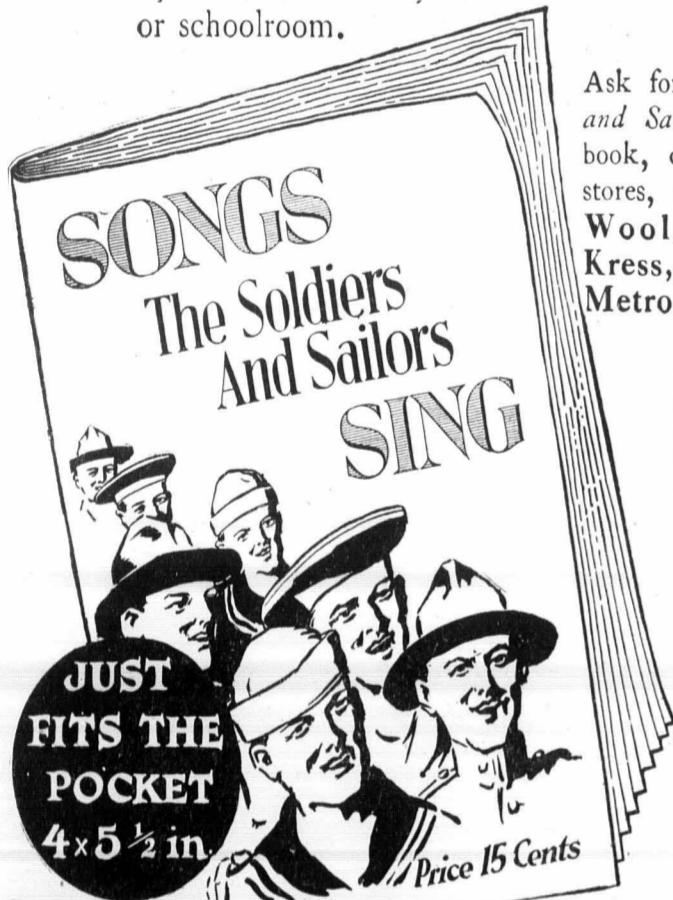


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Interpreting the Photoplay. By Harry Norton
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Just Between You and Me. By George L. Cobb
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Volume II

October, 1918

Number 10

Soldier-Singing

Its Force and Form as a Fighting Factor

Forces As Facts



OT until all the fugitive facts relative to this titanic world war shall have been gathered together bit by bit and have been sifted, sorted and then correlated for combination in one colossal work (or in sequential volumes of the same work), not until then will the people of this or coming generations know to the fullest extent what new and mighty forces have been put into operation in this mightiest of all known wars. So swift, so vast and so complicated are the movements of millions of men now being played by the allied nations on the world's huge checkerboard of war that not even we (who, although in one way standing aloof, are none the less in the midst of the awful playing) can fully comprehend the tremendous action of these visible (physical) and invisible (mental) forces; not even we who watch and strive to understand the value of each play behind every move can fully estimate the magnitude of their action, nor will we fully know their hidden and subtle power as fighting factors until time and history shall have assembled and placed them in their true perspective as facts. Until then we can only approximate.

Not all of the American people of today are actually alive to the nature and extent of some of the forces now brought into play for the first time in history as a component part of war service; not all are truly awake to the wonderful mental and physical evolutionary processes that are now in progress at the very thresholds of our business and social doors. In the fullness of details not all of us know what has been and is being done by the Government of the United States in its many camps, cantonments and training stations in the making of men as well as fighters; what has been and is being accomplished through the concentrated and constructive action of the two new Government war branches—the *Commissions on Training Camp Activities*—which were organized and put into energized action by Secretaries Baker and Daniels of the Army and Navy respectively. Yet when all of these shall have been assembled as facts and exposed to the after-war light of calm scrutiny, and when they are fully known and adjudged, we shall then learn the full power of their energy; we may then discover that under the authorized activities of these twin Commissions of the Government more has been wrought through mental education and entertainment than by the mere physical routine usual to military training in truly filling men to fight down an outrageous world-flaunting of autocracy.

It may seem the height of the incongruous to link social diversions with fighting and with war-training camps, nevertheless there are now established under Government sanction in the various camps many strong social forces as a part equipment in training for war. There are places for the holding of religious services (well attended by the men), hostess houses where the men may receive and entertain their camp visitors (social levelers upwards rather than downwards), soldiers' club rooms (community and communal strongholds), soldiers' public libraries (mind stimulators and body resters), post exchanges (where may be obtained anything from a shoe-lace to a wrist-watch or a toothbrush), theatres (where are improvised dramatic and vaudeville entertainment or minstrel shows), educational and recreative athletics (body and mental quickeners), and greater than all else, as *establishing music as a new and essential military fact*, piano-playing for and by the men, music reproducing machines, ensemble instrumental playing and massed singing by the soldiers.

All of these social forces, as well as rigid military training, are being exerted in steadying and unifying the men and making them into a mighty military solidarity, but none more so than the massed singing under authorized leadership. Any one or all of these forces would

make interesting topics for discussion, but as the province of MELODY is wholly that of music this writing will touch briefly only upon soldier-singing as

A Fighting Factor

HE was a mighty sane man who once said in effect: "I care not who makes the laws of a nation, if I may make its songs." The hidden strength of this somewhat astonishing utterance lies in the sanity of its fact, and when once analytically sensed it will be seen that its underlying power is in the unconventional form of expression and the implied force back of that form. In actuality this early and not authentically identified phrase-maker was only poetically expressing a more prosaic law, i.e., the law of contravention—the inner force of his phrase simply meaning that, if men could be fully engrossed with singing (soul), they would have neither time nor inclination to offend against civic ordinances (mind).

As obviously it would be impossible for one man to make all the songs of a nation, such could not have been the point intended. It also is nearly as obvious that by expressing a thought in an unusual and striking phraseology the probable intention was to drive home and clinch a certain fact, namely, that *when lived absolutely true to its music-spirit the laws of song might automatically contravene some of those enacted for the holding together of society*. Of a certainty it requires but little study and contemplation to discern that, as a force, criminality does not flourish in an atmosphere of song and an environment of harmony. Neither does it need any very close observation at this time to disclose that the *law of music* is to a great extent nullifying much of the drastic disagreeableness of necessary military law, bringing men to heed to necessity with a smile and to cheerfully face the inevitable with a song.

Facing the most gigantic, deadly and horrific war ever known to the history of the ages, the soldiers and sailors of the great allied nations in this modern war not only are fighting the way to an ultimate victory of a lasting world peace, but practically are *singing* every inch of that way, and almost from the very moment of enlistment—in a way the union of songs and shells, of melodic bars and discordant barrage—and none is singing so universally and to so great an extent as America through the voices of its enlisted men. A certain short-sighted minority may choose to sneer at the present singing-phase of soldier-life as "music madness," yet to the contrary a little investigation will show it to be the very sanity of success as a fighting factor.

No matter whether it be a political rally or a baseball game, when men are congregated in a crowd they are almost sure to sing to a greater or less extent, and more particularly so when bound together by fraternal ties or other laws of organization. Thus it is true that American soldiers have sung in our previous wars, yet never have they sung so unitedly, with such amplitude and to such purpose as they are now singing. As actually recorded fact, we know but little of the singing-side of the Revolutionary War of '76, more than that it originated "Yankee Doodle," but from both story and record we do know more of the singing in our later wars. We know that from the War of 1812 we have inherited "The Star Spangled Banner"—the song-embell that ever has carried American arms to victory.

There was singing to some extent in the early Mexican War of '48, evidently the most popular song of that war being "Green Grow the Rushes, O"—from the misunderstood words of which the Mexicans coined the hated name "Gringos" for the American soldiers. In the later and greater Civil War of '61—which bequeathed to us Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's now immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic" with its magnificent rhythmic sweep of "Glory, Glory Hallelujah"—there was more singing of undoubtedly a higher and more unified order;

in the still later Spanish-American War of '98 the singing was perhaps more universal, even if mainly of but one popular song—"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight"—but the most singing of all our wars is being done in this greater World War of today, and this with a broadly varied repertoire.

As far as we can know with any authority of fact, in all of these preceding wars what soldier-singing then existed, while in every way spontaneous under stress of patriotic emotion, in a broad sense was sporadic—that is, not as a specific and organized part of war service with definite direction and purpose, but more a breaking out into song in isolated groups and instances under impulse of the passing moment, wholly without directed, concentrated effort for results by the soldiers themselves, and without organized aid from the Government.

In the present conflict all of this is changed for the better, for today the mental and moral (as well as physical) value of song is fully recognized, and soldier-singing is now the rule rather than the exception as in the past. Our fighting men of today are singing men—singing not merely in groups as company mates, but in millions as a community of comrades. Even under war's rigid restrictions and regulations the singing by the soldiers today, while at all times spontaneous and hearty, now has definite direction and singleness of purpose that is backed by organized guidance and unified order under official sanction and authorized leadership, the whole reinforced by wish and will of the people.

Never before in the history of American wars has there been as much or so orderly singing by the soldiers both in training and under fire, nor has it ever been imbued with an invincible spirit of unconquerable right; never has it been so insistently urged and assisted by forces separate from the singers themselves; never has it been more spontaneous and whole-souled, yet at the same time as definitely directed as the working and firing of a great machine-gun battery; and never has it been so actuated and aided by that Government of the United States, by the officers in command under the Government and by a whole united people—in short, never before has massed singing by the soldiers been recognized as a moral force to be moulded into a fighting factor.

In view of this unprecedented condition, there might indeed be reason for some to ask: "In time of war stress has the entire American nation run music-mad over its soldier-singing?" To such query one might not impossibly reply as did old Polonius regarding the sanity of Hamlet—"If this be madness, there is method in't." To this reply it also might be further added that back of "method" there is cause, and behind cause is result, viz., that through the power of song is being preserved the mental, moral and physical poise ("morale" when condensed in a word) of the soldiers, while at the same time maintaining the sane equilibrium of the civilians (i.e., the great body of hitherto undisciplined men who in a moment may find themselves suddenly plunged into a new and strange form of life and living). A bigger and more potentially vital question that might be asked would be: Is this great universal spirit, which sings while it fights, conquerable by sordid impulse, sullen force, sodden brutality and savage atrocity? In every official report which comes from the "front" the answer looms more and more obviously as—NO!

It is easy to broadly generalize upon the effect of massed singing upon the soldiers and sailors in the army cantonments and naval training stations, yet both its force and form are easily demonstrated as particularized fact to all those whose eyes and ears are alert and doing sentry duty to thought, always however keeping before the mind that even "fact" may be categorized as suppositions until proved to be FACT.

It is only too lamentably true that many people never can perceive a great truth until they bump (or are bumped) forcibly against it. To such as these the tremendous dynamic force now being generated by unified soldier-singing may not be apparent as fact, but those who make it a business to observe, assemble and assimilate facts know that, although yet in the pioneer class as blazing the way, this unified singing in the various war units has progressed far beyond the experimental stage and is become a scientific fact (the word "scientific" being here used in the double sense of proved and developed). A practical demonstration of this is that, officially appointed and authorized by the Army and Navy Commissions on Training Camp Activities, there now are in actual war service 42 song-leaders (29 for the Army and 13 for the Navy).

To understand even slightly the psychology of massed soldier-singing there are two essential points that must not be lost to view, and the first and greatest of these is this: *Everything in life that is to have any extent of existence must have some worth, and anything which is to have worth must to some degree possess both force and form.* The second point is: *In the world of tone there is nothing more musically enticing to the majority of people than the male singing voice when good, and rarely is it really bad.* Also, that when harmonically attuned there is nothing more tonally attractive than the male vocal quartet, and when unified in thought, phrase and delivery nothing is more potentially exhilarating as a great tonal force (to both singers and listeners) than a men's massed glee club singing full-voiced the old familiar home-songs or patriotic airs, and massed soldier-singing under training in reality is a sublimated glee club.

Thus there are two sides to the soldier-singing equation—force and form—and the larger of the two is its force. In the minds of those who never have troubled themselves to inquire and learn, or who are not in a position to see and know, if brought to the question it might

be a question as to whether in the singers themselves all this soldier-singing really does make for force as both men and fighters in actual fact. The best proofs of facts are those obtained from the words of others who have studied, investigated and proved—those who, while not in the actual singing itself, are very much in the soldier "sings." It is from such authorities that the following publicly expressed opinions regarding soldier-singing are offered as proof of

Its Force

Major-Gen. J. Franklin Bell (Camp Upton):

"A singing soldier is a fighting soldier.
The mere presence of large numbers of men gathered together for the same purpose makes them feel their unity, and the singing army is the victorious army."

Major-Gen. Henry A. Greene (Camp Lewis):

"They did not teach us to sing in the old days when I was learning to be a soldier, but we sang anyway. Now the Army has added this new branch, and we expect it will give the men a great deal of happiness and inspiration."

Major-Gen. Leonard Wood (Camp Funston):

"It is just as necessary that the men should know how to sing as that they should carry rifles and learn how to shoot them. Singing is one of the things they all should learn. It sounds odd to the ordinary person when you tell him that every soldier should be a singer, because the layman can not reconcile singing with killing, but when you know these boys as I know them, you will realize how much it means to them to sing. There isn't anything in the world, not even letters from home, that will raise a soldier's spirits like a good, catchy march-tune. I have seen men toiling for hours through the mud and rain—every one of them dejected, spiritless, tired and cold, wet and forlorn, and cursing the day they entered the Army—transformed into a happy, devil-may-care frame of mind through a song."

Jerome Swoinford (Song-Leader):

Speaking of the time when he assembled the men of the Norfolk Navy Yard for their first "sing," this leader said: "When I first started out the men had just had a serious talk from the chaplain on the responsibilities of their new work; the dentists had been ministering to them all the morning, and the doctors had been at work on them with their serums. I was feeling a bit depressed myself, and when at the last minute my accompanist failed to appear, I wondered if I alone could bring back to normal all those woeful countenances. Ten minutes later the miracle had been wrought, but not by me—it was the songs that did the trick."

From a Colonel of U. S. Infantry:

"Many men find it almost impossible to accustom themselves to the call for a sudden, definite and accurate salute, or to exactness of any kind. Some of them have never sung jolly songs with strong emphasis and a marked accent on the words; some of them start from their barracks to go to the post exchange without even knowing just what route they will take. It is such indefiniteness, such hesitation, such lack of appreciation that proper lectures, close-order drills, salutes and your singing instruction drive away, replacing them with springiness, a definiteness, and a new sort of self-appreciation that make some of the men strangers to themselves." (Letter in the *New York Times*.)

Lee F. Hanmer (Director of Music, C. T. C. A.):

"The question of music in the training camps is not only that of entertainment to make camp life more endurable, but that of making better and more efficient soldiers. If the unit from Texas, the unit from Fort Oglethorpe, and the unit from New York, can sing the same songs when they come together in the European training camps, it will mean a much better fighting machine over in Europe. This is no play war. It is going to be a long, hard, cruel war and we have got to give our men every weapon that will make them better fighters. The right kind of songs, the right kind of song-leadership and opportunities for the men to sing together will help them to fight better."

Thomas A. Edison:

"Music, next to religion, is the mind's greatest solace and also its greatest inspiration. The history of the world shows that lofty aspirations find vent in music, and that music in turn helps to inspire such aspirations in others. Military men agree that music is essential to soldiers both in camp and in action; the 'Marseillaise' is worth a million men to France. Music is no less essential to those the soldiers leave behind them." (From the *New York Music Trade Review*.)

Owen Wister (American Novelist):

"Confronted with a foreign-born regiment without knowing it, a song-leader was puzzled by their lack of response. As soon as he realized the difficulty he chose 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'America' and 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' repeating the words of each with care and emphasis, then adding a few words of loyal exhortation. The men thus addressed, although they were not familiar with English, followed the meaning of the song-leader and joined in the songs with zest. The comment of the commanding officer was that these foreign-born men had been made Americans through song. Perhaps not so completely and with such suddenness, but with repetition the Americanization thus begun might become complete." (From the *New York Times*.)

The Boston Sunday Herald:

"Perhaps the man who is most largely responsible in incorporating music as a part of the new war service is Major-General Hugh L. Scott. It was his plan for developing music and singing among the troops of his own division which has been adopted and enlarged by the appointment of a music officer for each regiment, with aids in each company. The appointment of camp song-leaders has now established singing by the soldiers on a firm musical basis. Most of the leaders are musicians well known to the country, who not only have succeeded in making singing a popular form of recreation and exercise with the men, but have actually raised the standard of musical taste among them."

Such telling statements as the foregoing, which could be extended through pages if space permitted, would seem to be ordinarily sufficient as cumulative evidence of the force in soldier-singing, yet always there are the doubters who require the actual proof of a personal demonstration, and such they would have received had they been present at a complimentary banquet tendered by the Boston Rotary Club in the early part of this year to a delegation of officers and men from Camp Devens. If all the doubting ones could have been present at that gathering, have heard the men sing under leadership and have caught the mental spirit and physical fervor of their singing, there would be no further question from them as to what massed song-singing means to soldiers in the service. Doubt would have merged into belief, and belief would have changed into knowledge. We quote from

Melody (January, 1918, issue):

"Here were some two hundred men, who in the whole course of their civilian lives probably never before had sung in concert with others, even if they had ever sung at all, now singing together with splendid precision, in perfect accord and tempo, and with glorious tone and tune. For the first time in their lives they had been under musical training, and, noting results, who for a moment will contend that this training in music is not an invaluable auxiliary to that of the military, as well as making for strong mental and moral discipline?"

"Naturally, the bulk of their singing was of the popular order because of its captivating rhythm and melodic swing. . . . How these boys did sing! Erect, free-lunged, keen-eyed, fresh-faced and clean-cut men, they sang full-throated and with perfect freedom under disciplinary training of only a few short months. It was *bona fide* music-making and not a spurious effort for effect, entered into with heart and soul shining out through joy-sparkling eyes. The secret was simple—it was the men of themselves making music for themselves and by themselves."

Its Form

LEAVING the point of force in soldier-singing as having been proved to be potentially existent, let us glance briefly at its embodiment or form—that is, at the character, style and make-up of the songs that are being sung by the soldiers. If again we may take as evidence the openly expressed opinions of men who are in close contact with this new branch of war service, a few of these expressions will suffice to show what constitutes the mass of soldier-singing in our great New Army of America.

The Boston Post:

"The musical preparedness of this country in going to war is not the least commendable of the measures which a Government of almost unprecedented efficiency and foresight has undertaken. Men who work and fight are at their best if they can sing. There is no need to philosophize as to the reasons why. There are innumerable proofs of the fact, and the musician who looks scornfully on anything of less artistic pretension than a symphony or an overture is undergoing an advantageous widening of his perspective as he notes the effect of plain songs and national airs. The helpfulness of music, an art that is the quintessence of impulse and feeling, as a physical and emotional outlet, is indisputable and beyond computation as to its value.

"There is also the peace preparation involved in this process of making music a part of the life of the Army and Navy. Millions of men will return from the front with a new perception of what music means in the daily life. Hundreds of these men will also have contributed in an unassuming, but sincere and important, manner to the musical creativeness of the American people."

Lee F. Hanmer:

"The American soldier does not want to be sung at. The trouble with most of the newly written patriotic songs is that they are an attempt to glorify the soldier. The soldier is a man who is patriotically doing his duty and has no desire to be glorified. The uniform he wears is sufficient indication of his personal attitude."

Kenneth S. Clark (Song-Leader):

"Our song writers ought to take a leaf from the books of our English friends by omitting all reference to flag or country. The soldier shows his respect for the national emblem by standing at salute as it passes by, not by singing at it. What we want are ditties of the cheer-up kind. These songs have only an inferential connection with the war, and of these 'The Long, Long Trail,' 'Home Fires' and 'Pack Up Your Troubles' are of the best."

The New York Sun:

"The Long, Long Trail,' 'The Great Red Dawn,' 'Over There,' 'I Don't Care Where They Send Me,' 'Send Me a Curl' are found on the camp song-programs as often as are the more sobering melodies of the South or the sacred songs. The American soldier likes ragtime, and ragtime he shall have. Later, after the spirit is moulded and the first racking enthusiasm is dimmed, 'Ole Virginny' and 'Abide with Me' may become popular. 'Home Fires' probably is peer of all the songs in American camps."

Owen Wister (American Novelist):

"For a camp song nobody can make good words or good music until he is in hot blood, and nobody can tell if it is good or not until he has thoroughly tried it out with a crowd of enlisted men. 'Thoroughly' depends both upon the song and singers; some songs make their way slowly and surely, and those that immediately succeed may have staying powers or may not. Try them out. Give each its chance to sink or swim. Enlarge the field of selection. Along with songs of the hour, and the few national songs we possess, give the men songs of other countries that have stood the test with their own people—Scotch, Irish, French. It is interesting to know that many enlisted men have themselves requested to be taught the 'Marseillaise' in French. 'But don't stop here. Enlarge the soldier's song horizon. Try him with tried songs he has hitherto had no chance to know. If the original words are an obstacle, get somebody to write new words—but somebody whose emotion is awakened by the tune alone."

The New York Evening Post:

"When the novelist Winston Churchill cast about to recall what had most impressed and thrilled him here, he decided it was the Hippodrome crowd singing Cohan's classic lines: 'Send the word, send the word over there; we'll be over, we're coming over, and we won't be back till it's over, over there.' . . . Sousa writes a good march dedicated to the shipbuilders, and we hum ragtime; good poetry goes unaccompanied, while we sing doggerel by Harry Lauder.

"Anyone who wishes to gauge the sentiment of the day may learn as much of one aspect by looking over a popular music counter as of another by reading the Congressional Record. These are the songs that decorate training camp pianos, and the pianos of the sisters of recruits. It may seem painful that, while Mrs. Hemans' 'Pilgrims' made the coast resound with hymns, the shipwrecked destroyer-crew instinctively broke into 'Oh Boys! Oh Boys! Where Do We Go from Here?' Yet there is no little feeling for current history in 'Oh Boys,' which celebrates the recruit who, when his squad was marched 100 miles and his comrades were tired, simply asked where they went next. "There are other songs of indomitable recruits, from 'Everyone Was Out of Step But Jim' to 'Uncle Sam Is Calling Me' and 'I'm Going to Follow the Boys.' Those who wish to know how our soldiers feel may gather it in part from such ditties as 'We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser,' 'Hunting the Hun' and 'Keep Your Head Down, Fritzies Boy.'"

The New York Sun:

"The song-leaders are doing one great work for the army that is not solely confined to the uplift that comes from actual singing. They are compiling the service songs that have sprung from the regular ranks in campaigns past. The words of these songs have been pretty generally scattered through the cantonments of the East, and the veriest recruit has come to defame the 'infantry' if he belongs to the 'cavalree,' or vice versa.

"The artillery has one of the best ballads, though it is not heard as commonly as those of the other service branches. In it runs the jingle of harness chains, the rollicking bump of caissons and the clink of ammunition boxes. It is good music and the words go like this:

"Hear the blasted bugles callin' from the 'paullins of the park;
Hear the chiefs of section bawlin' as we line up in the dark.
Get that smell of slum and coffee, hear the cursin' as we load.
Sections right, behind the guiden, and we're out upon the road."

"Roll, roll, roll, just keep them rollin',
Roll, roll, roll, just keep them rollin',
As we're rollin' in the field artillery."

"Carlyle remarked that 'music is the speech of angels,' but in the light of present developments it might be added that it is also the speech of the United States soldier, of whatever his length of enlistment. The only song that has come from the camps since the war is the well-known 'Zip, Zip, Zip,' which came to light at the officers training camp at Fort Niagara."

The New York Music Trade Review:

"The war has been going on sufficiently long to prove that there is at times a wide difference between the songs the public think the soldiers ought to sing, and the sort of songs the soldiers really prefer. Gradually, however, the desires of the fighting men are being considered and they are being supplied with the sort of music that most appeals to them."

"An editorial on 'Songs the Soldiers Sing,' in the *New York World*, reads: 'In the old ballads a soldier sings and rides or marches away. At present he does most of his singing on the march, in the trenches or behind the battle lines, and the most popular songs can be readily enumerated.'

Popular Music an Absolute Necessity

By Axel W. Christensen

POPULAR MUSIC is an absolute necessity and there never has been a time in the history of the world when it was so much in demand," writes my friend Jimmy Corbitt from his Boston Ragtime Conservatory, and I personally "second the motion."

The press of the entire country has been crying for a tune that will equal "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." The enormous sale of "Over There," "If He Can Fight Like He Can Love," "Goodby, Broadway, Hello France," and other like songs, is plain evidence enough of the fondness that exists everywhere for ragtime and popular music. Ragtime is strictly American music. Its value "over here" and "over there" is shown by the quotations of famous men and warriors which I give below:

Thomas Edison, a man who has devoted every single moment of his life to work and research so that one wonders how he ever finds time for music, says: "The man who disparages music as a non-essential is doing the nation an injury."

John Phillip Sousa, the March King, states that "Music will help to win the war."

Major-General Wood is firmly of the opinion that "There isn't anything in the world, not even letters from home, that will raise a soldier's spirits like a good, catchy, marching tune."

"A singing army is a winning army," says General Pershing. And W. T. Conn, Commander U. S. S. *Recruit*, Union Square, New York City, is quoted as follows: "Do you know what gets recruits? I'll tell you in one word—JAZZ. Young men will stand with bared heads during the playing of the 'Star Spangled Banner,' but 'Strutters' Ball' sends them scurrying up the side of the ship to our recruiting officers. There is something about jazz music that gets under the skin."

"Fifty-six Cleveland soldiers of the 32d Company have appealed to Clevelanders to send them a phonograph and some good 'raggy' records."—*Cleveland Press*.

The popularity of ragtime in the fighting zone can best be judged by the following extract from an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* by Irvin S. Cobb, one of the world's greatest war correspondents: "A band of 40 pieces serenaded us. On parade when it played the 'Memphis Blues,' the men did not march, they literally danced their way along. The dwellers of the French towns, I am told, fairly go mad when some alluring, compelling RAGTIME tune is played and, as the regiment has moved on, more than once it has been hard to keep the unattached inhabitants of the village from moving on with the band."

The foregoing extracts give some idea of what popular music means to our boys in the trenches. To our folks at home it means even more. Here there is no excitement of battle which gives no time for sadness, longing or homesickness.

"In an English shilling book, the title of which is 'Tommy's Book of Marching Songs,' we find many old favorites among the thirty or more, including among others: 'Jolly Good Luck to the Girl Who Loves a Soldier,' 'Stop Yer Tickling, Jock,' 'She Is Ma Daisy,' 'Annie Laurie,' 'Killarney,' 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Old Black Joe,' 'Little Brown Jug,' 'Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl,' 'The British Grenadiers,' 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' 'Loch Lomond,' 'John Brown's Body,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' 'The Campbells Are Coming,' 'O Dem Golden Slippers,' the 'Russian National Anthem,' 'La Banconne' and of course 'La Marseillaise.' The large number of American songs in this list is not a compliment to America alone, but to the fact that, as an English writer says, 'the Civil War gave birth to the only fine war song written in English for over one hundred years.'"

Such quotations could be given almost without end to prove that the songs the soldiers sing are those which best express themselves and

their feelings, and we find that those most broadly expressing are not the patriotic, but the popular—the songs of the day, the hour and the minute.

Why Ragtime Is the True Music of "Hustlers"

The new and tremendous vogue in London of popular "ragtime" music has inspired that grave and weighty newspaper, the *London Times*, to justify and even applaud "ragtime" in the following whole-hearted manner.

"There is no doubt that there is at present one class of creative and executive artists whom the public of the United States is disposed to idolize and enrich, namely, the composers and singers of 'ragtime.' Can the world also respect them? Character and vigor earn respect all the world over even when the character is unpleasant and the vigor misdirected.

"Now of the character of 'ragtime' there can be no doubt—it is absolutely characteristic of its inventors—from nowhere but the United States could such music have sprung; it is the music of the hustler, of the feverishly active speculator, of the 'skyscraper' and the 'grain elevator.' Nor can there be any doubt of its vigor—vigor which is, perhaps, empty sometimes and meaningless, but in the hands of competent interpreters brimming over with life.

"Here, perhaps, then, for those who have ears to hear are the seeds from which a national art may ultimately spring. Much dross will have to be cleared away in the process, much vulgarity and senselessness will have to give place to a saner, a finer ideal.

"What then is 'ragtime'? Mr. Louis Hirsch, a well-known composer of such music, has recently declared that the essence of 'ragtime' is the mixture of two rhythms, and it may be added that, in American slang, to 'rag' a melody is to synopate a normally regular tune.

"'Ragtime,' then, may be said to be a strongly syncopated melody superimposed on a strictly regular accompaniment, and it is the combination of these two rhythms that gives 'ragtime' its character.

"Nor must the words of 'ragtime' songs be forgotten; they must not be contemptuously dismissed as meaningless rubbish. They may be anything but literature—indeed, they often cannot be said to be either sense or grammar—but for all that they are an interesting study in the fitting of a verbal to a musical pattern. No one in his senses tries to hear the words of a 'ragtime' song with a view to understanding their meaning, but anyone can hear enough of them to see how the metres and rhyme-schemes emphasize and increase the rhythm of the music."

their feelings, and we find that those most broadly expressing are not the patriotic, but the popular—the songs of the day, the hour and the minute.

"It is not a question of making the soldier sing, but that of leading him to sing," states Music-Director Lee F. Hanmer. The director is right in this statement, yet even so leading the soldier to sing cannot be accomplished by forcing upon him that which his newly aroused music-appetite does not instinctively crave. Excepting on certain rare occasions, and although probably in the majority of instances born with an inherent love for music and singing, the mass of our soldier and sailor fighters never before have bothered with making music for themselves, mainly because they never before have realized the supreme joy in such making. Nor in their recently forsaken civilian living has it been necessary they should so bother—that is, more than to whistle any song which captivated the fancy for the moment. Whatever way in recent civil life these men may have turned for total

(Continued on page 21)

Interpreting the Photoplay

(Note: Nos. 21 and 22 of Mr. Norton's "Interpretative Music Series" appear on pages 19 and 20 of this issue)

By Harry Norton

Critics and Criticism

RECENT issue of a magazine devoted to organ music contained an article on "Cinema Music" ("Cinema" being "highbrow" for "Movies"), which amused the writer and recalled Robert Burns' oft-quoted words, "O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels' as ithers see us," and we might add—to hear oursels' as ithers hear us.

That article stated that "There are two kinds of movie music, dual and absolute. The dual serves as a stimulant to conversation and as an accompaniment to the picture. The absolute puts the picture out of business. The writer of the article is strong for the dual variety, from which we may deduce that he is probably a brilliant conversationalist and therefore resents having the music at a movie eclipse his ability to converse. We all know how enjoyable it is to have a "conversationalist" seated close to the organ bench or leader's chair at the movies. They are entered on my list of "pests." Persons who attend a theatrical performance to hold a friendly reunion are "in the wrong pew." They should patronize a café or infest a hotel lobby.

Such criticism gives us a new slant on our duties as dispensers or provenders of musical accompaniment to the pictures. We must bear in mind the fact that our audience, or part of it, wishes to conduct a "pink tea," and we must therefore subdue ourselves and our music that we may not intrude. "Good dope?" It is—NOT.

There is a tendency on the part of organists playing for the pictures to play more loudly than is necessary, for the very simple reason that it requires no more exertion to play full organ than to play upon the softest combination. This does not apply to piano playing. Fortissimo work at the piano requires the expenditure of considerable energy and "elbow grease," and pianists are not so prone to indulge in the production of great volume of sound.

If the writer were asked his opinion of two kinds of music heard at the movies he would say "Whole-souled" and "Half-hearted." The first-mentioned variety is apparent to the audience because they are not aware of it. Paradoxical as that may sound, it is true, nevertheless. If the music fits the picture, and flows along smoothly, it seems to be a part of that picture and the sense of pleasure is felt by the audience. They are not aware that the musical accompaniment is productive of part of their enjoyment, but accept the performance as a whole and call it good.

On the other hand, if the music is not suitable in character, or is performed in a half-hearted manner, the result is a feeling of dissatisfaction. Something seems to be wrong; the gears are not meshing properly; there's a knock in the motor. The real trouble is that the smoothness or blend between picture and music is missing.

"Synchronization" is the word that tells the whole story. Perfect synchronization between picture and music is enjoyed by an audience, though few of them could tell what they find pleasurable. "Talking Pictures" have so far been a failure because perfect synchronizing (or timing) between the picture on the screen and the phonograph speaking the lines has not been accomplished. The result of imperfect timing would be ridiculous. While lack of synchronization between picture and music cannot be called ridiculous it does detract from the pleasure of viewing the picture.

The wide-awake player watches the picture for changes in dramatic action and instantly suits that action with music. If, for example, a death-bed scene of a mother, with visions of her wayward son, be instantly followed by a scene of the

erring boy in a saloon brawl, the effect is entirely spoiled if the pathetic motif be continued until the fight is well under way. The change in the music must be just as abrupt and instantaneous as the change in the picture. Right there is where so many players "fall down." They go to sleep on the job and pick up such cues as the one mentioned in a leisurely, half-hearted manner, thereby losing the "punch" and "pep" which the music should add to the picture.

Unless one takes an interest in his work and enjoys that satisfaction of work well done he can never hope to hear his work mentioned in terms of praise. Some players whom I have taken to task for their neglect of the fine points of their work have said: "What's the use? No one cares. The manager doesn't and the audience doesn't know enough."

My answer to that defense is this: No matter who cares or who knows, if you don't do your work as you know it should be done you are hurting no one but yourself, because if you don't do your best on your present job you'll never do it on any job.

It is far easier to acquire bad habits than good ones. Laziness is synonymous with loss of ambition and backsliding. When we cease to progress we backslide, because all else around us is progressing. Paste that in your hat or somewhere that it may be seen.

Pipe Organ for the Movies

TEN or a dozen years ago picture music was furnished, as a rule, by a lone piano player, a little later augmented by drums and traps. Then a few stout-hearted exhibitors "took a chance" and put in orchestras of varying sizes from three to ten pieces. All the while exhibitors and managers were learning the importance of good music and that it was a paying proposition. Then came the advent of the pipe or church organ, which has also proved to be a good investment.

Here in Boston seventeen theatres in the city proper have installed pipe organs, giving employment to twenty-nine organists. There are several suburban theatres using organs, and many others have put in the American Photoplayer, Wurlitzer and Seeburg orchestral players.

This shows the trend of affairs in regard to movie music. Managers and owners of theatres are doing their part in providing suitable instruments and are ever on the lookout for musicians to perform upon them. Musicians who have the qualifications of a thorough movie player are in demand, and the supply does not exceed the demand, at least, not in this vicinity.

What's the answer? It is up to the moving picture pianists and organists to qualify and perfect their work of playing for the pictures. The finest organ ever built is worthless if not properly played and proper music played upon it. An instrument worth seven or eight thousand dollars can produce about twenty-three cents' worth of music, or be made to sound "like a million dollars"—all dependent upon the performer, and principally upon his ability to play for pictures.

When organs were first introduced for picture playing purposes managers advertised the fact widely and secured concert organists in some cases to give short recitals upon the new instrument. The managers soon learned that movie patrons came to their theatres to see pictures, and while they enjoyed the organ music with the pictures the recital idea didn't go over very strong, proving again that "the play's the thing."

Managers also learned that concert organists with big reputations did not prove to be picture-playing organists at

(Continued on page 21)

Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen

John Stark, Pioneer Publisher

Present elsewhere on this page a photograph of Mr. John Stark of St. Louis, who might well be called the dean of music publishers—ragtime especially. It was he who discovered Scott Joplin, who put on paper for the first time the genius of that wonderful composer of classic ragtime. It was he who gave to the public the famous and never dying "Maple Leaf Rag," the "Cascades Rag," and the like, numbers that will outlive many generations.

Mr. Stark is operating a large publishing plant in St. Louis. The plant is unique owing to the fact that all the engraving and printing are done in its own building from start to finish.

Dixie Harris, Prima Donna

Under the management of Mr. Lee Krause of Chicago, Miss Dixie Harris has blossomed into a star of musical comedy, and her delightful voice will be heard in the big-time vaudeville theatres of the country this season. Any song is popular after she sings it.

Arthur Geis, Organist

I WISH I had a full length picture of this celebrated moving picture organist to give the readers of MELODY, but if I had one it would have to be reduced to a very small scale in order to make the length fit our pages and then the width wouldn't be worth mentioning, because Arthur Geis is without exaggeration almost eight feet tall.

I never will forget one day when I walked down Michigan Boulevard with Geis and Corbitt—Corbitt is about five feet to the good from the ground up, while I personally am credited with six feet and I had to walk between the two. Arthur would say something and I had to look up to him in order to get what he was talking about; then Jimmy Corbitt would talk and I would have to look down on the other side to get him. I had a pain in the neck for a week afterward. But don't be fooled about Mr. Geis, because with every inch of his long legs, and his slender arms, which taper into the longest fingers on earth, he sure can play the pipe organ and especially the Hope Jones Unit Orchestra. He is now being featured in a leading picture theater in Canada.

Bernard Brin sends in a photograph of his new automobile—all paid for with ragtime money. And he has enough change left to pay for garage-rent, gasoline and everything that goes with it.

Ray Worley, formerly in charge of the Kansas City School of Popular Music, is now manager of the Cleveland School of Popular Music.

F. G. Corbitt is back again at his desk in Boston, where the pupils are enrolling in large numbers for the coming season. Reason why—"F. G." was an advertising man before he started teaching ragtime and the two work together splendidly.

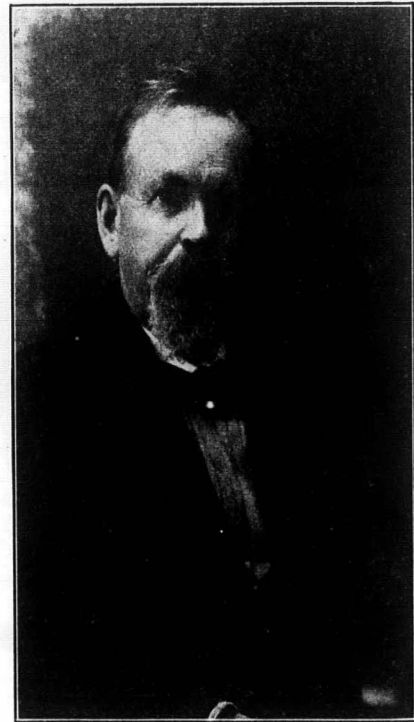
A letter has been received from George F. Schulte, the man who made ragtime famous in Cleveland, and I hope my friend Walter Jacobs does not forget to send him a copy of this paper because it tickles George to see his name in print. Address him care of 32d Company, Camp Gordon, July A. R. D., A. E. F., France. Friends and teachers and managers who know what a good fellow he is should drop him a line.

Charlie Schultz, formerly of Milwaukee, is now en route for France.

Merle Dappert, who was connected with the Chicago School of Popular Music before the war, and who since won his commission of lieutenant along with his three brothers, has had the misfortune to lose one of his brothers at the front—killed in action, we understand.

Edw. J. Mellinger's publication, "Loveland of Roses and Dreams," a beautiful ballad in 12-8 time, is being used in Theodore Schipper's Elmo Minstrels by Harry Clark, a real ballad singer. Mr. Clark is one of Forrest Thompson's apt ragtime pupils.

David Reichstein gave a ragtime recital and dance to his pupils recently which was well attended, and through which he made many new enrolments.



John Stark

Hans Mettke of Davenport finds that his class is increasing fast since he succeeded in convincing a couple of skeptics who started in with him some time ago, "under pressure" so to speak. They evidently were satisfied and started telling folks they were, which is the logical result.

Mr. Jacob Schwartz is teaching ragtime in Buffalo with great success, and says prospects for 1918 are brighter than ever. We received a letter from one of his pupils a few days ago, saying that Mr. Schwartz was a wonderful teacher of ragtime, so patient and so clear in explaining everything. That is undoubtedly one of the reasons of his success.

Mr. W. T. Gleason of San Francisco is doing fine, and reports splendid prospects for the fall.

The other night at a small-town song contest, a classical young man who conformed to general specifications usually attributed to a srat, arose in all his glory and gave voice thus:

Mr. Hackett will sing "If It Takes a Thousand Years." Some persistent lad is Hackett.

One of the brightest at the Los Angeles Ragtime School of Phil Kaufman is the famous movie star, Mabel Normand.

Mr. Daniel A. Hill, the noted St. Louis tenor, has closed his summer school of music at Locksley Hall, Waupaca, Wisconsin. During the past year Mr. Hill took up the saxophone, simply as a recreation at first, but has become so proficient on the instrument that he and his saxophone are now practically inseparable. In fact, it is reported that he has taken the expensive electric horn off his fast and powerful motor boat, and instead, when he wishes to warn other vessels from his path stands up in the bow and plays the saxophone.

Mrs. Mabel Rogers of Kansas City never misses a symphony concert, but nevertheless she is "right there" with the ragtime touch when required, and has done wonderfully well in teaching ragtime.

Bessie Yeager of Minneapolis writes in that she surely will need more space for her school this fall, judging from the past season.

Robert Marine, whose ragtime college at 151 W. 125th Street in New York has been a landmark for years, is now moving into larger and more beautiful quarters. The new address will be given later.

Mrs. Boswell, who has had charge of Forrest Thompson's Louisville school of popular music, has moved into a lovely downtown studio in that city, with the result that her class of pupils nearly doubled the first week. Mrs. Boswell is a remarkable musician of the old school who has wonderfully adapted herself to the newer field of ragtime and popular music with splendid success.

Edw. Mellinger is starting his fall campaign of display advertising for his St. Louis ragtime school.

Bessie Yeager has operated a Minneapolis branch of the Chicago School of Popular Music going on two years. Now she owns the Minneapolis school herself, having recently purchased it from the home corporation. Bessie sure has been a hard worker, and with her natural business ability she always "got the money."

Esther Gomborg of Duluth is coming to Chicago, where her wonderful ability as a pianist should bring its just reward.

Board Stevens Williams, prominent Boston business man and man about town is studying ragtime with Mr. Corbitt in Boston. That's nothing, everybody is doing it.

E. J. Schwebel has taken charge of Mr. Mellinger's branch school in the Odeon Building, St. Louis.

Forrest Thompson of Louisville has had the honor of teaching ragtime to a lady pianist, Miss Grace La Rue, formerly of New York City, who has played on the program with Paderewski and Mischa Ellman—going some, eh? Miss La Rue played nothing but classic at one time.

Jesse Parker, who has been teaching ragtime for the past two years in Portland at the Eilers Building, has been forced to seek larger space to accommodate his rapidly increasing class of pupils.

(Continued on page 21)

Rainbows

NOVELETTE

BERNARD FENTON

Allegretto Moderato

PIANO

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MELODY

più mosso

p meno mosso

f

poco rit.

Tempo I

ff

f

mf

rit.

f

MELODY

P-f a tempo

MELODY

Sunshine

Spread All the Sunshine You Can

Words and Music by
GEORGE L. COBB

Moderato

PIANO

f

f *p*

till voice

1. When clouds are heavy and the sun for-gets to shine, When life seems emp-ty and your heart be-gins to pine,
2. Some-times an old re-mem-bered song will bring a-gain Joy to a heart that's bur-den-ed down with care and pain,

p

Just think of oth-ers who are bear-ing more than you A kind-ly act or word will let the sun-shine through. We
Some-times a help-ing hand will lift a fall-en friend That cheers him on his way un-til the jour-ney's end. We

can-not live in vain Nor pass this way a-gain, But ev-ry-one be-neath the sun can help some-one in pain.
all can do our bit, It does-n't take much grit, For ev-ry-one be-neath the sun can use his "sun-shine kit."

MELODY

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CHORUS (Slowly)

There's a thorn for ev-ry rose that blos-soms, There's a cloud in ev-ry sky of

p *2d time f*

blue, There's a sigh for ev-ry heart that's bro-ken, There are tears for

love that proves un-true; Ev-ry life should have its share of glad-ness, It's a

part of God's e-ter-nal plan; This old world has had e-nough of sad-ness

So spread all the sun-shine you can. There's a can.

f

D.S.
MELODY

The Ebbing Tide

VALSE LENTE

WALTER ROLFE

INTRO

Lento

PIANO

VALSE

MELODY

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Animato

MELODY

Agitato

HARRY NORTON

Allegro

PIANO

MELODY

Interpreting the Photoplay

Continued from page 7

all. Many of them had no conception of the work whatever, having had no experience in theatre work—in fact, a few considered the work of a movie player undignified and rather beneath them.

This led to a demand for organists of lesser reputation as concert or recital performers, but with the much more necessary ability to "play the pictures."

Next to an orchestra of fairly good size the pipe organ is the best musical interpreter for photoplays. Organ or any imitative orchestral instrument can never replace the human orchestral performers or give such results, because one performer, having but two hands and two feet, soon realizes that it is a physical impossibility to reproduce the tone color, shading and embellishments of ensemble musicians.

Being "next best" to the human orchestra, the pipe organ should be considered as a unit orchestra rather than as organ in the sense that we have generally regarded the organ for

church music. The organ should be imitative of the orchestra—leaning toward string, flute and wood-wind tone rather than the heavier diapason tone so suggestive of church music. Variety of registration is also most important. Organ music will become monotonous unless the performer uses good judgment in contrasting the many varieties of tone of which the instrument is capable.

Movie organists are sometimes sharply criticised by players of the "old school" for their violation of some "hard and fast" rules of organ playing, as taught before pictures were even dreamed of. These critics should bear in mind that the movie organist is obliged to adapt himself and his performance to a new order of things, and many of the old-fashioned "do's and don'ts" must be thrown in the discard in order to accomplish the work that must now be done. The theatre organist of to-day must play ragtime on the instrument when the occasion demands, and he must therefore formulate his own rules and method of so doing. Results are what count, not our methods of getting them.

Its Force and Form as a Fighting Factor

Continued from page 6

recreation their music has been poured into them by concert, cabaret theatre and vaudeville singers on the one side, by the bands and dance orchestras on the other side, or by reproducing machines on both sides, with the great bulk of this outpouring partaking of the popular.

It is undeniable that much of the current popular music is as wretchedly bad musically, metrically and methodically as other of it is intrinsically good melodically, lyrically and rhythmically, yet such as it is practically is the only music upon which the majority of these men have been reared, and is about all the music-food of which they know. Left to itself in this newly created musical atmosphere, however, the chances are large that appetite will normalize itself in time, for despite musical handicaps of the past it is noticeable that most of the men already instinctively turn to that music which holds the greater germ of the better, giving but short shift to the hopelessly banal, wholly trivial and all too often the vulgar.

What effect all this musical out put and out pour will have upon American music of the future is not germane to this writing, which is dealing with present facts; but for itself—first, last, and at all times—MELODY most firmly believes in soldier-singing and in singing-soldiers. First, because it unifies the souls of a heterogeneous mass into one supreme soul with a single purpose; last, because it uplifts the spirits and sustains the souls of the singers, while steeling heart and body to the certainty of winning in a just and righteous cause; at all times, because through this universal soldier-singing there is created a new soldier spirit that is born of something deeper, broader and higher than bravado or mere brute force. Further, as an observer of musical trend and an exponent of certain specific forms of music, this magazine also firmly believes that—first, last and at all times—the soldiers sing best what they like most, and that which they best and most like are the self-expressing heart-songs of the people—the familiar and popular songs of the nation for which they fight, and which are given new force of greater form through SOLDIER-SINGING.—M. V. F.

Chicago Syncopations

Continued from page 8

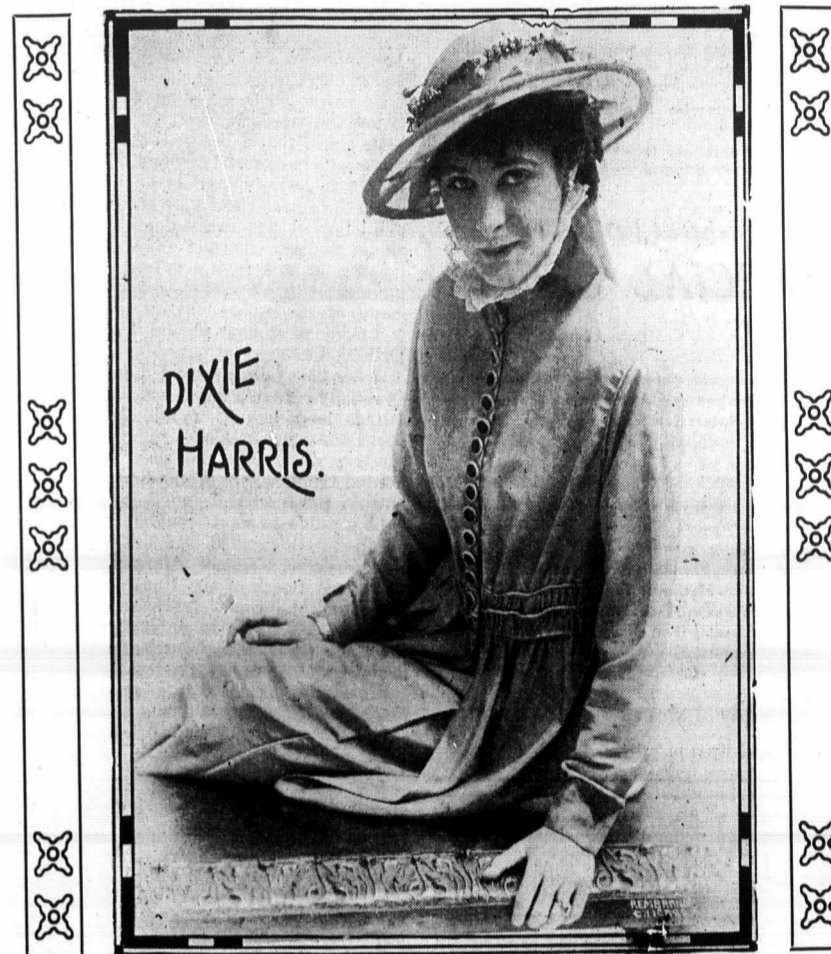
"I am trying a new way of advertising. I have told all my pupils that, for the next two months whoever gets the most new pupils will receive three free lessons. And for every new one they give me, I will give them one free lesson. I think in that way it will encourage them to boost more, and by giving them a free lesson for every one they bring it is giving those that don't get the three free ones something for their work."—Mrs. Marie Reager, Spokane, Wash.

"Mrs. Minikus of Omaha is certainly going the limit on advertising. She recently advertised her ragtime school in the display columns of the Omaha papers, using space measuring three columns wide by eight inches long. She reports a splendid business for the opening of the season.

"Esther Gomberg, who teaches ragtime at Duluth with splendid success, has a little brother only nine years old, Louis Roos Gomberg, who is a phenomenal pianist. According to reports of the critics he plays the great masters' compositions with uncanny ease.

"Miss Tillie Brauer, a student of Mrs. Henry, who has been teaching ragtime for some time at La Salle, Ill., has obtained a position as pianist at the Hays Dance Academy. She is delighted with her experience at the school of Mrs. Henry, and gives her lessons with Miss Henry due credit to helping her advance.

"Mr. Koenig at Easthampton, Mass., is enjoying prosperity this fall. He writes that his pupils are coming in fine and that the people in his city are waking up to the fact that there is such a thing as a course of ragtime piano playing.



Have You Studied Harmony?

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3. To Harmonize Melodies correctly and arrange music for bands and orchestras.
4. To Detect Wrong Notes and faulty progressions, whether in printed music or during the performance of a composition.
5. To Memorize Rapidly, one of the very greatest benefits derived from the study of Harmony.
6. To Substitute Other Notes when for any reason the ones written are inconvenient to play.

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SAY "I SAW YOUR AD IN MELODY"



Just Between You and Me

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BE THAT AS IT MAY

I received a letter the other day from an admirer of this column way out in "Frisco," who insisted that I choke off the Muse long enough to sit down and in a nice little personal communication tell him why I happened to write and how I wrote the song "Are You from Dixie?" After faithfully "frisking" the "Frisco" letter and failing to find return postage for said n. l. p. c., and also finding that aforesaid admirer had failed to remit twenty-eight dollars and forty-six cents for a thousand word letter (regular rates), I have concluded to be nice and let you all in on the ground floor (I'm not trying to sell you anything) and tell how the trick was turned.

Quitting the camouflage, the secret is in that italicized word (i. e., printed in a different family of type) about five lines down from the top—it simply "happened," that's "why," and here's "how." One morning about three years ago yours truly was idly toying with the keys of a small upright piano in a music shop in Buffalo, where I usually held forth and seldom "held" anything better than a pair (of hands), when my old partner Jack Yellen (in the service now, bless his liver and bacon and kidney stew), then sporting editor of the Buffalo Courier, blew in (he's always breezy) and loosened up that he had a "bear" of an idea for a song-hit up his sleeve.

Now, up one's sleeve is no place for a bear, so I told him to shake out the cub and let's see the strength of its word-claws. He shook the little critter out by giving me the title and reciting the words of the chorus, and I (the little rascal that I be) took the thing to my bosom and immediately ground out the melody that was destined soon to be whistled from coast to coast. I can't for the life of me explain how it was really done; it just came along as naturally and easily as a kitten lapping up milk from a saucer, and with no more effort than a wild mountain goat leaping from crag to crevice without making a slip, and inside of an hour we had "Are You from Dixie" on manuscript paper.

A few days later we wended our weary way (we really rode in a day coach, but "wended" sounds more like poetry) to New York to be heard by the music-publishing lions in their respective dens. We not only bearded but hunted the lions, yet lol the first two real big howlers failed to see our effort in the same light we did—in short, couldn't see it in any old light. Undaunted, and still retaining our wonted nerve, we made a formal call on Mr. Isadore Witmark of the House of Witmark, and found him a most gentle and genial lion. With never a growl he unblushingly told us the number was "there," immediately grabbed it and—well, you know the rest.

Moral: You should wear the same size hat, be that as it may!

V. C. L., Chicago, Ill.

My answer to your long epistle will be short. You call yourself an ignorant person and an ignoramus several times. You are not, Cousin Egbert, you are not. You're just different from the ordinary run of mortals, that's all. To be frank with you, I must say and say truthfully that I can't make out the melody you sent me to "recognize." I would take it to be a part of the Patagonian Na-

tional Hymn or the refrain of an ancient Yiddish boating song. To make sure, I think you'd better call me up, long distance, on Mr. Bell's telephone and whistle this air to me. The best time to find me in is before 5 A.M. or all day long.

D. and E., Atlantic City, N. J.

Your waltz "Varsity Days" makes a very clever medley waltz. Bringing in the old-time college songs in waltz time is unique and pleasing. This number should sell if published. "The Spirit of the Times" is a good 6-8 march. I would hardly put it in a class by itself, as it is like a hundred other numbers written in this tempo. Try and rewrite this piece and put in a little more originality. Your splendid title deserves it. "The Talisman Waltz" shows unusual originality and musicianship. You should find little or no difficulty in placing this number to good advantage.

D. L. C., Canton, Ohio.

Your ideas of comedy, kind sir, are below the water mark. I refuse to give your lyric a criticism in this column. Your title, "The Blow Almost Killed Mother," is enough. I sincerely hope you have a bad case of hang nails that will last until the end of the war.

E. E. H., Osie, W. Va.

Out of your three poems, namely, "Last Night I Dreamed," "I Wish in My Heart" and "O, Those Lips," I would select the first one as being the best and most worthy of a musical setting and publication. Get in touch with our Melody Professional Service Department. They will give you the information that you desire. "I Wish in My Heart" and "O, Those Lips" are both too tame and mushy, but "Last Night I Dreamed" is all right as it stands.

D. G. D., Morgantown, W. Va.

Your sacred solo, or rather hymn, is above criticism in this department. I would advise you to submit this to some company that publishes nothing but hymns and pieces of this character. Your words are fine and true, and express the thought and sentiment that every Christian should have. Your music is stately and typifies the spirit of the words.

P. V. D., San Antonio, Tex.

"In the Old Magnolia Grove" is a song worth while. The words and music blend. While this number is a trifle old fashioned in its style, it stands out clean, and should make a good seller if published. Would advise you to have your arrangement built up a bit, as it is weak in places. "Dixie Coons" is a good darkey poem. Your chorus is especially strong, as it contains new rhymes and punches. There are only one or two Dixie war songs on the market, and this lyric, combined with a catchy melody, would easily get by.

M. Van N., Hutchinson, Kan.

I don't know where you ever got the idea that "Won't You Buy a Rosy Posey?" was a song poem. You only have two lines for your chorus, and they don't even rhyme. Your verses are so choppy that no one can make out the meter. Better doctor this poem up and submit it again, if you want me to give you a fair criticism.

L. K. M., Amsterdam, N. Y.

"If I Love You and You Love Me, Then We Love Each Other" is one wonderful title for a song. This ditty would make a splendid "get together" song for little gatherings like Sunday School picnics, or in the old front parlor when the younger generation gets tired of playing Post Office and other kindred kid-dish games. "Uncle Sammy, You're a Brick" is another one wonderful song title. This poem contains many new and original rhymes, too new I fear for popular home consumption. Neither of these lyrics would do for popular songs.

L. T., New York City.

Yes, L. T., you stand just as good a chance to get in with the "big league" publishers as the next man. Your batting average runs high in the three songs submitted this month for criticism. "Patty O'Shea" is a corking good Irish novelty song. Why not try and place this number with some stage artist who makes a specialty of singing songs of this kind? "Beautiful," etc., is new, both in the words and in the music, and could be made to be a big seller if placed with the right house. "Egyptian" would make a fine production number, as it has a catchy fox-trot melody and words that are "ripe" with clever lines and punches. I hope to see your name on the title page of a hit some day. More power to you.

A. D. L., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I Could Never Love Another" is an old, old idea with a few new clothes pinned on. In your chorus you mention "Something about you that I never want to part." Young man and former fellow-townsmen, what do you mean? Her hair? This lyric will never appeal to a melody writer or the music-buying public. Shoot it at sunrise. "If That Dream Would Only Come True" has been done to death. Isolate it. "My Little Soldier Boy" as a song poem is good. Your meter is excellent, and your story runs smoothly and works up to a good climax in the chorus. Would make a fair patriotic song with a march-time melody.

J. P. S., Reading, Pa.

I fail to see where your question bears any relationship to this department. If I were a vocal teacher I could probably tell you how to stop the pernicious habit of singing out of the left-hand corner of your mouth. If you paint the sole of your left foot with a strong solution of iodine, and concentrate your mind on a sorrel horse for eleven minutes each day, I believe you can overcome this trouble of yours. I positively know that this method has been used among the Bulgarian school children to your great advantage. Kindly let me know how you come out.

F. A. L., Sonia, Mich.

"Keep the Ball a Rolling Here at Home" is far from being a poor patriotic poem but it comes very near being a flop when considered as a song lyric. This effort of yours would show up to advantage in a newspaper or magazine, but even with the most catchy music in the world it would lie dormant on the music counter. Why? No punch or wallop to it.

E. D., Broken, Idaho.

'Tis evident that someone has hypothesized some of your good cold boiled coin for the musical setting of your poem entitled, "The Farewell Kiss." The words and music are both good but not of the selling quality I fear. Taken as a whole this number seems flat and insipid. While it contains many clever ideas it fails to impress one as a regular finished song. It looks as if you would have to pocket your loss and try something else. If you do, don't monkey with the war problem.

(Continued on page 24)

EDNA MAY AYER, VOCALIST



R. MALE-READER, did you ever have the unexpected sprung on you suddenly—just like THAT, only quicker? If it ever happens to you, don't get cold feet as it usually proves worse in anticipation than in realization, in this particular instance much worse.

Some few days prior to this writing, with no time for personal preparation—dusting cigar ashes from his coat (there's always plenty of 'em to dust), patting down his back hair (he has some) and patting his courage on the back (he hasn't any too much)—with no time for all this, and wholly without warning, the writer was summoned into the big sanctum to inter-



Edna May Ayer

view (they said "meet") a well-known Boston singer. Greatly to his already great confusion he found the lady just like ordinary, everyday people only more so—a warmly extended hand and quick and genial laugh and a prevailing atmosphere of *bon camaraderie*. A few words quickly established the fact that the lady came from the writer's home town, that her two Christian names were the same as those of a near relative and that she knew the same people he knew, even to a singing nephew (the young fellow's only offense.) After that conversation flowed as smoothly as the singer's voice.

As everybody has surmised by this time, the lady was Miss Edna May Ayer, the subject of the caption and the original of the accompanying photograph. Miss Ayer was born in Providence, R. I., and it's nobody's business how few or how many years ago. She studied voice and vocalism under Arthur Hubbard and Ivan Morauski of Boston and became very popular with Providence people, singing at the great Narragansett Hotel for three years and in concerts with the famous American Band, under the direction of Bowen R. Church.

Coming to Boston she sang for two years with the Boston Opera Company, in the chorus and as understudy (chorus singers in this company were accepted only after passing most rigid social examinations and tests), and was the soloist at the Villa Napoli at Nantasket Beach for two seasons. She also has done much outside concert work, besides singing at most of the larger picture houses. Miss

(Continued on page 25)

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Just Between You and Me

(Continued from page 23)

W. E. M., Washington C. H., Ohio.
Your "inspiration" entitled "Soldier's Farewell" is original but not "perfect," as you try to lead me to believe. You have taken too many liberties with the human voice in the melody of your song. You flit with utter abandon to G above middle C and that is an "un-nice" thing to do in a popular song. Your words while being "original" fail to display a single punch. To be frank with you I consider this effort worthless.

W. S. B., Lancaster, Ohio.
"You May Call Me Honey," etc., is a great little idea. The words are refreshingly new and clever and deserve a much better melody. The music is catchy and pretty enough and fits the words correctly, but is too song-song. Get me? Do it over again. It's a corker.

A. A. S., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Across the Sea" simply states a few well-known facts about the war and tells a story that everyone knows by heart. The melody fits the words and nothing more. This number is a war song without any wallop. That's all. I believe that you spent good money to have this song published. Eh? Too bad, old man. If you can deliver the goods publishers will pay you and you won't have to cough up to see your name in print. Beware of the "harmony hound" in the future, as there is no come-back.

R. W. P., Red Wing, Minn.
"When Our Shell Fire Pours the Hell Fire Into Pots-damn" is one regular war song. It tells a mighty good story and works up to one of the best punches I've ever heard. The music is all there too. If this song gets too big for you people to handle you might interest some big house in it. It contains real hit material.

K. L., Los Angeles, Cal.
"Ain't Goin' to Play No More" is a pretty and extremely well-written "kid" song. This song should have a good sale. Words and music contain much originality. "Good-bye Girlie" is a war song with just enough merit to keep it from being a hit.

C. E. T., Philadelphia, Pa.
You surely have a whole lot of talent for song writing, but that fact alone won't compel the big publishers to grab your numbers. Personally I like your music better than your words. Why don't you try your barn yard song on some act that could use a piece of this kind? Keep in the game, old man, you're bound to hit it sometime.

E. P., Concord Junction, Mass.
"Dear Old Pal" is not an original title, but you have written a mighty good march ballad just the same. Your music is excellent, and will get by anywhere. The words fall flat in the chorus. Better rewrite it, cutting out Rhode Island and putting a little more punch in it.

G. R. P., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Your waltz "The Dream Princess," aside from having a pretty first strain is a very dreary affair. This number needs a real pianistic arrangement and a little color distributed in the bald spots. If this were done I believe the waltz would have a fairly good chance on the market.

G. W. B., Creston, Ia.
"The Right Will Win the War," taken as a complete song, is an utter failure. Your idea is good and patriotic, but your poem and melody are very clearly the work of an amateur.

(Continued on page 25)

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(Continued from page 23)

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The Question Box

Under this heading Mr. Norton answers questions of movie musicians and movie fans. Melody subscribers are invited to avail themselves of this special service, addressing communications to Melody Photoplay Interpretation Dept.

L. M. C., Hoboken, N. J.

The writer has tried to solve your problem and finds it can't be done. I have played upon the style instrument you mention. Because it has only one manual, and when a reed stop is drawn the entire keyboard plays on that reed, it is impossible to use for solo purposes. In order to use a reed stop for solo work it is necessary to have a second manual on which a light string and flute accompaniment may be registered. The lack of pedal bass increases the difficulty also.

J. G. B., Harrisburg, Pa.

The following numbers are good for either Spanish or Mexican atmosphere: "Flor de Habana," Darclay; "La Sevillana," Leigh; "La Paloma," Yradier; "Pepeeta," Hildreth; "Anita," Allen; "Mi Amada," Leigh; "A Visayan Belle," Eno, and "Spanish Dances," Moskowsky.

K. B. C., St. Joseph, Me.

There are two kinds of "ciphers," one caused by dirt or other obstruction lodged on the leathered surface of the valve at the foot of the pipe; the other by corrosion of the electric contact, which causes a short circuit and makes constant connection. The first-named trouble is in the wind chest and cannot be reached except by a repairer or organ builder. The second variety of trouble is located in the console or key-desk. Would not advise "monkeying" with it until you have been shown what to do by your repair man. It is a simple operation when you know just where to touch the sore spot, but an electro-pneumatic console is too delicate to be experimented upon.

(Continued from page 24)

and hardly worth the expense you went to to have this song published. Your trying to rhyme "world and word" is unforgivable, and hitting G above middle C is out of the question in a popular song. Hope you sell enough copies of this number to get your money back.

R. M. W., Olathe, Colo.

"We're a Long, Long Way," etc., has a lot of good points, but by the time this song was on the road to popularity the world war would be ancient history. A melody written in 2-4 time instead of common time would be more appropriate for your lyric. You have talent and stand a good chance of hitting on an idea that will bring you the bacon sometime. Keep at it.

"THAT'S WHAT THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE MEANS" (To Every True Heart in the U. S. A.) is the title of the VOCAL arrangement of the famous March NATIONAL EMBLEM. SOME title and SOME music. Full facts, with photo of the lucky contestant, in our November issue.

"Touring with Treve"

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A. D. L., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ye gods and fresh cod. "Julia You're a Wonderful Jewel." She's got cheeks like a sapphire, eyes like an opal, smiles like diamonds and hair of gold. She's no jewel, she's a bird. This is not a song poem. It is a jewelry ad. "I'll Have to Forget You" contains a fairly good idea, but you don't work it out to any point. You end your chorus with such lines as these, "I have nothing else to say except you've been unkind to me, God bless you." Terrible. "You've Broken My Heart Little Girl" is a good ballad poem and might have a chance on the market if set to the right waltz melody.

HOW TRUE!

I wrote a little war song which I sent to Leo Feist.

I thought I'd make a fortune and share it with a Priest.

I waited for an answer, I waited anxiously,

And when I heard from Leo this is what he said to me:

"I have read your copy over and while it's very good

I regret I cannot use it, for I'm gorged with war song-food.

The words are very touching and the music sure is fine,

But I've got enough of war songs to dam the River Rhine."

W. J. Carlin.

There's a lot of good wholesome truths as well as poetry in the little rhyming squib printed above. No doubt W. J. C., of fair California, rhymed Feist with Priest purposely as a matter of poetical license, but a lot of people make the mistake of rhyming Feist with priest, yeast, etc. Mr. Feist's name should be pronounced so as to rhyme with *priced*. Now let's all get together on the Fourth Liberty Loan. Next!

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†Paprakana Leo Friedman			†Danza Tango R. Gruenwald	
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			†An Algerian Intermezzo A. A. Bobb	
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