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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

MUSIC

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MELODY

A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music

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About Vaudeville Salaries

By A. W. C.

PERSONS outside of the vaudeville profession, and the many who are endeavoring to break into the vaudeville game, wonder if the big salaries heard about are really paid to performers for "just a few minutes work a day." Mr. J. C. Matthews, a veteran show-man and a reliable authority on vaudeville booking, recently wrote an article about the money received in vaudeville, which we know will interest our readers and which we therefore reproduce here. Mr. Matthews writes as follows:

The successful vaudeville headliner draws a bigger salary than the president of the United States. The weekly earnings of the drawing cards of vaudeville surpass those of bank presidents and heads of big corporations. There are more than twenty-five feature acts in vaudeville commanding salaries of $1,250.00 a week up. There are hundreds of acts getting from four to five hundred dollars a week. There is not a "single" playing good-time vaudeville at a salary of less then $100.00 a week.

With the high salaries of vaudeville why is it, you ask, that the stockholders in the big corporations are not vaudeville actors, that the rich people of today are not those who have worked in vaudeville for twenty-five weeks a season during a quarter of a century?

It is a sad tale.

'Tis high finance in a fierce form.

The fabulous wealth which should follow a career in first-class vaudeville seldom pans out. It is usually the case that a quarter of a century of success is followed by an old age of poverty. $10,000.00 is a fortune in the show business. A competency, earned by one's own efforts, is the ideal happiness, according to H. A. Taine, and only comparatively few vaudeville players attain this.

It is almost conceivable that the American public would contribute to vaudeville theatres with a liberality which makes vaudeville salaries possible. The salaries of the big headliners of vaudeville may well startle those who are unfamiliar with that line of work.

There are many reasons why vaudeville artists do not save money. In the first place, hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," is a disease with a vaudevillian. The artist getting $500 per week hopes for a thousand, and determines to start saving the other $500 when it begins to come. There is no such thing as discouraging the person whose heart is in vaudeville. Everything but vaudeville success decreases in importance.

In the second place the vaudeville artist has expenses which those outside never dream of. Talent is only one requisite of vaudeville success. There must be showmanship to make an act, business sagacity to sell it, and advertising to put it in demand. There is a violinist, let us say, of exceptional merit. Perhaps he is a picturesque chap with art written all over his face and spread through his long hair. He entertains on the concert stage and tries for vaudeville. He is a good musician, but there is nothing to "his act." In steps a showman. The concert player has been receiving fifty dollars a week. The showman puts him under contract for $100 a week for three years and $150 a week for the next three years. When this man receives $500 a week there is five per cent for the agency, five per cent for a special representative, $50 a week for publicity, $100 to the act itself and the remainder to the showman manager.

Then again, life on the road is not so easy-running as in a cottage built for two. Contentment doesn't come with doing an act twice a day, and spending the rest of the time in a room at a hotel. There are stage hands whose favor is best gained by a tip, newspaper solicitors who bring nervousness about the treatment which will be accorded by the press if one doesn't patronize their columns, song pluggers who must be jollied and entertained if one would be sure of first call on the best publications — writers to be — desire for good living which is essential to those who have once tasted luxury.

The vaudeville season lasts forty weeks, but few acts work this long. Twenty weeks in a season is not a bad average. There are lay-offs, disappointments, the singer loses his voice, the acrobat is injured, managers file objections to an act at the last moment which necessitates a layoff, or the reputation with agents of being a grouch. Railroad jumps are expensive. Living amounts to a good deal. The weeks of rest see more money spent than when working, for one always figures that the remainder of the season is "booked solid."

It is easy to figure that twenty-five acts at $2,000.00 per week means $50,000.00, and that forty weeks to a season makes $200,000.00 spent for headliners. It is easy to figure that an average act gets $300.00 a week for forty weeks, totaling $12,000.00 on the year. Figures lie when they appear in this fashion. The $300.00 a week act plays thirty weeks, but fifteen of them are at a "cut." Rascally managers skip out at two houses, which are generally full weeks. Performances are missed on three occasions during the season, owing to the lateness of railroad trains, and deductions in salary follow. There was a misunderstanding about what agent booked the time and rather than be short the five per cent commission is given to two men. And so on.

The Whence and What of Jazz

JAZZ! Whence came this rhythmic madness and what is the secret of its hold or grip upon the people? Regarding its grip, that side of the question may be dismissed without argument either pro or con, for (and almost ousting the simpler forms of syncopation known as ragtime) jazz has swept over the entire country in an irresistible wave and is now sweeping into Europe — even the latest shimmie dance now being taught to French people in the French Capital and to American jazz music. As to the "whence," or its origin, authorities on lighter forms of music have disagreed and disputed, but now the historian of the Keith Vaudeville Theatres steps into the argument and settles the controversy.

Away back in the earlier days of this magazine, before "The Tuneful Yankee" had graduated into the present MELODY (specifically, October of 1917), there appeared a most interesting account of jazz — its origin, development and methods — written by Mr. Walter J. Kingsley. In this issue of MELODY we reprint from the New York *Sun* another interesting monograph by the same writer on the same subject, but going even deeper into the matter. Mr. Kingsley, recognized as the most profound authority on jazz music, writes in the *Sun* as follows:

"Jazz" is a teasing, provocative monosyllable; it sets folks dancing, shimmying, swaying, finger snapping. The word has a rasp for the nerves that react in steps synchronizing with supersyncopation. Whence comes the noun "jazz" and the verb "to jazz?" What sublime genius of the lowest common denominator of music coined this pandemic term?

As head of the bureau of research of the B. F. Keith Vaudeville Circuit I have delved deeply into folk-lore of the African west coast, the Mississippi delta, the Barbary coast and the Chicago underworld on the trail of jazz. In a previous article for *The Sun* I described the primitive jazz music of the native African and the transplanted darkey of the plantations; I told how it crept up the levees from New Orleans and rode the bumpers east from San Francisco. It remains to tell the history of jazz since it became the musical paprika of a dance-mad generation and, quitting the underworld, set out to rule the dance floors of public places and the ballrooms of private homes.

Twenty years ago a blind newsboy of New Orleans known to all the river city as "Stale Bread," mastered a few "blues" and "hesitations" and acquiring a fiddle from Al G. Fields' Minstrels set out to play his way into local fame on the street corners. He collected crowds and sold papers. One by one other newsboys with an ear for exotic rhythms and barbaric chords joined him until he had a band of five motley musicians which he christened "Stale Bread's Spasm Band" to the delight of New Orleans, whose inhabitants still consider "spasm music" a more pictorial and satisfying term than "jazz music."

This was street music and the polite resorts of New Orleans would have none of it, though it flourished in the resorts of horizontals. This fact prejudiced fashionable New Orleans against the lawless music of "Stale Bread's Spasm Band." One gifted musician, John Spriccio, loved jazz for its own sake and revelling in "blues" and tricky syncopations he taught his violin pupils what we now call jazz long before it won a place in the sun. Now comes the daybreak of jazz.

In 1915 Bert Kelly was playing in the College Inn, Chicago, with an orchestra made up of himself, drums and director; Wheeler Wadsworth (now with Lucile Cavanagh), saxophone; William Ahearn, U. S. A., piano, and Sam Baum, drummer. This quartet played "blues" and "hesitations" and quaint syncopated melodies, and were quite the craze in the night life of Chicago.

Thomas Meighan, the movie star, gave a party one night for movie folk and had the Kelly band for dance music. In the party were such famous folk as Emmy Wehlen, Julian Eltinge, Jeanne Eagels and Grace George. Motion pictures were taken by Richard Travers of Essanay, and on the film showing the musicians he placed a caption reading, "The Originators of Jazz." Thereafter it was the "Jazz Band," and the word has now invaded Europe. That party really started the country-wide vogue of jazz music. Kelly and his band are now playing for Frisco and making a musical hit of their own.

It was Raymond Lopez, now with Blossom Seeley, who first muted his cornet with a derby hat, and Tom Brown of New Orleans was the pioneer in using a hat on his trombone for effects. Jugs were tried by colored jazz artists, but were never adopted by white musicians, who declared them "honkytonk" and "no class." The slouchy jazz musician gets effects with a squealing saxophone and by playing off key. The three great clarinet players of jazz are "Yellow" Nunez at Reisenweber's, Gus Mueller, now in the army — he can play jazz in any key — and Lawrence Shields of the Dixieland Jazz Band. "Yellow" Nunez is the only man who can take his clarinet to pieces down to the mouthpiece and keep up with the band.

Bert Kelly is the jazz pioneer north of the Mason-Dixon line. He knows more about jazz than any man living outside of the famous jazz professor of New Orleans, John Spriccio, the veteran violinist. All the famous jazz artists in this country have imitated him or his pupils. He was playing jazz and "blues" a generation before they reached Chicago. Bert Kelly began with four men in his jazz band. He now has five and plays a banjo himself instead of a cornet, which instrument, in his words, "blatts too much."

Kelly and his "Frisco Four" were dubbed a "jazz band" in 1915, as already stated. In 1906 Brown's band from Dixieland came to Chicago direct from New Orleans. They knew all the old negro melodies, with the variations played by Spriccio, and once Kelly heard them he knew that jazz and "blues" were going to be popular, so he signed up clarinets and cornets who jazzed. This bunch from New Orleans played by ear entirely.

Harry Fitzgerald brought Brown's band from the Lambs' Cafe, Chicago, to New York, and tried them out all over the town, but Broadway was not ready for them. They went into vaudeville as the Five Rubes and then broke up. Raymond Lopez, cornet, returned to Chicago, and joined Kelly, but the others returned to New Orleans.

"Yellow" Nunez, who had been guitar player for John Spriccio, the daddy of jazz, brought the original Dixieland Jazz Band to Chicago in 1917. They played in more or less important resorts in Chicago in 1917, often appearing without coats and all shimmying. Max Hart brought them to Reisenweber's in New York, where they scored an instantaneous and lasting hit. They did phonograph records of their "Livery Stable Blues," which they had adapted from the "More Power Blues" and into which "Yellow" Nunez put breaks and pony calls and to which Trombone Edwards added neighing. All this, however, was derived from the New Orleans blacks and John Spriccio.

Nunez sold the number to Roger Graham. Larocca, the cornet of the band, claimed it and the case went to court. Judge Carpenter asked Nunez to define "blues," whereupon he made his famous reply:

"Judge, blues is blues."

The court held that "blues" could not be copyrighted, inasmuch as they could not be described and orchestrated. Kelly says that ragtime is not exact syncopation and "blues" are not exact harmony.

Jazz is mighty interesting. It stems from the African jungle via the slave ships and the plantations. Old John Spriccio of New Orleans knows all the music of the darkies, and some enterprising writer of popular melodies ought to visit him. He is responsible for jazz melodies and Bert Kelly originated the jazz band.

Inasmuch as the pioneers of jazz music are quarreling over credit to an extent that led the police to be called out recently in Harlem when two jazz bands met outside the stage door of the Alhambra Theatre, it is necessary to submit a sworn statement by Bert Kelly. This is exhibit A in the great musical controversy which is raging wherever jazz players meet:

"The phrase 'jazz band' was first used by Bert Kelly in Chicago in the fall of 1915 and was unknown in New Orleans. In March, 1916, the first New Orleans band of cornet, clarinet, trombone, drums and piano arrived in Chicago to play in the Lambs' Cafe; it was called 'Brown's Band from Dixieland.' The band was brought from New Orleans on recommendation of Frisco, who was then dancing in the Lambs' Cafe. (Note they did not use the 'jazz band.') The band consisted of Tom Brown, trombone (now with Bert Kelly's Jazz Band); Raymond Lopez, cornet (now with Blossom Seeley); Gus Mueller, clarinet, United States Army; William Lambert, drums, United States Army.

"This was the first and by far the best band that ever came from New Orleans. Gus Mueller, clarinet player, joined Kelly in the spring of 1916 and was placed at White City, Chicago, with the following combination: Gus Mueller, clarinet; C. O. Brush, banjo; Fred Miller, saxophone; Jack O'Neill, piano, and Fred Oxenius, drums. At this time Harry James' meteoric career as a cafe manager was starting and he was in charge of the Boosters' Club in the Hotel Morrison, Chicago, and had a ladies' orchestra playing for dancing.

"Kelly approached him with a proposition to furnish him with better music, but he could not see Kelly's figures. Kelly advised James to raise his prices and print cards for his tables reading: 'On account of the big expenses of hiring Bert Kelly's Jazz Band for the entertainment of our patrons it has been necessary to raise the prices as follows:' etc.

"This was in the fall of 1916, and the band from White City was the first band ever to be advertised as a jazz band — it was a big success, and in the spring of 1917 James sent to New Orleans for the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and insisted upon their using the words 'jazz band.'

"This was in 1917, and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band was the first New Orleans band to use the term, while Bert Kelly used it in 1915. Bert Kelly had about twenty orchestras known as Bert Kelly's Jazz Band, and when the Dixieland arrived they adopted their name of 'Original Dixieland Jazz Band.'"

A. J. Baquet, the "first and original" jazz clarinet player, is now at the Alamo Cafe in 125th street. He was born and raised in New Orleans and comes of French, Spanish and Indian ancestry. At the start of his career he played entirely by ear, but later he learned to read music and took a course in classical music under Prof. Santo Juiffre. This enables him to develop more difficult syncopations and variations than do the players by ear alone. He has developed a school of jazz and clarinetists.

Baquet is a student of his art and enjoys a high standing among his fellow jazz artists. It is interesting to note how he works out the animal effect and imitations in "The Livery Stable Blues." He explains:

"The band makes a sudden stop or break in the second part of the number, the clarinet taking as a solo a rooster-crow imitation, followed by a cornet solo, in regular dance tempo, imitating a horse neighing or pony calling. This is followed by a trombone solo imitating the mooing of a cow. Then the whole band falls in together."

Miss Mabel Sullivan of the Providence (R. I.) School is about to purchase (if not already purchased) a Dodge car, and this as a direct return from teaching ragtime. To make matters more pleasantly complicated, one of her male pupils is going to turn teacher and give Miss Sullivan instructions in running said car. Who, excepting the little god Cupid, knows what will happen next?

Mr. O. M. Cotten of South Bend (Indiana) has just opened a school of ragtime in that city opposite the City Hall, and reports a big class at the start. It will be bigger, because Mr. Cotten is a musician of unusual ability — in business, as well as in music.

Miss Marie Gleixner recently openend an engagement at Green Bay, Wisconsin, with two very talented and clever girls. Miss Gleixner studied ragtime at the Chicago School of Popular Music.

A GILT GUITARIST

WHEN the immortal "Bobbie" Burns epitomized a whole sermon in that one wonderful line: "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us," he perhaps may have realized that paradoxically he was asking the impossible while hoping for the improbable. In other words that he was asking the giving to men of some sort of magic mental mirror which should truthfully self-reflect without self-distorting, well knowing that, even if given, the ordinary man would not appreciate (much less use) the gift. Someone else, less immortal of fame than the Scotch poet, has said in effect that could most men be purchased at the valuation placed upon them by others, and then sold again at their own self-estimated value, a mighty margin of profit probably would be made thereby.

The point intended by both of these writers is this: There are but few men who clearly and sharply reflect themselves in their own mental mirrors as they actually are, therefore the true reflection of a man can be cast only through the mirror of eyes other than his own. Thus if you would know a man's private disposition when not posing for public inspection, ask his family or servants who usually see him unmasked; if you would know his true character — his fads, foibles, follies or worse — ask the valet who has summered and wintered with him (if he is able to afford such luxury) or, failing the flunkey, ask his intimates who see him under all conditions; if you would measure the extent of his culture, breeding and innate refinement, ask his wife (possession of such understood) who knows him exactly as he is without the conventional veneer; if he is musically inclined (whether making public pretensions or not), and you would sound the height and depth of his knowledge in music, ask some musician who may have "sat-in" with and played beside him. All of these sources will reflect the man as "ithers" see him — that is, as in a mirror undimmed by breath of his own egotism which transmutes gilt into seeming gold.

It is safe to say that to-day the world as a whole doesn't care a hoot about either the public or private disposition of the late (lamentable, but not lamented) crown-clown of Germany — he who ventured at Verdun only to find it was "verboten." From the point of mere musical curiosity, however, it might be interesting to the readers of this magazine to know to what extent the ex-heir-apparent to the now unapparent was disposed towards popular music, as presented by a talented trio of fretted instrumentalists. According to a letter that appeared in a recent issue of the New York *Times*, the eldest Hohenzollern hopeful (who was christened Friedrich Wilhelm by his sponsors and dubbed "Fritz" by his valet Felix) was moved to be a guitarist — a golden performer as self-reflected from his own mirror, but only a gilt imitation as thrown from the looking-glass of a professional musician. In his royal mind "Fritz" actually dominated the instrument, but from the musician's mind we learn that (like Verdun and victory) the guitar also was "verboten" — "Fritz" might besiege, but never capture.

The writer of the *Times* letter is Edgar M. Moore, the leader of an American Ragtime Trio (two mandolins and banjo) that for some fifteen years played all the glittering show-places in the European capitals and continental watering places where royalty and fashion mixed, even touring into the Orient as far as Cairo. We learn from Moore (who seems to have become pretty chummy with "Fritz" and Felix, and was chummily known to both as "Ragtime") that the never-to-be-crowned-clown was as forceless in character as he was chinless in facial contour. From Moore's reflection of him he would seem to be unmoral rather than immoral, what few moral qualities with which he may have been born receding in like ratio with a receding chin. At worst he looms as only a spineless makeshift for a man, whether in peace or in war; as a weakling rather than a "wickedling," lacking (again according to Moore) sufficient moral stamina to have made the gross military blunders with which he is credited, even if he had a finger in the military pie. As Moore saw him, the ex-apparent even "lacked the backbone to ever once get royally drunk in his futile life" — in short, as Moore solemnly proclaims him, he was a "cipher with the rim knocked off."

Everyone knows there is a big difference in sky-rockets in the way they are charged, and thanks to an acquaintance of some little time duration Moore (or "Ragtime") could watch at close range the sparks and sputters of this German royal rocket that, because of a deficiency in the human powder commonly known as "balance," never yet has royally "rocketed" and never will. Through his musical association with "Fritz" and friendly talks with Felix (the former speaks English fluently and without trace of accent) this observing ragtime musician is able to throw a few side-lights on the mental, moral and musical attributes of "Fritz" that are illuminating, but it is the musical side only with which this magazine can deal. Before entering upon that, however, it is no more than fair to state that "Ragtime" is an undiluted up-to-proof Yankee who no longer mixes with German spirits. He says for himself that, since his retirement from the foreign ragtime field in 1913, he has been more particular about the "royal company" he keeps. Here is a part of his story concerning a royal never-get-there.

"I'd been in Europe since 1898, and I'd long had a notion there was quite an opening for a sort of little orchestra, something with a distinct American character to tour the fashionable places and give 'em some of our ragtime, mixed with the latest popular favorites of their own local music. In 1900, when the Paris Exposition was on, I found two other Americans who could play and sing and saw the thing as I did, and for ten years or more after that we made our trio pay. We were billed as 'The Only Three that Ever Made the Shah of Persia Laugh.'

"Once we got the thing started it was easy enough to arrange with café proprietors to let us come in and give our program during the evening, then pass around the plate. We didn't lose any rake-off to the proprietor, as the reputation we built up made us a paying card for him. I think I can claim to be the man who introduced ragtime in Europe, or made it catch on there at least. We only played the highest-priced places, and an evening's collection would be a tidy sum.

"It was our first time in Germany, at Berlin in 1902, that I met the Crown Prince in a lobster palace off the Friedrichstrasse, where we were playing in a sort of passage between the main room and a smaller one. He came swaggering in, and when he heard us came straight to where we were playing and everything had to stop until he was attended to. You see he could play a little himself on the guitar, was mighty conceited over it, and was interested in professional musicians.

"I remember that the first thing he noticed was the short string on my banjo, the octave chord we call it, and he was dying to know what it was for and how it could be played. I explained it — he asked a lot of questions — then he smiled and said: 'Now, boys, give us a real good nigger song.' When the plate went around he crumpled a hundred mark bill ($25.00) and threw it in.

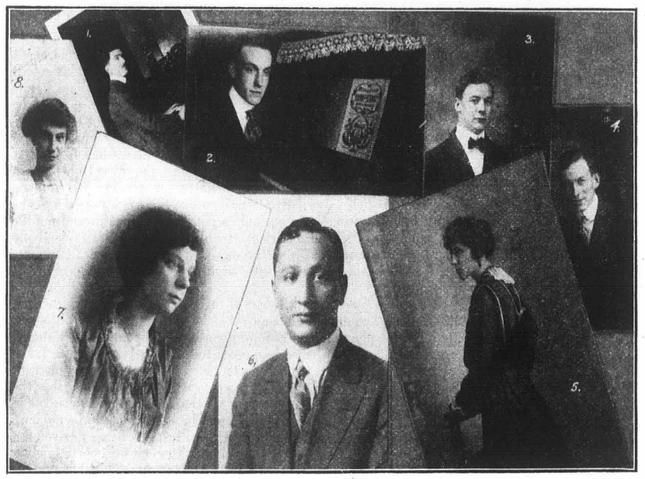
"He came back later, saying: 'By Jove, you chaps are good! Would you come and play for me privately some time if I should send for you?' Of course his patronage meant a lot to us, so I said we'd be glad to come, if it could be fixed with the proprietor. 'Leave him to me, I'll fix him,' said the Prince, and naturally the proprietor wasn't raising any serious objection. He sent for us to come to an apartment off the Alexanderplatz, where he was entertaining a new flame — a Russian girl.

"There was a sideboard with all sorts of cold delicacies, champagne and his own favorite brand of whiskey — an English brand of course. He never drank any beer, said he loathed it, and wouldn't drink champagne. He stuck to his whiskey pegs, but I never knew of his taking enough to make him drunk. "Fritz" was in great torm; he told us to pitch in and help ourselves, then he got his guitar and played with us. The girl didn't take any notice of him, but he thought she did and was perfectly happy — showing off, you see.

"Yes, he could play a little, sort of vamp, having a very fair ear. He played some of our simpler music, waltzes and such things that he knew. Of course we kept down to him and covered him on his breaks. He could play in the keys of G, D and F, but couldn't play in B-flat—that's the hardest key, you know. He was always going to learn it, but never did. When he was tired of playing — guitar strings hurt your fingers, you know, unless you keep in practice right along — he'd say: 'Now let's put down the instruments and talk. What do you think of (such and such a fighter), is he any good?' He kept track of every good fighter in America, and none of our fight fans was ever any hotter to get returns from the big bouts.

'Well, Ragtime,' he once asked me — called me that from the first — 'how am I making out?' I told him that if anything ever went wrong with the princing business he could have a job with our band at any time, which seemed to tickle him to death. After that, whenever he had us playing anywhere or came across us in any one of the cafés, he'd stand up and grin and tell everybody: 'Ragtime says if I'm ever out of luck I can always get a job with his band.' Then he'd guffaw."

Mr. Moore's little story sheds an illuminating light upon the character (or rather lack of character) of one who, fortunately for the world, no longer is a looming possibility. It does not require very deep reading in between the lines of the story to gauge the calibre of the subject, while it is obvious that the greatest magnifying mirror ever made would not give "Fritz" the power to see himself as others see him; not shining as gold in anything, but gilded in everything — even a "Gilt Guitarist."



DRY DANCING

WHATEVER may be the attitude of New Jersey as a whole toward those liquids which make the feet to wobble and the brain to shiver, it is evident that the City of Newark, in the state once famous for its "Jersey Lightning," does not intend for its citizens to indulge in bodily wiggles and shivers through indulging in the libidinous, if not the bibulous — that is, if prohibitory law will prohibit. Here is the manner in which the Boston *Traveler* indulges itself in a semi-sacred verbal shiver when noting the passing of a prohibitory law on the last day of the first month in the year whose numerals total to its number in the centuries:

"And it came to pass that in the year of our Lord MCMXIX the pure in heart of the City called Newark did promulgate an Eleventh Commandment, to wit:

"'Thou shalt dance only with thy feet, for verily the shimmie shiver is a thing of evil that shall be cast out beyond the pale of society.'

"This great reform movement was builded upon the desire of the city patriarchs that the young men and maidens should confine their gambols to those innocent pleasures which are termed trotting of the fox and stopping but once. The new commandment is now written in the book of ordinances, and will become effective on the morrow, when all shimmie shivering ceaseth." ("Morrow" means February 1st of this year).

Thus saith the law of legislative hosts which standeth as a bulwark to Newark against the shimmying hordes of iniquity. It wouldn't be surprising if the Gothamites paraphrased the ancient cry to Paul into "Come over into the Metropolis and help us."

SUCCESSFUL TEACHERS OF RAGTIME

Just above MELODY presents a photographic group of eight teachers of ragtime piano playing, all of whom have been more than usually successful in this line of endeavor. These instructors were pioneers in the ragtime field, taking up the syncopated profession at a time when that class of work was considered as not only unprofessional, but almost musically disreputable. As with all departures from the traditional and old-established, each of these pioneer workers was forced to contend against untold opposition from the old conservatives, until they conclusively proved that the teaching of ragtime piano playing was as legitimate a profession as teaching the older and standardized forms of music. They further proved that the new was a more remunerative proposition than the old.

All of these music-pioneers are now accorded the honor and respect of their communities as professional musicians and teachers, and all are enjoying musical and financial prosperity. As numbered in the group, they are: (1) Phil Kaufman of Los Angeles, California; (2) Charles Schultz of Chicago, Illinois; (3) George F. Schulte of Cleveland, Ohio; (4) A. W. Halgerson of Whitewater, Wisconsin; (5) Mrs. Nance of Memphis, Tennessee; (6) Bernard Brin of Seattle, Washington; (7) Marie Reager of Spokane, Washington; (8) Armenia Thomas of Toledo, Ohio.

MUSIC'S MILLENNIUM

IF we have not strayed far afield from our early Sunday-school bringing-up, the biblically predicted millennium of the world is to be that wonderful interregnum between the final destruction of the devil and the wind-up of the terrestrial; that harmonious period of human existence when wickedness wanes and good government gains—when pessimists become optimists, when proponents no longer are opponents and when politics shall be no more. Just when this glorious era shall begin its dawning 'no man knoweth thereof, yet the world's millennium must necessarily embrace all things including even music. As a magazine deeply interested and fully immersed in music's cause, however, we have the assurance to believe that we can accurately forecast certain signs, omens or portents which will infallibly indicate the beginning of Music's Millennium. Listen, then, all ye doubters!

When hens do all the crowing, and roosters can only cackle —

When public prohibition positively prohibits potations in private —

When the sun ceases to ferment decaying fruit, and sugar becomes starch —

When "strictly fresh" eggs are hand-picked from egg-plants and potatoes are projected of poultry —

When Arthur Morse composes a classic symphonic suite based on a *Kangaroo Kanter* as leading motif —

When a *Bucking Broncho In Bagdad* does a *Dance of the Lunatics* with *Three Nymphs* in the *After Glow* —

When Caruso carols nothing but Cohanesques like "Over There," and George M. Cohan "Carusos" the "Celeste Aida" —

When the human rivers of desire and accomplishment run as easily and smoothly up hill as they meander down —

When *Bone-Head Blues* fox-trots a waltz with *You and I*, and *Frangipani* goes *Fussin' Around* with a *Georgia Rainbow* —

When Charlie Chaplin cans his cane for the daggers of Macbeth, and Robert Mantell does King Lear with the Chaplin walk —

When George L. Cobb composes a "Sonata Pessimistique" in B-sharp minor, and somebody digs up a second *Peter Gink* fathered by Debussy —

When a jazz band plays a funeral dirge for Bill Hohenzollern, and a circus clown-band pulls off the same stunt for his eldest hopeful Fritz —

When some big operatic star decides to "T'row Him Down McClosky," and good old Maggie Cline bedecks herself with the "Jewel Song" from *Faust* —

When doughnuts are made without any holes and crullers have no twists, and custard pies, lemon meringues and jelly tarts all wear top-crusts —

When Norman Leigh ceases to over-decorate his delightful compositions with so many of those upright, parallel-post "Stop, Look and Listen" signs —

When Axel Christensen manipulates in ragtime Paderewski's Minuet in B (and he can do it, too, by the way), and when the great Polish pianist plays nothing but ragtime in public —

When old *Cheops* with a *Rabbit's Foot* showers *Irish Confetti* on *Sing Ling Ting*, and when *Jacqueline* ties up her head with a *Turkish Towel Rag* in the morning after a *Revel of the Roses* —

When the watch-dog mews and the house-cat barks, or when the diurnal growler caterwauls its love on the back-yard fence and the nocturnal yowler from a kennel "bays the moon" —

When in split-tails and white-fronts the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays *The Battle Song of Liberty* for a street parade of departing deported aliens, and when Sousa's Great Lakes Band performs a Beethoven Tenth Symphony in full brass at a vaudeville show —

When the gay Hippodrome girls line up behind the footlights in short skirts and sing the massive Handelian "*Hallelujah Chorus*," while the big Handel and Haydn Choral Society of dignified old Boston does a *Frog Frolics* song and dance with the *Baboon Bounce On Desert Sands* in the *Golden Dawn* —

When a bunch of *Barcelona Beauties* shed *Blue Sunshine At the Matinee;* when *Mona Lisa* and *Zophiel* pose for *Shadowgraphs In Dreamy Dells;* when ancient old *Cheops* does the *Bantam Strut* with *That Tangoing Turk*, and when *Big Ben* rings in an alarm that *Hong Kong Gong*, *The Mandarin*, is *Looking 'Em Over* —

When *'Neath the Stars*, forgetting *Law and Order* and *Under the Spell* of his *Brass Buttons*, *Drusilla* steals down the *Ladder of Love* to elope with one of the *Horse Marines* or when *Laughing Sam* (*The Social Lion*) and *Sissy Giggles* (*The Sporty Maid*) run away together under the foolish idea they can exist in a *Darkie's Dream* on nothing but *Soap Bubbles* and *Spuds* —

When Harry Norton *can't* tell you how to organ-play a picture; when he *does* tell you to pull the bourdon bass while the gink is slithering soap-talk with the skirt, slip in the *vox angelica* every time mamma-by-law prances onto the screen, or clap on the *vox humana* while the comedian is supposed to be doing a funny stunt; or when Harry himself builds a MELODY hurry-scurry on a Puccini love theme or a "Stealthy-Steve" mysterioso to the rhythm of "Old Hundred" —

When MELODY blossoms out in a colored cover as a two-hundred page magazine at the same price per, with a long "waiting list" of advertisers held up by lack of space; when an issue of this magazine is never late through a broken-down press or because some one of the blooming staff didn't use good judgment in getting sick, and when the publisher never has to remind anybody that subscription renewals are in order —

When the "shimmie shiver" is permitted to shimmer in all its shimmering shiveriness; when all solo singers are meek and mild with their managers, and when each one admires every other one's voice and method; when symphony players and joyful jazzers hobnob musically together and don't talk shop; when all composers will see merit in another composer's work and boost every other composer's efforts; when the improbable looms as the probable and all these herein mentioned "impossibles" are made possible and they begin to happen, then will be the beginning of everlasting harmony between all musicians — the beginning of MUSIC'S MILLENNIUM.

FROM RAGE TO RAGS

Rachmaninoff, the great Russian, was asked what he thought of ragtime music. "Ragtime," he thundered, "what is ragtime?" When an explanation was made he remembered recent musical experiences at moving picture shows to which he is devoted, and raising aloft a prodigiously long arm he exclaimed:

"Colossal! Famous! Superb! Most Original! I never heard any rhythm like it before!"

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 more or less of a "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.

SERVICE

NAY, gentle readers (and gentler readeresses), the above caption is not intended to serve as an excuse to dissertate on waiters, table-frills, fire or police departments, nor yet upon churchly furnishings and furbishings, for there is a limit even to my competency, therefore "let not your hearts be troubled" and " lend me your ears." (Note: —As this is a written essay and not a spoken lecture, in that second quotation "ears" are understood to mean eyes, but it is the "listen" things in the original and one should always be exact when quoting or voting.) To get a second grip on our subject and start afresh, it may be stated that there are many varieties in breeds (or should I have said "brands?") of service (tipped and non-tipped) besides white aprons and black palms, silver and cut-glass, arresters of fire and fire-water, ritualistic, et cetera, and it is one of these "besides" upon which I fain would dilate, if you will bear with my dilating to a limited extent.

As a rule, anything that at all approaches in form or name to service, even if not looked upon with an eye of suspicion, all too frequently is regarded in the light of being servile — that is, as something stooping or menial; as something akin (more often aching) to kitchen-mechanism, pedal-polishing professionalism or foot-serving, floor-mop filibustering, ditch-digging, street-sweeping, coal-carrying and divers others — all of them hard and hefty, yet honest and healthy. But it is none of these on which I would perch (I should have said "ponder"), neither is it word-service (sermons and such) on which I would expatiate and postulate, albeit (even if not service in the strict sense of the word) slang oftentimes is of service, while sweaty swears sometimes render most serviceable service as first aid.

To can the airy persiflage (lofty literature for gas and guff), and knuckle right down to "doing the dishes," true service is the hearty hand of help that each extends to fellow humanity without expectation of return. Such service is about the only thing that makes our jaunting through this terrestrial journey at all worth while, and in reality is the highest pinnacle of all human happiness. Thus it is service when one pilots a pretty girl over a street-puddle, incidentally of course sharing with her a not too ample umbrella; it is service when in a crowded street car you surrender your seat to a charming woman, not forgetting the possible opening to an opportunity for conversation; it is service when in a jam-jammed car you telescope yourself together, emulate the packed sardine and "move-up, please," to accommodate your fellow strap-hangers, perhaps at the same time saving your own feet from being used as a foot-rail and your fifteen-cent (tipped) shine from being made to look like a lodging-house doormat. And so on with a lot more services that are solid, yet not sordid — not menial, but meaning.

It is one of these meaning and purely disinterested services that has moved me to wrestle with a few words, and now we're getting right down to the mat. From all parts of this big American front dooryard to the world — the garden plot wherein we all scratch for a living, and for which we're ready to scrap at the drop of a hat — from ambitious amateurs all over the big lot there come to me bunches and bundles of personal letters, all asking my advice relative to getting their individual music-corn in shape for the publishing grist-mill. As Cowper so poetically expressed it, while "I am past the bounds of freakish youth but strong for service still," nevertheless my financial strength is a little weak and needs conserving.

I deeply appreciate the confidence reposed in my personal advice, and would gladly stand the stamps for personal reply to each, if it were not for the added tax-cost on tobacco and lemonade. It is this little item of taxes — plus income tax, poll tax and "poll" tax (barbering) — which justifies me in conserving stamps and answering all these queries at one "fell swoop," i. e., poetry for a three-base hit or a bowling strike. Therefore, through the medium of my department (that last word looms bigger than "column" or "corner") I am going to call the attention of all my corresponding composer and lyrist friends to MELODY'S "Professional Service Department" which exactly fills the bill. This friendly notice is absolutely a disinterested and free service on my part; it costs me nothing to extend it, and it gets me nothing financially—neither a raise nor a hint of a raise in salary. Nor does it cost the reader anything more than accepting a gratuitous service and acting on the advice given, so to repeat, "lend me your ears."

THE PROFESSIONAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT of this magazine was designed for the specific purpose of rendering assistance to amateur and semi-professional composers and authors at a nominal cost for such assistance. Although a special hobby of MELODY it is exactly what it purports to be, namely, a department designed for "Service" and not something created to make a "barrel of money" for anybody. The department is cared for by professional servers (not servants in a servile way), and these servers are at your service, with a charge for services based wholly upon the amount of service necessary to make a composition ready for publication. The department really could be called a music gristmill, yet who ever heard of a miller getting-rich-quick — if at all? In this case the music "miller" doesn't even get any glory, and all that I get for my little free recommendation is the pleasure of rendering others a service, with a saving of the wear and tear consequent upon writing hundreds of individual letters and the stamps therefor.

Just one last word-wrestle, before one of us goes to the mat. The little service which I am trying to render is "not menial," but meaning;" it is meant as a "hearty hand of help" to the hundreds of ambitious ones who have asked my advice personally. I am glad to extend a collective answer to all individual askers, and that answer is this: Read carefully in this issue of MELODY (and in every issue for that matter) the standing notice of the "Professional Service Department," then make its service your service.

CRITICISMS

S. G. S., Roxbury, Mass.

"Lady Doris Waltz" contains some very captivating strains and your work shows clearly that you have natural creative ability. You evidently find it a bit difficult to transcribe on paper the conceptions of your cranium. Your arrangement is very crude and is as bald as a nest-egg. It must be thoroughly overhauled by a professional arranger before it can hatch out in a publisher's incubator.

J. A., Troy, N. Y.

If "True Friendship" is your first attempt at composition, I want to compliment and congratulate you. This number, which is a reverie, has a wealth of simple and flowing melody, and aside from a rather amateurish arrangement the piece is practically faultless. A composition like this ofttimes proves to be a big and steady seller and it would be advisable for you to have it put in proper shape before submitting it to any publisher.

(*Continued on page 21*)

Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen

ZELAYA

Concert Pianist Loves Ragtime

THIS great South American pianist is headliner at the Rialto Theatre here in Chicago for a week. He paid us a visit at the school, so we all went and heard him play. In his vaudeville playing he makes use of every note on the piano and

uses them a plenty — from the ponderous "sixteen-footers" way down at the left, to the sparkling "two-foot" piccolo tones at the extreme right of the keyboard.

Zelaya's wonderful technic and tone color make the playing of any composition a work of art. His first number (Chopin) took the vaudeville audience by storm, in spite of the fact that the majority of that audience usually prefer the lighter type of music. But (as he said in his announcement) he was going to please everybody, so after his classical selection this great pianist, whose name has been in the limelight in every metropolis of North and South America, as well as in Europe, played a remarkable ragtime medley of popular songs that simply brought down the house.

The first time I heard Zelaya play was about ten years ago in St. Louis. He was not then using ragtime at all, so it was both a surprise and pleasure when he stood right up on that stage and talked to the people about the "psychology of ragtime" and told why everybody liked it, including himself. He said a lot of things, but the gist of it all was this: "When you listen to a good ragtime piece the sound waves (or rhythm) strike you in the back of the neck, travel instantaneously down your spine and communicate with your right foot." Here, Zelaya started to sway his body and tap time with his foot. And there you are.

ONE OF BRIN'S "PROSPECTS"

Bernie Brin of Seattle, Washington, received the following letter, and passes it along to us.

Dere Mr. Brinn: — Thru a frend of mine i herd about your rag time skool and i thort i wood rite u to here how i cud learn 2 play rag time musik. mi kosin she is 1 gud piano player and gets all the fellers around her, sum-time. i thort maybe, sum how, perhaps 1 cud learn to play. i can play one or 2 musikal things, but not so good, u no. If i cud play sum kind of rag-time musik i cud get a gurl or so, mabe, sumhow, perhaps. rite now i am in the army working in the audience dept. and i am not doing much. i am a sergt. so i hev worked my way up frum the ranks. 1 funny feller in our comp. sed the longer i staid the ranker i got. he thinks he is 1 funny bird & i told him he is walking 1 step ahead of the herse. he gets a kick out of pullinklever stuff wot he thinks soe Mr. Brinn i and a frend of mine from the same town that i used to deal with is komming with me sat. & if u cud give me a sample leson gratis free for nothing i mite take 1 or 2 leson to lern to play sum thing or so, maybe, perhaps sumhow. i kan not rite much now as my boss he kam in and ef he seas me riting on the machine he mite give me a stedy job riting his letters and i picked up riting all alone. my frend sez i am alone in my klass. i hev sum favorite musik that i like best & the old oaken buket & old mill streem is am especultity. your until the lesson.

SYNCOPATED NOTES

From Chicago

On Friday, March 14th, Mrs. Axel Christensen gave a reception at her home in Oak Park to Zelaya, the celebrated South American pianist. The reception was a big success, Mr. Zelaya favoring the guests and playing with his usual marvelous skill.

William Romano, who before the war was a ragtime pianist and teacher in Chicago, and manager of a ragtime school in Joliet, writes from the A. E. F. in Luxemburg and explains a long silence by saying he was too busy dodging bullets and shells to keep up his correspondence. He is now anxious to reach home and get back on the job, although he says his fingers are a little stiff.

Some fellow writes in that he has a war-song which he would like to sell for a few thousand dollars, plus royalties. He says further that it "portrays the famous battle of Verdun in France." The words of the song follow (in his letter, not here), then the composer goes on to say that the music to the words — which, as before said, "portrays the famous battle of Verdun" is a reverie, soft and sweet. Is somebody trying to kid me?

From St. Louis

Ed. Mellinger, director of the ragtime school in the Hollander Building, personally delivered 3,000 circulars around town, thus combining business with exercise.

Edward J. Schwebel, who conducts the ragtime school in the Odeon Building, is engaged to be married to Miss Marie Lambrechts — the most prominent toe-dancer of this city.

From Los Angeles

Mrs. Joe Rivers, the wife of the noted lightweight, and a former pupil of our Los Angeles School, recently died from an attack of influenza.

The new song "Idol," was written by Vincent Rose and Coburn. Both of these writers are Los Angeles boys who have been doing cabaret work in and around this city for many years.

Mr. LeRoy Bush, one of Mr. Kaufman's assistants at the Los Angeles school, has just returned from France after several months of service with the "Grizzlies." He says that as a result of this war he has mastered the saxophone, which made him eligible as a musician in the band of his regiment.

From Boston

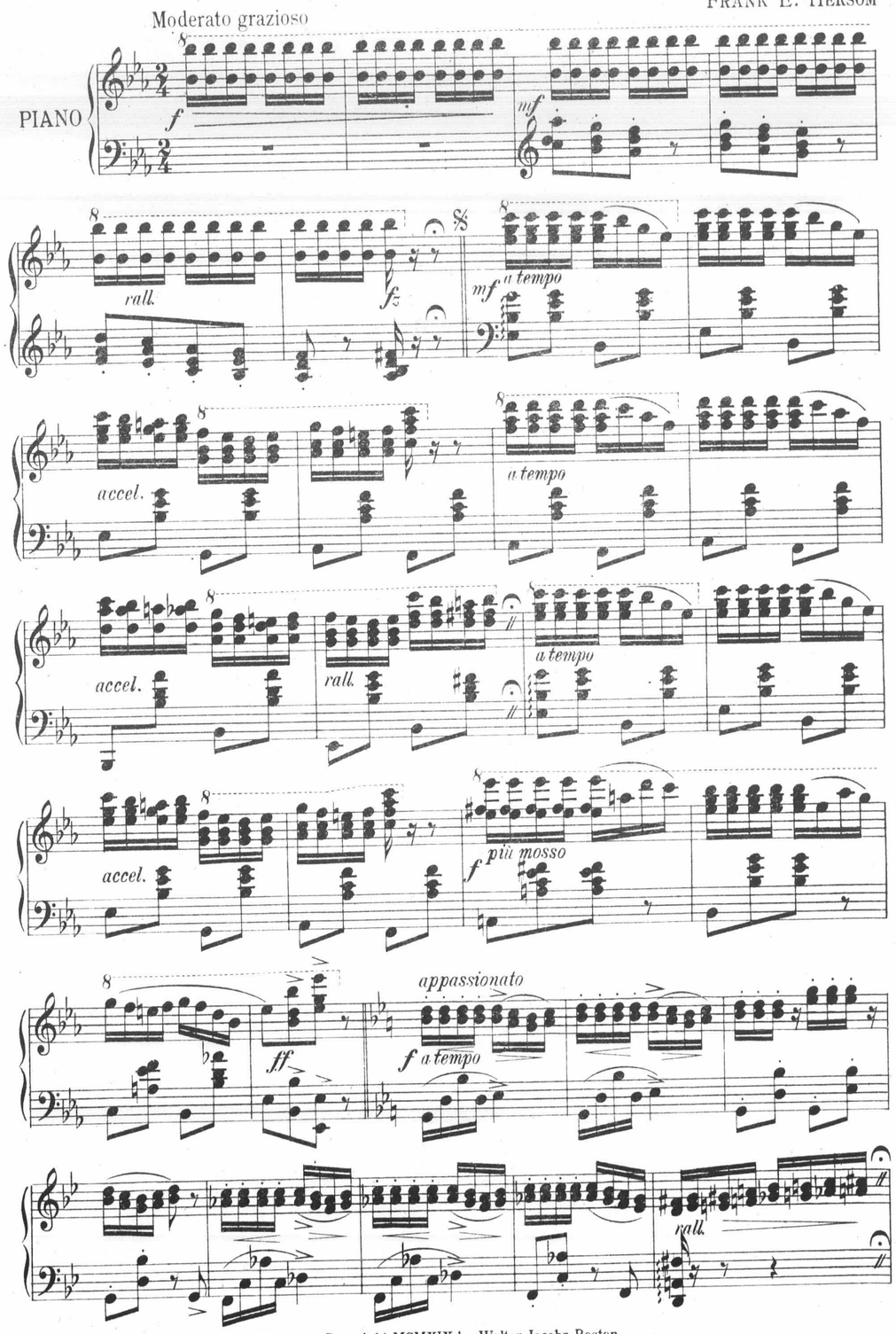
Mr. Paul Weiscopf, one of the many advanced pupils of Miss Horne, is playing a number of engagements at some of Boston's leading hotels.

(Continued on page 22)

Nymphs of the Nile

AIR de BALLET

FRANK E. HERSOM



appassionato

f a tempo

p poco accel.

ff *rit.*

mf *a tempo*

rall.

fz

mf *a tempo*

accel.

a tempo

accel.

rall.

a tempo

accel.

f più mosso

ff

mf

f

mf

f cresc.

ff

ffz *mf*

f

mf

f

ff

D.S. al ⊕

CODA

Presto

R.H.

ff

Rose of Burgundy

Words by
ROBERT LEVENSON

Music by
GEORGE L. COBB

Moderato

PIANO

f *fz*

𝄋

I'm so lone - ly I've got a no - tion
I see home - land, the grape-vines cling - ing,

𝄋 till voice

p *p*

to cross the o - cean blue, Back to Bur - gun -
the birds all sing - ing too; Mem - 'ries come to

dy, Where you wait for me. Be pa - tient, dear,
me — From a - cross the sea. I'm dream-ing of

Spring - time is near, — Then I'll come to you. —
two names I love — Bur - gun - dy and you. —

REFRAIN

Rose of Bur - gun - dy, lis - ten to my plea, Won't you save all your love for

p *2d time f*

me? — There's a thrill di-vine, just like sip-ping wine, When you're press-ing your lips to

mine; — When you're near, then you're dear, For you're close to my heart; But I

miss your sweet kiss when we're a - part. — Rose of Bur - gun - dy, lis - ten

1 2 𝄋

to my plea, Won't you save all your love for me? — Rose of me? —

f *fz*

D.S.

The Darkey's Dream

Revised Edition

Characteristic Barn Dance

GEO. L. LANSING

Moderato

PIANO

f *p* *f*

p

f L. H. *pp rit.* *mf* L. H. *a tempo* *pp rit.*

Allegro Moderato

mf *ffz*

mf 1 *ffz* 2

ff

L. H.

mf *ffz*

mf

ffz *mf* *ffz* *mf*

ffz *mf* *ffz* *mf*

f 𝄋 *ff*

D. S. ad lib.

f *ffz*

f *accel.* *ff*

JACOBS' INCIDENTAL MUSIC

Concert Edition

SERIES E—Excerpts from TSCHAIKOWSKY

(1) Harvest Song (2) Autumn Song (3) Hunter's Song

Themes Selected by HARRY NORTON

Adapted and Arranged by R. E. HILDRETH

Allegro Vivace

1 Agitato

f *ff* *f* *ff* *ffz* *ff* *ffz* *mf* *poco* *poco* *cresc.* *ff* *f*

D.S.al

Andante cantabile

2 Doloroso

p *poco cresc.* *mf* *dim.* Violin *p* R.H. *mf* *dim.* *rall.* *p*

Allegro non troppo

3 Marche Pomposo

f *cresc.* *ff* *mf* *f* *p* *f* L.H.

Water Wagon Blues

FOX TROT

GEORGE L. COBB

PIANO

f *ffz* *mf*

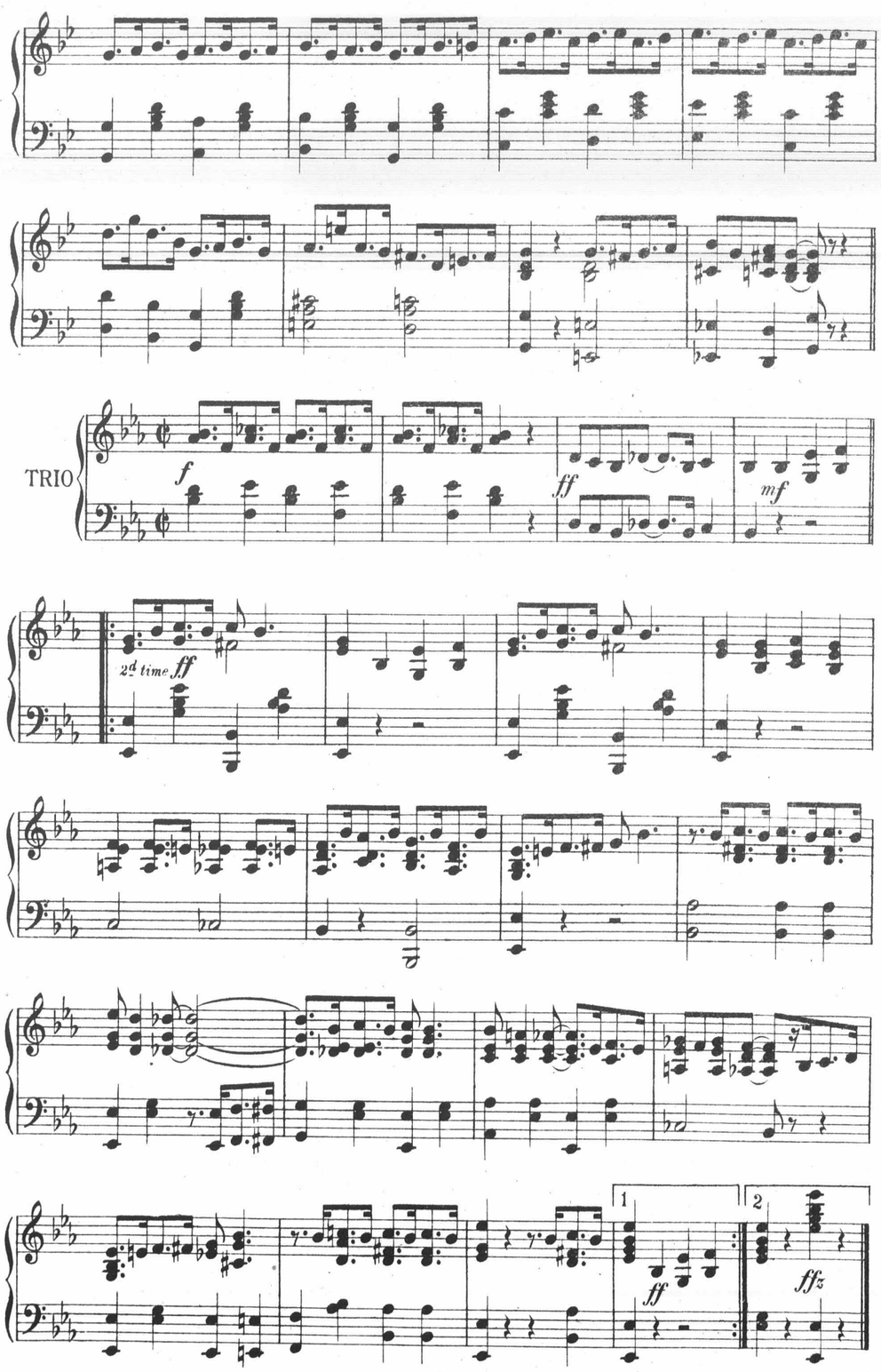
MELODY

ff

1 2

mf

MELODY



JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Continued from page 7

M. M. D., Washington, C. H., Ohio

"Rosebud Girl" will require a lot of plugging and publicity before it shows much signs of life. This song is a trifle better in grade than the average popular song and for this very reason alone it will be hard to get going. Your "Trinity" song has both good words and music, but should have been published and marketed a year or so ago in order for you to have received any financial returns.

G. S., Mount Vernon, Ill.

"Oh, Teacher, Teacher! Let Me Do the Teaching Awhile!" In this song poem you have surely hit upon an entirely new and original theme and something that has never been done before to my knowledge. You have punches galore in this lyric and if it were set to a good syncopated melody in 2-4 time, I think you might have another "Oh, Johnnie" song to peddle to the publishers.

L. T., New York City

Regular printed copy of "Dixie Is Dixie Once More" received. Many thanks and congrats. The fact that several well-known warblers are using it and that a few prominent publishers are making overtures to you for the rights, goes to show that the song has big possibilities. If you do accept an offer for this number, don't sell outright. Stick out for the big royalty. Am also glad to learn that you have given up firing off firecrackers and indulging in surf bathing during Lent. Blessings on you, old top!

G. G. T., Burbank, Calif.

To answer your questions briefly: You are twenty years old and want to compose music as a means of livelihood. You can go to college and take any course that you desire. From the sample of your work I would advise you to go to college, fit yourself for a professional career and if you must write songs, do so as a side-line. You no doubt have musical talent, but I can't conscientiously advise you to follow this elusive bug unless you have a bank-roll that will last the threescore and ten. Yes, it is possible for one to arrange for piano without having studied harmony A good look at some of the popular music will verify this statement. An arranger to be a success, must know the fundamental principles of harmony as well as being endowed with natural musical and constructive ability. It takes a combination of merit and luck to get into the music game. The field is over-loaded at present the same as the field for doctors, etc. but there is always room for a specialist. No, publishers do not turn down good numbers by unknowns for the "rotten" trash of noted composers. Your song "Then You Belong to Me" has a pretty lyric and the story is refreshingly new. The music has a very ordinary melody that is crudely arranged. Hope the above answers your questions and for the love of Mike don't think I've mapped out a career for you. You've got good horse sense, so let nature take her course.

J. C. S., Pontiac, Mich.

You must have written some of your song poems on a rainy day or else your liver was out of whack

when you so deftly penned "How I Miss You," "Last Night Was the Night That She Told Me" and "Your Mamma Left Home." The story to each of the above lyrics is too sad and gloomy for them to be used as song material. Sequester in some sunless spot these sob songs. "Bound for the Shores of Ireland" is a nice little Irish song poem that would lend itself to a good rollicking Hibernian melody. "I Never Saw Her Like" is too chopped up for me to dope out. "I Met Her Father Yesterday" will work up well as a comedy song. "Friendship" is by far the best poem in the batch. It tells a story that has a world wide appeal and would be easy to compose a melody to.

H. M. D., Burbank, Calif.

"Rainbow." You ask me to "throw the hooks" into this song in any way that I see fit. Well, you've written a truly wonderful poem but your melody and rhythm are beyond my ken. In fact I cannot dope it out. Your nineteen measures in the chorus is harder to understand than the income tax business. Try and get your words and music to fit. The lyric is worth the trial.

F. D. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I Love You" has always been a good title for a song and probably always will be as long as he's and she's love each other and manuscript paper can be procured. In order to put a number over with this title, you should at least have a little something new in your poem instead of the same old stuff about teeth like pearls, eyes like stars, cheeks like roses — and everything. Your music, especially the chorus, is pretty and of commercial value. Put a new title and lyric to this number and you'll have as good a song as the next fellow.

D. T. F., Syracuse, N. Y.

Sorry, old fellow, but your question can't be answered in this column. You can get the information you desire at any music store. Send in your waltz and we'll fix it up for you.

E. F. W., Racine, Wisc.

If I were an advocate of gambling I would recommend the purchase of mining stocks and gold bricks rather than wasting my money on such a musical setting as is attached to your song "You're the Sweetest Girl in Dixieland." As you probably know, this title has been used for a song before. Your poem is weak and pointless. You say her "face was new" but you fail to tell where she got it. Also, you rhyme "know" with "know" in your chorus. This is *good*. The folks that did this work for you turn out dozens of songs a day and have never been known to throw down a lyric either good, bad or indifferent, and will always compose music to the most putrid poem for so much per. As I said once before in this column, "If at first you don't succeed, don't be a sucker."

E. E. & W. M. D., Atlantic City, N. J.

Printed copy of your song "Whatever Is — Is Best" duly received. Many thanks for same. You have given this beautiful poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox a truly inspired musical setting. The number is cleverly put together and if merit counts for anything this song should have a wide sale. MELODY wishes you boys success and prosperity in your publishing venture.

SYNCOPATED NOTES

Continued from page 8

Miss Esther F. Nevins, a very charming and talented player of popular music, is now a member of the faculty of the Boston School and handling a large number of pupils.

Mr. George Tripp, well known to the automobile trade throughout the country and formerly in that business in Chicago, is now in Boston studying ragtime with his friend Jimmie Corbitt.

Paul Pearson, a graduate pupil of Jimmie Corbitt, is making a hit playing in vaudeville. Paul recently played a successful engagement in New York City and is having no trouble in securing bookings.

Miss B. Kitchen, studying ragtime under Frances Carley of the Boston School, is busily engaged in rehearsing a five piece orchestra preparatory to filling a number of summer engagements. Miss Kitchen, however, does not let this interfere with her lessons.

Wedding bells often ring changes for more than the directly affected. Miss Marguerite Bettner of Peabody, Mass., a talented pupil formerly studying with Miss Irene Little (now Mrs. Brennan), is continuing her lessons with Miss Horne.

Miss Mildred Henderson is another former pupil of Miss Little who was affected by the same chiming of bells. Miss Henderson also has transferred to Miss Horne, and is making splendid progress.

Miss Lillian O'Keefe and Miss Madeline Stumcke, both of whom are well known in the city's musical and social circles, have been made associate teachers in one of the Boston schools of popular music.

Mr. "Bob" Levenson, well known to MELODY readers and Boston's popular music circles as composer of "My Belgian Rose" and the hundred-dollar prize-winner for the words to *The Battle Song of Liberty*, has written another song that appeals. It is "Fleur de Lys, Flower of France, Bloom Again for Me."

The Brown Brothers, those stars of the stage whose wonderful saxophone playing was one of the big hits in "Jack O' Lantern" during its Boston run, added George L. Cobb's "Russian Rag" to their repertoire while here.

Miss Florence Markowitz, a student of popular music under Miss Lewis in the Boston School, and just returned from a two months visit in Philadelphia and New York City, has resumed her lessons with added enthusiasm. Miss Florence states that she has been ill, but no one would ever mistrust it by looking at her.

Miss Mary Warner, one of the advanced pupils of Miss Horne, is awaiting the expected return of her fiancé from France when, so it is whispered, more "wedding bells" will merrily peal, although Miss Warner declares she will continue her lessons

just the same. That "Boy" who is "expected" is sure "one lucky guy." You would say the same, if you could see Miss Warner.

Mrs. Brennan (nee Irene Little, a former teacher in the Boston School and now the bride of an M. D.) was a very welcome visitor to the old circles last week. Dr. Brennan holds a commission in the United States Navy with headquarters at Washington, D. C., where Dr. and Mrs. Brennan have made their home for the past several months. Mrs. Brennan — who is looking just as fine as ever, and that is some fine! — states that in the near future they hope to return to Boston to live.

Mrs. W. H. King of Atlantic is one of the very recent pupils to be enrolled in the Boston School and is studying under Miss Frances Carley. She finds the lessons so interesting, and her progress is so rapid, that she has arranged to take two lessons each week.

Among the many bright pupils who are studying popular music in the Boston School, one of the brightest is Miss Susan Brodsky. Miss Brodsky, whose progress in the syncopated art has been exceptionally rapid, has favored the School with a little letter of personal commendation that is the clearest and most clean-cut endorsement I have had the pleasure of reading in sixteen years of experience. I learn, and can readily believe, that Miss Brodsky is a very talented young lady in more ways than music.

EIGHT FEET OF HARMONY

Mr. J. Arthur Geis, whose photograph appears herewith, most truly can be called "eight feet of harmony" because he is nearly that tall. When he sits down in front of a Wurlitzer-Hope Jones Orchestra Organ and his long agile fingers start to travel everywhere over the various key-boards, sometimes playing on two manuals with the same hand; when his long left leg punches out the heavy bass tones, as well as the drums and cymbals; and when his right leg, which is just as long as his left, gets to fooling around with the traps—such as the bird-calls, thunder-pedals, etc., etc.—if you heard and saw him do all this, you would agree that when I said "eight feet of harmony" I didn't say enough.

Arthur has had quite a career as a pipe organist. He was famous in Cincinnati, where he also was associated with the Rudolph Wurlitzer Company in the earlier days of its celebrated Hope Jones instrument, and later came to Chicago, where he acted as demonstrator for the Wurlitzer Company while at the same time playing an engagement at the Mandarin Inn. He finally left Chicago, and is now playing one of the largest Wurlitzer instruments in Canada.

"Jimmie" Corbitt—the head of the Boston School, and a man with hosts of friends and acquaintances in Chicago and all along the line — has added three more studios to take care of increasing business and is still crowded through lack of sufficient room. Who says that Bostonians do not like popular music when it is properly taught, exploited and exemplified?

The teaching of stringed instruments in the Corbitt school has developed to such a magnitude as to make an extra teacher in that line necessary. True to his convictions that the very best in instruction is none too good for pupils studying along popular lines, Mr. Corbitt has arranged with Mr. Otis V. Gill to assist in this branch. It would be hard to name any school, teaching popular music or any other kind, that offers instruction on stringed instruments by any better known or more capable men in that line than Messrs. O. V. Gill and Carlo Carciotto. Do you know of any? I'm sure I do not.

Miss Edythe Horne, who undoubtedly is Boston's best known and most expert ragtime teacher and pianistic exponent, recently received a very flattering offer from one of the large moving-picture theatres on Washington Street. Everybody was glad to learn that she declined the position, preferring to remain with the school to which she adds so much. Miss Horne is arranging to visit some of the schools of popular music in the Western chain during the coming summer. As Edythe is as good-natured as she is talented, she probably will be induced to take an active part in concert work while en tour.

Mr. William McCarthy, who will be remembered by his many friends and admirers as one of the star performers in a ragtime recital given by the Boston school a few months ago, has received honorable discharge from the United States Navy, and is again pursuing his study of the piano under Miss Horne.

Apropos. — Miss Horne states that a number of her pupils who entered the army and navy, as well as many others whose change in business positions made it necessary for them to discontinue their lessons, are now returning in force to again take up their studies with her. Among her scores of pupils she now lists no less than fourteen young men and nine young ladies all in uniform.

From Omaha

Mrs. Minikus, who has been very ill with the "flu," is now back in the musical harness and as busy as ever. Here are a few illustrations of how the Omaha music-kettle bubbles and boils under the skilful attention of Mrs. Minikus:

She has just enrolled a pupil who had been taking "classical" for years, and whose mother refused to allow her daughter to study ragtime until she heard the kind played and taught by Mrs. Minikus. Nothing beats an object lesson. Another new pupil was so enthusiastic after the first lesson that she sent in three new ones on the next day. Still another, Mr. Muff, has resumed lessons at once after a year and a half of service under Uncle Sam. In this connection Mrs. Minikus says that many young wives have been taking lessons while their husbands are over-seas, intending to give them the surprise of their lives when they return.

Mrs. Minikus says further that one of her "soldier boys," after an absence of more than a year, was in town only three days when he called to again take up his ragtime studies. Another pupil, a school teacher, was told not to waste her money studying ragtime. Mrs. Minikus convinced her differently, and she has made wonderful progress within a very short time. You can't dodge the fact that ragtime is much like the "flu" in one way, but different in another way — it rampages violently when you get it, but once you get it you can't cure it and you don't want to.

From Milwaukee

Syncopated popular music seems to have Milwaukee in a tight grip that grips tighter than the last "grippe." Young Milwaukeans are gripped with an enthusiastic love and admiration for ragtime that is keeping things on the jump at the School — Miss Roy (the manager) and her two able assistants (Miss Rosman and Mr. Merten) being kept some busy. Among the pupils who have recently and successfully completed the advanced course are Miss Wolf, Miss Eleanor Steltz and Miss Lillian Scholl.

A few of the young men, who last fall started with Miss Roy without knowing one note from another, have accomplished wonders. Within the prescribed twenty lessons Messrs. William Means and Erwin Johnston have not only learned to play popular numbers from the music as written, but have also learned to double the bass and play the right hand in octaves. Mr. A. Kruse, who has just finished the course for beginners, is playing dance music and a few semi-classical numbers. Pretty good for novices? I'll say it is!

The people of Milwaukee are great lovers of the theatre, cabaret and cafe musical attractions. Unfortunately, however, we have but the one cabaret—that at the Crystal Terrace Gardens — which, by the way, serves only soft drinks yet always presents high-class entertainers. The Palace and the Milleo Theatres are very good in vaudeville, but of course the Majestic offers the best. Last week this house presented one of the best bills of the season. Grace La Rue, the international "Star of Song," topped the bill. The next to follow, with her famous syncopations, was Blossom Seeley whom we all know, and as usual found her act to be a great treat.

From Kansas City

Miss Vera Truebold of Denver, Col., has just begun lessons with Mr. Riggs at the Kansas City School.

Mr. Chas. Gray, the popular picture player in the South Side Movie Theatre, also has begun a course of lessons at this school.

Elsea and Littick, both now at home from the war, have resumed their study of ragtime with Mr. Riggs.

From Canada

Mr. J. G. Strathdee, the director of a big ragtime school in Toronto, Ontario, has had to buckle down to business because the influenza epidemic was so inconsiderate as to cross the frontier into the domain of "The Lady of the Snows," and proved to be no respecter of persons. He had a little lady teacher who was most competently taking care of the beginners, but the "flu" took care of her and Mr. Strathdee was obliged to send her home to recuperate. The result has been that he alone is trying to do justice to about 100 pupils, besides playing a dance every night and on Sundays rehearsing a chorus of 100 for a coming big minstrel show. He writes:

"This town has gone dance mad since the finish of the war, having been pretty quiet for the past four years. Over here we've been in the war four years, you know, and when the old town came to life it awakened right — with the result that we dance-leaders have been working to the limit. We have an orchestra here in the Regent Theatre (picture-house) that will take some beating. It is composed of twenty of the best musicians in Canada, under the leadership of Mr. Jack Arthur. There are bigger orchestras in the picture shows, but I'll gamble there are none better."

Melody Professional Service Dept.

Important Announcement to Lyric Writers and Composers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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