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FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

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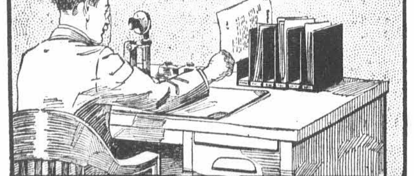
Music Mart Meanderings

EVERYTHING considered, musically, modernly and monetarily, it is better to be a live jazzist than a dead classicist.

When the white winter blanket of earth was of just the right consistency to cling, pile up and increase, as a boy did you ever start rolling a little lump of snow, then watch it grow and grow and grow from a little snowball into a huge ball of snow? It sometimes is the same with musical efforts, which may increase into a piled up force of unexpected power. It was some twenty years ago that a young chap, whose name possibly might have counted on a poll tax receipt but which at that time didn't mean much on a music manuscript, started rolling a little song ball of just the right musical consistency to gather and hold popularity, and—well, maybe that first little ball hasn't grown and grown and grown in popular power! There may be nothing in a name, yet strange to say that of the young man who started rolling this particular music ball is Ball (Ernest R.), and the song with which he started the rolling was "Love Me, and the World is Mine"—practically, a little song ball that has rolled and grown into a big ball of Ball songs.

That first song has now rolled up into a complete Ball catalog by itself that in all probability is rolling up profits for both composer and publisher. Some of the now accumulated songs are "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "As Long as the World Rolls On," "To the End of the World with You," "All the World Will Be Jealous of Me," "Mother Machree," "Goodbye Mother Machree," "You're the Best Little Mother God Ever Made," "Mother of Pearl," "Down the Trail to Home, Sweet Home," "In the Garden of My Heart," "I Love the Name of Mary," "When Irish Eyes are Smiling," "'Tis an Irish Girl I Love and She's Just Like You," "She's the Daughter of Mother Machree," "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold," and a bunch more of them down to "For the Sake of Auld Lang Syne," the last song that strangely enough Mr. Ball completed under the old contract with his present publishers. The old contract expired in December, 1922, and at the beginning of 1923 was renewed for a long term of service with M. Witmark & Sons of New York City—the same music publishing firm that has been successfully rolling the Ball songs for twenty or more successive years.

"Falling" doesn't always refer to thermometers or barometers, for a lot of musical people seem to be falling for a popular "Falling," the new fox trot song that its publishers call "a golden melody out of the golden West." Falling into line and fox trotting right along with it are "Carolina" (a big hit from the "Passing Show of 1922"),



"My Buddy" (one of Al Jolson's melody hits), "I'm Thru" (Shedding Tears for You), by the chaps who were responsible for "Nobody Lied," and "I'm Just a Little Blue" (For You). All of this bunch are falling from the establishment of Jerome H. Remick & Company, and all are arranged for band and orchestra.

"Who Cares?" Evidently Al Jolson does for one because he has added the novelty fox trot song of that title to his singing repertory, and probably the Ager, Yellen & Bornstein firm does for another because it publishes the song. Most likely, however, the biggest bunch "who cares" will be the public that hears Jolson sing it, and fox trotted right down to notes and brass tacks it's the public's "Who Cares?" that in the summing up counts.

Yes, it was "One Night in June" "Down in Maryland" that "You Gave Me Your Heart" (I Gave You Mine). Then "I Gave You Up" (Just Before You Threw Me Down), and now it's the "Haunting Blues" for me because you hint of "Aggravatin' Papa" (Don't You Try to Two-Time Me). That may all sound spoofy or spoony, but it's a Waterson, Berlin & Snyder romance connotated from the titles of a few of that firm's latest dance hits.

Two isn't such a many when it's counted in dollars or coal nuggets, but it's some bunch when a music publisher has several of his issues radio broadcasted by TWO stations in the same place on the same night, and that's exactly what happened to the Sam Fox Publishing Company when stations KWH and HFI in Los Angeles had what they designated as a "Sam Fox Night" about the middle of November last. The program for the Fox night (musically, a Fox "hunt") was put up and put over by Herb Wiedoeft and his bunch of Cinderella Roof Players—Gene Sigrist, Fred Biebesheimer, Gay Wiedoeft, Lawrence Abbott, Benito Kaitz, Jose Saucedo, Ad Wiedoeft, Gene Rose and Herb himself—and the Fox numbers that were broadcasted were "Nola" (Felix Arndt), "Swanee Smiles" (Fred Hager and Justin Ring), "I Love a Little Cottage" (R. G. Stott and Geofrey O'Hara), "Romany Love" (Arthur J. Lamb and J. S. Zamecnik) and "Eleanor" (Jessie L. Deppen).

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The Song and the Symphony

By George Hahn

WHAT is generally known as a "great and glorious feeling" possessed Bill Hanks and Vladimer Gordas. Their outlook upon life was as dissimilar as their names; their conception of music differed even more so.

Bill was a popular writer; Vladimer attempted to scale the mounts of Parnassus leading to symphony and grand opera halls. Of foreign parentage, he had an idea that America needed a great American symphony or a great American opera and he proposed to furnish at least one of them.

Bill Hanks, on the other hand, was a native product. He had been born in the feud district of Kentucky but ran away from home when a boy, after his father had paid the penalty of being "too slow on the draw" at a critical moment and his mother had married a mountaineer the boy didn't like.

By the time Bill was old enough to vote he had "picked up" enough about music to play a piano à la jazz. As a cabaret performer he became quite a little star. At night he slept on the third floor back—or maybe it was the fourth. Anyway, while sprawling upon what the landlady claimed was a bed he started musing, thinking of the lonesome hills of his native state. While thus occupied he was seized with the idea that some of the Kentucky "lonesome tunes" he had heard back home would form piquant novelties for popular songs. Perhaps he could intrigue a publisher to agree with him. Bill's ambition, therefore, was to show the blasé music public something decidedly different in tunes.

"Mebbe I'll make enough money to buy the hul state o' Kaintuk," Bill mused. Then he fell asleep and dreamed about it.

"Burning the Midnight Oil"

On the same floor was the room occupied by Vladimer Gordas, who at that particular moment didn't muse and couldn't sleep. Instead, he was bending his head over music paper upon which he was penning notes which collectively were to constitute the great American symphony for which the great American public was supposed to be waiting. Vladimer was such a good musician that he could write music without the aid of a piano or other instrument. Beethoven could do it; why not Vladimer? Hadn't his parents sent him to study with great and near-great masters in Europe, where he had been regarded as a person of rare talent?

However, as Vladimer worked, the fates that hovered round noted that there was nothing American in his symphony; he was pouring out his soul in the same way that he would have done had he been in Europe. Vladimer's idea of "good music" coincided with European models. He didn't think that the American public really wanted too much American in a great American symphony—they might not recognize it.

Both Bill and Vladimer had the use of the rooming house piano, which was an instrument of rather ancient vintage. As Bill caressed the ivories each evening and Vladimer wore out the strings of a fiddle in an orchestra, their only time for the trying over of their brain babies was in the daytime. Sometimes they met in the rooming house "parlor" and talked about "business"—just as two business men would do. They agreed upon everything but symphonies and popular songs.

In the course of time Bill completed his lonesome tunes and Vladimer completed his symphony. Bill called on publishers personally and accumulated experience. Vladimer trailed after symphony conductors and got a different kind of experience.

Just as the constant dripping of water upon a rock will wear it away so will persistence, plus skill, attain success. Both Bill and Vladimer got tuned up with this little goddess. The landlady feared she would lose two good roomers, realizing that her quarters were not designed for ultra-successful men.

Bill Hits the Bull's Eye

One of Bill's lonesome tunes, hitched to a sparkling poem furnished by a staff poet of a publishing firm, took the public by storm. Bill himself was hitched to a royalty contract and soon began to feel that he had left penury as far behind as the hills of Kentucky. Vladimer made a deal with a symphony orchestra conductor to play his symphony, he himself furnishing the parts for the instruments. It was a terrible job, writing them out, but the prospect of hearing a hundred musicians perform the work gave Vladimer the requisite energy.

One morning a high-powered automobile stopped in front of the Twelfth street rooming house. Bill stepped from it. Vladimer and the landlady saw him from a window. A chauffeur remained at the wheel.

"Come, folks, out for a ride," shouted Bill to the landlady and the symphony writer. "Let me know what you think of my car."

While rolling through Central Park the landlady remarked to Bill that he must be a smart man to earn enough in a short time to buy such an expensive car. Vladimer grew sullen; he deemed himself a smarter man than Bill but his symphony had not brought the price of a tire.

An Interview With W. Remington Welch

Organist at McVicker's Theater, Chicago

By A. C. E. Schonemann

W. REMINGTON WELCH started out in life to become a sanitary engineer. The fact that he never realized this youthful ambition can be attributed to a peculiar turn of circumstances wherein he accepted the invitation of a friend to play pictures in a Rochester movie house. It was here that Mr. Welch began, back in 1912, his career as an organist, and he has steadily advanced in his chosen profession until some months ago he came to Chicago to become principal organist at McVicker's Theater.

Mr. Welch took to music as do most youngsters in that the entire matter revolved around parental desire. He was four years old when he began studying piano. When he grew up and went to the high school in Rochester, N. Y., he continued his musical studies, but the desire to become a sanitary engineer was uppermost in his mind when the subject of a career was under consideration.

The turning point in the life of Mr. Welch came in 1912 when a friend in Rochester invited him to become the assistant to the organist playing in Fitzhugh Hall, one of the pioneer picture houses in that city. Mr. Welch had studied the piano during the greater part of his life, but the suggestion that he play the organ was something of a challenge. He did, however, accept the position and today he admits his start was due to that adventure—for it was an adventure in every sense of the word—which took place eleven years ago.

"In those days," said Mr. Welch, discussing his work, "we usually had a big western or society picture and the thought of actually playing the picture was not a matter that was given very serious consideration. The regular organist did the greater part of the organ work and he would sit down at the organ, open an album of overtures and go through them all without any regard for the pictures. I was the relief man and my part of the work was to sit in and play the organ and piano interpolations when the principal organist left the pit for rest periods. In the ten months that followed I spent my time trying to play the pictures and in working along well defined lines. Despite the fact that the moving picture venture in our house did not prove to be a success I was in the game and in it to stay."

Mr. Welch's work following the Rochester apprenticeship carried him to Cleveland and then to Detroit where he played in the Broadway Strand and, eventually, to New York where he was solo organist at the Rialto Theater. He came to Chicago last year when the new McVicker's Theater was opened.

In the years following his entry into the profession of playing pictures on the organ—and he contends it is a highly specialized profession—he has found that close association with and study of the human family has been the most potential force contributing to his success in scoring pictures.

"Audiences have a way of treating organ interpolations 'cold' or 'knocking them down'," said Mr. Welch. "Most people expect something different in a musical way from the organist. They have had an overture or big operatic selection from the orchestra; they have watched the scenes from the big feature film; educational pictures and special acts have contributed their part to the program, and when the organist goes out to do his turn he must present something entirely different—something to relieve the study and serious attention that the audience must give if it follows the program.

"With the organ the musician has an unlimited field to express himself in a musical way. He has at his command almost everything that an orchestra can offer, and all the effects necessary to express humor, pathos, the grotesque, great joy and intense sorrow. He can utilize the old-fashioned parody to a good advantage by taking the song hits of the day and supplying his own lyrics; he can inject his humorous lines and can capitalize in a musical way the news events of the day, and further develop themes that are 'in the air' and known and appreciated by the people.

"The organist playing in the movie house today must be original in his thought; he should use the new and novel in playing and he should have a sense of humor so that he can interpret musically whatever he can draw from life and present in a manner that will appeal to people. One can

W. Remington Welch

generally 'feel' an audience and when men and women will unconsciously beat time with their feet and hands, when they can comprehend the humor of a situation without going beneath the surface, you can conclude that the people are following you and will freely express their appreciation for your work.

"Men and women go to the moving picture house to be entertained and they want variety in their music and their pictures. The serious side of life does not have the appeal that a bit of humor does and for this reason you will find that an audience will not hesitate to express itself if an organist can present something that is novel or original. It may be light or trifling, but if it can carry a laugh the audience will probably find it and enjoy it."

Mr. Welch has never studied the organ. He obtained most of his experience and training through actual work in the theater and in selling moving picture theater organs, having devoted a number of years to the last named profession. He became familiar with the actual production side of the modern picture house organ through his contact with men who have made and demonstrated this type of organ. He has traveled extensively and at various times has installed a number of instruments in eastern moving picture houses.

"The organ has been perfected to a point where its powers as an instrument are almost unequalled," said Mr. Welch in speaking of the modern organ. "It isn't fair to compare a church organ with the organ used in the moving picture house because each serves a different purpose.

"Some years ago Hope Jones constructed almost entirely by hand the parts for three organs which were installed in moving picture houses. The organs manufactured later for picture playing were improved from time to time, and the modern organ is really the successor to the organs that Jones made. All of the orchestral effects are at the command of the organist with the modern instrument. It is capable of running the gauntlet of emotions and it is a king among the instruments today."

Mr. Welch turned from the subject of organs to that of popular music and pointed out that smooth rhythm was essential in music to satisfy the public. He argued that the light and trifling theme in a song number together with a facetious angle would invariably become popular.

"Jazz is dead," he continued. "It has been dead for five years. The old Dixie bands brought it out from the south but today it is only a memory. The type of song that appeals at present is the number with the easy-going melody or the song that has pep and punch. No matter how good a particular number may be it is often necessary to revamp it to present it in a manner that will go over with the audience. Whiteman gave us the special orchestra arrangement, and it has been developed to a point where originality has an important part to play in the presentation of a popular number. The moving picture organist should also inject his ideas into his musical interpolations. He must be in a position to utilize from week to week any striking feature that will entertain and delight his audience, and must be alert for any suggestion that will enable him to interpret it in a musical way, and always take into consideration the audience he is serving."

Mr. Welch works out his organ programs by selecting musical themes and then building up his "lines" to correspond. He may select a popular melody preparing his own interpretation of it and at the same time draw up the "lines" which are later placed on slides, the last named serving with the music to put over the number. A ballad, he says, may offer him an opportunity to develop a serious theme, but he prefers to use a motif that is humorous.

"The average audience is always responsive to a laugh," said Mr. Welch, "and the organist should always consider this fact. Out in life we have the serious side to face and when we go to the moving picture house we want to get away from the cares and problems that confront us. The duty of the organist in the movie house is to draw on every force at his command to produce a laugh, to teach people to laugh and enjoy the humorous side of life. He must take his work seriously and above all he should never forget that to play for people he must know them and play the music they enjoy and can understand."

THE music critic of a Moscow paper bellows like a Bolsheviki bull in writing that music offered the masses should suggest coal, locomotives and factories. Bet he never heard a bunch of American riveting machines. He lets his red rhythm run further riot over the masters. To him "classical music is nauseating. Bach, Haydn and Gluck personify the feudal state; Tschaikowsky is the composer of the vested land owners; Schubert, Schumann and Chopin are little bourgeoise knaves, and Wagner's music was written for the junkers and the capitalists." He doesn't rave quite so rabidly over Beethoven and Mozart, although he finds the latter "unduly tinged with Catholicism." Wonder whether he ever heard Schoenberg, and where would some of our American jazz composers get off with him?

Practical Philosophy

"It's this away," Bill later explained to Vladimer, as they sat together in a restaurant. "You all go in for high brow stuff and think everybody else should go in for it too. But they don't. Ef Mr. Ford h'd insisted on makin' flyin' machines because he wanted everybody to fly, instead o' making flivvers, he wouldn't 've been known as anything more than a bug manufacturer trying to uplift the public—or mebbe he'd be broke, I reckon.

"Now in this music business it's this away," Bill continued. "You can write a symphony, but there's nuthin' but glory in it. That's why more gifted Americans ain't writin' 'em. If there was real money in 'em there would be plenty o' Americans writin' 'em and I'm here to ejaculate that they'd be good uns, too.

"Look at our record for inventing machines. Sho', we've got a flock o' natural born inventors, but don't overlook th' impo'tant fact that a lot o' those natural born inventors wouldn't turn a finger or tickle their brain for a second if they didn't know that they might get very rich by inventin' somethin'. If thur h'd been no American patent laws, which insure thet th' bird doing the inventin' will have a chance to gain money, there would 've been a darn sight fewer inventions, about as many as they invent in China. Th't ain't no pipe dream, either, as you all realize you'd invent something tomorrow if you all could 'cus it would provide an automobile something like the one I got."

"Most certainly, Bill, I'd invent anything from a bug exterminator to an elephant trap if I could, and for the reason you mention," Vladimer admitted.

"Sure you would," Bill babbled on. "But in music you're loaded down with unpractical ideas. There's a copyright law protectin' music but it don't do a symphony much good as nobody is buying any. But a popular song, such as I wrote, is a mass proposition and gets mass distribution, and the copyright law does me and my publisher as much good as the patent law does to an inventor. When somebody begins to pay real money for symphonies a lot of American musicians will begin writing 'em. Art is all right, but money is an incentive that makes art start."

Back Hum

The scene is changed. Bill is paying a visit to his boyhood environs and finds everything about the same except that folks are older and some have died. Somehow his fame as a songwriter had trickled down through the valleys and Bill was looked upon as a noted character. Mountaineers came from miles around to "get a squint" at the "local boy" who could take a Kentucky mountain tune and make the nation sing it.

Bill's mother prepared a supper that was not as frugal as the general run of mountain suppers. And as Bill did his best to make his jaded and ultra-refined city appetite enjoy the cooking his mother gave him the piece of her mind she had been saving for him.

"How could you treat that lonesome tune theta way, Bill," she whined. "It has been in the family ever since we uns sprung from Adam and Eve. Me grandmother told me 'twas brought over from England long befur Gawge Washin'ton made the country. She opinionated that uver in England they's got it from somewheres else. Enyways, she said it was sacred and not to ever let it get out o' the family. And now yo' all has gone and done it."

Interpretive Music for the Movies

By Joseph Fox

(From Jacobs' Orchestra-Band Monthlies)

NO. 9—MUSIC FOR THE NEWS REEL

NEXT to the feature production, the news reel is probably the most important subject on the picture program to fit with music. Notwithstanding the fact that this is a comparatively easy thing to do, we have lately listened to some—well, to say the least—exceedingly mediocre attempts to do this little stunt.

In one theater, lately, the picture of a terrible fire was shown, and if you were given ten guesses you would never hit upon the piece that the poor, misguided organist with a perverted sense of humor played—"A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Yes sir, this misfit played that very piece, in the face of a leader which announced that several people were cremated in said fire. Had we been manager of that theater about that time, there would have been an organist's seat vacant mighty pronto. The news reel when properly played is one of the most entertaining subjects on any picture program, and as such should be as carefully cued as any other part of the show.

We happened into another house recently where the news reel is evidently used merely as a fill-in. The leader here does not try to fit suitable music to the events being shown on the screen, and the results, to put it mildly, are often incongruous. In one place a group of colored folks were shown dancing. This scene was followed by the funeral of some great public official. With pomp and ceremony this official personage was laid away to rest, and the music of "Turkey in the Straw"—a hang-over from the preceding scene—was played until the cortége had walked half a block or so.

Now it may be within the bounds of possibilities that some few people didn't notice this terrible display of bad taste. We might call it many other names that would be applicable to a numbskull leader of this type, but the editor swings a wicked blue pencil, so we will have to be contented with leaving a blank space or two which you can fill in to suit yourself—here they are———and———. But we are willing to give odds that the only ones who failed to take note of the occurrence were either little boys who hadn't had their ears washed lately, or deaf people.

There is another house in town where the news reel is played with great care and understanding. If troops happen to march across the silver sheet, martial music, played at the right tempo, accompanies them. Then maybe the next news item shows some foreign ceremony. Immediately the musicians segue into a few bars that fit so well they seem to have been written especially for that particular scene, and so on. It is a very simple matter to do this, and yet so few leaders seem to take the necessary time and trouble. They seem to think that if they have half-way cued the feature they have done a pretty fair job on that program and are willing to let it go at that.

In a certain theater where we used to play, the manager came down to our little rest room one day between shows and asked the leader in no uncertain tones why he didn't play the news reel closer. The leader told him that he was playing it as close as he could, but that the cuts were too fast and too close together. They argued the pros and cons of this for some time, and then the manager gave forth the edict that the organist would and could play this part of the show all by himself, while the members of the orchestra sat and oiled up the slides on their trombones or put new E strings on their respective fiddles. Now any orchestra man knows just about how the boys felt over this, and Mr. Leader soon woke up to the fact that he had better make one more try or lose his good, elegant job one of those fine days. A few days of this, and he went to the manager, and told that gent he wanted another crack at the news reel. Well, he got it, and *he played it properly.*

It is all nonsense for a leader to take time and pains to fit one part of the program with suitable music, and allow another part to just slide past any old how. Maybe short subjects are slipped in now and then to make up a full length show, but as a rule the short subject is well worthy of the leader's best efforts. The best houses do not run anything on their screens that can be termed fillers. People do not pay high prices for poor pictures, and they will not continue to patronize the house that furnishes indifferent music.

We know of many people who get more enjoyment out of the scenic and news reels than they do out of a feature crowded with hair-breadth escapes and kisses, and doubtless there are thousands of such people in every town. As a matter of fact there must be, else the film manufacturers would not continue to supply short subjects. The best houses are in many instances featuring them, as there is an increasing demand for this sort of entertainment.

Of course the scenes on a news reel are many and altogether different, gathered as they are from every corner of the globe. The leader and his musicians never have to play to a cut-back (a cut-back is where part of a scene is played, then another scene shown, and a cut to the first scene again). Thus there is no feverish turning of music, as in the feature music, but there are many breaks no matter how carefully the scenes are cued, and these breaks must be made instantaneous and with precision. No slopovers are allowable here, and there must be no finishing the last three or four bars, else there is liable to be some such incongruity as described above, i. e., "Turkey in the Straw" for a funeral.

We have in mind a certain theater where it is a genuine pleasure to sit and listen through a news reel. The orchestra and the organ work this part of the show together always, and they certainly put it over in great style.

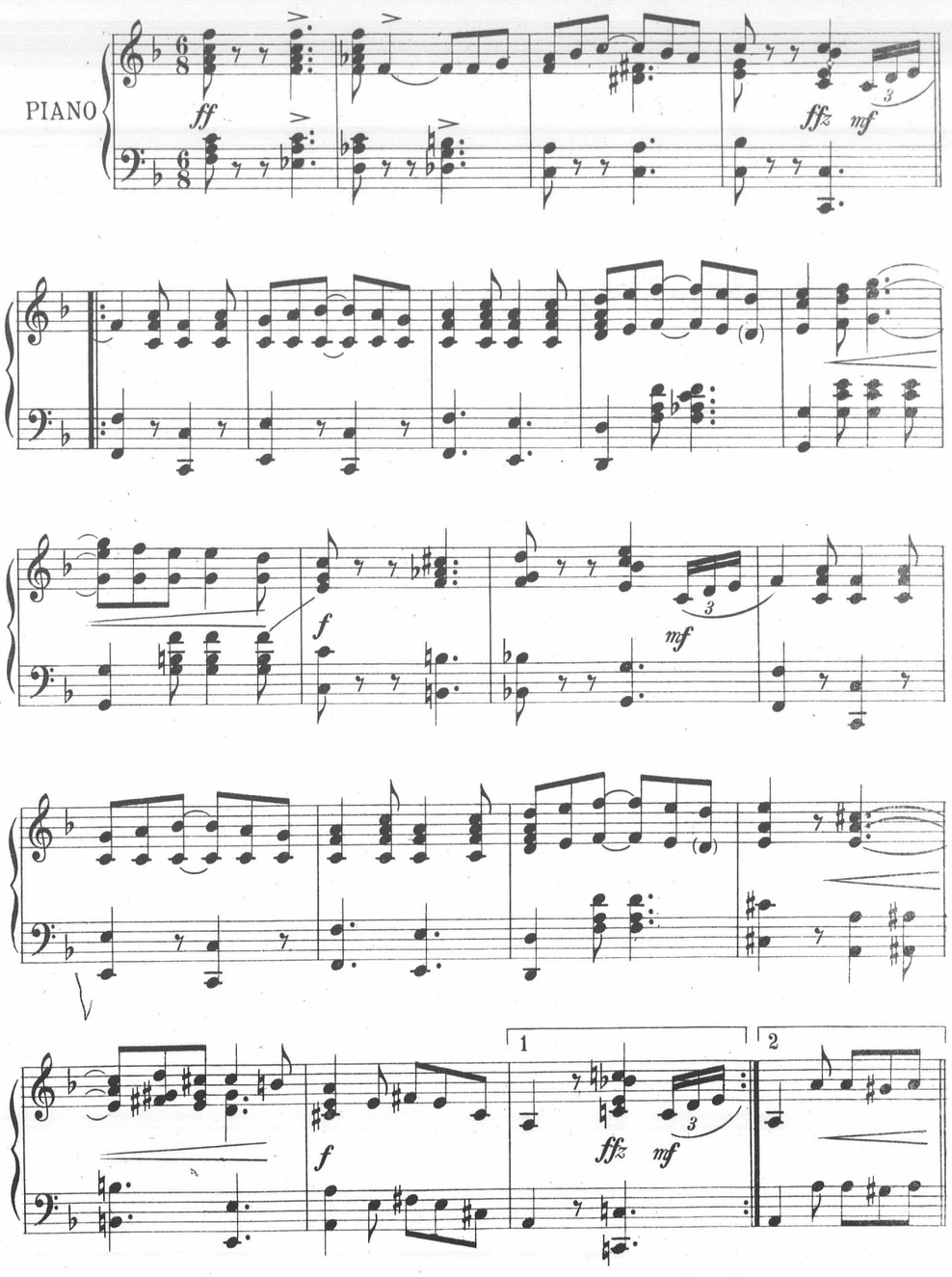
Just as an example we will cite part of a certain reel that we saw lately. The initial flight of a new airplane was shown, and a stirring march was played. As the propeller was started, the organist gave a lifelike imitation of the whirr of propeller blades by means of a big fan concealed in the part where the mechanical effects are built. One could almost feel the wind rushing past one's ears. Then a launching of a battleship was shown. As the big boat took the water, the organ again gave a good imitation of the surge of water as she took the briny. The testing of some big guns was then shown, and the drummer's tymps gave a very realistic boom as the smoke issued from the iron throats of the guns. Then a religious parade was projected. The organist did this scene alone with deep, solemn church music, and the scene was most impressive. Several local personages were then shown, with the mayor of the city among them. Immediately the strains of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" started the hand-clapping, and so on throughout the whole reel, music was provided that gave a decided kick to this part of the entertainment.

This orchestra makes a special effort to put the news reel across and it certainly succeeds. Even though the average person is not over-critical in matters musical when applied to pictures, he cannot but help notice when such music as has

The High Brows

MARCH

GEORGE L. COBB



Printed in U.S.A.

ff *mf*

ff

1 2 *ffz*

TRIO

mf–ff

MELODY

1 last

ff R.H. *ffz*

R.H.

mf *ffz*

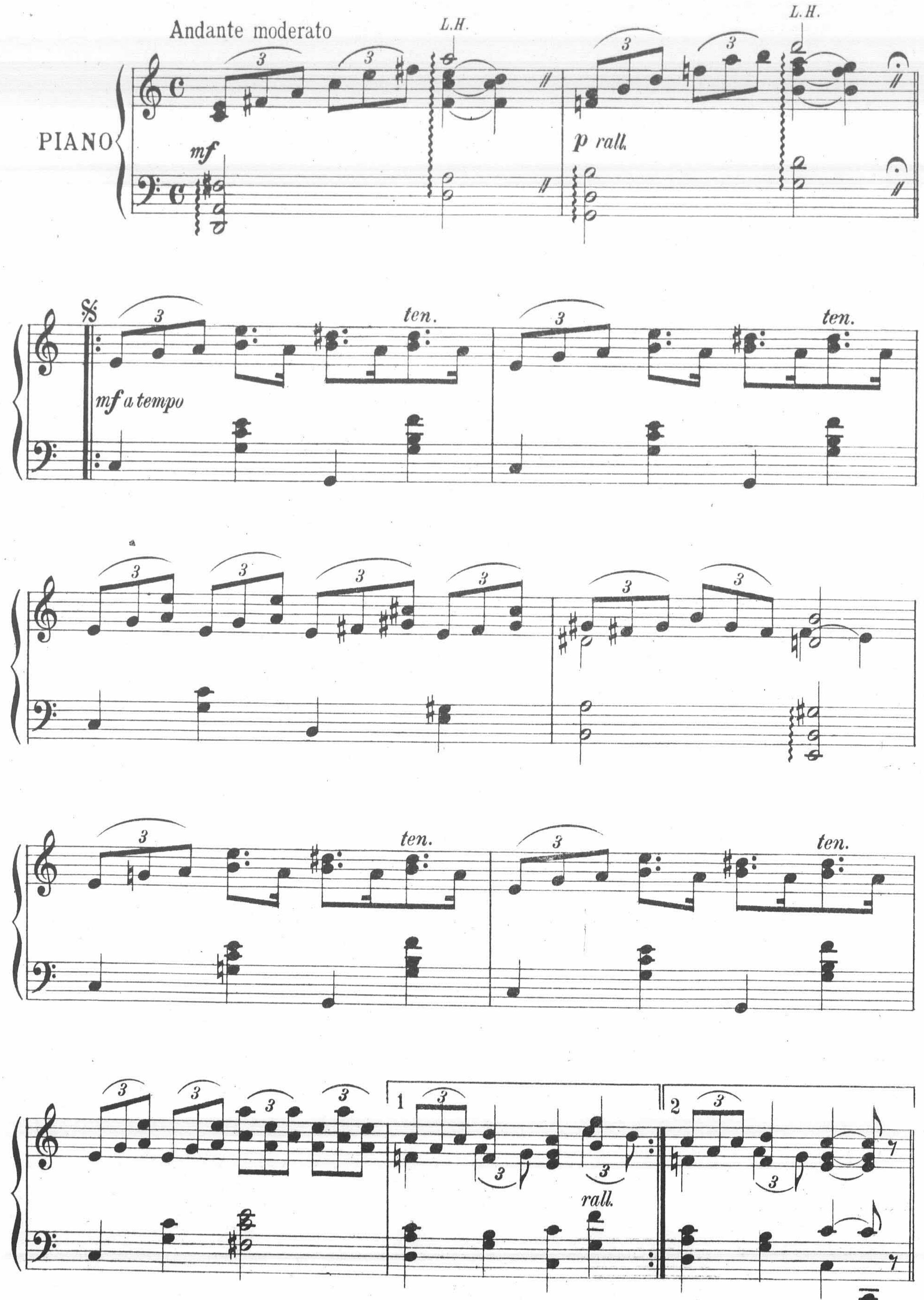
D. C. Trio al 𝄐

MELODY

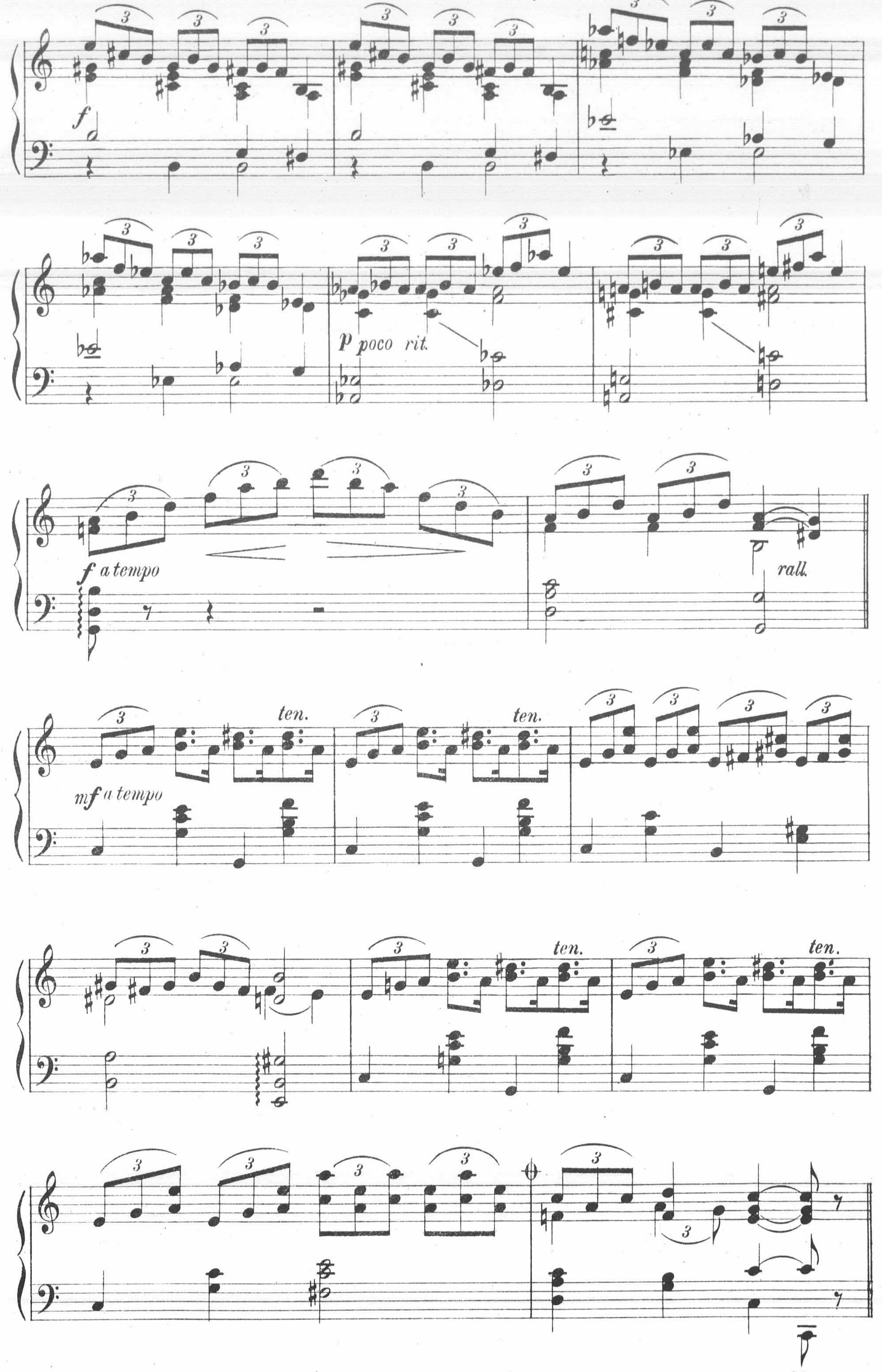
Doll Days

NOVELETTE

GEORGE L. COBB



MELODY



MELODY

p-f

poco rit.

a tempo

mf-ff

p

2d time *f*

1

rall.
L.H.

2

rall.

D. S. al ⊕

CODA

molto rall.

MELODY

Moment Gai

Allegretto quasi Tempo di Polka

NORMAN LEIGH

PIANO

mf

rit.

rubato

mf a tempo

rubato

rubato

Meno

f

mosso

Tempo I

mf

f

mf

poco rit.

a tempo

rall.

rubato

a tempo

rubato

rubato

mp

ffz

ffz

rall.

dolce

lento arpegg.

rubato

accel.

f

lunga

rapidamente

mf

f

mf

mf

f

mf

mp

8va

mf

mp

8

mf

f

mf

fffz

D.C.al

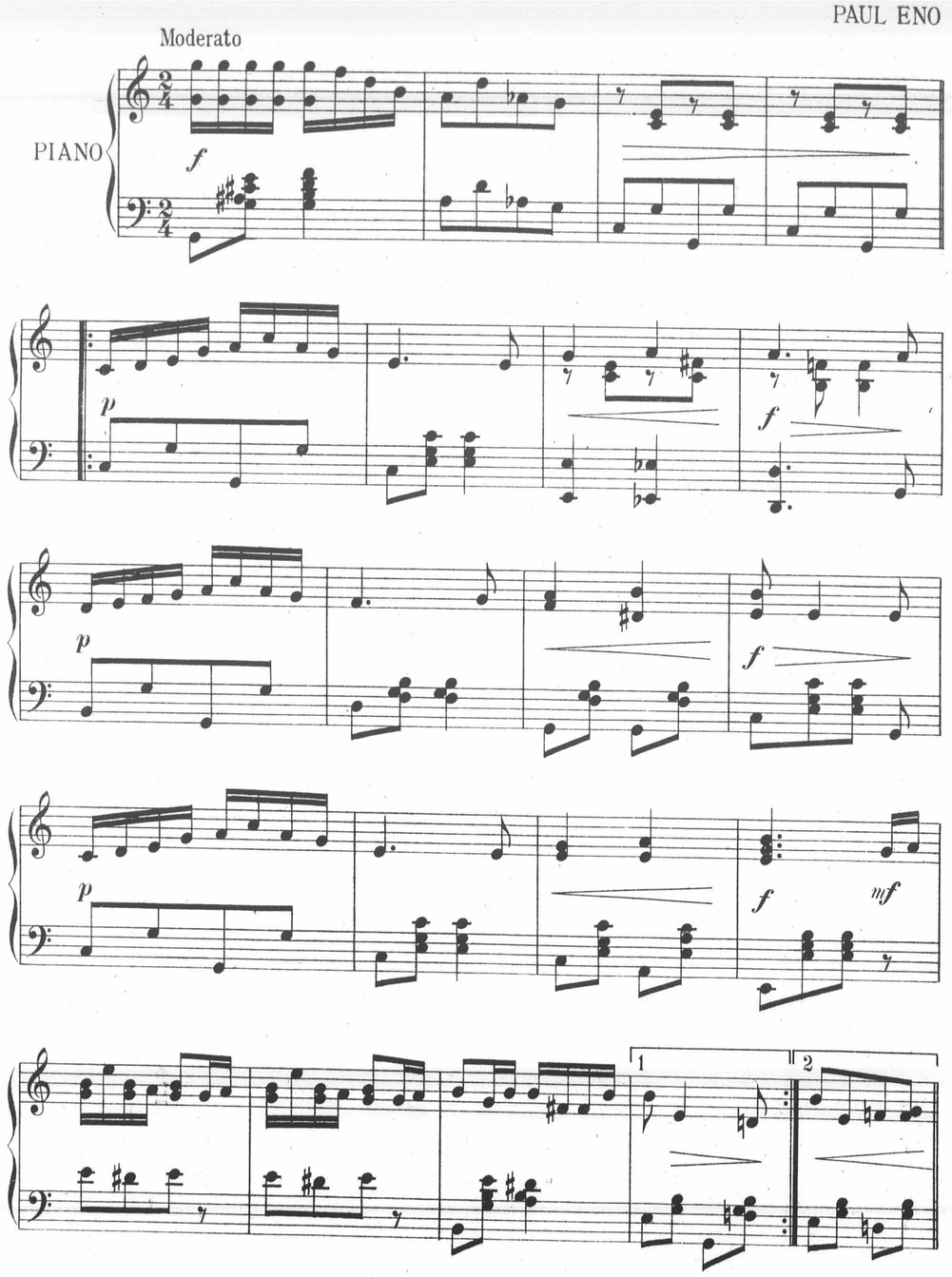
A Viscayan Belle

SERENADE FILIPINO

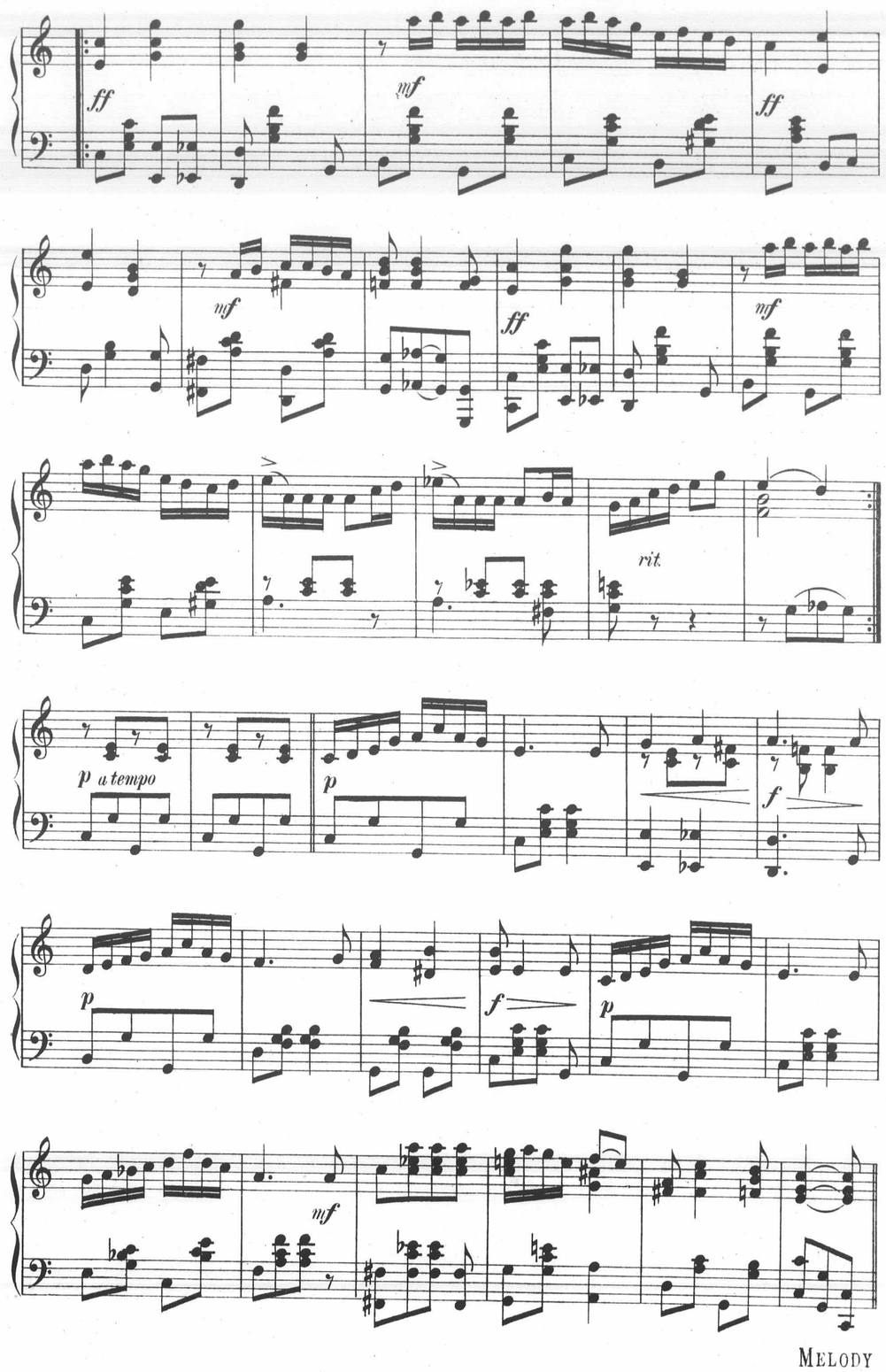
PAUL ENO

Moderato

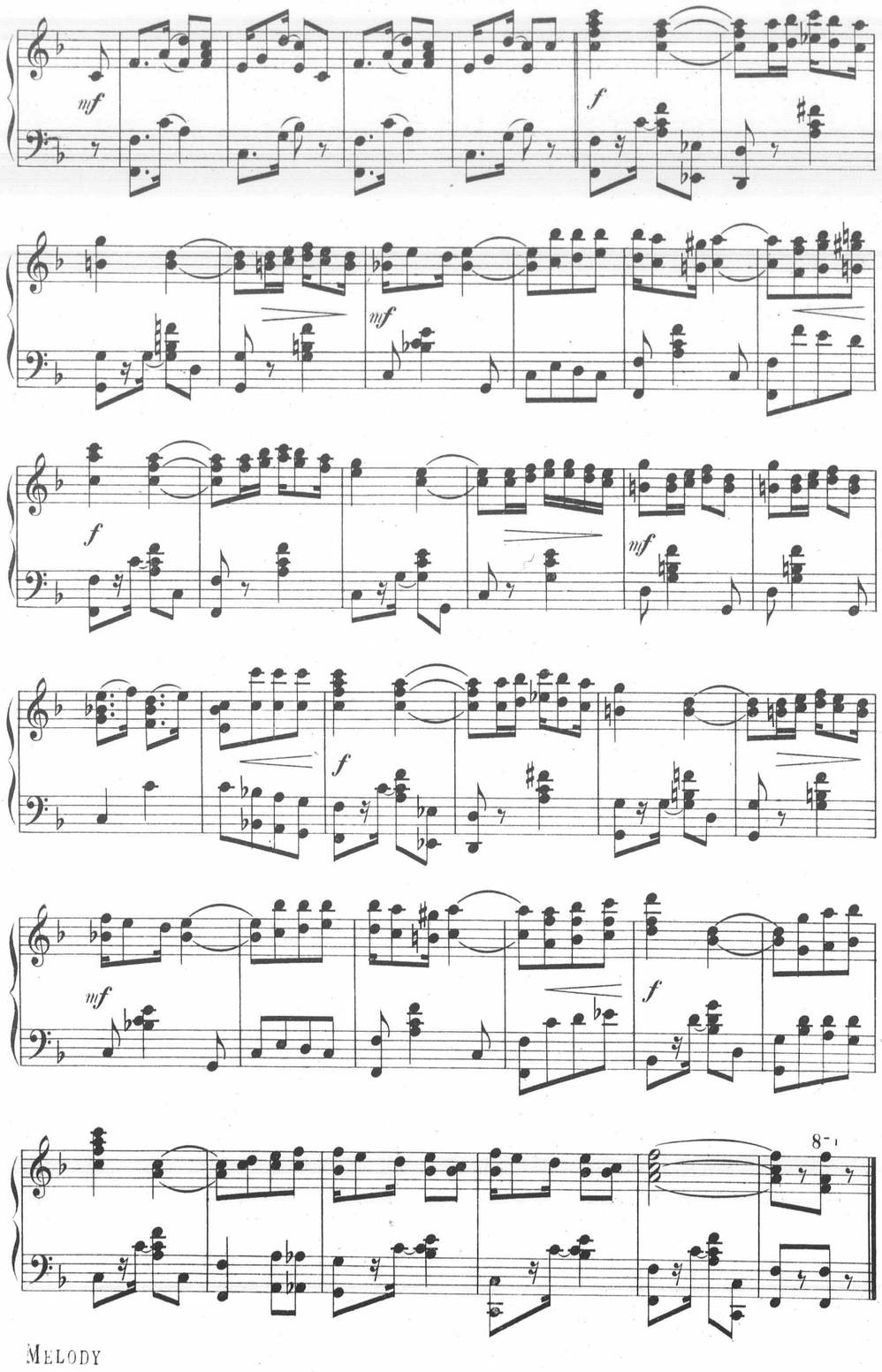
PIANO



MELODY



MELODY



Tin Pan Alley Inspiration

INSPIRATION is that curious something which is generally supposed to be the motive power back of all music composing. It's a pretty supposition ethically, but actually in these times it mostly means aspiration (financially), not unaccompaned by perspiration (physically and mentally)—at least, in Melody Lane or Tin Pan Alley, as it was earlier known. Anyone who doubts this may read the following little story written for the *New York Times* by Fred Mierisch, who cheerfully tells how inspiration manifests in this now famous music mart. Mierisch writes:

Just off the bright lights of Broadway is a side street where the passerby hears an incessant chorus of melodies, some by minstrel shouters, ballad singers, quartets and deep bass soloists. This is Tin Pan Alley, where they manufacture popular songs.

Now let us follow one of these syncopated melodies and take a glimpse inside of a song factory, where ragtime pianists are pounding jingles into song hits. All around the spacious floor are piano rooms, from which a musical hodge-podge winds its way. Men and women are passing in and out of these compartments, some going to the professional department for copies and orchestrations of the numbers selected, others stopping to chat with men who appear to be floor-walkers but who, in reality, are the watching and waiting song writers, ever ready to talk up the merits of their songs to performers. The professional song writer still clings to that "public be blasted" policy, because experience has taught him that, if enough performers will din his song into the ears of his countrymen, they will sing it over the hill and far away to popularity.

Over on one side is June Rose, vaudeville headliner, talking to a staff writer. She is saying, "I'm going to use one of your songs, Ed, but I want a few minutes' rapid-fire talk leading up to it." Ed knows every well-known act by heart, so he writes a line of chatter for June Rose—gratis, of course. Another performer enters and offers to use a song if the writer will switch the scenery. "You see," he explains, "I work with a drop showing a Main Street scene, and your song is written around an apple orchard in Maine." The obliging song writer shifts the scenery so that his song can win another adherent.

And here come the Meredith Sisters. "Oh, yes," they say, "your song is O. K., but we do a sister act and would need a double version so that we can sing the lines alternately without changing the sense." Later on the manager of a burlesque show drops in and asks Ed to teach his songs to the "ponies" in the extravaganza. The following week Ed spends three hours each afternoon drilling a chorus of pony ballet girls. These are just a few of the odd jobs a writer must do for the sake of his songs. Writing ragtime ditties is the easiest part of the harmony business. Successful song writers put in longer hours in song factories than plumbers or bricklayers devote to their tasks.

Do you see those two excitable fellows talking to the professional manager? They are a couple of free-lance writers pleading for a new song they have just invented. There they go into one of the piano rooms to demonstrate the number. If the professional manager likes it, he will call in song pluggers, stenographers, officials of the company, performers, the porter, anybody, just so long as he can get a diversification of opinion. Every song "plugged" for a hit costs more than $5,000 so a music publisher cannot accept everything that rhymes. But if that song those writers are demonstrating is accepted, it will be tried out in an act, the professional manager will go to hear it, and if it "knocks them off their seats" those boys have a chance at a hit because their song will be "plugged." And "plugged" is Tin Pan Alley terminology for "advertised."

However, many songs fall down on a try-out and are never published. Not long ago I placed a song called "There are no old-fashioned girlies any more." Everybody in one of New York's largest song publishing houses called it a winner, but a headline act introducing it at a Broadway Theatre made as great success with the number as a manufacturer would make if he offered hoopskirts to "flappers." Then,

just been described is provided, and as a consequence his impressions of the pictures last much longer. Chances are he will mention the fact to his friends that they have a wonderful program this week at the Gem, or wherever it happens to be, but he will not know that it was the music that stamped the pictures so vividly upon his mind.

It is sometimes quite a job to hunt for music to play for various events, but if the leader includes in his library such works as are to be found in "Jacobs' Incidental Music" folios, and other lists of moving picture music given on other pages of this magazine, he will have no trouble. There are hundreds of pieces of music to choose from, and they will all be needed at some time or another by the real orchestra leader who desires to follow the pictures closely.

In some houses the orchestra plays part of the feature and then rests, coming back to play the news reel. In other houses the orchestra plays the feature through, and then the news reel, leaving the organist to play the other short subjects, such as a scenic and the comedy. But however this is arranged, theater managers are coming to the point where they demand that the news reel be supplied with a proper musical setting, which means that the up-to-the minute leader must supply himself with additional music that will see him safely through this part of the program.

We visit one picture house each week where the news pictorial affords us more than usual pleasure. The orchestra in this particular house is conducted by a man who knows the picture-playing game from start to finish, and although the musicians in this house play the feature from beginning to end (except in cases where this runs more than eight reels), they always play the pictured news in a delightful manner. Each change of topic is shown to appropriate music, be it funeral or quick march, and the changes are made with lightning-like rapidity. Great care is taken here in the selection of music that fits, and as a result people all over the city are wont to make odious comparisons when they visit other houses where this part of the show is put over in a lackadaisical way. The manager of this house is justly proud of his players and he loses no chance to advertise them through the medium of the press. Lobby stills are used in this connection, and this bunch of musicians are paid tip-top wages, which in itself is proof that it pays to do good, faithful work. The orchestra has a very serious rival in this business of playing the news in the person of the organist. We have noticed that most organists make the most of this part of the program, even though their rendering of the feature music may not be as close as a critic could desire.

Most organists are able to improvise, but in order to be a successful organist one must be able to memorize. This alone enables the average person at the organ to make his cuts clean and pleasing so that each subject is played with taste and precision. However, the leader of an orchestra can with but little additional trouble so arrange his program that the same feat may be performed in an efficient and altogether satisfactory manner.

The news reel must be reviewed the same as the feature, when the choosing of suitable music becomes more or less a matter of routine. At least once in every pictured news reel the chance presents itself for the orchestra to distinguish itself, and this chance should be eagerly taken due advantage of, for it is the little things that count big in this business of playing to the animated pictures. The martial strains of a military march as the troops parade, fosters the desire to keep time with the feet and makes the hands itch to clap together. The wooing music of a dreamy waltz gives a fashion-show picture the necessary atmosphere, while the subtle strains of Oriental music automatically place one on the side lines, as it were, right on the spot where the vast hordes of India or China watch some fanatical religious procession wend its way to the accompaniment of tom-tom and cymbal.

So, Mr. Leader, do not pass up the chance to get yourself and your bunch in the limelight by never neglecting to faithfully play the news reel, and any other short subjects that you may be called upon to interpret. They are one and all important, or else the manager would give them no place upon his screen. The day of the cheap filler is over, and every part of the picture entertainment is there for a purpose other than to clear the house. Make a feature out of every subject and incidentally, you will be featuring yourself.

too, some songs go big in one part of the country and fall down elsewhere. I wrote "My Landlady" for the late Bert Williams, who sang it with success in New York, but when the show went to Boston he had to take the song off. I asked him about it one day and he surmised that the "high-toned people in Boston couldn't appreciate the song because they never had any landladies."

Just as the container often sells the goods inside, so does the rendition of a song often get the publisher's cash. Once I peddled a quartet number from song factory to song factory without getting it accepted. Finally I hired a negro quartet, taught them the harmony, and demonstrated the song for the only worth-while publisher not yet interviewed. I promised them double pay if the publisher bought the composition and they sang it with ragtime vim, vigor and vitality. When they finished a large crowd blocking Broadway shouted "Encore!" which impressed that publisher so forcibly that he paid me $500 advance royalty for harmonized doggerel that I previously could not sell for an Egyptian nickle.

But it did not surprise me later to learn that my ballad had been put in the safe, entombed forever. In my mind's eye I could see that publisher the next day trying to demonstrate his big hit (?) for some vaudeville headliner who happened to call. The lead sheet of the melody was handed to a disinterested staff pianist, the callous performer received a typewritten set of lyrics, and with the professional manager's assistance, this mixed quartet tried to struggle through the words and music. It was the same melody, the same words, but that barber-shop harmony was missing.

Many songs are accepted because the first demonstration by song-writers skilled in the art enthuses the publisher to such an extent that he calls for a music arranger to take down the melody, gets a stenographer to make out contracts and a substantial check as advance money against royalties that never accrue. In fact, some song manufacturers now recognize the opportunity to beguile them with a skillful demonstration. Therefore they make it a rule to have all numbers played by an uninterested person before acceptance. I know one, in particular, who insists on this.

And just as the literary rhymesters worry weary editors, so do amateur song-writers plague Tin Pan Alley manufacturers with song-poems. I have often wondered why otherwise normal individuals would waste time and money writing and trying to market song-poems, and I have come to the conclusion that the same urge which prompts people to invest in oil stocks starts them scribbling words for popular songs—the desire for easy money.

" 'Over There' brings in $25,000 royalties to the writer," reads a newspaper headline. Immediately thousands of war songs are aimed at Tin Pan Alley.

It is this sort of publicity, coupled with the general opinion that popular song writing is easy, that gives birth to aspiring jazz-jinglers. But the syncopated art requires more than the acquisition of a sheet of foolscap, a penny pencil and State Hospital mentality. Probably the best way to sustain this contention is to compare popular song writing with advertising. A song hit is just a clever ad., set to music.

It is an accepted fact that every Percival Randolph and Mikey Dooley cannot write effective advertising copy. First, one must have the latent ability, then one must acquire the knack of proper presentation of essential facts. And just as the clever ad. writer must possess more than the ability to manipulate the King's English to the Queen's taste, so must a professional ragster devote his energies to other than a studious application to poetics and motifs.

The aspiring ad. man is compelled to live in the atmosphere of an advertising agency; he has to mingle with the makers of publicity; he must study markets and watch competitors; likewise, must a white hope song writer study theatrical performers, their methods, their ragtime desires. He needs the good-will of performers so that he can assist in "plugging" his compositions, which, by the way, is something every music publisher expects when he accepts a song. The more performer friends a song writer has, the more songs he lands in Tin Pan Alley. Then, again, the amateur must learn the most effective method of stage presentation for popular songs; he must help the performer pull down the house with every line; he should know what words sing easily on high notes and what combination of syllables to avoid so that an actor does not tie his tongue into knots when syncopating over the footlights.

This, and similar knowledge, can only be acquired by serving an apprenticeship in Tin Pan Alley. Song writers are recruited from the ranks so it is useless for an amateur to mail song poems to music publishers. Most of the recognized song writers were song "pluggers" or piano players for publishers before arriving at their goal and it is more than likely that Tin Pan Alley will always pick her masters in that way.

Many people criticise the popular songs of today and sometimes rightly so, but beautiful poetry, if set to popular music, would sound like a Babylonian jargon. The masses have only a musical voice range of eight notes, so what can a ragtime king do but pass out musical baby food to his subjects?

(*Continued on Page 26*)

Future of Music Remains Bright In America

THE number of amateur musicians in America must reach an astonishing figure. When Uncle Sam takes a census no questions are asked as to the persons in a family who play upon a musical instrument, hence accurate figures are not available. But they can be fairly estimated from the number of instruments of all sorts sold annually. The reports of manufacturers and dealers, therefore, is a pretty safe guide upon which to base our claim of being a music-loving and a music-making nation, and when it is considered that these reports indicate a steady progress in the distribution of musical instruments it is clear that the future of the music business cannot be regarded in anything but a roseate hue.

Not many years ago there was a belief that the manufacturers of phonographs and player-pianos would have the field to themselves in due course of time. It was argued that if people could obtain "canned music" well played by merely turning a crank and handling a record, or by fitting a roll to a self-playing piano mechanism, there would be no incentive to become proficient in an art that could thus be practiced vicariously. On the surface this supposition looked reasonable. It was predicated upon the same ground as "why walk if you can ride?" But experience has shown that such fears were groundless. Phonographs and player-pianos are in general use, to be sure, but they have served as a supplement to the individual musician rather than to monopolize his musical activities. More unexpected still, they have engendered musical interest among people who otherwise were adamant to the wiles of harmony.

This musical interest has not remained satisfied to merely obtain music at second hand, but has become stimulated to create music by personal effort. Especially has this been the case with the phonograph, which has really served as a wonderful advertising medium for some instruments, notably the saxophone and the banjo. Nothing has shown the good points of these instruments so well as the dance records of the phonograph manufacturers, but instead of causing hearers to be satisfied to hear these instruments in this manner only, they have insisted on buying saxophones and banjos. Naturally, manufacturers have reported phenomenal sales, and the saturation point is still far distant.

But saxophones and banjos are not the only indices to musical progress in America. Violins are in enormous demand. Thirty per cent more were sold last year than the year previously. Most of these instruments were sold to parents for the benefit of their young. This may be taken as one result of the musical efforts of music supervisors in the schools throughout the country. When music is brought to the attention of children in the schools the result is an awakened musical life in the nation, and an enormous increase in the number of children who "take music lessons."

The day when musical activities were confined to the children of the rich is past, largely due to the efforts made in the schools of most commonwealths to bring an appreciation of music home to pupils. Widespread formation of school orchestras has been a wonderful impetus. When players in such orchestras graduate from school they naturally continue to seek congenial musical companionship and form ensemble musical organizations which keeps alive their interest in self-produced music.

The latest fear that actuates persons prominent in the cause of music is that of radio possibilities. This is merely the phonograph fear in another form, and like its predecessor will more than likely be an aid to the cause of music than

(*Continued on Page 26*)

If you're interested in nature and evolution, here's the process through which a "Lady Butterfly" (she's a musical show) evolved from the caterpillar cocoon of fiction: A story by Mark Swan; book for comedy based on Swan's story; lyrics for book by Clifford Grey and music for it by Werner Janssen; production by Oliver Morosco and staged by Ned Wayburn; score of the whole thing published by Leo Feist, Inc. "Ain't nature wonderful?" Sure thing! but you have to hand it to music and publishers when it comes to harmonizing the job of evolution.

Nobody could say for sure whether it would be to sing or to play along the popular tune-road way, but 'twas a sure enough shot that Coue's slogan would get into music in some way, and it has in the latest song addition to the catalog of the Globe Music Publishing Company—"Day by Day" (In Every Way I'm Getting Better and Better).

"You'll Soon Forget" is the latest song launching by Lew Herscher and Joe Burke, the composers of "Wake Up, Little Girl." Shapiro, Bernstein & Company are the publishing launchers.

The next time somebody tells you something is the "Cat's Pajamas" don't say there's no such thing, for you'll find 'em (or it) in the Jack Mills, Inc., catalog all cut out and made to music measure by Harry Jentes.

"Ala Moana" is a real Hawaiian melody by two Honoluluans—Bob Lukers and Johnny Noble, writers of "Hulla Blues." Sole rights have been secured by the Florentine Music Company of San Francisco, who intend to exploit it on a big scale.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

By FREDERIC W. BURRY

MELODIES that Float in the Ether. Now that we are harnessing the atmospheric vibrations—beginning with music that forever undulates in the air, catching its beauties, always joy and beauty first—still another impetus is given its expression. And so Life continues its song and dance, and with added courage the eternal progress continues to manifest more and more in earth's divine and wonderful arts.

Singing. Life is worth while when one has learned to sing; that is, when at our work the surging forces within break forth in delight—the spirit of pleasure springing out in the swinging rhythm of our native, bodily radiating activity.

Absolute Pitch. One occasionally comes across a friend who proudly announces that without tuning fork or other instrumental aid he can sing or strike absolute pitch, giving the absolute key of—say, A—right out of his head and not the least bit sharp or flat. But where or what is the "absolute"? In these days of "relativity" the absolute in anything is most elusive. It is an age of rapid fire change. We think and measure all things in terms of vibration and electric force.

Everything passes. In music we can only say that rapid vibrations produce a high note; slow vibrations, a tone that is low. The exact number varies at different times and in different countries, and like other matters is largely governed by custom. So in the musical world, as in other spheres of human activity, if we want anything done we must pin ourselves down to certain limits; be somewhat conservative, following the style. While the artist's soul naturally aspires to progress and improvement, leaning at a tangent away from the sordid present, he must be practical and obey the rules—at least to a certain extent.

True, the rules are made to be broken—when the right time comes. Nevertheless, as long as we keep up with the accepted order of vibrations and maintain harmonious relations with the normal mode at the time being, success will crown our efforts.

The absolute exists, and its quest is the object of life. Meanwhile, let us sing in line with the choirmaster's tuning fork. After the service is over we can inform him that according to the Einstein theory it is a trifle out of key.

Patrons of the Arts. Phases and stages of the arts come and go. Edison says "words as media for instruction will be displaced by pictures." Einstein, and others in scientific research, seem to look upon painting, and notably the modern schools, as of superficial value. But music, and especially melody music, appeals to all hearts, to all grades of mental development. Its rhythm, deathless, beckons us all to the future, and with wings of hope and faith encourages mankind to work and build with joy—making existence itself the fine art supreme, and bringing heaven on earth at last.

Syncopation. Without a measure of syncopation popular music would be (and sometimes is) thin and languid. It is this ragtime that gives it vitality, and yet ragtime is built on a periodic rhythmical foundation. Here, as elsewhere, music terminology is not always consistent. Music and musicians, as with the other arts, are paradoxical and cannot be measured by the strict regulations of Euclid. We are of the mystic future, though painfully limited by the rules of the past.

Concentration and Elimination. According to "psycho analysis" it is well to face our faults, then we can overcome them. A common failing among musicians is to leave things half completed. This is a temperamental feature you notice among artists in every field. It was said of Leonardo, the all-round master, that "he never finished anything." To assure success, this tendency to let the

(Continued on Page 26)

A CHANT TO CHEER

CHEERIO, Brother! It won't be sleeting and snowing in July, and moaning or moping or sighing or sulking never yet put a damper on dampness. You've got to wait for the sun to do the dampering for that's its specific purpose, so cut out the soft pedal and jam the loud one down on your laughing and singing till everybody hears you and follows suit in that which is always contagious.

What if you don't *see* old sunny-face when a bunch of clouds occasionally butt in just to dump a lot of weather down on us? You should worry when you stop and think that for maybe a few million years before the recently dug-up Tut-Ankh-Amen became a mummy the present director of daylight was and still is this world's official shiner that never yet laid down on the job or tried to shove it off on a substitute. Yes, we know that Old Sol hasn't been self-advertising so very much this winter, but what of it? You can bet your best nickel-plated shoehorn against old Tut's gold sceptre that his "official skyness," the sun, is still doing business in shining at the same old stand. So cheer up, can the gloom, sing and bet on the sun in the long run. You win!

MUSIC IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 25)

rushing tide of ideals drown one's practical efforts must be checked. Concentration and elimination will make for expression of talent as well as the invention of genius.

Bel canto. The aim of the instrumentalist should be to imitate the voice. We need more of the singing style in playing. It is real art that conquers the limitations of the piano, which is an instrument of percussion, and produces as nearly as possible a pure legato; the caressing touch, the organ touch—this should be the rule. The exception has its place, too, the staccato in general. The hammers will do enough striking, the office of the fingers being one of weight and force—that is, pressure.

FUTURE REMAINS BRIGHT

(Continued from Page 23)

a detriment. Radio concerts help to advertise music to people who were lukewarm to its appeal. It is not likely that adults listening to radio music will be impelled to begin learning to play a musical instrument, but there is the probability that little Johnny will want to "learn to play something" and little Mary will be imbued with a desire to learn to play the piano as beautifully as the girl who played for the radio. In fact, little Mary and little Johnny may nurse aspirations to play for radio some day themselves, just as many have ambitions to become a concert musician after hearing a concert.

Neither the phonograph, player-piano nor radio touch the mainspring of music-making, and that is the desire for personal accomplishment which is part of human nature. The person who can play a musical instrument may not be able to draw from it strains as perfect technically as come from canned music, but he gets much pleasure out of his accomplishment. He knows something worth while, and upon this knowledge he can construct a temple of musical appreciation that is not circumscribed by mechanical limitations.

The future of music in America, therefore, which has not been adversely affected by the phonograph and player piano, but on the contrary has been aided, is not likely to be affected in any other way by radio. In fact, during 1922, when the radio craze got its great impetus, greater sales of musical instruments were made than ever before, and this ought to be a sufficient index for the future.

Another important fact is not to be overlooked. It is much cheaper in the long run to play an instrument and be able to play the music one likes, than to obtain it by mechanical means. Sheet music and collections of music in folios are much cheaper than phonograph records and player-rolls.

Despite the perfection attained in the production and distribution of mechanical music, production of music by individuals is on the increase. The time probably is not far distant when every child in the nation will be able to play some musical instrument, and such an accomplishment will be deemed part of their normal education. The trend is in that direction, as the phenomenal sale of musical instruments of all kinds abundantly testifies.

TIN PAN ALLEY INSPIRATION

(Continued from Page 22)

Many successful Tin Pan Alley writers have exceptional musical ability and could, without a doubt, produce creditable musical compositions, but if you should ask them why they do not strive for the better, they will inform you that: "Wagner died broke. Irving Berlin has a million dollars." What do they care if posterity fails to applaud their musical labors. They are eating three square meals now.

The public gets what it craves from the syncopated terpsichore. Jazz music, for example, was played in Tin Pan Alley for more than a decade and did not float outside of that musical highway until a few years ago, when the immortal shimmie coaxed it into becoming her dancing partner. Prior to the era of freakish dances there was little demand for off-harmony songs—and jazz is but a ragtime melody wandering aimlessly through a succession of weird discords, called off-harmony by Tin Pan Alleyites. Popular songs must beat to the tune of the times, so song writers harkened to the demands of the public and gave them the incorrigible music that satisfied.

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*An Orchestra arrangement is published in the Piano Solo key when marked with a * and in a different key when marked with a †*

*'A Frangesa March ..... Mario Costa
*African Smile, An ..... Paul Eno
Characteristic March
*After-Glow ..... George L. Cobb
A Tone Picture
*Aggravation Rag ..... George L. Cobb
*Ah Sin ..... Walter Rolfe
Eccentric Two-Step Novelty
*Alhambra ..... George L. Cobb
One-Step
*All for You ..... Lou G. Lee
Mazurka
All-of-a Twist ..... Frank E. Hersom
Rag (Apologies to Dickens)
*Ambassador, The ..... E. E. Bagley
March
†American Ace, The ..... R. E. Hildreth
March
*Among the Flowers ..... Paul Eno
Caprice
†Anita ..... Thos. S. Allen
Spanish Serenade
*Antar ..... Max Dreyfus
Intermezzo Oriental
*Assembly, The ..... Paul Eno
March and Two-Step
*At the Matinee ..... Raymond Howe
Waltzes
†At the Wedding ..... Chas. A. Young
March
*Aurora ..... Arthur F. Kellogg
Waltz
†Aviator, The ..... James M. Fulton
March and Two-Step
*Baboon Bounce, The ..... George L. Cobb
A Rag-Step Intermezzo
*Ballet des Fleurs ..... Arthur C. Morse
†Bantam Strut, The ..... Arthur C. Morse
A Rag-Step Intermezzo
*Barbary ..... George L. Cobb
Valse Algerienne
*Barcelona Beauties ..... R. E. Hildreth
Waltz
*Barn Dance ..... Neil West
The Bunnies' Gambol
*Bean Club Musings ..... Paul Eno
March Characteristic
Beautiful Visions ..... Elizabeth Strong
Reverie
*Beauty's Dream ..... Lester W. Keith
Valse d'Amour
*Bedouin, The ..... Edwin F. Kendall
An Oriental Patrol
*Behind the Hounds ..... Thos. S. Allen
March and Two-Step
†Belles of Seville ..... J. Bodewalt Lampe
Valse Characteristique
*Bells of Moscow ..... W. Aletter
Mazurka
*Bermuda Blues ..... Bernisne G. Clements
Fox Trot
*Big Ben (Descriptive) ..... Thos. S. Allen
One-Step or Two-Step
†Blue Sunshine ..... George L. Cobb
Waltz
†Bohunkus ..... George L. Cobb
Novelty One-Step
*Bone-Head Blues ..... Leo Gordon
Jazz Fox Trot
*Bostonian, The ..... W. D. Kenneth
March and Two-Step
*Brass Buttons ..... George L. Cobb
March and Two-Step
Breath o' June ..... Ted Hamilton
Waltz
†Bucking Broncho, The ... Robert A. Hellard
Intermezzo Two-Step
*Buds and Blossoms ..... George L. Cobb
Waltz
†Butterflies ..... Bernisne G. Clements
Morceau Mignon
*By the Watermelon Vine .... Thos. S. Allen
Schottische
*Calcutta ..... George L. Cobb
Oriental Fox Trot
*Call of the Woods ..... Thos. S. Allen
Waltz
*Cane Rush, The ..... Frank H. Grey
Novelty Two-Step
Carmencita ..... Valentine Abt
Spanish Dance
*Chain of Daisies ..... A. J. Weidt
Waltz
*Cheops ..... George L. Cobb
Egyptian Intermezzo (Two-Step)
*Chicken Pickin's ..... Thos. S. Allen
Dance Descriptive
*Chirpers, The ..... Chas. Frank
Morceau Characteristic
*Chow Mein ..... Frank E. Hersom
A Chinese Episode
†Cloud-Chief ..... J. Ernest Philie
Two-Step Intermezzo
*Columbia's Call ..... Bob Wyman
March
†Commander, The ..... R. B. Hall
March and Two-Step
*Confetti ..... John Carver Alden
Carnival Polka
Cracked Ice Rag ..... George L. Cobb
*Cradle of Liberty ..... Alfred E. Joy
March
†Crystal Currents ..... Walter Rolfe
Waltz
*Cupid Astray ..... Walter Rolfe
Waltz
*Cupid's Glance ..... Paul Eno
Waltzes
†Dainty Damsel, The ..... Alessandro Onofri
Schottische
†Dance of the Daffodils .... R. H. Isherwood
Schottische
*Dance of the Lunatics ..... Thos. S. Allen
An Idiotic Rave
Dance of the Morning Glories Frank Wegman
Characteristic Dance
Dance of the Pussy Willows Frank Wegman
*Dance of the Skeletons ..... Thos. S. Allen
Descriptive
*Dancing Goddess ..... R. E. Hildreth
Caprice
†Darkey's Dream, The ..... Geo. L. Lansing
Characteristic Barn Dance
Darkies' Patrol ..... Geo. L. Lansing
*Daughter of the Sea .... Otto M. Heinzman
Waltzes
†Delectation (Delight) ..... Walter Rolfe
Valse Hesitation
*Dickey Dance, The ..... Geo. L. Lansing
Caprice Humoresque
*Dixie Rube, The ..... Thos. S. Allen
Characteristic March
*Dixie Twilight ..... Chas. L. Johnson
Characteristic March
†Dolores ..... Neil Moret
March
*Dream Castle ..... Carl Clayton
Valse Concerto
*Dreamer The ..... Lester W. Keith
Waltz
†Dreamily Drifting ..... Walter Rolfe
Waltz
*Dream Kisses ..... Walter Rolfe
Waltz
*Dream Memories ..... Walter Rolfe
Waltz
†Dream of Spring, A ..... P. Hans Flath
Morceau Characteristique
†Dream Thoughts ..... Wm. Arnold
Waltz
*Drift-Wood ..... George L. Cobb
Novelette
*Down the Pike ..... A. J. Weidt
March and Two-Step
*Drusilla ..... Norman Leigh
Waltz
*East o' Suez ..... R. E. Hildreth
Marche Orientale
Eat 'Em Alive ..... Allen Taylor
Jazz Fox Trot
*Ebbing Tide, The ..... Walter Rolfe
Valse Lente
Elopement March, The ..... Valentine Abt
†Enchanted Moments Bernisne G. Clements
Idyll d'Amour
*Excursion Party ..... Raymond Howe
March and Two-Step
*Expectancy ..... Norman Leigh
Novelette
†Fair Confidantes ..... E. Louise McVeigh
Waltz
*Fairy Flirtations ..... Victor G. Boehnlein
Dance Caprice
*Fanchette ..... R. E. Hildreth
Tambourine Dance
Fancies ..... George L. Cobb
Novelette
*Farmer Bungtown ..... Fred Luscomb
March Humoresque
Feeding the Kitty ..... George L. Cobb
Rag One-Step
†Fighting Strength ..... Thos. S. Allen
March
*Fire-Fly and the Star ..... Norman Leigh
Scene de Ballet
*Fleurd'Amour (Flower of Love) George L. Cobb
Hesitation Waltz
*Flickering Firelight ..... Arthur A. Penn
Shadow Dance
†Flight of the Birds ..... W. M. Rice
Ballet
*Flower of Night, The ..... Norman Leigh
Waltz
*Forever ..... Alessandro Onofri
Waltzes
*For Her ..... Norman Leigh
Romance
†For the Flag ..... J. Bodewalt Lampe
March and Two-Step
*Four Little Pipers ... Lawrence B. O'Connor
Schottische
*Francine Half-and-Half ..... Norman Leigh
*Frangipani ..... George L. Cobb
Oriental Fox Trot
†Frog Frolics ..... R. E. Hildreth
Schottische
*Fun in a Barber Shop .... Jesse M. Winne
March Novelty
*"Funnies"-Trot ..... Ernest Smith
*Fussin' Around ..... Wm. C. Isel
Slow Drag or Fox Trot
*Gartland, The ..... Victor G. Boehnlein
March
Gavotte Militaire ..... Valentine Abt
†Gay Gallant, The ..... Walter Rolfe
March and Two-Step
Georgia Rainbow ..... Leo Gordon
Fox Trot
†Ger-Ma-Nee ..... A. J. Weidt
One-Step or Two-Step
*Girl of the Orient ..... Thos. S. Allen
Persian Dance
†Glad Days ..... Harry L. Alford
Novelette
†Golden Dawn ..... George L. Cobb
A Tone Picture
*Gossips, The ..... Walter Rolfe
March and Two-Step
*Got 'Em ..... Thos. S. Allen
Descriptive March
*Grandfather's Clock ..... Louis G. Castle
Descriptive
†Guardsman, The ..... Thos. S. Allen
Novelty Two-Step
†Guest of Honor, The ..... Edwin F. Kendall
March and Two-Step
*Hang-Over Blues ..... Leo Gordon
Jazz Fox Trot
†Happy Hayseed, The ..... Walter Rolfe
Characteristic March Two-Step
*Happy Jap ..... Lawrence B. O'Connor
Geisha Dance
Hawaiian Sunset ..... George L. Cobb
Waltz
*Heap Big Injun ..... Henry S. Sawyer
Two-Step Intermezzo
†Heart Murmurs ..... Walter Rolfe
Waltz
*Hearts Adrift ..... Eugene Ingraham
Valse Hesitation
*Height of Fashion ..... R. E. Hildreth
Duchess
*Here's How ..... George L. Cobb
One-Step
*Hey! Mister Joshua ..... Lester W. Keith
Medley Schottische
*Hey Rube ..... Harry L. Alford
One-Step or Fox Trot
*Hi Ho Hum ..... Wm. C. Isel
Rag Fox Trot
*Hindoo Amber ..... Ernest Smith
Novelette
*Hippo Hop, The ..... Oswald B. Wilson
Fox Trot
†Home, Sweet Home ..... R. E. Hildreth
Medley "Good-Night" Waltz
*Hong Kong Gong ..... R. E. Hildreth
One-Step or Two-Step
*Hoop-e-Kack ..... Thos. S. Allen
Two-Step Novelty
*Horse Marines, The ..... Thos. S. Allen
March and Two-Step
*Idle Hours ..... Carl Paige Wood
Waltz
†Idolizers, The ..... W. A. Corey
March and Two-Step
*In Bagdad ..... Norman Leigh
Morceau Oriental
†Indian Sagwa ..... Thos. S. Allen
Characteristic March
†Indomitable, The ..... James M. Fulton
March
*In Dreamy Dells ..... Walter Rolfe
A Fairy Fantasy
In High Society ..... Eduard Holst
March and Two-Step
*Intermezzo Irlandais ..... Norman Leigh
*In the Bazaar ..... Norman Leigh
Morceau Orientale
*In the Jungle ..... J. W. Lerman
Intermezzo
Invincible Guard ..... B. E. Shattuck
March
†Irish Confetti ..... George L. Cobb
Fox Trot
†Iron Trail, The ..... Ernest Smith
March and Two-Step
*Iroquois Fox Trot ..... Louis G. Castle
*Irvina ..... Walter Rolfe
Intermezzo
Isle of Pines ..... R. E. Hildreth
Waltz
*Jack in the Box ..... Thos. S. Allen
Character Dance
*Jacqueline ..... Arthur C. Morse
Valse Hesitation
*Javanola ..... George L. Cobb
Oriental Fox Trot and One-Step
†Jolly Companions ..... Al Stevens
March and Two-Step
*Jolly New Yorker, The ..... A. J. Weidt
March and Two-Step
Joy-Boy ..... A. J. Weidt
Fox Trot
June Moon ..... Bernard Fenton
Novelette
†Jungle Echoes ..... R. E. Hildreth
A Cocoanut Dance

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*Kangaroo Kanter ..... Arthur C. Morse
One-Step or Fox Trot
*Ken-Tuc-Kee ..... A. J. Weidt
Fox Trot
†Kentucky Wedding Knot ..... A. W. Turner
Novelty Two-Step
*Kiddie Land ..... A. J. Weidt
One-Step or Two-Step
*Kidder, The ..... Harry D. Bushnell
Characteristic March
*King Reynard ..... Louis G. Castle
Fox Trot
Kismet Waltz ..... Pearl S. Silverwood
†Knights and Ladies of Honor ... E. J. Evans
March and Two-Step
†Knock-Knees ..... George L. Cobb
One-Step or Two-Step
†K. of P. The ..... Ernest S. Williams
March and Two-Step
*Koonville Koonlets ..... A. J. Weidt
Characteristic Cake Walk
La Danseuse (The Dancer) .. Valentine Abt
Valse
†Ladder of Love ..... George L. Cobb
Waltz
†Lady of the Lake ..... George L. Cobb
Waltz
*La Petite Etrangere ..... P. B. Metcalf
(The Little Stranger) Valse Lento
*Las Caretas ..... John Itzel
Danza Tango
*La Sevillana ..... Norman Leigh
Entr' Acte
*Laughing Sam ..... Walter Rolfe
Characteristic March
L. A. W. March ..... Vess L. Ossman
†Law and Order ..... George L. Cobb
March
*Lazy Luke ..... Geo. J. Philpot
A Raggy Drag
†League of Nations, The .. Joseph F. Wagner
March
*L'Ermite (The Hermit) ..... R. Gruenwald
Meditation
†Levee Land ..... George L. Cobb
One-Step
†Little Coquette ..... P. Hans Flath
Morceau Characteristique
*Looking 'Em Over ..... Walter Rolfe
One-Step or Two-Step
†Love Notes ..... Frank E. Hersom
Valse
*Love's Caresses ..... R. E. Hildreth
Waltz
*Luella Waltz ..... A. J. Weidt
*Magician, The ..... Van L. Farrand
Gavotte
Ma Mie ..... Norman Leigh
Chanson d'Amour
*Mandarin, The ..... Norman Leigh
Novelty One-Step
†Marconigram, The ..... Thos. S. Allen
March and Two-Step
†Masterstroke, The ..... J. Bodewalt Lampe
Military March and Two-Step
*Meditation and Chansonette Norman Leigh
Melody in F ..... Arr. Edward R. Winn
(For left hand only)
Memoirs ..... George L. Cobb
Memories of Home ..... Elizabeth Strong
Reverie
*Men of Harvard ..... Frank H. Grey
March and Two-Step
†Merry Madness ..... Thos. S. Allen
Valse Hesitation
†Merry Monarch, The ..... R. E. Hildreth
March and Two-Step
†Mi Amada (My Beloved) .... Norman Leigh
Danza de la Manola
†Midsummer Fancies ..... Frank H. Grey
Valse Novelette
†Milady Dainty ..... Gerald Frazee
Intermezzo Gavotte
*Military Hero, The ..... W. D. Kenneth
March and Two-Step
†Mimi ..... Norman Leigh
Danse des Grisettes
†Mona Lisa ..... George L. Cobb
Valse
†Monstrat Viam ..... Alfred E. Joy
March and Two-Step
†Moonbeams ..... George L. Cobb
Novelette
†Moonlight Wooing .... Bernisne G. Clements
Valse d'Amour
†Moose, The ..... P. Hans Flath
March
*Muses, The ..... Alessandro Onofri
Waltzes
†Musidora ..... Norman Leigh
Idyll d'Amour
†Myriad Dancer, The ..... Thos. S. Allen
Valse Ballet
Nautical Toddle, The ..... George L. Cobb
Fox Trot
†NC-4, The ..... F. E. Bigelow
March
*Near-Beer (How Dry I Am) L. G. del Castillo
Waltz
*'Neath the Stars ..... R. E. Hildreth
Waltzes
*New Arrival, The ..... Anthony S. Brazil
March and Two-Step
*Northern Lights ..... A. J. Weidt
Overture
†Numa ..... Thos. S. Allen
An Algerian Intermezzo
*Nymphs of the Nile ..... Frank E. Hersom
Air de Ballet
*Odalisque ..... Frank H. Grey
Valse Orientale
*Omeomi ..... Sammy Powers
One-Step or Trot
On and On (Maypole Dance) Valentine Abt
Two-Step and March
*On Desert Sands ..... Thos. S. Allen
Intermezzo Two-Step
†On the Mill Dam ..... A. A. Babb
Galop
†On the Sky Line ..... Walter Rolfe
A Tone Picture
Opals ..... Leo Gordon
Waltz
*Pansies for Thought ..... Lou Blyn
Waltz
*Paprikana ..... Leo Friedman
One-Step or Two-Step
*Parade of the Puppets ..... Walter Rolfe
Marche Comique
Parisian Parade ..... Ed. M. Florin
One-Step
†Pastorale Ecossaise ..... Frank E. Hersom
*Pearl of the Pyrenees ..... Chas. Frank
A Spanish Intermezzo
†Pepeeta ..... R. E. Hildreth
Vals Espanol
†Perfume of the Violet ..... Walter Rolfe
Waltz
†Periscope, The ..... Thos. S. Allen
March and Two-Step
†Persian Lamb Rag ..... Percy Wenrich
A Pepperette
*Pickaninny Pranks ..... Dan J. Sullvian
Cake Walk Characteristique
*Pixies, The ..... Van L. Farrand
Dance Characteristic
*Pokey Pete ..... J. W. Lerman
Characteristic March
*Powder and Perfume ..... J. Frank Devine
Fox Trot
Pride of the South ..... Geo. L. Lansing
Patrol
*Prince of India ..... Van L. Farrand
March
†Pussy Foot ..... Robert Hoffman
Eccentric Rag
*Queen of Roses ..... A. J. Weidt
Waltzes
*Queen of the Night ..... Everett J. Evans
Nocturne
*Rabbit's Foot ..... George L. Cobb
Fox Trot
†Rainbows ..... Bernard Fenton
Novelette
*Rain of Pearls ..... Walter Wallace Smith
Valse
†Red Ear, The ..... Arthur C. Morse
Schottische and Barn Dance
†Revel of the Roses ..... Walter Rolfe
Waltz
†Ringmaster, The ..... W. K. Whiting
Galop
†Romance of a Rose Lawrence B. O'Connor
Reverie
Rosetime ..... May Greene
Waltzes
†Rubber Plant Rag ..... George L. Cobb
A Stretcherette
*Russian Pony Rag ..... Don Ramsay
A Syncopated Prance
*Rustic Dance ..... Norman Leigh
†Saddle Back ..... Thos. S. Allen
Galop
*Saida ..... Norman Leigh
Valse Exotique
*Sand Dance ..... Leo Friedman
Moonlight on the Suwanee
*Sandy River Rag ..... Thos. S. Allen
*Say When! ..... George L. Cobb
Fox Trot
Scandinavian Dance ..... Gaston Borch
(Springdans)
†Shadowgraphs ..... Norman Leigh
Scenes des Silhouettes
Shepherd Lullaby ..... Eduard Holst
Reverie
†Sighing Surf ..... Bernisne G. Clements
Valse Classique
*Silent Love ..... A. J. Weidt
Waltzes
†Simpering Susan ..... Frank H. Grey
Characteristic March
*Sing Ling Ting (Ta-Tao) .... George L. Cobb
Chinese One-Step
*Sissy Giggles ..... Raymond Howe
Characteristic March
†Sleepy Hollow ..... Thos. S. Allen
(A Dream in the Mountains) Idyll
*Slim Pickin's ..... Wm. C. Isel
Fox Trot Rag
†Smiles and Frowns ..... Walter Rolfe
Valse Hesitation
†Soap Bubbles ..... Thos. S. Allen
Characteristic March
*Social Lion, The ..... R. E. Hildreth
March and Two-Step
†Solaret (Queen of Light) ..... Thos. S. Allen
Valse Ballet
†Some Shape ..... George L. Cobb
One-Step
†Sons du Ruisseau ..... Frank H. Grey
Valse Francaise
†Southern Pastimes ..... J. W. Wheeler
Schottische
†Spanish Silhouettes ..... C. E. Pomeroy
Waltz
Spirits of Dawn ..... Everett J. Evans
Caprice
†Sporty Maid, The ..... Walter Rolfe
March and Two-Step
*Spuds ..... Lawrence B. O'Connor
Novelty March and Two-Step
*Spying Cupid ..... Walter Rolfe
Waltz
*Star-Dust ..... R. E. Hildreth
Novelette
†Starland ..... Lawrence B. O'Connor
Intermezzo Two-Step
Stars and Flowers ..... R. H. Isherwood
Mazurka
†Step Lively ..... Thos. S. Allen
March and Two-Step
*Stop It! ..... George L. Cobb
Fox Trot
*Story-Teller Waltzes, The .. Van L. Farrand
*Summer Dream, A ..... P. Hans Flath
Morceau Characteristique
†Summer Secrets ..... Theo. O. Taubert
Waltz
*Sun-Rays ..... Arthur C. Morse
Characteristic Dance
Sunset Frolics ..... John Francis Gilder
A Plantation Dance
*Sunset in Eden ..... John T. Hall
Waltz
*Swedish Fest March ..... Albert Perfect
*Sweet Illusions ..... Thos. S. Allen
Waltz
Sweet Memories ..... Valentine Abt
*Ta-Dji-Da ..... Walter Wallace
Oriental Dance
*Tehama ..... Chauncey Haines
Intermezzo Romantique
*Tendre Amour ..... Bernisne G. Clements
Serenade
†That Tangoing Turk ..... George L. Cobb
One-Step or Two-Step
†Three Nymphs, The ..... George L. Cobb
Danse Classique
†Tiptopper, A ..... W. A. Corey
March and Two-Step
*Toy Poodles ..... George L. Cobb
Novelty One-Step
†Treasure-Trove ..... W. K. Whiting
Waltzes
Treat 'Em Rough ..... George L. Cobb
One-Step
†True Blue ..... W. D. Kenneth
March and Two-Step
†Turkish Towel Rag ..... Thos. S. Allen
A Rub-Down
*Two Lovers, The ..... P. Hans Flath
Novelette
†U and I ..... R. E. Hildreth
Waltz
*Under Palm and Pine ..... W. D. Kenneth
March and Two-Step
†Under the Spell ..... Thos. S. Allen
Waltz
†Venetian Beauty ..... Walter Rolfe
Caprice
*Victorious Harvard ..... Carl Paige Wood
March and Two-Step
†Virgin Islands ..... Alton A. Adams
March
*Virginia Creeper, The ..... Mae Davis
Characteristic March
†Viscayan Belle, A ..... Paul Eno
Serenade Filipino
*Watch Hill ..... W. D. Kenneth
Two-Step
Water Wagon Blues ..... George L. Cobb
Fox Trot
What Next! ..... George L. Cobb
Fox Trot
†Whip and Spur ..... Thos. S. Allen
Galop
*Whirling Dervish, The ..... J. W. Lerman
Dance Characteristique
*White Crow, The ..... Paul Eno
March Oddity
†"Who Dar!" ..... C. H. Soule
Cake Walk and Two-Step March
*Yip Yip Yip ..... Wm. C. Isel
Fox Trot
†Yo Te Amo (I Love You) .... Walter Rolfe
Tango Argentino
†Young April ..... George L. Cobb
Novelette
*Youth and You ..... Thos. S. Allen
Waltz

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FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

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