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Intolerance and Jazz

By Lyle McCulloch

THE curse of the ages, intolerance, shows its customary appearance in the attitude of the so-called, or rather self-called, "legitimate" musician. There is no more cause for such an attitude on the part of a musician than for religious orders to wrangle with and vilify each other. Jazz, in the writer's opinion, is music no less and no more than any other kind or class. In fact, it is not music itself, but merely a rendition or expression of music that is filling a long-felt want of the public.

Persons who find a relaxation in music find a pleasure and recreation in a proper, up-to-date rendition of jazz. There is every reason for this to be true and almost none to be untrue. Stubbornness, born of intolerance, is perhaps the greatest bar to an almost universal acceptance of this form of music for a place of permanent prominence.

One goes to a symphony concert or the opera for the same edification and enjoyment that a student of literature derives from reading Shakespeare or Herbert Spencer, but does any music lover (whether musician or not) feel that a student of literature is wasting his time by reading James Whitcomb Riley or Mark Twain?

You cannot make a well-balanced meal on roast beef alone just because it is a solid, substantial and palatable food. That would be ridiculous, but with the addition of the salads, vegetables, desserts, liquids, etc., the result is entirely different. And so it is with music. It is not recommended that classic or "legitimate" music be replaced by jazz, but that the latter be given proper recognition.

Styles change in music, as they change in ideas of government and rules of society. Years ago in Civil War times, and later, it was considered the proper thing to use intoxicating liquor as a beverage, a medicine, and perhaps even as a hair tonic. No farmer of those days (including the leading church members) ever thought of harvesting his crops with his neighbors' help without laying in a liberal supply of whisky and ale. The decanter of rye or bourbon was always on the sideboard, and was offered to a guest with no more thought of harm than one offers a glass of *aqua pura* in these days. Those who disagreed with the idea and practice of those days were considered "queer," to say the least.

Today, however, such practices are not only against the law (begun though not finished by that Minnesotan, Mr. Volstead), but would be considered the surest way for a church member or anyone else to get a one-way ticket to the hottest place on record. Regulation of the railroads, a thing unheard of twenty-five years ago, is now an accomplished fact, and accepted as the only means of protecting both the railroads and the public. Woman suffrage was a thing to be abhorred only a few short years ago, yet notice the women voting and working the polls now. All of these were important changes, but are they and others to be made without any serious objection on the part of the public and yet we be unable to change our ideas as to music?

"Legitimate" or classical music is played mostly by rote in a methodical, precise and matter-of-fact way, allowing no freedom of latitude for the individual performer and little enough for the conductor. If the conductor takes only a little too much liberty with interpretation, he is "put on the pan" by every musical critic and conductor, and is judged incompetent. Every music critic and conductor, along with thousands of bleacher conductors, considers that what has been accepted in the past as the real thing is the criterion by which all present and future conductors must be judged. As far as they venture from this cold-drawn line, so far do they fall short in musical ability. There may be no particular way in which this can be changed, but surely any departure from such style and custom is a relief indeed.

In the jazz music of today, which, up to the present, affects only light music written mostly for dancing, the melody shows the principal similarity in the renditions of two or three different organizations of the more prominent class. Each director will arrange (or have arranged) every number, according to his ideas, in order to bring out the particular effects that he thinks will be most pleasing to the listeners. No two choruses of any piece will be played alike, different instrumental combinations being used to produce weird as well as beautiful effects. The old idea, the first idea of jazz, was as much noise, as much syncopation and as much distortion as possible. The extreme novelty of the thing—its originality, or rather reversion to the naked savage type of central Africa,—was all that saved its perpetrators from punishment swift and sure.

Such music could not last, and so was finally refined and changed until now, in the present form, it no more resembles its first phase than it resembles legitimate playing. In those first days of hit and miss (they always hit something but usually missed the right notes), if a performer could read music, he wasn't eligible; that much alone disqualified him. He had to be able to turn flip-flops and cart wheels and full twisters and at the same time retain the balance of his instrument. Neither should he look too intelligent if he wanted to go over big.

But now those who are neatly dressed and most conservative in manner (both on the job and off) are those men play-

ing with the better jazz orchestras. No more frayed edges or shiny looking coats, clean collars fastened perhaps to false shirt-fronts, and a pair of big baggy bloomers neither cleaned nor pressed for, lo, these many moons! No more sticking up a new sheet to see what it sounds like and everybody taking it with a hop, step and jump. No indeed! Rehearsals five and more times a week for two-hour periods and sometimes longer; music rehearsed time after time until each man can and does play his part properly and in the exact style intended by the director. Do you wonder that this style of music is becoming more and more popular every day? It is not only the music and the way it is rendered, but the setting that plays a most important part.

Much of the blatant criticism of jazz has been found to come either directly or indirectly from those "old-school" musicians who are so hide-bound and set in their ways that they wouldn't change if they could, and probably couldn't change if they would. This is not hearsay. The writer has been compelled to suffer through much of the above himself, so this testimony may be safely introduced. One of this city's products, who is conducting one of the most prominent jazz outfits in the effete East, started on a small scale in a small way, and from the beginning tried to improve. He was one of the first to realize that constant and regular rehearsing was the one thing necessary and essential for improvement. He was a leader in this section of the country, and his ideas were always up with the rest, and sometimes ahead. He was scoffed at by the old boys for getting away with murder just because he had faith in his idea and himself, and nerve enough to carry it through. He probably couldn't have played drums on any theatre job, and didn't know all the rolls that some of the other boys did, but you can place your money on one thing, though: He knows more about, and has had more intimate acquaintance with another kind of rolls (and coffee) than many of the first-chair knockers. If some of them spent as much time practising on their own instruments as his band spent, they wouldn't have time to do any knocking. They would be too busy on engagements.

What is better to the average lover of music: A wonderful masterpiece by an honored composer of the past, "rendered" by a mediocre outfit of "legitimate" musicians (much as lard is rendered, or round steak put through a sausage grinder), or a popular tune put over in a nice, quiet and tuneful style, in perfect time and rhythm, until you can't help but notice the restful effect it has on you?

Let us all have that consideration for each other's likes and dislikes that is taught in the Golden Rule. We would all feel better about it, don't doubt that. There is a large enough field for all styles and classes of music, and anyway the *vox populi* is the court of last resort. There are few if any symphony orchestras that can stand on their own, great as they are. The box office can't support them, and so they are kept alive by subscriptions. But did you ever hear of a subsidy for Paul Whiteman or George Olsen? Put that on the phonograph and try it over—just once!

Live Sparks From Connecticut

FROM the intended ministerial to the mechanical, and then to the musical; a touch of the military unusual, again back to the musical and then to the music-commercial is surely a variegated example of changes vocational before reaching the eventual. If the subject of our sketch had followed his original intention of entering the ministerial profession, there is not (as Sir William Gilbert of opera libretto fame put it) "a possible, probable shadow of doubt" but what as a conductor of church affairs he would have been a "live wire," not inconsistent with his name—Sparks.

Earle L. Sparks was born in Norwich, Connecticut, on the 15th of August, 1892 (that makes him only thirty-two at the time of this writing). He graduated from the grammar school in his native city, then took a college preparatory course at the Pentacostal Collegiate Institute in North Scituate, Rhode Island, with full intentions of entering the ministry, but after his graduation from that institution he experienced a complete "change of heart." Returning to Norwich he took up the industrial by taking employment as an electrician's helper, and there again name and occupation seemed to curiously coincide.

In 1912, at the age of twenty, young Sparks began the study of music in Boston where he lived for the greater part of that year, continuing his study for

Earle L. Sparks

twelve years (from then until now) and, in his own words: "will always study it, for the more I pursue the muse, the more I realize that I know very little concerning the art of piano playing." From Boston he went to Elgin, Illinois, and in 1913 became a member of Elgin Local No. 48, A. F. of M. In 1916 he went to Chicago, thence to Milwaukee and then to Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania. In the latter place he was employed in the traffic department of the Union Switch and Signal Company until February of 1917, at which time a $5,000,000 fire destroyed the plant, and then came a taste of

The Jazz of War

Mr. Sparks was twenty-five when America entered the World War, and on July 26, 1917, he enlisted in the service of the United States at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He was assigned to duty in Company G of the 58th U. S. Infantry at Gettysburg Camp; in October of the same year he was transferred to Company B of the Fifth Machine Gun Battalion, and in December sailed from Halifax for France on a British transport. From March 3d, 1918, until the great day of November 11th, he experienced active service in those memorable fighting sectors of Trioyon, the Aisne defensive, Chatteau-Thiery, the Aisne-Marne offensive, Marbache, Soissons, St. Miehiel and the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and was stationed at Weitersburg, Germany, during the American occupation of the Rhine. On his return from the war he arrived in New York City in August, 1919, and was discharged from service on August 20th.

From Militant to Musical

Such a service under the terrific percussion and concussion of bomb and shell would seem sufficient to have annihilated all thoughts of the softer cadences of the music muse, but returning to Norwich after his discharge, Mr. Sparks resumed

(Continued on Page 22)

The Photoplay Organist and Pianist

By Lloyd G. del Castillo

A Vacation Tour of Theatre Organs in New York

ARE you familiar with the classic of the sailor who, granted shore leave, was discovered propelling a rowboat around the pond in the Boston Public Gardens?

I, too, was born in Matteawan. Having been granted a two weeks' respite from the burdens of this life, I spent it rushing from one place to another through a misguided ambition to hear all the good theatre organs and organists in New York State. That I did not entirely succeed was in some measure due to natural and artificial agencies outside my control—as, for instance, my late afternoon spurt from Rochester to Buffalo, only to find that while en route the clocks had been turned forward an hour and 8:30 in Rochester was 9:30 in Buffalo, so that by the time I got used to the little red, yellow and green traffic lights perched out of sight above my windshield visor, the evening in Buffalo was ruined. What little sleuthing I did accomplish was not encouraging.

The Hippodrome and the Lafayette are both typical vaudeville houses, than which there is none "whicher," so far as an expectation of an elevated standard of music goes. Vaudeville audiences just won't stand for it, that's all.

Eastman Theatre the "Last Word"

But anything would have been a disappointment after my visit to the Eastman Theatre in Rochester. It is sufficient comment to make that the Capitol in New York seems almost tawdry by comparison. For the many to whom the Capitol is the Mecca and Taj Mahal of photoplay theatredom, such a statement seems like wild and loose talk and a rabid violation of the right of free speech, but to me the appointments of the Eastman are unquestionably superior. To begin with, the Capitol, although a comparatively new theatre, is decorated in the old school of gilded and satin luxuriousness, whereas the Eastman is developed on the simpler key-note of ascetic dignity, in which walls of enormous stone blocks are set off only by tapestries and neutral hangings. The latter house, therefore, although having a much smaller seating capacity, being a mere toy of approximately four thousand seats, gives the effect of much greater spaciousness and vastness; not only that, but the appointments generally are superior—lounges, foyer, decorations, uniforms, all showing the most painstaking attention to perfection of detail. What I was naturally most interested in, however, was the organ. Here there is no comparison. The Capitol organ, smooth-voiced and satisfactory as it is, dwindles into insignificance beside the Eastman organ, which is credited with being the world's largest theatre organ.

The Eastman Theatre Organ

To those readers interested in organ design a brief resumé should be enlightening. We have here in essence a six-manual organ, the Solo and Echo being played from the fourth top manual, and the Orchestral being ancillary—that is, playable on any manual. There is also a complete ancillary String organ, but in its case the stops themselves appear on each manual as part of that manual's equipment. The organ was designed by Harold Gleason, Mr. Eastman's private organist and head of the organ department of the Eastman School of Music, and built by the Austin Company. It is therefore a tribute to the designer's broad-mindedness to discover that, in addition to being a splendid concert instrument, the organ has been equipped with all the traps essential for theatre work. The 42-stop pedal is largely borrowed, and the Orchestral is mostly duplexed from the Solo, but the remainder of the organ is entirely independent. The entire organ is enclosed, save for the Great Diapasons and Tibia Plena.

There are 23 pipe stops on the Great, 25 on the Swell, 19 on the Choir, 20 on the Solo, 10 on the Echo, and 26 on the Orchestral. The strings, while abundant, seemed to me a trifle thin. Flutes and Diapasons are rich and full, and a particularly valuable feature is the profusion of mutation ranks. On the Great alone we find a Quint, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth; Nineteenth, Septieme, Twenty-Second, and a three-rank Mixture. The Reeds, one of the most valuable departments of the theatre organ, although unfortunately often stressed at the expense of Flutes and Diapasons, are plentiful and varied. On the Orchestral, which is naturally richest in reeds, we find a French Horn, Basset Horn, Clarinet, Bassoon, English Horn, Orchestral Oboe, Oriental Reed, Vox Humana, and Musette. If that riot of color doesn't make your mouth water it stamps you as a stony-hearted, soulless pianist playing at an organ you have no business to touch. And the traps—gosh all hemlock, the traps! Harp, Chimes, Bells, Xylophone, Piano, Sleigh-bells, Snare Drum, Bass Drum, Cymbals, Crash Cymbal, Tambourine, Castanets, Triangle, Tom Tom, Woodblock, Bird Whistle, Fire Gong, Steamboat Whistle, Horse Hoofs, Auto Horn, Door Bell—everything but the Kitchen Stove. The position, in order to be filled properly, calls for a married organist with several small children.

Whether John Hammond, who was at the console when I was present, answers those qualifications, I do not know. If he doesn't, my logic is all wrong, for no one could have handled this Mastodon of Organs more smoothly than he. Unfortunately for the Eastman Theatre, he has by now left there to accept a position on Broadway, but Mr. Berentsen (his associate) and Mr. Smith (his successor) are both of sufficiently sound repute to carry on. Mr. Hammond's style is unusual and fascinating, notwithstanding that he violates one of my strictest rules—to improvise only for a definite purpose when no appropriate music can be found. Through the showing of Ingram's "The Arab" he improvised every second, with the exception of about ten minutes when he hospitably invited me to sit in and take a few whacks. His influence had been so insidious that I found myself doing the same thing, except for playing a little "Scheherezade."

However, I regard him as one of the exceptions that proves the rule. For the average organist, whose idea of improvisation is to play arpeggios and chromatic runs over a tonic, sub-dominant, dominant harmonic foundation, and for the hurries to let loose a wildly exotic succession of diminished sevenths, I still turn a deaf ear to piteous appeals to be allowed to ramble through a picture. In a recent article elsewhere, I summarized my objections to improvising so compactly that I feel constrained to plagiarise from myself for these pages, as follows:

First, most organists don't know how to improvise. Second, even when they do, they can't maintain their standard through a week of forty-two hours, more or less. Third, an audience prefers to hear familiar, or at least coherent pieces. Fourth, Wagner, Tchaikovski, MacDowell and the rest do these things so much better.

The Estey Luminous Console

In New York City my most pleasant experience was playing the Capitol Theatre organ in the morning before the

house opened. While this organ is adequate and smoothly voiced and also has four manuals, it cannot compare in size or equipment with the Eastman organ. The latter, as I explained above, is really a six-manual proposition. The Estey organ at the Capitol, on the other hand, is really only a three-manual instrument with one manual duplexed. The Strings and Flutes are admirable. The Reeds are the Haskell reedless type, whose chief recommendation, in my opinion, is the fact that they stay in tune. I have never played any which I thought could compare in pungency with the authentic reed. This, in all due respect to Mr. Haskell's remarkable achievement, which is a noteworthy step in organ design. As a theatre organ, the Capitol instrument is deficient in brilliancy. Not only is it handicapped by relatively scant Mutation and the lack of keenness in the Reeds, but by the limitation of Percussion to Chimes, Harp and Xylophone. In short, it is an adequate concert instrument, but not sufficiently varied in scope to fulfil all the manifold duties of a theatre organ.

My chief interest in it, however, was not so much in the organ itself as in the new Estey invention—the luminous stop-touch console. Of this I cannot speak too enthusiastically. In place of the conventional draw knobs, rocker tablets or tongues, we find little compact rows of push buttons above the top manual, very much like typewriter keys, except that there is a tiny lamp under the glass head which lights when the key is pushed. A second push disconnects the contact again. The name of the stop is inscribed in tiny letters on the glass head. As these little square sets of keys look very much like cash registers, it is odd that the first installation should have been for the organ built by Estey for the schoolhouse and auditorium of the National Cash Register Company at Dayton, Ohio, in January, 1923.

The advantages of these little Christmas tree dinguses are numerous. The most obvious is that in their compact lay-out above the top manual, they do away with all the awkward side motions that organists have had to train themselves to, from time immemorial. Hope Jones with his elliptical console made a tremendous step forward from the old draw knobs. The Estey Company has, I believe, made an even greater stride with the luminous button. In addition to this very evident convenience of accessibility, this lay-out also makes it possible to set a registration with practically one motion, as one plays a chord, the fingers falling on the buttons in the same way or perhaps in arpeggio form, and to cancel stops with the same identical motion that sets them. (I can readily imagine that the ability to play a typewriter or a cash register is going to prove the determining factor in selecting applicants for positions on these organs.)

I can even imagine that purely as a spectacular device, this console might be a successful selling point to the average theatre manager, for whose musical intelligence I have little respect. (This statement excludes, of course, all managers with whom I now have dealings, or any with whom I may have in the future.) For unlike all preceding types of console, the register crescendo acts visibly on the stop keys, and as it is opened and closed, a flashing pyrotechnic display results. This is fascinating to the layman, one of whom after seeing this organ during a performance asked me later what caused these lights to constantly flash while the organist's hands were observed to be confined to playing on the manuals. Please do not think me bitter if I add that there are many organists who have little more knowledge of the proper use of the register crescendo than many of the laymen who are obliged to listen to them.

For the Exclusive Benefit of Puffed-up Theatre Organists

Ambition is a wonderful thing. Spurred on by motives that are not particularly clear to most of us, we drive our minds and bodies through all sorts of exhausting contortions with the idea of accumulating wealth that we will have neither the time nor spirit to enjoy, or of forcing other egoists to accord us a grudging modicum of adulation, which is in most cases merely a vicarious method of congratulating themselves on their own intellectual powers of appreciation.

Now I am talking nonsense, but there is nevertheless just enough truth in it to serve as introduction for a few trenchant remarks on theatre organists. Professional performers of all kinds are notorious for having an acute realization of how fascinatin' they are, the most exaggerated example of which is the "vodvillian" with his wearisome tales of how he knocked 'em out of their seats.

The movie organist is not free from this disease, and it manifests itself in an odd way. With the peculiar complex of imagining that the audience behind him is listening to his dulcet sounds rather than watching the picture, I have time after time read illuminating accounts of how at some choice imitative or descriptive bit of fitting, he made the audience howl with laughter. It is really remarkable to me how easily the majority of otherwise reasonably sane organists have managed to delude themselves with this bit of hokum, when a little analysis would show them that in practically every case the music fitted a bit of humorous action at which the audience would have laughed anyway.

Occasionally there is, I admit, an exception in which the organist may interpolate some perfectly explosive effect that by mere dynamics will win a reaction from the audience, but as a rule, if the organist will have courage enough to omit his perfectly screaming effect on some performance, he will be forced to admit that his auditory seismograph will not show any marked variation. If any organist tells you he played "Where Did You Get That Hat" when the man appeared in the funny hat, and made the audience laugh and applaud, you may rest assured that the joke was not on the man or the audience, but on the organist.

It has always been my conviction that while excellent music will make a musical reputation for a house, it will not affect the patronage by five per cent. Of course five per cent of a normal week's business should run from $150 up to seven or eight hundred, so it is not worth the desecration to make the music too rotten; but, in general, I am forced to conclude that people go to a picture show to see the pictures, and not to listen to the music. I can think of several cases where houses with good pictures and poor music have played to capacity, while competitors with good music and poor pictures starved, but none where the reverse is true. The trouble is that the musicians in a picture audience are in the great minority, and that even among those present is a considerable per cent who stop up their ears while watching the screen.

However, this does not mean that, other factors being fairly equal, the musical people will not be attracted to the theatre that has the best music. In other words, there will always be an important minority that it is the organist's duty and function to play to, while he hopes to catch the rest by his showmanship and brilliancy of execution on the comedies, cartoons and solo numbers.

A perusal of the names of the most advertised organists in the business will show that, with a very few conspicuous exceptions, this is precisely what the most famous men do. Murtagh and Crawford are sufficient proof that the surest road to fame is showmanship based on a sound musicianship. I believe that their names will be at the top of the list with others of the same class long after the flashy tricksters will have sunk far below the stellar horizon, and that the newcomers who are now on the way to join them are those conscientious musicians who are painstakingly learning the technique of the organ, composition, theory and musical history, and on that sound foundation building a characteristic individual style with an alert attention to theatrical values.

Bennie Krueger, New York Exponent of Jazz

An Interview

By A. C. E. Schonemann

THE big, pulsating note that has permeated the musical life of Bennie Krueger has been a spirit of determination, and the success of Krueger and his orchestra has been due almost entirely to this one factor. From the beginning Krueger has had confidence in his ability to make good, and backed by an indomitable will he has succeeded despite numerous handicaps, many of which would break the spirit and discourage most men.

Bennie Krueger's first ambition was to be a dentist, and

Bennie Krueger

even after he had taken up the study of the violin when a youngster of four he continued to nurse along the aforementioned ambition to hang a D.D.S. after his name. It was not until he was ten and began to provide instruction for some of his juvenile compatriots in Newark, N. J., that Krueger became thoroughly inoculated with the musical germ, and since that time he has been going steadily forward in his profession.

Krueger is twenty-five years of age. He was born in Newark, N. J., where he attended the public schools and carried his pursuit of knowledge to the high school. Like most youngsters who take up the study of music, Krueger soon organized his own orchestra; he gave lessons on the violin and devoted a large part of his time to playing for school dances.

When Bennie Krueger was still in his 'teens he obtained his first professional position. He was offered an opportunity to play in the Newark Cafe, and eager for the chance to work out his own ideas in a musical way and build up an orchestra bearing his name he accepted the position.

Krueger had become adept with the violin, but he soon discovered that the saxophone was slowly alienating his affections. He saw a future for the saxophone; the tone of the instrument appealed to him and the possibilities for musical pyrotechnics seemed almost unlimited. The culmination of Krueger's meditation over the relative position and future standing of the violin and saxophone was his purchase of the latter instrument. Then followed years that he gave to the study of the saxophone, during which time he worked out his own salvation on the instrument.

"I didn't have a teacher in those days," said Krueger to the writer. "I picked up the rudiments by keeping at it. I learned to fake on the saxophone, yet being determined to read by note I continued my studies until I accomplished what I had set out to do in the beginning—learn the instrument."

Krueger is optimistic over the future of the saxophone, but he is not partial to it to the extent of subordinating the other instruments and giving it full play at all times, as is so often the case. He utilizes the strings at every opportunity, and frequently uses the 'cello because he contends it has the color and depth that cannot be found in a saxophone or any other instrument.

"I believe that the day will come when the saxophone will have a place in the modern symphony orchestra," said Krueger. "The men in this country who have become artists in handling the instrument have proved that it has great possibilities, and realizing this fact, the modern composer will eventually incorporate saxophone parts in the compositions that are written for symphonic organizations."

Discussing the subject of popular music, Mr. Krueger said:

"In my opinion good dance music is not jazz; it is the interpretation of popular songs in a manner that appeals to men and women who like to dance. Jazz to some musicians means noise, while to others it is 'hot' music with odd breaks and unusual melodies.

"The successful leader of the dance orchestra today uses his own musical embellishments, and in accordance with what he believes the people like. If he believes a certain number should be snappy he utilizes his ideas accordingly. If he desires to inject coloring and musical shading, he works up a number with this thought in mind. The field is unlimited, and if a man has ideas and produces effects, variety, and the things picturesque from a musical standpoint, there isn't any reason why he cannot succeed.

"There are many elements that enter into the playing of popular music. The musician must try to bring out the character of the number; sometimes the melody will suggest special musical treatment, and again one can utilize a bit of rhythm that will carry the song over. There are songs that, when viewed from any angle, do not offer an opportunity for effective presentation. Some of these songs develop into hits because they seem to have the right appeal, and the public seems to be receptive for just this type of song."

Krueger argued that many popular songs either by their titles or music would suggest ideas in interpretation. Some songs, he pointed out, are easy to present, and illustrating his point, he referred to a song which had as its predominating idea a stumbling dancer, whose uncertain feet and swaying body were effectively portrayed by certain instruments.

For a second illustration Krueger referred to what he called a "gang song," in which the thought of good-fellowship and the spirit of camaraderie stood out conspicuously. To interpret this number properly he suggested and used for recording purposes the musical themes from "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and "When Good Fellows Get Together."

"Interpretation is largely a matter of sensing what appeals to people," said Krueger. "We have had futuristic harmony—harmony of an uncertain quality—and it didn't satisfy the dancers. The real popular song hits have not been futuristic from any standpoint. They have developed

into hits because the people who dance, who buy phonograph records and go to cabarets, could understand and appreciate this type of music.

"As long as the popular dance orchestra derives its financial support from the public it must play the music and interpret it in a manner that will win the commendation of the public. The leader of the modern dance orchestra can use his ideas but he must not play over the heads of his audience. The American people know what they like and they will give arrangers of our scores and the leaders of orchestras every opportunity to serve up popular music in a manner intended to satisfy the public, but it is only the men who study, analyze, and try to present popular music in a way to strike the fancy of our people who succeed eventually."

Krueger does not advocate unusual or eccentric introductions and endings. Among his orchestrations can be found both the special arrangement and the publishers' printed scores, the last named being presented in accordance with his ideas of interpretation.

For two and a half years Bennie Krueger and his orchestra have been identified with the phonograph-recording forces of the Brunswick company. Since leaving Newark, Krueger and his orchestra have played engagements at Rector's, Delmonicos's and Reisenweber's in New York, in addition to a half dozen or more cities and towns along the Atlantic coast. Within the last year the orchestra visited Chicago, playing an engagement at the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Gossip Gathered by the Gadder

WHEN all the large cities and great civic centres in this country shall have come to universally recognize the importance of giving music instruction a prominent place in the curriculum of the public schools, there will ensue broad changes which will go far towards making American music in the future more fully assured as a vital element in civic and social economy. Such changes are about to be made in the public schools of Boston.

Headed by Mr. John A. Shea, director of music in the Boston public schools, an especially appointed committee has completed a survey of music instruction methods used in the public schools throughout the country. As based upon this survey, the special committee has recommended changes that have been approved and adopted by the Boston school committee, with the result of an increased appropriation for music during the coming year.

The most important change to be made aims towards a greater development along the lines of instrumental music—the formation of school bands and orchestras (enrollment in which will, of course, be wholly optional and voluntary), and their proper training and directing. Band and orchestral instruments are to be supplied for the beginners, and instruction by capable teachers will be available to pupils at the very low price of twenty-five cents a lesson. Under such opportunities and conditions there is bound to follow a new interest in all music, particularly so in that of the instrumental.

Musically and obviously, this is a logical course in the right direction, that is bound to reap results. The average, normal schoolboy (all too often with a voice between hay and grass) dislikes ensemble singing as being, if not "sissy" at least not "manly," and perhaps has to be forced into it, whereas he will almost fall over his own feet to join a band or orchestra and blow a horn, scratch a bow, slide a trombone, or juggle the drumsticks. To his mind there is nothing but manliness in making music as a member of either band or orchestra, and therein looms glorious opportunity of leading him into music through a medium of his own liking. The Boston movement is a good one from which there are certain to come big results in music and musicians of the future.

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

'Tis not in the high stars alone
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that shines in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings.

Mr. Harry J. Norton, the first conductor of the photoplay department in this magazine, has a new and natty idea in the line of a business or professional card. The "card" consists of a neat, pretty, little seven-page brochure bound in a delicate shade of blue, and contains a chronology of some of the old classic musicians and their works, with entertaining bits of their biography written by Rupert Edward Blatchford. On the upper part of the front cover is the title, "A Survey of Music in Miniature," and below is the card, "With Compliments of *Harry J. Norton,* Theatre Organist." It surely is something most unique and unusual in the line of professional cards.

"He is indefatigable, almost inexhaustible, in his ear-splitting discords, forced transitions, ugly distortions of melody and rhythm. Everything that it is impossible to think of is raked up to produce the effect of originality."

Guess again, Mr. Reader, because if you think the above diatribe was written in a fit of "sourcasm" by some modern critic concerning present-day jazzists (leaders, players or composers) you are way off in your guessing. According to that able critic for the *New York Tribune,* Mr. Lawrence Gilman, the "sourcaustic" thing was written a very long time ago by Rellstab, once an eminent critic of Berlin, also well-known as a librettist and general word-slinger, and he was referring to—don't throw a fit—Chopin!

Aspirant: "Now, professor," said the aspiring vocalist to a prominent teacher after a voice try-out, "what I want to know is, am I a bass, a baritone or a tenor?"

Professor: "Most certainly you are NOT!"

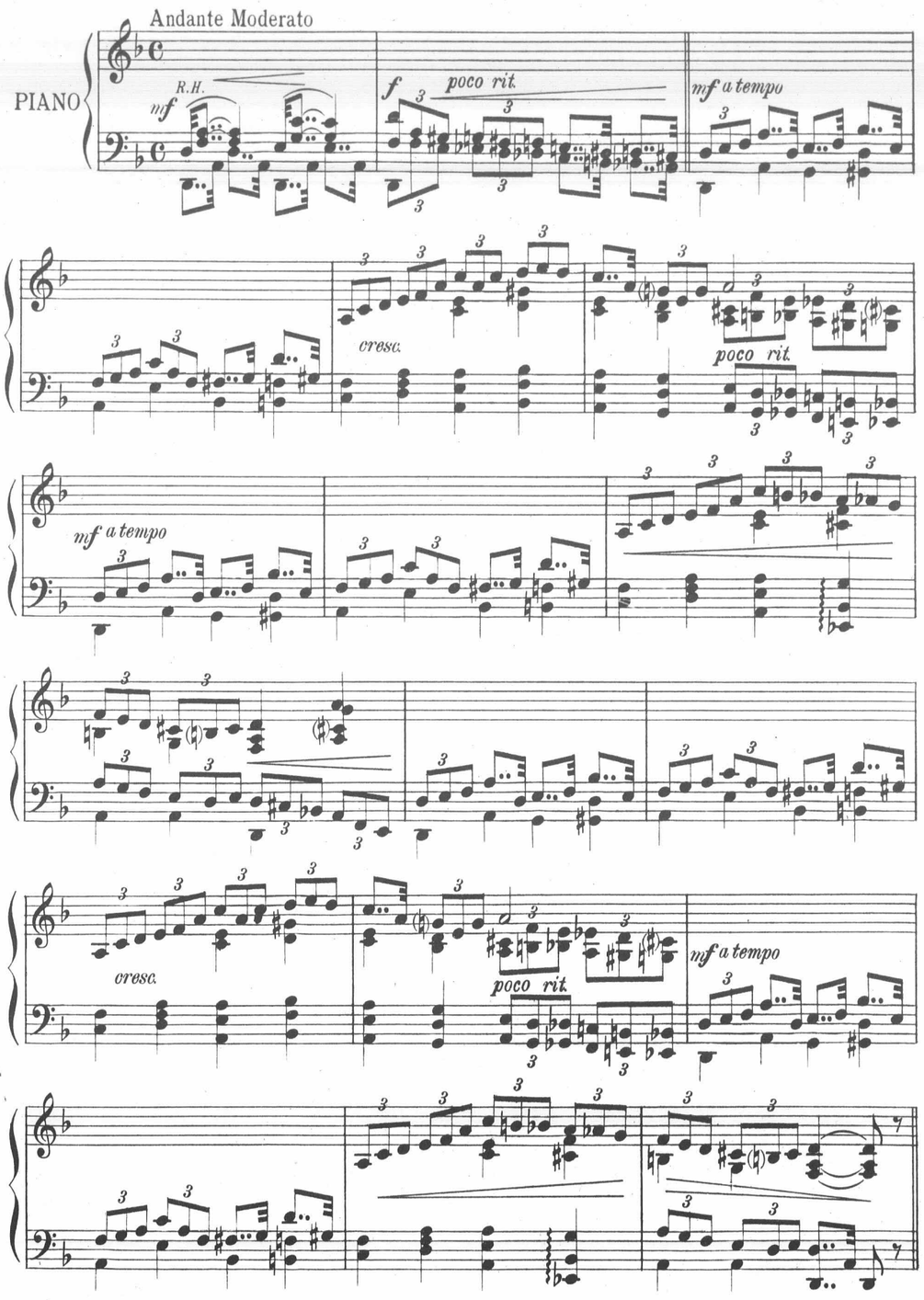
At last it has happened. Jazz has jazzed over and reached a point where for the good of society it should be placed under bond or ban—at least, such seems to be the case out in Los Angeles, California, but let the antis restrain their "I told you sos" until after completing the reading of this item. Admittedly, jazz might be regarded as a sort of music consomme that is poured *into* the listeners, but certainly it is not a soup to be poured *onto* (or over) listeners who are dining. The last is exactly what happened on board the *H. F. Alexander* (a steamer sailing from the California city), and is the reason for the ban being placed on the playing of jazz by the ship's orchestra during the serving of meals.

Complaints poured into the captain of the steamer that whenever the musical ensemble orchestrated jazzily in the dining salon, the colored waiters seemed to lose all control of their shoulders and upper anatomical works, the result being that not infrequently soup or other liquids were slopped and spilled over the diners. After investigating, the captain decided with the diners that soup and jazz do not mix musically, hence

(*Continued on Page 21*)

Cortege of the Cyclops

GEORGE L. COBB



ff

mf

cresc.

poco rit.

mf a tempo

f

rall.

a tempo

rit.

ff

MELODY

Falling Spray

VALSE CAPRICE

W. ALETTER

PIANO

mf *f* *mf rit.*

a tempo

rit. *a tempo*

Energico

ff

8

mf *f* *mf rit.*

Tempo I

rit.

a tempo

dolce

TRIO

p

p

rit.

a tempo

MELODY

cresc. e accel.

p a tempo

f

p rit.

f a tempo

cresc. e accel.

p a tempo

8

D.C.al

CODA

f

p

ff

MELODY

ANITA

SPANISH SERENADE

THOS. S. ALLEN

Moderato

PIANO

mf

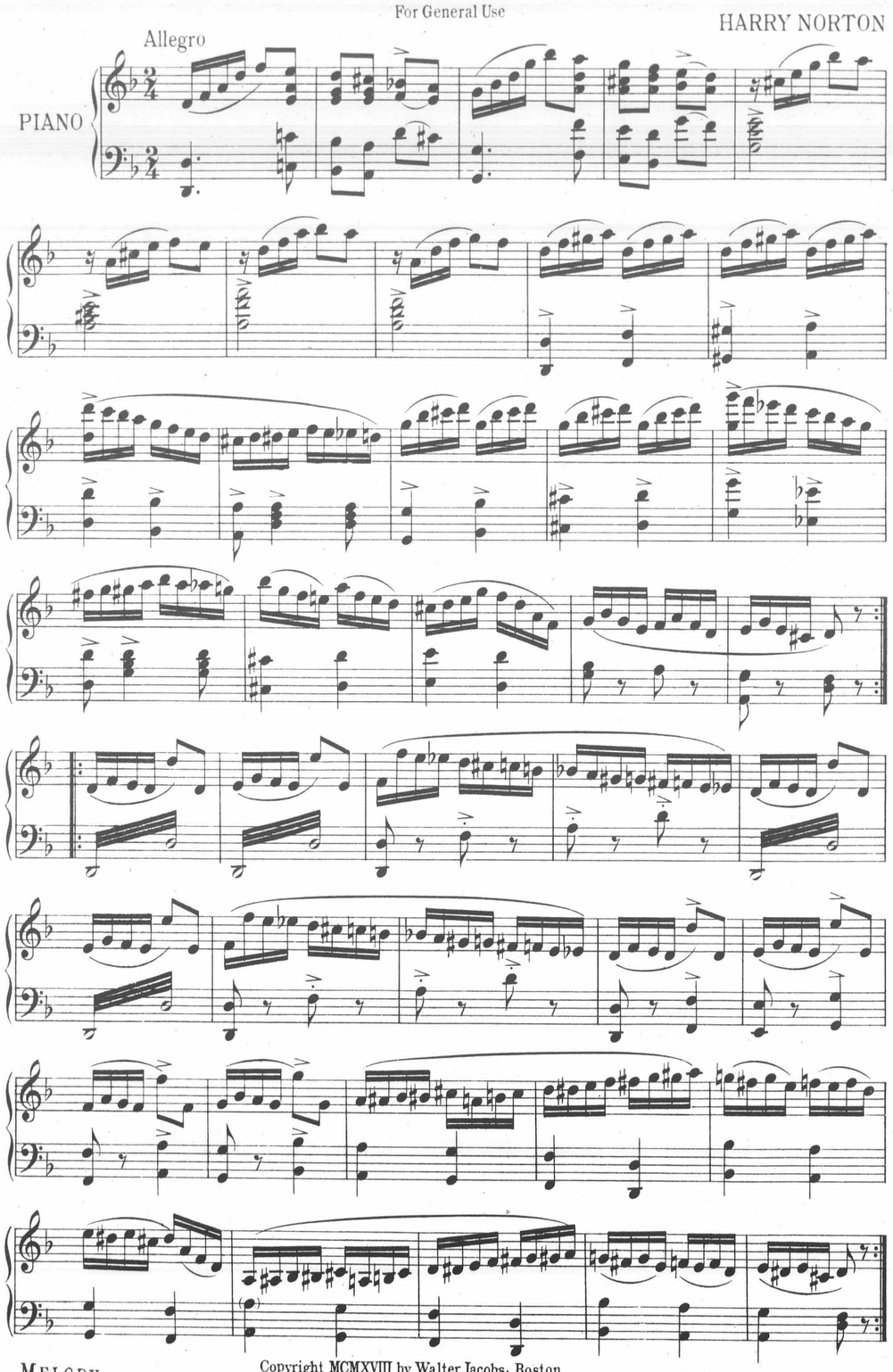
ff

No 13

JACOBS' INCIDENTAL MUSIC
Hurry

For General Use

HARRY NORTON



(*Continued from Page 8*)

the decree that hereafter only the classics shall be served with the meal serving.

Picture the menu: Strauss and soup, Mendelssohn and meat, Franck and fish, Debussy and dessert, Chopin and black coffee!

H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, is again in America, and apropos of his second visit to the United States, here's a little story regarding the artistic ability of this extremely popular young scion of English royalty, who is not only a great lover of music but somewhat of a "player" himself—musically and otherwise. According to a recent news despatch to the *Boston Herald*, it seems that the "heir apparent" is a drummer (musically, not commercially) of no slight ability. Charmed by the banjo playing of Brooke Johns, an American banjoist playing in London, this most democratic of princes sent the playing exponent of our great American instrument a personal invitation to play at the York House, and there, to the delight of the assembled guests, H. R. H. "sat in" and played with the banjoist—drums, if you please. For more than an hour Johns banjoed, while Wales whaled the drums without even "coming a cropper."

Afterwards, according to the despatch, Johns stated that the prince showed much skill in the manipulation of the drums. "The prince has a wonderful knowledge of rhythm and syncopation," said the banjoist. "He has a fine set of drums, and plays quite as well as most of the drummers I know. He just loves light music, and has the right inspiration for syncopation."

As regards the "otherwise" playing of the prince previously mentioned, it is reported that shortly before sailing for America he again "sat in" and played—this time not with banjo and drums for an hour, but with cards in a game of baccarat into the "wee sma' " hours, and "lost like a gentleman." It was because he didn't sulk over his losses, but with his ever happy and world-wide known smile accepted the losing of a sum which would make a magazine editor look lop-eyed at 5:30 in the morning, that those present declared him to be a "very pretty player."

"Little Jessie James" and "Blossom Time," the scores of both of which are published by Leo Feist, Inc., are two shows that will have three companies *en tour* during the coming season. "Song of Love" from "Blossom Time" is already one of the biggest sellers in the Feist catalog and, naturally, with three companies on the road singing the song its selling power will not decrease. Another popular Feist song is "Who Wants a Bad Little Boy?" This song is by the two well-known Philadelphia song writers, Joe Burke and Mark Fisher, and Al Jolson has just made a Brunswick record of it, which helps some.

"Happy Ending," "Hollywood," "Margery," "Monastery," "My Twilight Rose," "Yesterday," "Forty-second Street Moon," "Shuffle Your Troubles Away" and "What Do You Say?" are all singable songs from the new musical comedy, "Marjorie," and are all published by Harms, Inc. The book and lyrics of the show, which recently opened at the Schubert Theatre in New York City, are by Fred Thompson and Clifford Grey, with music by Herbert Stothart, Philip Culkin and Stephen Jones. "My Twilight Rose" is a Sigmund Romberg number, interpolated by special arrangement made by M. Witmark & Sons.

"Give Me One Rose to Remember" is one of the new songs recently issued by M. Witmark & Sons in this firm's popular Black and White Series. The number is by those two well-known song writers, J. Will Callahan (author of "Smiles") and Frank Grey (responsible for "Think Love of Me and Mammy Dear").

Live Sparks From Connecticut

Continued from page 4

his study of the piano, this time under Frank L. Farrell, a piano virtuoso. In the fall of 1922, our subject began teaching the piano, and in September of 1923 he had secured exclusively the territory of New London County for the Waterman Piano School, with headquarters at Norwich. He is still occupied with that system, besides giving instruction in classical music to a large number of pupils.

Visualizing increased prosperity along the commercial lines in music, in October, 1923, Mr. Sparks started in the music mail order business, with his first advertisement for that line placed in MELODY. On December 5th the business became known under the name of the Sparks-Smith Studios. This partnership was dissolved on June 30, 1924, and is now the Sparks Studios that sends music to practically every State in the Union, as well as to Cuba, Mexico, Canada, Australia, Central America and England. The 1924-25 catalog of the Studios includes more than 800 titles that embrace music for all the popular instruments. In the near future Mr. Sparks expects to place on the market the real rag classics in folio form, besides his own piano folio.

This firm is sole selling agent for "Jazz Made Easy" and "Arpeggio Syncopation," two popular piano methods by Alexander J. MacDonald, president of the United Schools of Popular Music in Boston. It also will handle the entire catalogs of Jack Mills, Inc., and the Wm. J. Smith Co., publishers of fretted instrument music; also, many titles of all the leading publishers—including popular song numbers, instrumental novelties, methods, orchestrations and band arrangements. Mr. Sparks also writes special piano solo arrangements to order.

"JAZZ VERSUS CLASSICAL MUSIC"

Mr. Sparks' personal liking in music is for the classical in preference to all other, yet he frankly confesses that he likes modern jazz and syncopation and delights in listening to it when well rendered. In a recent interview, when asked for his opinion on jazz versus classical, he replied:

"Some people are continually referring to jazz as noise. That may be their honest opinion, or perhaps their ear drums are not functioning properly. I will admit that the average amateur pianist 'bangs' out jazz, and it is that kind of player who causes many people to take a stand against the jazz mania. I have heard hundreds of pianists murder the beloved classics by playing them without any thought of expression or interpretation; I also have heard pianists who used their brains as well as their hands in playing jazz, producing effects in shading and expression that would do credit to a concert performer.

"There are many players who when playing popular music seem to think that the only thing necessary is to give the impression they are playing with their feet; if they don't hit a note which harmonizes—why, any old noise will do just as well so long as they are heard and keep to some semblance of time. Many musicians could double their reputations in one night, if they would but repeat a strain with varying degrees of power and use a little brain energy in so doing. If a performer will only watch himself when playing either jazz or classical, it matters not which, his technic will improve with each repetition. Badly played, classical music will spoil one's touch just as quickly as will a sloppy rendition of jazz. What is jazz? Nothing but a name which in itself means nothing. Had some of the jazz hits been dubbed "Valse Brilliante," many sticklers for the classics would have been swept off their feet.

"As long as we have youth among us popular music will never die. It appeals to the masses because it is teeming with fun, laughter, rhythm, energy, vitality and, best of all, enchanting melodies. However, coming back to the question of jazz versus classical, I can do no better than to quote Lincoln, who said: 'If a person likes that kind of a thing, that is just the kind of a thing he'll like,' or words to that effect."

Revolutionary Music

By Frederic W. Burry

WE are living in an age of rapid changes, and with the rest of the fine arts music is feeling the influence of the feverish vibrations that are universal, covering and including all things.

It used to be considered that ragtime was something to be indulged in only covertly or on the sly, and possibly the earlier crude efforts in this direction—at least, some of the popular syncopations of a generation ago—were hardly deserving a place among the classics.

But composers saw and recognized the possibilities latent within the newcomer, and started to improve. Pianists and orchestra leaders likewise made a specialty of this sort of thing until, in due time (for one thing always leads to another in the never-ceasing serial of events), something still more ultra sprang up—jazz, as they called it. Even the "raggers" held up their hands. "This is too much," they vociferated. "The line must be drawn somewhere."

But something still "further" has appeared on the futuristic horizon, and right in the midst of the classicists themselves. We are now entertained with musical "structures" that contain several keys all going at the same time; or no key at all, with masses of simultaneous foreign chords and rhythms, even *suns tempo*, and to the uniitiated minus all sense of decency and order. However, we are informed that it is all perfectly clear and plain to those who know, so we sit quiet and look wise, fearing to disclose our lack of understanding. *Vanitas vanitatem!*

After a while, when we are accustomed to all these new luxuries, we come to enjoy them, for tastes are acquired; and, as with other inventions and discoveries, we wonder how we ever got along without them.

With our good, old, reliable popular music, things have settled down as it were. One observes less riot and chaos. Out of the motley, a definite path is now unfolding itself, and the very new music of the popular order contains all the freedom and adventure of the modern movement, without the sacrifice of what was beautiful in the old and conventional.

Under the new vesture we hear the echo of the melodies of our fathers, for rules which have worked well in the past are not easily removed. Much of the new music is a transposing of the former refrains, but this with due regard to the tentative efforts of the latest innovations. The times crave for something new, which is perfectly proper. History repeats itself, however, and how often one hears the expression, "I have heard that before, somewhere." Some phrase or period has been boldly purloined (perhaps unwittingly), yet the "latest" composition is surely none the worse for the borrowed measure.

Revolution, as with some other terms, is a word that is not so bad as it sounds. Does not mother earth herself describe one in every twenty-four hours? "Keep moving" is the simple recipe that all millionaires prescribe for success. Life is motion. Rest is a gathering together of scattered energy for renewed action. Repose is of the surface only. The best in music is of eternal duration; so we think of beauty as something immortal, and of genius as akin to the gods. That which lives and endures is the worthwhile.

It is the simple and sincere melody that captures the ear. Beneath the florid arabesques of gorgeous musical tapestry it is the haunting melody that stands out clear and solid as the mould of the pattern. Variations and transcriptions are the fringe and embroidery, but melody is the everlasting material that defies the wear and tear of time. For melody springs from the heart and reveals itself to one and all, transcending the curious intellect even as the sun outshines the moon. Melody springs from memory—creative memory, that makes the father live in the son from generation to generation, proving the fact of universal immortality.

Science now defines life in terms of motion—no movement, no matter or substance. Life is activity; whirling vortices, perpetual revolutions make up our very life. Existence itself is circulation. If such is *life*, how much more so is *growth?*

In music the heart finds expression for its deep desires and creative aspirations. The songs of the age, with or without words, tell of its tendencies, prophetic of its potencies. We live and grow by constant amusement and diversion. We create beautiful things when mind and body are sane and healthy—singing in tune with the infinite, in harmony with the spheres.

Late one night, Jock, returning home from work, found a young owl which had fallen from its nest. He picked up the injured bird, carried it home, fed it and at last placed it in a cozy corner of the kitchen fireplace.

In the early morning Jock's mother came down into the kitchen to get breakfast ready for the family and was startled by the strange object. But she soon recovered from her alarm, for she was accustomed to the many tricks of young Jock.

"That's our Jock at his pranks again!" she smiled. "He's gone and put a beak on the kitten."—*Boston Globe.*

Music Mart Meanderings

"LEVEE LOU," written and sung by himself, is the hit number in Joseph E. Howard's musical melange, "The Toy Shop." Charles K. Harris is the publisher who presents "Lou" in print.

"Heart-Broken Rose" and "Play Me Slow" are two popular fox trot song numbers from the A. J. Stasney Music Company's catalog that are being featured by the Paul Specht and other leading orchestras.

"Lady of My Cigarette," a Phil Ponce publication, is the feature number of Dan Gregory's Orchestra, with other orchestras already "lighting up." As the old-time almanacs would say, "About this time, look for an Oriental downpour."

"Doing the Town," "No Other Girl," "A Birdie Flew Away from the Nest," "Honduras" and "After the Curfew Rings" are some of the outstanding numbers in "No Other Girl," a musical comedy which recently opened at the Morosco Theatre in New York City, the score of which is published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder. The book of the comedy was written by the late Aaron Hoffman, with music and lyrics by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Eddie Buzzell, who made a name in "The Gingham Girl," and Helen Ford have the stellar roles of the production.

"Why Live a Lie?" Put that question pointblank to a man, and more than likely it would be considered a piece of personal impertinence demanding swift answer by fistic demonstration, but when asked through the medium of a song it seems to be a pertinent pointer that scores. It is reported that Leo Feist, Inc., the firm publishing the song, has received from its writer; L. Wolfe Gilbert, more than 200 personal letters and telegrams commenting favorably upon and asking for copies of "Why Live a Lie?" The song evidently has made a deep impression upon many, but whether from tune consciousness or a tuned conscience is another question.

"I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go," "Enough To Know," "Thoughts," "My Pilot," "Be Strong" and "All's Well" are songs which please singers of the sacred. These are all numbers in the well-known *Christian Science Catalog of Songs* which has been taken over by Harold Flammer of New York City, and hereafter will appear in that publisher's catalog. Two new secular numbers just issued by this firm are "Dream Ships" by Henry Sachs, and "The Hunter's Loud Halloo" by O'Hara.

"Wonder What's Become of Sally?" No, the question is not asked by the "meanderer" to gain information, but it's the title of the popular song number that cornered the counters of the music shops in Buffalo, N. Y., during the early part of August. Away out in Green Bay, Wis., the numbers that were cutting sales capers over the counters were "Jealous," "Big Boy," "The Hoodoo Man," "It Had to be You" and "Lazy." Down in Providence, R. I., those that cornered the counter at the big Shephard stores were "Jealous," "What'll I Do," "There's Yes, Yes in Your Eyes" and "When the Lights Are Low." In Milwaukee, Wis., the numbers that counted across the counters were "What'll I Do," "There's Yes, Yes in Your Eyes," "Why Did I Kiss that Girl," "Broken Dreams" and "Bringing Home the Bacon," while out in Reno they "countered" with "What'll I Do?" "From One Till Two," "It Ain't Gonna Rain no Mo'," "She's Everybody's Sweetheart, but Nobody's Gal" and "Tell Me If You Want Somebody Else." It might be added that by their songs ye shall know them.

"When It's Love Time in Hawaii," "Honolulu Rose," "Coral Sands of My Hawaii," "Chimes of Waikiki," "'Neath Hawaiian Stars," "Hawaiian Memories," "Whispering Palms," "Sleepy Honolulu Moon," "Honolulu Lullaby" and "Hawaiian Nightingale" are the songs included in a folio of ten original copyrighted Hawaiian waltz songs just published by the Joe Davis Music Co. Special ukulele arrangements by May Singhi Breen, popular phonograph and radio artist, are included in the folio.

The Story of Two "Trails"

"Trail O' My Heart," a new song by Zo Elliott and Milt Hagen, is one of the latest song issues by the E. B. Marks Music Company of New York City, and thereto is hitched an earlier "trail."

Zo Elliott, as the whole world now knows, was the writer of that internationally famous song, "There's a Long, Long Trail A Winding," which sold to the tune of more than four million copies and is still "tuning" well as a seller. Elliott, who at the time of its writing was a student at Yale College, wrote the song prior to the entrance of America into the World War, and tried without success to sell his composition to every music publisher in New York City. Soon afterwards he went to England to complete his studies at Cambridge University, and when across the water succeeded in immediately placing his tune-child with an English publisher. On this side of the water, one of the American houses that had turned down the song which later was "in everybody's mouth," and thereby turned down opportunity, at once snapped up the selling rights for this country and the song had started out on its "long, long trail" of tremendous international popularity.

America, following the law of the inevitable, finally entered the great war, and Elliott enlisted in the United States service. After the close of the war in which he served well and with honor to himself and country, this young composer of a song which had won universal popularity lost himself to the world by quietly settling down in a chateau in Paris to pursue a course of music study. Deeply immersed in his studies he quite naturally was soon out of touch with his American friends, who, upon losing all track, trace or "trail" of the man, started the erroneous story that he had been killed in action—a report that, as Mark Twain once said regarding his own reported death, was "grossly exaggerated."

The appearance of this new song proves that Zo Elliott is still very much alive, albeit at times he seems to find difficulty in convincing his friends that he is a living reality, and quite recently (unheralded) Mr. Elliott suddenly reappeared in New York City filled with life and music enthusiasm. He at once hunted up his old chum, Milt Hagen, with the result of a collaboration on another "Trail" song—this time, "Trail O' My Heart," which gives promise of leaving an extended trail of popularity as long (or longer) as that of the old "Long, Long" one.

Recorded Riches

With radiophone, telephone, graphophone, microphone, photophone or other carriers of the etheric waves at his disposal, man is living in what well could be called the "Phonic Age" of the world; and if wise old Solomon were alive today he might be moved to add to his proverb philosophy: "A good record is rather to be chosen than great riches," for he who in his own home has at command a graphic phono-reproducer is indeed rich in pleasures and minds not winds or waves or weather. Following are a few new records released by the Brunswick-Balke Company which will go far towards dispelling ennui.

"Liebesfreud." The pulse-beats of love throb in every measure of this number as written and played as a violin solo by that master violinist, Fritz Kreisler, and now rendered as a vocal record by Maria Ivogun. This new vocal recording artist possesses a soprano voice of liquid cadence which is admirably adapted to the beauty of the Kreisler composition. The beautiful vocal setting, together with Miss Ivogun's singing of the same passages so charmingly played by the great violinist, lends new charms to "Liebesfreud."

"Serenade" (Drigo) and "Old Refrain" (Kreisler) are two more violin numbers which have been transcribed into vocal records and made doubly interesting by Mario Chamlee, the tenor whose singing has been one of the drawing attractions at the Metropolitan Opera House during the last season. The words for the Drigo "Serenade" were adapted by Sigmund Spaneth, the eminent critic, and Chamlee's singing of the vocal transcription of this famous old violin number which has been played by so many great artists gives a mental impression of moonlight shimmering on wavelets softly lapping 'gainst the sides of an idly floating gondola. The "Old Refrain" was originally an Austrian folk song that Fritz Kreisler arranged as a violin solo number for himself. The vocal setting by Alice Mattullath is a story of simple loveliness pervaded with a spirit of gentleness, and this atmosphere is well brought out by Chamlee, with that artistic touch in which he is supreme.

Along lighter and instrumental lines are:

"You'll Never Get to Heaven with Those Eyes." That may sound like a sermon or a Sunday school lesson, but it is neither. It is a very popular song (telling of a modern sheik and his idea of the lure in his equally modern "Sheba's" eyes), and has been recorded as an instrumental number for the Brunswick company by the popular Oriole Orchestra that has become nationally famous through its radio broadcasting from station WEBH in Chicago. On the reverse side of the record is "Step Henrietta," also played by the Oriole Orchestra. A recent record review states that both of these numbers are melodious, with a rhythm and fascinating swing that will be enjoyed by devotees of the fox trot.

Like the ever recurring dog days, blue days and Sundays, every so often in their periodic turns come the "Gals," the "Girls" and the "Mamas"—no, indeed! not the maids and the matrons

themselves, but their prototypes in song epidemics that rage for a longer or a shorter time, according to the whim of the public and the tonal vitality of the damsels and the dames, each of which just now must be of the flapper fraternity to make a hit.

Naturally, the makers of music records must meet and match the epidemic, and the Brunswick people are doing this with two recent records. "Wait Till You See My Gal" exults Bennie Kreuger's orchestra on one of them, while on another Ray Miller's orchestra queries querulously, "Where Is That Old Girl of Mine?" (by Isham Jones and Gus Kahn, the co-writers of "Swinging Down the Lane," "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else" and "Spain") and "Mama's Gone, Goodbye."

For something with a "busted" blood pumper "Heart Broken Rose" (the big fox trot melody sensation started "pumping" by Milt Hagen and Sam Goold) sure is a wonder. It's still running strong in public favor without even a puff or a pant or a leak, and without stopping to rest. Of course it's been pretty publishingly well watched over by The A. J. Stasney Music Co., Inc., and that counts for a lot even with a sound "Heart" which, after all, this "Rose" really has.

A Two-Fold Tribute

ONE does not need to stray so far afield as the poet Gray's immortal "Elegy" to test the truth of one of its unforgettable lines that "full many a flower is born to blush unseen," for with eyes alert and perceptions keen we often find the artist hidden in the artisan—the *divine afflatus* breathing within those upon whom the world is too prone to look as merely "workers," and in this instance of which we are writing the true poetic instinct embodied within a printer.

We refer to the late Mr. Charles Addison White, who supervised the mechanical production of Jacobs' Orchestral Monthly and who passed from life as the capable and efficient manager of the company he had so long and so well served, like many another of the world's workers, Mr. White apparently was "to fame and fortune all unknown." Yet it was only "apparently," for in the minds of employers and employees he held what is now an unquenchable "fame" as a manager of ability unadulterated by petty animosity, loyalty undetermined by liaison, and possessed greater than material "fortune" of wealth in the love and esteem in which he was held by those both above and below him in the working field because of these and his greatest attribute of *unfailing kindness to all.*

By one of the many who knew and served under him, this splendid attribute of the late Mr. White has been beautifully expressed in a short poem which sings lyrically clear, poetically true and deeply sincere. The poet is Hugh Macmillan Hewitt of Winthrop, Massachusetts, a printer who probably rarely sees himself in print. Mr. Hewitt well expresses his feelings and sentiments in

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE

He was kind.
And often when the day is done,
And all the hours their course have run,
We sum it up, and always find
This friendly total—He was kind.

He was kind.
Thus this tribute Memory gives;
He had the art—the art that lives—
A boundless power stored in the mind,
A genial impulse—He was kind.

He was kind.
We miss him in the busy day
As labor frets the hours away;
And tiresome seems "the daily grind"
Without his help, for—
He was kind!

There never was a better piece of advice than, "Don't make customers of your friends, but make friends of your customers."—*Take It from Me.*

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