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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

Music In This Issue

Say When! (Fox Trot for Piano)---By George L. Cobb

In the Glow of the Alamo Moon (Song)
Words by Jack Yellen---Music by George L. Cobb

In Bagdad (Morceau Oriental for Piano)---By Norman Leigh

"Somewhere in France Is Daddy"---By the Great Howard
Edward R. Winn's "Ragged" Arrangement of the Chorus of This Popular Hit

Interpretative Movie Music for the Piano---By Harry Norton
No. 7—"Love Theme" *No. 8—"Hurry"*

GREETINGS TO RAGTIME REVIEW SUBSCRIBERS

Just as the presses commenced to grind out March MELODIES a deal was consummated for the transfer of *The Ragtime Review* to Publisher Walter Jacobs, who thereby secures the sole title, subscription list and good will of that very popular music magazine. The *Review* will be consolidated with MELODY under the latter name, and beginning with this issue all *Review* subscribers will receive MELODY until the expiration of their present paid-up *Review* subscription-terms. Subscribers to both magazines will receive proper credit by extension of their MELODY subscriptions. Because of the eleventh-hour arrival of this news, it is impossible to give more extended notice of the new arrangement in this issue.

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From the Inside Looking Out

A Lyric Writer's Observations Anent Lyrics, the Writing and the Writers Thereof — With Some Valuable Hints

By TREVE COLLINS, Jr.

ALMOST everybody, regardless of age, sex or station in life, writes reams of fancy, dream-festooned words that are inflicted upon hapless publishers throughout the country in the guise of "lyrics."

When the average amateur song writer claps his eye upon a particularly pretty girl, he feels it incumbent upon him to immediately sit down and immortalize her in a fervid lay. While his imagination is still at fever heat he chases his effusion to some song shop and sits back to enjoy much pleasant speculation as to what he will do with the hundred dollars or so he expects to sell it for.

Again,—should he have a quarrel with THE girl he figures he ought to write a deep, soul-searching ballad and coin a large wad of cash out of his sad experience with fickle females.

And so it goes.

In every nook and cranny of this broad land of ours there are budding lyric writers,—and others who have not yet reached the budding stage. Armed with a vivid imagination, lots of time, a pad and a pencil they break out into wordy eruptions on the slightest provocation. They write with reckless abandon and zeal,—whether they have anything worth writing about or not. The wilder and weirder their subjects, the prouder they feel of their efforts. They seem to regard it as a superabundance of that divine gift—ORIGINALITY—to be able to write a song about ANYTHING!

Verily, the amateur lyric writer is a great institution, and then some!

The writer does not pretend to know EVERYTHING there is to know about lyrics. He has, however, written the lyrics for a dozen or more songs that have brought actual cash returns and has found there are technicalities in the writing of lyrics that MUST BE OBSERVED. He has also had the opportunity of sitting in a large publisher's office and reading the utterly impossible brand of lyric writing turned out by the average amateur seeking to break into professional ranks.

It is recognized that everybody must START,—that the amateur of today is the PROFESSIONAL of tomorrow and the purpose of this article is to state a few pertinent facts that may be of benefit to those now writing, or intending to write, lyrics.

Lyric writing is serious business, but most young writers seem to think it's a picnic or something invented to enable them to get rich quick.

The main reason for the failure of so many young lyric writers is that in the first place they make absolutely no effort to learn WHAT CONSTITUTES A POPULAR SONG. They know nothing of rhyme, meter, technical construction and the hundred and one other components of the successful lyric. Notwithstanding this, they sit down blithely and dash off a flock of words that they fondly term a "song-poem" and which they feel sure will become an "over-night" hit.

They forward the supposed "lyric" to a publisher and bore him to death with a voluminous letter stating just WHY they know they are destined to occupy a niche in the Lyric Writer's Hall of Fame. Sometimes, they even boast that they wrote the whole lyric IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. It isn't necessary to add that the brain child usually looks the part. It is generally without rhyme or reason; the second verse doesn't jibe with the first; the idea is as old as the Rock of Ages and a melody writer would contract curvature of the spine, finger rheumatics and a dozen other ailments if he even attempted to write music for it.

If the amateur song writer thinks he has the qualifications to make good in the game, LET HIM BEGIN BY ACQUIRING A TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE PRESENT-DAY SONGS. Let him study them carefully; analyze their ideas and their construction. Then let him write lyrics along the same measures as the popular hits—FOR PRACTICE—and KEEP PRACTICING, until the rhythm of the various types of popular compositions become SECOND NATURE and he writes his lines in an easy-flowing, swingy style through force of habit! Then let him sit down and turn his hand to some idea for submission to a publisher.

A chap wouldn't walk into an office and apply for a job as a stenographer without having taken a course that would fit him for the post. And yet this same hopeful individual doesn't think it a bit strange that he should sit down, absolutely without a knowledge of even the rudimentary technique of successful lyric writing and expect to turn out a song that will be accepted by some publisher with wild applause and a writing contract for the Lord only knows how many thousands of dollars a year.

(*Continued on page* 20)

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MELODY

A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music

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Volume II *March, 1918* *Number 3*

"Popular Music"

Its Meaning and Its Mission—By *Myron V. Freese*

JUST what is meant or generally understood by the phrase "Popular Music"? A word or a word-phrase usually is interpreted by its inclusions, yet far too frequently these inclusions are not carefully sifted and assorted. Strictly speaking—that is, holding rigidly to derivative meaning—"popular music" would be that "of or pertaining to the *common* people," yet such is not true, or rather not the whole truth. As used in the sense of the foregoing, the word "common" is far too narrow and restrictive, for there are many musically educated people who play, sing, listen to and love the truly popular. A much broader and more comprehensive definition, then, would be that music which is "beloved or approved by *the people*, pleasing to people in general, or to many people." In this sense much that is *not* included in the so-called "popular" would rightly belong there, while many of its accredited inclusions would be better classed under a heading of "craze," "fad," or "rage." Under such broader interpretation of the phrase, "popular music" at once assumes a higher musical ranking than is generally accorded it.

It is only too true that, until very recently, in its inclusions the term covered only the very lightest forms of musical composition—literally, the frothy and the frivolous in music—and all too often the cheaper and most imperfectly constructed of these; the banal, the utterly meaningless and many times the absolutely tuneless that depended solely upon rhythm stretched to the verge of the fantastic for its *passing* acceptance. At the present time the term "popular" is inclined to be as variable in its elasticity as the whimsical ideas of some who discuss it are many, but as a matter of fact, and also as an undeniable musical truth, some of the most popular music is and has been at the same time the best.

The last statement is a very broad one, nevertheless it will stand both inspection and the perspective; nor is it any the less true, even though it may happen to oppose and carry confusion to the preconceived ideas and expressed opinions of the ultra-musical ("high-brows," if you will), who refuse to believe that anything can exist which at once is both "popular" and *good*—at least, not in music. These (perhaps earnest, yet musically biased) people fail to perceive that the word "good" may have varying degrees of meaning and intensity before it descends to the actually "bad," nor do they realize the existing distinction between the *true* popular and what might better be classed as the "musically un-popular."

Ask one of the ultra-conservative in music what is included under the prevailing phrase of "popular music," and quite likely the answer unhesitatingly would be: "All the musical piffle and balderdash that ordinary people buy and play and sing"—an answer very, very wide of the truth, and one disclosing an utter ignorance of the subject while betraying an absolute lacking of interest in studying and sorting the inclusions. Ask the same question of one who is less "ultra," yet one who at the same time poses as being "very musical," and the probable reply would be: "All the trash that never should be published."

The professional musician, he whose business it is to exploit that which brings "grist to the mill" regardless of his personal opinion and liking, in reply to the same question might tell you that the inclusion covered all the prevailing ragtime rages, cabaret successes and vaudeville light offerings; the average person might say, "anything that catches on." The lover of music (perhaps all unconscious of what he really loves, and unthinking as to why he loves it) might insist upon the popular as being the ballads that are filled with home and love sentiment, the serio-comic melodies, the patriotic and the near-patriotic—all the songs the people like to hear and sing. But ask the ardent devotee to the "latest," and he probably would shout: "The stuff that's got the pep, ginger and jingle in it; the stuff with the go that makes your feet shuffle, your hands wave and your mouth sing."

WITH all these varied expressions of opinions facing us, what can be fixed upon and pinned down as a true and broadly inclusive definition of "popular music"? To define its meaning it would seem necessary first to determine its make-up—that is, what has been and is comprised under the phrase of "popular music." Is it comprised of only the music that "makes your feet shuffle," or is it a mixture which may include even a classic? (Note: the word "classic" is used here in its broadest sense. "Annie Rooney" is as much a classic as are "Old Grimes," "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," "Alice in Wonderland" or "Mother Goose," and none questions the rights of these to the term.)

Let us sift and sort for a little, and see what shines out as "nuggets" of pure "popularity." First, the strictly national patriotic is *never* the popular, while a lilting melody *with a strong touch of the patriotic sentiment*—such, for instance, as Mr. George M. Cohan's "Over There"—is popular even to a "craze." Ask some music lover, one who is not a biased musician, to name the three most popular American songs ever known to and sung by the public, and the probable off-hand answer would be: "Home, Sweet Home," "The Swanee

River" and "My Old Kentucky Home." There is not the slightest hint of "shuffle" in any one of these; all of them have been sung and resung by the greatest lyric artists, and all are as truly popular today as when first introduced.

Question another, who moves in a different musical environment, and while one of the three mentioned might be named, for the other two he might wish to substitute "Memories" (maudlin to the strictly musical) and the Carrie Jacobs-Bond "A Perfect Day"—the last named (to combine two apparently opposing terms) a *popular classic* in the broadest and highest sense. Likewise, John MacCormack has made "popular" a musicianly composition which really requires the artist in its singing, yet everybody knows, loves and unhesitatingly attempts to vocalize, "I Hear You Calling."

Neither are "ragtime" and "popular music" terms that are so fully synonymous as some people seem to think, although there is no gainsaying the broad popularity of some of the first named. There is good ragtime, as there is bad ragtime—some of it very bad—yet it is a safe assertion (proved by instance and example) that *any* ragtime which does not contain within itself at least a germ of the "good" in music never becomes popular. Many times, and through the sheer force of a bizarre rhythm, that which is germless of "good" may appeal through novelty and hold the public attention for a brief moment, but it does not become popular and the "attention" given it is as syncopated as its rhythm. It is the same with the whole grist of both the so-called and the rightly named "popular music" in vocal and instrumental—somewhere within it, whether hidden or otherwise, *lurks a germ of the "good,"* and therein lies the clue to definition and meaning.

To state an equation and its inversion: that which is true is *good*, and that which is good is *true*. Carry the extension a bit further, and we can deduce a second equation, namely, that which is true *appeals*, and that which appeals is the *popular*, which practically solves the whole equation. If, however, this magazine should formulate its own definition and meaning, it would be: *Popular music comprises all melodies of the people which appeal directly to the hearts of the people*, making the question as to whether such appeal is mental or emotional a secondary matter which properly belongs to

Its Mission

AS a rule, the "common" people in music (or anything else) are not credited by the less common (or, possibly, the uncommon) with possessing the faculty of fine discrimination. Nevertheless, and all too often for the peace of mind of the "uncommon," they discriminate with a fine distinction which is disconcerting, and refuse to eat the intellectual music-food that is recommended by the ultra-conservativists. Again, and as a rule, the "common" music lovers have the uncomfortable habit of eating what they musically desire, and it naturally follows that what everybody likes and desires becomes the popular. It does *not* follow, however, that such gratifying of appetite is because the people as a whole do not know and appreciate "music for music's sake," nor is it because they are lacking in either the opportunity or the faculty of discriminating.

There is one logical reason for all of this, and the reason is as simple as it is logical. Music that is "popular," i. e., liked and sung by all, appeals to the collective through the individual; it appeals directly to the people because it is a means of self-expression, and through it as a medium the people express what they feel and (perhaps unconsciously) must utter, and that is—themselves. Popular music, then, is an expression of the people by the people; such expression by the people of a country is typical and national, and in the present instance this expression is truly American—literally, *the only true and distinctively American music which we possess.*

IN a recent critical comment upon a resolution passed by the Boston Music Publishers' Association, relative to "fostering, promoting and giving prominence whenever possible to the works of American composers," Mr. Olin Downes of the Boston *Post* said in part:

"There is one really living element in our American music: the ragtime and music-hall ditties that every now and then have something real in them. The composers of this music, at least, have no pompous pose, nor have they been educated out of all native intelligence. Hence we sometimes think that George M. Cohan has done more for his native land than Edward S. Carpenter, who knows more of music in his little finger than Mr. Cohan ever will.

"Mr. Carpenter can write a symphony which Richard Strauss might respect for its scoring, but it is a symphony which might just as well have been written while Mr. Carpenter was traveling pleasurably from Paris to Bagdad, via Munich, as in America. In other words, Mr. Carpenter's music, with all its technical brilliancy, its fine taste, its modern sophistication and frequent aesthetic charm, has no more to do with his own people and his own soil than would a Louis XIV chair in his drawing room.

"Mr. Cohan's music is astir with the buoyancy and humor of today, because of which, in our opinion, his music is superior to and more living than the muisc of Mr. Carpenter—a brilliant musician whom we do not pitch upon as a specially flagrant case of the influence of foreign rather than native art-spirit, but as one of many instances of the spiritual dilettantishness of many of the younger generation of American composers."

We are harmoniously in accord with the views of Mr. Downes regarding the music of Mr. Cohan. It is such writers as Mr. Cohan—and all others of the popular song line who instill into their compositions (crude though they may be) the vital element of American life and living—who are the nuclei of the American music of the future. They are *vox populi musica*—the music mouthpieces of the people—through their music expressing for the people the many phases of life which they themselves feel, know and live, yet cannot express. Naturally, this expression is yet in the embryonic stage, and it may be many years before it shall have gained the musical stability necessary for universal recognition as a School of American Music, nevertheless it is a foundation upon which to build. If there be any "nationality in music" (which many dispute), a study of the music of the older nations teaches that, although necessarily rounded out and perfected by musical architects of higher degree, it is built largely upon folk-songs—the songs of the people.

As fact and not theory, this holds equally true with America, and while we may have no rich heritage of folk-music upon which to build, we have the next best thing, and this is the popular music of the people. All efforts, then, to create in this line should be encouraged and not discouraged, and the people themselves should be taught to separate the good from the bad. Also, as a people, we must have musical aspirations if we would attain. The man who never holds aspirations cannot know, feel and obey an inspiration, and he who never has felt the inward impulse of inspiration, however slight, is practically deaf, dumb and blind—if not actually dead—to the highest impulse of humanity.

The mission of popular music, then, is the encouraging of that aspiration which shall create the higher inspiration. As clearly pointed out in his article of last month by Mr. Zarh Myron Bickford, popular music (yes, even including ragtime) is the incentive to a higher melodic expression of the people—the perhaps crude of the present leading to a more perfected in the future. As such expression, and in many thousands of instances the only expression which will attract and lead, the flame of popular music should not be smothered, but instead be fanned and kindled into a fire which, in time, shall burn out the dross. This is the true mission of popular music, and to help in keeping the flame of this mission burning brightly is the sole mission of the magazine known as MELODY.

King of the Knights of Noise

Noise, noise! give us a lot of noise,
And devil take your silent "boys"!

WHY waggest thou thy tongue in noise so rude against me, asked the mother of Hamlet of her crazy son, who merely "wagged" longer, louder and more rudely. Metaphysicians, new-thoughters, and many other propagandists of vague and strange doctrines, talk largely and learnedly about "going into the *silence*," which may be one good reason for their propaganda not meeting with a greater popularity. Silence, nothing! we want noise. This nation was born in a bombardment of glorious noise, therefore as a nation we like noise and mean to be heard. As individuals we love noise, each doing his best to make a noise and many trying to be the "big noise" when they should be shoved "into the silence."

Without noise, life would be only that which annoys. We rush into each New Year with bells, whistles, sirens, gongs and shrieks; we celebrate our birth with bands and bombs and big outburstings, or did before the "safers and saners" butted in; we go to sleep 'mid roar and rumble and waken to the rattle of "Big Ben"; we scatter the clang of the trolley gongs, the honk of the auto horns, the clarion yells of the "newsies," and the daily crash, clash and clatter of living life all along the year. In short, we want noise in our daily movings and in our nightly "movies"; we belong to the order of the "Knights of Noise," with a King of the Knights who can put the kibosh on everything but the Kaiser for noise.

The New York *Sun*, in a recent issue, contained an interesting account of the kingdom and subjects of the "Universal King of Noise Makers," as the article dubbed Bernard Walberg of Worcester, Mass. Walberg and his funny noises are known from New York to Shanghai and from Madagascar to points east.

The last investigating committee sent out by the Institution for Scientific and Other Research to report on movieless spots of the planet informed its sponsors that "there ain't no such places." That's how, says the *Sun*, our King Walberg gained his throne.

Every movie theatre that possesses anything besides a ticket chopper and an inside aisle also possesses one or more of Walberg's noises. For he is the man who invented and introduced the sound imitations that accompany the action of the silent drama—the speeding railroad train, the racing automobile, the crashing chinaware, the barking dog, the growling lion, the chimes of Normandy, the church organ, and the thousand and one other sound effects without which that touch of realism of the film play would be absent.

Mr. Walberg has a genius all his own. There is no sound in the world that he cannot successfully imitate, and he has patents covering imitations of most noises. His factory in Worcester, Mass., supplies the greater part of the moving picture houses in America with sound effects. Before the war, his business abroad had grown to large proportions.

"But Kaiser Bill can make more sound effects in five minutes than I can in a lifetime. He is the only noise competitor that I recognize," declared Mr. Walberg.

Outside of this one competitor, Worcester's noise king can start from scratch against the rest of the universe in the noise handicap and pass the judges' stand turning handsprings before the rest of the field hits its stride.

The czar of the world's noise market doesn't look the part. In the first place he is a short man. In the second place, you wouldn't know he was around unless you had him paged. In a crowd he doesn't attract as much attention as a fellow with a pair of squeaky shoes, and yet he has invented an imitation for said shoes that beats the original.

BESIDES being an inventor and a successful business man, King Bernard has another accomplishment sufficient to lift him above the ordinary man. There isn't a musical instrument in the world which he cannot play and play well considering. His Worcester factory turns them all out, from the jew's-harp to the ukulele.

Mr. Walberg was born in Sweden, but his parents brought him to this country when he was only five years old. Previous to launching into his business career fifteen years ago, he was a trombone player of renown, having been with the noted Chicago marine band and the no less famous Liberatie's band of New York. During his first five years in Worcester he played in, or probably was, the orchestra at a movie theatre.

As to how he happened onto the business of making noises, Mr. Walberg had this to say:

"I guess it just came natural to me, as my mother used to tell me I was the noisiest baby she ever had. I was squalling when I first saw the light of day and I have been making noises ever since."

Patrons of moving pictures throughout the world have enjoyed the films more because of the sound effects from the orchestra pit. Few ever stop to think of the countless appliances that are necessary to the successful imitation of the sounds. They are as essential to the enjoyment of a movie as the plot. No one ever thought of adding the realism that good sound effects supply until Mr. Walberg put his first appliance on the market, an imitation of a pistol shot and the gallop of a horse.

Calls and songs of birds have been duplicated in the Worcester factory. The bark of a dog and the growl of a lion, as well as the sound that emanates from the throats of other animals, have been reproduced true to life after years of painstaking efforts.

TIMES innumerable has Mr. Walberg risked serious injury in attempts to get the noises and calls he wished to imitate. Racing in an automobile with a fast express train, nights spent in swamps listening to the croak of the frogs and risking being struck by falling debris while the walls of a house came tumbling, are but a few of these instances. Fake noises, like fake dangers in the movies are quickly detected by a critical public, Mr. Walberg says, so imitations must be true to the originals.

Speeding at more than sixty miles an hour in an auto, Mr. Walberg kept pace with an express train on a parallel country road for half an hour. This resulted in the present perfect imitation familiar to patrons of the silent drama. Several times he narrowly missed collisions that probably would have resulted in instant death.

The imitation is made by rubbing a looped wire brush over a knobbed tin surface. Although a very simple affair, its sound cannot be told from the real, and it has netted the noise king a comfortable sum.

The locomotive bell is duplicated by striking a small leather-covered mallet against a piece of tempered steel. By striking with a double steel hammer, the gong of a hospital ambulance or fire or police vehicle is produced.

Wind effects are made with strips of hard wood attached to two metal disks rubbed against a piece of canvas drawn tight over a frame. The operator just turns a crank. Mr. Walberg spent several days at the seashore to get the true sound made by the surf. This resulted in a metal cylinder filled with

buckshot or peas, which gives forth the correct sound when the operator turns the crank.

The breaking of glass and the falling of crockery are imitated on the same principle. A triangular box lined with shelves and filled with glass does the trick when the crank is turned. The glass falling from the shelves makes the sound.

PROBABLY the greatest noise-maker Mr. Walberg manufactures is the machine that imitates a collapsing building, or that fits in just right when a particularly deafening uproar is demanded. A large roller, to which are fastened strips of wood of different sizes, is supported on two uprights and turned by a crank. Perpendicular strips of wood come in contact with the strips on the roller as the crank revolves. A high tension spring forces these upright strips against the roller which, in turn, keeps throwing them back. That makes the racket.

Then there is the automobile and the flivver imitation. This invention called for considerable ingenuity and the effect is exact. A cabinet about two feet high and six inches square contains the workings. By means of a crank and gears, a rod is turned which forces a tin cylinder, mounted on a spring, against the inner top of the cabinet. The cylinder is filled with shot. To imitate the flivver, a hole in the cabinet is uncovered.

Other sound effects conceived by Mr. Walberg are a planing mill imitation, an imitator of heavy machinery, a slap pad for pistol and rifle shots, a telegraph key made of wood, a typewriter, the roll of a snare drum, a blacksmith's anvil, cathedral chimes, church organ, cow and calf bawl and at least twenty-five bird calls and song imitations.

One of the most amusing imitations is that of a baby crying. The keenest ear would find it impossible to detect the original from the make-believe. Like the bird call, the effect is procured by blowing into a steel tube shaped like a whistle.

These are but a few of the noise-makers Mr. Walberg turns out. They have won for him the top notch position in the sound imitation world, and have earned for him an enviable bank account.

"If you can't be the original, imitate it as closely as you can. That's my business motto," Mr. Walberg said, "There may be better ones, but I'm content to be an imitator."

The Terpsi-Tickle-Toe

WHAT is the "Tickle Toe" and why is it? Of course, if you are at all popular among the ladies (assuming that you are a male person; if you are a member of the sweet sex, your popularity isn't subject to question), you know what the "Tickle Toe" is, and you know how to "Tickle Toe," which for your needs is sufficient, without bothering about the "why" and "whence" of the dance and its odd but pertinent name.

Undeniably the "Tickle Toe" will be exceedingly popular among the trippers this season; in truth, the new-fangled step has already assumed the aspect of a "craze" in some localities, if we may judge by the number of fair maidens who say they are "just crazy over it." The processes of developing the nation-wide terpsichorean madness are already in active operation, and as the dancing devotees of the ballroom are forever on the *qui vive* for something to "go crazy over," it will be but a very little while ere the "Tickle Toe" is the dance of the hour, the dance that will deliver the quietus to the well-worn steps that society is already a little tired of.

But we promised to tell you something about the origination of the dance and its most expressive appellation—or at least we promised ourselves to tell you what a man who ought to know told us about the early history of the "Tickle Toe." Things move so fast in these times that incidents of last summer belong to mediaeval history, and such a thing as a dance program of the year A. D. 1916, for instance, seems almost *pre*historic. So, though this is written almost before the new dance has gotten out of the big cities, it is not impossible that the "Tickle Toe" will be "old stuff" before the March edition of MELODY reaches the readers—hence the "early history" hedge. And this is not intended as a slam on the slow mail service, either! Well, to our knitting:

This new toe-tickler had its inception in the second act of that marvelously successful musical comedy, "Going Up," now running to beat all records at the Liberty Theater, New York, where it was produced by Cohan and Harris and immediately scored one of the biggest successes in musical pieces that ever brightened Broadway. "Going Up," by Otto Harbach, James Montgomery and Louis A. Hirsch, will be remembered long after it has run its appointed course as the piece that introduced the "Tickle Toe" to a grateful dancing world.

In the second act of "Going Up," Miss Edith Day, who plays the leading girl's part, has a song in which she sings the praises of the new dance. The song is called "Everybody Ought to Know How to Dance the Tickle Toe," and the title is the catch-phrase that has swept the country. The music of this song is the music of the new dance. One could imagine no other music for it. It is an inspiration, and Mr. Hirsch, who wrote it, has placed novelty-hunting dance devotees under everlasting (for at least a month or two) obligations to him. Well, when the song ends, Miss Day invites the assembled company on the stage to learn the new dance, and, in company with Mr. Fagan, a brother of Miss Ina Claire, proceeds to teach the new steps. There is plenty of opportunity to do so, as the "Tickle Toe" is encored over and over again, until the performers are well nigh exhausted. By this time, however, their efforts have certainly borne fruit, as the audience have grasped the details with enthusiasm, and from grandpa and grandma down to the boys and girls in their teens, are determined to get "at it" at the earliest possible moment.

It will be seen, of course, that at first the dance was strictly a stage affair, and this leads one to the evolution of the "Tickle Toe" as a strictly ballroom dance, an idea that originated with those actively concerned in the production of "Going Up." They conceived the happy notion of adapting the fascinating tune and lilt to a step that would satisfy the longing of the average dancer for something new. The publishers of the music of "Going Up," M. Witmark & Sons, thereupon engaged the distinguished services of Mr. Ad. Newberger, one of New York's most prominent dancing masters, who evolved the steps of the "Tickle Toe" dance that now occupies the attention of dancers everywhere. The dance is as full of novelty as it is easy to learn. It is graceful to a degree, yet its quaintness and eccentricities are sufficiently emphasized to satisfy the most exacting and fastidious of tastes. The new version is presented by Miss Day and Mr. Fagan at every performance of "Going Up," and constitutes a practical lesson to would-be devotees under the pleasantest and most entertaining of conditions. The idea of an actual lesson in the "Tickle Toe" dance taught from the stage has caught on wonderfully. In this respect "Going Up" is entitled to distinction as an "educational" show, for in the same act there's an almost practical lesson in the proper way in which to fly an airplane.

As for the origin of the "Tickle Toe," it is said to have been brought by Mr. Harbach, the librettist of "Going Up," from the Mormons. He ran across a dance hall in Salt Lake City bearing the name of "The Tickle Toe," and therein they danced a Mormon version of it. Mr. Harbach incorporated the name in his story of "Going Up." Without being aware of it, he has set the dancing world on fire, which shows what an illuminating idea will sometimes do. Mr. Hirsch fanned the spark into a conflagration when he wrote the "Tickle Toe" tune, and now, "they say," there's nothing that can stop it or the dance from becoming a universal craze.

Interpreting the Photoplay

By Harry Norton

SILENCE IS GOLDEN! Even in the "Movies" that adage applies. Did you ever listen to an orator of the "spell-binder" type? Did you also notice the "pauses" in his oratory—sometimes coming just before driving his point home, sometimes just after doing so—and their effect on the audience? That is a "trick of the trade," so to speak, and the working up to a climax and the delivery of the "punch" at the vital moment is just as essential in picture playing as in public speaking.

Every photoplay story has its climax. Until that point has been reached it isn't safe to bet on "how things will turn out," but after that all is clear sailing. Anybody can make a safe guess as to "who is who" after the climax has passed.

A sudden pause in the music, usually followed by a crashing *sforzando*, is most effective in emphasizing the action of dramatic climax to a greater degree than could possibly be accomplished by continuous playing. This applies particularly to movies with scenes of the "catch-your-breath" variety. like sudden plunging over a cliff of an automobile, a horse and rider or human body. Anything sudden or entirely unexpected may be "worked up" in this fashion.

An excellent opportunity for trial of this idea occurs in a recent Paramount release, "Rose of the World" (Elsie Ferguson). The return of the husband, who is supposed to have died by means of witchcraft, while a tempest rages outside, is a wonderfully strong climax that furnishes a few busy moments for a "live" player. This scene should be worked up with a "gruesome mysterioso," played while the old Indian woman servant is busy with her incantations over a steaming kettle. The vapor rising from the kettle enshrouds a life-size portrait of the husband who is thought to be dead, and when, in the flesh, he steps through a window alongside of which hangs the portrait, the effect is almost as though the portrait had come to life. The pause for effect at this point must be accurately timed to occur an instant *before* the husband's appearance, followed by a *sforzando* chord *at the very moment* of his appearance, with "fortissimo agitato" until he clasps his wife in his arms.

Those who have played this picture will recall the scene as an illustration of the idea. Others who may yet have an opportunity to play it can try it out for themselves.

The pause is also very effective just before the striking of a decisive blow, either physical or strategical. In all cases it serves to strongly emphasize the effect of the blow, which should be simultaneously, accompanied by a *sforzando* chord.

WHILE on the topic of "silence in playing the pictures," another matter comes to mind. The writer has been informed by musicians from the Far West, and also from the Middle States, that in many theatres music is dispensed with while the Pathé Weekly or any news film is being shown.

This is the writer's idea of "things as they should be." Here in the East it has always been customary to play the "Weekly" as well as all other pictures, and managers here do not take kindly to the "silent" idea. The Pathé Weekly, or any news film, is an "animated newspaper," and musical accompaniment is really no more necessary to this kind of picture than a musical accompaniment to one's perusal of the newspaper in his home.

It is the writer's humble opinion that a period of silence while the "Weekly" is on would only the more strongly emphasize the value of the music as an accompaniment to the feature-pictures.

The playing of a news film must necessarily limit the musician to a choice between waltzes and marches for accompaniment. At the present time the news is principally martial, and relative to our activities in the World War, and certainly of most intense interest to every American. This interest and appreciation neither can be enhanced by good music nor marred by poor music. In fact, no attention is ever paid by the patrons to the music on news films—that is, not from the writer's observations.

In big city theatres, which run on a continuous performance policy from 10 a. m. to 11 p. m., and are termed "long-hour" houses by musicians, the relief of about ten minutes afforded while a news film is being run would increase the player's efficiency one hundred per cent for the playing of the next feature, and playing a feature is really important, while playing a "Weekly" is non-essential. If this idea should be generally adopted, it would really mean a great "labor-saving device," and about the only one which might be applied to the work of Movie musicians.

EFFICIENCY

EFFICIENCY is the slogan in the business world of today. The accomplishment of greatest result with least waste of energy is what all business men and manufacturers strive for. Musicians must be efficient. The success of our work depends on mental and nervous energy, rather than on muscular strength, and we should conserve if possible.

Efficiency is as necessary in "playing the pictures" as in any other business or profession, and efficient methods of performing this work can be worked out by every musician if he will "take stock," and then strive to strengthen the weak places in his routine. Before beginning his work the first thing the musician encounters is his musical library. He must "line up" something to play.

What is the condition of the library? In nine cases out of ten it looks like a "rummage sale"—everything helter-skelter. Some of it is on top of the piano, more of it on the floor. The picture to be played calls for an Oriental setting. In order to find what is needed, that "mussed up" collection must be searched and much valuable time is wasted. If this music were to be kept in an orderly way, assorted as it should be, all Oriental characteristic numbers would be together and instantly available. Result—labor saved, also wear and tear on one's patience.

Picture music should be sorted by "tempo"—marches, waltzes, andantes, popular songs, incidental music, etc., in separate covers. Any music store will supply covers, such as are used to contain the stock on their shelves, at a few cents apiece. This is the first step in efficiency.

Next comes the actual work in the orchestra pit. Here the most important thing is the position at the instrument.

Upon this depends entirely the ability of the performer both to execute his work properly and to continue that work without becoming fatigued. A pianist or organist cannot do justice to his music if he slumps in his chair or slouches in any way. It not only looks bad, but is bad for the health and habits of the individual. It is impossible to put "pep" into one's playing while in a half-reclining posture.

The next step in efficiency is the cultivation of the faculty of being "always on the job"—wide awake and alive to the possibilities and opportunities presented on the picture screen. Your business is the "Interpretation of the Photoplay," and for the time being nothing else is of consequence. This means *concentration of attention*, which, we are assured, leads to success in our undertakings.

To avoid any semblance of monotony in this work the musical program should be interesting to the performer himself, as well as to the audience. If an interesting routine of musical numbers is selected and adapted to the action of the photoplay, the musician's work is convincing to his audience, and to himself comes the satisfaction of work well done.

The continual acquisition of new material is one of the best means to retain one's interest in his work, and also to keep his ambition up to concert pitch.

Once a routine or program for a picture-show has been selected and decided upon as being suitable, it should be adhered to at every performance thereafter. The writer is acquainted with musicians who make a practice of "taking it easy" or "laying down" during hours when the theatre is not crowded. Their excuse is, "What's the use? There are very few people in the house."

Such an attitude is not fair to those patrons who are present. The fact that the theatre is not crowded is not the fault of those who did come, and they are entitled to just as good and complete an entertainment as if the house was crowded. Each and every show, no matter whether it be the "milkman's matinee" at 10 a. m., or the "supper show," should be the same to the musician.

Not being possessed of clairvoyant faculties, none of us are ever aware of who may be in the audience. Any performance may be the turning point in a musician's career. Suppose a movie player has gained a local reputation for good work, and that reputation reaches the ears of a manager who wishes to secure the services of just such a man. It is more than likely that said manager will visit the theatre where the musician is then playing to verify the reports that have come to him. It is also more than likely that the visit will occur during a dull part of the day when that manager can best be spared from his own affairs. If the musician in question be "taking it easy," instead of putting forth his best effort, he thereby loses an opportunity which he never knew was knocking at his door. Also, we all know that when the position seeks the man, the man usually names his price. "Eternal vigilance" is the price of success as well as "of liberty."

QUERIES ANSWERED

J. H. F.—"Cartoon" pictures are comedies, and should be played as any comedy. Much fun may be created by "kidding" on comedy pictures with choruses of well-known popular songs, or, better still, by using just the four or eight measures which contain the title of the song. For illustration: "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?"; "Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through"; "Any Little Girl that's a Nice Little Girl," and hundreds of others. The older they are, the better. More people are familiar with the "old-timers". If carefully "timed" with the action, this "stunt" will cause many laughs.

C. H. G.—"The Woman God Forgot" (Geraldine Farrar) is a very heavy production and requires good standard music; no popular songs or ragtime. The writer used the following routine: "Priests' March" from "*Athalia*"; "Morning, Noon and Night," overture; "Dance of the Demons" from "*Prince Ador*" Suite; "Stradella," overture; "Morning," from "*Peer Gynt*" Suite; "Aida—Triumphal March"; "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar; "Fackeltanz," Meyerbeer; "Coronation March," Eilenberg; "Orpheus" overture (first and last movements only); Prelude, Op. 28, No. 7, Chopin; "Pilgrims' Chorus," from *Tannhauser*.

The story is laid among the Aztecs, but on no account should either Indian or Mexican music be used. It is a spectacular production with many scenes of pomp and splendor and several battle scenes.

In regard to the "incidental" or "interpretative" music in the music supplement of this magazine, the writer has deduced from expressions of opinion from subscribers that the "hurry" and "agitato" type of music seems to be most in demand. Therefore a "hurry" is offered this month, together with an "andante" movement suitable for use as a "theme."

"Ragging" the Popular Song-Hits

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE IS DADDY"

By Edward R. Winn

AS the fifth one of the promised series of original arrangements of the chorus of preferred popular song hits requested by readers, there will be found in the music-supplement section a novel compilation of the chorus part of "Somewhere in France Is Daddy." The song was written and composed by "The Great Howard," of vaudeville fame, and is presented with the consent and approval of the publishers, Howard & La Var of New York, for which kindness and show of confidence Melody expresses its appreciation and thanks.

This number, as most readers apparently are aware, judging by the numerous letters received signifying this title, is among the first of the month's best sellers, and ranks as one of the extraordinary songs put forth so far this year in that its success, while vigorous, is natural—unforced.

Already the song may be had for talking machine and player piano, practically all concerns that reproduce music mechanically having recorded it. That more than three hundred vocalists are at present rendering this war-time melody gem professionally, and that it easily finds a position on high-class programs, accords sufficient explanation of its great vogue. Seldom does it occur that the local stock of talking-machine records of any composition becomes completely exhausted, yet this has happened recently in several cities, so extensive has been the demand. No truer gauge of favor could be cited.

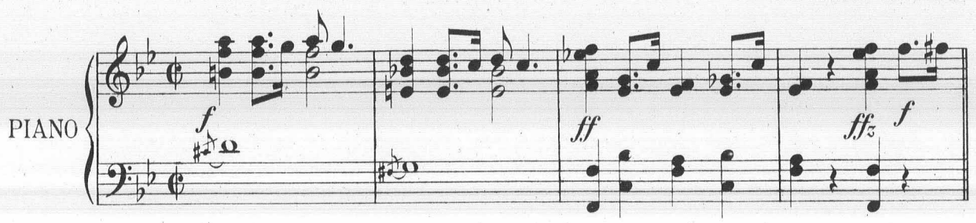
As sole selling agents to the retail sheet music trade, the Plaza Music Company of New York report continued large sales of this issue. While higher in price at the counter than the majority of songs, it is obviously appealing to purchasers as well, if not better, than many of its contemporaries.—

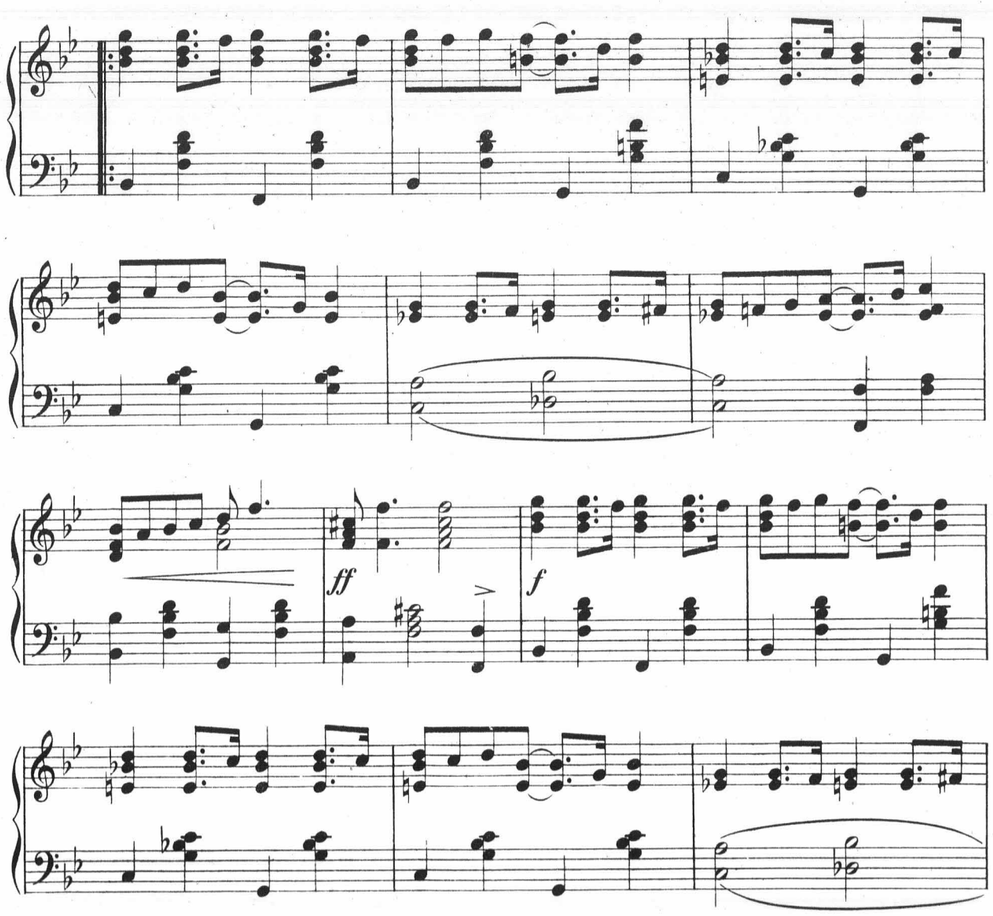
(*Continued on page* 20)

Say When!

Fox Trot

GEORGE L. COBB





f

ffz

mf–f

1 2 *f*

ff

MELODY

1 2 *ffz*

MELODY

In The Glow of the Alamo Moon

Words by
JACK YELLEN

Music by
GEORGE L. COBB

Moderato

PIANO

f

𝄋

till voice

mf

How I sigh For the sight of a night on the
How I pine For that some-one who waits on the

p

A-la-mo, That's where we said "Good - bye," And that's where to-night I'm long-ing to
A-la-mo, I know her heart is mine. Might-y soon my blush-ing bride she will

be, In the mel-low-y glow of that beau-ti-ful moon Where some-bo-dy waits 'mid the
be, So I yearn to re-turn to that A-la-mo shore, I want to be cud-dling my

ros-es of June, And I seem to hear her sing-ing this to me:
hon-ey once more In that Love-land where I hear her call-ing me.

CHORUS

Meet me in the mel-low glow Of the A-la-mo

(Meet me in the mel-low glow)

p–f

moon, By the dream-y A-la-mo

(Of the A-la-mo moon)

(By the dream-y A-la-

We can cud-dle and spoon While moon beams soft-ly gleam up-on the

mo)

(We can cud-dle and spoon)

sil-v'ry stream, With you by my side what a dream it will seem, When we meet to-night in the

glow of the A-la-mo moon. Meet me in the mel-low

1 2

f

D.S.

In Bagdad

MORCEAU ORIENTAL

NORMAN LEIGH

Moderato (♩=126)

PIANO

p

rall.

a tempo poco a

poco accel. ma non troppo

rit.

molto rall.

poco a tempo

molto rall.

f a tempo

mf

f

poco dim.

mf

mp poco a poco accel.

ff

a tempo

p

rall.

a tempo poco a poco accel. ma non troppo

rit. molto rall. poco a tempo molto rall.

Cantabile

p

mf allarg. a tempo *p rall.*

mf a tempo

8

f allarg. a tempo

mf rall. a tempo molto rall. *p* a tempo

MELODY

p

rall. a tempo poco a poco accel. ma non troppo

rit. molto rall. poco a tempo molto rall.

a tempo

f

p quasi andante *p* a tempo

8

MELODY

No. 7

Love Theme

HARRY NORTON

Andante con espressivo

PIANO

MELODY

D.C. al.

No. 8

Hurry

For General Use

HARRY NORTON

Allegro

PIANO

1

2

MELODY

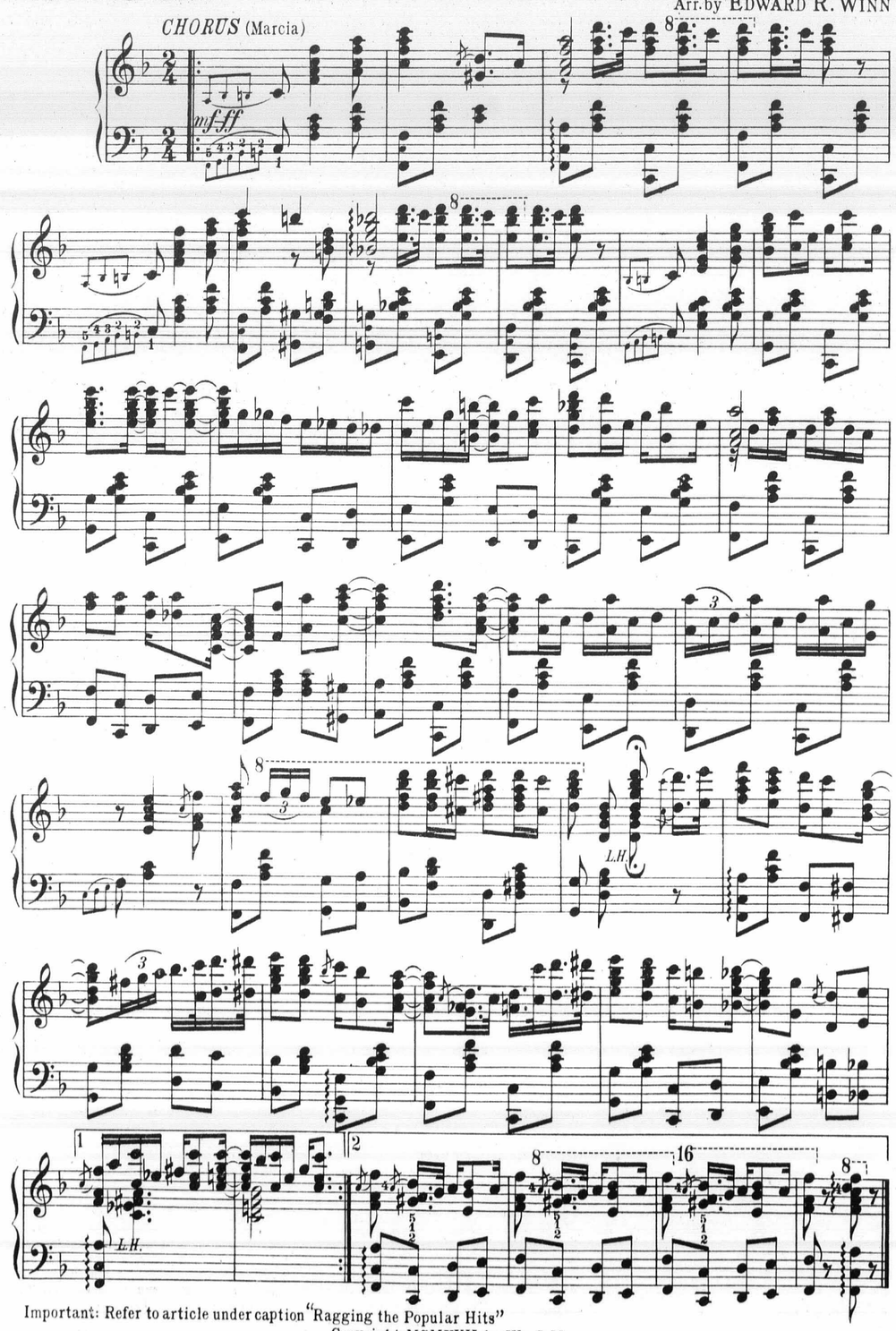
Original One-Step Arrangement of Chorus of

"Somewhere In France Is Daddy"

Composed by
THE GREAT HOWARD

In Full Piano Solo Style

Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN



Important: Refer to article under caption "Ragging the Popular Hits"

The Reader and the Publisher

Subscribers are invited to contribute letters or short articles voicing personal opinions or suggestions, and space will be given in this department to all that are of sufficient general interest

W. J. C., Vallejo, Cal.

YOUR letter is unusually interesting and brimming with wit, and the comments accompanying one of your proffered titles for this magazine are worthy of space in this department even though the "name contest" is settled. Therefore we are printing a portion of the communication herewith:

Dear Sir: A friend of mine, Mr. Jas. Harris, who is a satisfied subscriber of your magazine, today gave me the first copy of the journal I have seen, and *I like it*. I was particularly interested, and amused at the letters regarding the change of title, so much so that I am going to take a shy at it myself.

While on my way to my Hooverized lunch I met one of the bandsmen of the Naval Band stationed at Mare Island Navy Yard. Fastened to the collar of his uniform blouse was the emblem of his vocation—i. e., the lyre. The thought came to me that both your magazine and the emblem represent music; the lyre an instrument for rendering music, and the Tuneful Yankee, an instrument for rendering music. Then came the idea of a title, which I thought might be appropriate except for one thing—the number of people who would mispronounce it. Then I thought of the jolly time you would have educating said people to pronounce it properly and the fiendish glee some would take in "basting" you, should you select this particular word for a title. Now for the suggestions:

The Lyre (Webster).
The Cheerful Lyre.
The Tuneful Lyre.
The Truthful Lyre.

* * * *

Now for a word, or rather a few words, regarding myself and your magazine. As I said at the beginning of this letter, I like the magazine. Why? Because it is *good*, so good in fact that I am going to prescribe for myself twelve doses, to begin January of this year. I will send you the subscription price some time next month. I am not a musician, but an engineer, and I am exceedingly fond of music. I sometimes tempt the muses though, and try my hand and my friends' patience in an effort to compose (?) near lyries. I have quite a number of them hid away in a secret drawer of my tool chest, and I often laugh when I think of the shock a particular friend of mine will receive (to whom I intend to will my box should I pass to the unknown beyond first) when he opens my box. He has no use for poets, or near poets, or for writers of verse of any kind.

Since reading your magazine I am going to break a rule I imposed on myself and submit a few of my compositions to you for criticism. If you think any of them contain merit enough to be entered in competition for the liberal prizes you have offered, I will feel well repaid for my effort, whether I win any prize or not. Do not bother about returning the copy of the lyrics. I have the originals in my box. Enclosed find a self-addressed and stamped envelope, which you can use, if you deem my communication worthy of an answer.

WE cannot pass by this letter without pausing to metaphorically shake hands with W. J. C. First we want to compliment him on his ability to write an interesting, unaffected letter. Then W. J. C. is to be commended for selecting music and song-writing as a hobby—surely a most praiseworthy method of spending spare moments in cultural development. But most of all do we congratulate our correspondent upon the fact that *he rides the hobby* instead of *letting the hobby ride him*. Too many amateur disciples of song come to a sad end because they fail to hold proper rein on the ol' hobby hoss, and the highways and byways are strewn with the carcasses of unfortunates who were ridden to death by their own hobbies. This is a polite way of saying that many amateur lyric and song writers are apt to be afflicted with the "big head" and become so enamored of their own talents that they stake their all on the million-copy hits which they know they can write, but which they cannot reduce to figures beyond the row of ciphers. Thus many who woo the muse are gouged by fake concerns, and many more are gouged by their own foolish persistency in the face of the kindly advice of experienced friends. The latest case to come to our attention is that of a fairly well-to-do man who has spent nearly a thousand dollars for publishing his compositions, and this in spite of the fact that he was advised to refrain; in truth, a well-known music printer refused to take on this misguided song-writer's latest effort just because he knew it would profit the man nothing—and the man was a spot-cash customer at that!

Yes, we commend W. J. C. for retaining proper perspective and for his modesty. Our "Answer Man" says the lyrics submitted by W. J. C. show some natural talent, i. e., he can write in rhyme, punctuates correctly, uses no really bad rhymes and has produced one or two quite clever ideas. W. J. C. might some day write a hit, if he picks up some startlingly new idea and succeeds in getting it before the public via a publisher who can stand the gaff of the competition of these times. Some of the "hits" of the hour contain worse poetry than our correspondent's efforts. Yet we would be decidedly unjust if we were to encourage W. J. C. to depart from his present satisfactory point of outlook on life and his position therein by intimating that he is a potential hit-writer. Why do we say this when we admit that he *might* write a hit? Simply because we would spoil all the enjoyment he now gets from writing neat verses. Now he knows the limit of his ability; he has all the joys coincident with self-expression and creation, with knowledge of obstacles and imperfections to overcome before he can even aspire to enter the overcrowded competition for fame; he will keep on improving his talents with full enjoyment of all his achievements. But if he were led to discard his own healthy vision of his mental offspring—and it is so easy for a parent to be blinded to the faults in his children by the kind but careless words of friends—he might soon land in the crowd of hobby-ridden mortals who dump everything they have into the manger for the hobby's fodder.

There is a whole lot of difference between writing verses because one likes to make nice rhymes, and writing verses because one feels that he is a natural-born genius who must sooner or later be recognized.

In some cases the difference amounts to barrels of money wasted in the vain pursuit of recognition, and in all cases it totals to copious quantities of the joy-of-life, lost by the fellow who is toting his hobby around on his back and gained by the chap who does the riding himself.

Perry I. Sherman, Queen Theatre, Corpus Christi, Texas

Your letter came too late to receive attention in this department before the magazine's title was changed and other slight alterations were made in the style of make-up, and general administration of policy, etc. But there is so much genuine philosophy buried in your sarcastic but none the less readable communication that we print a goodly portion of it herewith:

* * * You know I once played a bass drum with an "Uncle Tom" show, and therefore I think I am entitled to be a music critic. I might also add that I am an accomplished performer on the hand-organ and also held down the pipe-organist's job at the largest roof-garden in the South, closing with the garden at the end of the season, and I believe that I know the difference between a Ford and a Victor.

Now doesn't that qualify me? Well, let's see.

First, you got an idea that the name "Tuneful Yankee" is "passe," and so if you've just gotta change that name, why don't you call it "The Music Morgue," and then to please that guy from Mossback, Arizona, name the critics' column "Snooze Easy Cemetery," and so send to each misguided music publisher a personal letter, edged in black, saying something like this: "It is with profound sorrow that we write to inform you that your piece is a wonderful musical treat, barring the fact that gunpowder doesn't rhyme with peanuts, and fourteen or fifteen other slight mistakes." Get me?

Y' understand that you did wrong when you jollied that poor chap about his simply "turrble mistakes," 'cause he sent you a free copy and a year's subscription, and dad gummed if you didn't go and tell him the truth in an easy way, and the truth hurts! You see people merely buy your paper because you tell them to and because you don't know how to run it. Sure! They just

(*Continued on page 24*)

Ragtime Piano Playing—Lesson XVII

A Practical Course of Instruction for Pianists---By Edward R. Winn

THE example of ragtime accompanying this lesson as a part of this instalment of the course of instruction now drawing to a close consists principally of the employment of Rhythm Combinations Nos. 5-3, 3-4 and 2-1. Measure one shows Rhythms Nos. 5 and 3 combined, measure two gives Rhythms Nos. 2 and 1 in conjunction, measure three notates Rhythms Nos. 3 and 4 together. While there are many others possible, these combinations, consecutively repeating the melody note in complex, intricate syncopated rhythm, are regarded as effective as any.

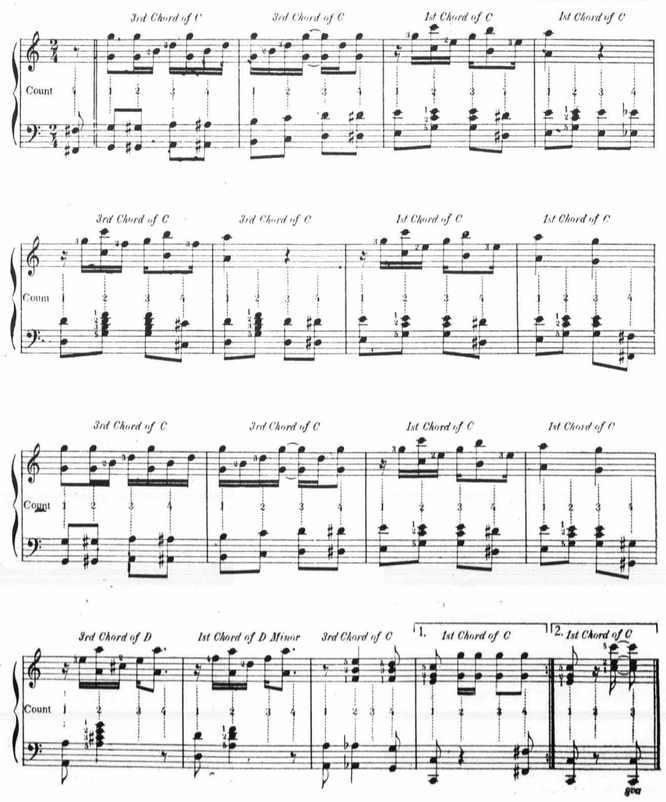
It has been stated here previously that these rhythm "patterns" are considered important in an earnest study of ragtime because, taken separately or in combination one with the other, they lay claim to permitting scientific analysis and positive classification in definite terms of any possible example in syncopated rhythm employing the sixteenth note as a unit of value in 2-4 metre. Where the metre given is 4-4 the unit of value may be compounded—changed relatively to the quarter note—and the classification of rhythm carried out in the same manner. These rhythm figures, therefore, should prove of practical use to performers on any and all instruments.

The student adopting the ideas and principles stated in this work is urged to select sheet music—song or instrumental—and spend a portion of the usual practice time in analyzing these rhythms, marking above each measure in the notation the numerals representing the number of the rhythm figure or a combination of figures employed. Within a short time with this schooling of eye, ear and muscle the student will be enabled to see, hear, feel, "think" and classify any syncopated rhythm, no matter how irregular.

Winn's Rag.

Employing Various Rhythms and Discord Bass

EDWARD R. WINN.



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

No Manuscripts Returned Unless Accompanied by Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope.

Wm. N. L., Smith's Mill, Minn.

Many writers are able to create lyrics for their music, or set their own lyrics to music. I do not believe that a man with *absolutely no music* in his soul could write an acceptable lyric; and a man without a sense of rhythm wouldn't turn out much music—especially popular music. It is true, however, that the best work of most composers is done in collaboration with lyric writers, and vice versa. "Two heads are better—" etc.

Genie M. M.

"After the Ball," by Chas. K. Harris, is said to have reached the greatest sale of any song—7,000,000 copies. "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" each reached a 2,000,000 sale, according to the more or less uncertain statistics available. Yes, the "Battle Song of Liberty" was posted by certain American commanders in France, and "our boys" over there were ordered to commit the words to memory. Your lyric is fair, but the subject is too hackneyed. I hate to discourage you as you seem to have talent for writing poetry, but if you wish to become a song-writer, you must choose your subjects more carefully. Please send your address if you wish the manuscript returned.

B. M. B., Grand Ledge, Mich.

Irving Berlin is a widower, and is on the young side of thirty. Yes, just as popular as ever, if not more so.

W. F. W., Toronto, Can.

"Sometimes I Wander," etc., is a pleasing and well constructed ballad, but whether it would sell or not is very hard to say. Your melody, while pretty, is reminiscent of the songs of a decade ago. Your lyrics are good and I can find no flaw in them. Perhaps you can interest some publisher in the song—I hope so. It would be a good thing if a few songs of this type were on the market and popular.

Eddie M., Roanoke, Va.

The ragtime method you are studying is the best that I know of. The fault must be with you and not the method if you do not progress more rapidly. If you haven't a "natural ear" for music you are as bad off as a fellow with lockjaw at a banquet.

Frank D., Columbus, Ohio.

The last we heard of Jack Yellen, he was headed Southward and he may be "over there" by this time. Yes, he did get lots of inspiration for his "Dixie" songs during his trips through the Sunny South. I believe "Are You from Dixie?" was his most popular song; I know it was mine.

T. L., Lancaster, Pa.

"Somewhere in Loveland," etc., has a very pretty and flowing waltz melody. But, first of all, there are dozens of "Somewhere" songs on the market and only two or three have ever been heard from. Then, too, your rhyming is very imperfect. "Love" and "enough," "time" and "mine" do not rhyme. Would advise you to change your title and rewrite your lyric accordingly. Eliminate the "vamp"—it is not important or necessary in a waltz song.

Dr. C. T., New York City.

I'm very sorry to tell you, Doctor, that your little song, title, idea and all has been published and put on the market and very recently, too. You have a splendid gift of rhythm and without one question of doubt you will strike fire soon if all your efforts are up to the standard of the one you submitted here.

E. B., Oakland, Cal.

I don't want to encourage or discourage you. If you want to go into the music publishing business, it is something that you must decide for yourself. It takes a good-sized bank to carry on the business and you must positively deliver the goods if you expect to get by. Also you will have to create a demand for your publications if you expect to have an outlet for your wares. You've got to show the dealer that you are a real publisher.

K. L., Malden, Mass.

Yes, it is more than important that your manuscript be correctly arranged if you want a publisher to give it due consideration. When you are famous you won't have to worry about it. By all means study harmony and composition if you can. Your work shows talent and natural ability far above the average and it won't take you long to get onto the trick of putting your ideas down on manuscript. Let me hear how you progress.

C. F., Allentown, Pa.

You forgot to put a title on your lyric. But that does not matter as I am not going to give you much space. Your three verses and choruses are a bad jumble of cheap wit and utterly uncalled for references to the Diety. No self-respecting writer or publisher would consider them for a minute.

R. M., Jacksonville, Fla.

"It's Time for All Americans to Wake," etc., is just another "war song" and that's all. Your story has been done several times and then some. You have nothing new or original in your song—same old rhymes, "France" and "chance," etc. America is "woke up" all right now so you had better write something up-to-date or, still better, enlist.

J. K., Syracuse, N. Y.

No, Will D. Cobb is not a relative of mine that I know of. He is one of the "deans" of all the present-day writers. "Good-Bye Dolly Gray," "School Days," "Yip! I Adee! I Aye" and "For You a Rose" are a few of the poems from his prolific pen. He is still in the ring and by no means one of the old boys as you thought.

Grant V., Ashtabula, Ohio.

It is a difficult thing to say who is the greatest song-writer in America. I suppose every writer thinks he is the best ever when he sees his name in print on his first song. I know the feeling, myself; let me whisper that it soon wears off. Personally, I think all the writers are clever—and a few are more clever than others. If you should put them all in a bag together and shake them up I don't think Irving Berlin and Ernest Ball would be found clinging at the bottom, do you?

From the Inside Looking Out

(Continued from page 2)

Writing IS THE HARDEST GAME THERE IS AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT. It requires endless thought, practice and study. It doesn't make a bit of difference whether you write newspaper feature material, short stories, general articles, OR LYRICS—THERE ARE TECHNICAL FUNDAMENTALS IN EACH BRANCH OF THE WRITING CRAFT THAT MUST BE LEARNED BEFORE YOU CAN EXPRESS YOURSELF TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE. You've got to know your subject, and until you do you cannot expect to produce high-class, "AVAILABLE" material that will SELL.

If you are earnestly concentrating on LYRICS, STUDY LYRICS and the way they're written. Until the swing of lyrical composition has been thoroughly grasped—until you can actually SENSE a rhythmic melody for the lyric you're writing—you'll continue to fall short of the mark.

A lyric-writer doesn't necessarily have to be a musician, but to write lyrics successfully he must KNOW music. By that I do not mean he must be able to read music at sight, though such a knowledge is of infinite help—but he MUST have a good ear for music, must hear a lot of all kinds of it and have a PERFECT TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE OF TEMPO—of the construction of one-steps, waltzes and other popular forms of composition—before he can write GOOD lyrics.

There are no courses of study in lyric-writing. Lyrics are NOT MACHINE MADE with the aid of a rhyming dictionary. The best way to learn to write is through careful study of popular hits and unlimited, painstaking PRACTICE.

When an amateur lyric writer has reached the stage where he has mastered the foregoing principles he will be able to turn out song poems that a professional melody writer will have no difficulty in setting to music. A lyric should be an INSPIRATION to the melody writer. It should possess a snap and "swing" that will strike him immediately and suggest the style of melody best suited to carry out the spirit of the words.

If you MUST write lyrics—analyze them carefully before you send them to a publisher, and ask yourself the following questions about each one:

IS THE IDEA NEW OR THE MANNER OF TREATMENT NOVEL? Are you writing about something new, or something old in a NEW way? Or is the basic idea of your lyrics the same one that has been used hundreds of times before in the same manner? IS IT TECHNICALLY PERFECT? In other words, does it "scan"?—do the lines of the first and second verses contain the same number of poetic "feet," with the same accented syllables? Has it the snap and swing that will enable a melody writer to compose a suitable musical setting with ease?

ARE THE RHYMING WORDS NEW OR ARE YOU USING THE SAME OLD "MOON-CROON-JUNE-SOON-SPOON" line of junk that came over in the ark with Noah? Don't use hackneyed words. True, the use of words is limited, but there are plenty of good ones that have not been worked to death and will fit well in a "regular" song.

IS THE SONG IN LINE WITH THE KIND THE PUBLIC IS BUYING? This is perhaps the most important question of all. Will the song SELL? IS IT THE TYPE OF SONG THE PEOPLE WANT NOW? Not the kind they bought five or ten years ago—BUT RIGHT NOW. If the song hasn't general sales possibilities, don't waste time by offering it to a publisher. Styles in songs change and market conditions vary; STUDY YOUR PRODUCT AND YOUR MARKET and keep up with song styles if you ever expect to succeed.

CAN THE LYRIC BE SUNG EASILY? This is a point many amateurs overlook. They forget that easily spoken words only must be used and that A SINGER MUST BREATHE. They neglect to so construct their lyrics that periods of rest occur often enough to enable the singer to put the composition over without strain. We've seen lyrics with a lot of rapid-fire words that no human being could possibly sing without dropping dead for want of breath.

Unless you can answer all the above questions in the affirmative, and truthfully, you might just as well tear up the lyrics and start all over again.

And when you HAVE produced lyrics that will "stand up" with the best of them, only half the battle is won. Lyrics by themselves ARE A DRUG ON THE MARKET, and the free-lance who expects to "land" will hook up with some good melody writer before he submits his work to publishers.

Very few houses will buy lyrics alone. The large number of small houses that will purchase free-lance work buy ONLY COMPLETE SONGS.

Don't waste your time by writing and submitting an endless amount of lyrics to various publishers. REMEMBER YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY ONE WRITING LYRICS AND THAT PUBLISHERS GET HUNDREDS OF LYRICS DAILY. If you want YOUR work to stick out above the mob, CONCENTRATE ON YOUR BEST EFFORTS and send a lyric to a publisher ONLY AFTER YOU ARE HONESTLY SATISFIED IT IS THE BEST OF ITS TYPE THAT YOU ARE CAPABLE OF PRODUCING.

Study your market; study your product; strive for new methods of handling; keep up with the kind of songs the public WANTS TO BUY and BUCKLE DOWN TO HARD WORK. You'll never get any place by just WISHING.

Ragging the Popular Song Hits

(Continued from page 8)

THE arrangement of the chorus of "Somewhere In France Is Daddy" is considered extremely effective; certainly it is distinctive, considered as written music. It represents the style adopted by the cleverest of professional solo pianists employed in the theatrical field and in the smartest restaurants providing entertainment.

These performers, many of them instinctive pianists, work alone—that is they accompany the vocalists or play solo between the instrumental numbers rendered by orchestra, the latter, as a rule, being for dancing. In most instances they receive a larger salary than their brother musicians, and generally are accorded more consideration and attention by the listeners.

Pianists desirous of converting melodies into the full, piano-solo style of playing must necessarily give some time and thought to its production, exercising a certain amount of careful attention in regard to the ultimate effect.

It is not sufficient to be satisfied with merely performing the arrangement as given, but after acquiring dexterity in executing the musical figures and devices supplied, attempt must be made to introduce them in connection with other melodies. In this way, and in no other, can the student arrive at a point where he is able to give immediate expression to the essential qualities required for distinction in off-hand playing.

In these days of highly-specialized popular music, a pianist is not doing himself justice if he neglects to master the details necessary for making his playing of up-to-date melodies—the tunes of the moment in particular—interesting and of consequence. The fact is that there are but few professional engagements open to him, if he fails to properly prepare in this department, for while he may fulfill his part when appearing in combination with others he will be unsatisfactory when playing alone; he will find to his dismay that he stands very little chance with the performer who has been sagacious enough to equip himself by attaining the piano-solo manner of interpreting popular music, for which adequate published piano parts seem always lacking.

While adhering strictly to the original melody and closely following the given harmony, the outstanding feature of the arrangement of "Somewhere in France Is Daddy" is its simplicity. This, taken with its effectiveness in editing, should make it attractive to readers who find this form of piano music interesting. To embellish the melody several "stock" musical contrivances appear, which many will recognize on hearing as old acquaintances. They should be familiar to all pianists ambitious for solo achievement. The continued vogue of jazz and blues effects—effects which are leading us where no one is brave enough to even hazard a guess—is such as to demand recognition, and these are given due consideration.

In this connection a study of the musical designs exhibited in the Melody arrangement is especially urged. This can best be accomplished by purchasing from local music dealers the printed song as published, and making a careful inspection and analysis by comparison. It is a universal rule in music, a law laid down by the eminent musicians of all periods, that to learn one must listen attentively, observe mindfully and imitate copiously.

We are pleased to state that with the permission of the McKinley Music Co., of Chicago and New York, we are able to satisfy the desire of numerous subscribers in announcing for the April issue of this magazine an original syncopated one-step adaptation of the chorus of their latest nation-wide song hit, "I'm Hitting the Trail to Normandy, So Kiss Me Good-bye," by Charles Snyder and Oscar Doctor.

Pianist readers will do well to secure a copy of this song, which has made a record for speedy popularity—many cities learned to sing and whistle the melody in a single week—in preparation for the musical interest which this arrangement, converting the music into this style of ragtime, is expected to stimulate.

A Popular Popular Music Teacher

RESPONDING to suggestions from numerous subscribers and readers of MELODY, and to still further promote its avowed purpose of upholding Popular Music, it is the intention of the magazine to feature from time to time some of the many successful schools, teachers and players that are exponents in this particular field of music. We have the pleasure of presenting in this issue the portrait of Mr. Rudolph Gunther,

Rudolph Gunther

director of the Gunther-Winn School at Mount Vernon, N. Y., together with the following critique from the Mount Vernon *Daily Argus* as giving a comprehensive view of what is being accomplished by Mr. Gunther.

The second recital and dance given by the pupils of Mr. Rudolph Gunther at Masonic Hall on December 1st proved a big success. There was a large number of people present, many coming from New York, Brooklyn, New Rochelle, Mamaroneck, Yonkers, Dobbs Ferry, Tuckahoe and Scarsdale. The fine playing of the pupils won many compliments. Alma Bockhorst sang "Joan of Arc" in a most pleasing style, and one of the features was Helen Badgley, the famous "Thanhouser Kidlet," who entertained with a dance depicting her conception of war. Following came Elizabeth Finer, who sang "Keep the Home Fires Burning" in a delightful manner. The audience also showed its approval of the violin playing of Edna Wuestenhoefer, who rendered "Allah's Holiday," with orchestra accompaniment. Dorothy Magna next gave an exhibition dance, consisting of an imitation of "The Merry Doll" as shown at the New York Hippodrome. The last number on the program was "An Operatic Nightmare"—a syncopated version of excerpts from grand operas and standard compositions performed by Mr. Gunther, whose playing evoked much applause. At the conclusion of the program everybody joined in singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Dancing was enjoyed through the remainder of the evening. Mr. George Kolpin was master of ceremonies.

The complete program was as follows: "Lily of the Valley," by Master Raymond Woolrich, who has just taken eight lessons; "I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time," by Walter Cowen; "Ragtime Jingles," by Mildred Odell; "Hello, Wisconsin," by Robert Francis; "Teasing the Cat," by Frederick Staehle; song, "Joan of Arc," by Alma Bockhorst; "Over There," by Wesley Messenger; "Pianist Rag," by Edward Meslin; interpretative dances by Helen Badgley; duet, "Girlie You Love," by Mrs. Holmes and Miss Van Fleet; song, "Home Fires," by Elizabeth Finer; "Joan of Arc," melody in left hand, by Marion Hedrich; "National Colors Rag," by Florence Van Fleet; "Mellinger Rag," by Alice Holmes; violin solo, "Allah's Holiday," by Edna Wuestenhoefer; exhibition dance by Dorothy Magna, and "An Operatic Nightmare," by Rudolph Gunther.

Things You Should Know

Matters of Interest and More or Less Truth, Gleaned for Melody Readers

For some years—ever since a song-writer stumbled onto the first "selling hit"—aspirants for fame and wealth have sought the secret of that elusive sprite, song popularity. But now the secret is out, for a publisher gave the formula for "making a popular song" or "making a song popular" to Roy Griffith, who spilled the beans in a recent issue of the Chicago *American*, in an article on "The Business of Selling." In the article Mr. Griffith quoted the opinions of a prominent producer of popular songs, as to what makes a song sell:

"A new song is made popular largely through having it sung by professionals in various places of amusement," says the article. "The words of a song must tell a simple, connected, easily understood story.

"There must be one big central idea in the words of a song, and this must be repeated two or three times, preferably in the title, at the beginning of the verse or chorus, and at the end. The melody must have at least one appealing and easily remembered strain, which should be repeated. The entire melody need not have this appealing quality; in fact, it is better if it does not have. If it did, the central strain would lose its 'punch.'

"There is a rule in music publishing which allows a composer to take not more than four bars of some other successful song for use in a new song. When it is done, the public on hearing it will connect it up unconsciously with something they have heard before.

"A song, to be popular, must have a theme of universal and unchanging interest—something fundamental in our nature, such as love, humor, etc.—or else it must be of timely interest. The war songs of the present moment illustrate the latter type."

Publishers have given up the happy practice of hiring vaudevillians to sing their songs into popularity now; for at a recent meeting of popular publishers it was decided to dispense with the giving of presents to the stage hands of vaudeville theatres. "One publisher," says *Music Trades*, "objected on the grounds that he had already invested $60 in ties and socks for that purpose, and wanted to know what he should do about it, which led to the remark by another publisher that he put $40 with it and open up a store for their sale."

GERMAN COPYRIGHTS

Composers and publishers are interested in a recent ruling of the United States Custodian of Alien Property, A. Mitchell Palmer, to the effect that German plays copyrighted under the international treaty no longer have the protection of the copyright act.

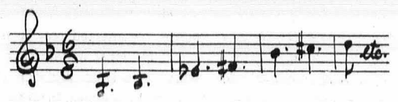
This ruling permits the reprinting of copyrighted German works by Americans in this country by the payment of a fee. This fee will be kept by the collector until the termination of the war, when its disposition will be decided upon either through a new treaty or by the Government officials.

Thls ruling is held to apply to copyrighted musical compositions as well as to plays.

CAT MUSIC

Felines are far-famed for their prowess as vocalists, but Louis C. Elson tells us that at least one cat was a piano player. It is admitted that almost any cat would perform *extemporaneously* on a piano keyboard, with results that would rival *some* of the modern ragtime as played by *some* of the equally modern (?) rag-artists. In truth, it may be argued that the cat would have an advantage because he can readily get all of his feet on the keys at once, while the human (question again) must operate his rear flippers on the floor. But the cat mentioned by Mr. Elson composed a symphony—which is something the average ragtime piano punisher can't do. Here is the tale of "The Cat's Fugue," told in the *Etude:*

Domenico Scarlatti, it is said, used to compose with his cat seated by him or upon his shoulder. Once, while he was at the spinet, Puss sprang from his shoulder and scampered along the keys. Scarlatti noticed the notes that she struck in her flight, and made a fugue upon them. This anecdote has at least the semblance of truth. Here is the subject:



and it will be noticed it goes in one direction, and it is very doubtful if a composer would invent such an awkward and wide fugal subject; therefore, we may, for once, admit the cat among musical composers, in addition to her other musical attainments.

BAR USE OF RED CROSS EMBLEM

Don't decorate the title pages of your patriotic and semi-patriotic songs with figures or designs showing the insignia of the Red Cross. It appears that the use of the Red Cross emblem has become so common as to embarrass the American Red Cross organization, and as a result steps are being taken to eliminate its use, except in the recognized manner. The Red Cross emblem is duly protected by law.

A number of publishers have already been notified of the Red Cross Society's contemplated action and have arranged to issue new title pages in place of those that give offense.

"RENDING" THE ANTHEM

The *Ladies' Home Journal* says this is the way they sing it in the kindergarten:

Osaken you see, by the dunzerly light
Whatso prouly wee hale atta twilize lass gleam in?
Whose brau stripes and bright starz threw tha pear ill us fight,
Or the rampers we wash weresogallun Lee stream in'!
Antha rockits reglare, thubbums burstin in air,
Gay prufe threw tha night, that air flag wastill there!
O sayduz that Stars bankled ba-an-er-er-sti-ill-wa-ave,
Or tha land ah-uv-tha-a-Free, and tha Homa-tha-Brave?

Fine! The kids are several laps ahead of the grown-ups! This is what we hear when the kindergartner's papas and mamas sing it:

O–HO SAY CAN YOU SEE, BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT,
WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED AT THE TWILIGHT SLAST GLEAMING?
WHOSE *broad* la la la la la la la la la la
*O'er the ram*parts hm hm la la la la la la
And the *rah-kets re* * ! * ! * *la la la in air*
Gave proof through the la la la la la la la there.
Oh say la la-a lala la la *la'ahaha'a'a'aha*
O'er the land of the FREE AND THE HO MOFF THE BRAVE!

LEADING THE LEADERS

The great war is proving over and over again that "there is something new under the sun"—even in music. One of the latest developments is one of the most unique schools in existence—the school instituted in New York this winter for the men who are going to conduct singing in the army and navy camps which have been established in this country.

The new song leaders were selected by Lee F. Hanmer, of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, and the "school" for their highly specialized work is located at 130 East Twenty-second Street, where the National Committee on Army and Navy Music, which is co-operating with the War Department commission, has its headquarters. Methods of handling large groups of men, songs of the army and navy, company and regimental singing and problems relating to the army bands are among the questions given consideration.

The "school" is directed by Harry Barnhart, who took charge of the singing at Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I., on October 1. During the summer he conducted singing in the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and in the Syracuse mobilization camp. Buffalo and New York both heard their soldiers sing under Mr. Barnhart's leadership, in song and light festivals, in which the soldiers and civilians participated heartily.

As there are in operation sixteen camps where the men of the new national army are in training, sixteen camps of the National Guard, nine officers' training camps, and twenty mobilization camps of the regular army, in addition to the naval training stations, it will be seen that the need for song leaders is much larger than the supply. Men who feel that they have the necessary qualifications for this work should communicate with Mr. Hanmer, who is heading the committee that is selecting leaders to serve in this capacity.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL POPULAR SONGS

Words of songs are frequently used without permission by printers and others on circulars and cards advertising dances and other affairs. This is a violation of the copyright law and has been going on in New York, mostly on the East Side, during the past few months.

Action has been taken by Leo Feist, Inc., against one such printing house and proceedings will follow in a number of other cases. Edgar F. Bitner, general manager of the Feist company, recently received a letter from the United States District Attorney of New York, a portion of which appears below:

"In the event that you have evidence that individuals or firms are wilfully and for profit infringing copyrights secured to your clients, I shall be pleased to have you present the facts to me."

Leo Feist, Inc., feel that owing to the fact that both the music roll and record companies pay for the use of lyrics and melodies, it is incumbent upon them to prosecute to the fullest extent of the law all infringements.

The Feist Company was responsible for the discontinuance of the above practices in both St. Louis and Philadelphia during the past eighteen months.

(*Continued from page 17*)

buy it all on account of the fact that they think they are throwing their coin away. Oh yes!!

Now and then you'll find some hick like myself that buys it on account of realizing that it has real value in its line; then maybe some people think that it is *rotten*, and merely subscribe because they know you have to make a living, but as for me, I buy it because it *delivers the goods*.

Well, I must break away, but just leave the name alone and cut out the back-number jokes that you perpetrate on the various boys in the game, and put out under the name of "Funny Incidents," etc., and we'll think more of you than ever.

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