimate success or failure of any good production.

The poorer the picture, the greater the leader's task becomes, for it is then up to him to provide the punch that the producer should have supplied. This ability to sense when and where to play certain kinds of music offers the leader his chance to prove or disprove his ability to fit pictures.

* Published by Walter Jacobs, Inc.

A Ten-Lesson Course In Motion-Picture Playing

By MAUDE STOLLEY McGILL

PROSPECTUS

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Regarding Repertory.

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Memorizing.

LESSON NO. 4
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REGARDING REPERTORY

Lesson No. 2

THIS lesson will deal with the subject of collecting music suitable for all kinds and classes of moving pictures. To BUY everything necessary to the hundreds of different situations, running the entire gamut of human emotions and dealing with nearly every nation of the earth, would be a financial impossibility, therefore, keep alive to the needs of your calling and seize every bit of music, old or new, whenever you can. You will find that you can use it to advantage sooner or later.

Many people, who have outgrown their music, have collections or single numbers which they would gladly give you to get rid of them. Accept everything offered you. Sometimes you can use only one or two strains from a piece, sometimes the entire number, but you will always use it EVENTUALLY, if you have it at your finger tips. Often, too, a person who has studied music gives it up, or their music becomes old and behind the times. They may not feel like giving it away outright just to get rid of it, and they don't know just how to get in touch with those who need such a collection and could pay a little for it. In the smaller towns and cities, where everyone is more or less acquainted with everyone else, you can easily get track of such a collection, if there is one, and it will never offend anyone to ask if they wish to sell their old music, especially if you have reason to believe that they would rather dispose of it than not.

In the larger cities the best way is to advertise in the Sunday paper, just a few words, something as follows: "Wanted—collection of used piano (or orchestra) music in good condition." Then give address or telephone number. This ad will cost you only a few cents, and will generally bring from one to ten answers, with the result that you can get a collection of from a dozen to perhaps a hundred or more pieces for from a few dimes to three or four dollars. In buying such a collection you may get some duplicate numbers, but in that case just lay the second copies aside, and when you have accumulated enough advertise—"A collection of used piano (or orchestra) music for sale cheap" (adding your address or telephone number).

Another means of keeping up your repertoire, which has proven very successful in cities large enough to support two or more photoplay theatres, is to interchange music with one, two or more other pianists, after the manner of a circulating library. Lend to the others, and select for yourself an equal number of pieces, be it six, eight or whatever number you decide upon, at stated intervals, once a week, every two weeks or once each month. Also, let each member of the group purchase one or perhaps two late popular numbers each week, use them in your work for one week, then change with one of the club for a second week, and so on. In this way you can keep thoroughly up to date at very small cost.

Make this a business proposition and attend to it promptly and honestly—as you would to any other business. Return the music belonging to the others on time, and see to it that you get yours. In this way there will be no danger of anyone keeping anyone else's music through carelessness or design and no consequent ill feeling. Acquire any foreign pieces which come your way, the most desirable being Mexican, for which you can also use Spanish, Polish numbers (mazurka style), Irish songs of any style, Oriental, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, Italian, Southern melodies, hymns, operatic airs, dance music, dignified marches, minuets and gavottes, the last two being especially suited to pictures depicting royalty and court life. Consider everything grist that comes to your mill.

We will speak of just two books which you should by all means purchase. One is a collection of bugle calls used in the army and navy; the other is "*Jacob's Incidental Music*, A Practical Series of Dramatic Music for Motion Pictures, by Harry Norton." This latter is of great importance, and is spoken of again in Lesson No. 4 under the head of "Faking or Improvising." *Jacob's Incidental Music* is gotten out in two volumes, each volume containing twelve numbers suitable for as many different situations. They are splendidly arranged, simple and harmonious, and will give you perfect examples of correct musical settings for practically everything to be found in moving pictures. You may secure all these books through your music dealer at a very small cost.

Do not relax your efforts with simply the assembling and possession of a mass of music, piled up here and there in hodge-podge fashion. You could not possibly find any particular class of music or locate any special PIECE of music without wasting hours of search, unless it is properly arranged and classified. Many times the effect of a picture is greatly weakened by failure to play the proper music at the proper time. To be of practical use to you it must be so arranged that you may be able to get a certain class or piece of music at a moment's notice.

You will find that a simple, made to order (perhaps home made) music case, with a number of shelves, will be invaluable. It would be a good idea to have little grooves along the ends, so that the shelves may be slipped into place at different points, according to the room required or to accommodate further accumulations of music. Paste labels, bearing the names of all these different styles of music, on the shelf board, above the music answering to that particular classification.

Have the case made large enough to afford a compartment for each of the classes of music previously mentioned, as well as the different kinds of American compositions — waltzes, marches, love songs, lullabys, classical, semi-classical, late popular songs, etc. By this method there will be a place for every class of music necessary to the picture. After using a certain number or program of music, care should be taken to replace the same on the shelf designated for it. Some photoplay musicians go even further and make typewritten lists containing the name of every piece in his or her collection, each under its correct heading.

You can readily discern of what in-

finite help this would be in enabling you to see, at a glance, what you have suitable for interpretation of the pictures and, while it entails a great deal of hard work at first, especially if you have much music, it will be time and work well worth while. As you acquire additional music, add each title to your list; if it is not a new copy, see that it is in good repair before placing it in your music case.

Just a last suggestion—you will find it advisable to keep all your music at the theatre where you play. Comparatively few amusement houses run the same picture more than one or two days, and it is almost impossible to foresee from the title and synopsis of a photoplay ALL the music that will be required. It is almost equally impossible to have memorized your entire repertoire. Suppose that during the first showing of the picture an unexpected scene or situation is thrown upon the screen, calling for an accompaniment which you have not yet memorized. A glance at your list shows that you have the copy of a fitting number in your music case.

By the time you are allowed to return to your place of residence a considerable portion of the day's showing of picture is behind you. You can readily understand, therefore, that your work will gain in effectiveness if your collection of music is in its case in the theatre where, during your first intermission, you may select the rollicking old jig or the queer Oriental characteristic that will give the finishing touch to a well rendered interpretation.

"Pale Moon," "Come Into My Heart," "Water Sprites," "Star Blossoms" and "Italian Vespers" are five songs by Frederick Knight Logan (the "Missouri Waltz" man) which are published by Forster Music Publisher.

The Chicago Board of Education is publishing "May Flag"—a poem by Ernest E. Cole, first assistant superintendent of schools, which has been set to music by W. Otto Miessner, supervisor of music at the Milwaukee State Normal School. The number is for distribution in the Chicago schools.

Alex Sullivan and Harry Rosenthal have levied on the far East for a title for a new fox-trot—"Delhi," which is published by Jerome H. Remick & Co.

GEORGE HAHN AND

THE gentleman who holds his offspring so expertly, if not artistically, is George Hahn, a composer of music, some of whose numbers have been brought out by Walter Jacobs, Inc., and a new contributor to MELODY who appears in this issue. Young Robert Douglas has started in early as a piano player, extracting futuristic chords from the keyboard not yet adopted by the disciples of Debussy, while as for singing, the lad chortles a nice crescendo when dad imitates the lark.

Hahn received no parental encouragement to study music in his youth, but by the time he had written some orchestral

GEORGE HAHN

pieces, a few numbers for piano, some songs, and a "comic opera" (words and music) which got as far as the copyright office in Washington, the home folks sat up and took notice. A few of his songs and a piano piece were published in that early day, and through the latter he made the acquaintance of the editor of a music firm of New York, S. Reid Spencer, who was also a conservatory teacher, and who took Hahn through six years of gruelling musical pedagogy.

Having also a literary turn of mind Hahn thought he'd write a story, and when he sent it to a newspaper story syndicate it was accepted and published. Hahn showed it to a newspaper editor and was offered a job on the staff. He ultimately became an editor, and is one yet. He did a deal of musical crit-

MUSICAL MUSINGS

By C. F. C.

(Apologies to K. C. B.)

HE WAS second chair
FIRST VIOLINIST in
THE ORCHESTRA of
A HIGH class moving-
PICTURE THEATRE and
HE WAS young and
AMBITIOUS and
DEVOTED to his art
AND THOSE of us
WHO KNEW him well
CONSIDERED him a
VERY GOOD musician
WHOSE ONLY possible
FAULTS WERE those
SLIGHT ONES due to
A LACK of years of
EXPERIENCE—the kind
OF FAULTS that time
ALWAYS CURES but
HE COULDN'T seem to
GET ALONG with the
CONCERT-MASTER of the
ORCHESTRA OR the
CONCERT-MASTER couldn't
GET ALONG with him.
ANYWAY THE CONCERT-
MASTER COMPLAINED
TO THE Director
THAT OUR friend's
BOWING WAS incorrect
OR DIDN'T agree with
HIS AND that he
COULDN'T WORK with
HIM or something
OF THE kind so the
DIRECTOR would have
DISCHARGED HIM had
IT NOT been for the
BOARD of Directors of
THE MUSICIAN'S
ASSOCIATION which
HAS JURISDICTION
OVER SUCH matters
IN OUR local and he
FELT THAT he had
WON QUITE a victory
AND HIS reputation
WAS VINDICATED when
THE BOARD decided that
HE MUST be retained.
AND HE got married
AND HAD just returned
FROM A short honey-
MOON TRIP and was
PLAYING FOR the
FIRST TIME since his
MARRIAGE when the
CATASTROPHE HAPPENED.
THE ROOF of the
THEATRE COLLAPSED and
HE WAS killed almost
INSTANTLY together
WITH THE concert-
MASTER, the Director,
AND THREE other
MEMBERS of the
ORCHESTRA and we
CAN'T HELP thinking
THAT IF the Board
HAD RENDERED the
OPPOSITE DECISION
HE WOULD have been
DISCHARGED and would
BE ALIVE to-day
WHICH JUST goes to
SHOW THAT if we
COULD ONLY look ahead
WE MIGHT realize that
DEFEAT IN some of
LIFE'S PETTY squabbles
WOULD BE far better
FOR US than victory.
I'M MUCH obliged.

C. F. C.

MUSIC A DIGESTIVE MEDICATION

NOW, good digestion wait on appetite, and good health on both!" When Shakespeare made Macbeth formulate that psychological appeal to *digestion* for the benefit of his banqueting guests ("Mac" himself was supposed to be a nervous wreck), it is possible that the great English playwright knew and was playing upon the power of psychology in suggestion. Possibly, too, that the world's greatest dramatist did not then foresee the modern method of forestalling *indigestion* by assisting mastication through a melodic medium, i. e., the serving of music *with* menus, and, if not foreseeing that much, how could the "Wonderful Will" have foreseen that it would be another Englishman (this time a nobleman) who should actually devise a *menu-of-music* —every pulsing phrase a peptonized pellet, as it were! Yet such proves to be the case.

"If music be the food of love, play on!" said also the immortal William of Avon, which is good psychology likewise, because most lovers seem prone to harry (post marry) themselves into nervous indigestion. Everybody knows that faulty digestion follows faulty nerves, that faulty nerves follow the rush and rattle of our hurrying-worry-and-work way of living that is carried even into our eating. Everybody also knows that even a momentary halt is in the nature of a mild nervine and that a nervine aids digestion, nor can anybody deny that music with meals provides a psychological check on chewing by inducing that everlasting flow of conversation which inevitably starts with music, and there you have it.

Admitting, then, that a salvo of sound is a tonal-tonic that serves as a nerve-neutralizer, the main issue would seem to be what music to serve with what meat (it is often more music than meat), what chords to sound with what conserves and with what condiments; in short, what pieces to play with what "plates" and in what places! It has remained for one of Shakespeare's own countrymen to master the muddle of metre-masticating by compiling *music-menus* for meals—*table d'hote, a la carte, en famille, tete a tete* or *solitaire* —one of which has been transmitted from London to the Boston *Transcript* via the *Public Ledger Company*. This English saver-of-stomachs and nurser-of-nerves writes:

The humorous complaint of the chronic diner-out that restaurants nowadays served more music than food has been met with the serious dictum of a London specialist that nothing is better for the enjoyment of a good meal and its subsequent digestion than music—provided that it is the right sort of music. Sir James Dundas-Grant is the authority referred to here. He swears by his theory and has musical scores of his own mixing for everything from a light luncheon to a full-course state banquet.

"It is not realized what a tremendous help to the enjoyment and digestion of a meal music is," he said. "But the music must suit psychologically the meal throughout its various courses.

"My idea is that the dinner should start with something light and fanciful and gay, such as a two-step with the hors d'œuvres. The soup should be taken with something happy and frolicsome, the fish with a soothing and pensive air, which should be followed at the entrée stage by a return to the sprightly mood, for here the diners are warming up to the meal and becoming comfortable and at ease. An amorous tune should go with the joint.

"Game should always be accompanied by some beautiful waltz, the sweet with something delicate and dainty and the savory with a bright yet reposeful dance measure."

The only epicurean rite which calls for silence, in the opinion of Sir James, is the time when cigars are being lighted and smoked.

Sir James's menu-programme for a dinner follows:

Hors d'œuvre—"The Blarney Stone" Bugleman
Soup—"Humoresque" Dvorak
Fish—"Chanson Triste" Tschaikowsky
Entree—"Spring Song" Mendelssohn
Joint—"Berceuse Jocelyn" Godard
Game—"Valse des Fleurs" Tschaikowsky
Sweet—"Pathetic Symphony" Tschaikowsky
Savory—"Minuet and Trio" Sterndale Bennett

Chris Smith, Harold Mack and Bob Ricketts have been signed as staff writers with Zipf Music Publishing Company, a new concern located at 145 West Forty-fifth St. in New York City. Four songs comprise the present Zipf catalog: "You Left Me on the Sea of Love" (Mack and Zipf), "Don't Stay Away from Your Old Home Town Too Long" (a fox-trot ballad by Chris Smith and Helen Troy), "Madagascar" (Oriental fox-trot by Smith and Ricketts), and "Dublin Blues" (an Irish "blues" song by Smith and Mack that is said to be the first ever published).

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Battle Creek Chas. E. Root Co.
Detroit Willard Bryant, 218 Woodward Ave.
Grinnell Bros., Woodward Ave.
Emil G. Picha, Gratiot Station
Flint Adalbert W. May, 706 No. Saginaw St.
Grand Rapids Friedrich Music House, 206 Monroe Ave.
Kalamazoo Music Shop, 1st National Bank Bldg.
Reed City L. A. Keller & Sons

Minnesota
Cloquet Cloquet Music Store
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Metropolitan Music Co., 41 So. 6th St
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St. Paul Peyer Music Co.
Virginia Brist's Music Store, 214 Chestnut St.

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Kansas City Victor Arnold Music Co., 11th St.
Wunderlich Piano Co., 1015 Grand Ave.
St. Louis Hunleth Music Co., 516 Locust St.
Sedalia A. W. Perry's Sons

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Dover Lothrop Piano Co.
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Nashua John W. Knox, 82 West Pearl St.
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Newark A. K. DeLemos & Co., 657 Broad St.
John Friedman, 107 Springfield Ave.

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Buffalo Denton, Cottier & Daniels, Court & Pearl
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Gouverneur Jas. M. Marsh, Main St.
Ithaca Hickey's Lyceum Music Store, Cayuga St.
Malone M. Slason & Son
Mount Vernon Gunther-Winn School, Proctor Theatre Building
New York City Edw. R. Winn, 44 West 34th St.
Poughkeepsie Hickok Music Co., 358 Main St.
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Gibbons & Stone
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North Dakota
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