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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

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MELODY

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

THE ELEVENTH OF NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN! Clamored by iron-tongued, vociferous, joy-pealing bells; salvoed by brazen-mouthed, thunder-throated guns; acclaimed in wild singing, shouting and cheering by millions of men and women, youths and maidens, boys and girls; whistled by shrilling and shrieking sirens over land and water; voiced in a frenzy of exuberant joy and vented in universal uproar, who will ever forget year, month and day? VIVE! VIVA! HURRAH AND HUZZA!

There can be no living person who is animated with sense, spirit and soul who will ever forget the morning, noon and night of November Eleven. Preceding the great world-anniversary of the birth of *The Prince of Peace* by only forty-five calendar days, the heart-thrilling and soul-stirring message telling that THE WORLD-WAR WAS OVER came almost as another glorious paean from angelic hosts to proclaim to a war-wearied, soul-sickened world the glad tidings of "Peace on Earth, Good Will To Men!" And like that first "Glorious Song of Old" the second wondrous word flashed from the darkness between midnight and dawn.

No matter what may be our conditions and circumstances individually, and no matter what sacred ties or friendly relations may have been severed and broken by the world cataclysm, in the heart of each of us this coming Christmas should be hailed as the second greatest and grandest in nineteen hundred and eighteen years. Let us all then so meet, greet and hail it, and more spontaneous, heartfelt and joyous than ever before let there burst from the lips of every living soul the joyful greeting of MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

PEACE WITH SONGS

T was great and glorious *noise*, much NOISE and then MORE NOISE that marked the dawning and duration of that ever unforgettable day of November Eleven of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, yet of music there was but little. There were bands of course, and more bands when officialdom took a hand in the great celebration, yet for the most part these were submerged and drowned in the tumultuous, unceasing medley of rampant noise from stridently whistling sirens on factories and all harbor craft, mingled with the blatant blowing of horns in the hands of fifty-year-old small boys and the younger kids of ten years and upwards. It was a glorified exhibition of spontaneous combustion bursting from deep smouldering patriotism and long repressed hopes, and when it burst forth the great white flame of peace enveloped every man, woman and child, creating a very pandemonium of joyous frenzy. In every hamlet, village, town and city where there were red-hot wires to convey and spread the contagious burning of enthusiasm, it was first, last and all the time the *people's day*, yet it was not specially marked by the *people's music*—by songs and the singing of songs in a mighty outburst of long pent-up feelings.

Not for one minute must this bit of writing be mistaken as an expression of young editorial priggishness, middle-aged foolishness or fossilized imbecility, for although not in the mad swirl of joy physically, in spirit the writer was in it up to the neck. With eyes, ears and heart he was as deep in the mud of joyous din as were others in the mire of joyful noise, yet when it had all passed and normality again began to assert, there came an unsatisfied sense of something which had not been lasting—a something which should have been as unforgettable as was the day itself—and that something was the lacking grandeur of public emotion spontaneously expressing through songs and singing, a vocal outpouring that would have been beyond the pale of the forgettable.

If we may rely upon history and story, before the day of great bells, and the introduction of whistles and sirens and horns in this country, the people were wont to express in shouting and singing. With the advent of many bells their glorious toning and chiming were added to the singing, and with the increase of heavy ordnance there was added the deep-toned booming of reverberating guns, yet with all this the people sang—in the earlier days hymns only, but later on both hymns and the current popular songs of the people.

In the old City of Boston, on this greatest peace day in the world's history of peace celebrations, there indeed was the pealing of many bells—most notably the ancient bell in the spire of the Old South Church that, beginning with the War of the Revolution, has clanged out war's alarums and then joyously proclaimed the tidings of peace. But who could hear these bells through the general din? It is reported that in New York City a well-known organist threw wide the doors of his church, then for hour after hour played Handel's massive "Hallelujah Chorus" and the militant old church hymns that everyone knows and reveres—"Onward Christian Soldiers," "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," "The Church Is One Foundation" and many others—yet how many heard and revered them over the noise?

Through the entire country on that day were thousands of stricken souls to whom its dawning brought not only heart-felt rejoicing for the return of white-winged peace, but also carried a far deeper significance. To these souls the day was also one of consecration to the loved and lost who unflinchingly had sacrificed on the world's altar of peace—a day in which noise, no matter what the cause or how deep the meaning, could have no part, but a day on which music would have proved a soul solace. To these souls the pealing of joy-bells could they have been heard over the clamor, would have come as a sorrowful yet triumphant requiem.

In Boston, on high church steps and from other elevated positions, trumpeters played the familiar hymns and patriotic airs, and when audible these received an inspired and reverential hearing. On the Sunday following peace day a quartet of trumpeters in New York played at All Angels' Church in that city, and those present will never forget the impressive solemnity of that church processional as the trumpeters, preceding the vested choir and following a great American flag, marched down the broad central aisle of the great building playing the majestic strains of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Let us reiterate the statement that in this writing there is no intent to decry the noise that was inevitable as an outbursting of joy at the dawning of a great world-peace, yet would not the bells and the trumpets and massed singing by the people have carried a greater dignity of peace and have made for a deeper and more lasting significance in the hearts and minds of the up-growing generations? The peace bells in themselves might possibly have clanged out a stern significance to those who at heart may have supported the power that melted the sacred old bells of Belgium to further feed the iron Krupp dogs of war.

We are soon to extend a welcome to the soldiers returning from the war, and at the time of this writing we are on the eve of the greatest festival of general Thanksgiving that America has ever known or probably ever will know; not only a Thanksgiving Day, but a Thanksgiving Week that already has been dedicated as Victory Song Week—peace consecrated with songs—and how better can deep and true rejoicing be expressed than to voice it in song! In the early part of the week in Boston at Boston Symphony Hall, when General Edwards of the gallant 26th will be given a welcome home, a massed body of more than 200 soldiers from Camp Devens will sing their camp songs, and after the patriotic airs it is needless to say that the bulk of these songs will be the popular melodies that have lightened the tedium of weeks and months of training.

Song leaders have been appointed throughout the country to conduct a song campaign in theatres, moving-picture houses, department stores, factories and at public gatherings. On Thursday, Thanksgiving Day itself, throughout this great continent of freedom millions of voices will be raised almost simultaneously in song in churches, homes and theatres; a universal vocal outpouring of general Thanksgiving for the Victory of Peace—a great united praise offering in song never before known in world history. For all these song-services during the week it has been requested that, for the sake of a certain uniformity, at least four of the songs included in the programs of each community shall be "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

We have revelled in the glorious noise and have expressed in a grand symphony of noise, that after all was but the public safety-valve for long accumulated patriotic steam, and it is now fitting that all should turn to the deeper significance expressing through songs—the soldier-songs and the heart-songs of a great people. The "Long, Long Trail" is now winding backwards towards the homeland, the "Home Fires" have been kept burning for the men who are soon to return victoriously singing "It's Over, Over There," and how shall they be received? These men are not only tired of noise, but have been nauseated with noise—sickened to the soul with the sound of guns and the shrieking of death shells. What, then, shall be their most glorious welcoming? Shall it be through the booming of cannon and the wild shrieking of steam sirens, or shall it be a universal outpouring of soul in singing—the welcoming of Peace with Songs?

WHO WAS SPONSOR?

ELSEWHERE in this issue of MELODY, by presenting the respective claims of Messrs. Harney and McIntyre, Mr. Axel W. Christensen brings up the ever illusive and elusive *ignis fatuous*, or musical "Will o' the Wisp," as to who originated ragtime in America.

At different times within the past few years the origin of ragtime has been a more or less prolific topic of discussion in newspapers, theatre publications and music magazines—yes, even from the pulpit. In all of these discursive dissertations and disputations, however, but little seems actually to have been proved regarding the originator of this body and brain-compelling rhythm—that is, not the *originator* of the actual rhythm itself, which may and probably does antedate all written music and music history, but the man who originally put this rhythm before the public as a distinctively American musical form and so projected it on its world-conquering way; in other words, the sponsor and not the parent.

One claimant to the distinction was the well-known New York production manager (and sometime producer), Ned Wayburn. In its Sunday issue of September 12, 1915, the New York *Times* printed an interview with Mr. Wayburn, in which this manager makes claim of introducing ragtime to Broadway through the medium of his own composition, "Syncopated Sandy." This was published in 1896, and on the cover was printed a brief dissertation on ragtime and how to play it, also parallel bars of music showing both straight and syncopated tempos. Here is Mr. Wayburn's story of how he evolved ragtime, as printed in the *Times*.

"I used to spend my summers at Magnolia Springs in Alabama, and there on the levee sat an old darkey who strummed one tune all day on his banjo. The tempo was syncopated, the beats corresponding to the taps of a buck dancer. I used to put a piece of paper over the strings of a piano and try to graft the tempo of the old man's tune to other pieces. Finally I got it, and using the tune of the banjoist on the levee as the theme I wrote "Syncopated Sandy."

Both Wayburn and McIntyre claim to have caught the infectious rhythm from southern negroes who did not bother themselves concerning origins, but in all probability had caught it from someone preceding them and so on along a backward line extending into the unexplored obscurity. As to priority of claim for its introduction into New York City, however, according to Mr. Christensen that would seem to belong to McIntyre, who introduced it in a buck and wing dance at Tony Pastor's Theatre in 1879, thereby antedating Wayburn by eighteen years. On the other hand, Harney stands ready with a forfeiture of $100.00 that by its introduction through two old and very popular songs he antedates everyone, and there you are—who was sponsor?

AGAIN THE ORIGIN OF RAGTIME

A SHORT time ago the question of "Who originated ragtime?" was brought up again, this time by Ben Harney and the senior member of McIntyre and Heath, both claiming a prior claim to honor of introducing "ragtime" to American vaudeville.

Some time recently Jim McIntyre stated in an interview he had done a buck dance accompanied by the clapping of hands to the tune of an old "Rabbit" song which he had learned from southern negroes and brought it into New York at Tony Pastor's theatre in 1879. According to an article in "Variety," Ben Harney—who claims to be the originator of ragtime—came to the fore immediately and offered $100, besides bowing out of the profession, if he can be shown a piece of ragtime music antedating the two songs he first used: "Mr. Johnson Turn Me Loose," and "You've Been a Good Old Wagon, But You've Done Broke Down."

In refutation, Jim McIntrye stated ragtime was never originated by a white man, that it was originally taught him in the South while he was working with Billy Carroll in a circus and that an old negro was his teacher. The negro sang an old song, taught him in turn by his grandfather who had come from Africa, and sang the song in the form of a real African chant in syncopated time. Through this medium Mr. McIntyre says he learned that ragtime originated in Africa.

Ragtime Pianists I Have Known

By Axel W. Christensen

I WAS just on the point of writing an article on the subject of "Ragtime Piano Players in Vaudeville," believing that a narrative of some of the experiences and difficulties that beset a young pianist who aspires to the vaudeville stage would be of interest, when the thought struck me that the things which happened to me when I broke into vaudeville might happen only in part to any other aspirant to the glare of the spotlight. On the heels of this thought came another, namely, that if I could gather together the experiences of other pianists it would not only be more interesting to the readers of MELODY, but would be of great interest to myself. It also occurred to me that by studying these experiences of others, and adding such of my own that might be of value, later on I would be more able to write an article on how to make good in vaudeville with the piano.

Art Hetzler is one who has won fame on the vaudeville stage, and I feel sure that the interview I had with this young genius will be of benefit to others, so here it is.

"If we could but look ahead and see what the future has in store for us, how differently some of us would prepare for it," said Art to me. "Little did I think," he continued "that when at the age of thirteen I started taking instructions in piano-playing, I would be called upon some day to use the acquired knowledge as a means of livelihood, and when the call came I naturally was unprepared. Therefore, if you are studying music, be prepared for any emergency by making your course thorough. 'But I am merely learning to play for my own amusement and do not intend to become a professional,' you may say. So be it; neither did I intend to become a professional, but Fate ruled otherwise and the day came when I was very glad to accept the poor position offered me as pianist.

"At that time there were no opportunities to study rag under professional teachers. The only way of learning how to play syncopation effectively was to become a 'rag-picker' and sit at the piano for hours, picking out original styles of playing commonplace melodies. The student of today, having the advantage of professional rag teachers, has no reason for not being prepared in a comparatively short time for professional work.

"Do not imagine, like many foolish people, that you are resisting a temptation by not studying rag. Even though you are receiving instructions in classical music, do not neglect the rag. It will not interfere with your other studies, nor will it decrease your ability to play the classical music, but on the contrary will greatly aid that end of it. Furthermore, if ever you find it necessary to make piano-playing your living, as in my case, you will find that there are ten openings for rag players to every one for classical, all of which goes to signify that you should NOT give up your rag. Even though you may never have occasion to use your musical ability as a means of livelihood, BE PREPARED!

"Probably the greatest benefit is derived from our own mistakes, and the next greatest from observing mistakes of others; therefore a little account of my personal experience may not go amiss, inasmuch as I have made a number of errors since joining the profession.

"I began my work as a musician by answering an 'ad' and corralling a job in a hotel. After getting fired for lateness, and making the rounds of small cabarets and movies, I was finally offered a position in (at that time) the largest cabaret in Baltimore, Md. It was while working there that I made my first great blunder. I was required to accompany five entertainers, with an overture between nearly every number, and this without the aid of a violin player or any other musician. I played upon a large stage and a grand piano,—in fact, it was the 'grandness' of the whole thing that quite took away my breath, for I was very young and lacked confidence. It is this lack of confidence that I wish to dwell upon, for therein lay my mistake.

"You may not agree with me that such a failing could be properly called a mistake, yet such it is, for there is no reason why a person should not be able to overcome most of it by exerting a little self-control. But I allowed my nervousness and my anxiety to make good to conquer my calmer self, with the result that my fingers and arms became as stiff as a board and did not seem to be willing to bend while I was trying to use them. Sometimes I felt as if I really had arms, and I have often since that time wondered how I ever played those long overtures that were necessary to give the singers and entertainers a rest. For myself I knew no such thing as rest during that long four-hour grind, and I hope that you will let the account of that little experience be as beneficial a lesson to you as the reality of it was to me. DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO LOSE CONFIDENCE.

"Sometime later I received an offer to join a small musical comedy company, which I accepted. My work consisted only of playing in the orchestra pit, but I encountered difficulties, as my lack of confidence again proved a great drawback.

"After a bad season I found myself drifting from town to town, playing for picture shows and vaudeville houses, and 'twas the vaudeville work that caused me to gain confidence. The constant playing from lead sheets, and the great demand for strict tempo and faking, made it hard work, but the experience gained proved wonderful for me and I emerged from this branch of work ready for anything. In a short while I had an act of my own ready for the stage and we entered the field, styling ourselves as the 'Kabaret Kids.' At first I was afraid to put on a specialty that contained a piano solo, but my newly-acquired confidence, that soon made me feel at home on the stage, quickly overcame this fear and I was doing a 'rag overture' and going big. A little later found me working in a few tricks.

"Then I made another great blunder; this time one that most all professionals make and are still making. I began to indulge my habits at the wrong time. Nearly all stage folk have some ruinous habit. With some it is drinking to excess; others are inveterate smokers, and to the latter class I belonged. Nine out of ten will tell you that the times when they most crave a drink or a smoke is just before or after their turn, and some of the more observant will tell you that such are just the worst times to satisfy these cravings. But I had this to learn and paid dearly for the instruction, as in a few months it began to tell heavily on my nerves. Since that time I have had other acts on the road, but I never forget the lesson taught me by that first one. Those who intend taking up this line of work may be benefited a little by observing the following rules:

"Do not think of your work behind the lights any more than you can possibly help in the thirty minutes before going on.

"Wash your hands well in warm water, rinse with cold water and rub hard with towel till thoroughly dry.

"Do not smoke, drink or use any stimulants either before or after your turn.

"Forget that there are people on the other side of those lights listening to you.

"Take your time and do not hurry your solo before applauding; they will wait till you are through—sometimes longer."

Just Between You and Me

GEORGE L. COBB'S own corner, wherein he answers questions, criticises manuscripts, and discusses the various little matters close to the hearts of Melody readers—all of a more or less "personal" nature, and for that very reason of interest to all.

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OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

HEAR Ye! Listen Ye! Heed Ye! Composers and poets, song-smiths and word-mongers, tune and text jugglers—all (whether good, bad or in between) open your eyes and ears and take notice! THE WAR IS OVER! and after this December issue of MELODY all war-songs, near war-songs, next-to and would-be war-songs will be under armistice in so far as any criticism in this column is concerned, and the erstwhile critic hereafter will smite his critical lyre only to the lays of love, peace and such-like lyrics.

If (anywhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific on two sides, with the Canadian Border and Mexican deadline at top and bottom) there is anyone who holds a hat-hook (permanent or temporary) in any home, hotel, house, hut or hovel in this glorious country and doesn't know the war is over and that war-songs are now interned, then he or she should also be interned. If (in this glorious area just geographically outlined and over which the great American eagle flits and hovers) there is any music-metre maker and metrical manufacturer (full-bred or half-breed); if (whether him or her) there are any who were so twisted in the throes of war-song composition they didn't hear something DROP on NOVEMBER ELEVENTH and smash all the war-songs now made or in the making, if there are any such him's or her's who were so durned deaf—well, they wouldn't hear the thud of a pile-driver hammer when it biffed 'em on the bean.

Yes, and yea verily, ye merry music makers and metre mixers, the war is indeed over, so don't send in your do's (and don't do's), but just pack them in the moth chest to keep until the next war, and here's hoping it will take tons of moth-balls and "camphire" to keep 'em that long. And this likewise applies to those who know the war is busted and the war-song line is badly broke, but want to send in their brain ammunition just to find out if they have used the right kind of punch-powder. To everybody—nothin' doin' any more in criticisin' any war-song products!

If, after all this, there should happen to be any benighted composer—authors or almost author-composers who don't know the war is over, just drop a picture post-card to Herr William Hohenzollern (private citizen who will be made more private) and ask him all about it. He probably will be delighted to reply in detail and explain that the bottom has dropped out of his war and that war-songs are as superfluous as the once great Krupp and as useless as snow in Hades. His present address (via Holland, which isn't to blame for being on the line of his personal retreat) is Hell on Earth.

Moral: Use sugar sparingly and bow gracefully when the skipper says, "low bridge."

E. R. S., Canton, Ohio

It will be quite impossible for me to give you a detailed criticism of all your songs in this column. Lack of space forbids it, so I'll pick out what I consider the best and proceed to rub your fur from South to North. If "I've Treasures Far Better Than Gold" had been written in waltz time, I believe you would have had a much better song. The words to this number are new and combined with a suitable waltz melody this song would be "there." "Threads of Sunlight" is a mournful, dreary and protracted affair. Your chorus is about sixty-four measures long. Introduce the cleaver to this number. "I Wish I Had a Record of My Mother's Lullaby," while built rather like an old-fashioned ballad, is a song of pure sentiment and worth-while melody. If properly arranged you might land this number somewhere. "When Everybody Smiles" might have been a good song if every publisher didn't have a "Smile" song in his catalog. This piece hasn't enough merit to compete with the others. Give it a gas attack. "There's a Song within My Soul," "The Song in My Heart for You," and "I Love the Old Song of Old" are numbers containing much sentiment and meritorious music. You can deliver the goods; now turn over a hit.

B. N., Weston, Idaho.

You're just about a year too late with your "Hurray for Liberty" song. The words to this piece are good and convey their meaning clearly and concisely. Your music, I repeat, your music is not quite as clear to me as hen tracks, but I think it would sound a little like "Yankee Doodle" if properly put on paper. Drop in again.

C. J. S., N. Lebanon, N. H.

"Liberty Bond" and "Yankee Boys" might have been of some use as song material a year or so ago, but utterly worthless now. You've shown the rhyming instinct to a marked degree, so dabble with something up-to-date.

E. A., Princeville, Ill.

"Goodbye William, Goodbye" is a mighty good comic war song. If this number could have been popularized a year ago it would have stood a good chance of being a hit. "I Work for Uncle Sam" is a "rouser" and should sell. "Lafayette" is a fine song regardless of the fact that there is a piece on the market with a similar title. Stick at the game, boys, you'll hit it yet.

C. A. F., Quincy, Ill.

"Send Me My Girl" is a new and original idea in the war-ballad line. If you hustle up you can put this number over. Even if the big war is over, it will be many moons before our boys are back on this side of the pond, and this piece will be good for a solid year yet. "You've Got to Quit," etc., has sounded a decidedly new and refreshing tone in the song line. Your music is catchy and the words are immense. Nuf sed.

J. E. B., Athol, Mass.

"Everybody Now Is Saving" is no doubt designed to be taken as a kid-song lyric. It is a clever bit of truth put into rhyme, but does not contain the stuff that goes into a real song poem. You have an excellent sense of meter and show an unusual turn for rhyming, so try and dope out a regular song lyric.

P. M. K., Hopkinton, Mass.

"Marching on to Victory" is exactly like fifty other war-songs inflicted on the public during the last two years. Your words contain nothing new or original and the music (that you gave a good gob of gold for) serves the purpose of fitting the words and naught else.

C. Y. G., Mineral Wells, Texas

"When the Soldiers Come Marching Home" is the type of song that is not going to be popular. Have your lyric writer rewrite her poem, getting just as far away from this theme as possible. Your melody is good and will carry any sensible lyric. "Carpet Rags" is rather antiquated in its style, but there is plenty of room on the market for a good rag. Hope you dispose of this number. I don't think much of your "Only a Rag" song. Outside of calling the flag a "rag" your song is fine. I know that you speak of the flag as a rag in no unpatriotic manner, but just the same there are a hundred million people who would take exception to your allusion.

L. F. D., South Charleston, Ohio.

Your waltz "Winwood" is too long and monotonous. Your music is pretty but does not contain enough punch or originality to make this number striking

Continued on page 22

Interpreting the Photoplay

(Note: Series A of Mr. Norton's "Interpretative Movie Music" appears on pages 18 and 19 of this issue)

By Harry Norton

INCIDENTAL AND DRAMATIC MUSIC

WITH the completion of two sets of dramatic incidental music of twelve numbers each, the question arose as to the future policy of conducting this department relative to the character of the movie music to be offered beginning with the December issue. Although the numbers already published for piano (and now in preparation for orchestra) met with the approval of photoplay musicians in general, the writer believed that movie players would appreciate something better than the humble efforts of one of their own craft.

Years of experience in "playing for the pictures" have demonstrated to the writer's satisfaction that for dramatic picture music, no better material is obtainable than excerpts from the works of the master composers, both old and modern. The writings of Schubert, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Mendelssohn, and many other composers whose works have stood the acid test of Time, are rich in material for dramatic cue music of unsurpassed beauty, and are far superior to the efforts of present-day writers.

It has long been a pet scheme of the writer's to compile (or at least assist in their compilation) excerpts from the Masters that would be adaptable to the needs of the motion picture musician, and publisher Jacobs has consented to produce a series of such material beginning with this issue of MELODY. Thus, with the assistance of Mr. R. E. Hildreth, arranger par excellence, the writer's dream becomes a waking reality. Instead of the two separate numbers heretofore published monthly in MELODY, we shall now have one two-page number consisting of two or three distinct themes or motifs selected from the works of the Masters of music by the writer of this column, and with the collaboration of Mr. Hildreth adapted and arranged for piano solo. They also will be published for orchestra, concert size. The uses for which these excerpts are intended will be indicated in the usual way—Hurry, Agitato, Furioso, Plaintive and so on, as in the first two volumes of Jacobs' Incidental Music.

Beginning with Schubert, the subject matter for each month will be gleaned from the works of one composer. For the following month Beethoven or some other writer may be selected, and so on. The arrangements by Mr. Hildreth will be in his "playable style," not too difficult for the ordinary player, yet such as to require the player's best effort, thereby making them educational in character for those who are not familiar with the writings of the master musicians, and pleasantly reminiscent to those who are acquainted with the better class of musical compositions.

The amount of available material for this purpose is almost unlimited, and such a series of dramatic music might be continued almost indefinitely with the very best in music utilized for our screen purposes. The publisher and collaborators of this series feel confident that the idea will appeal to all musicians in the motion picture business, believing it is the aim and ambition of all who take their profession seriously to improve the quality of their musical programs.

The use of specially prepared dramatic music for the film has been neglected by a majority of players, pianists in particular, who prefer to "fake" or improvise according to their own ideas. The ability to "fake" or improvise is a valuable musical asset and the cultivation of it should not be neglected, but many musicians who depend entirely upon their own improvisations for dramatic music will find upon analysis of their work that there is a decided sameness to one's own improvising—a "sameness" very noticeable to the audience, even if not to the player himself. One who depends wholly upon this form of cue music, rather than upon his own exertion to read and adapt the writings of others specially prepared for the purpose, is not doing full justice to the work of playing the pictures.

Orchestras playing for pictures must of necessity use printed or written dramatic music, and no doubt many leaders of ability have already made use of excerpts from the classics. The object of the forthcoming series of Jacobs' Incidental Music is to place such material within the reach of *all* musicians engaged in playing for the pictures. No matter how clever the individual pianist or organist may be in improvising or "faking," he cannot hope to outclass the efforts of our greatest composers in their dramatic writings.

The labor of selecting and adapting excerpts from the writings of various composers, determining their dramatic value as applied to motion pictures, requires much time and thought, more than the average business musician would feel inclined to devote to that work. Therefore, in offering this form of incidental music to readers and subscribers the MELODY staff assumes the laborious portion of the work, and will produce results in tangible form ready for application to the work of playing the pictures.

SERIES A—Excerpts from SCHUBERT

THE compositions of Franz Schubert have been selected to furnish material for the first number of the new series consisting of three movements or themes, namely, Agitato, Plaintive and Furioso. The Agitato movement is taken from the pianoforte Sonata in A minor, Opus 42, which was composed in 1825 and published in 1826. This theme is adaptable for use as a "Hurry," accompanying scenes of confusion, agitated action of principal characters, or sudden or impending danger, rather than for scenes of pursuit.

The second theme, derived from a famous Schubert song, "Death and the Maiden," is plaintive, almost dolorous in character, and indicative of sorrow and pathos. This song is a favorite number of Mme. Schumann-Heink, and has been recorded by her for the Victor records. The third motif is an adaptation of the world-famous "Erlking." Schubert's masterly musical setting to Goethe's poem of the same title. At his best in such songs as the "Erlking," Schubert shows perfect dramatic appropriateness combined with loveliness of melody that is unequalled by any other composer. This motif suggests storm scenes, very heavy and prolonged dramatic action, attack by armed forces and numerous other situations which will suggest themselves once one has grasped the intent of the composition.

The writer deems it appropriate to offer a suggestion at this point to musicians not already familiar with the "Erlking." While this theme appears at first glance to be a bit more difficult than most of our previous offerings of incidental music, do not judge hastily that it is not worth all the effort required to master it. It is a masterpiece of musical composition written nearly one hundred years ago, and is today popular with all lovers of good music. It is a worthy addition to any pianist's repertoire, and Mr. Hildreth's arrangement is facile and pianistic. Such material as this has great educational value for musicians who have not been fortunate in securing a thorough musical education.

The treatment in like manner of the compositions of great composers each month in MELODY may serve as an introduction to the style and spirit of the masters of music, and

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Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen

MISS ROYE is managing a ragtime school in Milwaukee and doing a splendid business. This lady is handling the school formerly conducted by Hannah Harris.

Charlotte Lewis has been engaged by Miss Horne in Boston to help take care of rapidly increasing business at that point.

A concert was recently given by one of Miss Clement's teachers who is now with the Naval Prison Detachment at Paris Island, S. C.

We were fortunate in securing a good halftone of Mr. J. F. Dennis, the noted Chicago pianist, which we present in this issue. Mr. Dennis (more familiarly styled "Jack" among his many friends and admirers) has taken an active part in many musical affairs, and is one of those rare individuals who combines musical

J. F. Dennis

talent with business ability. Most any pleasant day you can see Jack idly motoring along the boulevards, usually in the direction of the "Links," as he is quite a golf enthusiast. It is rumored that Jack will make an extended concert tour shortly after the first of the New Year.

Rodney Heetfield—well known in Chicago ragtime circles, and an artist of no mean ability both at the piano and with the brush, has accepted a commission as Second Lieutenant, and leaves for Camp Taylor in the near future.

Leo Feist has just opened a new office in Seattle, Wash., which I understand will be in charge of Monte Austin.

George Cohan has written a new song, entitled "I'm True To Them All," that is making a hit in the "Girl Behind the Gun."

Miss Irene G. Little, who has been connected with a Boston School of Popular Music for the past year, was married to Dr. James Thomas Brennan of the Medical Corps of the U. S. Navy on October 21st at Washington, D. C. The "Little-One" will be greatly missed by her host of admirers and friends, all of whom I am sure will join me in wishing every success to the newly married couple. "Doc" Brennan always was a lucky chap, anyway.

"Tackin 'Em Down" is a great fox-trot just issued by Remick. The lyrics are by Bud De Sylva and the music by Al Gumble. Believe me, it's a good number and will sure go big.

R. C. Barnhart, who will be remembered as a teacher of popular music in Chicago about a year ago, and who has been conducting a very successful school of his own in Rochester, N.Y., for the past several months, is now on his way to France. "Barney" was kind enough to forward his picture in full uniform. Some boy!

Will F. Newlan, in charge of the teaching of brass and string instruments in a downtown Chicago school, is waking up the North Shore theatre-goers with his saxophone solos. By the way, Newlan and Jimmie Corbitt smoke about the same size and brand of alfalfa, and when they both light up, believe me it's time for everybody else to light out.

Jimmie Corbitt "blew in" from Boston a few days ago and accepted a position as business manager of Chicago's largest ragtime school, embracing also branch schools in many other cities. This is what is commonly called "passing the buck," as hereafter they can tell their troubles to Jim.

Jack Cohen, formerly connected with a School of Popular Music in Chicago, and later an associate teacher in George Schulte's Cleveland school, has just left for Houston, Texas, to join the Ground Aviation Corps. Looks as if Jack would have to sacrifice the Martadello sandwiches and pot roast for awhile.

It is reported that Jack Rose has just about recovered from an attack of influenza, and will soon be seen again with Mike Bernard in their regular act.

Harold Van Meter, long identified with a West Side ragtime school, has just been called into service and left for camp last Saturday.

Edith Haynes, who has been connected with George Schulte's ragtime school in Cleveland for several years, is reported as being ill, and may have to undergo an operation for appendicitis. She certainly has the best wishes of us all for a quick and complete recovery.

By the way, Jimmy Corbitt was showing me a letter from George Schulte received a few days ago. George is in France, somewhere near Le Mans, and writes a very interesting letter. Says he intends to establish a ragtime school both in Paris and Berlin before he comes back.

Maudie Roush is back in Chicago after a long and successful cabaret engagement in New York. "Maudie" is just as attractive as ever, and says she is glad to be back in dear old Chicago again. Wonder if "Maudie" still retains her appetite for clams?

G. A. Shaw, who made a sensation in cabaret circles around Chicago about a year ago, has been a frequent visitor at the downtown school since the return of his friend Corbitt. Always glad to see "Pinky" and listen to his droll stories.

Ed. Mellinger of St. Louis is commencing to reap the benefit of his aggressive advertising campaign, and writes us that he is doing more business than ever before. Good for Ed.

Board Stevens Williams, a well-known Boston man on his way to the Coast dropped into Chicago and paid us a friendly visit. Board says he is making wonderful progress in studying ragtime under Miss Horne in Boston. That's what they all say, Edythe makes 'em play before they know it.

Frank Roberts, the well-known Chicago organist, is now connected with a school that teaches popular music. Frank is in charge of the pipe organ instruction, and believe me, he's there.

Miss Hattie Smith, whose photograph appears in Melody this month, has been managing a School of Popular Music in Detroit for the past several years. As Miss Smith possesses as much business talent as she is prepossessing in appearance and manner, each year has shown a decided increase in her business.

Hattie Smith

From time to time (for the past seven years) "Hattie" has promised to run into Chicago on a little visit, but when the matter is called to her attention she always "begs-off" by saying "too busy, can't leave my pupils," etc. Presume if you were taking lessons from "Hattie," *you* would not care to see her leave either. I learn that Miss Smith is planning a recital to be given in the near future.

Miss Vidalia Sloan, who has been teaching many pupils at a North Side school, has now joined forces with a downtown Chicago school.

Miss Edythe Horne, who is in full charge of Jimmie Corbitt's big ragtime school in Boston, writes us that business is increasing by leaps and bounds. Miss Horne has been forced to have several assistants and to add adjoining rooms to take care of pupils. There is no one better qualified to teach this class of music than Edythe.

Miss Hannah Harris is ill at her home in Merrill, Wisconsin. For several years Miss Harris has conducted a school of popular music

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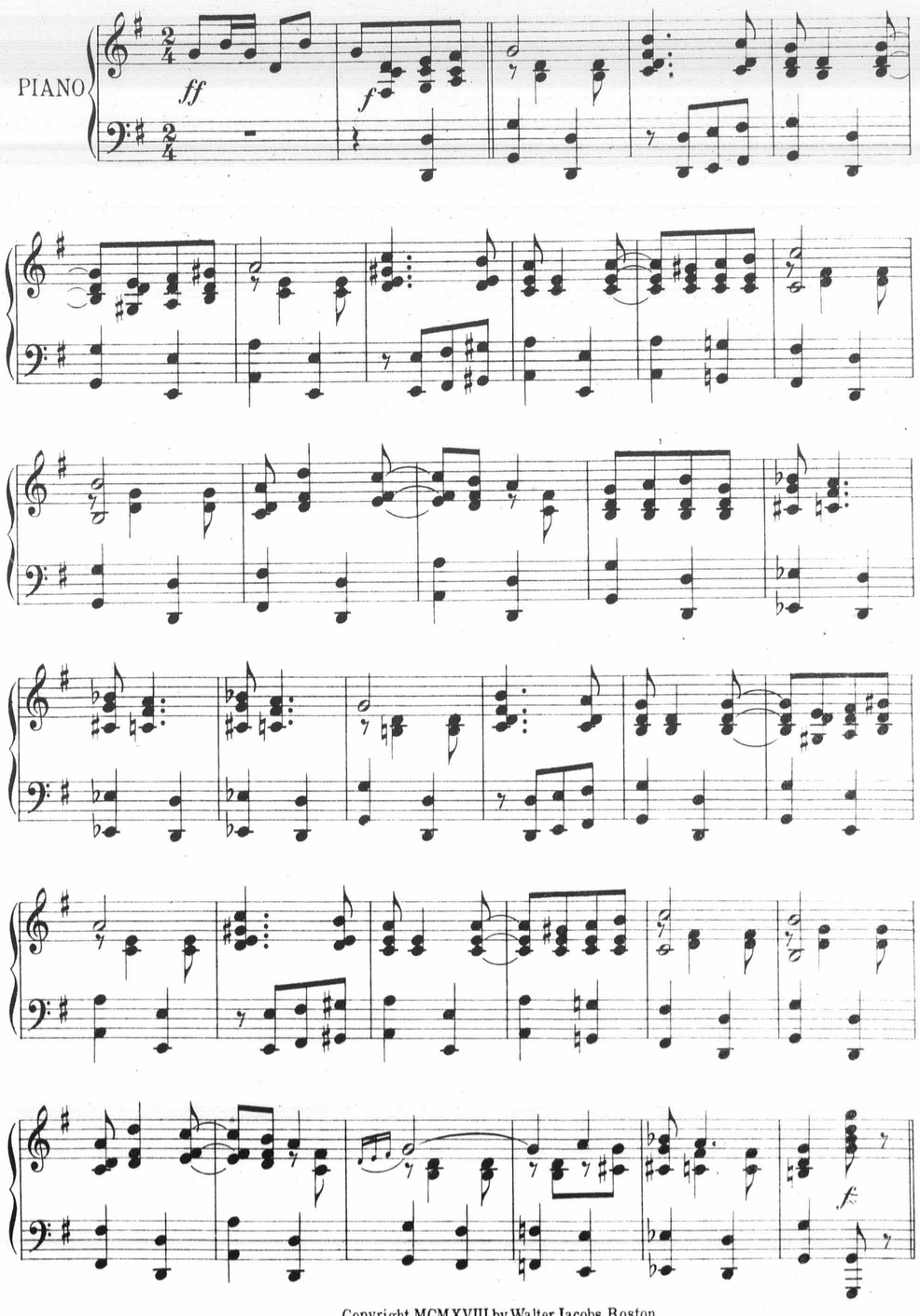
Treat 'Em Rough

ONE-STEP

GEORGE L. COBB



ff

1

2

f

MELODY

fz

TRIO

mf-ff

f

ffz

MELODY

There's A Lane That Leads to Loveland

O'er the Hills at Sunset Time

Words by
DEAN WILTON, U.S.N.
Writer of "In My Dreams of the U.S.A."

Music by
JACK RAYMOND
Composer of "Beautiful Girl of Somewhere"

Moderato

PIANO

f

Night and shad-ows soft-ly fall-ing Kiss the day good-bye;
Mem-'ries ming-ling with the moon-beams Steal a-cross the lane,

p

Moon and night-in-gales are call-ing 'Neath the eve-ning sky
Guide me on to where my love-dreams All come true a-gain,

Down the lane that leads to Love-land Where my love-dreams lie.
There I'll dream the old dreams o-ver, My sweet-heart with you.

REFRAIN

There's a lane that leads to Love-land O'er the hills at sun-set

p *2d time f*

time; At the end there's some-one wait-ing Where the ramb-ler ros-es

climb; There's a voice that's gent-ly call-ing As the

twi-light shad-ows fall Down the lane that leads to

Love-land O'er the hills at sun-set time. There's a time.

1 2

f

OPALS

WALTZ

LEO GORDON

INTRO

Tempo di Valse

PIANO

mf

WALTZ

mf

f *poco a poco cresc.*

ff

1 2

f *f*

mf

mf

cresc.

f

mf

f

1 2

MELODY

mf

f

ffz

MELODY

PIANO

JACOBS' INCIDENTAL MUSIC

SERIES A—Excerpts from SCHUBERT

(1) Sonata in A Minor (2) Death and the Maiden (3) The Erlking

Concert Edition

Themes Selected by HARRY NORTON

Adapted and Arranged by R. E. HILDRETH

1 Agitato

Allegro con fuoco

2 Plaintive

Andante sostenuto

Bass pizz.

MELODY

last time only

rall.

3 Furioso

Presto agitato

MELODY

Syncopated Piano Solo Arrangement in Fox Trot Metre of Chorus of

"Sunshine"

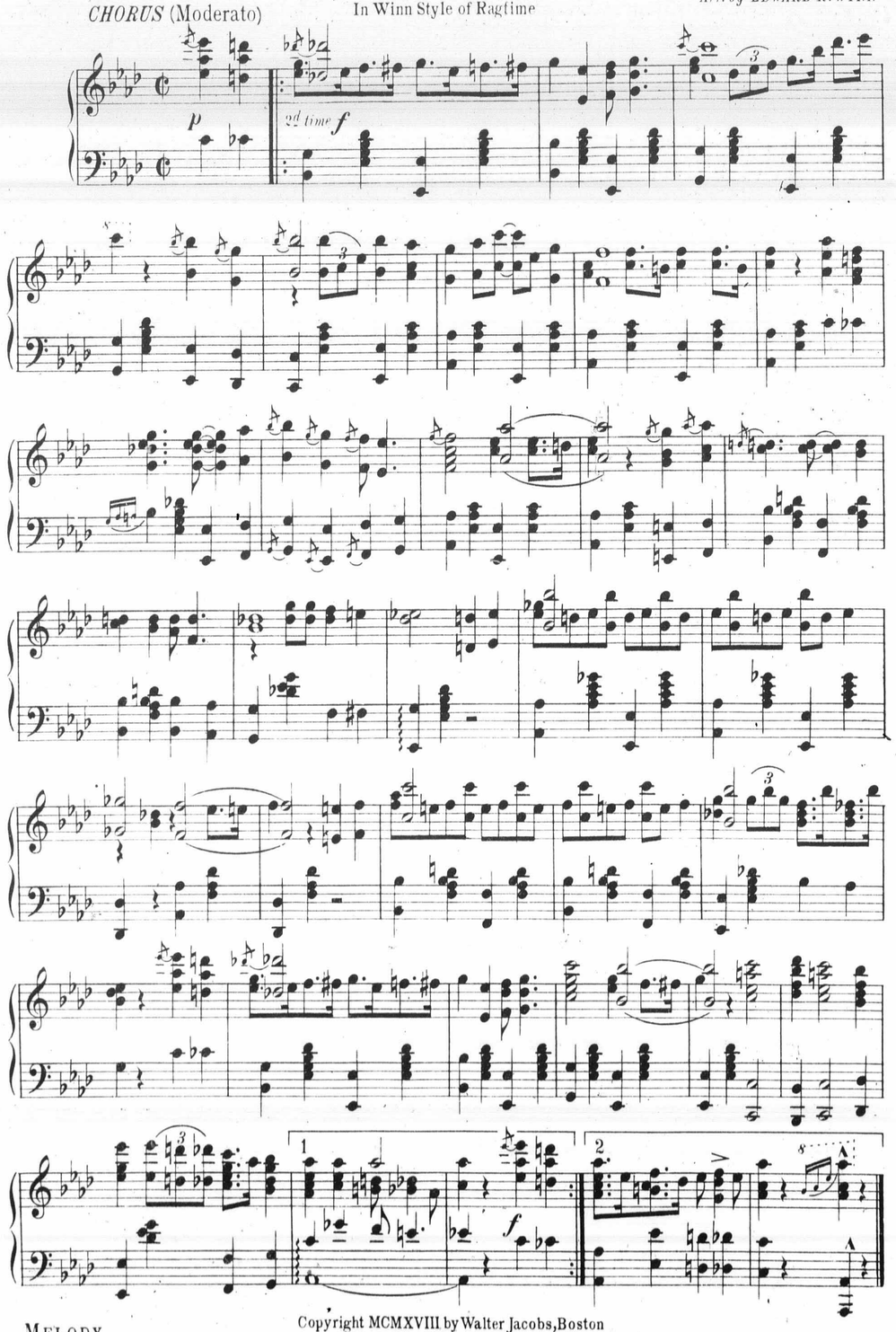
(Spread All the Sunshine You Can)

Words and Music by
GEORGE L. COBB

In Winn Style of Ragtime

Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN

CHORUS (Moderato)



Interpreting the Photoplay

Continued from page 7

thereby stimulate the ambition of picture players to become better acquainted with other works of the same composers.

Life and Works of Schubert

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT was born at Lichtenthal, near Vienna, January 31, 1797, and died November 19, 1828. He was the son of a schoolmaster, and one of nineteen children. He very early picked up the rudiments of music at school, and at eight years of age his father began to teach him the violin. He had a sweet boy-soprano voice, and at the age of eleven in competition for the post of choir-boy, he was the selected candidate. This position entitled him to free education at the Stadtconvict school.

Soon afterward we find trace of his first compositions. In 1810 he wrote a pianoforte piece for four hands, bearing the remarkable title of "Corpse Fantasia." The next year he ventured on an overture, a quintet, quartet and other instrumental works, besides a long cantata-like piece, "Hagar's Klage." The last-named composition was noticed by Salieri, who detected the talent in it and sent the boy to Ruczizka for lessons in harmony. Ruczizka soon sent him back, saying "He has learned everything and God has been his teacher."

Little is known of Schubert's home life at this time, but however straitened by poverty it was, it could not have been altogether unfavorable to the development of his musical powers. His father and brothers joined with him in quartets; his two brothers, Ferdinand and Ignaz, played first and second violins, Franz taking the viola and his father the violoncello.

The year 1813 was his last year at school, as his boyish, treble voice began to break and he was obliged to leave the Imperial Chapel and the school attached to it. In this year he wrote his first symphony in D. A large number of songs already showing the true Schubert style were also produced about this time. After five years of training he was adrift again, and as he could obtain no other congenial employment he was compelled to spend the next three years as his father's assistant, teaching the poor children in the school the alphabet and a little arithmetic. But a long list of musical compositions is assigned to these years.

Some of his finest works were written during these three years of school-teaching drudgery. During the year 1815, Schubert wrote an almost incredible quantity of music. Two symphonies, two masses, nearly one hundred and fifty songs and a large amount of choral and chamber music were then composed. Six operatic works were also included which are hardly known at all. One day a friend called upon him and found him in a state of great excitement, muttering wildly to himself and pacing restlessly around his room. He had been reading Goethe's magnificently weird "Erlking." The idea of that terrible night ride had taken possession of him, and the same day he wrote his famous setting of the song.

Schubert greatly admired Goethe's writings and after setting a number of that master's finer poems to music sent the settings to the poet. Goethe never acknowledged Schubert's efforts until long after the death of the composer, yet by a strange reversal many of Goethe's songs are now far better known through Schubert's setting than by Goethe's writing.

About 1818 slight prosperity came to Schubert in the form of an engagement as master of music to the family of Count Esterhazy. One of the greatest advantages to the composer from the Esterhazy connection was an intimacy formed with Baron Karl von Schönstein, the finest amateur singer of his day. He was very enthusiastic over Schubert's compositions and sang them everywhere. This, at a time when publishers were exceptionally timid, was of great value to the young composer's reputation.

In 1821 he wrote his seventh symphony in E which was never finished. His memoranda for this work are so full that it would be possible for a competent musician to complete the work, and at one time Mendelssohn is said to have intended doing this. Schubert's grandest unfinished symphony was that in B minor, commenced in 1823. Of this only two movements were completed, and the work was not performed until many years after his death.

In 1823 Schubert was requested to write the incidental music to a play by Helmine von Chézy, the eccentric lady who wrote the libretto of Weber's opera "Euryanthe." The overture, entr'actes and ballet music to the piece, "Rosamunde, Princess of Cyprus" were written by Schubert, but exquisite as his music was the piece fell utterly flat and was only twice performed. The "Rosamunde" music is popular today, the manuscript having been rescued from oblivion by Sir George Grove.

Although many of Schubert's compositions had been published while the master was living, he received little profit from them. Neither did he succeed in obtaining any of the posts as organist or conductor for which he applied, this latter fact probably being due to his own obstinacy and desire to have matters entirely his own way.

Schubert greatly admired Beethoven, and in turn Beethoven was much impressed with some of Schubert's songs. Schubert visited Beethoven just before the latter's death, and when the funeral occurred Schubert was one of the thirty-eight torchbearers who stood beside the grave.

Schubert was one of the most luckless of all great artists. He was for the most part miserably poor, ugly and uninteresting looking, and his finest compositions were utterly disregarded during his lifetime. He was never privileged to hear even an orchestral rehearsal of his grandest symphony, and after his death large bundles of his manuscripts were stuffed away and left to rot in a dark cupboard for years until discovered by Messrs. Sullivan and Grove. He lived an obscure life, his genius recognized by only a few faithful friends, and at the early age of thirty-one he passed from the life that to him had been so weary and sorrowful. Liszt, the greatest of modern pianists, said of him—"the musician most truly poet that ever lived."

Here is a little "melodic" with the genuine American punch behind it. The Boston Symphony, National Anthem and Dr. Karl Muck is now a closed incident, but apropos to that Providence "tempest in a teapot" the affair was not without precedent, although the earlier had a slightly different denouement from the later one. The "precedent" occurred during "civil war times" in New Orleans, when General Ben Butler was military governor of that city, and the story is told by Admiral Clark of the U. S. N. in his book "My Fifty Years in the Navy."

It happened one night at the Varieties Theatre in the old Louisiana city that the orchestra played a Confederate tune, "The Bonny Blue Flag," and immediately at its close someone in the audience arose and demanded a rendition of *The Star Spangled Banner*. Such a request at that time in a southern city was naturally bound to start something, and what was started was a riot that stopped the performance. The manager of the house finally appeared on the stage with the announcement that the admission fee would be refunded to any person who desired to leave the theatre, and then concluded by assuring the audience that no "Yankee" air would ever be played in the Varieties Theatre. This was followed the next morning by a pronunciamento from General Butler to the effect that: "The orchestra of the Varieties Theatre henceforth must open with *The Star Spangled Banner*, close with "Hail, Columbia," and that "Yankee Doodle" must be played at least once during the evening."

Horse Has Ragtime Habit

A horse with an ear for music and a preference for ragtime, when he heard the notes of a popular song from a phonograph in a Cleveland store, fox-trotted right across the side walk, dragging a Wells-Fargo Express wagon after him. The wagon became wedged in the door, and the animal, unmindful of the screams of women and shouts of clerks, set his ears forward and listened to the song, allowing himself to be led away by the driver, only when the phonograph had been shut off.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, etc., of MELODY, published monthly at Boston, Massachusetts, as required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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Known bondholders, mortgagees, etc.—None.

(Signed) Walter Jacobs, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1918. (Seal)

HAROLD M FINE,
Notary Public.

Chicago Syncopations

Continued from page 8

in Milwaukee, and her many friends and pupils will surely regret to hear of her illness. We certainly hope to hear very soon that she has entirely recovered.

"Babe" Collins, a well-known Chicago cabaret artist and singer of popular songs, is about to enter vaudeville with two other young ladies whose names she neglected to mention.

Miss Bessie Hamilton, one of Chicago's favorite cabaret stars, has been entertaining patrons in one of New York's Broadway lobster palaces for almost a year. Corbitt tells me she is as well liked there as when she worked in Chicago, which is saying something.

Reinie Mitchell (more often called "Kid" Mitchell by his intimate friends and acquaintances), who will be remembered for his inimitable rendering of "Oh Promise Me" and other old favorite numbers, is planning to spend the winter in Florida and is trying to arrange his business affairs to allow of his leaving with his friend Mr. McDonald. Reinie was recently tendered a little dinner and smoker in Jacot's famous Grill. Among those present were Joe Machrone, Frank Bachmann, Fred Collins, Mr. McDonald, F. G. Corbitt, Louis Jacot and Mr. Fitzmorris.

Sergt. J. M. Roche writes me from somewhere in France: "A piano in this country is almost an undreamed-of luxury, and it has been very seldom that I have had a chance to play a little ragtime, except at the Y. M. C. A. and K. C. buildings here and there. You see we don't stop at hotels (although we'd prefer it always), and it's hard to have pianos in small camps. Whenever I get a chance, I can't resist the temptation to sit down and tear off a few yards of syncopated melodies. Of course I always push the System I taught in the States. I was amused at one of the camps, after I had just finished playing a few of the popular songs in ragtime, when a young fellow came up to me and said, 'Say Jack, that's Christensen's stuff your playing, ain't it?' He then told me that he had just begun to study the System when he enlisted, and never had a chance to go very far with it. When asked if I could start him in again without books, etc., I told him 'sure,' but I was only with him for a day or so longer, when I moved. I would like to hear from my fellow-teachers and players once in a while, so that I can keep in touch with the ragtime world till I can get back and feel the very pulse of it myself. If anything new and startling comes out, send me a copy or two and I will push it. Sergt. J. M. Roche, Co. D. Hdqrs. Btn. GHQ A. P. O. 902, Amer. Exped. Forces, France."

RAGTIME HAS VITALITY

It is becoming more and more recognized that the once-despised ragtime, which came out from the African jungles by way of the dance halls, possesses an energy and a vitality which expresses as does no other music the nervous, vigorous sweep of American life. Its life-blood is rhythm, which the ancient Greeks valued more highly than melody, and which today remains the most stirring element in music. The cause is perhaps physiological—the measured beat of the tom-tom has something of close kinship to the throbbing of the heart.

Just Between You and Me

Continued from page 6

as a whole. I would advise you to build this piece up. Allow me to compliment you upon your arrangement.

C. A. D., Monee, Ill.

"Pickaninny Pal" is a cleverly written "Dixie" poem, but at this stage of the game in the world events it would be useless to try and interest anyone in it. "We'll Meet Somewhere," while well written and clever, is not the kind of ballad that is going to be popular when the Yanks are homeward bound. "In That Old Home Town," etc., is all there as a ballad. Your words and music are of hit material. The only thing I can see that will interfere with the acceptance of this song is its title, which is very much like several other numbers on the market. The words are much better than the music to your song, "Beautiful Girl of My Dreams." This criticism also applies to "I Have the World," etc. "Virginia Waltz" is very reminiscent of "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." This waltz sounds more like a song melody than an instrumental number. I think you are a better poet than a composer.

F. McG., Regina, Sask.

"Goodbye Wilson, Farewell Uncle Sam" is the same old line of dope that every embryo song-smith has hatched out. Strip this poem to the B. V. D. state and it will freeze to death in a perfectly natural manner. "Rags Come Back" is a purely local affair that would have no appeal outside of its immediate vicinity. "My Little Lad in Khaki," etc., is a fine bit of poetry, but too near like a song recently published with a similar title. "McGuire's Courtship" is about as appropriate for a song lyric as spats would be on a dumb-waiter. "The Battle of the Heart" is a fine poem and a beautiful tribute to Mother, but wholly unsuitable as a song lyric.

C. J. H., Oakland, Calif.

"We've Started Out for Victory" is good but worthless. It's all over. "Cozy Corner" was very popular a few years ago. Banish this poem.

R. M., Robinson, Ill.

"We'll All Say Goodbye to Berlin" is good but worthless. It's over "over there."

M. J. McP., Newcastle, Del.

"Somewhere in France" is *good* and worthless. I believe the war's over.

H. L. B., Marblehead, Mass.

"Our Boys at the Front" is good but worthless. The trick is turned across the pond.

J. A. H., New York City.

"A Yankee Gunner in the Navy" is a cleverly written "gob" song with no chance of seeing the light of day. "Here Come Our Fighting Laddies Now" is good but worthless.

D. K., St. Louis, Mo.

"Right and Justice" contains good stuff, but what about its selling qualities?

N. C., Olivia, Minn.

"When Sammie," etc., is good but worthless.

G. J. L., Gillespie, Ill.

Thanks for copy of "Illinois." It shows up well in print. Hope you sell a million copies. "Ocean Must Be Free" is as useless as foot warmers for ripe olives.

SINGS AND DEFENDS THE PATRIOTIC

JOHN McCORMACK, who not only puts over American patriotic songs vocally but also puts up a defense for them verbally, declares that "there is no such thing as a bad patriotic song." In an article in the *Red Cross Magazine*, discussing his own personal work in raising $100,000, this greatest of living American tenors emphasized the vital necessity of music in the war, and particularly that of the patriotic, saying in part:

"Nobody must feel that music is among the non-essentials. The world needs it more when it's in trouble than at any other time. The soldiers, and the mothers and wives and sweethearts and children of soldiers, get more of the breath of life from it than the man in the street has any notion of.

"I don't mean the music the soldiers march to, either, though it is so important to them that if they can't get any other they make their own, no matter how long the march is, or how heavy the packs.

"And I don't mean the average, interesting music that musicians make a lot of fuss about, in peace times, and that gives such pleasure of a different sort. For myself, I don't care if all the music in the world should cease to exist till the war is over, if they will leave me the patriotic songs.

"Bad ones? There is no such thing as a bad patriotic song. I don't care what their musical values were originally, nor what kind of balderdash the words are—give me a song that has been sung by a people at war, and I have a song that has been hallowed and sanctified by feelings so much greater than any ever roused by mere musical and verbal perfection that there is no longer anything in the world with which to compare it.

"That is a seasoned and experienced opinion. I started by thinking that the average patriotic song was as bad as—as you thought it. Concerning some of the songs I now love most to sing, I have said: 'These are musically vile and the words are pure trash.' But I got over that.

"When I sing 'God Be With Our Boys Tonight,' I am not offering musical intervals of much or little charm, or words of literary or non-literary value. I am singing something that everybody left in this country is singing with me. Their hearts are touched, their deepest, strongest feelings are stirred—neither they nor I care a hang for the so-called artistic merits of the piece. The song has been taken entirely out of reach of criticism—it is not good, but great. And every people the world over has put itself into its war-songs and made those songs immortal.

"'Over There' is another fine example. I can assure you I have cursed it in my time. But 'Over There' now has the significance of a nation behind. It isn't a song—it's a defiance. And every woman who ever heard her soldier sing it, whether he was at Plattsburg or Upton, has put the power of her prayer and her determination into it, and the beauty of her sacrifice. It is no longer open to discussion by musical sybarites.

"What is the song that more than any other, until now, has represented to America the memory of her great national girding up and concerted action as a people? As bad a piece of music as was ever written: 'A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.'

"I saw the British soldiers marching past my London house, in the early days of the war. They marched to music that a few short months before had been bandied around music halls, and hadn't a respectable friend in all England. But when I heard it then, and heard the tramping of the soldiers, with some of them singing to their bands, I got a thrill that I've never in my life got from any other music. Suppose I'd seen my son marching past to one of those tunes—what kind of patience would I have had with the man who told me, the next time I heard it, that it was 'musically bad?' My son is still playing with his toy soldiers, but other men's sons are marching to 'Tipperary' and 'Madelon' and 'Over There.'"

A Story in War-Song Titles

SOME ambitious writer, with plenty of time on his hands, has lined up the popular war-songs of the day in the following story which should be rather interesting, particularly to those publishers whose songs are included. It reads:

"When the Kaiser Does the Goose Step to a Good Old American Rag," "Bring Back the Kaiser to Me" at the time when "We Wind the Watch on the Rhine." "The Kid Has Gone to the Colors," "So It's Good-bye Broadway, Hello France," but "There's a Service Flag Flying at Our House" because "Somewhere in France" is "Khaki Bill," "A Mother's Liberty Loan."

All this leads to "A Baby's Prayer at Twilight for her "Daddy Over There" being a prayer for the other "Boys Over There," and for the "Mother" to "Keep the Home Fires Burning" until "The Yanks Come Marching Home."

The "Dream of a Soldier" boy in a hospital who is "In Love With a Beautiful Nurse" is that he "Don't Want to Get Well." He "May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time," but we "Send Him Away With a Smile" for "We're Going Over," and "We Won't Be Back Until It's Over Over There."

All this is merely the effect that the war has had upon our popular song writers, who are "Doing Their Little Bitty Bit Right Now" while the "Rag Time Volunteers Are Off to War." And all of Lawrence as well as all of the United States will join them in singing "How We Love You, Dear Old Glory" "When the Boys From Dixie Eat Melon on the Rhine."—*Ex.*

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"

YEARS ago when we were a kid, one of our choicest possessions was an old, frazzled and dog-eared picture-book. No, it was not a child's modern book of illustrations, but an honest-to-goodness boy's "picture-book" that pictured all manner of canabalistic and aboriginal humans in far-off lands—including Hottentots, Malay pirates, Fiji Islanders, Papuans and a lot more. As we now recollect them, all of the pictures were something "fierce" both in book-imprint and mental impression, but those that had us the most pop-eyed and petrified were the natives of Papua. These were

pictured as dressed in "the altogether," had big heads that were made bigger by huge mops of bushy, kinky hair, and all carried murderous looking implements for killing. In later years, what thought (if any) we may have given to the inhabitants of Papua has been more or less colored by those early pictures, but music and song certainly never have entered into that thought-coloring. Today, when the great American public is alive with interest in community singing, we are startled to learn that those once fierce-looking Papuans are as much or more alive with the same interest. Following is what the Boston *Herald* writes of the Papuans as musically inclined.

If community singing is a good thing, a mark of advanced civilization as it is now proclaimed to be with much profusion, then we must relinquish some of our claims to superiority. We must go for an example worth studying—not to the great musical centres, for if they have community singing there it has been so recently introduced that the novelty has scarcely worn off. We may go to the natives of Papua, New Guinea. A most instructive illustrated article, on life among the Papuans appeared recently in the magazine *Travel*, from the pen of Diamond Jenness, who spent some time among these people, and later on accompanied the Stefansson Arctic expedition.

One of the outstanding features of the Papuans' life is that every night whether sad or happy, they gather together to sing. They have community singing. One evening coming in from a canoe trip, after a supper of pigeons, yams and a bit of pork, the natives started two or three fires and congregated around them to while away the hours with singing. This typical musical evening of theirs made the following impression on Mr. Jenness' mind:

"The native still retains that of which the richness and complexity of our modern music has robbed us—the power to express his emotions in simple melody. The intricate harmonies of our music have made us dumb, but joy and sorrow, grief and pain, issue forth spontaneously in the native Papuan's song. The war-song carries him on to victory in battle, the rapture of life thrills through the music of the dance, sarcasm and hatred laugh their venomed shafts in popular melodies, and veneration and religious awe speak in the litanies and magic chants. And watching their dark faces lit up by the flickering campfires, the voices all raised in unison, and the heads nodding in time, one's mind unconsciously goes back to the ancient cathedral where the organ sends pealing down the aisles the grand simple tones of the Gregorian chant, and the solemn congregation lifts up its voice in praise.

"The singing continued until about 2 o'clock in the morning. These people sing as naturally as they eat and as regularly, for their singing is a nightly occurrence."

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

An Argument in Defense

NOW that the great world-war is over and all the white-hot patriotism that has swept this country did not inspirationally evolve a great American anthem, it would seem circumstantially evident that for a long time to come *The Star Spangled Banner* "in triumph shall wave" as America's National Anthem. We have heard arguments offensive and defensive regarding both music and words of our only anthem until the discussion has become worn more threadbare than the song itself, yet a recent editorial in the New York *Sun* puts forth such a sane and logical defense of our argument-tattered anthem that it is well worthy a reprinting and reading. Here is how the *Sun* editorially defends the song:

"From time to time we hear criticism of our national anthem. It is alleged by the many who know what they like that the tune 'goes too high' and that everybody does not know the words. The few who know all about art insist that the music and the words, measured by artistic standards, are alike unworthy to express the soul of a great nation. In all these criticisms there may well be a good deal of truth. But as against them we have two certain and simple facts which criticism is powerless to remove. The first is that *The Star Spangled Banner* was written a century ago; the second is that it has been generally identified with our patriotism ever since.

"There are, perhaps unfortunately, certain things which no amount of money and brains and energy can produce promptly at will. You cannot improve a tradition or a tree. You cannot, as G. K. Chesterton has pointed out, grow a beard in a fit of rage. Neither can all the king's horses and all the king's men achieve overnight a nation or a home. The most that can be done in haste is to begin these things.

"Their growth requires, whether we like it or not, the deliberate effects of time and fortune. There must be in the country a score of composers any of whom, given a happy inspiration, could make the melody we need. There may be several poets who, feeling the American spirit and abstaining from verbal perversions, could form that feeling into a poem.

"But suppose now the perfect song were written, great enough and popular enough and American enough to fulfill our whole desire. Suppose it were as fine in all these elements as the 'Marseillaise.' Even so, before it became national in any sense it would have to be nationally loved and sung. And you can lead people to music, but you cannot make them sing. Then it would have to become mellow with many memories and tinged with the association of innumerable hopes and heroisms and despairs.

"Let us by all means write our patriotic hymns. Then we shall have to watch and wait; and some day, perhaps, one of them may come to mean something to us. Meanwhile, we shall have plenty of such mushroom popularities as 'Over There' and 'Tipperary' and 'Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag.' And mushrooms are perfectly good and wholesome food. As for *The Star Spangled Banner*, that represents fairly the best that our nation of the last hundred years has been capable of appreciating. Its successor will have to do more than merely represent our possibly improved modern taste. It will have to be recognized and appreciated, which is a matter of happy chance. And it will have to take on tradition, which is a matter of time."

Melody Professional Service Dept.

Important Announcement to Lyric Writers and Composers

MELODY is constantly receiving letters of inquiry from readers who desire the assistance of a professional composer and arranger of songs and instrumental music. While up to this time **Melody** has not felt obligated to give lyric writers or composers assistance other than that available through our free criticism columns, the demand for additional help, especially on the part of amateur and semi-professional lyric writers, has become of such proportions and so incessant that we have decided to establish a special composing and arranging branch. We have, therefore, made the necessary staff and equipment additions to provide a *Melody Professional Service Department*, the purpose, scope and restrictions of which are stipulated in the following paragraphs.

Melody's Professional Service Department offers the services of a professional composer and arranger of national reputation, who will arrange melodies, compose music for song poems and carefully edit and revise and properly prepare manuscript for publication. This work will include, when required, the services of a lyric writer of established reputation, who will also edit, correct or compose lyrics complete, as desired.

The scope of the Melody Professional Service Department is confined absolutely within the limits implied by its name. The Department will not undertake to publish any composition, either in the magazine's music section or otherwise, assuming responsibility only for such professional services as are outlined herein. To this end we are able to make no guarantee whatsoever, except that *all work will be musicianly*, and when manuscript is delivered it will be *complete and flawless and ready for the engraver and printer, or for the eyes of the most critical publisher.* In short, *our one guarantee is the high-grade, original and perfect workmanship of a first-class* professional department.

Only meritorious compositions will be handled. Lyrics or music obviously unworthy of the efforts of our staff, or which in our opinion promise only certain waste of money and effort for the author or composer, will be returned with a candid statement of our opinion.

As a general rule we do not advise writers—especially amateurs—to publish their own compositions if a reputable publishing house can be interested. While the greatest waltz success of today, Missouri Waltz, was first published by the composer—likewise Chas. K. Harris' "After the Ball" and other hits—these instances are not common, and the safe plan is to submit finished, workmanlike manuscript to the publishers, who have means for properly exploiting compositions and who are always on the watch for new and original numbers of "hit" calibre. However, in cases where composers, with full knowledge of the conditions, desire to assume the responsibility for publishing their numbers, we will furnish such advice and information as our long connection with the publishing field affords.

Estimates submitted only after receipt of manuscript, accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelope. No responsibility assumed for manuscript submitted without sufficient postage (letter rates) for return. Charges will be based on the length and style of composition and amount of work required, and will be as low as commensurate with *first-class work.*

Bear in mind that this department is instituted solely as an accommodation to subscribers and readers of MELODY, offering at a nominal cost the services of one of the Country's best professional departments—and nothing more, except advice, which is free. Part of that advice we deliver now: Don't send us your manuscripts unless you have confidence that they are worthy of our best efforts, and don't ask us to do anything more than is outlined in the foregoing paragraphs. Address all communications to

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