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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

MUSIC

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Music Mart Meanderings

"Everything comes to him who waits," says the old saw, so along comes "Waiting For You" with its opening lines running: "I'm always waiting for everything, waiting till luck comes my way," the "luck" and "waiting" in this case being "happiness and you." Dan Sullivan (composer) and Irving Crocker (word-writer) are the projectors of this musical "Waiting," and the Joe Morris Music Company are the publishers behind the projectors.

If you must hum, do it legitimately. Illegitimately counterfeiting "Humming" — no, not with the lips but with music plates of copyright laws—cost Abraham Feldman of Boston a series of fines totaling $350, assessed by the United States District Court. Some expensive "Humming"? Humm!

"At Even Time," Enoch & Sons' recent ballad success (music by Frank H. Grey, words by Daniel Twohig), was radiophoned recently by Charles H. Clary, baritone. Paul Althouse, Reinald Werrenrath, Arthur Middleton and Norman Joliff are also putting over the song via the "laryngeal wireless."

"The Gallant Seventh," dedicated to the Seventh Regiment Band of New York City, is the latest march by John Philip Sousa, the famous bandmaster.

"Oh, You Beautiful Baby!" Have you ever said that yourself? Pardon the personal question, but passing that, mama says it to please herself every time she looks at the youngster; papa says it to please mama and flatter himself; flattering friends say it to please both papa and mama; the flipper says it to please the flapper and sometimes because he believes it, and many vaudeville artists are saying it in song to please themselves in a new novelty love number that seems to please everybody. To please the public, Irving Berlin, Inc., has recently released this pleasing, "Beautiful Baby."

Next best to having a thing is talking about it, and sometimes next best to that is singing about it. So, if you can't go down by the river side during the summer, you can get (not go) "Down by the River Side," a recent comedy song release of Remick & Company, then use your imagination while singing it.

"Oogie-Oogie-Wa-Wa" is the euphonious Eskimo title of a new popular song on June Vocalion records.

"Lovable Eyes," a new song by Kerry Mills, is being featured by George Murray's Knickerbocker Minstrels.

An old play is to be given a new boost by music. The play is "Wait Till We're Married," written by the Hutcheson Boys and Rudolph Bonner, originally produced by Oliver Morosco and later renamed "Oh, Marion," with Marion Coakley in the stellar role. It is now being put into musical form under the name of "The Flapper," and M. Witmark & Sons will publish the score.

Will Morrisey, author of "Buzzin' Around" and "Over Seas Blues," has written a new show, "Hollywood Follies," which is said to be full of sure-fire hits. Forster Music Publishers have secured the publishing rights.

Elsa Gray recently sang with great success at the Capitol Theatre in New York City, "Alice Blue Gown," a popular melody from the musical comedy "Irene" in which company this singer was formerly lyric soprano.

"For the Love of Mike!!" used to be the catch phrase with *all* of us once upon a time. Now hitch to that phrase the little word italicised in the preceding line and you have the song recently released by Leo Feist, Inc., "All for the Love of Mike," that prominent vaudevillians are featuring as a catch song, but probably not "All" of them "For the Love of Mike."

In one way at least New York will soon see "Better Times," for such is the apropos title that Charles Dillingham, the big producer, has selected for a new super-spectacular Hippodrome show to be stage-managed by R. H. Burnside.

"Trifles" is something more than a trifle, musically speaking. It's a new song by Frank H. Grey (music) and Caroline L. Sumner (lyrics) that Enoch & Sons are successfully putting out.

"Truly," "My Cradle Melody," sung in the "Night" as "Abie's Lullaby" by the "Rose of Bombay," "While the Years Roll By,' would seem to be a much mixed medley, but is nothing of the sort. They (the six titles) are new and distinctive numbers that will be released in the early fall by Irving Berlin, Inc.

"Stories!" We all like to hear them when they are worth while. This one is a song "stories" told by Richard Powers, Herb Marple and Dick Partington, that is being publishingly told by the J. W. Jenkins & Sons Music Company.

"Childhood Days" might mean measles, mumps, meningitis or much colic misery in many cases, but in their recent collaboration on "Childhood Days" Hebry Creamer and Dave Franklyn have harked back to those times. In this case it means a new fox trot song that Jerome H. Remick & Company are publishing.

Continued on page 23

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MELODY

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Volume 6 SEPTEMBER 1922 Number 9

A Defense of Jazz and Ragtime

By William J. Morgan

NUMEROUS articles have appeared in various American newspapers and magazines during the past few months, all of them deprecating the growing tendency of jazz and deploring its consequent results—neglecting the classics and creating musical tastes of a low order. As one speaking from an unprejudiced standpoint and based only upon that which has come under actual observance and experience, I would like to air my impressions as to this state of affairs.

We are living today in the most wonderful era of invention and progress known to the world since time began, and our watchwords are economy and practicability. Everything is now done in such manner that no lost motions are made. Results at once must be forthcoming, else the task is put aside as impractical, and no further consideration given it. Yet anything that meets the taste of the public and warrants its constant approval must have some good qualities and be worthy of a little consideration, and such is true of jazz and ragtime. They always have met with public approval because they are the only forms of real American music so far evolved with which the masses are broadly acquainted. Our contemporaneous composers of classic forms are doing a noble work, of course, but the chances of their efforts reaching the populace are so slim that we do not have to be concerned with them for some time to come—at least not until some genius, some American Mozart or Beethoven, appears among us.

The works of many of the old masters seem to have had their day as the only worthy music. Americans prefer something fresh and modern, something more in accord with the spirit of the age, and jazz is fast supplying this preference. There are still many among us, however, who claim to abhor jazz and any reference to popular music, this for no other apparent reason (though we will not all admit it) than that we are unable to master its intricacies and so fail to appreciate the efforts of the more fortunate.

It has been demonstrated time and time again that strictly classical pianists are not practical performers. They cannot on the spur of the moment improvise an accompaniment for a singer—something which almost every vaudeville, cabaret and movie pianist can do and do well. Even with the notes before them, classical players often make a dismal failure, especially when their sight-reading ability has to be brought into play. Their accompaniments coincide so badly with the singer or the instrumentalist that their efforts at accompanying are ludicrous even to the unlearned. These classical pianists are well aware of their failing, yet point to it with pride rather than admit it as failure and make no effort to improve.

Most classical players adhere too strictly to traditions and so fail to meet innovations in playing that have been introduced in the present age, but if they would devote more time to ear-training and observe the playing of good motion-picture players their own playing might come more into public favor. Our new type of American music and musicians is not something for which to be apologetic. Rather is it an accomplishment of which to be proud as being typical of our swift, alert race that is unequalled by any other nationality.

Then again we have those who claim that ragtime playing is injurious to one's ability to play classic music. But whereof do they speak and what reasons have they for making such absurd claims? If they answered the question frankly they would say "no reasons." It is simply a false idea they have gained from others, the fallacy of which they never have taken time to investigate. I maintain that real ragtime is rhythmical, harmonious and full of "pep," the last named quality having become so imperative in all other lines of endeavor that there is no reason why we should not include it in our music.

The real ragtime pianist is a composer as well as performer. That is, he can take a tune and reharmonize it if necessary, judiciously introduce innovations, alter the rhythm, and devise a bass that will make the composition alive and pulsating, and so obtain the public approval. After all, our efforts must be directed towards pleasing the public at large, and even at its best classical music becomes dull, slow-moving and monotonous if heard too frequently. Its appeal is only to the minority, and with it only an exceptionally brilliant performer can make an impression.

On the other hand, jazz predominates at the theatre, at the seashore, at the mountains—in fact, at every place where music is played ragtime is used today almost exclusively as appealing to the popular taste. This test of its supreme popularity, together with the sound musicianship necessary to a good performer, should convince the most skeptical that ragtime is the real American music. Its playing cannot in any way injure the qualities necessary to classical performance but rather tends to broaden and make more wonderful the rendition of the older forms.

The big attraction in jazz, and that which enabled this form of music to attain its present high popularity, is the comparative ease with which it is mastered. Once a mastery of its essentials is obtained new ideas awaken, and in a comparatively short time the performer can do credit to himself wherever he appears. After listening to "The Sheik" of Snyder, or to "Everybody Step" by Irving Berlin, I cannot refrain from saying that such melodies which are giving pleasure to millions are the real tunes for Americans. On with the Jazz!

Gus Edwards of "School Days" Fame

Claims Simple Melody and Clean Lyrics Necessary for Permanent Song Hit

By A. C. E. Schonemann

IF Gus Edwards, the song writer, has an ambition in life it is to write a folk song that the American people will enjoy singing in the years to come—a song that will have a lasting place in the affections of future generations.

Edwards is a genial troubadour. His contact with people has given him an understanding of the human family that he has capitalized in his songs. It is this quality—his familiarity with the ways of mortals—that he has incorporated into words and music and the result is that in most of Edwards' songs the human-interest feature has predominated.

GUS EDWARDS

Mothers and their youngsters have come to know Gus Edwards because his song revues invariably have the youthful element occupying first place. He revels in writing kid songs, he loves to coach a precocious youngster, and Edwards has been dubbed the "Columbus of the Stage" because he has been the sponsor of a great family of boys and girls in their stage work, and many today are among the foremost dancers and singers on the American stage.

But to come back to Edwards' ideal—his desire to write a folk song that will have a place in the hearts of the American people similar to that veneration and regard we have for "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Old Oaken Bucket" and other songs that are truly representative of American life—it can be said that he has in a measure attained the goal he covets because he gave to the public "School Days." Just what place "School Days" will occupy in American music remains to be seen; it is still popular because of its simple melody, its quaint and plaintive lyric and the fact that its appeal cannot help but find a response in the heart of every man and woman.

"The inspiration that led to the writing of 'School Days' came from my association with children," said Edwards. "It came through my contact with countless numbers of children. I met them in the city; out in the open country, on trains and wherever I went. This led to a series of impressions in which the child idea predominated and it all culminated in my writing 'School Days'."

Song writers are always alert to utilize a striking feature for a song. Darkey songs have had their day; down through the years have come moon songs, Hawaiian melodies, love ballads, countless rag numbers, dreamy waltz selections and the various "blues" and in each case the pioneer song writers—the men with the original idea—usually enjoy the distinction of having put over a hit. In "School Days" Gus Edwards brought to the fore the child idea and with it came all that is suggestive of school days. Edwards attributes the success of this song to the fact that the *motif* and melody were intensely human; that all people could appreciate and enjoy the song because it personified a period that is common in the life of every man and woman.

Gus Edwards has been writing songs for about twenty-five years. The songs that he counts among his successes have become popular because the melodies permeating them have been commonplace; they have been understandable by all classes of people, and musicians, regardless of their training, proficiency or position, have found joy in playing these numbers.

Methods of song writing are as diversified and numerous as the men who are engaged in this profession. Edwards strives for a dominating theme, "a big idea" as he calls it. It may come from inspiration, it may be born from serious study on a given subject or come from the natural observance of a condition or thing. Invariably he draws his ideas from the common things of life, many of which are universally accepted and taken for granted and yet when used for the nucleus of a song there is always an appeal in it because all men and women have a sense of appreciation which enables them to enjoy this type of song.

"I try for the first eight bars of the refrain, and having worked out the melody thus far I strive to perfect the chorus," said Edwards. "Sometimes I work with a lyric writer to complete the refrain. Often two of us will go over the details together, and again I will perfect the melody at the piano and dictate the complete score of the song. The matter of chords must be worked out in time, but I try to build the melody and having completed it the remainder of the work is a matter of form.

"The question of a title and the lyrics are both matters of more than ordinary importance. I don't believe that a song title should adorn a cover page of a popular song that cannot be placed on the piano in any home. Moreover, a suggestive lyric has no place in any song. Music should be clean through and through, and if it is not what we think it should be the blame rests on us in a measure because we purchase these numbers and thereby encourage their publication."

While Mr. Edwards is an admirer of grand opera and the classics he has a penchant for folk songs. His patron saint is Stephen C. Foster, the writer of "Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home" and other folk songs that have been sung in the home, in schools and public places for a half-century or more. Edwards believes that Foster in writing his songs was animated by the spirit that predominates and represents the finer things in American life and especially in our homes. Foster, he says, understood men and women and he incorporated into his songs the thoughts, emotions and sentiment of the common people as no other American song writer has ever done.

Syncopation in varied forms will continue to be popular according to Mr. Edwards. He contends there is little to be desired from any standpoint in what he regards as "underworld syncopation." "The public," he says, "is weary of this form of syncopation and by its indifference it will drive it from the field and give to clean syncopated music the place it is entitled to in American music."

"Music must be purged of the objectionable features that creep into it from time to time," said Mr. Edwards. "Such music can never have a place in the affections of the American people. The rush and excitement of writing a number and putting it over has destroyed the possibilities of a song writer turning out a piece of music that lives beyond a few weeks and sometimes a few months. Often the title will sell a song; frequently it is the music, but overshadowing both is the plan to sell the song and then rush to the next song and put it over.

"The American people today enjoy singing some of the ballads that were written ten and fifteen years ago, but there are few numbers of the old ballad type being turned out today. The reason is that song writers are working to turn out anything so long as it is a number, and few are striving more for quality than quantity. With speed taking precedence it is difficult to write a good ballad or song that will survive the excitement that usually follows their publication."

Although Mr. Edwards has devoted the greater part of his life to song writing he admits that he has had "Very little musical education." He was born in Poland, and when a youngster of 11 years he began his musical career. During the following years he continued to write melodies, and within the last two decades his song successes have numbered beyond the hundred mark. Some of his song numbers have brought him big royalties, and others, he says, "are still hid away awaiting a hearing."

"School Days," according to Mr. Edwards, was his biggest song success. Two other numbers that were unusually popular were "Sunbonnet Sue" and "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." In these songs the public found a responsive note because of the simplicity of the theme and the fact that the human-interest feature of the song was so highly developed as to appeal to all classes of people. This is self-evident for almost every man and woman can recall school days, the sunbonnet era in life and fully appreciate the beauties and the romance that are an integral part of any picture one may have of a silvery moon.

To Mr. Edwards the melody is the Alpha and Omega of song writing. The lyrics may be the basis upon which the melody is founded, but it is the melody that people hum and want to hear repeatedly. The fascination that the public has for a popular song usually results from a tantalizing bit of melody, and Mr. Edwards takes the position that the biggest song hits are founded on simple and dainty melodies—sweet harmonies that in a musical way represent the emotions and finer things in life.

Edwards in his songs and revues has developed the child idea. It is one of the striking features of "School Days" and it prevails in many of his songs. It is especially noticeable in one number—"I'll Get You"—which was written some years ago. In these two songs the child thought is paramount; it prevails in the lyrics and even the sweet simplicity of the melodies is in keeping with the thought of youth.

The success attained by Mr. Edwards in writing songs suggestive of childhood days has come to him as a result of his understanding of children; his knowledge of their idiosyncrasies and the things that make up the child world. To write a good song number the composer must know his subject, and Edwards in a quarter of a century has proved that his forte is the child song.

The field for endeavor in writing songs is not limited if we accept the arguments of Gus Edwards. He has worked out—and successfully—in his songs, the child feature. Whether he will attain his ambition to write a folk song is a question that the future will answer. To strike in song the great chord that thrills, brings joy and satisfies the longings that often animate and many times confound the hearts of men is not given to the lot of many song writers. In this respect, Gus Edwards in a measure has succeeded, and posterity may yet accord him a place among the writers of American folk songs.

AN OPEN MIND TOWARDS MUSIC

By George Hahn

BEWARE of the fan in music—the fellow who "roots" for a composer or a school of music as he would for his baseball team. He very likely is prejudiced, and anything written by the composer for whom he fans or roots is all right in his estimation, while what others have done or are doing amounts to little.

In these "fans" one often finds an ultra-conservative standpoint regarding music. Most of them are excellent musicians who are intimately acquainted with the works of the men for whom they fan, but unfortunately failing to keep step with the times. They are prejudiced against music which does not spout from the fount of which they have been drinking since childhood. It cost them much effort, time and money to acquire their musical education, and they are reluctant to follow strange gods now that they are firmly settled in the groove along which they are traveling.

It is essential that the modern musician—professional and amateur—should be more broad-minded than this. It behooves a musician to keep abreast of the times, to possess at all times an open mind—open to the worthy in all branches of the art—and willing to try everything at least once. Narrow-mindedness is one of the major faults of many good musicians that must be guarded against. The attitude towards light music possessed by some exclusively classically trained musicians does not hurt the light music, but hurts them and the music which they sponsor.

The attitude of these musicians is not only antagonistic to light music and to the lighter compositions of the masters, but it also is in opposition to the works of modern composers. A dyed-in-the-wool Chopin fan, as such one might be termed, often will be found to be an extraordinary foe to the music of—Debussy, for instance. Such ones should not forget that in Chopin's day there were many prominent musicians who likewise detested the new-comer. Even Wagner could scarcely get a hearing during a great part of his early life, because not only the musical public but the musicians who had influence with the public systematically flouted him.

Of course in our day there are quite an array of ultra-radical, futurist composers, whose mainstay is based on lurid monstrosities which fool a part of the public for a day and then go to the dung heap. Such musical mountebanks have existed at all times, and it is somewhat as a result of their unsavory reputation, quickly acquired at the bar of musical public opinion, that worth-while writers often are placed in the same category. However, they constitute no danger to the broad-minded musician who, though not a proverbial backward-looker, nevertheless is not to be fooled into taking the path of musical idiocy when reaching a fork in the road of progress.

STAGE STAGNATION

WHEN they have nothing else at which to shoot, the stage makes a mighty pretty target for pulpit, platform and part of the press, and every once in a while they hurl their word-shot at what they are pleased to call the present-day banalities, inanities and trivialities of speech and song-lines as "put over" by the stage, hailing it as a sign of stagnation and mark of degeneration. This may be so, but there are many of us who doubt it, for let these assailers but dig back a little into the records and they will find that the stage lines of the past were just as banal, inane and trivial (if you want to call them so) as today.

Let us take for an example the once famous Russell Brothers, comedians, who some few decades ago sailed on the very crest of the wave of stage popularity. As gathered from the "recollections" of a writer in the *Boston Herald* of recent issue, some few of the stage "lines" with which these one-time famous comedians were wont to convulse their audiences even to the verge of hysteria run as follows:

"Maggie, Maggie! take that horse out of the kitchen. Put him in the parlor.

"Bring in the grass, I'm afraid it's going to rain. Put the lemons on the ice, I'm afraid they'll sour.

"Annie! Annie O'Brien! come here a moment please. You were dining with Maggie Grabemheimer the other evening, were you not? You had ham and eggs for dinner, did you not? Then you had liver and bacon, and between the ham and eggs and the liver and bacon my name was mentioned, was it not? I thought so! You needn't put on airs over me. I've had more situations in a week than you ever had in your life.

"I went to see Uncle Tom's Cabin the other evening. I nearly died laughing at Topsy, she's so comical. It's an awful sad play, though. Oh, it's so sad! It's the saddest play I ever saw for half a dollar.

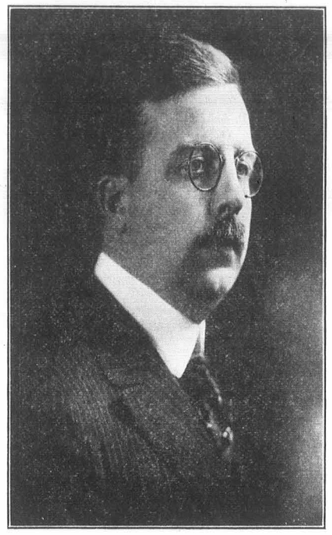
"I took lessons from a danceresseress. She was a beautiful woman. I wish I could think of her name. I could think of it if I had two dollars. Lend me fifty cents till I think of her name. I have it. It was Madame Bonfanti. She was a beautiful woman. She was an danceresseress.

"What did I do with that screwdriver? Surely I had a screwdriver. I thought the world of that screwdriver. It is not every day you get a screwdriver you think the world of. My God! I thought I saw two dollars!"

Was all of that the mere banality of trash? From the highbrow-utterly-utter standpoint and from the strictly literary word-point of view it sure was, but it was all in the way of "putting it over." Of course it didn't cause a ripple on the surface of deep thinking, but it relaxed, amused and so retensioned, which is exactly what the busy business-bees of active life want when they hive in theatres. For sermons and the more serious forms of recreation we have the churches and Chautauqua, but for sheer amusement and something that shall make us laugh, relax tension and forget we turn to the stage. Its speech, action and song-lines are no more tommy-rot or tonky-talk today than in days past. Stage stagnation? Blessed are the stage-makers of fun, for they shall inherit the crown of public popularity!

Frank H. Grey Scores A Success

"SUE, Dear"—the new musical comedy in two acts which auspiciously opened at the Times Square Theatre in New York City on Monday evening, July 10th—did not have to "Sue" for favor, but immediately plunged into popularity with the music-loving public, all of the complications of suing falling to the lines, plot and action of the piece. The book is a bright and witty stage concoction by Bide Dudley, with Joseph Herbert and C. S. Montayne as collaborators and lyric conspirators. The composer, Frank H. Grey, has written a music score that is replete with singable melodies, catchy tunes and swinging dances. Perhaps the most musically attractive singing number is "Smile and Forget," yet such numbers as "Love's Corporation," "Lady of Dreams," "Lover's Lane with You," "Key to My Heart," "Lorayne," "The Love Ship" and "My Little Full Blown Rose" run as close seconds for favors. For comedy there are "Pidgie-Widgie," of melodic tunefulness and rhythmic dance cadence; "Foolishments," a patter song; "Hiram Skinner's Comb," full of "pep"; and "By Radiophone" for the up-to-the-minute touch.



FRANK H. GREY

MELODY may be said to have strong family reasons for being deeply interested in the success of this first big musical ambition of Mr. Frank H. Grey, once a Bostonian. In a broad sense he can be considered a direct descendant of the musico-literary staff of the Jacobs' journals, as in the early issues of the Jacobs' Orchestra-Band Monthly he was a contributor to its columns and did not a little composing and arranging for its music supplements. As a composer Mr. Grey is anything but an amateur or tyro, for he is well represented in the Jacobs' orchestra and band catalogs by such well-known numbers as: "Come Back to Connemara" (March Medley), "Elaine" (Valse Ballet), "Girlish Ways" (Waltz), "In a Tea Garden" (Javanese Idyl), "Love in Venice" (Valse Lento), "Men of Harvard" (March and Two-step), "Odalisque" (Waltz), "Old Ironsides" (March), "Out on a Frolic" (March), "Simpering Susan" (Characteristic March), "Sunny Sicily" (Overture), "Will o' the Wisp" (Waltz), etc.

Of late years Mr. Grey has become musically prominent as a song composer, with more than one hundred songs to his credit in the catalogs of various publishers. Some of these are two successes of last season, "Messages" and "Last Year's Roses," that were sung by many prominent artists; others are "Bird Man on High," "Winter Love Song" and "At Even Time," one of his latest.

FISH OR FISH STORY?

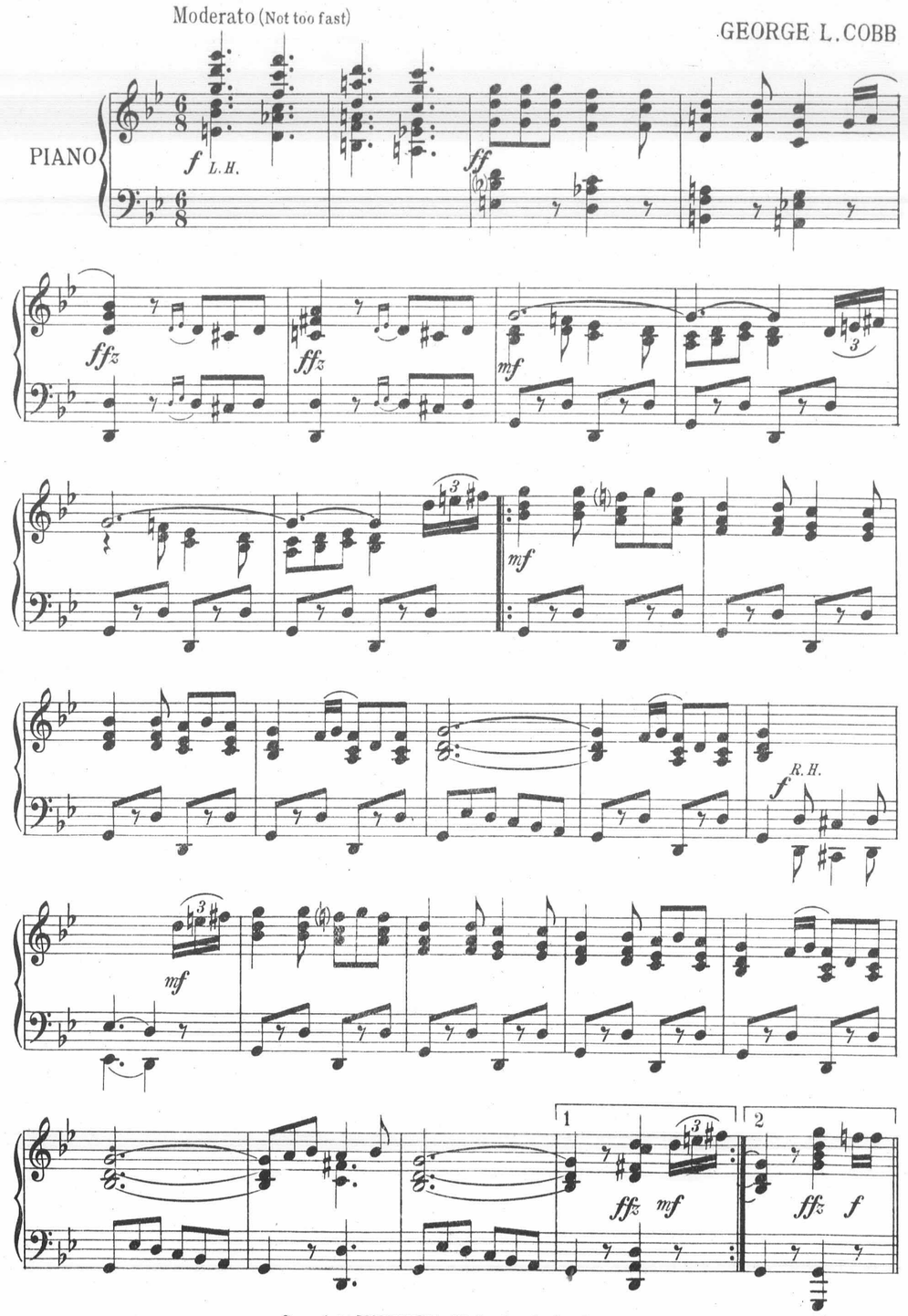
The journey from Hoboken to Passaic over the Passaic line of the Public Service Railway Company was greatly brightened by motormen and conductors of the line.

As the cars approached certain ill-smelling stretches of the marsh the crews struck up "Sweet Adeline" to divert the attention of the passengers. The singing continued until the marsh was crossed. Often a sympathetic listener induced other passengers to join in on the chorus, and thus the journey was made with less unpleasant memories.—*From the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.*

The Ghost Walk

Eccentric Novelty

Moderato (Not too fast) GEORGE L. COBB



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TRIO

mf-f

ff

ffz

f

mf

p (both times)

R.H.

MELODY

MELODY

Chant Sans Paroles

NORMAN LEIGH

Moderato con moto (♩=96)

PIANO

mf con fervore

rall.

a tempo

poco accel. *rall.* *a tempo* *poco rall.* *a tempo*

f *mf*

allargando *a tempo* *molto allargandno*

cresc. *sempre cresc.* *ff*

1 2

a tempo *a tempo*

f *mf* *poco rall.* *molto rall.*

Più mosso poco agitato (♩=112)

mp

mf *mf* *rall.*

molto rall. *a tempo*

mp

allargando

poco a tempo *rall.*

f

meno mosso

mp *mf*

Tempo I

rall. a tempo

poco accel. rall. a tempo poco rall.

f

a tempo

mf cresc.

allargando a tempo molto allarg. a tempo

sempre cresc. ff mf

f

meno mosso molto rall.

poco rall. mp mp

Carnival Revels

DANCE

GEORGE L. COBB

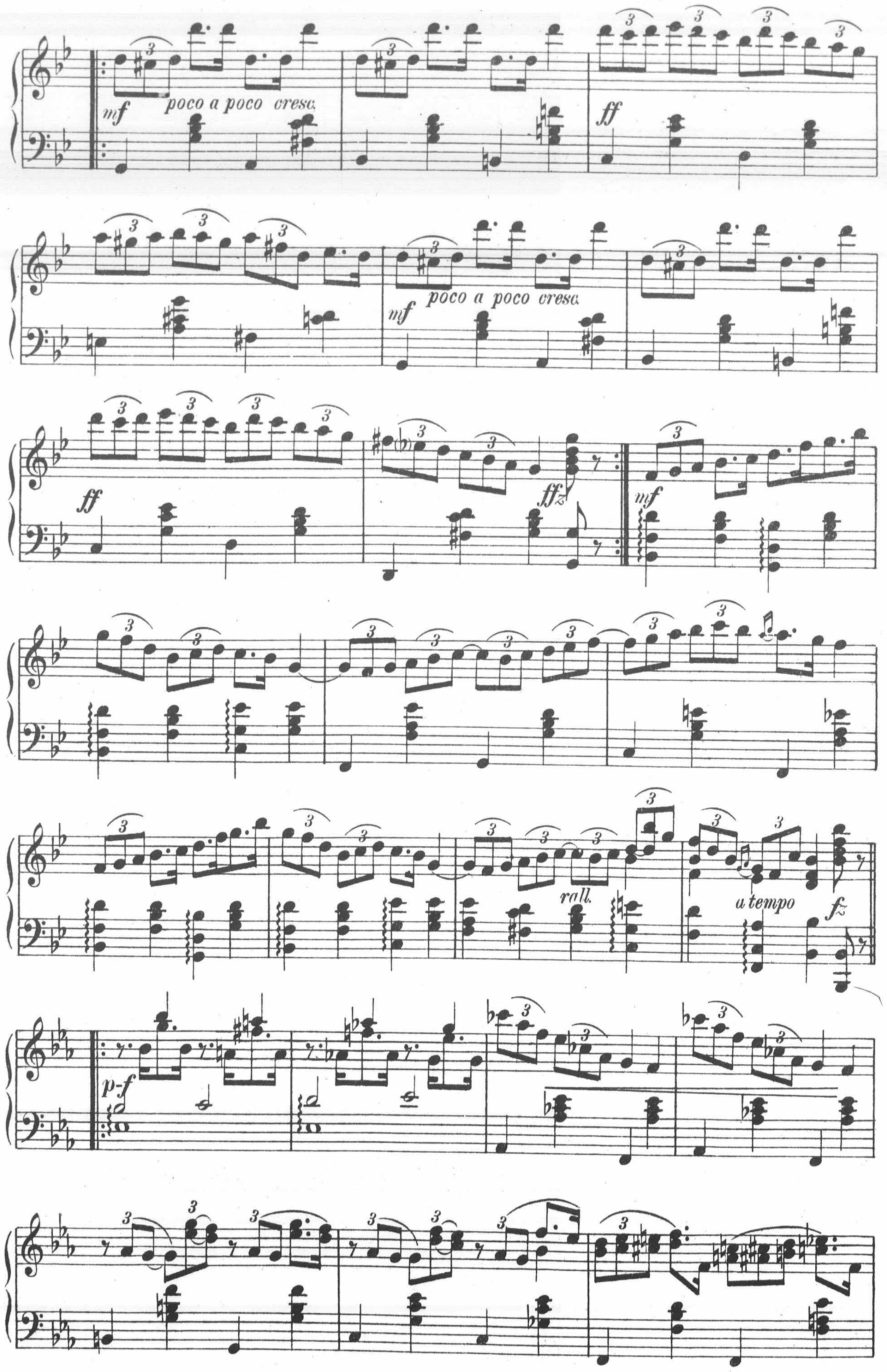
Allegretto con moto

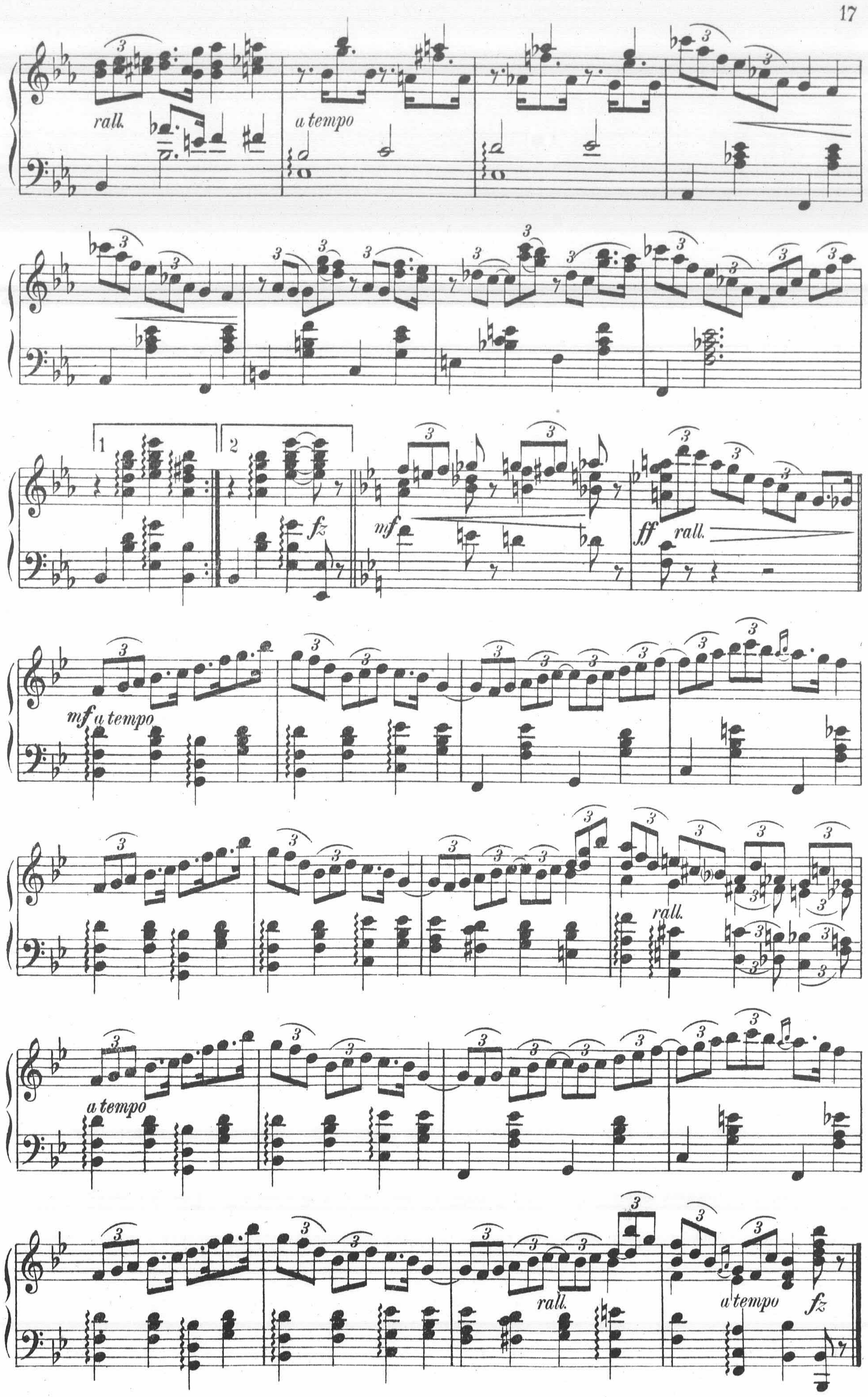
PIANO

mf ff rall. mf a tempo

rall. a tempo

rall. a tempo fz


mf poco a poco cresc.
ff
mf poco a poco cresc.
ff
ffz
mf
rall.
a tempo
fz
p-f


rall.
a tempo
1
2
fz
mf
ff rall.
mf a tempo
rall.
a tempo
rall.
a tempo
fz

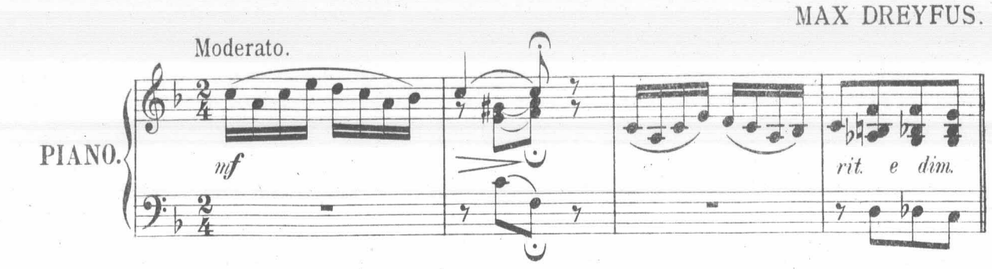
ANTAR.

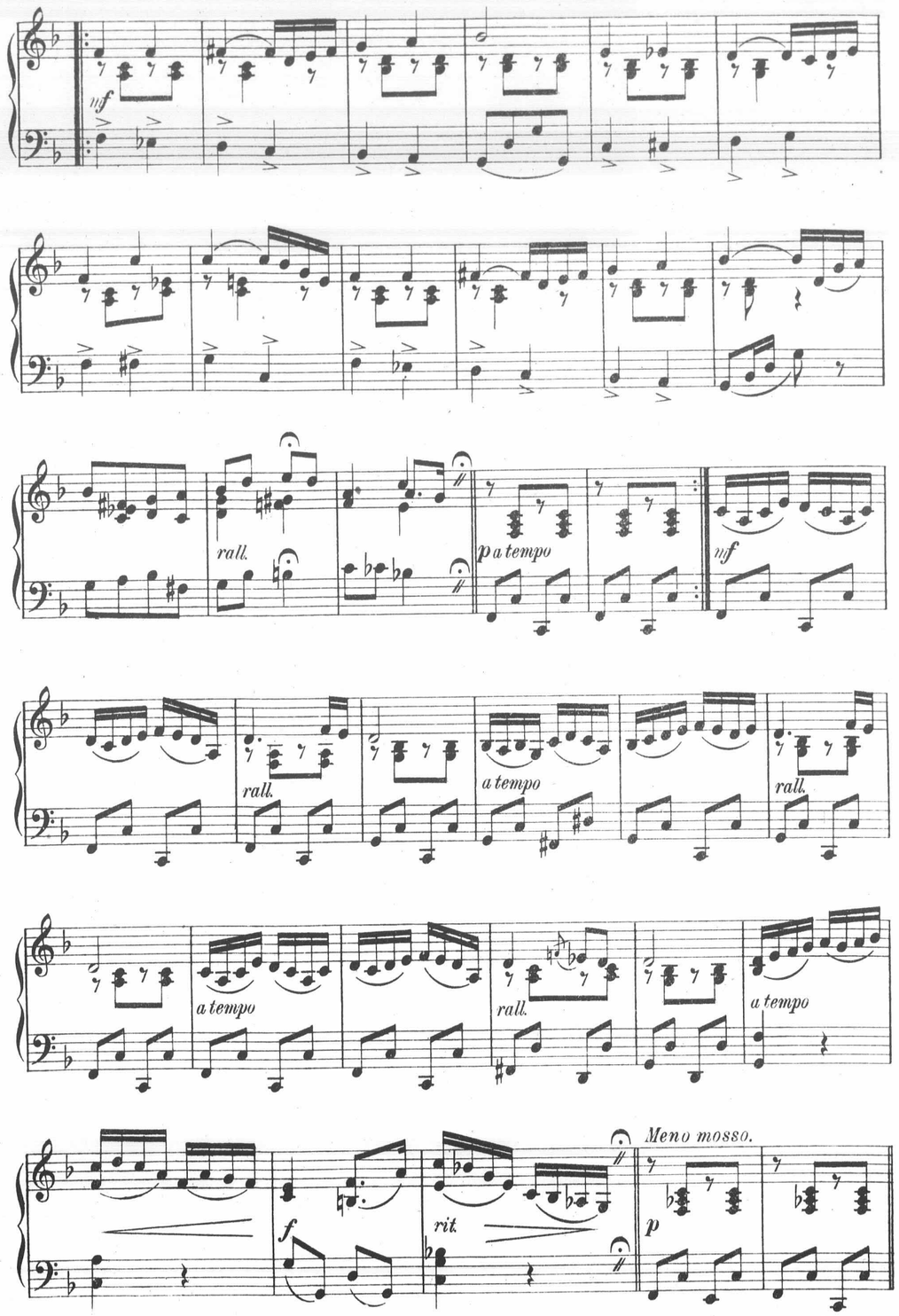
Intermezzo Oriental.

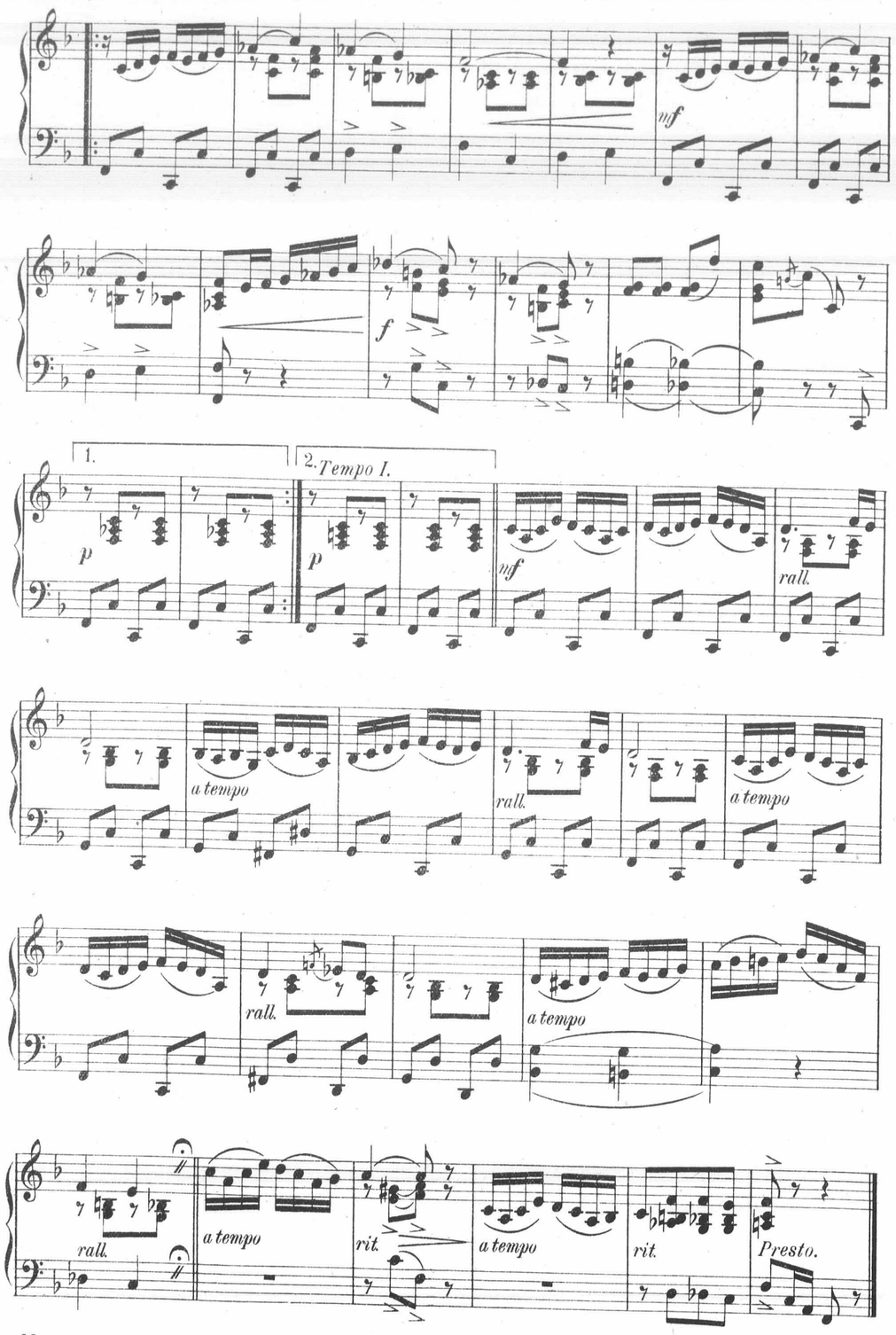
MAX DREYFUS.

Moderato.

PIANO.







A Ten-Lesson Course In Motion-Picture Playing

By MAUDE STOLLEY McGILL

PROSPECTUS

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LESSON NO. 8

Military Dramas

WHEN accompanying a military drama play music belonging to the warring nations. If representing the Civil War between the North and South, learn the Southern airs as well as the songs used by the Northerners, both of love and parting ("Soldier's Farewell"); music for accompanying marching, the quiet of the camp, the longing for home, and the calm that comes before the storm of battle. In playing this music, if you would follow the pictures accurately, you should provide yourself with a book of bugle calls as used in the army and militia of the United States (of which we spoke in Lesson No. 2). Be careful to give the call represented by the action on the screen.

Apropos of this advice, a young photoplay pianiste once played a very pretty call when the bugler on the screen was calling the soldiers into action. At the close of the performance, a young soldier who happened to be in the audience stepped up to the pianiste, raised his hat, apologized, and asked if he might offer a suggestion without giving offence. With her most gracious smile the young lady said, "Certainly," and the soldier went on to state that he liked her music, which she played well, but thought her playing for the war picture would have been more effective if she had played the bugle call "to arms" when the bugler was pictured as giving that call, instead of sounding "taps"—the signal given for extinguishing lights in the soldiers' quarters and retiring. We will draw the curtain of charity over the embarrassment of the young pianiste.

During the progress of a battle the playing should be thunderous, we might best express it by the word "muddled"—short runs of from eight to twelve notes (either major, minor or chromatic), running from middle C down, and interspersed with strong, staccato hammerings played by striking either two half-tones, whole tones or fourths exactly together to represent cannonading. These are to be struck at the same instant that the flash (or explosion) appears on the screen. In connection with this subject let us urge you to memorize the national airs of as many nations as possible.

Watch the pictures intelligently and see that you play the right tune at the right time, otherwise you may wake up some time to find yourself playing "Rule Britannia" or "Marseillaise" when there are only Russian soldiers in sight.

You will readily understand that unless your repertoire is enormous and varied, or unless you perhaps have studied in foreign lands, you may be somewhat crippled in playing foreign war pictures, as you will be "up" chiefly in the music generally sold and used in America. Be careful, though, not to make any glaring mistakes such as the one just mentioned, and in the absence of actual knowledge of foreign music suitable for the different situations we suggest that you use bits of semi-classic numbers which, while they may not fit the situation exactly, nevertheless sound distinctly different than American composed music.

Scenic Pictures

Scenic pictures are best accompanied by pretty waltzes, possibly interspersed with a running, rippling effect to represent water whenever cascades, waterfalls, rivers, etc., are shown. To save the expense of purchasing music along this line, we suggest giving an effect of water by playing chords in arpeggio style in the right hand while improvising or playing some memorized air in the left.

You will find the chord of the diminished seventh, of which we spoke at length in Lesson No. 4 (Faking or Improvising), very effective in faking water scenes, as it admits of considerable variety. This is not generally used by the average pianist, yet after it once becomes clear to you it will prove one of the easiest, most brilliant and most efficient aids to picture playing. In playing this chord as an arpeggio run in water effects, use the first, second, third and fourth fingers (counting the thumb as the first finger) and be careful to learn the fingering correctly from the start. If the first or lower note of the chord is a white key begin to run with the first finger, using the fingers in the order named above. After using the fourth finger put the first finger under, then proceed (one octave after another) as high as you wish to ascend. In descending, reverse the order of fingering.

If the lowest note is a black key followed by a white one, begin with the second finger, placing the first under the second note of the chord; follow with the second, third and fourth fingers, then the first under again and proceed as before, as high as you wish to ascend.

If the lowest *two* notes are black keys begin with the second finger, then the third, then place the first under on the white key following and proceed as before.

While playing these runs up and down with the right hand (long or short runs at your pleasure), improvise something with the left hand in the lower register which will harmonize with the general trend of the arpeggio in the right.

If scenery is of foreign lands, use music of the country shown if available; for instance, if scenes of Switzerland are shown play a pretty Swiss or German waltz, of which there are hundreds by Strauss, Waldteufel and others, and which you can obtain in book form quite cheaply. As there is such an antipathy to most things German since the late war you may not find it advisable to use music by German composers, no matter how beautiful and high-class it was once considered. However, that is a matter which lies betwen you and your employer, and also depends largely upon the feelings existing among the patrons of your theatre. If the scenery is of Mexico use Mexican or Spanish airs, waltzes, etc.—as "Over the Waves," "Espanada," La Paloma," "Castellano," etc.

If you have followed these lessons attentively, by this time you are able to use the knowledge gained. Therefore, we need not tell you that for scenic pictures of America you should use American music composed by Americans.

Temporary Licenses for Broadcasting Music

IF the improbable should ever come to pass and we were to be asked to add an eleventh commandment to the Decalog, it might run something after this fashion: Thou shalt not purloin for private profit any published property that hath public popularity—neither thyself nor thy station nor the radio within thy station. The present need of such a commandment (together with its elucidation) will be made apparent by reading an article reprinted from *The Music Trades* of September 9, 1922, and running as follows:

September 20 has been fixed as the date for the conference between radio broadcasting agencies and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. This meeting has been called in order to reach a satisfactory agreement on the use of copyrighted music protected by the composers' society.

As announced in *The Music Trades* last week by the composers' society on all radio stations which broadcast music as a part of the entertainment provided for their patrons that any use of copyrighted music without the consent of the society on or after September 10 would be deemed an infringement on copyright laws and prosecuted as such in United States courts.

The society considers the broadcasting of music a "public performance for profit" and feels that it is entitled to remuneration for the use of such music.

Pending the outcome of the meeting on September 20 broadcasting stations will be required to take out temporary licenses in order to send music over the radio as part of their daily programs. Any stations neglecting to apply for a license before September 10 will be prosecuted. The temporary licenses will be issued charge, and are revokable.

This notice of warning to the radio men, which was sent to them in a letter from J. C. Rosenthal, general manager of the composers' society, is considered the first step in a campaign to safeguard the rights of the members of the composers' organization.

It is said that the radio is cutting in on the royalty received by composers, authors and publishers from regular sources. If the copyright owner receives compensation from the broadcasting agencies, it is thought that the harm suffered by having the radio utilize music for entertainment purposes will be obviated.

E. C. Mills, chairman of the executive board of the Music Publishers' Protective Association, stated in a letter to associate members that he is anxious to "avoid a repetition of the policy which prevailed in the early days of the phonograph when publishers considered the 'plug' secured from a recording of a composition a sufficient return, and acceptable in lieu of cash."

Excerpts from the letter sent to radio broadcasting stations by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers follow: " . . . We have been reluctant to take steps that would in any way interfere with the development of 'radio' as a popular institution; our disposition has been rather to extend every consistent co-operation, through permitting the public performance of our compositions, which in our opinion forms the foundation of the programs of entertainment responsible in the main for the amazing spread of 'radio' interest.

"The rights conferred by law in a proprietor of copyright are as specific and definite as in patent right, and infringement thereof is something that we do not believe any broadcasting station would knowingly commit. We again call your attention to these rights and to the inclosures, which are explanatory of them, and invite you to make application for license authorizing the public performance by broadcasting of such compositions as are copyrighted by our members, in the event you desire to so publicly perform them.

"Pending conferences now being arranged with manufacturers of radio apparatus, and others concerned, looking to an agreement as to rates to be charged for licenses, and other matters of mutual interest, temporary, revokable licenses will be issued to applicants.

"It should be understood, however, that in the meantime every broadcasting of a copyrighted musical composition, unless the consent of the proprietor of copyright therein has been secured, constitutes in our opinion, a public performance for purposes of profit, and consequently an infringement of copyright, subjecting the infringer to legal consequences involving severe penalties.

"As to the compositions of which our members are copyright proprietors, we wish to advise that in each and every case where such are infringed, on and after September 10, 1922, by public performance through unauthorized broadcasting, coming to our notice, suits will be filed in the United States Courts, for recovery for such infringements.

"Our attitude toward 'radio,' and our disposition as to its complete development, is entirely sympathetic and friendly, notwithstanding enormous losses in our revenue which we believe to have been caused by its great popularity; but we are obliged, in protection of our obvious and just rights, to insist upon their recognition by those who operate broadcasting stations.

"We therefore invite your prompt response to this letter, and your application for a temporary license, pending the outcome of the conference shortly to be held.

"Such application will be received up to and including September 9, after which date complaints will be filed and injunctions asked for in each and every case of infringement coming to our attention. . . . "

MUSIC AND LABOR

By Frederic W. Burry

MODERN industry is not usually associated with music. The age of machinery has driven out some of the joy that man used to find in his work—beautiful, lasting hand-work. If he whistles or sings at times in spite of it all, he is drowned out by the noise of the machines. Modern industry is in some respects a sordid, ugly thing by which men's souls are ofttimes ground down and their artistic aspirations crushed by the insistent demand for "output."

Machines have lessened labor, but there has been no compensation of uplifting leisure which might be expected from the introduction of labor-saving devices.

"Merrie England" is no more—when men sang at their work, and made the air vibrant with sweet sounds. Strenuous America has hushed the melodies of pioneer days, the lazy plantation songs and rhythmical tunes.

But we discern a reaction on the way. We have discovered that while one machine will do the work of a hundred men the individual is no better off, and that over-production and unemployment turn "civilization" into a nightmare. Machines have smothered music and all delight, so that even men and all their forces become merely so much machinery.

Yes, the inevitable reaction is discernible. We go through the museums and discover that the handiwork of former days is far superior to what the machine can produce, and that the inevitable defects that go with things done by hand only add charm—that is, if there are not too many blemishes.

This is not saying that the age of machinery is all a mistake. But our cunning inventions, whereby a few might benefit at the expense of many mechanics, is not by any means a royal road to civic happiness. Idleness gives no satisfaction. We are grateful for any saving of drudgery, but our machinery has been crude. Now the mind must turn toward simplification of mechanical means.

That is what is now being done. Machinery is being produced which is less cumbersome, until some actually declare the time will come when none at all will be required and man's sources of power will be drawn direct from the air or ether. Aladdin-like, he will magically draw on infinite resources and his will shall give expression to his ideals in works of beauty.

As Edward Carpenter sings in his book, "Angels' Wings":

Through the long night-time,
Where the nations wander
From Eden past to
Paradise to be,
Art's sacred flowers
Like fair stars
Shining yonder,
Alone illumine
Life's obscurity.

O gracious Artists!
Out of your deep hearts
'Tis some great Sun, I
think by men unguessed,
Whose rays come struggling
thus in slender darts
To shadow what Is,
Till Time shall
manifest.

The extraordinarily rapid achievements in radio activity are indicative of the promise of the future. And what is it that the people want—what are the messages they seek from the celestial aethers? Is it a dry-as-dust lecture on how to lead a better life and so forth? It is not.

But it is Music! The atmosphere is a rustle with the angel wings that move in spheres of music, telling us that life is not all deviltry and damnation; strife and greed; that while life is essentially a battle, underneath the superficies it is in reality a beautiful battle—a potential, co-operative combat of opposing forces which only clash because there has been no conscious control. Even love is a battle, but it need not be that passionate, strenuous strife that yields no content—that creates only dead and dying things.

Our ideals are coming out into the open—as it is in Heaven, so it is to be on earth.

A glorious Procession is just bending around the corner—coming our way, headed by a celestial orchestra. Let us join in and add our music that inspiration may be increased—sweet Music, chieftess of the arts, that will lead man on and on to wondrous heights, "trailing clouds of glory as he comes," as he keeps step with Life's never ceasing Procession.

GOSSIP GATHERED BY THE GADDER

HERE is the wondrously beautiful and all comprehensive motto of the Saturday Club of Sacramento, California, as printed in *Music and Musicians* for August:

To me it seems as if when God conceived the world—that was Poetry;
He formed it—that was Sculpture;
He colored it—that was Painting;
He peopled it with living beings—that was Drama;
He breathed, and
Through every human pulse a something stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul;
Something of life in spirit and blood,
Something of nature fair and good—
That was Music!

Do you recall the old squib of "How old is Ann?" and have you ever asked yourself how old is the pian—o? The *Boston American* answers the last question for you in the following:

The "Beggar's Opera" fixes the date of the first use in public of the piano. At a performance in 1767 a Miss Buckler sang a song from "Judith," accompanied by a new instrument called the pianoforte.

Although many times some players of a piano make it sound somewhat akin to the noisy percussion rampant in a boiler factory, who would think of linking the instrument with a locomotive in any way or imagine it of any use in a locomotive workshop? Probably few, whether or not players of the instrument, yet it is found to play a most important part in finishing the great "moguls" of the railroads. Says the *Scientific American*:

There is no better way of discovering cracks and defects in the machinery of a locomotive than by striking the metal with a hammer and then comparing the noise of the vibrations with the piano notes. The man operating the piano must have a trained ear for music, seeing that it is his business to listen for the slightest discords. If the metal rings harmoniously with the piano note, all is well; the least flaw will result in a discord.

Defects that are hardly to be noticed by the ordinary method of hammering are at once evident when the piano test is employed. A locomotive that rings true all over, each note which it yields synchronizing properly with the same note as given by the piano, is certainly fit to take its place in service on the railway.

If music publishers in general accept and are unanimous in putting into operation the plan proposed by a prominent musical merchandise firm in New York City, it seems probable that what might be termed a ukulelean ukase will give the 'umble ukulele the broad dignity of printed publicity. It is recommended that when printing the new releases of their popular songs music publishers shall include on the fly leaf of each folio a ukulele accompaniment to the number, the proposers of the plan claiming that this would afford the publishers a larger sales-scope for such numbers, as the constantly increasing numbers of ukulele players would then be able to play a correct accompaniment to popular songs and not the hit-or-miss vamping that is now the rule.

With millions of the instruments actually in the hands of players throughout this country, and with their manufacture and importation constantly going on, there is no question as to the present popularity of the ukulele—a popularity which was given strong impetus some years ago through the instrument being introduced into a play by Richard Tully, "The Bird of Paradise," which opened with Guy Bates Post. This play, which brought the ukulele into public prominence through the stage, closed only a few months ago, after a continuous run of more than ten years, with road and stock companies presenting the instrument in countless performances that constantly invited its lovers to take it up and play it.

The projectors of the "ukulelean ukase" claim that of all the thousands upon thousands of these players of the ukulele, the most of them make only blind stabs at the correct harmonies of the new popular songs, and this for the simple reason that no authentically arranged accompaniments for the pieces are available. It also is claimed that those publishers thus far interviewed have not only given the plan their hearty approval, but wax enthusiastic over what they consider an opportunity for greatly increasing the demand and consequent bigger market for their popular output. Incidentally, it likewise would mean greater popularity and increased sales of the Hawaiian instrument. If the publishers should adopt the proposed plan then real "ukers" soon may expect to hear bigger and better "uking" on their no longer 'umble "uke." Blessed be the Publishers!

MUSIC MART MEANDERINGS

Continued from Page 4

"Down Virginia Way" is the result of another Jack Yellen hitch-up—this one with Abe Olman and Gladys Gilbert in triple song collaborating. Remick & Company tied the publishing knot in this musical union.

"So Long, Bert," may sound like a farewell, but in this case it is both greeting and good-bye. It is the latest catalog greeting from the Arrow Music Company, Inc., and is a ballad written to the memory of the late Bert Williams.

In "Spices of 1922," the musical show now running at the Winter Garden in New York, Shapiro, Bernstein & Company, Inc., are well represented musically by no less than six of their publications: "I'm In Love with You," "Two Little Wooden Shoes," "Way

Down Yonder in New Orleans," "A Little Side Street in Paris," "Swanee Sway" and "Old Fashioned Cake Walk."

It's a safe bet that it wasn't nostalgia, which is medico for homesickness, that impelled Irving Berlin to write "Homesick," his latest song that is to be published in the fall.

"Struttin' at the Strutters' Ball," "It's the Last Time You'll Ever Do Me Wrong," and "State Street Blues" are three new songs that Spencer Williams has placed with Leo Feist, Inc., for publication.

SAXOPHONE DEVELOPING LOVE OF MUSIC

By George Hahn

SAXOPHONES are developing a love for music among young men who, in a great many instances, otherwise would not think of taking up a musical instrument. The saxophone advertisements have had considerable to do with this encouragement of the musical instinct. Many manufacturers and dealers have advertised that these instruments could be learned in a few weeks, and thousands of young men fell for the claim. Few of them are sorry, however, even if they found that good tone production required longer than a few weeks to acquire.

The result of all this is that these young men now play an instrument, are immersed in the possibilities of the saxophone and satisfied to be numbered among the players of this popular instrument. But what is most important of all is that they are interested in music and many have become concert-goers. Nor, because they are players of the saxophone, does it mean they are oblivious to the beauties of other instruments or of instruments in combination. As a rule they are not self-centered. Young fellows who a few years ago did not know one note from another, today are not only versed in the intricacies of reading music and transposing it to suit the saxophones, but possess a broad-minded view of music that many serious musicians would do well to cultivate.

The same of course is true of the players of other instruments, stringed and wind, but in view of the large increment into the realm of music lovers brought about by the reign of the saxophone, this instrument has accomplished a service for music in this country that should not be overlooked when looking around for pegs upon which to hang credit.

ACTORS AND AUDITORS

By Frederic W. Burry

"ALL the world's a stage." There is nothing very original in that saying. In fact, as it also has been said before, there is nothing new under the sun.

Life is a series of repetitions and recurrences. But nothing repeats itself exactly in the same way, for life's cycle is spiral, continually ascending—always progressing. So every day brings its surprises—new viewpoints.

Personality is a marked factor. You see its imprint everywhere. It is hard to define, but in every activity large or small it stands out as the creative power. History is the record of strong individuals. Therefore, acquire more power.

Nowhere is this influence of personality more noticeable than in the realm of fine art. The writers feature themselves in their work. In the language of literature and of music the composer cannot disguise himself to the initiated. When you hear a certain song or read a particular poem you instinctively think of the creator's name—at least you are reminded of some outstanding master, for many of the minor poets only feebly imitate the leaders who have gone before.

There is great fun in acting—that is, in doing something, participating in the world's work instead of merely looking on.

There is an impression among some persons that musicians as a class are indolent, shiftless, unpractical. This is only true of an inconsequent number, for there is nothing which calls for more real work than achievement in the fine arts—and I mean work in every sense of the word.

Your artist is an all-round man, versatile—what some might call a jack-of-all-trades. He has to touch life at all points, to come in contact with the

world from every angle, and unless he has passed through the purgatory, called experience, he is merely one of the *dilettanti*.

I have spoken to comedians off the stage and they have told me of their extraordinary shocks and knocks, such as messages of disaster handed to them just as they were about to appear before an audience to make the people laugh. And they still fulfilled their contract. They made the people laugh, for actors are adepts in the art of self-control and they do not believe in taking life or themselves too seriously.

Faith without work is dead. We learn much by observation, more by doing. No delight compares with the feeling of creatorship and accomplishment. Ideas come from mixing and taking part with the ordinary affairs of the earth. The translating of these ideas into form and structure we call "art." Adding the touch of excellence, we call it "fine art."

Yes, there must be the touch. We must act, there must be manual contact. I know two sisters—both musicians. Both have to do their housework. One wears gloves—she is the mediocre artist. The other does her work with her bare hands—she is a pianist of the first order and she brings up a large family, too. However, there is no call for needless drudgery and gloves have their value.

One of the leading pianists before the public today built his own automobile.

Study one thing, and it leads you into all studies. The study of music carries you into languages; it develops grace and rhythm, cultivates memory, makes for complete culture and concentration. Mechanics, physics, the sciences—all are embraced in the fine art of music culture.

Most of the readers of MELODY are doers. Their interest lies in the presentation of music that pleases, and through this innocent pleasure comes stimulation toward further health and achievement.

MELODY'S music is democratic music that will "raise up them that fall," and help others to remain on their feet, by the medium of uplifting amusement which will make one perceive that the sun never ceases to shine, that healing is abroad hand in hand with opportunity, and that love still remains constant as the ever creating power—happiness the sure and certain goal and destiny of existence.

Schopenhauer, the arch pessimist, wrote mighty tones to prove that life was essentially evil, that consciousness was the great mistake of nature. But his biographers declare that he must have modified his notions in his later days, for he learned to play the flute.

The charm of music makes you forget your troubles, those fretful, childish fears the most of which never happen—those self-conscious misunderstandings. And a little work can make one perform as well as perceive—taking a little joyful part in the art of creation.

Jack Yellen is the well-known writer who back in the world-war days pulled a prize for writing the lyrics for "Battle Song of Liberty," a Walter Jacobs, Inc., war adaptation from Bayley's famous "National Emblem" march. Mr. Yellen evidently didn't take his own "Liberty" lyric deeply to heart, as in August he relinquished personal liberty by entering into the monopoly of marriage with Miss Sylvia Stiller, who gladly changed from a "Stiller" maiden to a "Yellen" matron. They are on a happy honeymoon.

"My Daddy," "Yoo Hoo" and "When Shall We Three Meet Again" are three Jerome Remick numbers that scored a happy "meet" in music meat when the Howard Brothers (Willie and Eugene) scored a feature hit with them at the Heilig Theatre in Portland.

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FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

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