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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER JACOBS BOSTON MASS

STARMER

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MELODY

A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music

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Personality and Personalities

An Interview with Nan Halperin

By Clifford Vincent

YOUNG MAN, here is a little word-picture and also a photo of Nan Halperin, sent in from the Chicago office of MELODY." Thus spake the editor, who, because he is an editor, thinks it his privilege to refer to all other male humans of any age as "young man," and to call all Stars of the stage (male or female) by their first names.

I glanced at the manuscript and gazed upon the photograph (I confess to the last being considerably longer than the first) and replied, indifferently, "Well, what of it? Isn't the article satisfactory, or doesn't the photo do the lady justice?"

"That's for you to decide, young man. You are to take this pass, go to Keith's, take a front seat and subsequently hand me your decision on a neatly typewritten sheet. If it's good enough, I may find a nice page for you in the next issue."

The nerve of some editors is only less than their assumption of official presumption. Interviewing Stars isn't my main line, yet I accepted the assignment without further remark—not even pausing to ask whether I was expected to interview the lady. Why? Because I was afraid that, if the Chief should suspect the degree of my ignorance and bashfulness in regard to interviewing and "writing up" lady Stars, he would use that ticket himself; and after gazing at the photograph *I wanted that front seat.* And then, too, his patronizing "young man" stuff! In the face of that I couldn't admit my lack of sophistication in stage matters—footlight favorites and lady Stars—so I started out with a vague idea in the back of my brain that, after seeing Miss Halperin across the footlights I might know whether I could muster courage to seek a private interview in those mysterious regions back of the orchestra pit somewhere.

I had heard that it is difficult to secure an audience with people of the stage (the difficulty increasing with the magnitude of the Star), so just what prompted me to enter the theatre via the stage entrance instead of through the lobby and to send my card to Miss Halperin, I don't know. However, some friendly intuition seemed to tell me that, regardless of precedent (if there be any), in this instance the personal interview should precede the front-row orchestra impressions.

I am mighty glad that I obeyed that impulse and forced my courage to direct my feet. Not only did I enjoy a most delightful interview with Miss Halperin, but my later appreciation of her act was all the keener because of the opportunity of meeting Miss Halperin herself before seeing and hearing Nan Halperin the actress. I might give several reasons for this, but it will suffice to say that, although the successful character portrayer in public, this young actress is most charming when appearing as Miss Halperin in private.

My business consciousness reminds me that the editor said something about "a page," and this behooves me to delve at once into my story ere the space limit is swamped in word-rhapsody, but before passing to the point of interview I presume I should mention my first impression of Miss Halperin. It was a sort of gasping, fluttering sensation that pirouetted all through my brain and being when, in response to a cheerful "come in," we were ushered into the Star's dressing room. I presume my state of mind at that particular moment will be partly understood by only those who, equally unsophisticated, have braved the dangers and dark mysteries of the stage entrance to shamble into the intimate presence of the great.

NAN HALPERIN

A wide circle of admirers in every city played, and numerous return engagements, amply attest to the great popularity enjoyed by Miss Nan Halperin, one of our younger stars. Her gorgeous wardrobe and marvelous changes are at once the envy and admiration of her audiences. Ever since her debut in vaudeville she has made a close study of artistic mimicry and today stands without a peer in that difficult art.

"Every day I see some person distinct from the rest," said Miss Halperin to me recently, "who is unconsciously eccentric. Little expressions of personality gleaned from this one and that one are combined into a composite individual and presented in my act. Each person seeing that imitation more or less vaguely feels that he has met a similar person, and the passing reminiscence amuses and interests him."

The lyrics and music of all of Miss Halperin's songs are composed by the versatile and well-known author composer-producer, Wm. B. Friedlander of New York. Each one is a distinct novelty. Especially successful is the closing number, "Play My Wedding March in Ragtime."—*Claude Lapham.*

Such persons may perhaps faintly appreciate my inability to exactly describe my *first* impression of Miss Halperin. About all that I can now remember of that supreme moment was my intense surprise to find that she was just like us common folks—only more so; a trifle smaller and even better to look upon than I had anticipated, and so full of ginger and the sheer joy of living that it is contagious. Under such infectious cordiality one just simply has to like this little lady, and I couldn't scare up a tinge or twinge of embarrassment even if I did forget the nice little opening speech I had so carefully prepared.

I said above that "*we* were ushered in," which means that accompanying me was Mr. George Cobb, composer and writer on the staff of MELODY, whom I had taken along with me to furnish ballast and lend an,—er, atmosphere (any of his acquaintances will agree with me that he is amply fitted by nature to furnish copious quantities of both). For a brief space I almost regretted my weakness in taking him, as during the first few minutes I felt that he was entirely overdoing the "atmosphere" act—in fact, *absorbing it.* Because of personal and temperamental reasons previously hinted at, I'm willing to admit that at first I didn't have a great deal to say, a fact which George wasn't slow to notice and he was less

(*Continued on page* 21)

Mistaking Its Mission

IF he may judge from a few personal letters, and some few more impersonal conversations, to the writer of this little missionary theme there would seem to exist a wide difference of expressed opinions concerning the real mission of MELODY as a musical journal. There seems to be a somewhat prevalent and wholly mistaken idea that the magazine was founded as a sort of *music-school* for popular song-writers who aspire to enter the field. This is entirely mistaking the mission of the publication, although in a way it might be regarded as a musical *school-book* for the general American public as music lovers of the popular—that is, instructive, but not *instructor.* The question might pertinently be asked—what, then, is the true mission of MELODY? As the writer views the case, the magazine may be said to have missions within a mission, the big embodying one being first to *interest* the people in popular music and next to *educate* them to what is best in that music, but the last only through their own aroused self-interest—practically, in a broad sense, booming an abstract *cause* instead of the concrete *object* of that cause.

The last statement might be regarded by some as being a distinction without a difference, but in reality it is both. What it really means is that the ultimate object and strong desire of the magazine is to raise the mental standards of those who think of *all* popular music only as cheap ragtime and cheaper jazz, as well as to overthrow the false "standards" flaunted by those who unhesitatingly (and equally unknowingly) declare there is nothing good in *any* popular music. As a magazine devoted to the cause of popular music, MELODY naturally aims to encourage latent talent in that line (at the same time discouraging what so often is mistaken for talent), but this only by holding up to public view and talking about what others are writing, singing and playing—in short, the magazine might be regarded as a text-book of example, but not as a text-book of instruction telling how to construct the example.

The full mission of MELODY, then, must be considered as wholly in the collective sense, and not in any sense as in the individual—as impersonal and never personal. This means that —however deep may be its interest in the cause of popular music, or however much it may desire to see any popular song-writer who is worthy the name surge to the front as a composer of individuality—as a general publication the magazine is not designed to *instruct* anybody how to write either words or music of popular songs, since of necessity that is a talent which must be inherent to the writer. As a music magazine of the people, however, MELODY can endeavor to *instill* where it does not instruct; by constant iteration and reiteration of the good in one form, it seeks to instill a broader appreciation of the good in *all* forms of music (whether such form be jazz, ragtime, popular, standard or classic), and therein is the keynote of its mission, although set to the *key* of "popular music."

This may sound like a midsummer madness, yet it is wholly sane when it is considered that even appreciation may have its definite grades. It should not be overlooked that many times the ascending scale of appreciation from a lower to a higher in music is easily accomplished when attention is thoroughly attracted, and this is sanity itself when the gradations of ascent are fully comprehended. Once stir into action appreciation of music *as music,* even if such be not of the highest form, and imperceptibly (insiduously, if you will) such mental attitude is almost sure to broaden into a liking for the next higher, with further advancing gradations almost bound to follow as a direct consequence. Note for a moment the ascending points: aroused appreciation brings a broader *interest;* interest impels wider *attention;* attention induces *comprehension;* comprehension awakens *intention;* intention creates *determination,* and determination—if there be latent any inherent germination—may sow the seed of future *composition.* Appreciation, then, is the first step towards self-direction, which is the basis of self-instruction, and if stirring into action the first of these two mental attitudes means bringing into activity the second, then in such light MELODY might be regarded as a school of instruction for writers of the popular, but to so regard the magazine from any other point of view is wholly mistaking its mission.

At this point it might be questioned, and somewhat pertinently so, as to whether this appreciation is necessary in "*popular*" music. The answer is obvious. In music or in literature, that which is to live for even a short time and not die almost at the moment of birth, must to some extent be appreciated, for that which is unappreciated is never valued and the valueless is neither acceptable nor accepted. To invert—music which is to live must be accepted, that which is to be accepted must be appreciated and music which is to be appreciated must contain some germ of that which is good, otherwise it is mistaking its own mission and cannot last. It is true that so-called "hits" in the cheap, tawdry and vulgar may for a short time seem to flame into a blaze, but eventually these satiate or disgust the music-loving public, quickly burn themselves out and are consigned to the ash-heap of the useless.

ANOTHER of the inner missions of MELODY is to encourage (not to instruct) people to write songs for the sake of writing, and not in the vain hope of coining money. This does not necessarily mean more songs, but better ones, for the song which is written only to the inspiration of a possible "bag of coin" rarely contains even the minimum of good and is foredoomed almost before born. Unlike poets, the real music hits are born and then made—they are born from an inspiration that springs from the germ of true musical appreciation and are then made by a public that cannot be forced. Songs that are forced upon the public for a brief time are never real hits, do not represent

the music taste of the public and last for only a brief time. It is these machine-made attempts at hits which are largely responsible for the tremendous over-production of mediocrity that is doing such harm to the cause of popular music by glutting the field with poor stories of poorer themes that border on the vulgar, mixed with bad grammar and worse musical settings.

These productions, which may well be called the treacle, trash and tinsel of popular music, should be censored and censured by every sane-minded lover of the popular, as their writers likewise should be condemned and the whole general outfit banned and not boomed. As previously mentioned, booming a righteous cause is vastly different from boosting a specific object of that cause. Neither Melody nor any other music magazine can truly boom the cause of popular music by boosting its individual composers and their particular products, whether such be righteous or unrighteous in theme, tune and construction.

IF the writer of this article has not forgotten (he used once upon a time to sing in a vested choir), if he has not forgotten that with which he then was familiar, there is a collect in the church service beginning with the words—"Let your light so shine that men may see your *good works*," and these words might well be incorporated in the litany of popular-music worship. The composers of popular songs who would have their light really *shine*, must produce a flame (works) worthy of public appreciation. This they cannot be instructed *how* to do through the columns of any magazine, *for they must possess within themselves the music and literary oil wherewith to feed the flame*, and if the flame is to burn with a clear light the oil must be refined. Neither can they hope to accomplish a light by borrowing or stealing from the oil of others, nor can a magazine instruct anyone how to drive and tap an oil well.

Again, a *bright* light must necessarily depend upon both ends of the wick. There must be oil (inspiration) at one end and flame (the composer himself) at the other, with the wick (MELODY, in this instance) acting as an intermediary between the two ends. Thus one of the missions within the mission of MELODY might be considered as a musical wick, for only as an intermediary can the magazine operate in the cause of popular music. As an intermediary between efforts and results it can talk through type to urge all writers of popular songs to their best (inspirationally), while urging the public to an appreciation of that best. In a like capacity and way it would also urge those who aspire to be composers in the same form of music to first cultivate an appreciation of *other* music before braving public opinion in the popular. Further than this the magazine cannot extend its mission, and to attempt to *instruct* either fully blossomed or budding composers in the mechanical and technical details of popular composition would mean itself mistaking its own mission.

As a matter of fact, and even with talent presupposed, but a very small fraction of the writers of popular songs really make any money, while only a few of those with actual talent ever largely profit financially from their efforts, yet they continue to write for the sheer love of creating. The moral of the whole matter, then, is to keep away from the field unless you have an inner assurance of sureness. If you do not hold a *surety* beyond the flattering unction of friends that you have the popular *afflatus*, and if such "surety" is not backed by being sure that you can appreciate the good in other music than the popular, do not make the attempt. It is only through this broad appreciation that you can write the good into your efforts, and it is only the intrinsic good in a song which leads the public to really and fully appreciate and back its appreciation with financial returns.

The broad mission of MELODY (embodying inner missions) is not to instruct, but to instill and inspire. It would instill the fact that there is good in popular music, and that this good will not only lead to an appreciation of higher forms, but will eventually raise the popular itself to a higher musical plane. Also, by preaching this doctrine it would inspire the writers of the popular to embody within themselves and their efforts only that which is good, regardless of the false luring of financial will o' the wisps. This is the only light in which MELODY would stand, and to regard the magazine in any other light is really standing in the shadow of "Mistaking Its Mission." *M. V. F.*

What the Girl Reporter Found Out About Johnson

Inside Stuff About Another Celebrity of the World of Popular Song

By Treve Collins, Jr.

IT was about 10,000 degrees in the shade. The perspiration was ambling freely down our distorted countenance in tepid rivulets, as we sat pounding away at our work-worn typemill. Ninety-five horsepower heat waves from the parboiled pavements without were beating in upon our helpless head through the open window, and when the grouch we'd been accumulating all morning had reached the exploding point and we felt about as amiable as a bear with a mouthful of sore teeth, the Girl Reporter, attired in fluffy white and looking as cool as the icebergs that decorate the Great Bear Spring advertisements, tripped lightly into the room and perched herself upon the edge of our battered desk.

She eyed our wilted collar and streaming face with sympathy. "Working hard?" she queried softly.

We glared at her. "What do I look as if I was doing?" we growled.

The Girl Reporter pursed her lips and eyed the sheaf of copy paper on our desk. "You MIGHT be writing something from the looks of things," she said thoughtfully.

"Oh, MIGHT I?" we returned sarcastically. "You've got wonderful perception for a girl, and no mistake. You're a regular Female Sherlock Holmes, you are. Anybody else might have thought I was pitching hay or soling shoes."

The Girl Reporter bent over and wagged a small, reproachful finger at us. "Now don't be horrid," she said, "I just thought I'd drop in for a few minutes and keep you company while you worked."

"Thanks," we grated, "why not try working yourself instead of watching other people at it?"

"That isn't a bit nice of you," she said, as her blue eyes gazed at us steadily in reproof. "I'm beginning to think you're not glad to see me at all," she pouted in mock sorrow.

"Oh, yes, I am," we rasped. "I'm tickled silly to see you. Words can't express how CHARMED I am that you dropped in. I'm full to the ears with gratitude at your thoughtfulness. In fact, if I didn't have about a million and a half words of copy to grind out in the next few hours I'd kick my heels in the air and whoop with joy."

The Girl Reporter laughed musically. "As long as you're so glad I came, I'll stay awhile." She slid from the desk and deposited herself in a chair. "Besides, I've got some information you can use in an article for MELODY."

We'd had lots of dear, interested, solicitous friends pounce upon us with "ideas" they felt sure would be of interest to MELODY readers, so we sighed wearily, pushed back our chair, looked up and growled out: "All right, go ahead—spill what's on your mind."

"I was down at the Feist office this morning and I learned a lot about Howard Johnson, the lyric writer."

"Oh, you did?" we grunted. "What is it now? Has he run over somebody with a new car, been pinched for blocking traffic, murdered somebody or what?"

The Girl Reporter shook her head and regarded us severely. "No," she said sharply, "it's nothing like that. It's just about *him*. You know—just the kind of stuff you wrote about Fred Fisher and Dick Whiting. I've found out all about Mr. Johnson," she finished enthusiastically.

"Fine," said we, "then suppose you just lead yourself to a nice soft chair over there by the City Editor's desk and write the story yourself, and let me alone for awhile."

The Girl Reporter laughed again. "Oh, no, you lazy thing," said she, "I merely got the details. It's YOUR story and if you want it, you'll have to write it. I'm not going to do it for you. Why, just look at the trouble I've saved you. All you've got to do is to take the data I've got and make a story out of it. I think you're positively the most ungrateful person I ever knew."

We were duly crushed. Silently we slid a sheet of copy paper into our machine and paused while the Girl Reporter produced some notes from her handbag.

"Well," said we, "go to it and let's have the facts."

The Girl Reporter puckered her youthful brows and studied the notes. "First of all," she began, "Howard Johnson was born in Waterbury, Conn., on—" she paused in dismay, lifted her blue eyes to ours and bit her lip. "I didn't get the date. Does it matter very much?"

"Not at all," we responded scornfully, "what's a mere date or two? It'll give the readers a chance to guess how old he is. Probably the Editor will want to offer a prize to the subscriber who turns in the best guess. What next?"

The Girl Reporter turned back to her notes. "Prior to his becoming a song-writer, he spent his time trying to become one."

"Good for him," we muttered, "there's nothing like knowing what you want to be and going after it right from the start.

"He commenced writing about four years ago," continued the Girl Reporter, "but his first song was so terrible he refused to give me the name of it. I coaxed him but it was no use. And just think—he gave it away, just to get it into print. Isn't that too bad," she looked at us solemnly.

"It might be worse," we said, "lots of first efforts we've seen couldn't even be given away. Next?"

"Song-writing, according to Mr. Johnson, is a tough game to break into and it requires nerve, stick-to-it-iveness and the sacrifice of many ideas one places great confidence in. No one has ever walked right in at first."

We eyed her with a suspicious grin. "Is that what he actually said or is that a sample of your own imaginative writing?"

The Girl Reporter waxed indignant and waved the notes before our eyes. "Those are his very words," she said, "and I haven't taken any liberties with them."

"All right, all right," we murmured soothingly, "don't tear the roof off the place. As long as you say he said it—that's enough for me and it'll go in as it stands."

"I suppose next you want to know how many songs he writes a year?" she asked. We nodded and she said slowly, "I think he said about fifty, and his chief inspiration in writing is being broke. I guess from the hits he's written he must be broke all the time."

We grunted. "Did you find out when he does his writing? Does he hop out of the hay in the early morning hours and scribble his stuff all over the wall paper, on the soles of his shoes or the cuffs of his shirt or—"

"Heavens NO!" The Girl Reporter shook her head emphatically. "He's not in the circus and he doesn't do any wild stunts. You ought to know that. He writes any time an idea strikes him."

"Uh-huh," said we, "and some of his past songs are?"

The Girl Reporter handed us a slip of paper. "Here they are, you can copy them off yourself." We did:

M-o-t-h-e-r; Ireland Must Be Heaven; I Know I Got More Than My Share; What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For; There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway; It's Not Your Nationality; I Called You My Sweetheart; Where Do We Go From Here; Homeward Bound; The Land of Wedding Bells; Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, and others.

"He thinks his best song is 'Mother,'" said the Girl Reporter, tenderly, "and I think so too. It's one of the prettiest songs ever written. It must be wonderful to write appealing things like that." The Girl Reporter's glance shifted contemplatively to the wall. Presently she went back to her notes. "His chief recreation," said she, "is billiards. Goodness, but he's enthusiastic about billiards. He explained lots and lots of fancy shots to me, and showed me how to make them, but," she finished helplessly, "I don't understand much of it."

"Well, don't lose any sleep over it," we said consolingly. "Did you drift into any of the song-shops to find which of his numbers were selling the best?"

The Girl Reporter nodded. "Yes. Homeward Bound, The Land of Wedding Bells and the General Pershing song, seem to be making the biggest hit. I bought them myself and they're fine!" she concluded warmly.

"Leave it to you to buy anything that has to do with Wedding Bells," we grinned.

The Girl Reporter's eyes widened. "Just what do you mean by that, young man?" she said ominously.

We clasped our hands and gazed rapturously skyward. "Romance!" we sighed ecstatically. "Romance, sweet one, that's what we mean. And romance and wedding bells go together. Ye Gods, of all the romantic people I ever met, you take THE prize, fair one. You're full of romance. You read love stuff by the ton and write it by the hundred-weight. You stack your piano with love songs. You regard every guy you see as a possible Mr. Right and want to lead him right up to the altar and,—"

"YOU seem to have escaped," she said icily.

Whereupon we decided that arguing about things matrimonial had no place in the chronicling of a song-writer's deep and dark past. So a truce was declared and we learned that Howard Johnson has had a whole lot of funny experiences with amateurs trying to break into the song-writing game. And the Girl Reporter told us the *one* that she remembered. "One chap," she stated, "sent in an idea for a song with a letter saying Mr. Johnson ought to remember him as he used to be an instalment man some years ago and thought he used to make collections from Mr. Johnson. He said he hoped Mr. Johnson would give him as good attention in his new role as a writer, as he had done previously in his other position. Wasn't that funny?"

We agreed. Then after she'd informed us that on an average of twenty-five patriotic songs were sent in daily, and that Mr. Johnson was wondering if people would EVER stop writing patriotic songs, the Girl Reporter stood up, patted a tendril of blond hair into place, smiled demurely at us and said she guessed she'd go home.

After we'd thanked her heartily for her efforts in our behalf and she had departed, we remembered suddenly that there was no photograph of Howard Johnson to grace this typographical panegyric. So we called up the Feist Co. and after interviewing Phil Kornheiser and half the staff found that Howard Johnson didn't have an available photo anywhere. However, he promised us he might have one taken shortly—mayhap within the next two or three years, and if he did he'd send us one.

What could be sweeter? What indeed, except we're through work now and can amble forth in search of a breeze wherewith to cool our fevered brow.

"Ragging" the Popular Song-Hits

By Edward R. Winn

LEW BROWN

ALBERT VON TILZER

WE do not believe we are divulging any great court secret when we state that the syncopated piano solo arrangement appearing in the music supplement of this issue represents the chorus part of one of the present season's best sellers among popular song hits of nation-wide interest.

It is hardly news to say that the Broadway Music Corporation's tuneful song of patriotic sentiment, *Au Revoir, But Not Good Bye, Soldier Boy*, won the immediate approval of music lovers and has so continued to increase in general favor as to leave permanent impress upon those who have heard it sung and played. The author and composer of "Au Revoir," Lew Brown and Albert Von Tilzer, have been writing songs for, well —years. Both names are household words.

Albert Von Tilzer was born a composer, grew up among composers and is most happy in the field of creative music. His is a most sensational, though consistent, record of prevailing hits, as followers of popular music well know. Apparently he simply cannot be kept out of the song-hit column—the Ty Cobb of songdom, so to speak—one success following so close upon the heels of another and in such manner as to keep his name constantly before the music-buying public.

The launching of these Albert Von Tilzer melodies takes place, of course, under the watchful eye and energetic guidance of his experienced brother, Will Von Tilzer, president and executive director of Broadway Music Corporation. While this concern is indeed fortunate in having numerous clever writers and assistants, the material fruits of success are truly due its members as a fitting reward, for they have established themselves in the music publishing field on a very large and generous scale.

Besides *Au Revoir*, Broadway's other current song hits include *I May Stay Away a Little Longer*, also by Lew Brown and Albert Von Tilzer; *The Yanks Started Yankin'; We'll Do Our Share While You're Over There; Oh, Frenchy; Good Bye, Alexander, Good Bye, Honey Boy; You'll Always Find Sunshine in My Old Kentucky Home; That's the Kind of a Baby for Me; Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl; Just a Little Cottage*, and several others of distinction.

For its kind permission in permitting the refrain of *Au Revoir* to be used for special arrangement and presentation in MELODY, the publisher tenders his sincere thanks to the Broadway Music Corporation, appreciating that this confidence and courteous co-operation represent concrete evidence of a willingness to assist constructively in developing a novel, educational and far-reaching magazine feature.

Pianists are assured, in a way, that others will follow this splendid example of practical interest on the part of one of America's largest publishers of popular music in their improvement, for many in the trade are coming to realize the disinterested public service as well as the commercial value incident to the introduction and general performance of these original adaptations of their melodies made possible by the extensive circulation of an exclusively popular music magazine.

Because of its wholesome sentiment and simple, straightforward musical construction in the easiest reading key—C major —*Au Revoir* is earnestly recommended to the host of popular music piano teachers as a singularly appropriate number for a first piece in this special field of training, either for beginner or advanced pupil. The composition can be taught almost any one, adult or child, within a single lesson period, and arousing immediate and lasting interest, which means it will be duly practiced and memorized at the keyboard. Instructors already have assigned thousands of copies in the course of lessons, and it is safe to say that thousands more will be used in this way in studio work.

It is doubtful if any readers are without the sheet music of *Au Revoir, But Not Good Bye, Soldier Boy*. If any there be who are without, they are urgently advised to procure a song copy from their music dealer before attempting analysis and intensive study of the piano solo arrangement offered. This is essential to most pianists in order to acquire the ability to convert other melodies into "full" style of piano playing. Of course many are able to accomplish this so-called "trick" instinctively, but the majority have to cultivate this form of playing by studying the matter out for themselves, deliberately and with due examination, measure by measure.

The best possible way to learn in music is to imitate—do what others have done before and then, after following closely in their paths, attempt to improve upon the ideas furnished. It is evident and agreed, then, that comparison is an important factor in seeking musical knowledge and the attainment of performing ability. Therefore, again we say, pianist-readers, secure the song copy of the melody exhibited this month in order to obtain the most desirable results.

Interpreting the Photoplay

Recruits Needed to Fill the Ranks of Movie Musicians—Advice to Beginners and Young Players—Questions Answered

(Note: Nos. 15 and 16 of Mr. Norton's "Interpretative Movie Music Series" appear on pages 18 and 19 of this issue)

By Harry Norton

IN the January MELODY the editor, commenting on the institution of this department, asked the readers and subscribers, "Is it worth while?" and said in part—"it should be worth while to those who, contrary to any present knowledge of an unknown future, may suddenly find themselves in the rank of prospectives."

From present indications it will soon be necessary to recruit from the ranks of the "prospectives," for under the "Work or Fight" order theatre musicians are classed as being engaged in non-essential occupation, which means that numbers of vacancies are about to occur in this profession and the places must be filled by men who are either under or over draft age, or by women. Since the ranks of the professional musicians have been materially thinned during the past year by the departure of those already called into service, it begins to look like a shortage of musicians in the near future. While the engagement of *men* in this occupation is not so essential, *music is essential* to the picture and the work must be carried on in the absence of the former players, whether by men or women.

There are many "business" musicians who have never done theatre work, also many well trained players who have never done any professional work. If a shortage of theatre musicians occurs the two classes of performers just mentioned should offer their services to theatres that are in need of musicians. To those who may be sufficiently interested in this line of work to take it up should the opportunity offer, may we suggest that now is the time to interest themselves in it and prepare by watching the work of the "Movie" players at the local theatres and thereby gain a working knowledge of the requirements of the profession.

The value of the object lesson is well known. Each moving-picture pianist while engaged in his work is an object lesson for the careful observer. It is quite human to think that the "other fellow's job is easy—almost anyone could sit in and do the same thing." That seems reasonable enough until one tries it, then he is quite surprised to learn that a number of the "tricks of the trade" escaped notice. This is so because most of us are casual rather than interested observers.

An interested observer notes many details that escape the disinterested onlooker. The adaptability and versatility of the average man is much greater than he realizes. Any one of us could do several other things as well or better than what we imagine to be our special forte. Thus the writer imagines that as a picture player he has specialized in his proper sphere, while in truth he might become expert as a policeman or a street car conductor. Who can tell?

Undoubtedly many readers of this magazine, who have more or less musical training and ability, but are at present engaged in quite different lines of business, could adapt themselves to the work of a professional musician with no further instruction than that acquired by their own observations of the work of a theatre musician. It may likewise be the experience of musicians who enter other fields of endeavor in essential industries, that they will discover an adaptability in themselves of which they had never been aware and which may induce them to forsake the music business and adopt a new life work.

The writer can recall the difficulties experienced by himself in securing musicians to play for the pictures twelve or thirteen years ago when movie theatres first came into being. There were of course no experienced players to be had, and many of the first ones had to be persuaded and induced to try the new proposition. Every one of the first batch "made good" and remained in the business, and are today making more money than they could possibly do if they had remained on their "regular jobs" from which it was so hard to wean them.

"How to Play the Pictures?"

A SUBSCRIBER writing to this department says, "in all that has been said and written about 'Playing the Pictures,' we have yet to be told 'HOW TO PLAY THE PICTURES.'"

Can it be possible that as yet no brave soul has had the temerity to burst into print with explicit and detailed instructions regarding this soul-stirring subject? If it be so there must be a reason, and methinks the reason is a base and sordid one. The idea must surely have germinated long ago in many fertile brains whose owners might have reasoned thus: It is estimated that there are thirty odd thousand musicians engaged in the occupation of "Playing the Pictures" in the Good Old U. S. A., and as each and every one of these thirty thousand knows or thinks he knows all there is to be known about "Playing the Pictures," why try to sell him a book on the subject? The main and only object in putting forth a ponderous tome of that nature would be the hope of coralling the unused shekels of the above-mentioned thirty thousand wise and wily "musickers." Would they bite? They might, but if they didn't—there's the rub—and up to date no one has risked real money on it.

It is easy enough to give directions or suggestions in regard to playing a particular picture, but a rather futile attempt to endeavor to establish a general method or formula which would apply to pictures in general. There are no infallible rules or exceptions to rules which could be set forth for the guidance of moving picture musicians. The ever varying nature of the photoplay itself requires a corresponding variety of treatment in the musical accompaniment thereto.

The adaptation of music to the photoplay is, and in all probability always will be, a matter of individual ideas and the use of what is commonly termed "good taste." One's knowledge of music and musical compositions is a big factor in adapting music to the film. A musician who has not progressed beyond the point of being able to play ragtime and popular songs cannot hope to produce a suitable musical setting from such a repertoire for such pictures as "La Tosca" or "The Resurrection." The latter was adapted from Tolstoy's book of the same name and the scenes are in Russian atmosphere throughout the play. There is plenty of Russian music which may be used, if the musician has knowledge of that fact and is acquainted with those compositions—their character and suitability for adaptation to the film. If his education is lacking in that respect, it follows that his interpretation of such a picture must necessarily be lacking in producing proper atmosphere.

The writer has observed that experienced picture players work similarly in a general way, but in detail they differ as widely as do their respective personalities and while the result is practically the same it is attained by divergent methods. If one were able to devote his time to the work and travel about observing the many different methods employed by movie players, noting the points of value, the result might be "boiled down" to a fair semblance of a "method" for "Playing the Pictures," but the ideas of any one man or his personal experience and method would not be very valuable material upon which to base a system of playing for the picture.

In our next article we will discuss the method of playing as outlined on the "Musical Suggestion" sheets now being issued by the several producing companies.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen

AT the beginning of the war the Parisians, as one man, forswore the pleasures of the dance, neglected their beloved theatres and would not listen to a piano or a joyful song, and alas for the once cheerful cabarets! Frivolity was gone, but only for a time. To offset the habitual depression occasioned by the unusual suffering, to relieve the mental strain of titanic events and ceaseless grinding war-time activities, psychologists, preachers, military and naval leaders have unanimously encouraged light, cheerful amusements. Now American ragtime reigns supreme in music halls where once laborious ditties by foreign imitators of our live rags were considered the height of merriment, or amusement. Now light recreation is considered more important than ever for the soldiers. The men are encouraged to sing popular songs and entertainments given for the fighters and civilians are of a popular, cheerful character. Lively revues and frivolous farces refresh weary eyes and spirits.

The typical popular compositions of the day, the simple, sincere, sentimental ballads, the humorous, cheerful rag songs and the innumerable patriotic numbers with their brave refrains, enjoy a well-deserved popularity because they appeal to and have given stimulus to the improved musical taste of the public.

Everywhere people are showing an understanding and appreciation of the happiest examples of popular syncopated compositions, which possess, among other attributes, the valuable charm of cheerfulness. The best popular patriotic numbers have been joyfully accepted, sung and applauded by our wonderful fighting soldiers and sailors.

A gallant member of the famous Rainbow Division in France writes that of all the useful and thoughtful presents received from home, none enjoyed such unanimous appreciation as the package containing, besides a late copy of MELODY, copies of the late rags and popular ballads by American composers.

The numbers were not "heavy" by any means, but are just those which could well beguile homesick hours and remind the boys, in a delightful way, of the good old U. S. A.

WE NEED MUSIC'S INSPIRATION NOW MORE THAN EVER

THE French Symphony Orchestra is coming over from Paris to play for us, and they talk of sending over a crack military band. The French are doing this to help bind still closer the ties that are holding us to France today.

This is a good idea, and we of America should appreciate it; also we should take this occasion to learn what France and England and Italy have learned long ago, and that is that music is needed in such times as these as it never was needed at any other time.

To the house of mourning we bring flowers; to the land of grief and anxiety we should bring music—Music the comforter, music the consoler, music the friend that expresses human feeling.

We need them now to make this life less sordid, less material and less trying—flowers, friends, music. Let's keep them all, no matter what else we let go.

When the war is over we shall look back to the flowers that grew in our garden, to the friends that visited us at our fireside and to the music we heard in our homes and out of them, as the healing influences that helped us through those trying times.

Let's keep the music, no matter what else we sacrifice, just as we keep the flowers and friends.

A Group of Popular Music Teachers

Let's follow the example of France, England and Italy and hold fast to our music.

I venture to say that the grand success of our last Liberty Drive was in no small measure acquired through the stirring appeal of our music to the hearts of the American people.—*Phil Kaufman.*

THEY DANCE RAGTIME ON ROLLER SKATES

IT was at the Apollo Theatre, Chicago, several years ago, that the writer first met the Skatelles, Bert and Hazel. The editor of "Chicago Syncopations" was then in vaudeville, and was standing in the wings, idly waiting for his turn.

If by any chance I secretly nursed the idea that mine was the only ragtime act on the program that evening, I soon discovered my error when the orchestra started a lilting ragtime number and out upon the stage skated the Skatelles, both in faultless, flawless evening attire—the man hadn't even forgotten the monocle—a picture of positive "class."

It would be hard to do justice to their wonderful performance by mere description—it beggars description—because they did everything on roller skates that any other performers ever did on their feet—and a lot of new things that had never before been done either way.

Their music was all ragtime, carefully and well chosen, and they danced every note of it. When they danced their closing number, the "Texas Tommy" (on skates, mind you), to the thrilling and pulsating rhythm of "King Chanticleer," the audience went wild.

That was the first time the writer met Bert and Hazel Skatelle—the next time was in New York City, at the famous Winter Garden, on Broadway, where they were daily received with highest honors by the two-dollar audiences, and it's some jump from the Apollo Theatre, Chicago, to the New York Winter Garden.

GRACE CLEMENT writes: "Last month the Pittsburgh school schedule was about "busted beyond repair" by the grippe. Pupils and teacher are recovering, and resuming lessons as formerly. "No charge for missed lessons" was the rule for a time, as even the manager was off duty for a week on account of a severe illness. "Lessons missed without one day's notice will be $1.00. Any missed appointment, 25c," is once more in full force, as I have an appetite that keeps on going, whether missed appointments are charged or not. This wartime is teaching us all to save particular dollars for particular debts, and stamps, as well as the necessity of living down to our incomes.

"One of my pupils is the proud mother of twin daughters. Possibly two prospective pupils for us in about 16 or 17 years.

"My school has answered its country's call—58 stars on my Service Flag.

"Women are in demand for pianists in Pittsburgh. Calls are numerous. The movie managers are afraid the men will be drafted, or enlist, so are asking for women for both organ and piano work.

"Pedro N. Jaluague, a native Filipino, has come to us to study some 'real ragtime,' and is certainly doing good work."

MRS. MELISSA HOGUE of Denver, Colo., is opening a branch school at Rawlings, Wyo.

Mrs. C. C. Nance has resumed teaching popular music in Memphis, Tenn.

Lula M. Hoffman of Summerdale, Ala., writes: "My pupils are all doing wonderfully well and everyone is enthusiastic about it, both young and old."

Sophie Tucker is planning to leave on July 22d with her Jazz Band for France to entertain the American soldiers at the front. The *Chicago Morning Telegraph* says that when Sophie and her Jazz Band get to France she should be sent to the battlefront to drown out the noise of the bombardment.

Miss Ruth Drennan of Granite City, Illinois, says: "Mr. Mellinger of St. Louis not only plays the late popular songs the way they are written, but he has that singular way of 'embroidering' these rags. Mexican drawn-work has nothing on Mr. Mellinger's embroidery."

Patricola, Chicago's vaudeville favorite, who sings as wonderfully as she plays the violin, has started on a return engagement over the Pantages circuit.

The Rialto and McVickers vaudeville theatres in Chicago are offering some wonderful bills to their patrons at this time.

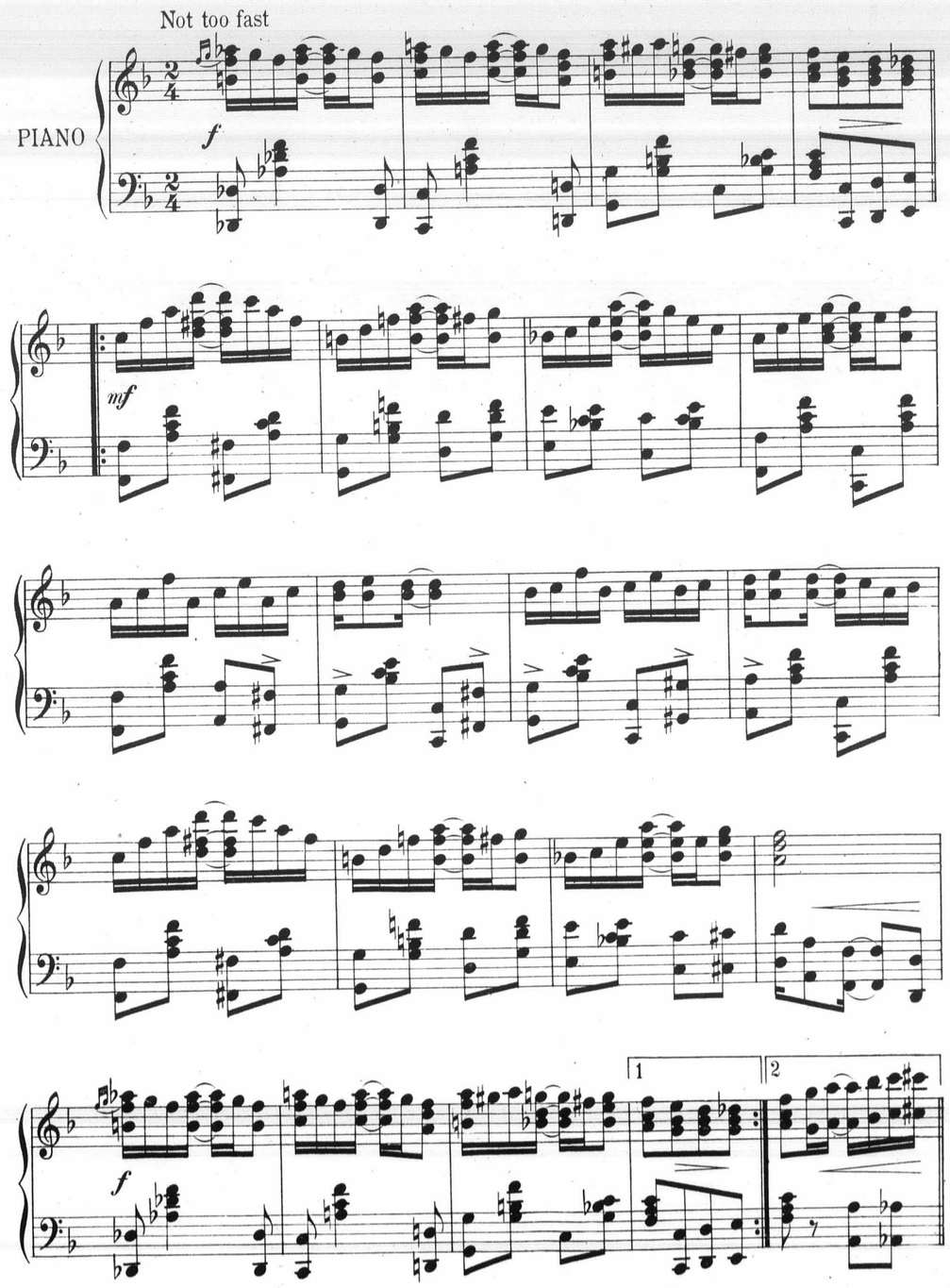
Cabaret has died in Chicago so far as the places where liquor is sold are concerned. No longer can you dance to jazz music and "histe the tall ones" at the same time. This may release some very wonderful talent for vaudeville that has heretofore been employed at the elaborate cabaret shows that are no longer permitted.

Frances Moe, who has been connected with one of the principal schools of popular music

(*Continued on page 27*)

Cracked Ice Rag

GEORGE L. COBB



ff

mf

MELODY

f

TRIO

mf — f

ffz

MELODY

Maori Love

Words by
TREVE COLLINS, JR.

Music by
GEORGE L. COBB

Moderato

PIANO

f

Ma - o - ri's
Ma - o - ri's

Till voice

fz *mf*

balm-y moon-lit shores are Oh so lone-some now, And ev - er since you went a -
skies of az - ure blue have turned to skies of grey, And ev - 'ry - thing is drear - y,

mf

way the place seems changed some-how. This Is - land once was Par - a - dise, The
dear, now that you've gone a - way. The night winds sigh - ing o'er the sea Brings

fair - est spot I knew, But all that made it Par - a - dise was you.
back to mem - o - ry The days gone by when you were here with me.

CHORUS

Come back a - gain to old Ma, - o - ri - land Where the moon-beams gleam up - on the

p *2d time f*

sil - v'ry sand. A na - tive band is play-ing, Its plain-tive strains are say-ing, Won't you come

back to me, I'm wait-ing lone-some-ly; A lone - - ly breeze is sigh-ing through the trees,

And the air is full of sad-dest mel - o - dies, The o-cean waves of blue seem call-ing, ev - er

call-ing you To come back to me, Ma-o-ri Love. Come Love.

1 2

fz *D.S.*

La Sevillana

ENTR' ACTE

Allegretto Moderato

NORMAN LEIGH

PIANO

mf *molto rall.* *p a tempo*

p

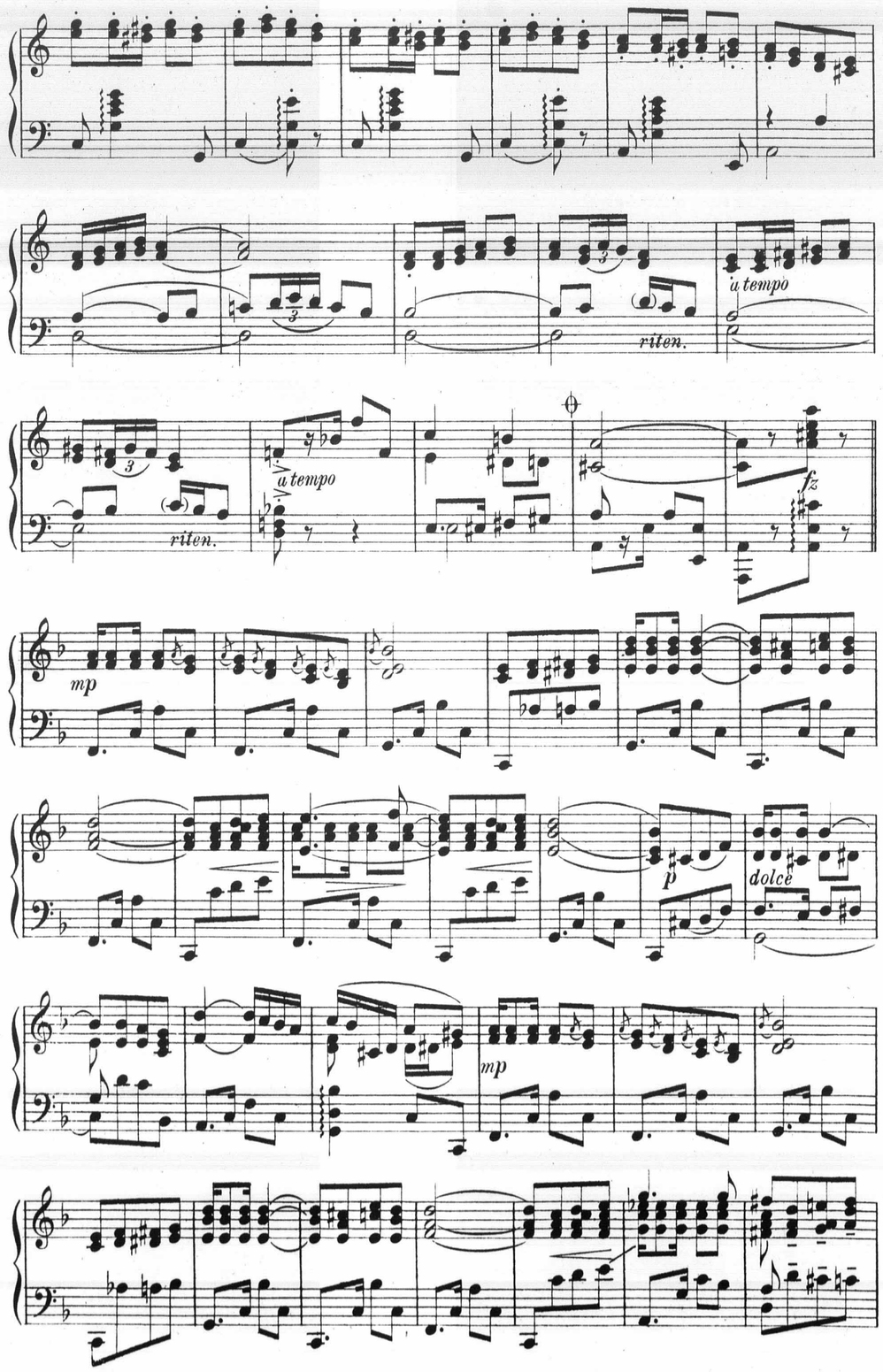
a tempo *riten.* *a tempo* *riten.* *mf*

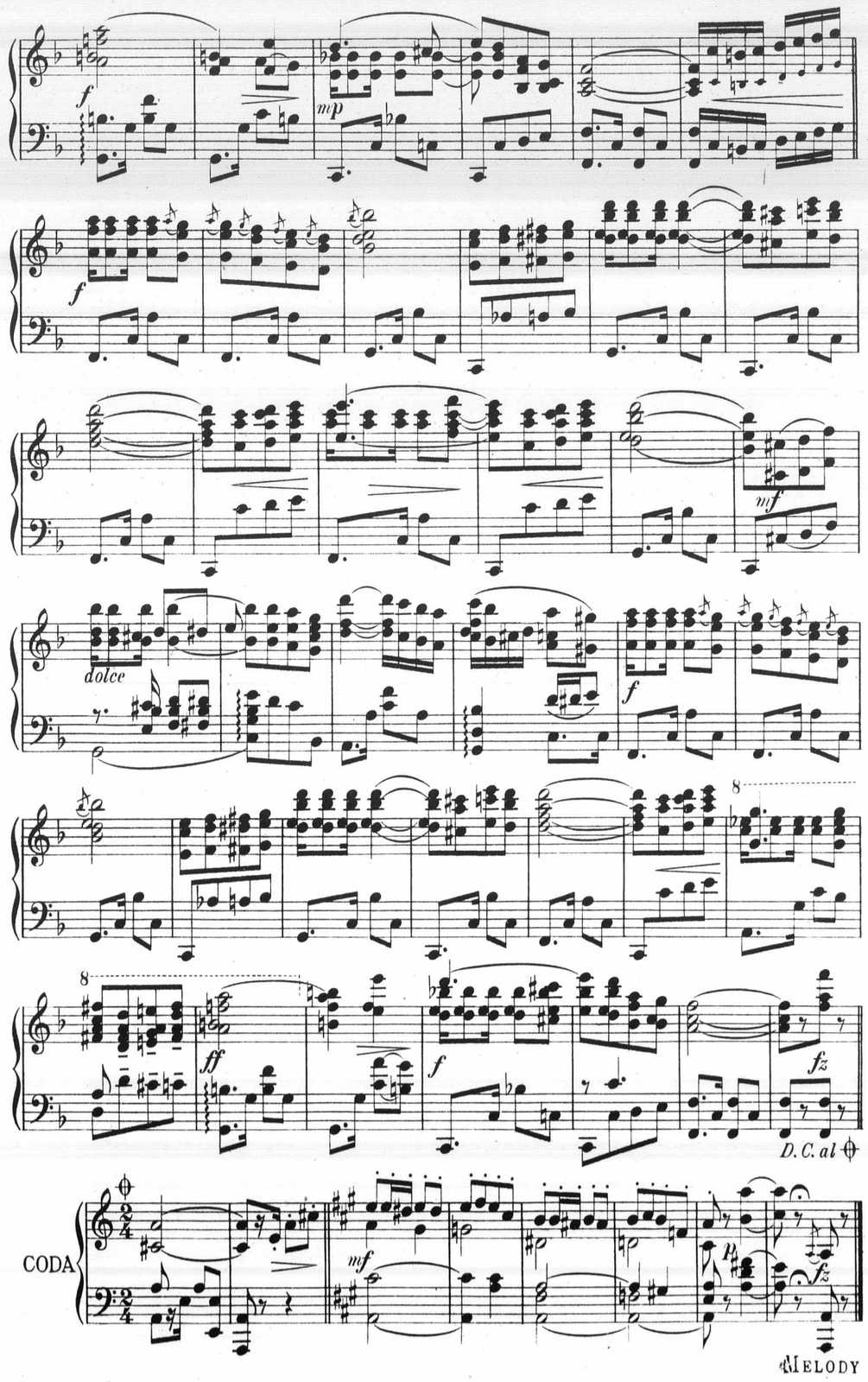
f *mf* *f*

mf *f* *ff* *rall.*

mf a tempo *poco rit.*

p a tempo


a tempo
riten.
a tempo
riten.
mp
p
dolce
mp
MELODY


f
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D.C. al
CODA
mf
fz
MELODY

No. 15

Appassionato

For Emotional Love Scenes

HARRY NORTON

Andante con moto

PIANO

No. 16

Storm Scene

HARRY NORTON

Allegro con fuoco

PIANO

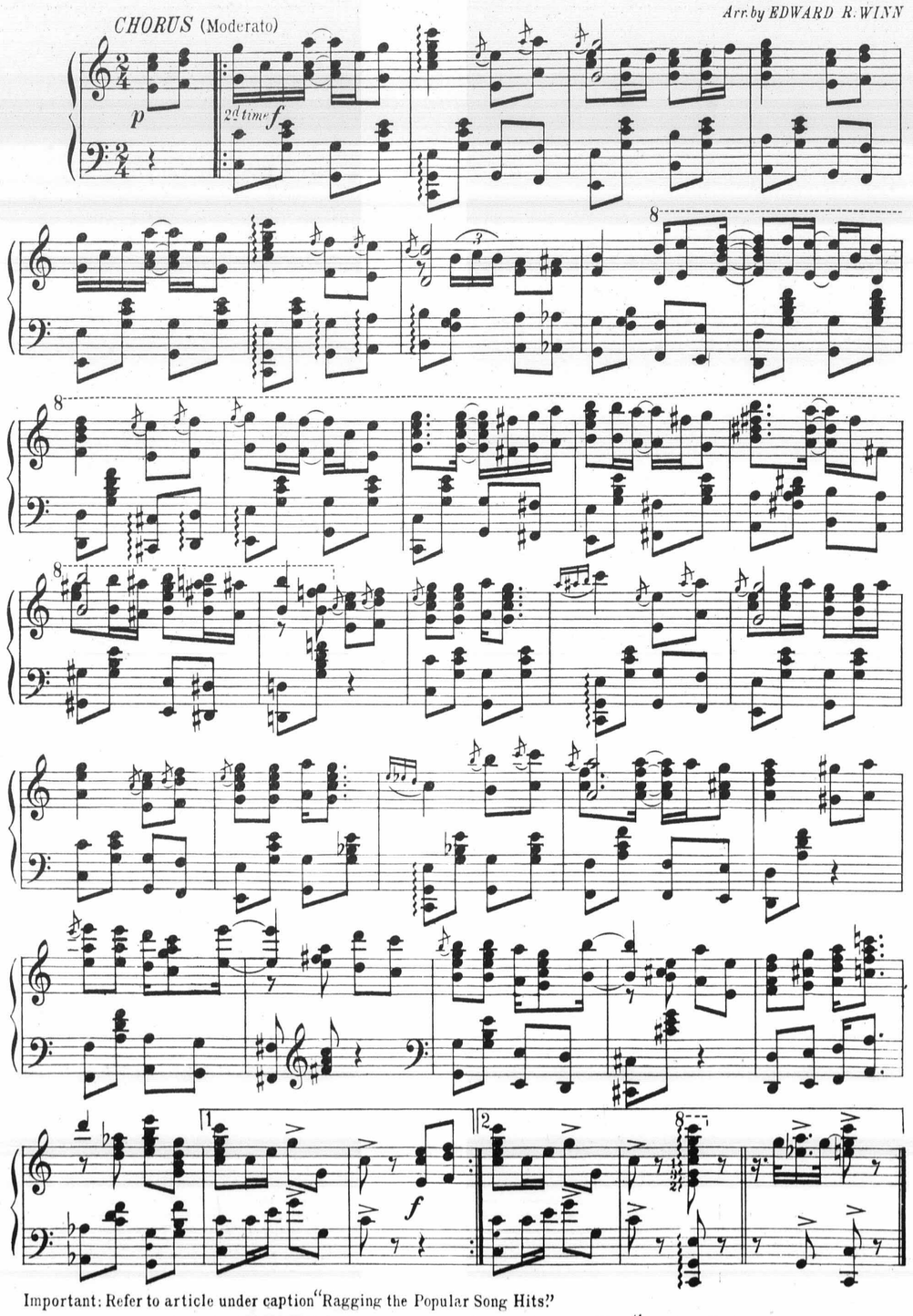
Syncopated Piano Solo Arrangement of Chorus of

"Au Revoir, But Not Good Bye, Soldier Boy"

Words by
LEW BROWN

In Winn Style of Ragtime

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER
Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN



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

Personality and Personalities

An Interview with Nan Halperin—By Clifford Vincent

(*Continued from page 2*)

slow in taking an undue advantage of it. He callously informed me afterwards that he observed my unusual tongue-tied-ness and generously threw himself into the breach to help me out; a mighty poor reason and worse excuse for trying to monopolize the whole conversation with a charming young woman.

It is no more than fair to admit here that I found my enforced role as the "audience" not by any means devoid of interest (aroused by the lady and not by Cobb). Miss Halperin, who is an American College product, has at her command a remarkable vocabulary, with which she is most verbally dexterous; her diction is pure, yet she allows no rules of the purists to rob her speech of American forcefulness when wishing to carry a point—one instance where college training hasn't squelched personality (I can't get away from that word "personality" where Miss Halperin is concerned). I probably should have continued to contentedly act as a sort of chaperoning dictaphone, if Cobb hadn't persisted in the display of his questionable oracular talents (it's a mystery how he ever gained an idea that he is a conversationalist), so finally determined to assert my own verbal prowess.

With Cobb as counter-irritant and determination as incentive, after Miss Halperin and Mr. Cobb had talked over quite a number of people and things of mutual acquaintance and interest (it was astonishing how many he knew or pretended to know), I awoke from my trance and gently reminded our prolific song-producer that I had recovered consciousness and would like to take part in the conversation, or, rather, tell Miss Halperin of the things I wished her to talk about. One has to be positively rude at times to obtain even scant courtesy from the youths of today, but Cobb finally subsided.

Pushing George into a corner (metaphorically speaking, of course) by a brilliant verbal *coup d'etát*, I at once gained the attention of Miss Halperin by asking her if she had not been called "The Girl with Personality." It certainly was a very pointed question, nevertheless it served its purpose as a starter, and Miss Halperin modestly admitted that the appellation was not unknown to her. Confidentially, even I, with my limited acquaintance with the stage, had for some time known of Miss Halperin's rapid rise to fame as the "Personality Maid." Whether the "personality" affix was wished on her by a live press-agent, or came from an admiring public, I don't know. I do know for a certainty, however, that it is no camouflage, and although rarely seen in press notices or theatrical announcements, it seems to stick to her. Why this is so I knew within two minutes after entering the room, and had still further demonstration of the reason when I witnessed her act from the front.

To proceed with my story, I next asked Miss Halperin if she thought there was "personality" embodied in the songs of today, particularly in those of the popular variety. Upon her immediate reply in the affirmative, I pressed the point still further by asking her *whose* personality she thought was depicted in the songs—that of the writers, the publishers, the singers or the public. This question brought such a spontaneous outburst that I am mighty sorry I cannot reproduce it verbatim and with illustrations—although the latter, as Cobb put it (he has a bright idea once in a while), would have to be a *moving*-picture to do her justice. There is nothing sphinx-like about Miss Halperin.

"I think," she said in reply, "that to a certain extent the songs of the day reflect the personality of composers, publishers, singers and the audiences who applaud them. But if you have in mind some of the atrocious compositions called 'popular songs' that seem to be popular for a time, then I want to say emphatically that these do not depict the minds and tastes of the general public. No indeed! They merely show up the personality of so-called 'artists'—a certain class of singers who are more anxious for cheap applause (and the dollars of the publishers who pay them to sing their junk), than they are to be known as real artists.

"There always are a few singers who are so anxious to 'stop the show' they will take on any kind of a song that will start a stampede in the gallery. Sometimes, too, the best of audiences are bamboozled into applauding a lurid joke or a shady song by the uproar from the paid 'boosters' and the gallery gang, but you will notice that these forced songs never last long. The rank and file of our American people are clean-minded—they don't want to listen to rot or bunk.

"I blame the singers wholly for the existence of inferior songs—songs with imperfect music, bad English and putrid ideas. Composers write them because they need the money" (Cobb rattled three nickels and a key in his pocket at this point), "and because they seem to think the public desires that kind; and the public is fooled into accepting them for a time but not for long. The whole fault is with the singers—they don't *have* to use anything but *real* songs. There are tremendously popular singers who refuse to descend to gallery stuff for even a minute."

Permit me to say right here that later on, when watching Miss Halperin's act, I noticed that she had the entire house with her—gallery, orchestra and boxes. She does not follow the common "speedy" style of many vaudeville singers, but takes all the time she wants to "put over" even a single line. Neither does she play to that part of the house which makes the most noise, yet I noticed there was no lack of applause from the gallery as well as from the gloved hands in front. And then I wondered whether theatre managers are always right in "giving the public what it *wants*," instead of giving it that which it best *appreciates*. If Nan Halperin is right, the public always appreciates *good things* if the good things are served properly, and from my seat that afternoon I gathered the impression that she *knew* her audiences.

But to come back to Miss Halperin's dressing room. As I have stated, it is impossible to give even a faint idea of this little character-singer's disquisition. Unconsciously, she illustrated and punctuated her spoken thoughts with what I might call thought-pictures—the mimicry and gesticulation in which she is so adept. Of course, I cannot reproduce these—Cobb's motion-picture idea was a trifle belated.

There are one or two more points which impressed me as essential to this article as a pen-picture. One of these is the mental alertness of Miss Halperin—there is nothing sluggish about her. Always having considered myself as capable of running in pretty good company, mentally speaking, I was hardly expecting to be out-distanced by a diminutive lass who, at the moment, was costumed for a "kid" song—and looked the part. Incidentally, I'd like to describe how she "put over" that juvenile song—it went big—but that will have to wait until I have another page.

Another thing that she said, and which I remember struck me forcibly, was this: "Some artists seem afraid to give the people credit for having ordinary intelligence—they 'don't want to play over the heads' of their audiences. Bosh! An *artist* never plays 'over the head' of any person whose mind is in an average, healthy stage of development. Play your part *right*—not *down* to the audience, and if you're *right* the audience will meet you on your own level. If I choose to say 'existence' instead of 'being' I do it, and"—she smiled modestly—"I seem to get away with it.

"It is the same with some songs and their writers. If there ever was tainted money, it's the cash that is accumulated by people who produce tainted songs. Why don't these producers write good songs and keep the public up to a decent level? It can be done—with no ultimate monetary loss to anyone, and with tremendous gain from an artistic and moral standpoint."

At this point Cobb commenced to act so restless and uneasy that I asked him if his conscience was troubling him. He failed to catch the subtle sarcasm and replied that he wasn't sure what it was, but whatever usually started his song-mill into operation seemed about to get under way and he had an idea that, if he could get back to his desk immediately and accumulate a sufficient head of steam, he might write a good song for Miss Halperin.

This may have been a genuine feeling of honest inspiration on the part of Cobb, or it might have been deep subterfuge, but whichever it was the song suggestion was warmly welcomed by the lady and Cobb's excuse at once became valid. As I couldn't counter with a reasonable excuse for remaining, and as I hadn't heard of our song-smith having accomplished anything great in the way of work during the past few days, I concluded that in fairness to the Chief, whose money George accepts, it would be well to gracefully acquiesce and so suggested our departure.

I am willing to admit that, although the motion to adjourn was made by myself, there is no surety that I shouldn't have continued talking to this dainty young woman with her remarkable blending of human nature, vivacity, wit and brains until she called the stage doorman to eject me. But this was not to be, for with a most strange and unwarranted alacrity Cobb seconded the motion and then fairly dragged me out by sheer force. Yes, it might have been "inspiration," but this musical attribute isn't usually green-eyed.

Although inadequately and perhaps incoherently given, such were my impressions of Miss Halperin. Now they have been recorded I cannot say that, except by many, many more words, I have added one iota to the sketch sent in by the Chicago office and thereby earned a right to the promised page. I can most unreservedly state, however, that I have enjoyed putting these thought-impressions into words, and that I will not soon forget my interview with a most charming woman-actress—Miss Nan Halperin.

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. Address all communications direct to MELODY.

R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Veteran and the Volunteer" is what I would call a novelty war song minus a punch. "I'll Be Proud" ditto. "For Every Little Bit of Bad" has an idea which lies more or less dormant under your treatment. The chorus should be all done over to express the "punch" indicated in the title. It is rather vague and rambling, and I had to study it closely to find out what you intended to convey. Never make a secret of the point of your song, unless it is something naughty—and then it's best to keep the secret by not writing a song about it. "God Bless" is another worthy war sentiment but not adaptable for a popular song. People are not exploiting their patriotism via songs of this type. "Strike up the Band" is a good title and would indicate a lyric with some of the elements of popularity. I do not believe the poem would receive consideration from a publisher, although it might were you to inject a few real punches, now lacking. "Come Caroline" has me stumped. Is it intended for a state or a comedy song? I admire your originality in digging up this:

There's a dear old Trixie, way down in Dixie;
He's waiting all alone to take the family home—

Is Trixie a horse or the hired man? He rhymes with "Dixie" but I always thought he was a she. The home picture you have depicted with father leading out the family bovine and mother raking leaves isn't particularly alluring, nor is it up to grade if intended as comedy stuff. The lyric as a whole suggests possibilities for a good song if you can find something to give it a punch—something that hasn't been used in the numerous "Dixie" songs of present and past ages.

My advice to you—and many others who are more prolific than careful producers—is to give more attention to a *few* lyrics and try to perfect them, rather than to endeavor to corner the song market on the wholesale scale. For instance note the following lines quoted from one of your poems:

Let every son and daughter
Look across the water and think of what you see.

The pronoun doesn't seem to fit, does it? Then you make use of a contraction not of the common or winter-garden variety:

It's the stars and stripes that're near

Again, in the lines

When you hear your country call
There's a duty for us all—

you easily could have avoided the jumble of pronouns. Some of your rhymes are rather far-fetched to fraternize with some of the good ones adjoining. "Girl" and "unfurled" are *near* but not quite; likewise "share" and "cared." These discrepancies would not appear in your poems if you concentrated on one or two songs, I am sure.

Mrs. H. A. B., Lander, Wyo.

"As Calls the Wren" is a pretty poem, and if set to the right kind of music would make a good song, but not of the popular variety, of course. The music is not of sufficient merit to gain a hearing before any publisher of high class songs; chorus very reminiscent of Mendelssohn's Spring Song. The song is worth doing over again. "I Much Prefer" doesn't particularly appeal to me as a song lyric, although it is a good poem, and funny. If you have an offer for the poem, by all means accept. There is no reason why your collaborator should not be willing to allow her work to stand on its merit, and if the publisher wants the words without the music, there's a reason. "Singing Brook" is another neat poem; music somewhat "old-fashioned." Do not believe there is much market for this type of song—two long "heavy" verses and no chorus. "Naught Cares the Angel" also has music totally unsuited to the words, in my opinion. A composer of high class vocal music might use part of this poem, but I doubt if he would want so many verses. Even hymns are written these days with no more than three verses. You ask me to be candid, and I am; stop composing song poems and submit your work to magazines. And remember that magazines as a rule do not buy long poems—two, three or four verses seem to be most popular.

Mrs. E. H., Merrill, Mich.

"We'll Swat" has many good lines, and expresses the sentiments entertained by all Americians. The title, however, suggests more of a "comedy" treatment than you have given the lyric, and you have failed to make use of your best punch line by side-stepping the title line entirely in your chorus. Melody is fairly good, but arrangement is amateurish. You evidently have "the knack o' rhyming," but it will be very hard to "cash in" on your talent with a song of this type; publishers will not print what the people refuse to buy—and the multitude of terrible "flops" among the war-song copyrights of all types would indicate that the public is not demonstrating its patriotism by buying all the war-inspired music printed. Therefore, while this "swat" number could be moulded into a good song, and—with a bit of the comedy called for by the title—a catchy one for stage purposes, I would not advise you to spend much time on it if you look for a reward in the way of shekels from the publisher's till. I have delivered similar advice through these columns numerous times, and am taking space for reiteration because many others besides yourself seem to be unable to comprehend the almost hopeless competition in which they must enter, with something less than a million war songs published and mighty few less than a million professional, amateur and unhatched song-writers waiting in line, each with his own pet patriotic effort in hand. I don't say that no more war songs will be printed; but comparatively few of the good ones written will be published—and very, very few of these will more than pay for the cost of production, judging by the tons of songs sold for old paper during the past year or two. So go ahead and write 'em if your work is labor of love and patriotic enthusiasm only—'tis a good subject to practice on—and then, there's the chance or two in a million!

G. L. N., Peoria, Ill.

Your letter is very impertinent. I do not claim to be infallible as a judge of songs—far from it, I am right once in a while, however, which should be encouraging shouldn't it? If eight publishers have turned down your song I cannot think of any better criticism. Frankly, I do not wonder that eight publishers turned it down—although I marvel to think that you had the nerve to send it to even one. Yes, the song contains meritorious points—all "swiped from "Mississippi Volunteers"—a song which I happened to write the music for a year or so since.

You say that it is up to me to make good MELODY'S promise "by recommending the song to some responsible publisher, or publishing it in the magazine." Our only promise to song-writers and those who wish to write songs is to give what help we can through the columns of Melody. To recommend your song or to print it would not help you in the least. I can help you most by advising you to turn your efforts to something—anything—besides song-writing. You are not without ability, to a certain extent, but there are thousands who can write verses and melodies of like character and quality—good and wholesome, like boiled water, but without any kick. Another thing in favor of your non-success is your lack of patience, perseverance and common courtesy. If you were as tactless in addressing the eight publishers as in writing to me, you made a very poor impression to say the least. I have answered your letter frankly, not because you deserve it, but because I think my reply will do you some good if you have sense enough to appreciate it.

M. J. M., Chicago, Ill.

To be absolutely frank and candid with you, I don't believe your "When My Sammy" music as it now stands is worth arranging. Your words are good—far too good for the music, which is very pokey and reminiscent. With a good melody the song might stand a fair chance on the market, as it is better than lots of "war" songs now published.

G. P. G., Cambridge, Mass.

Your composition without a title appears to me to be a Spanish waltz of considerable merit. The three strains are musical, and with some of the bald spots in the arrangement patched up I believe you will have a very good waltz. Would advise you to have an eight-measure introduction tacked on to your first strain. Also have a four-measure introduction instead of three before your trio. The only qualifications required of an arranger, as far as I know, are a working knowledge of harmony and a lot of experience—and some inherent talent to start with.

E. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Sweetheart of My Memories" is a fine song in every respect. With the exception of a very few minor changes in the arrangement, I could suggest nothing to improve the song. The offer you had from a publisher is by far too small to consider, and you did the right thing in refusing it. Cheer up; you've got a real song on your hands.

J. A. R., Anderson, N. C.

Welcome to the fold, J. A. R., with your bevy of poems. The first one, minus a title, is, to say the least, queer. You say "I love the *sun*, for I always liked his father." Who is the papa referred to? Then, "I love the world for it's full of lots of people." The latter part of this statement is very true, very true, but you shouldn't love the world; you should aspire to higher things. To be frank with you, I don't know what this poem is all about. "Over the Top and At 'Em" is already in print. "Goodbye, Mary, I'll Be Back Tomorrow" is an epic of procrastination, which we are taught is the thief of time. Therefore, I must spare my time and yours, although I can pause to say that this poem is punk. "I Hear Them Playing Dixie" is a regular song. The music is up to the minute and the words are clever—but now that you've got it, what are you going to do with it? It's just another "war" song. Come in again.

C. K. H., La Crosse, Wis.

Your poem "There's a Song in My Heart That My Tongue Can't Express" would never get by in this world as a song lyric. Neither would "I Will Work for My Board for a Season or Two." Same applies to "You're Only Flirting with a Roast." If you spend a few minutes a day looking over songs that have been published in the last few years they might give you some idea what to write about and what not to write about. I haven't the remotest idea where you get such strange titles and plots for your lyrical endeavors. Please use pen and ink; pencil copy is very hard to read.

H. C. F., Dansville, N. Y.

"When Uncle Sam Starts His Rag Band" is a syncopated novelty song with patriotic words. There are flocks of songs on this order published, and as this goes to press I've failed to discover one that has "gone over." Your melody would be more appropriate for a fast or "Dixie" song than a patriotic war song.

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

"I Wish in My Heart" is a simple little love lyric that gets you nowhere. You "don't want to tempt her or cause her to sin," but you "just love to kiss her beautiful chin." Do you really prefer to kiss her chin, or does the rhyme have something to do with it? In your chorus you rhyme "you were here" twice. Very wrong. Two verses for this song would be enough. You should have expended the energy devoted to the third to "smoothing" the first two. "To Get the Kaiser" is a comedy war song. Nuf sed. "The Khaki Clad Boys" is all to the good, and if there weren't sixty-eight songs of this kind let loose on the public every day I might give you more encouragement. It's all right as it stands, but what can you do with it?

E. V. S., Grant Park, Ill.

"Only a Kiss" is a neat little novelty song; words and music, in my opinion, are up-to-the-minute in style and meter. Should be a good number for "doubles" and "boy and girl" acts—in fact, could be used in several ways as a stage song. But will a good novelty song sell? Who knows?

M. D., Albion, N. Y.

"In My Honeycomb" is an original waltz song—too original, I fear, to become popular. Melody is very pretty and well arranged in the form of a high-class ballad. Words are far from good; will have to be re-written entirely to be worthy of your music. The idea upon which the verses are based seems good, but awkwardly elucidated, to say the least. For instance, you say "I wish I were bee." We know what you mean, and you have Hooverized by omitting the article "a"—but this country shows no sign of a word-shortage, so why not say "*a* bee"? Anyway, I think this number would make a much better instrumental waltz than waltz song. Would hardly advise you to pay $25 to have it published as it now stands.

E. D. J. and C. D. N., Chicago, Ill.

"Mother Is the Sweetheart," etc., makes a fair march ballad and that is all. The title is hackneyed, and while your words and music are good, they both lack the punch that goes to make a song popular. A sixteen-measure chorus is according to the rules in a song of this kind. Don't be discouraged and take my opinion as final. You both show considerable ability and you may interest some publisher with your future work if not with this. But don't be downhearted if you fail to find a publisher who will go "fifty-fifty" with you on "the profits" of your compositions. Most professional song-writers are gloriously satisfied with a modest royalty from ½ to 2 cents per copy.

M. G. L., Burlington, Iowa.

"When the Blue Has Gone Out of Your Sky" is an exquisite bit of poetry wholly unsuited for a song lyric. Would advise you to submit it to some newspaper or magazine just as it is. You show a remarkable gift for writing verse and you should be able to turn out a song poem with little practice. Two verses and a chorus are sufficient.

P. V. D., San Antonio, Texas.

"Let's Keep the Glow in Old Glory" is a fine title and a good poem, but it is already in print, so further criticism is unnecessary. "All I Want Is a Uniform" is a choppy affair with a meter that would keep a melody writer busy for many moons. The chorus is so short that it could be sung with one breath. Even if this poem were patched up, I fear it would never get by, as it sadly lacks the big punch. "Sailing O'er the Sea, Boys" is a good patriotic poem and would make a fair song, but what good would it be? Aren't there enough "war" songs on the market now?

E. M. G., Washburn, Maine.

"I'm Going Back to Home, Sweet Home" is about all anyone could ask for in a ballad. Of course this title is far from being new or original, but with lots of plugging and publicity—and

some luck—I think this song could be put over. "Kiss Your Girl Goodbye" is a cute little song and that's all. "Across the Rhine" is a good patriotic march song, with very little originality but as good as many of this kind now published. "Write a Letter, Soldier, to Your Dear Old Mother" has a very awkward title and very dopey music. Your chorus has nine measures. How did you ever get this way? "And Out of Them All He Made You" is a well written and quite original waltz ballad, and with little plugging might show signs of life. You surely have talent for song writing and ought to make good. Come again.

Mrs. M. M. C., Wilson, N. C.

"Sweet Innocence" is a comic poem and could never be made into a song as it now stands. You have no chorus, and I fail to see where you could ring one in. You simply have twenty lines of comedy. "But Now I'm Lonesome" is, as you say, a child song; that is a child song without music. Even if this were made over into a song poem and music set to it I don't believe it would ever sell, as you jump from the sublime to the ridiculous too often. You say, "Save a little sunshine" and then "My papa cuts the Kaiser's corn." Good night! "My Mamma" would not make a bad child song if you had a chorus somewhere in it. The average popular song of today has two verses. Yes, MELODY has a proposition to make to friends who have time to garner in a few subscriptions. If you are interested, write to the publisher.

G. C. S., Yankton, S. D.

I thank you for the compliment and feel flattered that you think me "a good song-music writer." Your words are very kind, kind sir, but your proposition appeals to me, not. While I do not wish to dampen your ardor, I can't make myself think your words even with a good musical setting would ever sell fifty copies, even if the proceeds were to be donated to the American Red Cross. I will print your poem below, so that some melody writer or publisher may, if they see fit, make use of it.

I'll sing you a song of a dear little lass
Who is yet in the days of her youth,
So dainty and sweet, with eyes so bright,
And all other charms forsooth.
Miss Mary Pickford is her name,
She is scarcely out of her teens.
She is the idol of all of the movie fans,
Sweet Mary, the Queen of the Screens.

Chorus:
Sweet Mary, the Queen of the Screens—
The idol of every heart—
To her all credit is due
For the way that she does her part,
With a kind, friendly word for all;
No envy at what others may gain,
To help those that stumble and fall
And try and relieve all pain.

C. K. H., La Crosse, Wis.

"Come Be My Pal, Helene." In this lyric you have told a very pretty story and have lead up to a chorus that is full of good rhymes and, best of all, common sense. But I fear the whole poem, while it is very good, is a little too antiquated in its style ever to sell. In other words, it contains too much "sense" to become popular.

Let a Little Fun Shine In

Everybody's calls 'em "chestnuts." Chestnuts are quite palatable to most people—if they're fresh; and they will keep a long time, sometimes.

Among the season's crop of fair young debutantes were twin sisters whose ravishing blonde loveliness and striking resemblance to each other were constant topics of conversation. One evening, a young man of their social circle was approached by a friend, who remarked confidentially:

"I hear, Chester, that you are practically engaged to one of these peachy twins."

Young Chester, with a smile, admitted that he was.

"Well, tell me," asked the friend, "how in the world can you tell them apart?"

"I don't try to," was the reply.

Wife—"That girl in the opposite flat is quite a promising singer."
Hub—"Well, get her to promise that she won't sing any more."

Every time I hear the S. S. B., said Edward Winn recently, I am reminded of a poor simp who was absolutely stone deaf. At a church service which he recently visited he noticed a number of people standing up around him, and as the organist was playing away for dear life and the people singing, apparently with much zest, the deaf man took it for granted that it was the customary "stand-up" for the national anthem. So he stood up. Next day he was surprised to find out that he had subscribed ten dollars on the church debt by standing with the loyal church members— who, by the way, were singing "When the *Roll* is Called up Yonder."

Unlucky Motorist having killed the lady's pet puppy)—Madam, I will replace the animal.
Indignant Owner—Sir, you flatter yourself.

For snap and expressiveness Yankee slang can't be beat. Even a Purist will get this one:

"Do you guarantee these colors fast?" asked the customer at the hosiery counter.

"Certainly not, madam," replied the new clerk in the fullness of his knowledge. "Black is never considered a fast color, you know. But I can show you something pretty swift in stripes."

First girl—"I can't just recall what a fuge is. Do you know?"
Second girl—"Certainly! It's one of those horrible family quarrels that Southerners carry on through generations."

Mean things said about the members of the frail fair sex seem to tickle the American male. We don't dare mention the name of the gentleman who told us this.

"Do animals show that they love us?" asked a teacher of her primary class.

"Yes, ma'am," chorused the class.

"Good," said the teacher; "and now tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man."

A small boy promptly spoke up:

"Woman!"

Mrs. Nexdore—My daughter plays the piano. Perhaps you've heard her?
Mrs. Newcome (with great self-restraint)—I've heard the piano.

Dry stories about congressmen are especially appropriate since the big drought in Washington. A Western congressman, in discussing the rainless droughts that sometimes afflict his state, tells this story:

"One day some one asked an old farmer 'How would you like to see it rain?'

"'I don't care about it myself,' said the old man, 'but I've got a boy six years old who would like to see it rain.'"

The night was hot, the concert rather boring and not a few of the town's best people found it easier to talk than listen to the music. A nice old lady—one of the dear, prim old souls who just adores art and such—was seated directly in front of a young couple who were deep in a discussion of the merits of their respective motor cars. The concert and the conversation went on, and the old lady was getting a fair earful of both. But suddenly the concert music paled before the chin variety:

"What color is your body?" asked the young man of the girl at his side.

"Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?"

"Mine," replied the man, "is brown with wide yellow stripes."

This was too much for the old lady. Rising from her seat, she exclaimed: "It's bad enough to disturb your neighbors by talking at a concert, but when young people come to asking each other the color of their bodies, it's time for me to leave!"

When we read
In the joke papers
And other funny
Publications
About chumps
Who stand up
When they think the band
Is playing the
Star-Spangled etc.
And it isn't
But is merely
Tuning up
Or playing Poor
Buttermilk
Or
Some other piece of
Poor music
Which happens
To be
Popular
We may laugh
At
The ignorant
Ignoramuses
But
Just supposing
Some darn paper
Should print
In black type
The story
About the time
We asked
The restaurant
Orchestra
To play William Tell
And they played
Poet and
Peasant
And we
Didn't know the difference
And just
Thanked them.

Isn't it a relief to find a chicken joke that has feathers on it?

After reading the famous poem, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," to the class, the teacher said: "As a drawing exercise suppose you each draw, according to your imagination, a picture of Plymouth Rock."

All but one little fellow set to work. He paused and finally raised his hand.

"What is it, Edgar?" the teacher asked.

"Please, ma'am," Edgar piped out, "do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

"Bang!" went the rifles at the maneuvers. "Ooooo!" screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the arms of a young man.
"O!" said she blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."
"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

Edward E. Olds of Toledo testified that a friend of his rushed into the Victrola department of a large store at Christmas time and asked the new clerk for the "Ernani" record by Frieda Hempel. The clerk was gone some time and finally reported that they had no such record; that it had not yet been made. On being asked what record he was looking for, he replied: "Her Nanny" by Frieda Hempel.

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

Melody Professional Service Department 8 Bosworth St. Boston, Mass.

ATTENTION, PUBLISHERS AND POULTRY FANCIERS

HELP! Quick, James, the smelling salts! The editor have fainted.

The unsuspected has happened.

A lyric-writer comes right out and says that he isn't a regular, honest-to-goodness lyric-writer.

But, that's nothing—lots of 'em say so. And don't mean a word they say. This prodigy, however, goes farther, and alleges that his "works"—yes, he called them "works"—are not perfect.

Yet these things wouldn't lay out any ordinary editor. Even ordinary editors are used to all kinds of conceit-camouflaging stunts. All is not yet told.

Hah—the thot plickens!

This shrinking-violet lyricist (he's from Michigan, where they make grape-nuts and wooden furniture) actually offers to—the salts again, James!—offers to GIVE AWAY his choicest brain-child. Exclamation point.

Think of it. He is willing to present, without strings or attachments, to some publisher—any publisher—the full right and title in and to his latest and greatest bit of lyric architecture, to have and to hold until death or bankruptcy intervenes. But, read the honest words of this human impossibility:

Editor of Melody: Although I have written a number of fairly good lyrics, I do not consider myself what you would call a "regular" lyric-writer. I think you will agree with me that the enclosed lyric is pretty good; in fact, I consider it the best of my works. Of course, I know it is not perfect. Still, it seems good enough to warrant publication, and I would like to present it to some good publisher who could have the right kind of music written for it. Can you suggest some publisher who could use the verses, with the understanding that I am waiving all royalty rights in the work?

(Signed) *A. V. M., Hersey, Mich.*

To tell the truth, we dislike to discriminate by naming any one, or even several publishers who are worthy of such generosity, and to be absolutely fair to all, we have decided to print the verses of which A. V. M. modestly speaks so highly, and thus sidestep responsibility. Feist, Waterson, Remick, et al, please peruse:

MY ROSEY, MY RHODE ISLAND RED

I've sung of the buxom charms
Of the fair maids on the farms,
And the girls of the Golden West;
In Wyoming, Minn. or Maine
Sweet girls drive me insane—
But they are flirts just like the rest,
And the girl in Tennessee
With the eyes that menace me
Will feather some other guy's nest.

Chorus

Though my heart hits sixty miles
When a Dixie Trixie smiles,
No sweet Virginia, Louise or Anna
Can snare me with her (witching) wiles;
For the fairest of the chickens
Has no kick—it beats the dickens—
How they fade before my Rosey,
My red-headed Rosey,
My Rosey, my Rhode Island Red.

Though I know that girlies fair
Can be found most anywhere,
Summer, Winter, Spring or Fall,
No Alaska lassie sweet
Can freeze me with her cold feet—
Yet I like to love them all.
No Mississippi Miss
Can drive me to dippy bliss
Though I like them large and small.

There you are! But we would like to ask, as a point of information, how many feet an Alaska lass is apt to have? A. V. M. says he "loves them all." This is only a minor defect, however—if one may be permitted to use the word "defect" and refer to the pedal extremities of Alaska maidens in the same paragraph. And, of course, the *Wine*ter mentioned in the second verse is the well-known Broadway season, which lasts from New Years Day until the twenty-seventh December following each full moon with holidays on the first day of each week, Sundays excepted.

In the first verse, too, we were tempted to pause and wonder if the Tennessee girls are going to stand for the unsubtle inference that they are of the feathered species. But why look a gift horse—or fowl—no, scratch that out, *chicken* is better—why look a gift chicken-song in the mouth?

Congratulations on the change! The new MELODY is a great help and a real inspiration. —*Henry J. King, South Bend, Ind.* (enroute).

CHICAGO SYNCOPATIONS

(*Continued from page 8*)

in Chicago for a number of years and who was married recently, is giving up her position the first of the month, as she is contemplating entering that oblivion known as private life, which will be a source of keen regret to her friends and pupils.

The Y. M. C. A. in this part of the country is working hard in providing entertainment for soldiers and sailors, and the writer of this column has had the pleasure of assisting in this work on several occasions. They are sending a vaudeville show three times a week to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and on other occasions have entertained sailors and soldiers passing through Chicago at the clubrooms of the magnificent Northwestern Station here.

Ravinia Park is going to offer many musical shows that will be of interest to the boys who are in training at Fort Sheridan and the Great Lakes this summer.

Mr. Cortland DeDale, pupil of Mrs. Hogue of Denver, played at the Red Star dance given at Cotillion Hall, while Miss Helen Smith sang.

J. M. Roche of Springfield has given up his studio and has gone to Camp Gordon, Ga., having entered the army.

Julian Eltinge played his farewell week in vaudeville in Chicago a short time ago. He is now in pictures.

Joseph Howard played a successful week at the Majestic, Chicago, recently.

Gene Green has come back to his native town and covered himself with glory at McVicker's Theatre.

Mabel McCane is rehearsing a new vaudeville act of an elaborate character.

Ralph Kettering, a well-known playwright, spent a few weeks at French Lick. He is back in Chicago now.

Sam Baerwitz, well known 10 per cent vaudeville agent, expects to be located in Chicago again.

Jos. H. Durant, of Brighton, Mass., writes as follows: "Teaching ragtime is just in the experimental stage with me, but I find that pupils take to this form of playing very readily. I've taught pianoforte for nearly twenty years, and find nowadays the music-loving public demands the more spirited music. I have had pupils who came to me with five years of the best training in technic who could not play a popular piece of music through correctly, having no sense of melody and accent. Most of my new students desire to learn ragtime."

A Mr. Jepsen, who is Philadelphia correspondent for the *Musical Enterprise*, in his column writes that a certain party in Philadelphia advertises ragtime piano playing in twenty lessons. He further states: "A lot of people are biting, too. Poor fish." I happen to know the party to whom he has referred, a charming woman, who must have made good with *some* of her pupils during the ten years she has been advertising in this manner or she wouldn't be there today. In fact, I have so much faith in her that I believe she could even teach Jepsen to play ragtime in twenty lessons.

Jimmie Henschel has been back at the North American Restaurant for some time now, and is as popular as ever. He always was a favorite with the Chicagoans.

Babe Blake, a clever cabaret entertainer, took the honors at a banquet given by the K. Y. M. S. Club at the Hotel Morrison, Chicago, the other evening. Babe simply started a fast pace, and the other entertainer had to work fast to keep up with her. At the same banquet Mazella and Childs in artistic Oriental dancing scored heavily.

Melody Agents

Where the magazine can always be obtained

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Ft. Worth, Tex. . . . Ft. Worth Music Co., 610 Houston St.
Galveston, Tex. . . . Thos. Goggan & Bro.
Grd. Rapids, Mich. Friedrich Music House, 206 Monroe Av.
Hartford, Ct. . . . . Farris Music Store, 173 Asylum St.
Haverhill, Mass. . . Fred W. Peabody, Merrimack St.
Holyoke, Mass. . . . M. P. Conway, 805 High St.
John T. Roy Co., 168 High St.
Honolulu, Hawaii. . Bergstrom Music Co., 1020 Fort St.
Houston, Tex. . . . . Oliver's Music House, 810 Main St.
Thos. Goggan & Bro.
Indianapolis, Ind. . Carlin Music Co., 3 No. Penn St.
Fuller-Wagner Music Co., 27 E. Ohio St.
Ionia, Mich. . . . . G. W. French & Sons, 325 Main St.
Kansas City, Mo. . . Ege & Heard, 1015 Grand.
La Crosse, Wis. . . Fred Leithold Piano Co., 325 Main St.
Lawrence, Mass. . . Knuepfer & Dimmock, 254 Essex St.
Lewiston, Me. . . . F. E. Tainter, 49 Lisbon St.
Los Angeles, Cal. . R. W. Heffelfinger, 446 So. Broadway.
Lindsey Music Co., 416 Broadway.
So. Cal. Music Co., 332 So. Broadway.
Lowell, Mass. . . . . Keeslaw's Music Store, 118 Central St.
Manchester, N. H. . Piper & McIntire, 888 Elm St.
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. . L. F. Collin Pty., Ltd.
Milwaukee, Wis. . . C. J. Hambitzer, 417 Broadway.
Wm. A. Kaun Music Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. . Metro. Music House, 41 So. 6th St.
Montreal, Can. . . . W. J. Shaw & Co., St. Catherine St.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y. . Gunther-Winn School of Popular Music
N. Bedford, Mass. . H. L. Thout.
New Haven, Ct. . . . M. Steinert & Sons Co., 183 Church St.
New Orleans, La. . Philip Werlein, 731 Canal St.
New York, N. Y. . . Edward R. Winn, 155 W. 125th St.
Norwich, Ct. . . . . Plaut-Cadden Co., 145 Main St.
Pawtucket, R. I. . . Meiklejohn Music Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. . . Joseph P. Drew, Walnut St.
Hyman Morris, 151 No. 8th St.
O. K. Music House, 1317 Arch St.
H. A. Weymann & Son, Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . W. H. Witt Music Co., 110 5th Ave.
Volkwein Bros., 516 Smithfield St.
Pomona, Cal. . . . . C. H. Short Music Co., 151 E. 2d St.
Portland, Me. . . . . Cressey & Allen, 566 Congress St.
M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Portland, Ore. . . . . Graves Music Co., 151 4th St.
Seiberling & Lucas, 125 4th St.
Providence, R. I. . . Bailey's Music Store, 72 Weybosset St.
John Fitzpatrick, Music Dept., Shepard Store.
Chas. E. McCloskey, 60 Snow St.
M. Steinert & Sons Co., 509 Westminster St.
H. L. Thuot, 412 Weybosset St.
Queenstown, Tas. . Frank O'Shea, King St.
Riverside, Cal. . . . G. S. Umholtz Music Co., 657 Main St.
Rochester, N. Y. . . Samuel W. Levis, 39 South Ave.
Rockland, Me. . . . Maine Music Co.
San Diego, Cal. . . Thearle & Co., 1025 5th St.
Thearle Music Co., 640 Broadway.
San Francisco, Cal. Sherman, Clay & Co.
Salt Lake City, U. Shepard's Magazine Store, 237 So. State St.
Scranton, Pa. . . . . Powell & Chandler, 138 Wash. Ave.
Sedalia, Mo. . . . . A. W. Perry & Sons.
Sherbrooke, Can. . H. C. Wilson & Sons, Ltd., 144 Wellington St.
Springfield, Ill. . . . J. Myles Roche, 614 So. 8th St.
St. Louis, Mo. . . . Humleth Music Co., 516 Locust St.
J. Placht & Bro., 113 So. Broadway.
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. . Alton A. Adams.
Stevens Pt., Wis. . Schuweiler's Novelty Shop, 1019 So. Division St.
Sydney, Aus. . . . . W. J. Deane & Son, 500 George St.
Syracuse, N. Y. . . . Godard's Music House, 215 James St.
Leiter Bros., 333 So. Salina St.
Taunton, Mass. . . . H. L. Thout, 3 St. Mary's Sq.
Tokyo, Japan. . . . The Kyoyeki Shosha.
Topeka, Kans. . . . . E. B. Guild Music Co., 722 Kansas Av.
Toronto, Ont., Can. Sam A. Marks, 16 Bloor St., E. . .
Whaley, Royce & Co., 237 Yonge St.
Tulsa, Okla. . . . . R. S. Saunders & Co., 200 E. 2d St.
Utica, N. Y. . . . . Peate's, 122 Columbia St.
Worcester, Mass. . . C. E. Steere, 18 Mechanic St.
M. Steinert & Sons Co., 208 Main St.
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Interpreting the Photoplay

By Harry Norton

(Continued from page 7)

The Question Box

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

Mrs. M. D., Rockford, Ill.

Your request was not quite clear. Is the *Spring Festival Dance* a musical composition or a "movie"? If it is a musical number for which you wish a suggestion for a "stop combination," you neglected to state whether the "stopped bass" pipes are played from the manual or from a pedal board. If your instrument has no pedal bass (sustained by the foot), the only practical combination would be flute, violin and horn on the upper manual, coupled (if there are couplers) to stopped bass on the lower manual. If you will write again, stating the name of the orchestral instrument you are playing, I may be able to offer some useful suggestions.

B. R. N., Nashville, Tenn.

The following routine was used by the writer for the Paramount feature: "Resurrection," (Pauline Frederick): *Chanson Russe*, Smith; *Czardas No. 6*, Michiels; *Serenade, Opus 20, No. 4*, Karganoff; *Minuetto, Op. 28*, Friml; *A Curious Story*, Frommel; *An Old Love Story*, Paolo Conte; *Nocturne, Op. 3, No. 2*, Karganoff; *Twilight*, Cesek; *Serenade, Op. 24, No. 2*, Cesek; *Romance*, Nevin; *Kammenoi Ostrow*, Rubinstein; *Two Silhouettes, Op. 8, Nos. 2 and 4*, Dvorak, and *Legende*, Carl Bohm. Necessary incidental cues to be inserted at proper times.

K. A. H., Bakersfield, Cal.

"Suites," both orchestral and for piano provide pleasing material for photoplay music. *A Love Episode in Birdland* by Bendix, published by Walter Jacobs (four numbers) is good. *Scenes Pittoresques*, Massenet; *Nutcracker Suite*, Tschaikowsky; *Prince Ador Ballet Suit*; *Ballet Music from Faust*; *Valse Suite, Brahms*, and many others are excellent.

M. F. C., Akron, O.

In "A Doll's House" (Artcraft) Elsie Ferguson dances a "Tarantella," which is a rapid dance in 6-8 time. Any one of the following tarantella movements will fit the dance: By Sydney Smith, *Pieczonka*; Heller, *Op.* 85; Ludovic, *Op.* 40; Mills, *Op.* 13, *No.* 1—or any other that you may have in your library.

And here's another, from the Macato Music-Lore of Clarksburg, W. Va.

Miss Vocolo—"I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song."

A real nice young man—"Why don't you get the key and you won't have to break in?"

ATLANTIC PRINTING CO., BOSTON

A NATION'S SONGS

The Popular Songs of America at War

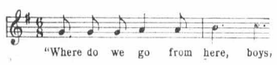
By A Patriot

A NATION that sings can never be beaten—each song is a mile-stone on the road to victory.

Songs are to a nation's spirit what ammunition is to a nation's army. The producer of songs is an "ammunition" maker. The nation calls upon him for "ammunition" to fight off fatigue and worry. The response has been magnificent. America's war songs are spreading through the world—hailed by our allies as the omen of victory.

When the boys march down the Avenue, it's the martial crash of "Over There" that puts the victory swing in their stride. When the subscription squad "sets to" before a Liberty Bell, "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There" starts the signatures to the blanks. When the troop trains speed through, "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France" swells every heart with confidence.

Even into the jaws of death! American history has no finer page than that of the boys on the Tuscania, who went down singing "Where Do We Go From Here."



But aside from their effect as stimulants of the national spirit, these war songs, simply as developments, are interesting.

Whence did they come? What brought them? How did they happen?

The list is already a familiar one. Leading it is "Over There." Pressing close for popularity are "Where Do We Go From Here," "It's a Long Way to Berlin, But We'll Get There," "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France." And now they're singing a lot of newer ones like "We're All Going Calling On The Kaiser," "If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Why Then It's Good Night Germany" and "Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Gen'l Pershing Will Cross the Rhine."

When we examine into the source and nature of these songs, we find that practically every one issues from a single publishing house,—the house of Leo Feist, Inc.

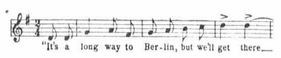
Practically every one gives voice to a tremendous eagerness for "Getting over and at 'em." And the music has a certain buoyant urge that stirs the very corpuscles of the blood.

Truly remarkable that one man should give the nation practically all its war songs.

But this is only the external fact. Music is not to be judged as other things made, bought, and sold. It comes not from without, but from within. It is the language of innermost feeling. That a hundred million sing Leo Feist's war-songs means that he has succeeded in truly reaching a hundred million hearts.

That Mr. Feist himself neither wrote words nor music of any of these songs is away from the point. It was he who made them possible. It was he who conceived "Where Do We Go From Here?" It was he who made "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There" into a great recruiting song. It was he who brought "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" to the status of a full-fledged camp song. It was he who dug "Katy" out of an army camp, and gave it to the people. It was he who paid George M. Cohan $25,000 for "Over There."

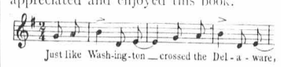
It was he who made a part of America's tradition "Homeward Bound," "We'll Knock the Heligo Out of Heligoland," "Bring Back My Daddy to Me," "I'll Come Back to You When It's All Over," "Round Her Neck She Wears a Yeller Ribbon," "Give Me a Kiss by the Numbers," "Each Stitch is a Thought of You, Dear," "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip," "I Don't Want to Get Well," "We Beat Them At the Marne," "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy," "I'd Like to See the Kaiser With a Lily In His Hand," "When I'm Through With Arms of the Army," "When We Wind Up the Watch On the Rhine," "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You."



Mr. Feist is also responsible for one of the greatest innovations in music since the war began. It was he who conceived the idea of a pocket-sized songbook for the use of Soldiers, Sailors and the folks back home.

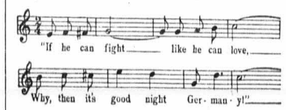
This eighty-page gloom dispeller contains all the old favorites with words and music of the newest copyrighted songs. He gave the book its appropriate title, "Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing," and marketed it at a price within reach of all, 15c.

One of Mr. Feist's most valued treasures is a letter framed in his office from a soldier in the trenches telling how he and his pals appreciated and enjoyed this book.



Zwingli said, "Nothing makes a man more of a man than music." Leo Feist is not only building national-spirit—he is building man-power. He is a genius that serves subtly—but none the less powerfully.

Like all men with a purpose, Leo Feist has a whole-hearted slogan—"You Can't Go Wrong With a Feist Song." With it he has confidently led the campaign for singing cheerfulness—with a success that is evidenced in every city, town and hamlet of the United States, for the great Feist songs are heard everywhere. Today they are our inspiration—tomorrow our memories.



They are the songs that will commemorate the victory of Liberty in the great big future—when young faces have been marked by the hand of time—when guns are aged by rust—when great monuments mark the land where rest those who went forth *singing*. Get these songs—learn them so you will know them in years to come, just as you know "Dixie", "Marching through Georgia" and the songs of the Civil War.

MUSIC WILL HELP WIN THE WAR!

Reprinted from

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Nation that sings can never be beaten—each song is a mile-stone on the road to victory.

America's War Songs are spreading through the world—hailed by our allies as the omen of victory.

Songs are to a Nation's spirit what ammunition is to a Nation's army.

The producer of songs is an "ammunition" maker. The Nation calls upon him for "ammunition" to fight off fatigue and worry.

Major General Wood said: "It is just as essential that the soldiers know how to sing as it is that they carry rifles and know how to shoot them. There isn't anything in the world, even letters from home, that will raise a soldier's spirits like a good, catchy marching tune."

Therefore

Music Is Essential

and as always

"You Can't Go Wrong With Any 'Feist' Song"

Volume II, Number 8 AUGUST, 1918 Formerly The Tuneful Yankee

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

MUSIC

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER JACOBS BOSTON MASS

STARMER

Note: The Ragtime Review is now consolidated with this magazine.