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MELODY

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MUSIC

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Music Mart Meanderings

"When Will the Sun Shine for Me?" would seem to be a self-answered question, for already it has become a sunshine song that is blazing a sunny trail through the big vaudeville houses and along the dance orchestral road of the fox trotters. The publishing house of M. Witmark & Sons is responsible for the published sun-shininess of "When Will the Sun Shine for Me," which is as high-class in the popular song-sky as Old Sol is high in the day-sky, and that's some high.

"When the Leaves Come Tumbling Down" may sound like an unseasonable phrase at a time of the year when we are looking for leaves to be springing up (or out), yet neither times nor seasons seem to affect this latest Richard Howard fox trot hit for these singing and playing "leaves" continue to "come tumbling down" musically all through the year, which probably is exactly what Leo Feist, Inc., knew they would do when this firm published the number.

Should you happen to run across an advertisement in a music magazine showing the picture of a very black-faced darkey hugging a watermelon bigger than himself that on its outer rind carries a label of "Swanee Smiles," don't run away with the idea that the label means a superfine growth of the Southern "darkey's delight," though it might at that. What it does mean is that "Swanee Smiles" is a fetching tune-delight as the latest song-hit and dance-sensation growth in the music melon field grown by the Sam Fox Publishing Company. You won't take it in sips through a straw, but gulp it down in repeated big bites.

As a rule, just foolin' doesn't go as an excuse for automobile parties when cops, hold-ups and fines are waiting at every corner just to be fooling with you for any infraction of traffic laws. However, there's a difference between parties and the kinds of fooling and here's one that's different. Without fooling, and starting from Chicago where Herman J. Gott has a publishing garage, his recently released song hit. "Just Foolin' with You," is to be exploited by the Radio Trio on an automobile tour extending through Illinois, Missouri, Colorado, Texas, New Mexico and California. The personnel of the radiating trio who are to go song fooling in this delightful way is Morrie B. Streeter, Blanche Ryan and Herbert Leslus, and the auto that is to help in their radiating will be equipped with a complete camping outfit, general supplies and a stock of songs. The Trio will also feature "I'm Dreaming About You" (one of the latest numbers of R. Monroe Kerr), several of Will Rossiter's most singable numbers, and the entire catalog of Jerome H. Remick & Company. The trip is scheduled to cover four months, and every city and large town along the route will be visited, with the theatres and music stores utilized in what might be called a broadcasting boosting.

Such good old Harry Von Tilzer songs as "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," "When the Harvest Days Are Over" and "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," are the insistent singing "calls" made at every performance on this talented writer who has gone into vaudeville for a time. His very newest one is "A Picture Without a Frame," published by the Von Tilzer Music Company.

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A Compromise on Broadcasting Musical Rights

WHEN some few months ago the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers flung down the gauntlet to radio broadcasting concerns by withdrawing all permits and demanding compensation for the use of all copyright music broadcasted, the action precipitated a little war which bade fair to assume larger and serious proportions until a temporary armistice was recently declared. This was brought about by the Music Publishers' Association of the United States through the report of its special committee on radio broadcasting, the last named organization recommending that all publishers, whether or not members of the A. S. of A. C. P., permit the broadcasting of copyright music without charge pending such time when the radio situation shall have been stabilized and placed on a commercial basis. In his report issued during the week ending May 19, Mr. M. E. Tompkins, of G. Schirmer, Inc., chairman of the special radio committee, stated:

"Our Association, which has been in existence since 1895, represents particularly the so-called 'standard' publishers, which make up a majority of its forty-nine members, as distinct from publishers of popular music, although a number of the latter are also members.

"Our committee has been carefully investigating the broadcasting of copyrighted music since last November. In our report, just adopted by the Association, we point out that music publishers are vitally interested in radio broadcasting as a great future user of music and that our rights in the use of our copyrighted music in public performances must be protected. However, we appreciate the fact that radio broadcasting is still in a chaotic and experimental state and that, while ultimately it will have to be placed on a commercial basis if it is to develop its potentialities, nevertheless the commercial side of the broadcasting problem has not yet been solved.

"In view of these facts and also because we desire to cooperate in developing the music possibilities of radio, we believe that we should allow the use of our copyrighted musical compositions for broadcasting without charge for the present and without prejudice in our rights."

"While the action of the Music Publishers' Association does not bind its members, but merely recommends, it is understood that most of the large standard publishers in its membership will follow the recommendations of the Association. The following representative standard publishers have definitely decided to follow the recommendations: Carl Fischer, G. Schirmer, Inc.; C. H. Ditson Co., John Church Co., Boosey & Co., and Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc. of New York City; Oliver Ditson Co., and B. F. Wood Music Co., of Boston; Paul A. Schmitt, of Minneapolis, and Clayton Summy, of Chicago.

"The action of the Music Publishers' Association will make available over the radio a great quantity of the best modern music by orchestra, band, choral and individual performers and copyrighted arrangements and orchestrations of the world's best music of all time.

"The decision of the publishers was based largely upon the following facts and conditions with respect to radio broadcasting, according to the report of the committee:

"The outstanding fact about radio broadcasting from the standpoint of both willingness and ability of broadcasting stations to agree at present to some practical form of compensation for use of copyrighted musical compositions is their failure, as yet, to find a method of collecting a proper share of the expenses of broadcasting from its beneficiaries, that is, from either the various elements of the radio industry or the receiving public. This, of course, does not in any way affect the merits of the question, but it is clear that it does present perplexing difficulties to the broadcasting companies.

"While the possibilities of the radio as a transmitter of educational and current informational matter are undoubtedly great, it is generally expected by those who have investigated this question, including radio experts themselves, that entertainment must comprise the popular feature of it. Music has been found essential to the success of nearly every form of public entertainment, and to this radio broadcasting appears to be no exception. Music is the one broadcasting possibility of almost universal appeal.

"Up to the present time the music broadcasted by radio has not, generally speaking, been of a sufficiently high quality to be a factor of importance in creating a further public appreciation and demand for music itself. Eliminating the novelty feature of radio, it is very doubtful if the musical side of it would as yet have had any great public appeal. Much of the music broadcasted is merely that of a phonograph or reproducing piano, not a little of which is really for advertising purposes. With rare exceptions, no truly great artists have performed over the radio.

"It is not unreasonable to expect, however, that ultimately such scientific perfection of radio broadcasting and receiving

(*Continued on Page* 7)

Playing the Movies

A talk with Milton Charles, Organist, Tivoli Theater, Chicago

By A. C. E. Schonemann

IT may be something of a novelty for the manager of a booking exchange to be in a position where it becomes necessary for him to book himself in order to obtain the means of a livelihood, and yet this was the predicament of Milton Charles in 1915. Directing the affairs of a booking exchange was only one of the many ventures to which Mr. Charles was a party, and the culmination of them all was his arrival in Chicago from California a year and a half ago to accept a position as organist at the Tivoli Theater.

Mr. Charles has had a rather interesting and at the same time fascinating musical career. For twenty years he has been studying or playing in churches, theaters and cafes on the Pacific coast. He has worked at his profession—playing the piano and organ—in a score or more cities and towns in California and his apprenticeship in this work has been made doubly interesting because he served it when he was in his 'teens. He attributes his success largely to his persistence to make good despite adversity with its attendant lean years and the handicaps that youth often carries when competing against musicians who are familiar with all the angles of the profession.

Musical ability first manifested itself in the life of Mr. Charles when as a youngster of three he began playing the piano by ear. He studied with a neighborhood teacher and continued his work with the piano until fourteen. One of the interesting experiences of young Charles in his native city, San Jose, Calif., was the opportunity given him on one occasion to play an accompaniment for Mme. Schumann-Heink when the famous contralto was a visitor there.

When Mr. Charles was fourteen he took up the study of organ. He served for a time in the Emmanuel Baptist church in San Francisco, where he had charge of a choir of twenty voices. Later he was organist at the Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist, where he filled an engagement extending over a year.

An opportunity to play one of the first moving picture organs installed in San Mateo resulted in Charles going to that suburb of San Francisco where he claims he "Broke into the picture playing game" and had his first chance to utilize his own ideas in supplying musical background for pictures.

"The salary I was to receive in San Mateo was rather staggering and I didn't hesitate to accept the opportunity to go there," said Charles. "It gave me the chance I wanted and in the end the experience I obtained proved invaluable. Playing the organ in those days was a sort of round-about job in a movie house—the organist was a fill-in man and could improvise his musical settings or work out any of his own ideas in order to follow the pictures.

"At San Mateo I had a chance to work out my own problems. Here I found I could build a foundation for the future, if I expected to devote my future to organ work in motion picture houses. With this thought in mind I devoted my time to serious study of the organ and its possibilities. I endeavored to build up musical plots just as they were perfected on the screen; in comedies I tried to give the comic touch to my music and no matter what the emotional side might be I worked to supply a musical background that was in harmony with the picture."

A succession of engagements followed at various picture houses on the coast. One of the experiences of Mr. Charles assumed the proportions of an adventure after he gave up his work in San Mateo. It was the aforementioned booking agent venture in which Mr. Charles and his partner endeavored to draw their talent from the Hawaiian Islands—the Hula Hula song and dance epidemic being prevalent at the time—and the upshot of it all was that Charles was compelled to book his own services at Rector's cafe in San Francisco.

"An orchestra in those days was composed of any number of men with the pianist usually directing," said Mr. Charles discussing his experiences in San Francisco in 1916. "There were various combinations, frequent changes in the organizations and none of the special arrangements, incessant rehearsals nor luminaries of the field of syncopation that we have today."

MILTON CHARLES

While playing on the coast at this time Mr. Charles at various times was associated with Paul Whiteman at Coppa's Neptune Palace in San Francisco, and with Arnold Johnson at Tate's. While playing at the Paris Louvre, Mr. Charles received an offer to play the organ at Porterville in the southern part of Central California. Then followed an engagement at the new Jewel theater in San Francisco, a second at the Strand and later the position of solo organist with the Turner and Dahnken forces.

While playing at Stockton, Calif., Mr. Charles was offered a position with Sid Grauman at Grauman's Million Dollar theater in Los Angeles. Charles remained in this theater for a year and a half and then went to Pasadena to open the Strand. Later he rejoined the forces of Sid Grauman and went to the Rialto in Los Angeles. Following a six months engagement he went to the California theater and after a year of organ work in that house he came to Chicago.

"In synchronizing pictures I endeavor to improvise a musical setting that will bring out the action of the picture," said Mr. Charles discussing his work. "To do this successfully one must take the theme for each leading character and develop the musical side to fit the various moods of the character.

"At the same time in supplying musical background for pictures it is necessary to consider the fact that the men and women who make up the average audience enjoy the melodies that are familiar and with this thought in mind I have turned more and more to the old time strains and have used them in preference to improvising.

"For situations in which humor or the coquettish thought predominate, I find I can improvise very effectively because the action is so spontaneous and one has an opportunity for individual expression. Very often it is possible to build up a musical accompaniment that from the standpoint of being grotesque and humorous overshadows the picture itself.

"Again, in intensely dramatic situations it is possible to work toward a musical climax more effectively through improvising. The reason for this fact is that it is almost next to impossible to find a written piece of music that will build up the musical side of the picture as the story is unfolded. This same condition prevails in playing storms, battles and subject matter of an intense nature. In such cases the organist can work from one climax to the other by improvising.

"The orchestra in the modern movie house can be used to a good advantage with short subjects. A beautiful melody can be used for the musical color or a scenic; a bombastic march is adequate for the stirring patriotic, war and other features of the news weekly, and the written daily topics will take a popular tune and one usually wherein the jazz idea predominates.

"The organ can function to a good advantage with the highly dramatic pictures or serve with comedy. In the features the organ can bring out the musical shading; it can work up to the various situations and supply the background for the big climax of the picture.

"The programs given in the modern moving picture should be arranged so that originality comes first. Of secondary importance is the matter of variety and with it one can supply the various forms of entertainment that are calculated to satisfy the people who make up the audience. This all applies to the music side of the show, and the organist who can inject originality and variety into his work will generally find an audience that is responsive to his efforts and such an audience will not hesitate to express its appreciation."

A Compromise on Broadcasting

(*Continued from Page 5*)

apparatus will be attained and arrangements made with so much of the world's best musical talent that radio will be an established and important source of music on a commercial basis. When, and if this time arrives, it will be vital to the welfare of the music publisher that the radio branch of the music industry should properly recompense the publishing branch, upon which it will be dependent for its existence and prosperity. The failure of publishers in the meantime to safeguard their rights may make the future enforcement of them difficult.

"The difficulties of establishing radio broadcasting on a commercial basis, which apparently is necessary before it can become an important direct source of revenue to those who participate in it, including copyright owners, are great but not unsurmountable. While it is impossible to predict how the problem will finally be worked out, nevertheless there are several possible solutions. Many persons believe that radio broadcasting must be placed under government regulation and control. Under such conditions all producers of radio equipment who are the commercial beneficiaries of broadcasting could be licensed and the proceeds used to pay the expenses of broadcasting. Some even expect that the radio may ultimately be of such universal use that the government can undertake broadcasting as a public function. It is perhaps more likely, however, that through the control of basic patents a few radio companies can develop broadcasting and reimburse themselves by including the expenses in the price of the patented radio parts or from fees received for licenses granted to other manufacturers. Another possibility is that the radio interests will be able to finance broadcasting as a common promotional problem of the industry, perhaps co-operatively through a trade association. Although seemingly impossible, science may yet produce a method by which the receipt of radio messages can be confined to those who pay for the service.

"Whatever the method proves to be, it must and soon will be found by the radio industry. The radio broadcasters will then be able, and undoubtedly willing, to reimburse all who are essential to the success of their business and whose services they use, including owners of copyrighted musical compositions."

The Merit of Melody

By FREDERIC W. BURRY

ONLY that which has merit is destined to live. Melody is a necessary element in real music, and unless there is a tune somewhere you can hardly call a piece musical. Some so-called futuristic composers, though, seem to think that harmoney—mere masses of chord sequences, solid or broken—is sufficient and, indeed, anything tuneful or even rhythmical is not wanted. The harmonies, moreover, are unique, not to say bizarre.

But it is melody the people want, and after all the judgment of the public turns out best in the long run. A new thought may be in the lead, but if it is worth anything it soon catches on to the popular fancy.

Music of any kind appeals only to the finer fibres of man. It is a whisper from aetherie spheres, something of a life of serene and sublime consciousness breaking through this encrusted surface of daily grind—a life that already exists, only we somehow or other have to get in touch with the broadcasted vibrations. A tune, a melody, is a message. We may not always be able to completely interpret it, but we feel, and our subconscious self knows, that here is a language more subtle than words yet none the less inspiring.

We know how in great individual or social crises the magic of a swinging melody catches hold of the heart-strings, and whether the momentous human surging be connected with love or with war, with national or personal affairs, melody helps. The pleasing vibration works its influence, hidden energies are released and so victories are gained.

Music is now placed among the veritable needs of life, whereas once it was considered to be a luxury. Once a mere matter of passing entertainment for a favored few, but now recognized everywhere as one of the essential arts, a subject that should be taken up in every child's early education.

But it is never too late. Where there is the desire to learn at least something practical concerning this premier of

the fine arts, when there is the melodious temperament, there is already the way. And what "returns" soon accrue! For every hour of practice there is a royal reward. Nothing is ever lost. There, reposing in the great subjective mind and only waiting for release, are the records of all past performances and memories. Yes, every earnest effort in music study counts and all roads lead finally to the desired attainment.

How quickly you learn your new piece when there is a pronounced melody—the haunting air, the rhythmic song, that you sing or whistle as you go about your daily toil! Thus you turn drudgery into an interesting exercise, even making some menial occupation become something fine—every task a perfect work of art! That is the way to put in a bright color where before all was drab and grey.

Take up music, let it be ever so casually, and a new thrill is born. Life is discovered to be beautiful after all, and all ugliness disappears as but the outer exfoliating epidermis of experience—just skin deep.

Melody saves music study from being that serious affair our progenitors made it out to be. Even if some portions of the new piece seem difficult, let there be a thread of melody and, lo! the hard places are easily surmounted. Of course melody is a relative term. What would please one would not always please another. However, there comes a time in order of musical unfoldment when delight is discovered in all sorts of music, and even in primitive tunes the germ of greater things.

Some of the masters have taken hold of simple gypsy airs and transcribed them into gorgeous rhapsodies, but there had to be the ever pulsating melody as the principal theme constantly recurring. Rubinstein took "Yankee Doodle," and out of it he created forty pages of wonderful variations.

We have of late discovered in the East a source of musical subjects—colorful and mystic, breathing of incense, prayer and love—and all this has lent its own peculiar influence to our Western artistic world; Orient and Occident finding through melody a meeting ground, an international language whereby long misunderstandings shall disappear and the Sacred Heart of Man discovered to be of the same color and character the world over. So does melody, sweet melody, broadcast its vibrations in ever encircling waves until the whole cosmos is enveloped.

Men Who Manage Much Moving

Sam H. Harris—George M. Cohan

WHEN we see a great play or a big musical show, how many of us ever give a thought as to what is the power behind the production—who are the men back of its moving, and what intricate tangle of strings must be pulled to insure coherence, continuity and smoothness with financial success? It is safe to say that the question just asked does not hold with the universally popular George Cohan, but the case is different in the instance of Sam Harris. He is much less universally and popularly known than his former copartner, although in that connection a writer in the *New York Times* strongly hints that it was Harris who made Cohan the power he is today. Following is the *Times* writer's view of the early Cohan-Harris partnership, and the story of the rise of Sam H. Harris:

Broadway, as was to be expected, has been wrong again.

In the Summer of 1920 the firm of Cohan & Harris dissolved into its component parts—to wit, George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris. It was a friendly dissolution of a partnership that had been one of the most successful in theatrical history, and one of the partners had achieved in the twenty years of its existence what looks at this time a good deal like theatrical immortality. The other one—Sam H. Harris—was an unknown quantity to the public at large, and, as things have turned out, not known in his true light even to those who flatter themselves on their close inside knowledge of the affairs of the Broadway theatres.

"When you hear about Mr. Schaffner leaving Mr. Hart and Mr. Marx," they said, "and knocking them cold with a new line of kampus knickers, and when Mr. Condit breaks away from Mr. Acker and Mr. Merrall and has his chili sauce in every home in the country, and when you can't go anywhere without seeing a shoe sold by Mr. Hutchins, he having parted ways with Mr. Rice, then, and only then, will Sam H. Harris have a chance. His part of Cohan & Harris was to take care of the financial affairs of the partnership. He knows nothing about producing."

And so last season Mr. Harris produced "Captain Applejack," "Six-Cylinder Love" and "The Music Box Revue." This season he has in New York "Rain," "The Music Box Revue," "Secrets" and "Icebound."

It is slowly beginning to become clear to Broadway that Sam H. Harris, during the sixteen years he was producing shows with George M. Cohan, regarded theatres where rehearsals were being held as something more than good places for a manager to go to sleep, and that he occasionally listened, and even remembered, when Cohan discussed the problems of production. Some of the scoffers are even beginning to bear up under the shock of discovering that Harris was a producing manager, while Cohan was only one-fourth of all the Cohans—of vaudeville—and that it was Harris alone who produced "Little Johnny Jones," the first Cohan show in New York.

Sam H. Harris is 48 years old, and his history is the despair of all the young men, with ambitions to be theatrical producers, who failed to start life on the Bowery. His tale is so typical of so many of the managers of today as to make it seem that, if the way to succeed on the stage is to have had a grandmother for an actress, the way to succeed as a manager is to have your grandfather born on the Bowery. That failing, it serves practically the same purpose if you've lived there yourself.

As his preparation for the study of the theatre, Sam Harris, at the age of 11, went to work for a Grand Street firm, delivering hats. This, of course, was only a side job. When he left school—the second grammar grade—at 14, he plunged into real work. He went into Wall Street—as a messenger boy with the Mutual Telegraph Company.

There were other messenger boys at this Wall Street office, and it is believed a careful investigation will show that some of them are still there. Whatever it was in Harris that made him, when his day's work was done, take on a similar full-time evening's work at another branch uptown, may explain to those interested in how they get that way why Sam H. Harris finally rose on the stepping stones of his messenger boy self to "Captain Applejack" and "Rain."

Only one more non-professional engagement, as they say in the vaudeville papers, is recorded in the history of Harris prior to his entrance into the theatre. This was the business of supplying clean towels to office buildings.

On Eighth Avenue there was a man who made a business of putting mirrors and towel racks in offices and supplying three clean towels a day for 75 cents a week. Unfortunately for him, the bicycle craze was at its height at the time and he paid little attention to his towel business.

Harris offered to solicit orders for him, an admirable side line for a messenger boy. He was to receive a dollar commission for each order brought in. The first week he brought in so many orders that the towel-bicyclist found it difficult to scrape together enough money to pay him his commissions. When even more orders were brought in the second week, the head of the firm threatened to close shop and charged Harris with deliberately trying to ruin business by bringing in more orders than could be handled. Finally, however, a semi-partnership arrangement was made.

Having thus studied the theatre at first hand, the way was clear for Harris to become a producer. As a slight concession to the school of thought that considered the study of the theory of the stage almost as important as actual practice in it, he accepted a position, for a short time, as a stage hand at Miner's Bowery Theatre.

At about that time a young man named Terry McGovern, in ignorance of the basic principles of finance, was knocking all comers cold in the prize ring for very small purses, based upon a three-dollar-a-seat-down scale. Harris saw him fight at Greenpoint, recognized his possibilities, and had himself made the young man's manager. Within two years McGovern was lightweight champion of the world, and Harris, for his part, had a financial foundation for the theatrical ventures he was anxious to embark upon.

The first of these was a partnership in "The Gay Morning Glories," a burlesque show, with Sam Scribner, now a prominent figure in the burlesque world. The show toured the country and made money, but Harris was unsatisfied. He wanted to enter the legitimate.

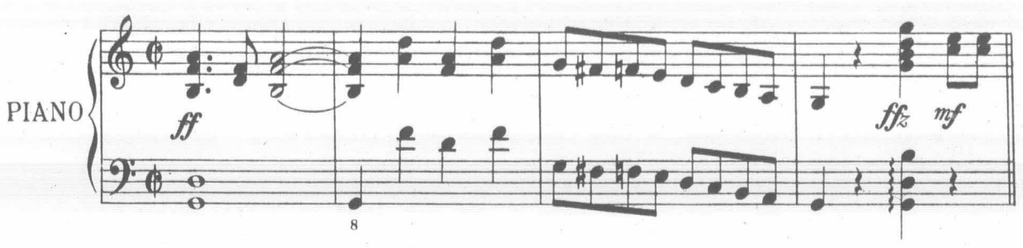
Who shall say that "The Bowery After Dark" was not legitimate? Surely not Sam H. Harris, Paddy Sullivan and Al H. Woods, who produced it. Other shows of the same type followed. If "Icebound," produced by Harris, is legitimate, they were, for they were written by the same man, Owen Davis.

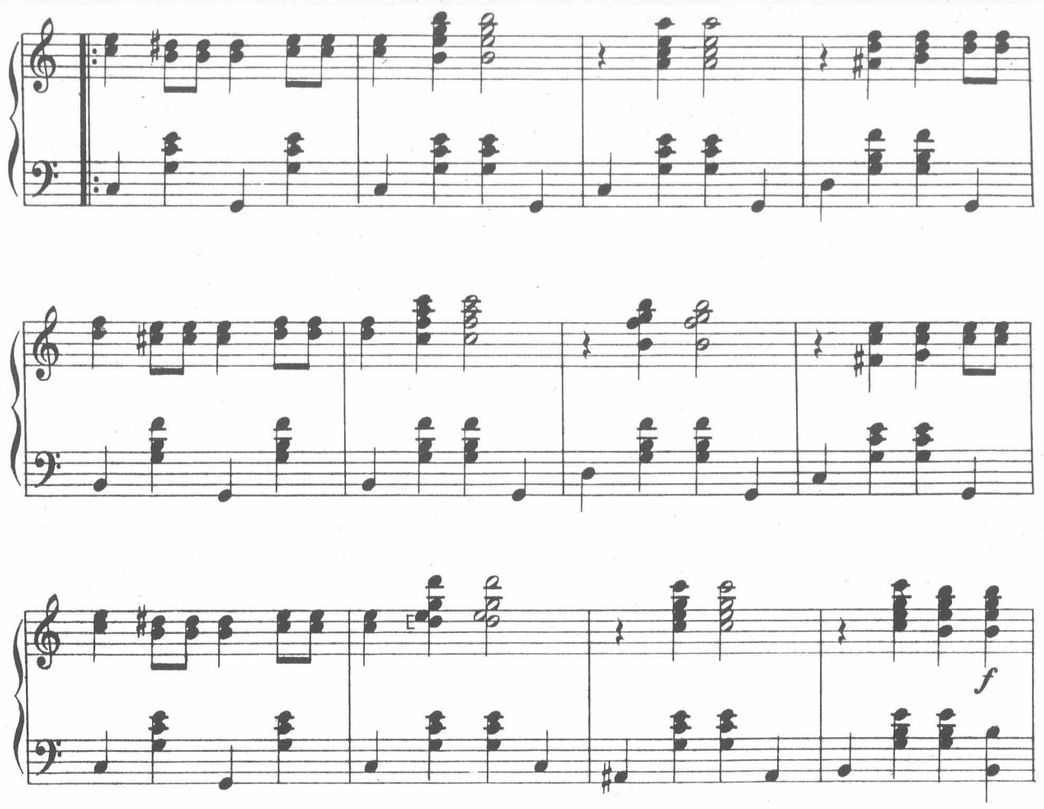
In 1903 Harris was an established producer of the melodrama type of play. His introduction to the man who was to shape

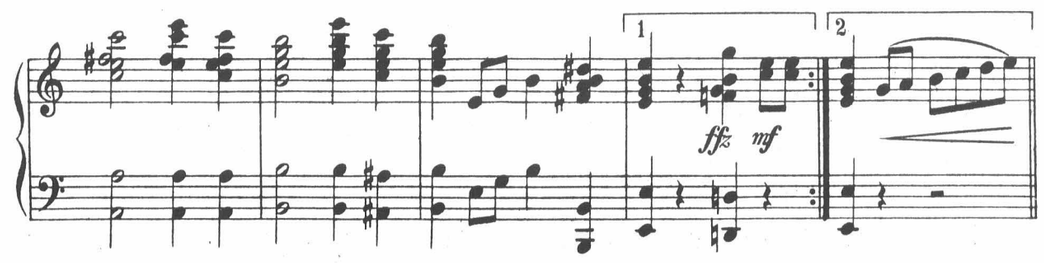
The Carroltonian

MARCH

VICTOR G. BOEHNLEIN







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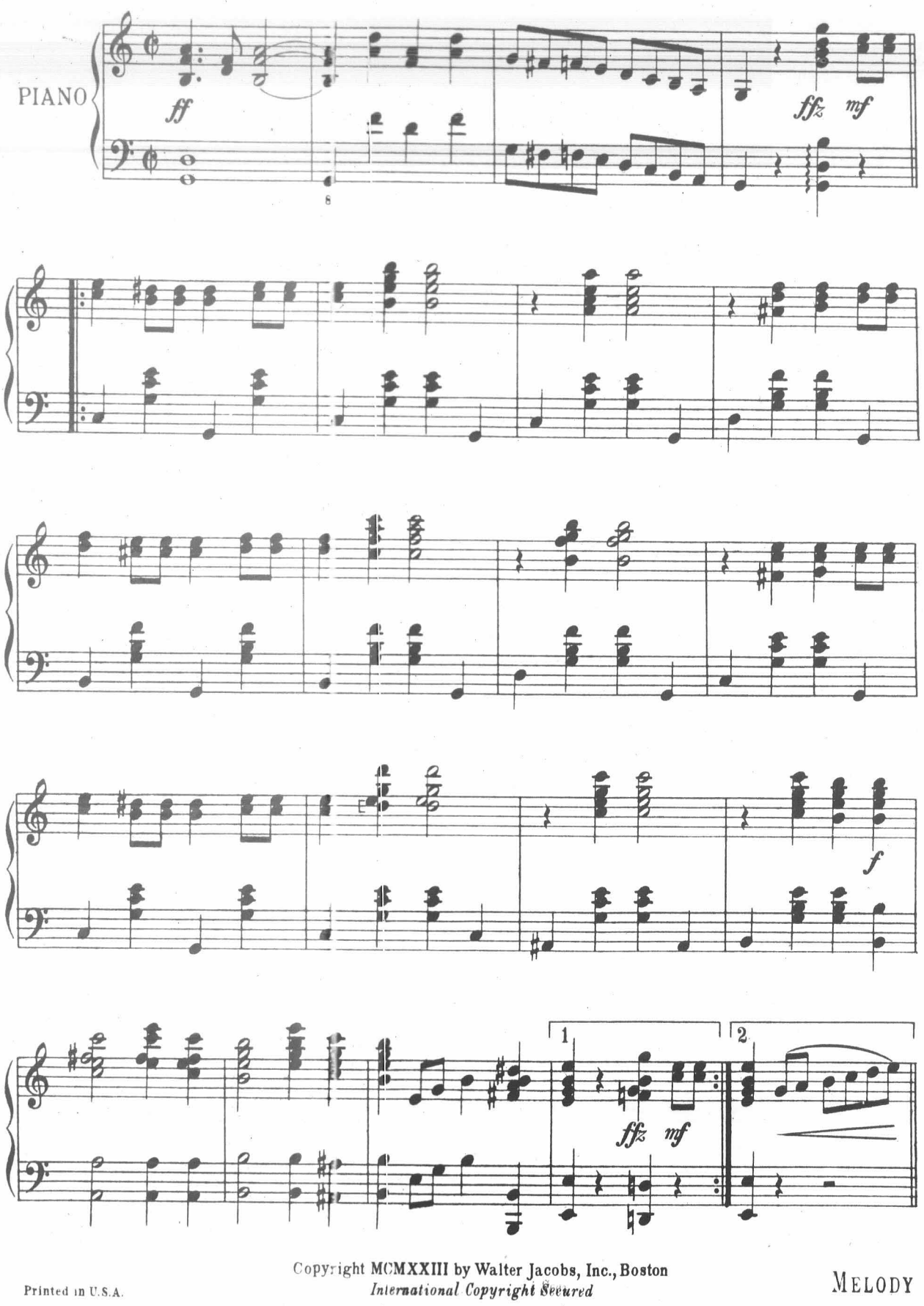
MELODY

The Carroltonian

MARCH

VICTOR G. BOEHNLEIN



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MELODY

To Chester Gaylord, Worcester, Mass.

Louisiana Nights

VALSE CREOLE

Lento

R.S. STOUGHTON

PIANO

p *mf*

Valse Moderato (Dreamily)

mf

più rit. *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo*

più rit.

a tempo

Allegro Brillante

f

ff

f

rit. *ff più allarg.*

a tempo *rall.*

Tempo I

mf

più rit *a tempo*

f *rall.*

MELODY

Più animato

f

molto appassionato *rall.*

a tempo *molto*

appassionato *allarg.* *rall.* *D.S. al*

CODA

smorzando *rall.*

Lento

p *pp* *R.H.*

MELODY

Mist of Memory

WALTZ

GEORGE L. COBB

Andante

PIANO

p

Tempo di Valse

rit.

mf

mf

WALTZ

mf

f

mf

f

ff

f

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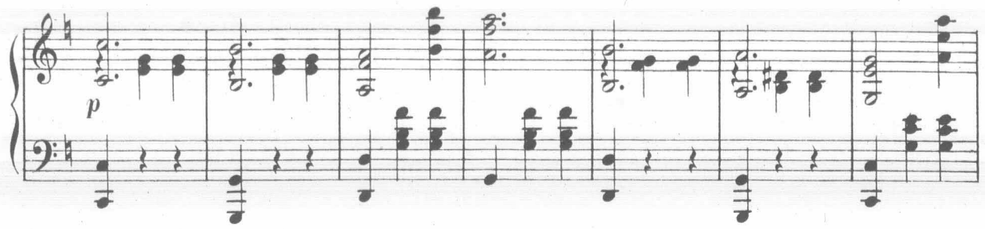

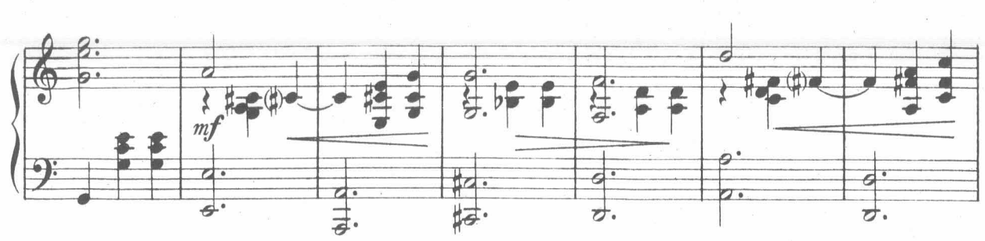

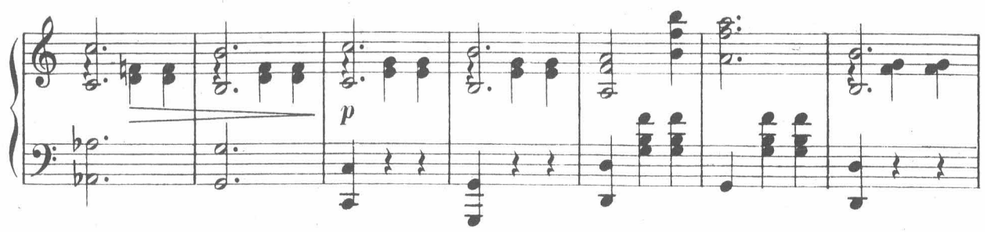

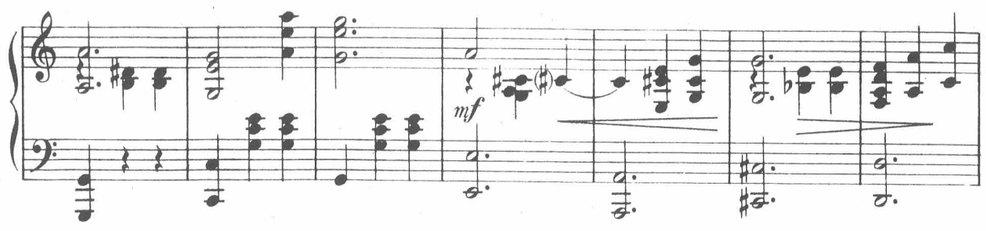

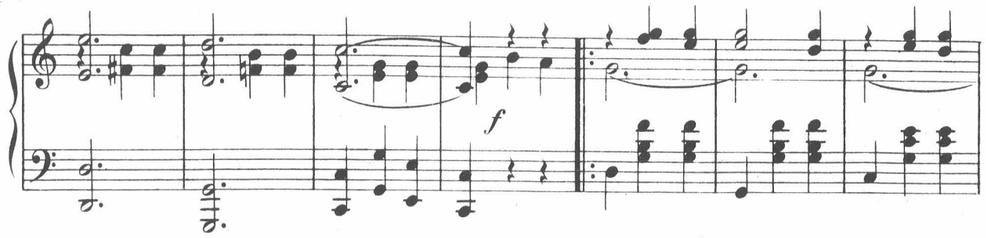

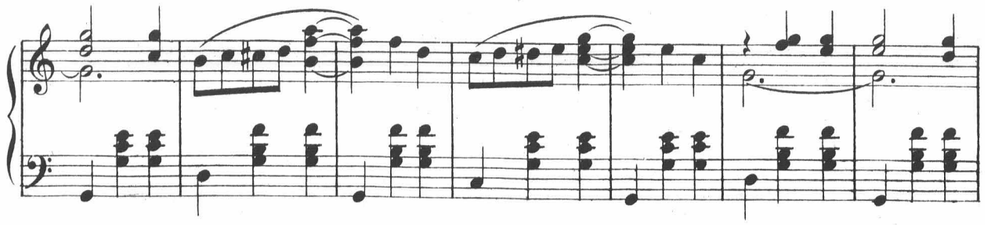

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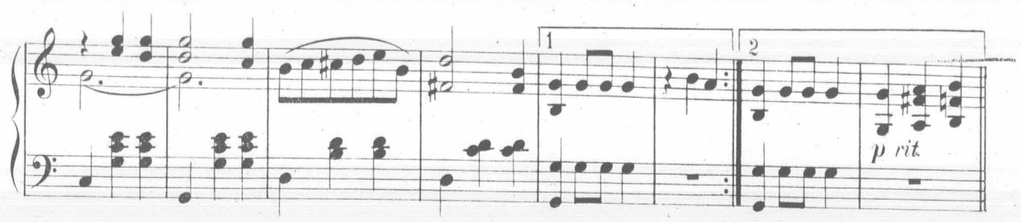

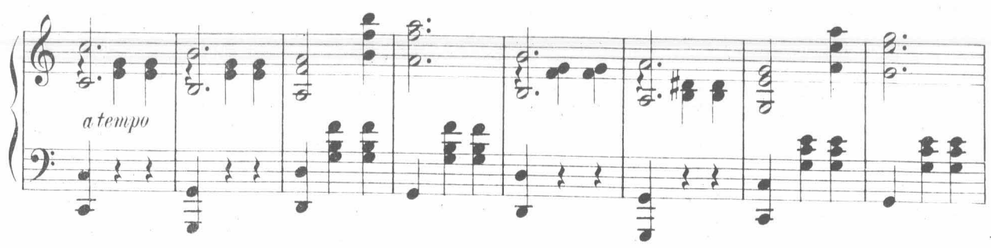

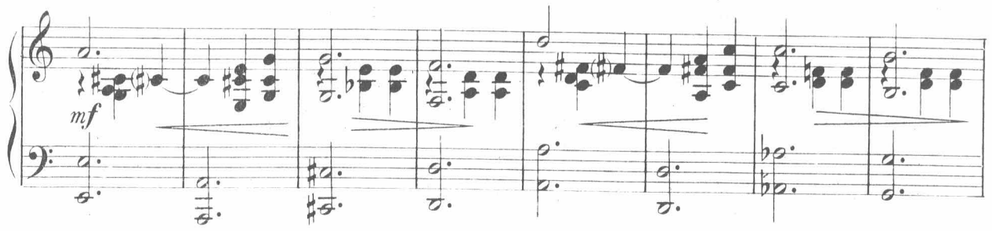

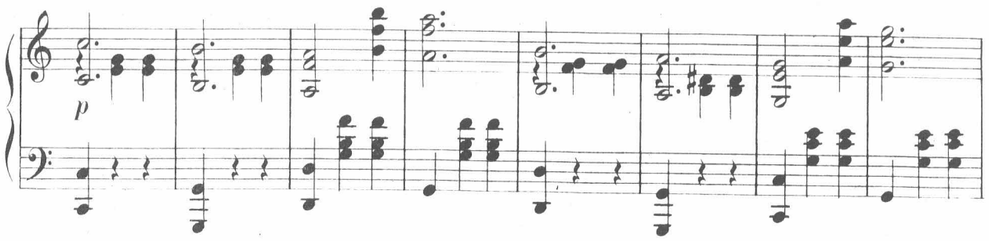

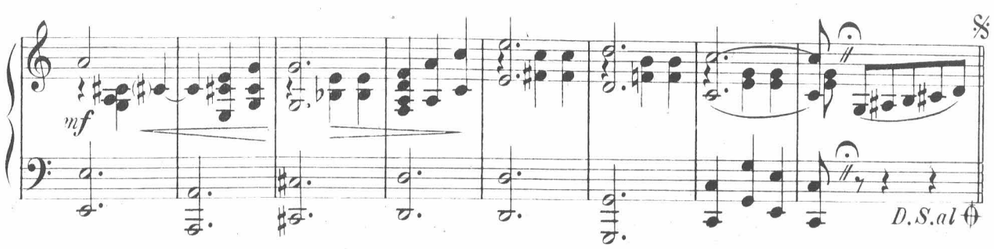

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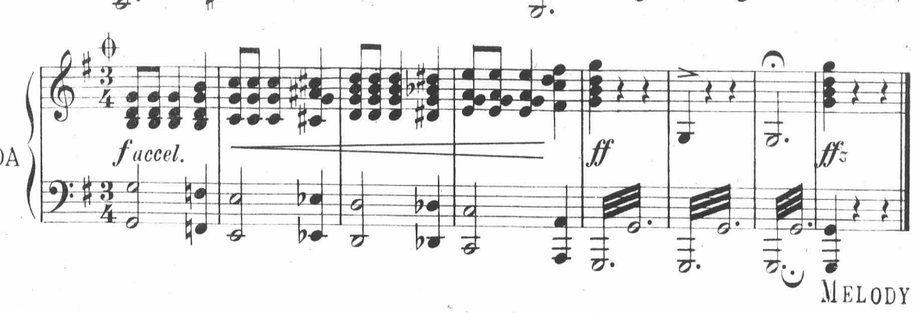


MELODY

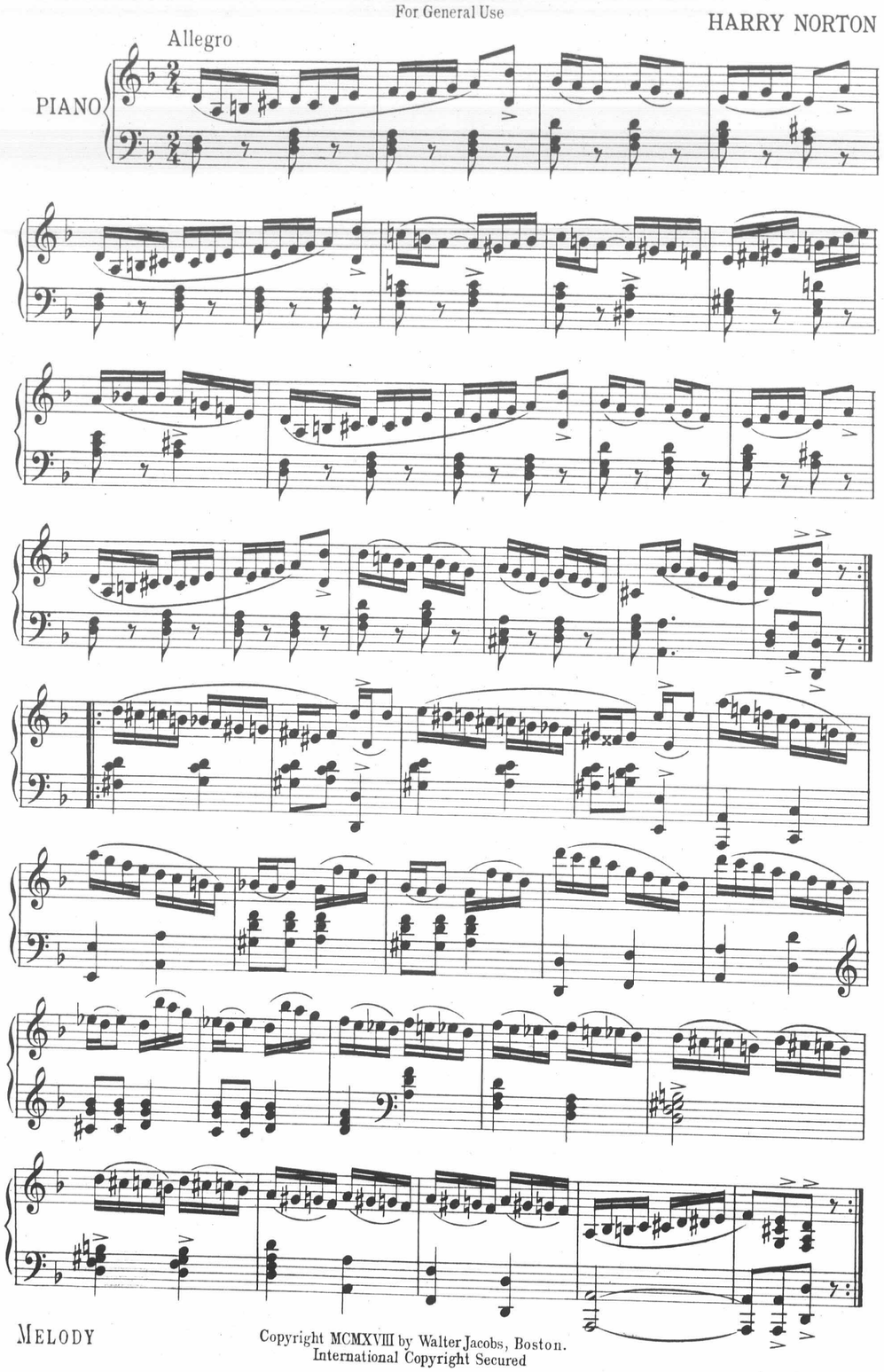
No 1

JACOBS' INCIDENTAL MUSIC

Hurry

For General Use

HARRY NORTON



his destiny Broadwaywards was near. It came about in a way that might well have provided a scene for one of the plays they were later to produce.

The Song and Words Club was giving a picnic—also known as a beer racket—on Staten Island, and would Mr. Harris come? Mr. Harris would and did.

One of the scheduled events of the day was to be a baseball game. Bats, gloves, masks and chest protectors were provided—but no baseballs.

Up spoke a keen-faced lad, with a derby precariously on the side of his head. Up spoke is perhaps wrong—he had been far from inconspicuous by his reticence.

"Let's use apples for baseballs," he said pleasantly, through his nose.

And so Mr. Cohan met Mr. Harris.

The following summer Harris thought he could send a musical show on the road. He wired Cohan, then with his not yet thankful father, mother and sister on a vaudeville tour in Texas. Cohan wired back he had no faith in the material on hand, but he would have a new show ready to submit to Harris in the fall.

He kept his word. The show was "Little Johnny Jones."

Not unnaturally, perhaps, Cohan thought Harris had money and Harris thought Cohan had money. As a natural fact, neither had any. Harris set out to see what he could do about raising enough capital to float the new show.

"I just got three thousand, George," he reported one day.

"Where?"

"In Brooklyn."

The next morning Cohan presented Harris with a list of all the towns in the neighborhood of New York. "Get some more," he advised cordially.

And so "Little Johnny Jones" was born—a fair hit in New York and a smashing success on the road.

And then the Cohan shows followed. "The Honeymooners," "The Yankee Prince," "The Little Millionaire," "Hello Broadway," "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," "Fifty Miles from Boston"—they tell their own story.

The Cohan & Harris partnership lasted sixteen years, with a record of hits in proportion to failures that has never been equalled by any other American producing firm. When the dissolution came it left the partners as friendly as ever—to a large extent the separation was based upon Cohan's violent dislike for producing that followed upon the successful actors' strike in 1919.

Harris is a quiet, unassuming person, not at all impressed with his own importance, and also, happily, not at all given to standing off to one side and admiring what the hand of God has done to the messenger boy and towel supplier of days gone by. The theatre to him is a business, not particularly like any other business, but a business nevertheless. This fortunately removes him from the list of the managers with an instructional and educational mission in life.

"If I get a play with a new idea," he says, "I've got a good play. If it's just an old idea, done in a new way, it's not so good, but still it's fair. But if it's just an old play, done in an old way, some one else will have to do it."

He has kept in his organization Sam Forrest, who directs his plays, as he directed Cohan & Harris plays for so many years. It may be partly due to Forrest that the Sam H. Harris productions have so much of the familiar George M. Cohan touch. At all events, they surely have their fair share of the George M. Cohan popularity with that court of last appeal, the box office.

Laconia Lands the Laurel

FRANKLIN Collier, the very clever cartoonist and column conductor on the staff of the *Boston Herald*, had a lot of picture and word fun in a recent issue of the paper at the expense of New England song writers (to be, have been or now be) because they haven't or didn't. Following a big, black-type headline reading: "At Last, at Last, North Has Burst Into Native Song," Collier cheerfully imparts the news that the chamber of commerce in Laconia, New Hampshire, has adopted as a municipal anthem "Oh Beautiful Winnipesaukee," written by Harry Leslie Brown of that city. "And not only that," adds F. C., "but Laconia claims to be the first city in New England to municipally adopt a song."

If all of that be true, then Massachusetts and the rest of us New England Staters can only bewail, trail on behind, and wish we belonged to the laurel won. Although in itself the name of the city would seem to warrant a sort of Laconian priority of poetic prestige in soulfully setting to music the name of the big New Hampshire lake, she of course doesn't hold exclusive riparian rights and privileges on the lyrical and rhythmical possibilities of Winnipesaukee as title or theme of a municipal anthem, for any other city in the State that has a shore lapped by even a little wavelet from the sheet of water with the beautiful Indian name would have had an equal right to build a song on or around old "Winnipe," if such place had had enough gumption to get there first. But the city with the name within which is embodied lake and pine cone saw the opportunity first. She then grabbed the priority prestige and copped the wreath, so there the rest of us are and there she is—Laconia Lands the Laurel, as we said in the beginning, for being the New England "first."

MELODY has not yet seen or heard this municipal musical adoption, so we can't say whether or not the Laconian songster has confined himself wholly to the Winnipesaukean theme or included in the composition a touch of his own city's name with that of the State. It would seem too bad, however, if he has neglected to grab some of the bully chances for nifty rhymes which hitch so cutely with the name of his city. If we may be permitted to suggest: "Our Dear Old Laconi-ay" lines up great with "Wet and watery way"; or "She's some of a lake, but not so much of a bay"; or "She shimmers moony by night and shines sunny by day"; or "Though no longer we may quench with liquids malty, yet 'Saukee's' waters are never salty, so they say," and a bunch of others. As for State name rhymes: if "Our rocky-ribbed Old New Ham" doesn't make as good a rhyme with clam, dram, jam, ram or slam as does "Old Alabam" with yam, then we'll eat the yam. But we're hogging somebody's else story, so let's start again.

Collier pre-faces his little plaint with several rippingly funny cartoons of weary and woeful looking poet-musicians—supposedly in Massachusetts towns and actually in the throes of composition—all of whom are brain floundering for local word ideas to make municipal prize songs (if readers ever saw the "mugs" *he* put on the flounderers they would see the reason for *us* sticking a hyphen in the second word of this paragraph). One of the woeful is a banjoist who's stuck because, "the only feature in my town that's worth a song is our gas station." Another woefuller one is a ruminating, bald-headed saxophonist who's up a stump because, "the Webster board of trade say they'll adopt my song if I can only get in something about Lake Chaubunagungamaug"—yep, it's the honest-to-goodness name of a lake in Webster, Massachusetts, that's been telescoped from the original Indian one of Chaugogagogmauchaugagogbunagungamaug. Try it!

The whole name (it's bona fide Indian and not a joke) would be a mouthful to word gurgle and of course out of the running to song juggle, but one couldn't bite off and "chau" on any easier rhyme phrases for the sawed-off Chau-buna-gunga-maug than, say, "mustard on a hot daug" (a summer Boston beach dainty); or "mummychaug" (it's a fish and not something Egyptian); or "in a deep, damp faug, on a sea-weedy laug, a sad and seedy fraug sat croaking bwaug, bwaug, bwaug!" And on a pinch, what's the matter with "morgue" as a hitch-up with "maug"? But we started out to tell Collier's little song story, so here she is without further butting in:

> Laconia is to be congratulated upon having a song writer who is able to see a subject for a song north of Dixie.
>
> The question arises, now that they have got a song of their own, can they get anyone to sing it?
>
> From what we have observed in the line of popular songs, unless Laconia can import some southern mammies or some bales of cotton or levees, it is going to be hard to put a song over.
>
> There never has been a popular song on New England yet which has gone over big. As we said once before, from a song standpoint New England is located too far north. Another thing which has prevented local songs from going over has been the fact that the greater part of them have been written from a purely press agent point of view. You cannot work popularity or sentiment into a city directory, which seems to be the lines that most of the New England songs follow.
>
> The most popular New England song that we can recall was entitled "The Old Fall River Line," but it took more than the mere popularity of this steamship company to make it popular. People were not singing it for the purpose of bringing business to the company. As we recall it the lines that made the song popular were:
>
> You can lose your life,
> You can lose your wife,
> On the Old Fall River Line.
>
> Those lines were not considered derogatory to the company; they were just little touches that were not taken literally any more than the Ford jokes, but they gave New England a popular song.
>
> You cannot compose a song about the moon rising over the Custom House tower, our climate does not provide the right setting for that stuff. You have got to write it more on the line of
>
> If I lose my gal in Boston
> That won't make me blue,
> For I've got one in Salem
> That I can hop right to.
> If I lose my gal in Salem
> That won't worry me,
> For I've got another waiting
> Up in Ossippee—

That is the type of song they eat up, no matter what else they tell you.

If Composer Brown has written something about the hills around Winnipesaukee and the like, we predict that he is on the wrong track. But if he has grabbed an opportunity to tout this famous body of water as being less than one-tenth of one per cent alcoholic content and work off some snappy lines about Volstead he has a great chance

The Greater Lose as the Lesser Loom

FAME, and especially posthumous fame, is not wholly unlike yeast—of much potency while working in fermentation, but unnoticed after the fermenting has ceased, the froth of acclamation has settled and the bubbles of admiration have simmered down, and not at all apparent in the residuum. To be sure the original ferment is still present in the finished brew, but it is not sensed as such; its vital action is now quiescent (posthumous, so to speak), and the greater power of the yeast is submerged in the lesser product (shall we say also posthumous in these days?) of beer. But some day along comes somebody who announces the startling discovery that embodied in the hitherto humble yeast are mighty vitamines which will jazz up the human system to concert pitch and, ergo, the essential element of brew (also bread) "rises" into new fame, yet even at that not so much as yeast but more in reflected glory as a fat producer.

It is somewhat similar with "risings" in the human effervescings, and we sometimes find ourselves questioning as to how firm are the foundations upon which rest the posthumous fame of great men. Is it securely fixed upon some great and outstanding deed, some spoken or written words that once flamed; upon some remarkable book, play, opera or other composition in music that among the lesser works looms larger in the public eye as the superlatively greater? Or is this elusive quantity we designate as "fame" sometimes based upon what may have been self-supposed by its maker to be trivial— something perhaps carelessly thrown out in what Palgrave termed "the crudities of the yeast of youth" or mayhap casually done as a filler-in or stop-gap for some bigger thing and then possibly forgotten by themselves, only later to be discovered, aired and acclaimed before a none too critical public? Lord Byron once wrote that "fame is but a certain portion of uncertain paper," and history and fact would seem to prove that the English poet was right—at least, in so far as music and musicians are concerned.

If the recent exhuming by Lord Carnarvon of the long buried treasures of Tut-Ankh-Amen may be considered as precedent for other excavating, although no mention seems to be made of things musical in the Egyptian tomb it surely is excusable to dig up some of the lesser things in music that have achieved fame as against those of the greater. Here are a few dug up for fun.

From the standpoint of classic purity combined with melodic charm and contrapuntal beauty, in his stupendous output of composition John Sebastian Bach was indeed a music marvel. And considering his enormous contributions to the literature of music from the numerical as well as musical viewpoint, he was a mighty master-musician whose name is memorialized in his five great "Passions," numerous sets of cantatas for the church, forty-eight preludes and fugues, innumerable suites, sonatas and very many more forms for strings, organ and piano, yet outside of classic circles the name of Bach is most broadly known today by a little air dug up from one of his lesser instrumental suites. Somebody once discovered that this small melodic bit in a suite that now is practically unknown was wonderfully pleasing when played alone on the G string of a violin, and so Bach's posthumous "Air for the G String" was born anew to the music world and for a long time provided a program "vitamine" for the violinists. But the huge bulk of his greater works is unknown except to the music savants and the classicists. Some half-dozen of his lesser things have been Victrola'd, so perhaps he is saved from total musical extinction.

Handel, of the same period as Bach, likewise was a music giant in composition. He was a veritable prodigy in turning out oratorios and operas by the score from a seemingly unfailing source of supply of melodic material, and although the greatest and most prolific composer of massive swinging choruses ever known to the world his work for the most part seems destined to become merely relics sealed in a music tomb. To be sure one or two of his lesser numbers (excerpts from the greater) are still heard on certain specific occasions, and more than rare renderings of some few of his many song-excerpts and single yearly performances of one of his oratorios these lesser ones are about all which seem to be left of the once gargantuan Handel. How many of the great general public know that the solemn dirge so often played at military funerals of pomp is the "Dead March" from Handel's oratorio *Saul;* or when at a public reception to some political potentate the band bursts forth into "See the Conquering Hero Comes," how many know it as the triumphal march from his once well-known oratorio *Judas Maccabaeus?* Such is posthumous fame.

Among musicians and those who are broadly musical the posthumous fame of Handel today rests almost wholly upon *The Messiah*, his masterpiece and one surviving oratorio. But to the average run of musical listeners he is better known (if known at all) by a little aria from his long extinct opera *Xerxes*, the "Largo," and a mere music trifle as compared with other gigantic Handelian compositions. This well-known and melodically beautiful number, that nowadays is nearly always served up as an instrumental number bearing but little resemblance to its original form, someday perchance may leap into fuller popular fame through the yeast of jazz.

Schubert contributed to the literature of vocal music hundreds of songs of wonderful melodic charm and rare singable quality, yet about the only one that is broadly known and sung today is the "Serenade." As one among others of Schubert's compositions that Sigmond Romberg has so skillfully and gracefully woven into the delightful musical play "In Blossom Time," the "Serenade" now bids fair to become more popularly known by the public at large, although as a song it is of far less music weight and worth than either his "Erl King" or "Wanderer" and is of much less lyric beauty than his famous "Ave Maria." "The Serenade" also has achieved the distinction of being jazzed.

Schumann, who because of his wealth of beautiful melodies contributed to the literature of the piano is beloved by pianists the world over, once composed a little morceau known as "Traumerei." To himself this may have been a mere music nothing, yet out of the great wealth of his pianistic creations, his four symphonies, much remarkable chamber music and many more, the lesser "Traumerei" is the one number most popularly known today.

To the lovers and singers of choral music of a later period than Handel, the fame of the mellifluously melodic Mendelssohn rests largely upon his two oratorios *Elijah* and *St. Paul*, his sacred cantatas of high order and his numerous part-songs for men's and women's voices, while to lovers of the instrumental he is more famous because of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music inspired by Shakespeare's drama of that name. But to how many persons of only average musical taste is Mendelssohn known by other composition than one that the writer of this paper once heard most artistically ragged—the ever popular "Wedding March" without which no marriage in public is deemed complete? And here again enters the lesser-great equation, for how many persons who have heard this nuptial number played hundreds of times, or who in stately step may have marched down the aisle of a church to its strains, know that it is built on "The War March of the Priests" from *Athalia*, an earlier Mendelssohn oratorio?

Chopin, too, wrote many beautiful songs, yet is better known to musicians as a remarkably prolific composer of charming numbers for the piano, and best known by his magnificent "Funeral March." This number may not be known to the popular ear as one of Chopin's piano compositions, yet it has been surreptitiously "adapted" for more than one popular selection, "Sumbuddy's comin' wen de dewdrops fall" for one. It also has been openly jazzed, so is safe for the time being.

Sir Arthur Sullivan not only wrote many beautiful songs and four-part numbers of melodic charm and grace, but *H. M. S. Pinafore, Mikado, Pirates of Penzance, Patience* and others are operatic monuments to his name. Today the Sullivan operas are "on the shelf" musically, about the only one of his hundreds of songs that is broadly known is the "Lost Chord" that perhaps is better known as an adapted cornet solo, and to the popular mind his name stands or falls by "Onward Christian Soldiers," his celebrated hymn that generally is played against something else by brass bands. Mascagni's *Cavelleria Rusticana* and Massenet's *Thais* are best known to the public at large by two of their lesser excerpts only—the "Intermezzo" from one, the "Meditation" from the other.

It is related that whenever Richard Wagner visited a small city it was the invariable custom for him to be serenaded by the "home" band, and that the inevitable number chosen for the "serenade" was always the famous March from *Tannhauser*. One night, when after the usual serenading the bandmaster appeared to pay his personal respects to the supreme master of opera, the thoroughly irritated composer of many mighty operas most testily greeted the poor

for fame as a composer of modern popular songs.

This essay is not intended to be in any way derogatory to Composer Brown; we hope his song goes big; he has chosen a big subject which shows that he is not averse to writing about something that extends beyond the city limits.

If we were to follow his example in Boston, it would be necessary to have a song about the Atlantic Ocean, which might not be a bad idea, as all the seacoast cities could use it.

Anyway, Laconia has started something, and, if it goes good, we shall soon be hearing songs about "Sweet Saugus" "Romantic Revere," "The Moonlight on Fore River," "My Hingham Flapper," and other sentimental ballads. When all is said and done, remember, we don't have to sing 'em.

wind musician with: "Mein Gott in himmel! Have I never composed anything but the *Tannhauser* march?"

Let any musician ask one of his musical (?) friends what Dvorak wrote, and right off the music bat comes the answer, "Humoresque." Yet this noted composer wrote many Bohemian operas of musical merit, oratorios, cantatas, concertos, etc.; while his fifth symphony, "From the Old World," is well-known to all conductors, players and lovers of the symphonic. Put the same question to the same friend concerning Rachmaninoff, and most likely the reply will come, "The Bells of Moscow." That is how well they know his "Prelude in C-sharp Minor," which was written purely as a study and had nothing to do with the bells of Moscow or any other cow, although it has been jazzed. Of Rachmaninoff's two piano concertos and other greater numbers the "friend" knows literally nothing, and here again the lesser looms.

And so it goes all along down the line from Bach to the most modern—the greater lose as the lesser loom! Is this because of some unwritten law of fate or destiny, or is it simply the perversity (jazzed, so to speak) of human nature? Probably the true answer is that the people sing, play and listen to that which only appeals to and attracts them, and don't give a dime about a man's present or posthumous fame.—M. V. F.

You may not believe it, but one doesn't always have to be in the dumps to get the blues. Starting off with the "Low Down Blues" (they're really high up), here's a little list that lifts—musically, not mechanically speaking: "Bla, Bla," "Black Eyed," "Boll Weevil," "Clover Blossom," "Lucky Dog," "Pullman Porter," "Satanic," "State Street," "Tee-Pee," "Virginia," "Wabash" and "Wang Wang," every one a dyed-in-the-wool Blues and all published now by Leo Feist, Inc., for dance orchestra with parts for saxophone.

PROFESSIONAL ENVY INSPIRES THIRD DEGREE OF CRITICISM

CRITICISM is usually of two degrees, constructive and destructive. But there is a third degree which is instigated by professional jealousy and envy. This neither constructs nor destructs, but piques, irritates and contributes heavily to the sum total of ill-feeling among professional musicians.

What is conceded to be the greatest modern piano concerto, writen by one of the greatest of modern composers, was the vehicle to bring out a species of professional envy that temporarily lurked in the mind of one of the top-notch pianists of his day. It is an interesting tale and is best told in the words of the composer, Tschaikowsky, from a letter he wrote to a woman acquaintance.

Tschaikowsky's first concerto for piano, in B-flat minor, was completed in 1875 and played for the first time by Hans von Bulow in Boston. Why Nicholas Rubinstein, Bulow's great contemporary, to whom the concerto was at first dedicated, did not take the honor of introducing it to the world, is the crux of the story, which is told by the composer in the following excerpt from his letter.

"In December, 1874, I had written a pianoforte concerto. As I am not a pianist, I thought it necessary to ask a virtuoso what was technically unplayable in the work, thankless, or ineffective. I needed the advice of a severe critic who at the same time was friendly disposed toward me. Without going too much into detail, I must frankly say that an interior voice protested against the choice of Nicholas Rubinstein as a judge over the mechanical side of my work. But he was the best pianist in Moscow, and also a most excellent musician. I was told that he would take it ill from me if he should learn that I had passed him by and shown the concerto to another, so I determined to ask him to hear it and criticise the pianoforte part. . . .

"I played through the first movement. Not a criticism, not a word. You know how foolish you feel if you invite one to partake of a meal provided by your own hands, and the friend eats and—is silent! 'At least say something, scold me good naturedly, but for God's sake, only speak, whatever you may say!' Rubinstein said nothing. He was preparing his thunderstorm. The matter was right here: I did not need any judgment on the artistic side of my work; there was question only about mechanical details. This silence of Rubinstein said much. It said to me at once: 'Dear friend, how can I talk about details when I dislike your composition as a whole!' But I kept my temper and played the concerto through. Again silence.

"'Well?' I said, and stood up. Then burst forth from Rubinstein's mouth a mighty torrent of words. He spoke quietly at first; then he waxed hot, and at last he resembled Zeus hurling thunderbolts. It appeared that my concerto was utterly worthless, absolutely unplayable; passages were so commonplace and awkward that they could not be improved—the piece as a whole was bad, trivial, vulgar. I had stolen this from that one and that from this one; so only two or three pages were good for anything, while the others should be wiped out or radically rewritten. 'For instance, that! What is it, anyhow?' (And then he caricatured the passage on the pianoforte.) 'And this? Is it possible?' and so on, and so on. I can not reproduce for you the main thing, the tones in which he said all this. An impartial bystander would necessarily have believed that I was a stupid, ignorant, conceited note-scratcher, who was so impudent as to show his scribble to a celebrated man. I was not only astonished by this behavior; I felt myself wronged and offended. I needed friendly advice and criticism, and I shall always need it; but here was not a trace of friendliness. It was the cursing, the blowing up, that sorely wounded me. I left the room silently and went upstairs. I was so excited and angry that I could not speak. Rubinstein soon came up and called me in to a remote room, for he noticed that I was cast down. Then he repeated that my concerto was impossible, pointed out many passages which needed thorough revision, and added that he would play the concerto in public if these changes were ready by a certain time. 'I shall not change a single note,' I answered, 'and I shall publish the concerto exactly as it now is.' And this, indeed, I did."

Thus it came about that the concerto was rededicated to von Bulow and was played by this keyboard giant of a past generation while on a tour of the United States. It should be mentioned that Rubinstein later acknowledged his error and attempted to atone for his words to the composer by playing the concerto many times in Russia and at the Paris Exposition in 1878.

The concerto to this day has maintained its reputation as being the most magnificent modern work of its kind.

LITTLE GERMAN BAND GOING

The little German band, long a familiar feature of street corners through the world, seems threatened with extinction. Musical instructors say there has been an alarming decrease since the war in the number of musicians. They think this is due mainly to the fact that disarmament entailed the dissolution of many military bands and made metal wind instruments unpopular.

There are many "jazz" bands in the cabarets but barely a trombonist seen among them. The drums largely supply the "jazz" element.—*Clipping from Berlin daily paper.*

HIS WAY

"I felt kinda lost for a spell after I sold the place and came down to live with my niece," admitted the retired farmer. 'I missed the familiar tasks, and there weren't enough new ones to keep me busy. The familiar sounds, too, were absent, and at first I couldn't get used to the new ones; the young lady on the left tinkling the piano, the folks on the right running their talking machine, the feller across the street practicing his clarinet, and so forth. They bothered me. But bime-by I took to going out on the back porch and filing a saw to quiet my nerves. And it always done so; after a good spell of filing the noises of the neighborhood didn't pester me at all."—*Kansas City Star.*

A DREAM MESSAGE

"The Message of Dreams." That sounds good and dreams are messages sometimes, but not every time. Many times we all have had dream messages we couldn't quite put over to our waking selves after coming out of the dreaming, but here's "The Message of Dreams" they say you can put over to yourself and to others while wide awake, and the wider awake you are musically the better it goes over dreamily. Neither does it come to you from dreamland, but from Albany, N. Y., where it is reported as being the latest song hit with "catchy music and fetching words" that are something more than a dream. It was dreamed by Caroline S. Gee, who has brought it over from her land of dreams and put it out as a tonal message that makes everybody dream—of music.

Don't Miss Page 1

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