MELODY

for the Photoplay Musician and the Musical Home

SEPTEMBER, 1925 *Volume IX, No. 9*

IN THIS ISSUE

Syncopatedragtimejazzdelirium-tremens

By ARTHUR H. RACKETT

[A most interesting, not to say frank, discussion of Paul Whiteman and modern American music]

MUSIC

"LOVEY-DOVEY" (Intermezzo by Robert A. Hellard)
"MOUNTAIN LAUREL" (Waltz by Thos. S. Allen)
"LOVE IN A TOY SHOP" (Novelette by Norman Leigh)
"TEETOTUM" (March by Arthur C. Morse)

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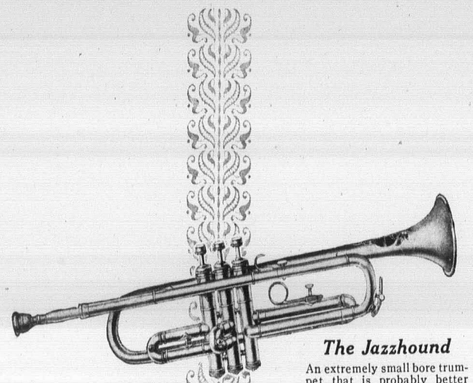

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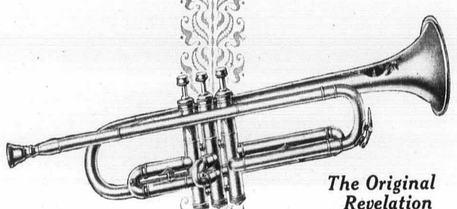

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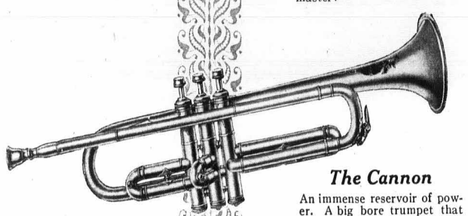

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Melody..September

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"Syncopatedragtimejazzdeliriumtremens"

By ARTHUR RACKETT

THERE is an Arab proverb that man is better walking than running, standing than walking, sitting than standing, lying down than sitting, asleep than awake, dead than asleep. If the Arab philosopher who evolved this saying had ever danced to Paul Whiteman's Jazz Orchestra playing one of his own conceptions of American Jazz dance music he would have said that of all states, dancing was the most blessed and the most to be desired.

I had the pleasure of hearing Paul Whiteman and his concert orchestra play several weeks back at Pabst Theater, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It was a splendid entertainment in American music, scored for the modern American orchestra. He played as special numbers *Broadway at Night* (a tone poem) by Ferdie Grope, *Synconata* by Leo Sowerby (Leo Sowerby is the first American composer to receive a fellowship in music at the American Academy in Rome. His *Synconata*, conceived in free sonata form, is the first composition which he has written and scored for the modern American orchestra). *Po Sing and Ming Toy* (a Chinese Suite) by Rudolf Friml, *Rhapsody in Blue* by George Gershwin, were also played. Several of the lighter numbers were *All Alone* by Irving Berlin, *Rose Marie* by Rudolf Friml, *I'll See You in My Dreams* by Isham Jones, *Linger Awhile*, by Vincent Rose. *Synconata*, as the name indicates, is a coalescence of syncopation and sonata, and it may be the forerunner of jazz rhythms used successfully in unjazzlike compositions. This one is a successful solution of the problem. It is light hearted and it has spirit and color. In what it is trying to be, it is considerably better then Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* which, effective as it is, struck me as a tin-pan imitation of Liszt's *First Rhapsody*. The *Synconata* is quite as effective, and better music. The Chinese Suite *Po Sing and Ming Toy* by Rudolf Friml was weak-kneed in the extreme. Irving Berlin's *All Alone* and Leo Fall's *O Joseph* from *Mme. Pompadour* are first class tunes, conceived in inspiration and presented with all the color and light and life in the world; miniature, perhaps, but highly wrought art.

Paul Whiteman's service to the world has been positive in providing the most entertaining popular music of this generation. Some people delight in declaring that the aforesaid popular music is ignoble and debasing. Prof. James Wever Linn, who teaches English literature at the great University of Chicago, heard Paul Whiteman's concert the other day and allows that if it was "symbolically American music, heaven save America." Prof. Linn finds that Mr. Whiteman's syncopation implies there is "no longing any more except the longing of the rooster, no beauty save of slender ankles in silk hose." Other auditors

HIMSELF

found in the midst of Mr. Whiteman's slapstick humor and animal gusto, effects of tonal and rhythmic beauty and of sheer melody which suggested images and aspirations above the barnyard or the boulevard. Perhaps Prof. Linn's higher nature was offended because he had failed to check some of its theoretical luggage before Mr. Whiteman's baton began to weave its spell.

Whiteman Music not Symbolically American

As for Mr. Whiteman's music being "symbolically American" heaven forbid. If it were it would be dead. American life and the American scene, from Hester Street to the Rockies, have many experiences which ragtime and jazz could not effectively express. But the new music is a spontaneous and delightful product of American life with great possibilities. Mr. Berlin and other young American composers like Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Sowerby are doing what Paul did; expressing the form and rhythm and color of their existence with sincerity and fervor. They are not trying to be new Mozarts or Beethovens, fortunately for themselves and for us.

"Jazz music may be trivial and at times vulgar, but it is the only folk music America has ever produced," Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, music critic and author, told the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs convention. Dr. Spaeth pronounced this benediction upon "America's much maligned contribution to one of the muses" and said that "Jazz, moreover is good music, because its restless energy and blunt honesty are truly typical of this nation."

The auditors who go to hear Paul Whiteman and his jazz orchestra would, with relatively few exceptions, admit that while they know little about art, they do know what they like. Our highbrows for years have talked much of the need of declaring our independence of old world forms and inspirations. Well here we have it, in musical forms which are as intensely and significantly American as Verdi's are Italian, or Schumann and Wagner, German. It is as racy of our soil as an Irish folk song is of Ireland. It is the rush of our racing streets. It has all the bright contrasts of our racial conglomerate. It has our moods and our spirit, our impudence and irreverence, our joy in speed and force. American musical genius has in ragtime and jazz contributed something of great vitality to the art of music, in its rhythms and new instrumental colorings. It bursts forth from the national life with a force which nothing can smother or control. Jazz is a real and important contribution to the art of music. We are living in a dancing age, an age when dancing is rather more important than food or even fair raiment; and jazz with its rhythms, so primitive and therefore so compelling, has created the popular dancing of today.

The young folks of this country are all for jazz and any reformer who proposes to shut them away from it ought to try his hand first at something comparatively easy, like swimming up Niagara rapids. "The Radio industry can't live on an endless diet of jazz," said secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover to Mr. Henning of the *Chicago Tribune*. Ah, Herbert, in those dark moments when you think the radio has gone to the demnition bow wows just wait for Line Nite — and as Longfellow says —

> Then tune in on your radio,
> The poet of your choice;
> And lend to the words of the poet
> The charm of that poet's voice;
> And the night will be filled with music,
> And the Jazz that is turning you gray
> Will pack up its soul mad'ning racket
> And silently sneak away. — May Be — ?

The following was taken from Paul Whiteman's concert notes:

Some twelve years ago (about 1913) a blatant method of treating music was introduced which came to be known as Jazz. The program following purposes to indicate the tremendous strides which have been made modifying this treatment, proving that the term jazz, though still applied to the melodious music of today, is a misnomer. The greatest single factor in the improvement of American popular music has been the development of the art of arranging the music for orchestra in accordance with the best musical traditions. Paul Whiteman was the first musician to prepare special arrangements (or scores as they are technically called) for his orchestra and play the music according to said scores. There are now many musicians scoring, arranging, and composing; they are creating most of the American music of today. They are not influenced by any foreign school; on the contrary, their own influence is spreading abroad. Paul Whiteman has issued a general invitation to these musicians to compose special works for his orches-

tra, and he intends that it shall be the vehicle for their endeavors.

The Negro's Contribution

Why do we *white people* in America persist in ignoring the originators and creators of the so-called "American music," the Negro? The Negroes have for the past twenty years ragged and jazzed their own melodious music: composed, arranged and scored it for orchestras, but used it for themselves and their musical shows. The white composers have been influenced by the Negro writers past and present in their scoring and arranging of this kind of music, which I define as "the delirium tremens of syncopation." They are all imitators of the Negro. The fact that they do it better technically does not matter. An imitator is often times better than the originator. Here are a few facts you can't turn your back to:

From 1901 to 1910 the famous Williams and Walker Negro musical show was the rage. Millions of people in this country and Great Britain went daffy over their songs and dances. Marion Cook, famous Negro conductor and composer of Williams' and Walker's show, was the first musician, white or black, to prepare special popular arrangements and scores for big orchestras. Ragtime Jazz — we call it American popular music now. Williams' and Walker's score called for twenty-eight men in the orchestra; technically the music was hard, but melodious and original. Their dance numbers were a riot in ragtime jazz syncopation. Marion Cook was the first to have a saxophone introduced into an orchestra score in a big orchestra, using the B♭ tenor in place of a 'cello. I played this saxophone. My part was a special arrangement for the show score and was played according to the score, no faking. This was years before these modern birds were ever heard of. Give the Negroes credit, boys. I tried to get a copy of some of their numbers, that is, the special orchestra arrangements, but Cook said no one could beg, borrow or steal them — they were scored for the show only. The famous Cole and Johnson Negro show had wonderful original musical and dance numbers.

I was in London, England, in 1902-3-4 when the Williams and Walker musical show created a sensation. A marvelous performance they gave over there, using nearly fifty men in the orchestra. Their success was so great that the King commanded a special performance. London and Paris have never fooled themselves into believing the white man was the originator of ragtime jazz music.

American jazz orchestras in Paris are getting more popular daily. Restaurants and dance halls without Negro bands are not patronized, and theatrical orchestras are being replaced with trap drums and saxophones. The French people predict a long life for the new fangled bands. The jazz band craze is proving popular among French Colonial Negroes, who are learning to play instruments, finding remunerative employment in bands. "Jazz," "Jazz." One touch of jazz may make savages of us all. What was the origin of this mad type of music, "Syncopatedragtimejazzdeliriumtremens?"

Origin of Term Jazz

The word "jazz" itself may be traced to Africa, and is common on the Gold Coast of Africa and in the hinterland of Cape Coast Castle. In his studies of the Creole patois and idiom in New Orleans, Lafcadio Hearn reported that the word "jazz," meaning to speed things up, to make excitement, was common among the blacks of the South and had been adopted by the Creoles as a term to be applied to music of a rudimentary syncopated type. In the old plantation days when the slaves were having one of their rare holidays and the fun languished, some West Coast African would cry out, "Jaz her up," and this would be the cue for fast and furious fun. No doubt the witch doctors and medicine men on the Congo used the same term at those Jungle parties when the tom-toms throbbed.

Curiously enough, the phrase "jaz her up" is a common one today in Vaudeville and on the circus lot. When a vaudeville act needs ginger the cry from the advisers in the wings is "put in jaz" meaning add low comedy, go to high speed, and accelerate the comedy spark. "Jazbo" is a form of the word common in the varieties, meaning the same as "hokum" or low comedy verging on vulgarity. "Jazz" music is said to be an attempt to reproduce the marvelous syncopation of the African jungle. In one-two time a third beat is interpolated. There are many half-notes or less and many long drawn wavering tones. "Jazz!" What makes it affect you like a stimulant? What hidden impulse in you does it bring out? Beneath the syncopation and ragtime of jazz we catch the faint echo of tom-toms, of bare feet pat-patting against the ground, of naked bodies swaying in wild exaltation — Jazz comes to us direct from the jungles of Africa. The jazz rhythms quicken the blood, wake wild and primitive instincts, stir barbaric memories sleeping in our souls for ages. We are again savages dancing in the moonlight. We are free, unrestrained. Darius Milhaud says: "There can be no doubt that the origin of jazz music is to be sought among the Negroes." (Mr. Milhaud is a member of "The Six" a reasonably famous group of young French composers who lead the modernists van. He writes of American music with authority, having but recently completed a tour of the United States during which he lectured at Harvard University. His article on the "Jazz Band and Negro Music" is very like his music — infuriating but interesting.)

Darius Milhaud on American Jazz

Mr. Milhaud says:

It was in 1918 that the Jazz band was brought across the ocean from New York by Gaby Deslys and Pilcer of the Casino de Paris. It came almost like a start of terror, like a sudden awakening, this shattering storm of rhythm, these tone elements never previously combined and now let loose upon us all at once.

We were quick to catch its salient characteristics, among which the following are worth mentioning: (A) The employment of syncopation in rhythm and melody, which, against its background of dull regularity, is quite as fundamental as the circulation of the blood, the beat of the heart, or the pulse. (b) The introduction of percussion instruments — by which I mean the grouping of all percussion instruments together in a simplified orchestration which makes them like a single instrument so perfect that when "Buddy," the drummer of the Syncopated Orchestra, plays a percussion solo we think we are hearing a deliberate rhythmic composition, so varied is the expression. This effect is to be explained by the variety of the tone color in the percussion instruments that he plays simultaneously. (c) The new instrumental technique — that is, the employment of the piano with dryness and precision just as the drum and banjo are used. (d) The increased importance of the saxophone and the trombone, whose glissandos are becoming a favorite effect, and to which, as well as to the trumpet, even the most delicate melodies are by preference entrusted. (e) The copious use of mutes for both these instruments, the use of the portamento, the employment of the vibrato, whether on pedals, stops, or mouthpiece. (f) The clarinet has such shrill tone changes that it disconcerts our best players. Hence the introduction of the banjo, which has a harder, more stimulating, and sonorous tone than the harp or the *pizzicato* of a quartette. (g) Last of all, there is a whole special technique of the violin, sharply played, employing the broadest of vibratos and the very slowest of glissandos.

The strength of the jazz band lies in the thoroughgoing novelty of its technique. So far as rhythm is concerned, the constant employment of syncopation has forced us to recognize the fact that this music can be produced with the simplest means and needs no rich or varied array of instruments. During 1920 or 1921 one could get an idea of the most perfect jazz-music only by hearing Jean Wiener at the piano and Vance Lowry on the saxophone or banjo at the Gaya Bar in the Rue Duphot, playing the purest, most authentic jazz with a bare minimum of instruments.

Jazz Orchestrations

So far as orchestration is concerned, the employment of the instruments that I have described above and the extreme refinement of their special technique have naturally made possible an extraordinary range of expression. To be in a position to judge, one must hear a serious jazz band of genuine musicians who practice together regularly like one of our good string quartettes and who bring their orchestration, as Irving Berlin does, to absolute perfection. There were, however, inferior jazz bands who turned their tones upside down, who lacked technique, and who entrusted their percussion instruments to untrained and tasteless players, hoping to obtain the same results by using false elements such as motor-horns, sirens, rattles, and so forth. Yet it is amazing how quickly these unaccustomed instruments fell out of fashion and were relegated to the lumber-room — even the water-whistle, which has an agreeable sound midway between the human voice and the flute.

It is necessary to hear a serious jazz band such as Billy Arnold's or Paul Whiteman's. There is nothing left to chance, everything is balance and proportion, revealing the touch of the true musician, perfect master of all the possibilities of every instrument. One must hear a soiree by the Billy Arnold band in the Casino at Cannes or Deauville. Sometimes four saxophones are leading, sometimes the violin, the clarinet, the trumpet, or the trombone. Or again one may hear an infinite variety of instrumental combinations, uniting one after another with the piano and the percussion instruments, each with its own meaning, its own logic, its own timbre — each with an expression peculiar to itself.

Since we first heard jazz in Europe, a distinct evolution has taken place. In the beginning it was a veritable cataract of tone. Then we began to appreciate once more the value of the melodic element. Then came the period of "blues," very simple melodies — bare so to speak — which were carried by a clear sharp rhythm, with percussion instruments scarcely noticeable, almost intimate. Then came the transition from the almost mechanical effects like the Paul Whiteman's steel percussion at the Palais Royal in New York, and then the fine, almost elusive, almost too gripping tones of the jazz at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston.

In jazz the North Americans have really found expression in art form that suits them thoroughly, and their great jazz bands achieve a perfection that places them next our famous symphony orchestras like that of the Conservatoire or our modern orchestras of wind instruments and our quartettes — the Capet Quartette, for instance, which is our very best.

They have brought us absolutely new elements of tone and rhythm of which they are perfect masters. But these jazz bands have hitherto been used only for dancing, and the music written for them has not got beyond ragtime, the fox trot, and the shimmy. It was a mistake to adapt pieces of music already famous — ranging from Tosca's prayer to "Peer Gynt" or Grechaninov's "Berceuse" — making use of their melodic elements as dance themes. This is an error of taste, as bad in its way as the employment of motor-sirens with percussion instruments.

Necessity of a Jazz Concert Repertoire

These magnificent orchestras need a concert repertoire. Thanks to Jean Wiener we were able to hear Billy Arnold's jazz band on December 6, 1921, in the Salle des Agriculteurs. It was fitting that these wonderful musicians should be heard in a concert. Not only a jazz repertoire, but also chamber music should be written for these orchestras in order to utilize their possibilities to the full. The influence of these American dances has brought us here in Paris the *Steamboat Ragtime*, in Eric Satie's *Parade*, and George Auric's *Adieu New York*. Here is a case where the symphony orchestra discourses ragtime and fox trot. In the *Piano Rag Music* of Igor Stravinski we have a piano piece which employs the rhythmic elements of ragtime in a concert piece. Jean Wiener in his *Sonatine Syncopee* provides a piece of chamber music which owes its origin to various elements of jazz although it retains the sonata form. This is a great step forward. Instrumental chamber-music and concert sonatas still remain to be written for the jazz band, especially for those instruments which jazz ordinarily brings together.

In harmony, too, there is a marked development, for, though originally the jazz band repertoire was of dance music alone, to-day it is following the same curve as the rest of contemporary harmony. The succession of dominant sevenths and ninths which so greatly surprised the year 1900 is now being used in the most recent fashionable dances, for example in *Ivy* and in *Jimmy Johnson*. There can be no doubt that in a few years polytonal and atonal harmonies will prevail in the dances that will follow the shimmies of 1920. To-day we find minor and major chords side by side, as for example in Zez Confrey's *Kitten on the Keys*.

Theoretical and Technical Work on Jazz

In the United States there is a whole series of theoretical and technical works dealing with jazz, works on the use of the trombone with illustration of the most effective glissandos and the best way of employing them, and others for the saxophone and the clarinet with all their new technical possibilities in jazz. New York has a school, the Winn School of Popular Music, which has published three methods of playing folk music, ragtime and jazz, and blues — theoretically of the greatest interest — in which all the special elements of this music are worked out with logical perfection. These studies are extraordinarily valuable, not only as regards technique but also in improvisation and the methods of composition that give this music its special character. I mean, for example, such devices as arpeggios, trills, runs, broken chords, omissions, dissonances, embellishments, ornaments, variation, and cadenzas, which are introduced ad libitum at the end of the parts of various instruments, but in such a way that the rhythmic regularity of the whole does not suffer. Side by side with this music — which, thanks to its careful composition and the absolutely unified and machinelike precision of its ensemble, is a little mechanical — another kind has developed: This, however, springs from the same source. I mean the music of the American Negro.

Primitive African qualities have kept their place deep in the nature of the American Negro and it is here that we find the origin of the tremendous rhythmic forces as well as the expressive melodies born of inspiration which oppressed races alone can produce. The Negro spirituals were the first published Negro music. The religious songs of the slaves, very ancient popular folk-motives, were collected and written down by Henry Burleigh. These songs produce an impression not greatly different from the melody in the "blues" whose form is the work of Handy. I am thinking of the *Saint Louis Blues* and the *Aunt Hagar's Children Blues*. There is the same tenderness, the same melancholy, the same faith that filled the slaves who compared the sorrow of their lives to the Egyptian captivity of the Jews and longed with all their souls for a Moses to save them (*Go Down, Moses*).

Jazz in the Theater

Aside from dance music, whose improvisation gives it a kind of expressiveness and life to be found only among the Negroes, jazz has been employed in the theater with the happiest results. There are operettas of exquisite musicality like *Shuffle Along*, by Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake, or *Liza*, by Maceo Pinkard, in which singers, chorus, and dancers are accompanied by a jazz orchestra. The orchestra of *Liza* consists of a flute, a clarinet, two trumpets, a trombone, the percussion instruments — played by a single player — a piano, a string quartette — in which the viola is replaced by a saxophone — and a contra bass. As a matter of fact the technical elements have been much less changed by the Negroes. In the jazz of the whites everything has been worked out to perfection and studied in the most thorough way. Among the Negroes there is far more improvisation. But what tremendous musical gifts and what power of performance are necessary to bring improvisation to such a pitch of perfection! In their technique they possess great freedom and facility. Each instrument follows its natural melodic line and improvises even while it adheres to the harmonic framework which underlies and supports the piece as a whole. We find this music perpetually employing a rich and confusing interweaving of elements. It uses major and minor chords together with quarter tones, which are produced by a combination of glissando and vibrato technique — an exaggeration of the trombone tones, as well as vigorous vibration of the trumpet pistons and strange uses of the fingers on the violin strings.

The quarter tone has an expressiveness which can be compared with nothing else, fits into diatonic harmony quite as well as the chromatic, and may be regarded as a transition tone in the diatonic scale. It has no relation whatever to the system of quarter tones being studied at present in Central Europe, which is based on a doubling of the twelve notes of the scale, and belongs to the realm of atonal harmony.

Moreover, among the Negroes we get free from the mundane character which the jazz of the white Americans ordinarily possesses. Among the Negroes the dance retains its wild African character. The penetrating intensity of rhythm and melody becomes tragic and despairing. In some little dance-hall as for example the Capitol at the end of Lenox Avenue, near 140th Street — one can often hear a Negro girl singing the same melody for an hour at a time — a melody which is often shrill, but quite as perfect as any of the beautiful classic recitatives — supported by a jazz orchestra which supplies a background of constantly changing melodies. The variations are so numerous that they attain the richness and breadth of a symphony. Here we are far away from the elegant dances of Broadway which we may hear in the Hotel Claridge. Here we are at the first sources of this music, with its deep human content which is about to create as complete a revolution as any of the masterpieces now universally recognized.

Fred Stone on Jazz

Fred Stone, surviving member of the famous team of Montgomery and Stone, whose work in the *Wizard of Oz*, unique and startling spectacular, electrified and delighted millions of people, in discussing the various stages of that evolution which has taken place in music and stage-dancing within the past thirty years — an astounding transformation whose extraordinary development reads more like a page from the personal memoirs of the late lamented Baron Munchausen — has this to say regarding ragtime and its successor, modern jazz:

"Whenever the talk turns to American music and American dancing, I always wonder if there is any music or dancing more thoroughly American than syncopation and what we at first called ragtime. I do not pretend to say that this music originally was anything but what it was — the creation of illiterates. But it was spontaneous, and as thoroughly original, though in another mood, as the so-called songs of the South which might have been inspired by Negro chants."

A Symptom of Restlessness

Director Stock of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra makes an interesting contribution to the popular topic. He reports that the nerve strain of European peoples is reflected violently in the world of music, both in the work of the composer and in the reaction of the people.

"Hysteria has seized them," he says. They are possessed of a mania for jazz dancing and jazz music, and composers reveal a similar frenzy. Modern music reveals a tremendous unrest. "In the constant shifting of tonalities and moods, the mind of the listener is never at rest."

On this phenomenon he makes a significant comment: "To me the music madness and frenzied dancing and challenging raiment are ominous of coming war," and he cites the appearance of Wagner before 1848. He reminds us how the first hearers of Tannhäuser

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Speaking of Photoplay Organists

By GEORGE ALLAIRE FISHER

ONE of the best indications of the importance the theater organist is assuming in our modern musical life is the increasing number of excellent schools devoted to the proper training of the theater organist. One of these schools, of which we have heard considerable from many sources, is maintained by the Wurlitzer Organ Company, at 120 West 42nd Street, New York City. For the benefit of Melody readers, I got in touch with the man who is the most important part of this school, and present herewith some of the most interesting facts connected with him.

WENDELL C. GLOVER

The man is Mr. Wendell C. Glover, whose picture adorns another part of this page. Mr. Glover, as previously stated, trains organists in the way that will most quickly and efficiently give them proficiency in theater organ playing. Besides his duties in connection with the school, Mr. Glover records rolls for the Wurlitzer reproducing organ, broadcasts widely appreciated programs through WJZ, initiates with interesting recitals various Wurlitzer organs into a lifetime of melodious usefulness, and fills limited engagements at various theaters whose managers are interested or about to be interested in Wurlitzer Organs. Of all this work however, Mr. Glover seems to find his teaching the most interesting and the most important.

He tells me that he was born not so very long ago, and I am inclined to think he is correct about it; at least, he began to study piano in 1900 when he was nine years old. Later on, Professor S. Frederick Smith of Plainfield trained him in organ work, and through Professor Smith's brother, Mr. Robert A. Laslett Smith, of Newark, N. J., he took a special course in public school music supervising. Then for one year he was music supervisor and conducted the music course in the East Side High School, Newark. A course in the theory of music and pedagogy at the University of New York followed, but before it was completed, he accepted a position as theater organist in Newark. Mr. Glover says with considerable pride that his salary with this theater was $18 a week; certainly not very much when you compare it with what organists receive now, but at the same time $18 nine years ago would buy a great many more shoes and cakes than it will now.

It was not long, however, until he went to the Broadway Theater, Yonkers, New York, and received a substantial raise in salary. While at Yonkers, Glover met Mr. Frank White, who had been the organist at the Criterion Theater, New York City, and at that time was engaged in building organs. Glover says that it is to Mr. White's teaching and advice he owes most of the success that has come his way. After a considerable period of hard study under Mr. White, an arrangement was made to take charge of the organ in a theater in Butte, Montana, at a salary of $100 per week, which in 1917 was considerable salary. The war came along, however, and Glover spent the next two years in France with the A. E. F.

At the end of the war, considerable work of course had to be done to restore the partially vanished technic and regain touch with theater organ work. Many of the rest of us know what this means, and most of us, it is to be hoped, have made up for the lost time with the success that Mr. Glover has. Since the war, and previous to his present association, Mr. Glover has been organist in the Hamilton Theater, Yonkers; Famous Players Picture Company in Meriden, Connecticut, and the Temple Theater in Union Hill. Since his connection with the Wurlitzer people he has opened for them the organs at the Grand Theater, Atlanta, Georgia; The Majestic Theater, Providence, Rhode Island; The LeRoy Theater, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and The Strand Theater, Fall River, Massachusetts. Last November Glover was booked to open the organ in the Chamber of Commerce Auditorium in Boston. After playing four days of concerts, however, he received word that his oldest girl had died and he was forced to return home. Glover makes his home at Yonkers, New York, and there is a Mrs. Glover and two very small Miss Glovers who are undoubtedly no small part of the inspiration for his work of building competent organists to play on the organs that the Wurlitzer Company build.

The Photoplay Organist and Pianist

By L. G. DEL CASTILLO

WHAT I should prefer to write about at this time would be a serious dissertation on "The Necessity of Vacations." I feel as though I knew more about that than anybody else in the world. This business of dragging one's self out of the summer sunshine to the gloomy, mouldy, not to say humid and sticky atmosphere of the theater becomes day by day more and more irksome in every way. All work and no play makes Jack a dull organist; that's a motto that should hang in every manager's office. An important article of my creed is that the theater musician should have a good deal more sympathy than he gets. The confinement of working in a dark, poorly ventilated hole seven days and seven nights a week will surely receive its reward in Heaven, but how about one on this earth? Anyhow that's what I'm mostly concerned with.

Silence as a Means to an End

So I regard with sympathetic toleration a letter from Mr. Ralph T. Horrow of Columbia, Missouri, in which he earnestly gives battle to my opinion on playing the Topics of the Day as expressed in the July issue. With the idea of playing popular music, overtures, unpopular music, highbrow music or any other kind of music Mr. Horrow is not in the slighest degree receptive. He considers it Horrowble, Horrowing, and AbHorrownt, if he will pardon me for saying so, and he has what I must admit is a darn good reason for so shouting. Mr. Horrow has the floor.

"With all due respect to your learned department for benighted theater organists, it is plain that you do not have very much idea of the conditions that the organists in smaller towns labor under. To anyone who has to sit and sweat at a wheezy old rattletrap organ for three-hour stretches playing a different reel of junk every day, you can't expect your ultimatum to play this and that on the Topics of the Day to be received in the sticks with much cheering. For why? Because those few minutes are the only chance I have to go out in the alley and smoke a cigarette and get a deep breath before I tighten up my belt and go back for another hour's grind.

"If I could play a half hour and then have a good sized orchestra to go in and play for me every other half hour (well, that's one way of putting it, Mr. Horrow), I think probably I would arrange to get a second job in some nearby house to work the off half hours, just so things wouldn't seem unnatural and I could get twice as much money for doing the same amount of work I am now. But as it is you can bet your whole library that the only musical accompaniment the Topics of the Day is going to get in my theater will be whatever flute-like laughter the audience wants to furnish. At that I believe a lot of unions have a rule that you must have a certain amount of time off every hour, but I wish somebody would tell me if they actually get it.

"However, I'm not really as sore as I sound. I get a laugh sometimes out of some of your elaborate ideas for fitting a lot of music to your shows when I think of how we rush a show out to make room for the next one every day before we even get acquainted with it, but I have had a lot of good ideas from your column at that, and even if I can't apply a lot of them, it gives me a bigger slant on the whole game, and makes it look like a little less of a lowbrow grind."

Routine and Ideals

Will all those who agree with Mr. Horrow kindly remit a registered letter to that effect so that we may count the ballots? As much as I find it in my heart to sympathize with him, and this is especially easy in hot weather, I am afraid I shall be forced to record my vote in the negative. Mr. Horrow appears to believe that he is a very Prometheus working in a veritable purgatory of theaterdom, but if he would like to spend the carfare for a trip up here to the Hub of the Universe I can take him around to several theaters, some of them rated as first-class houses in our primitive way, and introduce him to organists working on a daily routine of four-and-a-half hour shifts with no intermission.

It is in the last analysis a question of artistic self-respect rather than self-preservation. I believe there are locals that enforce a rule of ten minutes' intermission in every hour, and in consequence organists will stop in the middle of a phrase when their fifty minutes is up, and leave the stalwart hero to battle for his life in a dense silence. I don't suppose anyone would pretend that that is art. The point is, is it necessary? Judging from the experience around here, I should be inclined to say "No!" Just like that, with an exclamation point.

I have not noticed any physical breakdowns from this continuous playing. I have in mind a woman organist, petite in stature, who has been playing these four-and-a-half hour shifts for quite a few years and appears to thrive under it. The quality of her work will bear comparison with any organist I have ever heard, and I can imagine just how receptive she would be to any proposal to lower this standard by accepting easier working conditions. Can anyone allow his fancy to roam to the extent of seeing Toscannini lay down his baton in the middle of an act of *Parsifal* because he had pulled out his watch and discovered he had worked forty-five minutes?

Of course it is necessary to get hardened to this continuous playing. I do not speak from hearsay. During the hardening process the neck and back begin to ache and the minutes go like hours toward the end of the shift. In time these long stretches come to be the normal routine, and it is simply a question of losing one's self in one's work. I have observed that there are times when a three-hour stretch with an interesting show will seem briefer than a half hour with a dreary one. Naturally we all have our off days when the time drags interminably, regardless of the length of the shift. I have noticed a profusion of them lately. They seem to be most plentiful in July. But if you have laid out an interesting score to play, or, if on a daily change schedule, you have an interesting show to watch, a long period will slip by with very little effort.

Piano Organists

Apparently the theater organist feels a constant spur to justify himself, if the frequent appearance of articles explaining him as rising Phoenix-like from the dead ashes of the piano keyboard are an index. The synopsis of these articles is always identical, to wit: that with the development of the movies the organ was introduced to eliminate the cost of an orchestra, that church organists were tried and found wanting, that the theater pianist stepped into the breach and developed a new non-academic style of theatrical organ playing untrammelled by outworn traditions and imbued with an inspired flexibility and crispness of style developed all by himself through experimentation on his audiences. The articles do not say how the audiences liked being practised upon, and it must be admitted that in truth they didn't mind it because they didn't hear it, their attention being engaged by the picture.

Now to me the false step in this idyllic picture is the assumption that the pianist, on ascending the organ bench and guided only by his good taste in what sounded well, developed a newer and better school of organ playing. N., perhaps, but not, oh, believe me! not B. Do not understand me as turning a contemptuous nose toward these piano-organists. I have not been steeped and cooled in the aromas of Bach and Guilmant myself, and neither am I an esoteric or otherwise Fellow of the American Guild of Organists. Furthermore, I am free to admit the statement that the pianists displaced the church organists because as interpreters of the classic cinema the latter were even worse than the former, if I may be permitted to change the wording of the axiom.

But what I am all agog to emphasize is that if the pianist brought to the organ console a new virility and clean-cut rhythm, he also bestowed on it serious faults that offset the advantages. The first and most glaring of these was inaccuracy. Now, accuracy is the Alpha and Omega of academic organ training; after you have absorbed pedal exercises from pages 11 to 132 inclusive, and proceeded through the several thousand Preludes and Fugues of Johann Sebastian (and many organ students firmly believe that it was as a result of their composition that Bach came to an untimely end through apoplexy) you have at least thoroughly learned one thing — that every written note has its appointed and predestined place on the keyboard, and no other interlopers need apply. Your playing may be vapid and muggy, it may in general tone and manly vigor be akin to a foggy blue Sunday in Aberdeen, but it will at least be accurate. This tribute we pay to the mediocre church organist. On the other hand gaze now upon our other protagonist, the mediocre theater organist. (Protagonist, by the way, is the highbrow's pet word this year; every article of standing must employ it at least once.) Accuracy is the last thing in the world he is concerned with. That is inevitable. As a mono-pedalic (my own invention) organist, his nether extremity finding haven on the swell shoes, he has necessarily adopted the hit-or-miss method of pedalling. Likewise on the manuals he is in a good deal the same dilemma as a stenographer suddenly transferred from her Underwood to a fifty-ton Hoe Double Octuple Rotary Printing Press. He has too many little jiggers to work to be too fussy about the right notes.

Adapting Piano Music

And there is a better reason why notes have lost their sacredness and inviolability. The theater organist is a spontaneous and presumably inspired adaptor. For three reasons he uses very little organ music; first, it's not adequate for picture work; second, he isn't familiar with it; and third, he can't play it. The library of the average theater organist consists mainly of orchestra piano parts, with a minority membership of piano solo music. This brings its own problems. It is primarily a question of transposing music written for a sustaining instrument to a non-sustaining instrument. The terminology is not felicitous, but what I mean is this: on the piano it is possible to make a note continue to sound after the finger has left it by holding down the sustaining pedal; on the organ a note will only sound as long as it is actually held.

It is precisely this factor that makes the writing of organ music and piano music almost diametrically opposite. In a piano score, for example will come a quarter note. Yet the composer's intention was for that note to sound as a whole note or perhaps even longer, by means of the "loud" pedal. It is thus apparent that the organist's constant concern in playing piano music must be: How does the sustaining quality of the piano pedal affect the time value of every one of these notes? And the answer generally is: It increases them.

There is still another complication. When a note is struck on the piano with the sustaining pedal held, sympathetic vibrations occur in all other strings containing overtones of that note, making the note itself sound richer. If you are not convinced of this fact, try sounding a note with the pedal off and on, and see for yourself the difference in quality and richness. Carrying the experiment a little further it becomes apparent that a simple chord, say an ordinary triad, will sound much fuller and richer on the piano with the pedal sustained than it will sound on the organ keyboard. In order, then, to approximate this richness that the wealth of overtones gives the piano chord, we are entitled to do two things on the organ—first, add super-couplers and mutation or harmonic-corroborating stops to the registration (that is, 4' and above), and second, amplify and elaborate the chord itself.

It is generally assumed that the weakest point of the theater organist's technic is his pedalling; but I believe that he falls just as short in the knack of using his left hand properly, mainly from lack of comprehension of this sustaining factor. The right hand has of course its peculiar problems, but for the most part they are problems associated with piano technic, and therefore not disproportionately noticeable on the organ. Even the pedal, when experience has brought it to a reasonable accuracy (let us not ask for too much), is inoffensive enough in the majority of cases. But on the over-burdened left hand falls not only this job of providing a firm, suitable and adequate accompaniment, but also all the contrapuntal work and florid figuration, and, furthermore, since the right hand must keep the melody sustained by sticking close to the notes thereof, most of the registrational changes.

Now what are the practical applications that we can hew out of this general formula of reproducing this sustained effect of the piano? One or two of them we have mentioned above, but in the interests of clearness let us tabulate those that come to mind.

1. Amplify or fill out all skeleton chords.
2. Make the pedal notes generally pretty legato except where they are clearly indicated staccato.
3. In the case of chords written as afterbeats, the sustaining effect may be suggested by holding one or two notes of the chord while playing the others staccato with the remaining fingers.
4. Arpeggios should always be altered with the sustaining effect in mind. If a long, rolling arpeggio is taken literally, preferably with flute stops, a harp should be added if possible for its sustaining qualities, and the chord should be added in the right hand on a soft registration with soft 16' stops or a 16' coupler added to give sustaining support to the arpeggio.
5. In the case of rolled chords and short arpeggios within the hand's compass, the notes should be held after they are struck, instead of being played as separate short notes as they would be on the piano.

Intelligent Registration

If many self-taught organists fall short in this matter of accuracy and cleanly-arranged playing, it must mournfully be admitted that even more is registration a closed book to them. It seems to me that seldom have I ever taken on a pupil, many of whom were at the time holding regular theater positions, who was able to identify or classify the stop names, or had any definite or systematic ideas about combining them. After listening around at various theaters I am forced to go a step further and say that often they do not even appear to bring common sense to their aid.

Why, for instance, will an organist accompany a fluty or other mild solo registration with harsh strings and oboe, or was it a trumpet or cornopean I heard? Why will an organist set strident registrations on two manuals so that whichever way they are manipulated, and the accepted method seems to be to reverse the hands every eight measure, the balance of the accompaniment is all wrong? Why will an organist use the same registration interminably, varied only by the pumping of the crescendo pedal? Why will not organists learn to cover up a registrational change by doing it deftly and unobtrusively, instead of making an event and intermission of it? And then, of course, there are the two hoary old questions, why is the *vox humana* as popular as the pretty waitress at the college reunion banquet, and why are the tremulants treated as a necessary stock part of the organ like the wind chests or the electric current?

On this last question I have a good deal of sympathy for the theatrical viewpoint. A tremulant is all wrong on a toccata, a prelude and fugue, unnecessary for a triumphal march, but I believe that in general the exigencies of the theater demand its refinement and sentimentality of tone. And certainly many theater organs are so out of tune and so badly voiced that the tremulant is a necessity to cover up their hoarse raucousness. But in general I see little excuse for the abominable sense of registration so prevalent in the theater. It is easy enough to understand that an unschooled organist should not be able to tell you the difference between an Aeoline and a Quintadena, but it is not so easy to see why experience and time should not begin to make clear to him a distinction between mild stops and harsh ones.

In the December, 1924, issue of this magazine I outlined the academic differences and uses of the various tone colors on the organ. I am now going to take the liberty of supplementing that with a few elementary axioms on registration which should be self-evident, but apparently are not.

1. Harsh stops generally, such as keen strings, pungent reeds, and heavy open diapasons, are at their best in the lower register and at their worst in the upper, whereas the reverse is true of mild stops like flutes and soft reeds and strings.
2. A solo registration should be built up by the deliberate choice of a striking tone color such as a reed or flute, supported by other less obtrusive stops, mainly flutes and, to a less degree, strings.
3. The accompaniment should be softer than the solo, and generally built of neutral stops, mainly strings and flutes.
4. A pronounced counterpoint may be brought out in two ways. First, by keeping the accompaniment neutral in quality but heavier in quantity (i. e., excluding keen reeds but adding diapasons and gambas), and playing the counterpoint legato with the accompaniment staccato; second, by playing the counterpoint alone in the left hand on a heavy, keen registration while adding the chords to the melody in the right hand on a mild registration.
5. The registration should at all times be kept fluid and contrasting with constant but well-planned changes.

Editorial Improvisations

WE RECENTLY heard of a very ambitious composer who hopefully gathered up an armful or so of his most ambitious efforts, inflicted them upon a truthfully sincere, if somewhat caustic, critic, and then modestly stepping back waited for the laudatory opinion he was sure would follow. The critic looked them over somewhat hastily and then said, "Well, sir, I believe that these numbers of yours will be played when Gounod, Beethoven, and Wagner are forgotten."

"Really," said the composer hopefully.

"Yes," continued the critic, "but not before."

WE NOTICE by a recent exchange that John Philip Sousa has sued a cigar manufacturer for naming one of his creations, designed to retail for about three cents each, the John Philip Sousa Cigar. We haven't as yet learned how the suit has been decided, but it seems to us there is no doubt but that a three-cent cigar would be lacking in all of the qualities usually associated with the name of Sousa. In the first place, it should be an expensive enough cigar to have a pretty good band. In the second place, it should be a good enough cigar to be a leader; and it is our experience that a three-cent cigar would be neither expensive enough nor good enough to meet the above conditions. Whether or not Mr. Sousa wins this suit, there is one thing for which he can be thankful. He doesn't have to smoke the cigars unless he wants to.

BANDSMEN do not always dwell in an harmonic atmosphere that is mellifluously melodic, as the Boston Pullman Porter's Band can testify — in fact, recently did testify when a policeman pulled the primo Pullman porter into the law pound. The officer, who lives just around the corner from the club room of the musicians, entered complaint against John Lee, the band leader, claiming that blaring horns and banging bass drum kept himself and neighbors awake until two A. M. This was contradicted by Lee, who said they were practising for a porters' convention to be held in New York, but never later than eleven P. M. Case was held over by the Judge, possibly to investigate the legality of keeping a policeman awake.

SOME scientists are very much excited because a German investigator announces that he has proved, beyond doubt, that earthworms can sing. It seems that he had several of them imprisoned in a small glass jar. He detected a very faint soprano melody proceeding from the jar and finally traced it to the earthworms. We are not informed whether they were singing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," or whether it was a parody on that well-known ditty about the early worm getting the bird. Anyhow, we presume it won't be long until the leading vaudeville theaters will be featuring an earthworm quartet doing their celebrated turn.

AMIDST national, international, and general subjects, Henry Ford issues a statement that he is starting a campaign to bring back the good old reliable dances of yore to replace the so-called "jazz" dancing of the modern day. A large ballroom space has been selected in one corner of the magnificent Dearborn laboratory building, and Mr. Ford has brought Benjamin B. Lovett, a Massachusetts dancing master, to teach classes in the various Scotch reels, the Portland Fancy, Fisher's Hornpipe, Money Musk, Pop, Goes the Weazel, the various waltzes, including the charming old Rye Waltz, "The Ripple," heel and toe polkas and the various quadrilles. Mr. Ford usually joins these classes, and it is rumored that he is one of the best "steppers" of them all.

However, Mr. Ford is awaiting an opportune time to introduce these dances to the country; that is, when modern jazz dies the natural death he expects for it. He says, "The old-fashioned dances are in the blood of the American people and they will never die. It is only necessary to let the people see them and these dances will come back into their own. There is no style or grace in the tango, the Chicago one-step and modern dances."

Although Mr. Ford is preparing a book on the subject, he has not yet decided how the merits of old-fashioned dancing are to be disseminated — whether by motion pictures or otherwise.

Since understanding more fully Mr. Ford's leaning toward the old fashioned things, we begin to get a "glimmer" as to why Lizzie hasn't changed the style or color of her dress for a long, long time.

Even at that Ethyl gas in a home-brew driven Lizzie can raise Mary Helen Blazes in the most modern way. — F. L.

THE Brighthelmstone Club of Brighton, Massachusetts, recently presented, by invitation of Jordan Marsh Company of Boston, Massachusetts, a very interesting pageant — "The Ladies of the White House." Various members of the club impersonated the different ladies of the White House from the time of Mistress Martha Custis Washington to the present. The various costumes used were, of course, appropriate to the period represented, and the music for each period was likewise, as much as possible, typical of the time portrayed. It happens that the Jacobs' catalog was quite well represented in the musical selections

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A Philistine's History of Music

As told by the talkative janitor of the Conservatory lecture hall to his grandson.

No. 5—The Banjo Family

WELL, me son, this time I'm goin' to make ye take a big jump 'nd a long wan to get to the scene av our next exploit. The time is way back yonder somewhere near whin the other things have come about I've told ye av — before there was any written history av happinin's 'nd evints. But the place is out on the edge av the thin known world, and the payple that take an active part in the story seem to be av the type now associated wid watermelons, fried chickens, 'nd a fine spirit av laysure. I'm not talkin' about praychers, but about th' more nor less well-known Ethiopian.

Some time back there somethin' had took place so that mankind was divided into the colors it still has, that make it so hard for the human race to get along wid itself. White, brown, red, yellow, 'nd black they were, wid various shades av all av thim.

These black ones that's th' heroes av our tale may not have been just the same as the ones we have wid us now. It's not probyble that there was any great difference, axcipt that they was correspondin' further down the scale av more nor less human progress than they are now, just the same as the lighter and more gaudy colored humans was. They seem to have been siveral thots behind the white ones in matters of progress. When something new wud be started some place near the center av things it wud take it some time to sift down thru the various crowds 'nd finally rache the black brothers down in the hot belt. Then on the other hand, the process wud sometimes be reversed 'nd the idea or contrivance wud be sprung on a timid 'nd unsuspectin' world by the black folk, 'nd then make its way gradual to the white tribes 'nd be adopted by thim enthusiastic — maybe claimed as their own brain-child 'nd handiwork.

Aside from bein' behind the white tribes in ideas 'nd the things that come from ideas — sich as clothes, houses, weapons, music, etc., I don't 'magine there was so much difference 'twixt blacks 'nd whites—aside from the color, av course. These black tribes wuz good fightin' min, allowin' for thim havin' more older fashioned weapons; they wuz maybe not so energetic as the whites, 'nd they may have had a blame sight better time out av livin' for some such rayson as I've just said. They, av course, had different ideas av what constituted individual beauty 'nd winsomeness — still runnin' strong to worn-out teeth, snake-skins, human hair (belongin' original to somebody else), red feathers 'nd grease long after the white tribes wuz beginnin' to get a dim idea that the more av thimselves they covered up the better lookin' they wuz — which wuz undoubted correct.

These black ones had done pretty well in musical instrymints at the time I'm tellin' ye about. They had drums av all sorts, big ones, little ones, round ones, long ones, 'nd short ones. Some av thim wuz ornymented regardless av taste 'nd expinse. Some av thim had bits of gravel 'nd stones inside, bein' shook vigorous to produce their music, much like the rattles ye wuz playin' wid more recint then ye like to admit.

They had some av th' flute sort av instrymints too, but not near so many. Its soft, cooing note didn't fit in so well wid their most popular activities as the excitin' rattle av the drums. The flute wuz more fer courtin' 'nd makin' love, but the romantic side av these black fellys wusn't the strongest by no means. They didn't waste much time wid their courtin', not carin' much whether the blushin' bride was willin' or not, as long as she come along paceful like. The things they wuz most interested in wuz dancing ' 'nd some sort av what ye might call religion, 'nd a little paceful fightin' when convenient. The drum fits in noble wid all these pursuits 'nd is consequently their fav'rite 'nd most used instrymints to "ixpress thimselves" as the younger set calls it now'days.

WAN day a member av the tribe that we'll call Unky-Plunk, just for purposes av appropriate identyfication — not havin' much av anythin' to do, decides he'll go out on a little private scoutin' expedition av his own. There's been rumors 'mong the black folks for siveral weeks av a tribe av pale colored wans up towards the big water, who is new comers. They is said to be unusual big in size, wid long yellow hair, queer lookin' clothes, all kinds av dogs 'nd horses, new sorts av fightin' weapons, 'nd a most wonderful fierceness 'nd activity in battle.

All the black folks have stayed 'way from thim as careful like as a dentist fillin' his own fav'rite tooth, especially as these yellow-haired strangers seems to be on the way to some place else, altho' they're takin' their time about gettin' there; puttin' up their tents in likely spots, 'nd then movin' on when they have enuff av it.

Unky-Plunk's payple, altho' cautious, is as full av curiosity as a hungry mosquitee is av unkindness, so they had managed to give these strangers many a careful once-over without thim knowin' av it. So he finds his way without trouble to their latest camp, after siveral days av cautious progress, arrivin' just at sundown, which suits his plans first-rate. The camp wuz at the edge av a big woods, 'nd as he comes closer to it he hears 'nd sees a terrible hullabaloo. Big fires has been built, there's a hurryin' back 'nd forth av hundreds av the big min — all turrible important, kids is hollerin', dogs a-yellin', bangles 'nd weapons is aflashin' in the firelight, 'nd altogether it's a quite excitin' scene — especially to Unky-Plunk, who has his own ideas av what will happen to him if he gets caught.

He selects a big tree near what seems to be the main fire that offers fav'rable chances for concealment, 'nd climbs it as cautious 'nd quiet as he's able. By the time he's stowed away where he can see 'nd hear without bein' seen or heard, it's plain that something is about to happen. All the folks is banked around the fire, 'nd there in the middle on a bit av a bump in the ground is standin' one av the most important lookin' av the strange min-folk. He has a small harp slung across his chist (altho' Unky-Plunk has no idea whether it's a harp or a new kind av a flea-scratcher), his head is thrown back 'nd even as Unky watches him he begins to smite the strings av his instrymint 'nd warble some kind av an excitin' ballad that means no more to Unky than the Republican vote in Alabamy duz to the Democratic candidate for mayor av New York — bein' as it is in a totally strange language. The strummin' av the harp tho' makes quite a hit with him — it's entirely different from anythin' he's iver heard 'nd raches a spot in his innards that he didn't know previous he had. He's so interested he leans out too far from his tree 'nd before he knows it he slips off av his perch 'nd lights spang on the head av the warblin' minstral down below. Well, sir, there's more excitement for a minute than anyone would have tho't possible. The strangers natural enough think it's an attack in force, 'nd by the time they've got over their surprise 'nd collected their weapons, 'nd begin to look around for something to demonstrate on, our friend Unky has disappeared in the night 'nd the revivin' minstrel finds himself shy one fav'rite harp 'nd plus a bad headache. A few bold spirits makes excursions into the woods in various directions but find neither hide nor hair av anything unusual, so providin' a new harp for the minstrel they resume their concert — wid which we need have no farther concern.

IN the manetime, Unky is a mile away 'nd gettin' farther ivery second. Whin he'd lit on the wan man choir 'nd orchestry down below his tree, wan av his arms had stuck thru the frame av the harp. The unintentional obligin' harpist had broke his fall sufficient so that Unky still had his wits about him someplace or other, altho' there wasn't sufficient av them to occupy much space, 'nd he'd legged it way from the scene av his downfall so prompt that by the time he'd hit the ground after bouncin' off av the orchestry's head he was geared into high 'nd travelin' faster than he iver had previous.

Whin he's far enough away so that he feels safe for the time bein,' he stops to reorganize himself, 'nd finds out that what he'd tho't wuz a sizable club in the hands av one av his pursuers wuz the harp which was hooked over his arm 'nd shoulder. This suits him fine, it's what he'd wanted anyhow, 'nd his self-respect 'nd pride in his own valor flows back so rapid it's nigh to chokin' him. Ye see, he'd got away wid something after all, 'nd instead av bein' a hasty 'nd undignified retreat, he's pursuaded he's pulled off a bold 'nd highly successful raid on a superier force.

He has wid him his own private little drum which is maybe a foot or so across 'nd which he uses for signalin' 'nd makin' his own assortment av charms 'nd big medicine. It's just a hollowed out circle from a medium size tree wid a bit av skin stretched over it, 'nd it's slung over his back when not in use 'nd fastened wid a bit of sinoo. In order to make travelin' easier 'nd lave his arms free for more important uses, he hangs the harp over the drum, wedgin' it on tight, 'nd sets forth for what he's pleased to call his home.

HE travels steady for a considerable time' nd finally finds himself back in the neighborhood av his own tribe av black fellys. As he stops to rest previous to the last spurt av his journey it occurs to him that a few well-placed taps on his drum won't be amiss, just to let the folks know he's returnin' intact 'nd in triumph, to say nothin' av havin' an earful apiece that's not goin' to lose interest in the tellin'. But when he unlimbers his drum he finds it's wedged so tight in the frame av the harp wid the harp strings restin' on the drum head that he can't get them apart widout breakin' somethin' which he's no ways inclined to do. A few experymintal taps on the drum shows him that the harp strings restin' on the drum head adds a new 'nd pleasin' rattle to the tone, but he's some doubtful as to his drum language bein' understood unless it's the usual drum sound that gives 'em.

He doesn't want to bust up the harp, which he's dependin' on to add considerable to his social standin' 'nd prestige, so he loses himself in dape tho't for a time lookin' for some way out av his predicyment. He ain't used to dape tho't, which is probyble why he gets lost in it, but he finally emerges wid a scheme that promises well. If he can lift the strings off av the drum head widout breakin' thim, it seems that his drum should work like he wants it to, so slippin' a piece of flat bone out av his hair, where he's been awearin' it as an ornymint to his monly beauty, he slides it in under the strings 'nd on top av the head, turnin' it edge-

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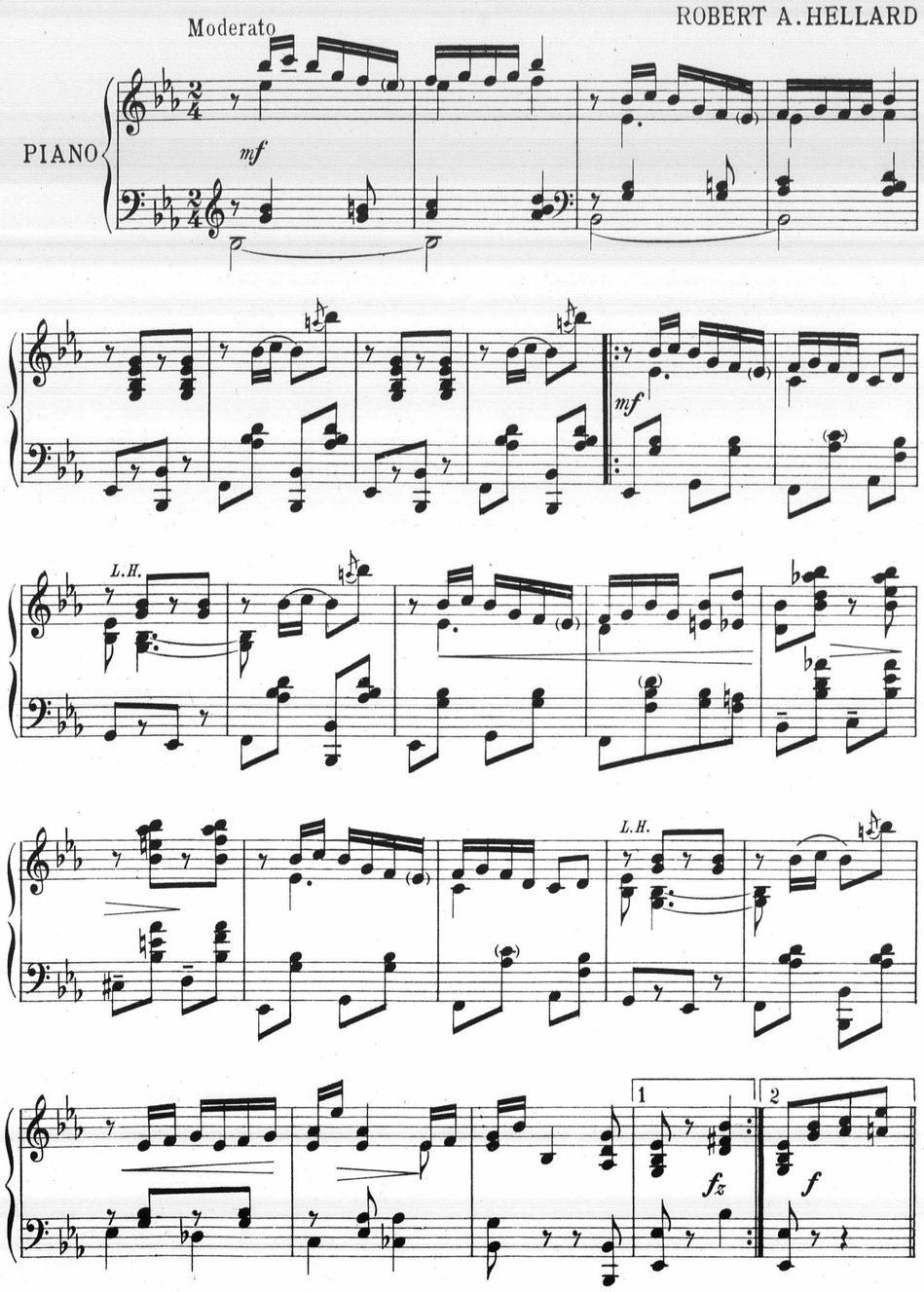
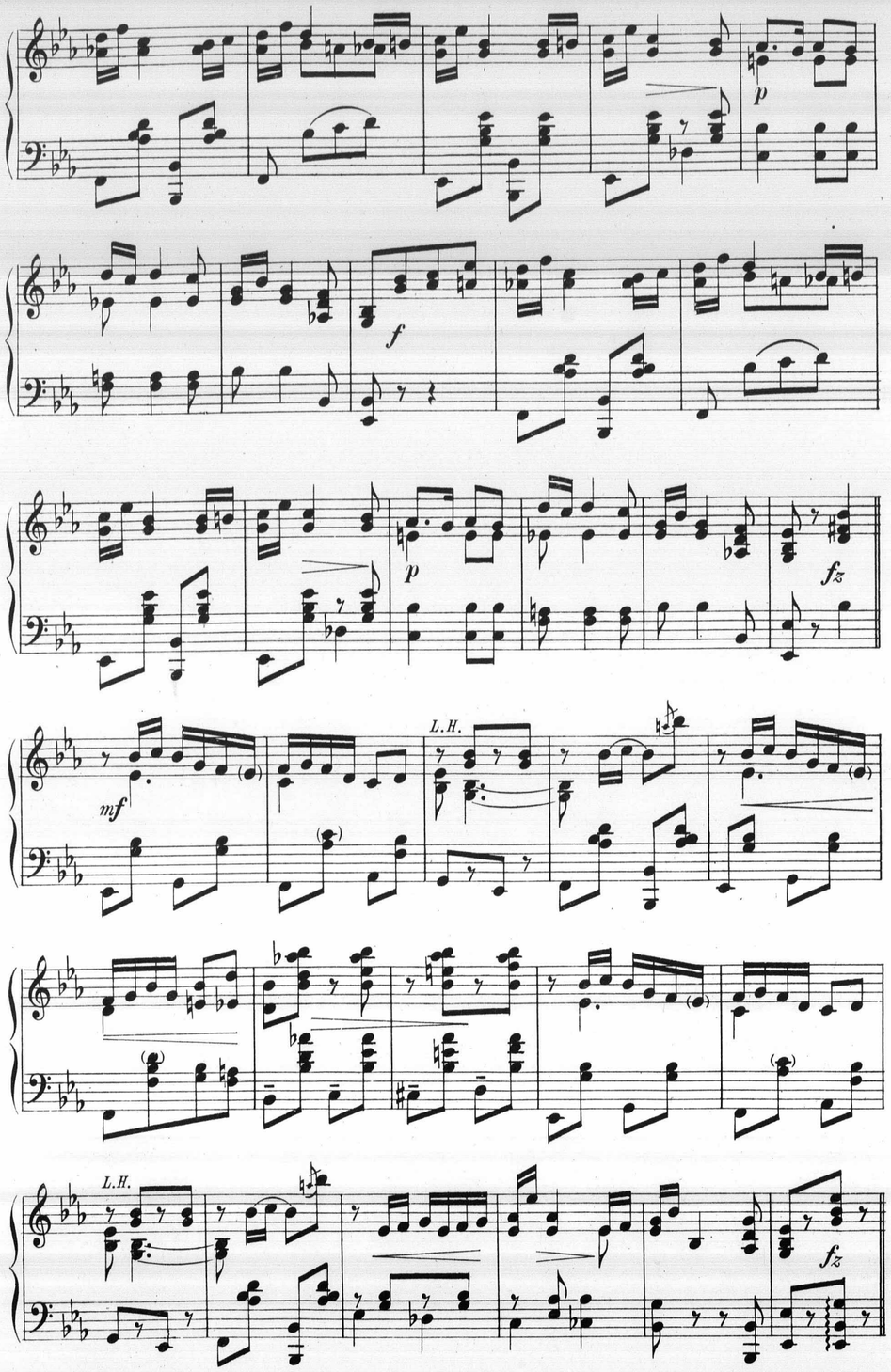
Lovey-Dovey

INTERMEZZO

ROBERT A. HELLARD





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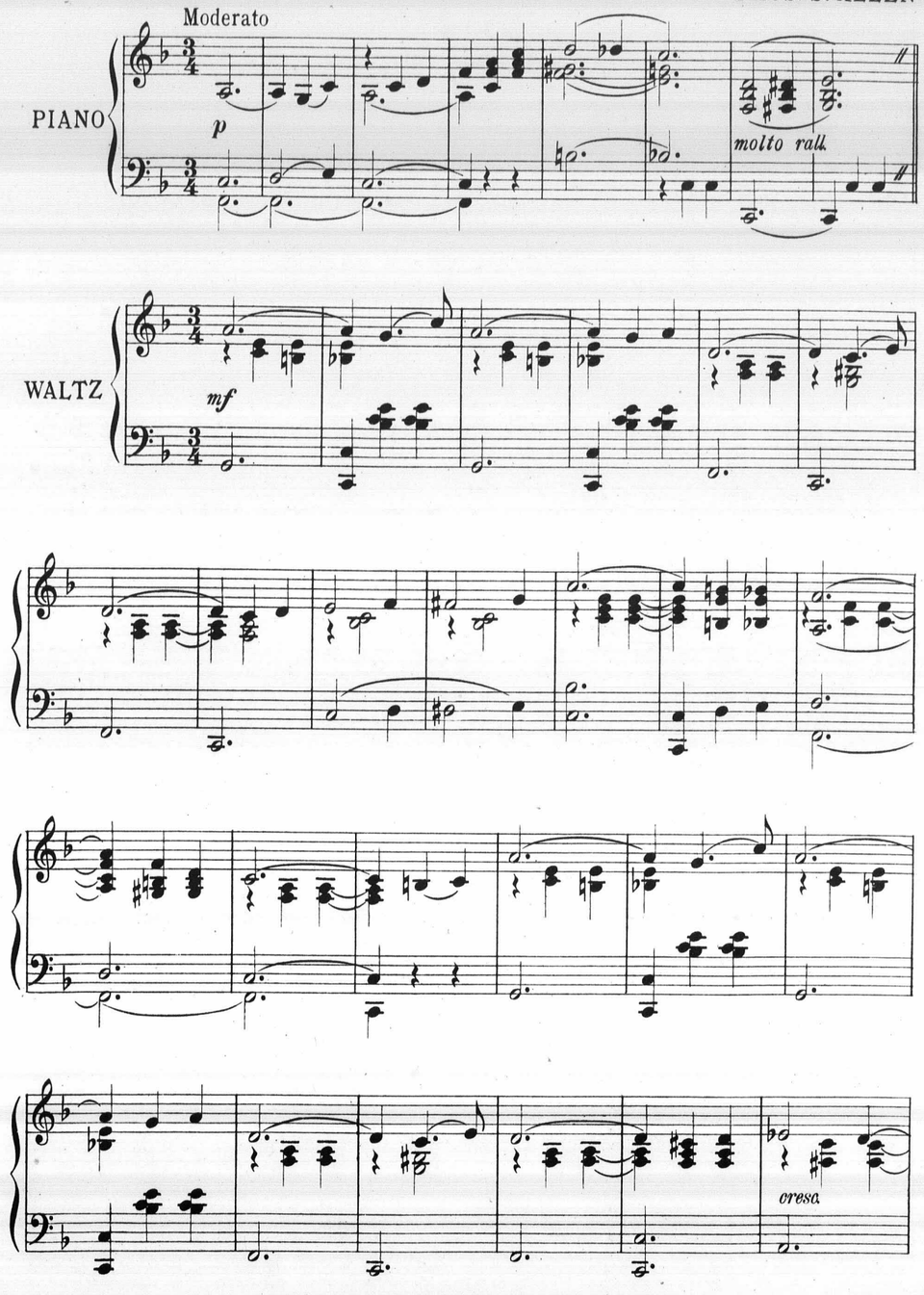
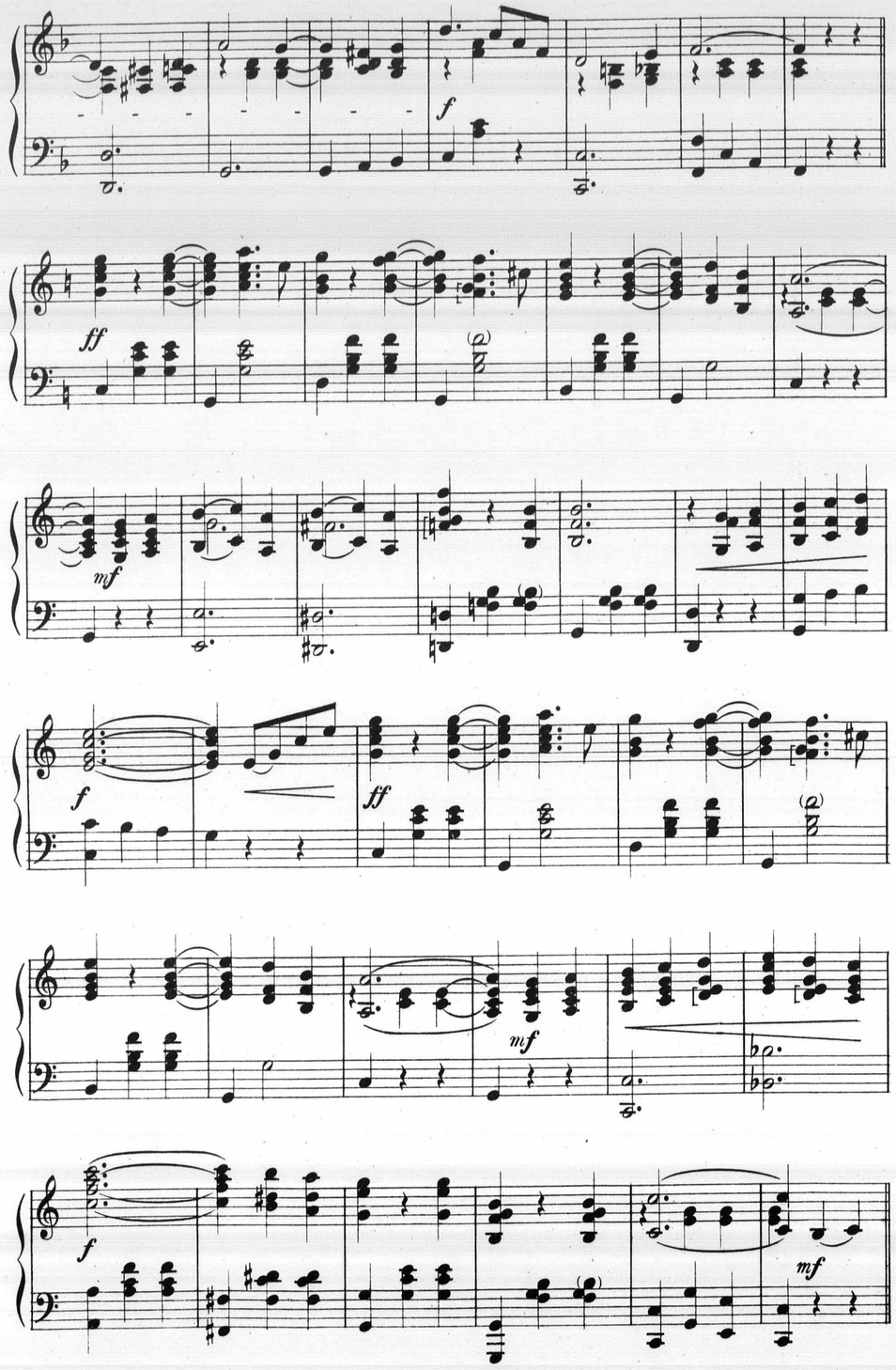
Mountain Laurel

WALTZ

INTRO

THOS. S. ALLEN





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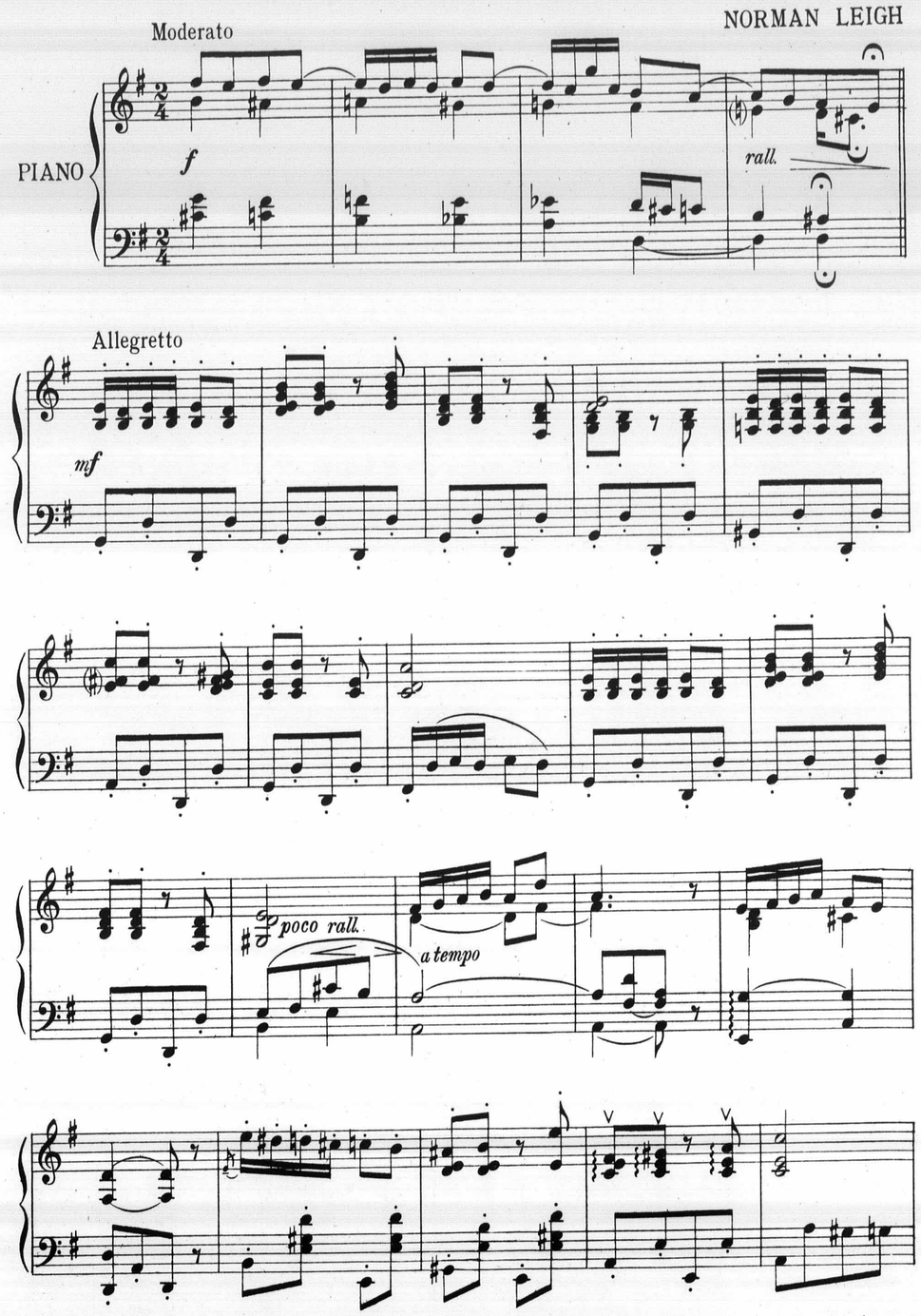
Love in a Toy Shop

NORMAN LEIGH



Meno mosso

rall.

molto rall.

Tempo I

mf

rall.

1

last

a tempo

f a tempo

rall.

Continued on page 19

Teetotum

MARCH

ARTHUR C. MORSE

PIANO

ff

L.H.

mf

f

mf

f

1

2

ff

L.H.

mf

f *mf*

f *mf*

𝄋

2d time *ff*

MELODY

f *ff* R.H. *f*

ff R.H. *mf*

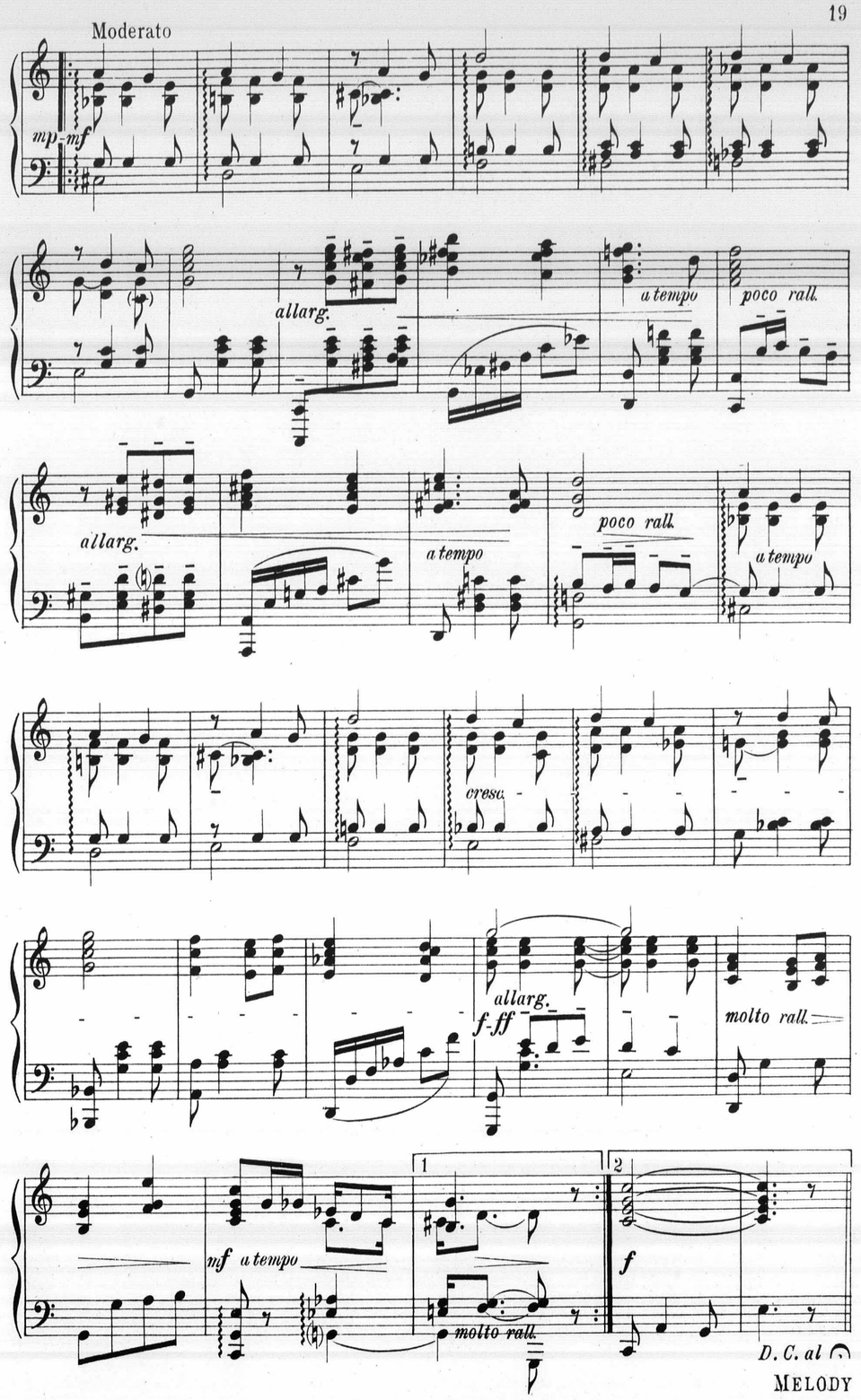
𝄋

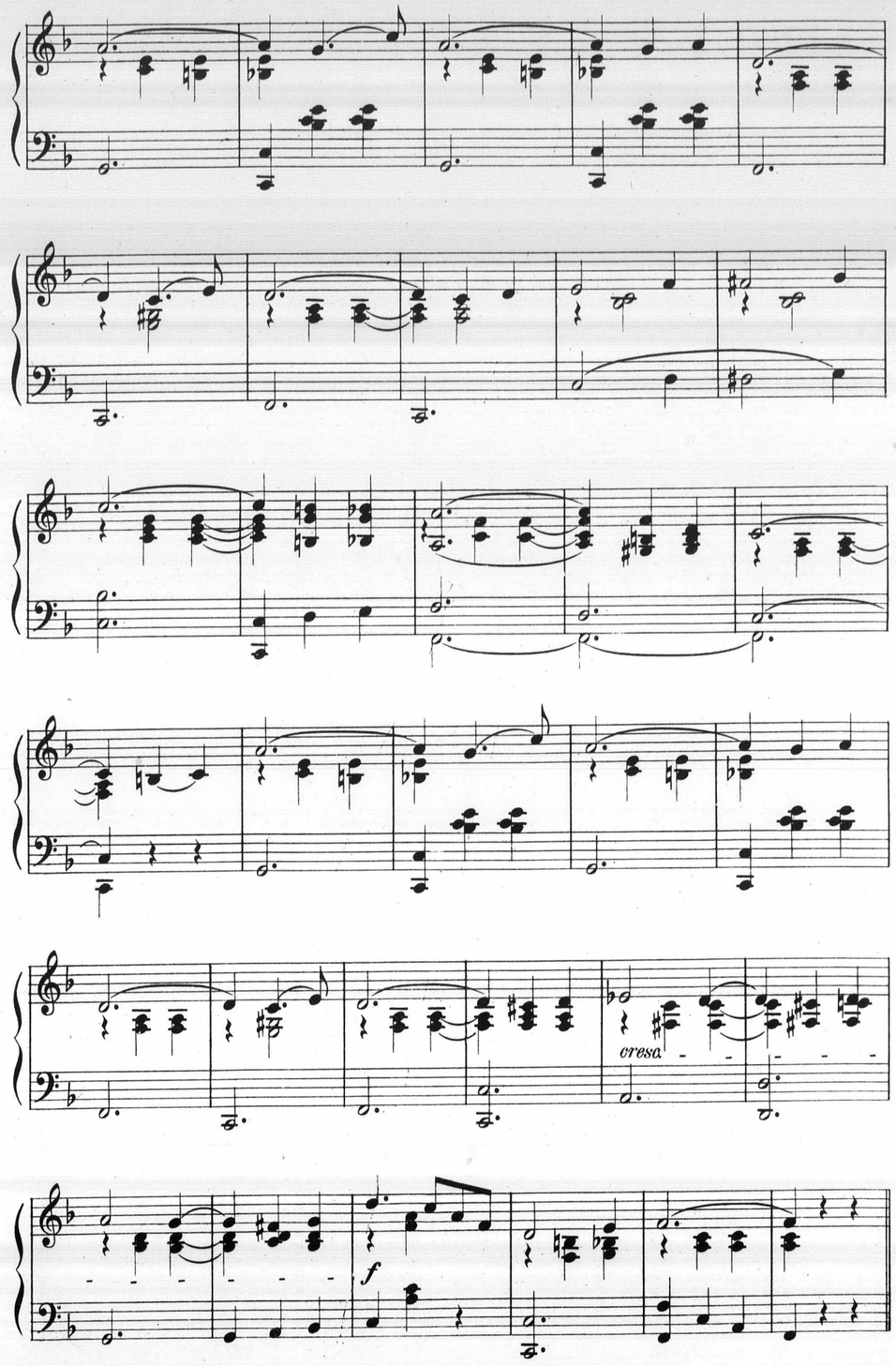
f

D.S. al 𝄐

MELODY

Moderato





mf cresc. f

mf cresc.

f

mf

f

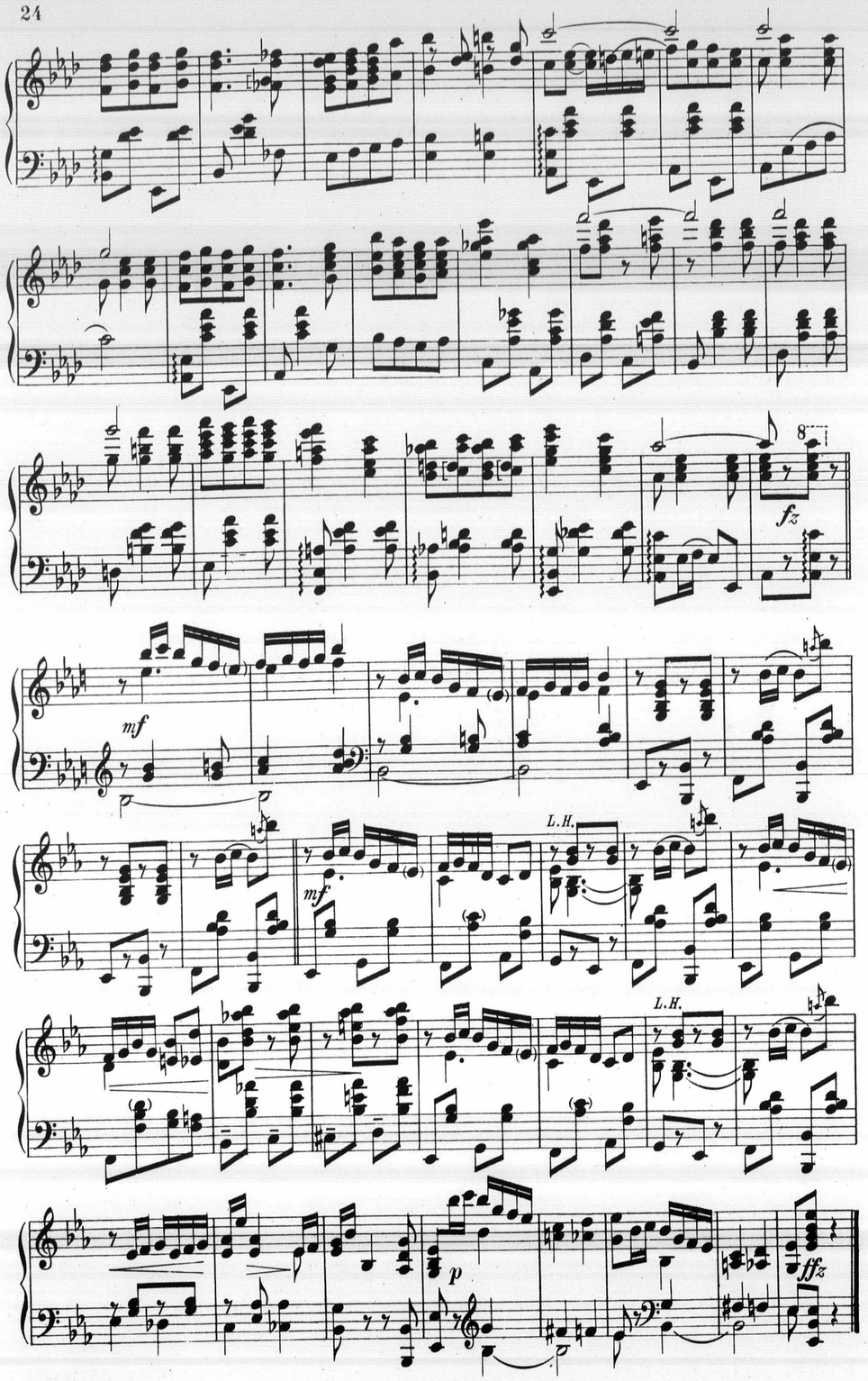
1 2

MELODY

p

mf f

MELODY



MELODY

The Elevator Shaft

DINNY TIMMINS SAYS:

THIS is a dull time of year for the Musickers in town. Most of the good ones has gone to the Summer Hotels to play one hour per diem and improve their Mashie strokes, and about all that's left is the Cafe and Movie slaves. If ever the Sunday Blue Laws comes up for a Referendum of the People's Vote, I'm a-going to vote for it jest out of sympathy for them poor fellers. All they can do with their Sundays is to go to church, because the rest of the day they got to work while their fellow men Flivver off to eat Hard Boiled Eggs and Red Ants in a neighborly spirit off some stranger's Front Yard, leaving them to repersent the Religious element in the Community, which they don't, unless they get paid for furnishing the Musick.

HYMNS IN JAZZ TIME ADVOCATED IN NEW YORK

Now Ernie Golden, who is a New York jazz orchestry leader, is getting in print because he says the way to fill up the churches would be to kick out the organ and put in a jazz orchestry to play the Hymns in jazz-time. I don't know whether they's anybody Dam-fool enough to believe it, himself included, but anyhow he's getting a lot of Front Page Blurbs in the papers out of it, so he don't care whether anybody thinks he believes it or not.

Maybe by the time this is printed he'll be in the Cooler for Desecration and Blastemy, but jest now when I'm a-writing this the Argiment's jest getting into the swing, and he was going to play a bunch of Jazz Hymns for a Radio concert last Sunday, and a bunch of Ministers kicked, so the fight is on. I spose if he has his way in another year the Congregations will all be doing the Shimmy while they're singing these here Jazz Hymns. And jest before the Sermon the minister will get up and announce: "Miss Goldie Lee and her Famous Yaller Beauties direct from the Club Alabam will now sing 'Sing Me to Sleep With Those Rock of Ages Blues.' "

It all started when he made a talk at a regular Sunday morning service in a West Side church on "Better Music in Religion." Whatta you mean, better music, Ernie? I remember Johnny Alden Carpenter said Alexander's Ragtime Band was one of the greatest pieces ever written awhile ago, but jest the same it's a kind of a shock to find out that "If You Knew Susie" is better musick than Handle's Messiah, or whoever it was wrote it.

By the time they get through making all these here Enervations in churches I guess the folks that want a little Old-fashioned Worship will have to go hire a hall to get it. First it was Theayter Organs, then it was Movies, and now it's Jazz. After a feller comes out of one of these New-fangled church services, he'll have to go out to Coney Island to get his nerves quieted down again in a Atmosphere of Peace and Quiet.

Everybody seems to feel entitled to take a crack at Jazz, right up to the Vice-Pres. of the U. S. The paper says how he invited a jazz orchestry to play for him out in Cheyenne where the Sioux Indians jest made him a Big Chief, and this here orchestry had in it a Banjo, a Accordion, a Saxophone and a Fiddle. So after they played awhile Dawes he says: "Well, if I can't change the Rules of the Senate maybe I can change the Sound of this Orchestry."

DAWES AS A JAZZ PIANIST

He says: "Where's they a Piano? We gotta have a Piano." So they go find a piano, and they go to it with Dawes leading 'em at the piano, and showing them how to play better. Which is jest what he tried to show the Senate, only they liked better to play the way they had, so they give him the Cold Shoulder. Probily these boys felt the same way, only they didn't dast to say so.

And then the police force in Washington, D. C., they're kicking the Old Dawg around too. First thing you know Dawes will be raising Hell'n'Maria with them too. Somebody found there was a law in Washington against Immoral Musick, so now they're chasing around in circles trying to find out what Immoral Musick is. One of the Wimmin on the force, who is the head of the Wimmin's Bureau, says all Saxaphone musick is immoral.

IMMORAL MUSIC

Well, you can see what that would mean. Think of the homes that would be wrecked if all the Saxaphone Players was called Immoral. Plenty of 'em ought to be locked up, but not for that reason. Most of them would be sent to the Asylums instead of the Jails anyway. So they's no telling what it would have led to if one of the Officers hadn't been taking lessons on the Saxaphone his own self, so he jumped up and said the Saxaphone was the noblest, if not the loudest, work of Man, so the day was saved, and they still don't know what Immoral Musick is.

I could have told them, but nobody ast me. So I'll tell it. Immoral musick is musick that goes astray. All musick that is played by Amachoor Bands is immoral. All musick that is sent by Parcel Post is immoral. All you got to do is lissen to it. If it goes wrong it's immoral.

Well, somebody's always got to have something to kick about. Now over in England they're kicking about the Fillums. We're always giving Congress the Horse-laugh, but I guess over in Parleyment they got some Rare Birds too. A feller got up and says let's raise the Duty on American Fillums, what's the matter with British Fillums that we never see nothing but American Fullums, he says. I bet he never see any British Fillums. If he had he'd have kept his mouth shut.

BANNING AMERICAN FILMS IN ENGLAND

And jest when everybody's getting all het up about it they suddenly found the King and Queen was having a private movie theater built for their selfs, and they was going to look at American Fillums there, so where did these Kickers get off? Because of course everything the King and Queen does is Jake, even if they do ride on Roller Coasters. So Rudie and Gloria can still go on doing business at the old stand.

Now take Pianos. We wasn't talking about Pianos, but we might as well. The piano is getting popular again, maybe because Dawes plays it, I dunno. Why a few months ago they was a bunch of famous pianists got together at the Metropolitan Opery House and give a concert for 18 pianos. That is, the concert was for Improving the Condition of the Poor. They certainly improved it. They played Chopsticks, and We Won't Go Home Till Morning, and some classical peaces, all 18 of 'em agoing it at once.

PIANOS AND WHAT NOT

And then Percy Grainger he give some concerts another time, and in his orchestry he used 6 hands at two pianos. It'll take Houdini to figure that one out. So in the interests of the Free Lunch Ass., I want to ask, if they was 3 hands to a piano, was they a hand-out?

Well, of course with all this publicity about pianos, they went right up in the air, and a feller delivered two of them from New York at Bolling Field, Washington, fraited by the Gen. Airways System in a 800 horsepower Airplane. So for awhile pianos seems to be rising higher and higher, but it's all O. K. because I see they come down to earth again. So that's one thing less for the Money Experts to worry about that was called to Washington lately to see how to make the dollar bills last longer.

O well, jest to wind up the argyment I see where a girl was trying to get acrost the road on some Bridge in New York on a hot day recent, and she got half way across and her shoes got stuck in the hot Asphalt and she couldn't budge 'em. So the Chorus from Pinafore will now sing:

"The merry, merry maiden,
The merry, merry maiden,
The merry, merry maiden and the Tar."

Gossip
Gathered by the Gadder

Facts and Fancies Garnered from the Field of Music

By MYRON V. FREESE

THIS old earth of ours is a world of living motion in ordinal rhythm, therefore all things within its confines must be vibratory or rhythmic if they are to have life. We live, move and sustain by and through vibration, which is rhythm, and to our activities (which are part and parcel of ourselves) there must be imparted a like rhythm if they are to exist as living quantities and not as dead things. Slowly, yet surely, music more and more is growing to be a greater part of our activities, and in a corresponding measure, jazz (which is essentially rhythmical) seems to be coloring our musical activeness

Some time ago there were many persons who predicted that jazz would meet with as sudden and spasmodic a death as was its birth, and this prediction we hear echoed today by many musicians and music savants. True, that it may yet fulfill but one important point which the predictors seem to have overlooked is that *jazz has rhythm* (rough in the beginning, yet none the less rhythm, and now passing through a refining process), and so jazz not only continues to be vitally alive but its vitality is invading what usually is considered as the higher (or "highbrow") musical life. It is being given a welcome within the sacred portals of the classics at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the New York Symphony has announced that included in its programs for the coming season will be "rhapsodies in blue."

All of this raises a question as to what jazz really is. One writer states that "jazz is little more than a compound fracture of the symphonic, held together by the most rigid rhythmical form. This rhythm has been its greatest strength, as its weakness has been in the melodies used." In a sermon on jazz delivered in 1921, the Rev. Dr. John Allen Blair of Philadelphia placed this form of music as "the spirit of the age," yet a "spirit" which he declared was being used "to work" out the salvation of man." Personally, *The Gadder* looks upon jazz as the elemental tone-spark long pent-up within a people as yet without any distinctive national form or school of music and now striving to burst forth into tonal flame; the restless energy which is so vitally inherent with the Americans as a people, striving to express in a musical form. However, futurity only can write the full success or complete failure of this striving.

With the exception of America, nearly every country in this world has developed a music indigenous to its people (call it folk music if you will), and all unconsciously this country may be doing the same. But it must not be forgotten that America is the great amalgamating crucible for practically every nationality on earth, and with such polyglot population as residuum of the amalgamating any distinctive form of music that may develop is bound to reflect many racial musical idioms, although our first music was rigidly religious. Already in our popular music of today we find reflected the folk tunes of the Irish, Bohemian, Italian, Russian, German and other nationalities, including the bizarre of the Oriental and a touch of the African barbaric. A tremendous influence on this music is also being exerted by the early American negroes (not exotic, but native to America), which fundamentally is religious, as witness the "spirituals" that at the present time hold widespread interest and are introduced in many concert programs both popular and classic.

These spirituals, later elaborated by Burleigh and others, were first brought into wide public notice by the old Fisk Jubilee Singers (colored) when they were touring this country in the early seventies and included them in their programs of other simple tunes. However, this form of music is not fundamentally original with them as commonly supposed; practically, it is based upon the early sacred music brought to America by the first white settlers, yet in its peculiar harmonies and strange rhythms it is vastly different.

Small pamphlets that contained the words and music of their songs were sold at the concerts of the Jubilee Singers, but these were of little use afterwards as a guide, for into each number those "Singers" with wonderfully sweet, yet powerful voices, interpolated weird, curious harmonies, with counterpoint effects that would not shame the work of many of our best modern composers — literally, a super-syncopation that today would pass as sublimated jazz, yet sung as spontaneously and naturally as if actually embodied in the printed music. The effect upon the listeners was irresistible.

"GREGORIAN JAZZ"

It is their curiously compelling rhythm which give negro spirituals so strong a musical grip and hold upon the listeners, and a recently issued song based upon this form of music, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" (I Want to Be Glorified), by Dan Walker, seems to possess the same gripping effect and is the cause of this bit of writing. Mr. Walker has embodied in his song the same motivation that sweeps the negroes into an indescribable state of exalted fervor when singing at their religious services and festivals, and it is because of its rhythm that the song is said to have something of the same effect on an audience. It is reported that when first put into rehearsal at the current Grand Street Follies the entire company was wound up to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm by the irresistible swing and rhythm of the melody, culminating in a high shout of 'Glory! Glory! Glory!" on the upper F.

As arranged for dancing, this melody is also said to stand out as something distinctly "different" from other compositions played, with a result that whenever performed the number has to be repeated many times in successive encores. In the dance arrangement much credit falls to Phil Boutelje (Paul Whiteman's young arranger), who has enriched it with some peculiarly ingenious rhythms and declares it to be the best piece of orchestra work he has done during his entire career.

In commenting upon "Glory" in *Musical America*, Walter Kramer referred to it as "the melody with a streak of genius"; its dance arranger defines it as "A Broadway spiritual tinted blue," while Walker himself declares it to be "nothing but church music after all," or (as he further describes it) "Gregorian Jazz."

CHARLES CHAPLIN AND "CHARLIE CHAPLIN" THE PSEUDO AND THE REAL

NO MATTER who he is or how sharply the powerful light of publicity may be focused upon him, as a rule we know but little of the ego or true personality of the man himself. How very little the public really knows of this quality or quantity in any man is clearly exemplified in the case of the famous silver-sheet comedian who is being sketched in this column, for among the many millions of his ardent admirers those who actually *know* the real Charles Spencer Chaplin from the pseudo "Charlie Chaplin," the world's highest-salaried screen star, are very, very few. For instance, there are not many persons who would mentally picture this man as wielding the baton over a body of instrumentalists — not as the caricature of a conductor in process of being filmed, but in the actual character of a studied musician personally conducting in front of a recording horn; and not many would imagine for a moment that the number being so recorded was of his own composing, yet all of this is *bona fide* fact.

In "The London Spy," one of Thomas Burke's many brilliant books, this noted English journalist and author draws a pen-picture (really a "close-up") of America's famous "movie" comedian which is well worth reproducing; so much so, in fact, that *The Gadder* has taken the liberty of reprinting it in part without asking permission from the book's publishers (George H. Doran Company of New York). The salient points in the picture were mentally drawn during a six-hour night ramble of noted actor and author. These two remarkable personalities were brought together one evening at a house in London, and of the man whose film-personality has been so long and intimately known that he seems almost as commonplace as a near relation, Mr. Burke gives his first impression as follows:

"The shy, quiet figure that stepped back from the shadow of the window was no mere film star, but a character that made instant appeal. I received an impression of something very warm and bright and vivid. There was radiance, but it was the radiance of fluttering firelight rather than steady sunlight. He inspires immediately — not admiration or respect, but affection; and one gives it impulsively."

It seems that the actor had requested to be presented to the author, and wearied by the pursuit and adulation of the social "crowd" the star had taken this one opportunity to escape for a time from being "lionized" by dodging the social "zoo." He wanted to spend a placid hour in honest and hearty talk with one whom he evidently sensed as being a congenial spirit, and perhaps later a calm, companionable stroll through certain narrow streets and by-ways with a man who is known to "know his London" as probably no other book writer does. As Chaplin, not "Charlie," the actor longed to stroll in such companionship through streets that in previous years as "struggler" and "straggler" he had traversed with disgust and soul-sick ennui as his sole companions; streets where he would not be recognized as the popular picture comedian, hence escape being besieged. They took the "stroll" and of it Burke writes:

"At eleven o'clock that night I took him alone for a six-hour ramble through certain districts of East London, whose dim streets made an apt setting for his dark-flamed personality, and as we walked he opened his heart and I understood. I, too, had spent inhospitable hours of youth in these streets, and knew his feeling about them; in a measure I could appreciate what he felt in such high degree, when coming back to them with his treasure of guerdons and fame.

"At two o'clock that morning we rested on the kerb of an alley-way in St. George's, and he talked of his bitter youth: his loneliness and his struggles, and his ultimate bewildering triumph. It is worth having — that hot moment when the scoffers are dumb and recognition is accorded, but a tinge of bitterness must always accompany it. Chaplin knew, as all who have risen know, that the very people who now were clamoring and beseeching him to their tables and receptions would not before have given a considered glance, much less a friendly hand or level greeting. They wanted to see — not him, but a symbol of success, and he knew it.

"Chaplin owes little enough to England; to him she was only a stony-hearted stepmother, not even the land of his birth. Here, as he told me, he was up against that social barrier which so impedes advancement and achievement. America freely gave him what he never could have wrested from England — recognition and decent society. He spoke in chilly tones of his life in England as a touring vaudeville artist; a round of intolerable struggles against the unendurable. Today, England is ready to give all that it formerly denied him; all doors are open to him, and he is beckoned here and there by the social leaders.

"But twice during our ramble — once in Mile End Road and once in Holton — was he recognized, and the midnight crowd gathered and surrounded him. There it was the real thing; not the vulgar desire of his hostess to feed the latest lion, but a burst of hearty affection, a welcome to an old friend. He has played himself into the hearts of the simple people and they love him; the film 'Charlie' is a figure they understand, for it is a type of thwarted ambition, futile striving and forlorn makeshifts for better things. As I watched his frail figure struggling against this outburst of enthusiasm, in which voices of men and women hot with emotion cried boisterous messages of good will to 'our Charlie,' I was foolishly moved. No Prime Minister could have so fired a crowd; no Prince of the House of Windsor could have commanded that wave of delight."

Probably but very few of the millions who hold an intimate film-acquaintanceship with "Charlie" Chaplin ever have suspected that back of the inimitable shambling gait, the impossible derby and more impossible trousers, the imbecilic moustache, the silly stick and vapid expression is a super-sensitive brain that never for a moment ever is thought-stilled, but when not conceiving new situations and action is deeply immersed in problems of "philosophy, social history and economics." Of the legions who laugh at his incongruities, probably few (even if they know or realize) ever stop to think that the film-personality of this man is a picture pose brought to perfection; back of the veil of studied vacuity they cannot conceive a well-posted man who discourses well and fluently upon such topics as "the state of Europe, a British Labor Government, relativity and the fluidity of American social life," or a man who is anything but a tyro in music. Yet this is all true, as again witness Burke:

"Your ordinary actor is always an actor, 'on' or 'off,' but as I walked and talked with Chaplin I found myself vainly trying to connect him by some gesture or attitude with the world-famous 'Charlie.' The clown of the film is purely a studio creation, having little in common with its creator, for Chaplin is not a funny man — he simply is a great actor of comic parts. He is not one of the café-hotel evening party crowd; he is an unpretentious man, spending his evenings with a few friends or books or music, and has surrounded himself with quiet, pleasant people. When the 'shop' is closed he gets well away from it.

Chaplin and the Californians, with a Few Laughs to Make It Authentic

"When at four o'clock in the morning he came home with me to Highgate, and we sat around the fire, I felt still more warmly his charm and still more sharply his essential discontent. He is indeed one of the merriest companions, but he is burdened with a deep-rooted disquiet. He is the shadow friend of millions throughout the world, and yet he is lonely; he is tired and worn. He sat by the fire curled up in the corner of a big armchair like a tired child, eating shortbreads and drinking wine while talking, talking, — flashing from theme to theme like the unexpected leap of the cinematograph. During the day he works, and works furiously, as a man works when seeking distraction or respite from his troubled self. What next he will do I do not know."

CHAPLIN AS MUSICIAN-COMPOSER

"What-next-he-will-do" Chaplin already is doing and it is being done in music, for he is an accomplished musician — player, composer and conductor. We do not quite coincide with Mr. Burke's analysis of the Chaplin nature. That which with the ordinary comic actor would be but the veriest banality of slap-stick stuff, as conceived and carried through by Chaplin shows the touch of genius; in our opinion, rather than being the spirit of "discontent" or "disquiet," his inquietude is the restlessness of that same genius seeking ventage. And why should it not find such vent in music? Study the screen work of Chaplin closely and carefully, and it will disclose itself as being largely made up of the supreme essential with all music and that is rhythm; every movement of hands, feet, arms, legs and torso is rhythmically congruous while made to appear incongruous and uncouth. Even the motions of the cane are rhythmic; notice that it is not thrust out at sharp angles, but moves in curves with all the symmetry of a well poised *baton* in the band of an orchestra conductor. The whole is a carefully wrought out study of art dissembling art.

It is well known among his intimate friends that Chaplin plays several musical instruments, among them the violin. The study of the latter was taken up during his early youth, and although he is a "southpaw" (left-handed) violinist this seems to be no great handicap with him for he does more and better than many right-handed players of the instrument. The big surprise to everybody, however, came when he blossomed out as the *composer* of an exceedingly singable song *composed to his own lyric*. The song is "With You, Dear, in Bombay," a lively fox trot with a splendid swing and tuneful melody, published by Witmark & Sons of New York.

This song and a second number, "Sing a Song," have been recorded by the Brunswick-Balke people, and it was during the recording at Los Angeles where at the same time he was filming his new production, "The Gold Rush," that Chaplin exploded a bomb by still farther demonstrating his remarkable versatility. For the time being he assumed the position of recording director, wielded the baton to ably conduct Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove Orchestra through the recording, and with his reversed stringed instrument himself played the violin solo part for one of the records. It is one of the happy moments of the recording that is shown by the accompanying picture, with this author-composer-conductor-violinistic-comedian actually *acting* as well as "picture-posing" in the rôle of music-commander-in-chief.

This sketch has been written for the purpose of showing myriad admirers what a remarkable foil the pseudo "Charlie" plays against the real Charles Spencer, and both the one and only Chaplin; a personality which consists of the rare combination of boy-man, i. e., the well-poised man with all the exuberant attributes of the boy. "What he will do next" must remain a Chaplin mystery until it is done, but it wouldn't give us anything of a jolt to hear of him conducting the Boston Symphony through the Beethoven "Eroica," directing a Wagnerian performance of opera at the Metropolitan, or leading Sousa's Band at an impromptu Shriners' circus.

A GARGANTUAN ORGAN

ABOUT two hundred years and one decade ago (1714) Boston was the pioneer possessor of the *first* pipe organ that was set up in the then "new" world, and today this same city holds the proud prestige of possessing what most likely is the *biggest* one in the *whole* world, certainly the most modern. The pipes for this mighty music machine (built by Wurlitzer) were received in Boston on August 12, and the musical monster is now installed at the new Keith-Albee Vaudeville Theater on Washington Street. Some of these pipes, ranging in size from midget to mammoth, are "huger" than huge when it comes to tone tubes; for example, the pedal bourdon stop couples a low C pipe that really is the very embodiment of "high," for it looms thirty-two feet up in the air, and large enough in body to accommodate within it a two-hundred pound man without squeezing — some height and breadth for a tune pipe.

Another distinctive feature of the instrument is its three-manual console, which is not only equipped with a double-touch system, but also carries a very unusual feature in its *pizzicato* touch, making it possible for the organist to cut off the most voluminous tone as sharply as the "ping" of a violin or mandolin string when plucked with the finger. Then there is the thunder peal, which in a storm scene will enable the player to fill the theater with realistic thunder claps and rolls which almost rival those of nature.

The organ also contains a piano, marimbaphone, xylophones, Swiss bells and instruments used in jazz music all played from the console, and it can imitate anything from a tin whistle to a calliope, a fog siren or the Twentieth Century Limited rushing along the rails at a mile-a-minute clip. In tonal range and color this instrument extends from the symphonic orchestral to the solemn cathedral. It surely will be musically consoling to the soul for the fortunate organist at the console of this cyclopean, colossal organ.

"Syncopatedjazzdeliriumtremens"

Continued from page 5

are said to have been bewildered by the great Richard's unlimited use of chromatics and chromatic succession of harmony, and how, after the fifteenth performance in Dresden in 1847, hundreds of people walked the streets all night singing and yelling.

That the revolutions of 1848 are to be related to this excitation, we cannot doubt. Both politics and the revolutionary music of Wagner were symptoms of a profound stirring of men's minds and spirit, ideas in ferment, discontent with conditions, challenge of ancient privileges and conceptions, loss of old faiths and assumptions, dreams of a new and better society, the surging up of the revolting will; this was Europe of the mid-nineteenth century, with revolutions and wars bursting forth as they have in the Europe of the last decade.

The War Influence

The modern neurobiologist could make some suggestive remarks upon Director Stock's observation. He might also extend the discussion to cover the relation of music to the war impulse. The Indian invariably danced the war dance to war music before a campaign. Music and the dance were war medicine to him. *Ça ira*, the *Carmagnole*, the *Marseillaise* were the musical expression of the French revolution.

We do not assert all wars are preluded by special violence in musical forms. But the arts invariably express the spirit of the times and we suspect music especially reflects a serious disturbance of the nervous system such as the great war and its aftermath have created in all European society. Men cannot go through the experiences they have passed through in Europe since 1914 without suffering a nervous excitability which seeks relief in more excitement. Out of this condition new wars are, as Director Stock feels, very likely to break forth. Nervous sensibility makes dangerous friction inevitable, and meanwhile the steadying influence of accepted faiths, principles, and institutions has been largely removed.

Perhaps this condition has reached its peak and Europe will quiet down as the earth quiets after a great earthquake through a period of lesser shocks. That, at any rate, must be our hope, and it is not an unreasonable one, although everywhere in Europe men already are talking of the next war as if it were irrepressible.

An Expression of Something Real

You can't down jazz, and since you can't, American composers are sublimating the strain that came out of Tinpan Alley into music truly typical of modern America. Syncopatedragtimejazz right now is our national style of music. Men like Whiteman, Ash, Arnold, etc., are making it still more typical. They are progressing toward what may be the creation of a new music school which will be our own.

One writer says:

Ragtime and jazz do not and cannot express everything in us, but what they express is real, is our own, and they express it with the naïveté which is the essential of all arts which move men. This new music which is the oldest in the world is said to be strident, violent, undignified, lacking in repose, in depth of feeling. Much of our life is all that. But what is important about ragtime and jazz is not what they are not, but what they are. American music will express more than ragtime or jazz pretends to, but it will come to its fullness of expression, as ragtime and jazz do, through sincerity and the direct inspiration of our own American life and character. No art amounts to much unless virtually all of us are interested in it. That is the trouble with a good deal of the art that has been produced in America. It has had the interest of the few who practiced it and a small minority of the educated. The average man and woman have been indifferent to it. It has been a thing apart. But ragtime and jazz, springing from American life as they do, may be bringing to this art something which will give it a greater vitality and a wider appeal than any of the older music has had for us.

The poor jazz musician is up against it these days — Paul Whiteman will get $25,000 for playing eight days at the San Francisco automobile show in January, 1926. The contract was signed while Whiteman was in Frisco. The contract calls for Whiteman and his orchestra to be the stellar feature and give two daily concerts, lasting one and one-half hours each, before a probable audience of 13,000 people.

Group Thinking in Music

POSSIBLY, many of our readers are familiar with the new principle metronome developed by Mr. E. O. Cushing of Cambridge, Massachusetts. This Metronome has been on the market several months now, and has been advertised in the Jacobs' music magazines quite extensively. It works by gravity, has no spring or anything of the sort to make it go, and gives the player the time for which it is set by the movement of a baton very much in the manner of an orchestra conductor. The other day we asked Mr. Cushing to tell us something about the idea that was behind the Baton Metronome. We were curious to know just what there was in his own experience as a successful teacher of many years that suggested using this principle as applied to the baton. He replied as follows:

"The mind, when applied to music, works best and with less fatigue under a rhythmic group system of thinking. The heart rests between beats, and succeeds in getting eight or nine hours rest each twenty-four hour day. So the mind in music practice gets less wear and tear when it works in even beats; one thought for each beat, whether there is more than one note in the best or not — like counting by twos: 2-4-6, or 3-6-9, etc.

"A group system of thinking notes saves time. Finally, by proper metronome practice, we can think a phrase of music with only one mental effort; thus, the ability to play rapidly with ease is acquired much sooner by this method, saving time and money, In fact, students who have come to a "stone wall," so to speak, and apparently are unable to make further progress by their former methods of study, soon find that they can mount over their "stone wall" with ease and pleasure when they use the Cushing Baton Metronome according to the above prescribed rules. This metronome practice when properly done tunes up the mind and makes it musical, flexible, active, and progressive. There is a reason for this. The Cushing Baton Metronome runs by the laws of gravity. By following it you get your mind to work with the laws of nature, thus acquiring the ease, grace, and perfection required in music. The system is simple, progressive, and sure. A child can make wonderful progress with it. The advanced student and the concert player can never surpass its possibilities. Such work is constructive and progressive.

"A master like Paderewski plays in such a way that the music falls on the ear in regular accents, one beat following another in perfect musical elastic time. The effect of this on the listeners is tremendous. All the power and beauty of the music as the playing proceeds is piled up in wonderful climaxes. Why? If you jump on a spring board in perfect time, as you continue the board springs higher and higher. Jump on it in such a way that you come down on the board when the board is going up and you stop about all of its movement. The board had responded more and more to the even jump, but stops suddenly when you oppose the movement of the board.

"So with the piano and the listeners. The least little break in this wonderful movement and flow of rhythm breaks the spell upon your hearers. The time has changed. The spell is broken. The effort has become commonplace.

"All the old masters and our greatest modern teachers agree that perfect time is the hardest thing and the last thing a pupil ever gets. The majority of students never get it.

"I could see that a method of giving the proper tempo to players that was silent and had the same elastic beat that the conductor's baton has would go far toward giving students and players the sort of rhythm used by the great artists in their playing. A long series of experiments finally developed the Baton Metronome, which is operated entirely by gravity. It has been in use long enough now to demonstrate that it does give this perfect time absolutely. By using it in the proper manner in their practice students and players are able to develop their rhythmic capacities to the utmost. Playing under its guidance is just like playing under a competent conductor. There are of course proper places for *ritards* in music. The spring board must slow down occasionally, but the teacher and good judgment will take care of these *ritards*."

He Teaches "Popular" Music

ONE would imagine that a person possessing the name of Sparks would perhaps be a manufacturer of automobiles or matches, but this is not at all the trade in which Earle L. Sparks is engaged. He is the very capable and efficient director of the Waterman Piano School, Norwich, Connecticut. Like any other educational institution, this popular music school could not be so much of a success unless it had at its head a man as able as Mr. Sparks.

It may seem that I am devoting considerable space this month to schools, but they are important — nothing more so. Then, their nature and the personalities of the men behind them should make them very interesting to MELODY readers.

During the war, Sparks served overseas with the Fifth Machine Gun Battalion of the Second Division, and on returning to Norwich after the armistice, he resumed the study of the piano for a few years, and in the fall of 1922 began teaching piano according to the classical method. Realizing that in this branch of instruction the new teacher has little chance to compete with those whose reputation is firmly established, Mr. Sparks remembered the success of Popular Music Schools he had observed in Illinois and Wisconsin when he was in the Middle West, before he left for "over there." So he purchased a copy of MELODY at a music store and promptly wrote the many schools advertised therein. After looking over the various Courses, secured in this way, he selected the Waterman Form Playing Course as having the most merit and the greatest possibilities, and in a very short while had secured sole teaching rights for that part of the State.

Meanwhile, he went quietly out into the highways and byways (do not mistake this for a Stealthy Steve story) and enrolled a number of students who wanted to learn to play popular songs effectively, but who didn't want to spend half a dozen years learning how to do it. It was about this time that Sparks started his mail order piano instruction business. It was successful, but grew too fast for him to take care of it without neglecting his studio, so he discontinued the mail order business and gave all his attention to the Waterman Piano School.

Sparks tells me that it certainly seemed to cause a lot of commotion in Norwich, when on opening the paper one beautiful morning in September of last year the inhabitants were greeted with the following announcement: "What We Like We Can Learn. Popular-Syncopated-Standard Music. Short Course. Adult-Beginners-Medium-Advanced Players. Results Positively Guaranteed." Following that was a short description of the method, and then two enthusiastic testimonials from local students who had not made any too satisfactory progress under the orthodox system of instruction. Those interested in knowing more about it were referred to the Waterman Piano School, Earle L. Sparks, Director.

A few mornings after the above advertisement was published, Sparks walked into a local music store and was told by the proprietor, "You certainly have opened up a hornets' nest now. The other teachers are up in arms against this invasion of their field. There's a big thing in it for you if you can make it go, but I doubt it." But Mr. Sparks was self-confident, and he was determined that he would make good in spite of all the unfavorable predictions made by those who were friendly as well as those who were not.

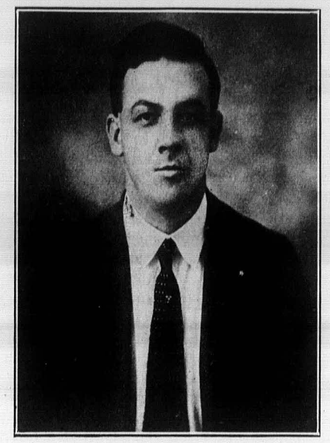
Sparks believed that by applying modern business methods to the conduct of his school its success would be immediate, so he continued to advertise liberally, using display and classified newspaper ads, the telephone directory and the school paper. The idea of service was always foremost, and through the advertising mentioned, and, best of all, by completely satisfying the students from the very first lesson, during the past ten months the Norwich School has enrolled more than ninety students ranging in age from twelve to over sixty years. A few of these were beginners, but the majority were discouraged classical students who, after several years tutoring, found that they did not possess the ability to play the way they had hoped to.

It was not long before Sparks had two studios in Norwich, something unheard of in the annals of piano instruction in that city; two studios for one school, and a popular music school at that. Mary D. Hodge, a progressive piano teacher, was chosen as the assisting instructor. Miss Hodge had studied with a pupil of Leschetizky and was amazed at the contents of the course. Miss Hodge took advantage of the splendid opportunity offered her, and immediately became intensely interested in the method. She has also met with fine success.

I don't mind telling you that I've studied piano considerable myself, although I'd have a hard time if I depended on my ability as a pianist to support me. Still, I know more about it than I can do, so I asked Sparks for more detailed information about the course and his success with it. He said in part; "Our enrollment represents the instruction of practically every piano teacher in Norwich, and our students have had from a few months to eleven years previous classical training.

"I little thought when I began teaching this method that we would do the business we have, nor did I think that the classical teachers would let it bother them so. A band leader recently said to me: 'If, as these other teachers say, the course is no good, WHY do they let it worry them so; that's what I can't understand.' Naturally, I did not expect the teachers to welcome me with open arms or acknowledge the opening of the school with a brass band.

"However, it is my firm conviction, that many classical teachers do not really believe that there is such a thing as Simplified Chord Harmony, nor that students can learn to play anything that will sound well in the short space of twenty weekly lessons (five months). There is enough material in the book for one hundred lessons and I have demonstrated this method to classical pianists, dance and theater pianists, and organists, and no matter what their personal opinion was of popular music, all were surprised at the simplicity with which the text and illustrations are presented.



EARLE L. SPARKS

"I have nothing against classical music. No one loves it better than I do. My folder states: 'If you desire a thorough and complete education in classical music and can afford to spend a large sum of money and devote years of time and study to this end, then we recommend the orthodox method.' Strict note reading as taught by the all-classical teachers, can NEVER be shortened. A short system must be something radically different. This is done by substitution, form playing, the free style. A well-known arranger in Chicago recently wrote me that all practical pianists are form players, and he is correct.

"Not only popular music, but any classical piece having a florid melody will adapt itself to form playing. It is a well-known fact among professional pianists that the modern popular song and many standard numbers are published in comparatively easy arrangements to create a large sale at the music counter. In other words, the printed accompaniment is shallow and weak. To sound effective, notes must be added, and the time altered.

"This cannot be taught by strict note reading methods, as strict note reading offers but one solution, to play EXACTLY as written. Very few piano students can improvise or have any natural talent for off-hand harmonizing. Those that are blessed with this gift are apt to hear from the well-meaning teacher, 'Play only as written. What would the composer say were he to hear you add anything to his masterpiece?' It is to the dissatisfied classical piano student that we direct our advertising. The beginners will come anyway. I have often had a pupil tell me, 'My teacher says it is impossible to play anything that is not printed. I have always thought that these professional pianists had learned their offerings direct from the sheet music.' Is it any wonder that students often write in their testimonials to us: 'I have learned more in the few lessons I have taken from you than in all previous instruction.'

"All pianists who improvise or add spontaneous effects to their renditions are using the principles taught in our system; the instant any deviation is made from the direct note reading that moment the pianist is knowingly or unknowingly following the harmonic structure taught in the Waterman Method. The course is ethical and conforms to textbook harmony. It is a system of deliberate musical invention. The new course — copyright 1924 — contains over six hundred effects NOT found in printed music. It is a god-send to classical students, many of whom have been taught not the first thing concerning harmony."

During the past season, most of the song hits, as well as the Rag Classics, Roy Bargy Piano Syncopations, Jack Mills, Inc., Novelty Piano Solos, and JACOBS' Piano Solo Folios have been used.

A few months ago, Mr. Sparks opened a school in Hartford under the direction of Harry Katz. Mr. Katz is well known in the capital city. For a number of years he was pianist at one of Poli's Theaters, and later for fifty-six weeks led his own orchestra at Le Bal Tabirin, a famous dance resort in Hartford. In the Fall, Mr. Sparks will open with schools in Putnam, Danielson, Colchester and New London, Connecticut, as well as with a studio in Westerly, R. I.

Mr. Sparks is also authorized by the home school in Los Angeles to start teachers throughout New England.

The test of any method is, after all, in the excellence of the results secured and by this test Sparks and his Waterman Piano School are doing good work in a certainly worthy manner. He's another reminder that you can't keep a good man down if he hooks up with the right idea, hangs on, and is sincere in his application of it.

Burry's Corner

By FREDERIC W. BURRY

CHANT SANS PAROLES

A THEME is a melody, and the kernel or essence of a musical composition. Around its pattern may be worked or woven a more or less elaborate decoration; and usually its importance is emphasized by repetition. If the melody fails to recur periodically, the piece seems to lack consistency, and on the whole does not appeal to the average musical taste.

Melody is admittedly for the average popular mind — for the "brow" of the people. The intellectual highbrow may not discern its mundane beauty, while the other extreme of lowbrow way find pleasure in only the most primitive of jingles.

True melody and harmony are indissolubly wedded; one leads to the other. Some composers work the harmony round the melody — the latter, as it were, being music on the horizontal; others start with a basis of harmony first, building perpendicular chord structures, out of which emerges the melody.

The song and the dance, the body's attempt to express rhythm, is the earliest portrayal of melody. Musical instruments of varied character, culminating in that solo-orchestra, the piano, have been invented as time passed on, and the demand for further musical expression went forth. Thus have melody and harmony evolved to ever more glorious heights of beauty; all, however, but the development of nature's simplest movements — yes, the soul of true rhythm must be there always, if the melodious content is to remain.

Without the song or theme, a piece may lead to intellectual speculation, and in a mystifying manner give one a certain inspiration — but the heart seems to be lacking, and if there is only an address to the understanding without any to the heart, the music will not prove satisfying.

Repetition, *judiciously done*, is necessary. Too much variety leads to a structure that is without proportion. This applies to all language, both musical and literary. Too much repeating, however, shows lack of alimentative material. Art calls for substance and for beauty, for order and rhythmic sequence.

Many of the "latest" are thinly disguised editions of ancient classic masterpieces. At least a few phrases are taken from some old *morceaux*, which has perchance been ringing in the composer's ears so long that he thinks he originated them, and thus his theft is not always conscious and so he is not culpable.

All will admit, however, that the new song is none the worse for the borrowed theme. Indeed, without some modernized "takings" of this nature, certain popular music would not amount to much. It is because popular taste has improved of late that a decided classic flair is noticeable in many recent "releases."

We decidedly do not want to give up anything of the past that is of value. A work of genius, that is an original work, has often entailed much care, and is so well done that it lives for a long time. It may have been a sudden inspiration, but behind it were long years of preparation, even of suffering, and a whole train of experiences hard and unrelenting. Of such events and from such happenings is evolved the art work of genius.

David Ward Griffith, the producer of the colossal type of movies, prophesies that we shall never require the human voice as an aid to the picture drama. He says there is no voice in the world like the voice of music. "To me those images on the screen must always be silent. There will never be speaking pictures. Why should there be, when no voice can speak so beautifully as music?"

We have heard of the "voice of the silence." And very often the song without words, the *chant sans paroles* gives a message where ordinary language would but confuse. Music directs its influence, the "message of love," straight to the depths where, beyond mere words and appealing to the silences within, it gives birth to "great and wondrous things."

Words are not always understood, but music is the one international language. Money has been called absolute wealth. Music might be termed absolute power — for it is the symbol or sacrament of Rhythm, which is the foundation of all creation.

Among the Washington Organists

Musical Happenings and People in the Capital City

By IRENE JUNO

KARL HOLER is enjoying much radio popularity this season. At least one of his numbers is broadcast each week.

ADOLF TOROVSKY — Please accept my apologies for mis-spelling your name — times without number. I have red-penciled it in the book, and I'm sure it will be correct the next time you cut up capers and get your name in the paper.

OTTO F. BECK was "shot" while broadcasting for WRC. He was seated at the Wurlitzer Organ at the Tivoli Theater, and the shooting occurred at 1 A. M. Nat Glasser, camera-man of the Crandall Circuit did the deed, and up to date is still at large. The result of the "Beck shot" was used as a part of the reel in which the entire staff of the Crandall Saturday Nighters took part. There is a good plot to the reel and it was prepared by Nelson Bell, Crandall Publicity Head, and is attracting favorable notice at the local houses.

T. GUY LUCAS, ORGANIST, is spending a month with his parents in England.

HAVE you heard the one Bill tells on his wife at the summer resort, about her giving an organ recital on the upper front veranda? "What do you mean," inquired Jim, "there is no organ up there." "No," replied Bill, "but she is having a lovely time telling the ladies all about her operation and the 'organs' she had removed."

A. LEROY LAWRENSON — age twelve years, who recently appeared on the Rialto program as a "Boy Caruso," has been engaged by the Harry Von Tilzer Music House for song exploitation. His voice is remarkable for its range and quality.

ORGANISTS! How do you appear to others when you play? How many types of organists are there? Have you ever thought of yourself as you play? Visiting a few theaters in the city we find: One young fellow who made his appearance by leaping on to the organ and then to the bench from some dark opening on the stage (it was a morning show). After a little while he stuck a small stick or match between two keys, which held them down, did a few notes with his feet while he lighted a cigarette, took a couple of puffs, put it out, removed the match and once more some tunes came forth. A visit to another theater disclosed an organist who popped up from the pit, put on the light, tilted the mirror so he could see all of the front rows of seats, adjusted his grin all set for action and then let 'er go up and down the keys, turning page after page of music, but his eyes never left the front seats, either via the mirror or directly. It's a wonder one organist who used to play down town didn't get a cramp in his neck. He kept his head crooked around so he wouldn't miss a trick in the house, and the bigger the house the more he turned. He didn't miss a thing, until one day the management decided they wanted an organist to play the picture and not the audience.

Have you ever noticed the one who plays with elbows crooked out and all sorts of motions, including shaking their finger on a key? Wonder if that is supposed to increase the tremolo? And haven't you just been worn out watching the hard working fellow with lights all over the organ and pedals. He just works himself to death; tears the stops up and down and kicks his feet around so that you can't find time to watch the picture.

Then how quiet and restful is the fellow who slips on to the bench, turns on a soft light and plays with the picture. The one who knows one pretty stop at a time once in a while, and depends on quality not quantity in an organ, is appreciated.

One organist must have opened swell shades and crescendo and pumped out everything in the organ in one theater I was in, for it gave such a crash I actually jumped right out of my seat. Then with no warning he dropped to a soft stop, and to my chagrin I heard myself shouting at my companion trying to tell her what it was all about. Organists who jump from *fff* to *ppp* should have warning signals and not embarrass the patrons by sudden changes.

And the girls — God bless 'em! who hasn't seen the cutie who puts down a stop, glances at the picture, then in the side mirror and fluffs up her permanent wave; and the candy eaters who play with one hand and eat with the other, and rattle the paper for accompaniment. The organists are very much in the public eye and are all yelping for salaries in the One Hundred Zone, but until they see themselves as others see them they will fall short. It's the worker, not the one who just plays or shows off, who gets the good job.

JOHN SALB, Rialto organist, was recently vacationing around his old home stamping grounds in Western Maryland.

Quite by accident a gang of musicians, managers and film men met at Cumberland, and of course a party was staged. One of the managers, who is also a pianist, decided to liven things up and gave about an hour's recital on the piano. The next day he found little blisters on each of his fingers from playing. While he was sorrowfully tending his aching fingers he was approached by a Wurlitzer salesman. It was a critical moment and the manager fell for a sale. He said if this was the result of one night's work his poor pianist must be a silent sufferer. So there will soon be a new organ, a delighted organist and manager, and a satisfied audience in that city. I don't think Johnnie engineered the sale, even though he does play a Wurlitzer at the Rialto.

THE RIALTO THEATER was the scene of riot and confusion recently when Miss Kate Smith, jazz singer — and Miss Estelle Wentworth, classic entertainer, almost came to blows, with Mischa Guterson acting as referee.

A Philistine's History of Music

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ways so the strings rests on one edge 'nd the other edge rests on the head av the drum.

As he makes ready to try the drum again, he axidentally brushes his fingers across the tightened strings, 'nd right there 'nd then, me son, in the kinky head av Unky Plunk wuz born the banjo.

THERE'S been a lot done to it since, 'nd it's taken longer to get the instrymint to where it could serve as th' right bower av the kings av jazz than it will take even to make New York City as dry as Mr. Volstead wants to it be. But just the same the principle av the contraption hasn't changed any — it still is strings stretched over 'nd restin' on a tightened drum head.

Before Unky got thru wid it, he had a hole burned thru the rim av the drum, a stick stuck thru the hole 'nd extendin' out to one side, wid a couple av strings stretched from one ind av the stick to the other 'nd restin' on a small slab av wood in the middle av the head. Later on the far ind av the stick wuz broadened 'nd flattened out 'nd the strings wuz fastened to little sticks wedged thru holes in the flat part av the stick so they could be turned 'nd the strings tightened. Thousands av years later some careless felly maybe put his hand axidental over the strings when he wuz playin' 'nd discovered that by doin' so he raised the pitch av the tone the strings gave, 'nd so led gradual to a regular neck wid a fingerboard 'nd little bars av wood or bits av sinoo fastened on it at regular intervals to show where to press down wid the fingers 'nd also to make the tone more clear.

Maybe the frets wuz borried from some av the other instrymints that wuz in use later on all over the world; by the time the banjo got that far along, there wuz a pile av other instrymints usin' av 'em, 'nd it's a fact that banjo-like instrymints are still found in the remotist depths av Africy widout any fingerboards or any means av changin' the pitch av the strings excipt by tightenin' 'em wid the tunin' peg.

Be that as it may, the fascynatin' plink-plunk av the banjo, in some form or other, is now wid us in iver increasin' numbers 'nd popularity. I'm expectin' some day they'll be recognized as such a necessity that ye can get a rebate on yer income tax for buyin' one. When ye can, I'll get ye one.

Editorial Improvisations

Continued from page 7

used. To accompany Mistress Sarah Childress Polk — 1845, *National Emblem March by Bagley* was played. For Mistress Helen Herron Taft — 1909, *Our Director March by Bigelow* was used in connection with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and the Yale Song "*Boola Boola.*" For Mistress Grace Goodhue Coolidge, *Daly's Chicken Reel* and *Bagley's NC-4 March* were among the numbers chosen. The pageant was quite successful and constituted part of the Bunker Hill Week celebration.

SINCE the death of Brahms, which occurred almost thirty years ago, the contributions to the chamber music literature which show any signs of permanence or more than usual excellence have been fewer than in any other form of the art.

As an incentive to induce the great and gifted composers of the world to give sufficient time and attention to the composition of chamber music to make valuable contributions to its literature, The Musical Fund Society, Philadelphia's oldest musical organization, has decided to offer $10,000 in prizes for the three best compositions of chamber music.

First Prize $5,000
Second Prize $3,000
Third Prize $2,000

The contest is limited to compositions of chamber music for from three to six instruments. The piano may be used as one of the instruments, but compositions including vocal parts will not be included.

Any composer may submit more than one composition and may be awarded more than one prize. One unique feature of the competition is that any composer may submit compositions for first prize only; that is, if he elects to do this and the composition be not awarded the principal prize, it may be withdrawn from consideration for the second or third prizes. This fact, however, must be stated when the composition or compositions are submitted.

So far as can be recalled, we have never heard of prizes for a music writing being quite so generous. It certainly should stimulate an interest among able composers to put forth their most untiring and earnest efforts to the making of something really worth while.

Ample time will be allowed composers to prepare their works for this competition, as the contest will not close until December 31, 1927. This seems one of the most splendid opportunities ever offered composers and we are sure the participants will present such offerings as will tend to improve this greatly neglected field of musical art. Another Brahms may even be brought to light to reward the interest and generosity of the Philadelphia Society.

The headquarters of The Musical Fund Society are at 407 Sansome Street, Philadelphia.

CARL FAELTEN, a prominent musician of Boston, was drowned in Lake Maranacook, Me., on July 20, 1925, when he suffered an attack of apoplexy while swimming.

He was born in Ilmenau, Thuringia, in 1846. When but a lad his musical instincts became assertive, and when he was about fifteen years old he was connected with an orchestra school at Arnstadt, where he aquired proficiency upon both the violin and clarinet, and an acquaintance with orchestral work and instruments generally. It was while playing the violin in an orchestra in Frankfort-on-the-Main that he profited by an opportunity to study the piano, and he pursued this with great interest.

He enlisted for the Franco-Prussian War and served for one year in the front ranks, but on his return he resumed his studies with enthusiasm. His rapid progress soon resulted in a series of recitals and concert performances in Frankfort, Berlin, Bremen, Cassel, Hague, Wiesbaden, Vienna, London and other cities, and established for him a reputation as an artist that can hardly be disputed. Meanwhile, he devoted much of his time to teaching, and was induced by Joachim Raff, a personal friend of his, to become connected with the Conservatory at Frankfort-on-the-Main, of which Raff was founder and first director. His marked ability to teach brought him great success, and in no respect is he more favorably known than by the high standard of musical intelligence and efficiency characteristic of his advanced pupils.

However, it was after the death of Raff that he decided to come to America. He accepted a position in the Peabody Institute at Baltimore, where he remained until called to the faculty of the New England Conservatory in 1885. Five years later he was appointed director of the New England Conservatory and proved himself a very capable one by the way he built up this institution.

He resigned in 1897, and in spite of having passed the half-century mark, he established his own school, known as the Faelten Pianoforte School on Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, and has devoted his time to its interests ever since.

Carl Faelten was not only a man possessing a high standard of musical intelligence, but also one of fine character, and we feel that even though he has passed from the earth, his memory will always occupy an important place in the minds of those who knew and loved him.

MELODY

for the
Photoplay Musician and the Musical Home

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A charmingly effective Novelette by R. S. Stoughton that represents tunefully the capriciousness of October.

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"DANCE OF THE TEDDY BEARS" (by A. J. Weidt)

"ON THE ALERT" (March by Hugh W. Schubert)

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