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# MELODY

## A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

### FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

- Original Origin of Jazz. By George L. Cobb  
Teasing the Ivories, No. 2. By Axel W. Christensen  
What Is a Jew's-Harp?  
Just Between You and Me. By George L. Cobb  
Chicago Syncopations. By Axel W. Christensen

### MUSIC

- Hawaiian Sunset. By George L. Cobb  
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Northern Lights. By A. J. Weidt  
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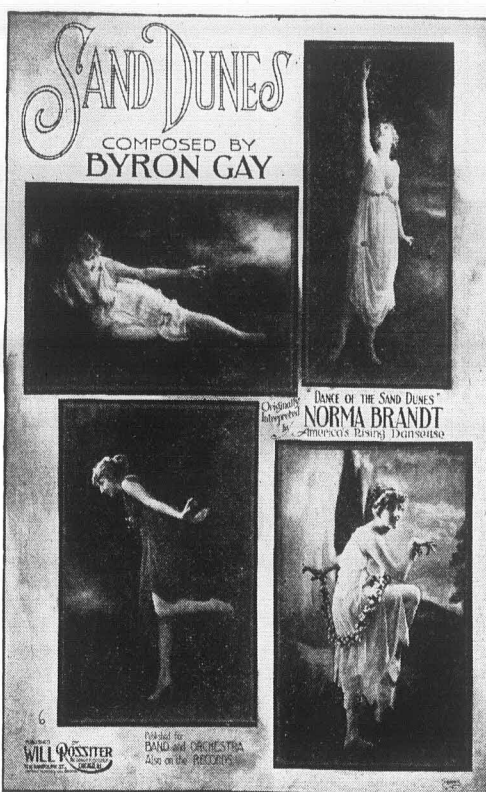
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Volume III

May, 1919

Number 5

## Original Origin of Jazz

By GEORGE L. COBB



SO MUCH has been written about the origin of jazz music — i. e., jazz bands, jazzers and jazzing in general — yet in this "much" so LITTLE really has been TOLD that may be considered as reliable information relating to the actual beginnings of this form of music-indebriation, as the conductor of an educational department in MELODY I feel that it devolves upon me to enlighten the unwise and put wise the unenlightened regarding the authentic and interesting history of jazz — its true origin and first demonstrating.

Before being taken to task by some grammatical grammarian, allow me to say that I am not unconscious of the fact that in highbrow conversation "original origin" is what is known as "word redundancy," yet be that as it may, as the writer upon an obscure matter I claim the privilege of choosing a jazz title for a not less jazzy subject. Also, permit me to state further that what has been herewith and herein set forth was not grabbed as a great gob of information from any one learned gazabo (as one might cop the candy from a kid), but the knowledge gained and given has been slowly seeping through the cranial interstices of my cerebellum as intellectual droppings from many sources. These various sources have been laboriously tapped during many long, weary nights of hard study and deep research when, if not department conducting, I perhaps much better might have been cabaretting, dansanting or even sky-hooting along the milky way of the shimmy shivers. With so much as preface, let me now smash into my jazz-tune.

It has been recorded by Bactylus — an eminent Phrygian historian who lived and wrote in the year 72 B. C. — that some two hundred or more years prior to his own time there existed on the continent of Euphonistium a powerful nomadic (yet not barbarous) tribe of people known as the Bumgarians, and that for some ninety years they were governed by a great chieftain who was called Woof. In passing, this name is also written as "Woff" by some of the old historians of about the same period as Bactylus, hence it is not improbable that Woof was a remote ancestor of Lwoff, the composer of the now banished Russian national hymn. However, that is not germane to the weaving, so let us come back to our warp and Woof of jazz.

According to Bactylus, who would seem to have been more deeply interested in matters musical than were his contemporary writers, these Bumgarian nomads were wont to bivouac (to pitch their tents) on the western coast of the great Euxinean sea, which likewise washed the eastern shores of the country known as Jazzeldazia. It was from very old papyri writings, unearthed

from excavations of the temple-ruins in the latter country, that the learned Bactylus gleaned his knowledge of Bumgarianistic manners and more or less reprehensible customs.

From these ancient writings Bactylus gathered that, through dint of much prodding and more clubbing, some few of the Bumgarian youths were first forced to form themselves into an ensemble and were then instructed in the gentle art of music by Woof. From Bactylus it would appear that this old chief with the grunt-name was not only a fanatic on music, but was a maniac on ragged rhythm. According to the historian, Woof ragged the ladies of his harem with the thorny stalks of the desert caeti; stalked his musicians with a ragged-edged club he had formed from a shark's jaw, and syncopated his personal body-guard by occasionally lopping off a head, thereby causing the "lopped" one to lose their body-beats.

It is further recorded by this historian that — after indulging in a hearty meal of fried sea-molluscs, stewed rock-fungi and the hard-boiled eggs of the wild Ibiycus — even the snoring of Woof was a spasmodic sounding of ragtime snorts, further syncopated by grunts. If our ancient lore-monger was not wrong, then it was Woof who invented a super-ragtime and originated jazz by organizing the first real jazz band. The ancient name for both band and music was "zzaj," which modern jazzers have reversed or inverted into the present term "jazz," and beyond all doubting this is the origin of what was known in Bumgarian idiom as "emitgar zzaj cism."

This first band, which in all probability was more naked than ragged, was made up of woolly-haired (and more "woolly-headed") unfinished musicians. With jagged spears and shark-toothed clubs in the hands of less musical Bumgarians, this first little ensemble was forced to do its practicing and rehearsing at night out in the jungle away from the tents. This could have been only a cute concession to convention on the part of Woof, however, who most likely chortled inwardly at what he well knew must be the inevitable outcome, for patient persistence prevailed as it always will, with the final reward of full tribal acknowledgment and broad musical fame. The cynical minded might insist that this was simply the forerunner of twentieth-century conventionality — minus the spears, perhaps, but not the "teeth."

Although no mention is made of such things as concert tours, we learn that the fame of Woof's original band soon extended throughout Jazzeldazia and penetrated even into the adjoining country of Saxophonilathium, and then followed exactly what the wily old Woof had clearly foreseen — rule of the music-roost. How? It should be obvious to everybody that, with a reputa-



tion firmly established in the two great countries bordering on the desert home of the Bungarians, it not only became an easy matter for Woof to add to his original ensemble without resorting to his former "music-pressure," but the swarming rush of now wild-to-be zzaj sreyalp enabled him to form auxiliary bodies with possibly a fair "rake-off" in mupmaw for the royal grant. Don't forget that, no matter whether savage or civilized, the nature of human bipeds is the same the world over and always "nothing succeeds like success."

It is small wonder that Woof was forced to exert a certain "music-pressure" in the early stages for, if we may believe Bactylus, the music system as invented by the chief was a somewhat complicated affair consisting of the two great majax and minox scales, with several intermediate scales that were known as the multiplux—not an easy thing to master. Moreover, rests were unknown characters in the Woofian notation, somebody having to play something all the time, and anyone who inadvertently rested during the performance of a number was immediately accorded a long "rest," from which the rester never recovered. Neither were there ever any "blue notes," as any performer making such was at once made to see "red."

Bactylus further records that it occupied from sun-down of one day to sun-up of the day next following to perform one Woofian number (Woof had the whole field of composition to himself), which certainly minimized the labor of making up a program and might offer a hint to modern program makers. Everything was written in "ruof-ruof" rhythm, taken at a tempo according to the temper of Director Woof, any part jazzed at option of the individual player and all was played without regard to lights and shades with noise for nuance; the whole comprising a great, grand and glorified jazz—the super-subliminal in jazzing.

The instrumentation of the original band was said to have been as follows: First in tonal importance were three instruments of a type that was known to aboriginal trade as the guiffum. This was a soulful instrument closely akin to our modern-everyday-bagpipe, with a bellows constructed from the bladder of the great sea willoupf (probably walrus), and what corresponded to chanters and drones of the modern pipes were made from the hollowed tusks of the mammoth tnahpele. It was inflated by means of an ingeniously constructed foot-pedal, and played by the performer sliding his mouth up and down along the scale-pipe while raising the dried cactus-leaf pads from the scale-holes with his tongue. Thus must have been something of a performance, when we consider the length of a number and remember that Woof sometimes set the rhythm at a tempo-temper—probably a presto-pronto.

These guiffums were reinforced by four wammuns that were registered in four voices. The instruments were made from smooth, straight, hollow cactus stems, and in fashion were something like an up-to-date clarinet, only more so. That is, the bell-end of the wammun was curved downwards and inwards towards the player, extending along and following the underneath side of the instrument until the slightly upturned bell was in a position to catch the betel-nut saliva which was forever trickling from the corners of the players' mouths. By rapid and dexterous handling in quick succession of these voice-

graduated instruments, a quartet of skilled guiffum players could accomplish the marvelous and astounding range of eighteen and one-half octaves, seemingly by one player on a single instrument.

Next came three (and sometimes four) kiouffs, practically the real jazzers. This instrument probably was so-called from its tonal resemblance to the night-cry of the desert kiouffus, an animal not unlike the American prairie coyote. These ancient instruments were similar in shape to the bull-fiddle of the modern orchestra, excepting that instead of being made to bulge out the belly of the instrument was hollowed in, thus giving greater string tension without using a bridge and making unnecessary either sound-holes or sound-posts.

The strings for the instrument were made from the intestines of the arbez (now known as the zebra) that had been thoroughly sun-dried and then twisted. In stringing the instrument the intestinal twists were first attached to a bamboo spindle fastened at the extreme tip of a three-foot neck or fingerboard, carried thence to the tailpiece (fashioned from the hide of the same animal) where they were fixed to the bibbulum (or button) placed in the middle of an eye-hole, then tensed across the abdominal concavity of the instrument by turning a lignum-vitae crank. The instrument was held firmly and horizontally on its side across the knees by the player gripping the neck with his left fin and grabbing the tailpiece with his right flapper. It was played by plucking or picking the strings with the bare toes of the right foot. It is recorded that a bothersome corn would not only knock a player out for concert work, but was liable to get him life-canned for getting toe "corned."

Then there was the Zshuback. This instrument was the great, great grandfather many hundreds of times removed from our modern xylophone. Instead of their bars being made of wood or metal, however, they were fashioned from the shells of water-fowl—the overcoats and sweaters of oysters, clams, crabs and top coverings of a other aqua folk. The cost of the instrument was insignificant, but its musical upkeep in labor was prodigious, for often in one number the exuberant jazzer would gouge great gobs from the shell-bars with his hammers, which were made from the dorsal fin-bone of the shark.

Of no small importance to the jazz rhythm was the boom-boombombom or drum. The body or shell of this instrument was the skull of the giant tnahpele, over which was stretched the dried skin of the great adnocana. The sticks were made from the long tibia or upper thigh bones of the flying flamogystium. Two other Bungarian instruments are noted by Bactylus that apparently did not form part of the jazz ensemble, but probably was used as lighter solo instruments. They were the zkinzinkzakka and the nlnunlanla (probably the Bungarian ancestors of the Russian balalaika and the Hawaiian ukulele.)

If old Bactylus was not jagged with his own jazz-juice when he made his famous records, then we may regard the foregoing as the authentic origin of jazz. It will be noted that, in this original jazz ensemble, Bactylus has omitted all mention of any instrument that even remotely resembles the banjo, and this leaves the origin of the great American instrument of minstrelsy as much in the "dark of the moon" as ever.

#### PLUNGED INTO PRINTED PUBLICITY

Mr. F. G. Corbitt has gotten himself into public print—no, not in any scandalous way, but in a jim-dandy notice of his school in the Boston Evening Record. The paper sent a reporter over to interview "F. G.," and quoted him in part as follows:—

"You don't hear much, if any, criticism of ragtime by any one of musical prominence. Occasionally some private teacher attempts to throw a 'scare' into pupils by referring to ragtime and popular music in a 'horrible' way—advising such pupils to let that class of music alone—that it would 'just ruin your playing,' etc. Do you know the reason for such ridiculous statements? The

private teacher is unable to instruct pupils in the playing of ragtime and is very much afraid if they get a taste of it they will want more and result in loss of pupils.

"No less a person than Percy Grainger, one of our best known concert pianists, is reputed as saying that he 'liked ragtime and did not care who knew it'.

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"'Do you know what gets recruits? I'll tell you in one word—jazz. Young men will stand with bared heads during the playing of our national anthem, but 'The Strutters' Ball' sends them scurrying up the side of the ship to our recruiting officers.

There is something about jazz music that gets under the skin."

#### STATEMENT

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(Signed) Walter Jacobs, Publisher  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1919. (Seal) JACOB I. HANFLIG, Notary Public

## Teasing the Ivories, No. 2

By AXEL W. CHRISTENSEN

IN the March issue of MELODY I had intended to tell about playing piano on the old "Coffee and Doughnut Circuit" in Chicago some twenty or more years ago, but the magazine went to press before I reached the "Circuit," thereby nipping my tale in the proverbial "bud." However, I did get as far as telling how my friend, Harry Harrison, let me in on a job he had secured for violin and piano in a back-room concert hall. The "Hall" was located on Halstead Street next door to the barber shop where Harry worked.

Harry could play equally well the violin, cornet, viola, double bass, mandolin or drums, and in his barber shop he could shave equally well the players of any of those instruments. Take for instance a cornet player—you can't shave him in the same style that you would a fiddle player; the corneter must keep a little spot in the middle of his mustache scraped clean in order to facilitate good lip work on his instrument, while that would never do for the fiddler. Harry knew all of these things, being a player himself, and so between playing with musicians and shaving them he got along fine.

To take the concert-hall job Harry and I threw up a Saturday-night-Sunday-night job at Immenhausen's "Summer Garden," where we had been playing all winter. At the "Garden" the merry hired-girl with her beau from the gas works, and the denizens of the big department store, all found their week-end relaxation in the lop-sided crawl of the Klondike Waltz, which was the thing at Immenhausen's in those days. It made no difference whether you played a waltz or a two-step—the dancers got along just as well and were just as happy, for they never kept time with the music anyway.

With the concert-hall job in sight, I felt that Harry and I were getting in on some of the "big-stuff," but Harry being already an old-timer probably knew better. However, he didn't let on to me, so we attended the first rehearsal which took place at 10 o'clock one Monday morning. About the least cheerful place in the whole world, or so it seemed to me, was that back-room hall on that morning. It required a lot of imagination to believe that the actors I saw standing around in their street clothes (and all registering profound dejection) could ever make any person's face light up with a smile of approval, or make a customer order another drink, this last naturally being the object of the entertainment.

I had devoted the whole of the previous evening to practicing every piece of which I had ever heard, and even tried to fake a suitable bass to some violin parts which Harry let me have. He warned me that the music we would get to play from wouldn't be much, but said that he could see a change in harmony a block away and I needn't worry as he would tip me off on the chords to insert. So I didn't worry and was glad I hadn't, for no amount of worrying would have offset the horrible mess I made of that first performance.

The first to rehearse was the stage manager—from his looks I thought he was one of the canvas men from the circus and had just dropped in to look us over. Harry asked the fellow for his music that I couldn't see lying around anywhere, and while I was wondering where it was kept he brought out from his vest pocket a thin, well-worn book. After thumbing this over a little he said: "Ah, here it is. The first song is in E-flat and it goes like this (business of whistling a melody as strange to me as the cannibal islands)."

But the song was not new to Harry. He listened for a moment with his right ear, his eyes looking into far away space while violin and bow were at attention, and then said: "Take Your Clothes and Go." After a moment it dawned upon me that Harry was not telling the actor to take his clothes and go any-

where, but that such was the title of the song the fellow had been whistling. I never in the world would have recognized the song, although I had often played it myself—in fact, it was one of the pieces I really could play. However, I never had played it in any key but F so that was the key in which this bird had to sing it, although he didn't seem to know the difference. It was the same with all of his other numbers—he would tell us the key, whistle something at which Harry would somehow guess correctly and then we'd play it in the key that was most convenient for me.

The next act to rehearse was that of a fellow who, in some manner known only to himself, packed himself into a trunk of such small dimensions that he must have had hinges in his leg bones to have made it. His act was easy on the music. He had no copy and asked for the "Zenda Waltzes," which our orchestra of two was well up in. Immenhausen's had heard our rendition of this number all winter, so we knew it all right.

Next came a team, a man and woman billed as a "high-class singing and dancing act." They had music, but music unlike any that I had ever seen before. In the first place the copy had been all but worn out long before it got around to us, and it was typical "lead sheets" in every respect—full of pencil marks and memoranda made by previous piano players, and a veritable smear of black, black notes. It was as intelligible to me as a Chinese laundry ticket, and I must have played it as such for the man made us stop and start over again at least a dozen times. It grew worse with each playing as I became more and more rattled—trying to play the stuff in front of me, while at the same time having to listen to the caustic remarks of the performer about a certain piano player who would better be conducting a pie-wagon.

After a time I became so muddled that I simply couldn't tell the difference between a note and a fly-speck, and finally gave the whole thing up as impossible. At this the actor went to the owner of the place and delivered an ultimatum, which was to the effect that, if the pianist (me) wasn't fired out, the singer (he) would walk out. The owner, bless the dear old boy! knew nothing about music, but he *did* know Harry and anyone that Harry picked out *must* be good. In a few well-chosen and pithily profane phrases the owner told the actor to go ahead and walk out and keep on walking, after which he telephoned to the agency and got a "silent" act to take the place of the team. Then we rehearsed the remaining two acts.

Somehow we worried through that rehearsal, played the first show that night and continued playing the same show for a week. As the week wore on I became more proficient and gained greater confidence, until I found myself actually able to look away from the music and take in my surroundings. I can see those surroundings now—the long, low-ceiled room, with sawdust on the floor; the stage, a simple affair which was raised only about a foot from the floor, because had it been higher the people thereon would have had to stoop in order to duck the ceiling; the waiters rushing in with full glasses and out with the empty ones, and the patrons vice versa—coming in empty and going out full.

Then there was the occasional but regular fight, during which Harry and I played louder than ever so that those not directly interested should never know that one was going on. If we happened to be resting quietly, a fight was our direct cue to start some more music quickly. In a way it was like dramatizing a motion-picture of today, switching the music quickly to suit the action. Naturally, after a time, we came to have a certain piece that was always played for fights—"Eli Green's Cake Walk"—and I have seen many a poor guy knocked cold to the strains of "Eli Green."



What appealed to me as being the most rank injustice was the wage scale that was in force in the halls of the "circuit." Harry and I received twelve dollars a week apiece for working (or playing) for four solid hours, from eight o'clock to twelve with hardly a minute off. On the other hand, the actors—who went on only four times each during the evening, did only about three songs each time and for the balance of the time rested behind the stage or (on warm nights) smoked in the alley—received as much pay as we did. Vaudeville actors of today, some of whom were present in the period of which I am writing and who now receive one hundred and fifty dollars per week, will smile at the old wage scale of the "coffee and doughnut circuit." After all, however, the management of the place didn't really pay many of the actors twelve dollars a week at that. Often-times the actor had a "tab" at the bar which was deducted from

the weekly stipend, and I remember one performer who owed the proprietor money when pay night came around.

From the social point of view it may be vastly better that the old "circuits" have passed, yet I would give up a good stiff admission fee if today I could just once more walk into a show such as those I used to play. I greatly fear, however, that shows of that description and with such surroundings will never again be seen or heard by men. They have irrevocably vanished into "that dim and distant past whither no man goes except upon the wings of his dreams."

Following the train of thought—it may be fun to dream about those "Coffee and Doughnut" days, but it is a mighty good thing that dreams also have wings to bring us back to the present; to the days when wonder-picture theatres with their mighty organs and symphony orchestras have taken the place of the backroom music halls.

## What Is a Jew's-Harp?

**I**F the above interrogation had been put in the form of "why is" instead of "what is," it might well be dismissed as either a fool-question on a par with "Why is a hen?" or as an injudicious joke, for none ever yet has discovered and probably never will discover any logical reason for the "why" of this curiously misnamed thingumbob. In the form in which the query stands, however, it is not foolish nor yet is it intended to be funny, but rather does it have significance as a question of legal adjudication with serious financial consequences involved in its answering.

There are two tone-making devices (whether musical or non-musical depending more or less upon personal point of view) whose ancestral sources are unknown, although both are of undoubted antiquity. These two devices are the banjo and the Jew's-harp, but it is the latter only with which this brief is concerned, nor does such concern relate as much to origin as to status. However, and regardless of ancestral origin, if there is a joke in the question it is not on the question, but on people who are commercially interested in knowing "What is a Jew's-harp?" for listen. Providing that this anomalous tonal invention had any known existence at the beginning of the Christian calendar, it has taken nearly twenty centuries for judicial opinion to give this wandering namesake of a race of wanderers a definite status or rank and then, almost before such opinion was cold, to rule that it might rank as something totally different, which is yet another anomaly.

To digress for a moment from status to name—the supposed racial significance of the first half of the name is certainly a misnomer, nor is its suggestive last half any sufficient reason for dictionaries of music to list it under the category of supposititious heavenly instruments; neither is the old German name of "trommel" (trumpet) any better as a name distinction. In short, a connection of this playing instrument or instrumental plaything with the Jewish race is not only extremely remote but exceedingly doubtful, while it is indeed far removed from a harp—that is, not as we know the earthly instrument.

To come back to the statutory point in question, for lord-knows-how-long this ambiguous what-is-it—which is commercially known as a "Jew's-harp" and generally spoken of as "juice-harp," albeit not because of its richness—for, lo! these many years, this mouth-hummer-with-a-vibrant-tongue has been viewed in different lights by differing people. By many people it is regarded as a toy, i. e., a contraption to amuse half-grown and over-grown kids; more look upon it as a curious contrivance for producing tunes more or less tuneful according to taste, yet ranking it on the same level as a comb covered with thin paper, while others deem it a not very noisy nuisance. All of these people take it as a joke, but no musician ever yet

has deigned to designate the thing as a musical instrument and therein is the real joke. To find this joker in the question, status or thing itself, read the following, reprinted from the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*.

The Lost Tribes of Israel, and the fabulous wanderer himself, have no more impermanence than the Jew's-harp, according to Uncle Sam's revenue collectors. For twenty years the thing—we dare call it nothing else—has wandered about our land uncertain whether it dare call its musical soul its own and claim citizenship as a musical instrument, whether it shall bemean itself into a mere plaything and register as a toy, or yet again stand or fall as a miscellaneous metal article, devoid of all personality, art and joy.

It seems to us that the rather remarkable history of the Jew's-harp, and the fact that it is given recognition by all books of reference we have been able to consult, should have had no difficulty in establishing its place among the trade tools of the musee; but the canker of commercialism and disease of the dollar have done their work and when it seemed possible to bring the Jew's-harp past the customhouse at a lower rate by calling it "miscellaneous metal" its sponsors were quick to abandon other considerations and claim entry as a nondescript "article."

For twenty years this controversy has crawled through the courts and the present status of the case is odd enough. The collector classified Jew's-harps as toys and the importer protested, making the charge of "miscellany" against the "buzzing iron" as the poetical Germans call it. But, in steps the court with a legal technicality. It appears that not only is it necessary for a protesting importer to show that the collector's claim is wrong but also to establish that his own claim is right. Therefore, the court points out that though the importer has proven conclusively that his Jew's-harps are not toys—as maintained by the collector—the importer has failed to prove to the satisfaction of the court that the harp is not a something else neither joy nor miscellany, namely a musical instrument! The judge, therefore, rules it a musical instrument.

But—and here we hitch up with another legal oddity—the judge does not simply settle the controversy by ordering the importer to pay duty on Jew's-harps as musical instruments but says that, since the importer himself has failed to bring up the musical instrument point, the collector's ruling must stand and the Jew's-harp must pay as a toy. This, understand well, is the court's ruling when in the same breath it declares the Jew's-harp no toy at all but a musical instrument.

The judge even goes well into the subject of the Jew's-harps harmonic nature and cites rulings to prove that in order to be a

*Continued on page 21*

## BLACK AND WHITE SERIES EX-PANDS

Many New Songs by Favorite Composers Added to this Popular Witmark Series During the Year, many of the Numbers Being Proven Successes of Wide Reputation.



## 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.

**S**UCH are the permanent and sterling qualities of the songs contained in the Witmark Black and White Series that the vicissitudes of disturbing events have little or no effect on the steady demand for the favorites included in this splendid catalog. The progress of the war saw no diminution in the demand for the staple numbers of the Black and White Series. Rather the contrary has been the case, and it has come to be a matter of country-wide interest to follow the announcements of newly-added numbers to the series.

The past year has seen many important and attractive additions to the Black and White Series, and all of them possess the same qualities that make these numbers such quick-moving staples. Taking the latest additions first, there is that timely song "RING OUT! SWEET BELLS OF PEACE!" by Wm. H. Gardiner and Caro Roma. The appearance of this song is a tribute to the foresight of M. Witmark & Sons, the publishers. They did not have to "rush" this beautiful number on the market, for they had prepared for the coming of peace betimes, and when war actually ceased the composition was ready. Ernest R. Ball contributes, among other interesting numbers, a series of five songs, all of which are typical of his work. The titles include "I Ask No More of Thee," "Molly Aroon," "One More Day," "Sixes and Sevens," and "The Night Wind." Fred'k W. Vanderpool has contributed several charming additions, notably "Values" and "Ye Moanin' Mountains," which are worthy companions for such successes as his "I Did Not Know" and "Neath the Autumn Moon."

The popularity of Arthur A. Penn's songs continues to grow steadily. He has followed his famous ballad, "The Magic Of Your Eyes," with such favorites as "Sunrise and You," "Smilin' Through," "Mine Honor and My Love," "They Shall Not Pass!" and his very latest, "Twilight in Lorraine." Uda Waldrop's "Sweet Peggy O'Neil" and Clay Smith's "Sorter Miss You" remain among the newer numbers and are rapidly becoming known among singers and public alike.

Of course, the older favorites remain in public favor. The success of "There's a Long, Long Trail" and "Freedom For All Forever" gives them a place alongside such songs as "Mother Machree," while the demand for Ernest R. Ball's recent contributions, like "Dear Little Boy of

T. M. O., Atlanta, Ga.

"Dancin' Along" Fox Trot has a great old first strain, but your second, which is too long and monotonous, is written in a very poor key and entirely out of keeping with the rest of the composition. Your abrupt change from F to G is "unright." Put this second strain of yours in a relative key or else leave it in F. Your trio is melodious and quite original. Fix the entire number up as directed and this piece will be worth while. Your next number, "Mother Is Daddy's Sweetheart," is an old idea worked over. This lyric is extremely weak and vapid and doesn't tell much of the story that your title would indicate.

P. S., Pomona, Calif.

"New England Mary" is a good song in every respect. A vast improvement though could be made in the chorus by having the melody in the sixteenth and seventeenth measures correspond with the first and second measures. "Somewhere in Loveland," seems to lack punch. The song in general could be greatly improved by modulating the melody in the end of the verse so the chorus would be in one sharp instead of three sharps, which is a difficult key for a popular song.

J. M. R., Weed, N. Mex.

"Down On the Yazo Bay" is a queer piece of work. The title would sound much better if the "the" were left out. The lyric is forced and extremely amateurish in its makeup. The first word in your second verse has no bearing on the title. Put another word in its place. The music is a cross between a nursery ditty and a Highland Fling. Don't let the above discourage you, for you have talent and if you spend a little more time on another number I'm sure you can do a much better job.

G. R. S., Redfield, S. Dak.

Your supposition is unwarranted and wrong. "Graecale," value caprice, is not "a rank amateur job." The piece has exquisite melody throughout. The probable reason why it was turned down, was on account of its crude arrangement and the unattractiveness of the manuscript copy. If the number were rearranged and put in better shape I believe that you could place it somewhere.

J. W., La Crosse, Kans.

I find it rather difficult to give your "Prohibition Rag" a just criticism because I can't get the hang of your first strain. If you have inadvertently left out flats for the flock of B's running throughout this strain, you are excused. If you expect these B's to be played as naturals, thereby giving the entire passage a "blue" effect, you're off your base. Your

second and third strains hardly contain enough variety to give the piece as a whole proper balance. Better make a new manuscript of the number and send it in again.

L. C. R., Westfield, Mass.

"Your Mother's an Angel from Heaven." Words fair, melody great, arrangement punk. Cut verse down to twenty-four or sixteen measures and have song arranged by an expert. Send song in again and I'll be prone to tell you that the number is one of the best ever submitted here for criticism.

L. S., Fond du Lac, Wis.

"You're the Sunshine of My Life, Lily Lee" has many good points as a song poem. The story is of the old-fashioned ballad kind and is written with clarity and perfect rhythm, but has too short a chorus. Years ago a song with a four line chorus was all to the merry, but nowadays the music-buying public prefers the short verse and long chorus in the ballad line. If the chorus to this poem were built up a bit, I sincerely believe the number as a whole would have commercial value. "What Will You Say" etc. would make a better self-starter for tears than a song poem. The tale of woe that you incorporate in this lyric abounds with pathos and sadness. Can it. "I Want Something Else" as a lyric reaches the extreme point of nowhere as far as punch is concerned. Drop this in a lion's den. "Lost—A Bit of Heaven." In this poem you seem to have attained the impossible. You have perambulated up to the pearly gates and purloined an angel. It is reasonably possible that this idea is a trifle far fetched. How about it?

G. S., Mount Vernon, Ill.

"I Used to Wonder Why" is by no means up to the standard of some of your previous efforts sent in for criticism. This lyric falls flat and is devoid of the punch that every song poem must have to go over. Don't spend any time trying to fix this lyric over. It's not worth it.

D. T., Cleveland, Ohio

"Squirrels" one-step is all to the mustard. But tell me, does "Squirrel" have anything to do with the so-called squirrel whiskey or your initials, D.T.? Beg pardon! This number is original in every respect and, besides having a lot of odd changes in harmony and plenty of jazz, the piece has melody that can be followed. The arrangement will pass muster.

*Continued on page 21*

Mine," "My Rosary For You" and "Till I'm Called by the Master Above," shows no abatement of the interest always shown in this composer's work.

A few more titles that strengthen the Black and White Series are the following: "Evening Brings Rest and You," by F. H. Bishop; "Honey, If Yo' Only Knew," by Ernest R. Ball; "Kiss Me Again," by Victor Herbert; "No Voice But Yours," "The Long Day," "In Flanders Fields," and "The Littlest of All," by Frank E. Tours; "In Your Eyes," by B. C. Hilliam; "Resignation" by Caro Roma; "Spring's a Lovable Ladye," by W. Keith Elliott, and the delightful "Darky Spirit-

uals," fourteen in number, by David W. Guion.

Sacred numbers maintain their popularity, the leaders in the Black and White Series being such familiar songs as "Angel of Light, Lead On," Vanderpool; "I Come to Thee" and "The Silent Voice," Caro Roma; "Teach Me to Pray," Jewitt, and "It Was For Me," Blount; "Ever At Rest," "A Little While," "Thine, Oh Holy Light."

The Witmark Black and White Series is readily identified by its distinctive trade-mark, and which music lovers in all sections of the country recognize as appearing only on songs of real merit.



## Chicago Syncopations

By Axel W. Christensen



### SYNCPATED NOTES From Chicago

Sam Mandlovitz is now able to convert any piece into real rag.

Mrs. Bain is developing into a regular piano player since she took up ragtime.

Miss M. Duckett has been sick for two weeks, but is now resuming her lessons at the Chicago School of Popular Music.

Charlie Schultz is a favorite teacher here, especially among the gentler sex, but he really is a splendid instructor outside of that.

Miss Hickey, a recent graduate, on account of her unusual ability was immediately engaged as a teacher and has made good.

Miss Lillian Brestlin is showing splendid results from her lessons. She is a devoted student who enjoys her work and is faithful in practice.

Miss Mary Rosebaum is one of the most promising pupils in ragtime piano playing. In other lines she is a teacher of vocal and dramatic art, and dancing.

Miss Georgia McClure is receiving applications from more than she can take care of as pupils. The old students stick, and this makes it hard to find room for the new ones.

Miss Nerad, who has done well with her pupils, is living in joyous anticipation. She is looking forward to the day when a certain Lieutenant or Captain or Major (I forget just which) shall return from France.

Miss Zimmerman, who for years has had a large following as a teacher of the classical, is now taking up ragtime. She says it is a most wonderful recreation, besides being a money getter.

Miss Regina Urbanus, who has learned to convert popular songs into ragtime, is now busy with the classic rags. She rendered "Desecration" in a splendid manner the other day.

Miss Peg Sloan, one of Chicago's smartest ragtime instructors, had a narrow escape last week from marrying into the newspaper or scenario writing business. She turned him down.

The principal college of ragtime in Chicago has a new advertisement which reads: "Ragtime Playing in 20 Lessons for 20 Dollars at 20 E. Jackson."

Miss Marcella Henry, formerly of La Salle, Illinois, and the composer of a lot of dandy rag numbers, is now head instructor at Mr. Feltman's school of ragtime in Chicago.

It looks as if it would be easy to find the writer of this column during all the coming summer. He has accepted an engagement of seventeen weeks at the Cort Theatre in Chicago to play the Wurlitzer Hope Jones Orchestral Organ, opening on May 1st.

Byrl O'Hara is developing into a phenomenal jazz player. His rendition of "Progressive Rag," a jazz number that very few can get away with, is so realistic that you literally hear the slide trombone and the saxophone moan.

Mrs. W. A. Mosher has almost completed her course of lessons. It will be a pity if the lady does not follow up her advantage and let the theatre-goers enjoy her accomplishments, for she has both talent and appearance for stage work.

Miss Florence Ward, pianist in one of the leading picture theatres in Indianapolis, Indiana, "runs in" to Chicago every two weeks to take the ragtime course for advanced players. It's only a little run of two hundred and fifty miles each way.

Master David Freed is a young man about fifteen years old, yet to hear him play one would think he

was an old-time pianist with years of experience behind instead of before him. He has only just finished a course of ragtime lessons and is still going strong. Beyond any doubting the public will hear from Master David in due time.

### From St. Louis

"Brother Bill" Hawkins, a recent convert to syncopation and entrant into the ragtime fold, is now taking care of many beginners at the St. Louis school and all wrapped up in his new work. We know that he is "wrapping up" a lot of money, too.

Mr. Edward Schwebel, manager of the St. Louis Odeon branch school, recently had 500 business cards printed. The Lord only knows what Mr. Schwebel does with his cards, for this is the second "batch" within a short time. However we'll admit that his lady friends should know the number of his new telephone!

The St. Louis schools have become known as a "business college of music," because pupils proficient in the art of playing the piano have succeeded in getting employment after completing their term with Mr. Mellinger. "We have a standing offer with every ten-cent store in this city to furnish them with all the pianists they need and they are to get no others except from this office. Some ad, we'll claim," says Ed.

Mr. Mellinger writes that the studio suite of the St. Louis branch school in the Odeon Theatre Building has just been enlarged. He further announces that plans are all drawn for the enlargement of the main, down-town school. This will change his present suite of four studios into one of six studios with a large reception room, and occupying the whole south wing of the Holland Building. He not only is contemplating a lot of nice new furniture for that reception room, but will carpet the whole floor — and all this in the face of the new luxury tax that is to be sprung about the first of May!

On top of all that, listen to this! Mr. Mellinger has just completed building a new garage behind his new home in Magnolia Place, and upon asking what it is for we learn that it is to house a new car — the whole an accumulation from St. Louis ragtime business that during the month of March accumulated a new record of 1,400 lessons! Of course this magazine is not an automobile journal, but when it's ragtime money that buys the car and pays for its housing, the item is very properly placed in this column.

Talk about branching out in business! Mr. Mellinger's St. Louis school, with live branches already located at Alton and Collinsville in Illinois, has just completed arrangements for the opening of another branch to teach jazz at Staunton in the same state. The Staunton branch is to be under the very capable direction of Mrs. Laura Webb, who for many years had been an orchestra director in that town. Mrs. Webb began her campaign by placing in the local Staunton papers, and those published in Collinsville and Mt. Olive, large display ads with a clever wording that is sure to bring the desired results. The full measure of success which we wish for Mrs. Webb is bound to come.

The managers of both the Alton and Collinsville branches drop into the main St. Louis office frequently for "more supplies." This accentuates the fact that during the coming summer ragtime business is going to be a popular one with the "boys" returning from the front.

Continued on page 22



### SUCCESSFUL TEACHERS OF RAGTIME

WE are pleased to photographically present herewith a second group of representative teachers of ragtime in the cities mentioned. All of these instructors have been teaching ragtime and popular music for a number of years, making it their life work, and finding it more profitable and pleasant than teaching the classics.

## Hawaiian Sunset

WALTZ

GEORGE L. COBB

PIANO



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Musical score for page 10, featuring six systems of piano accompaniment. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The notation includes various chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines. Dynamics such as *mf* and *p* are indicated. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

MELODY

Musical score for page 11, featuring six systems of piano accompaniment. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff. The music continues from page 10, maintaining the same key and time signature. Dynamics such as *mf* and *p* are indicated. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

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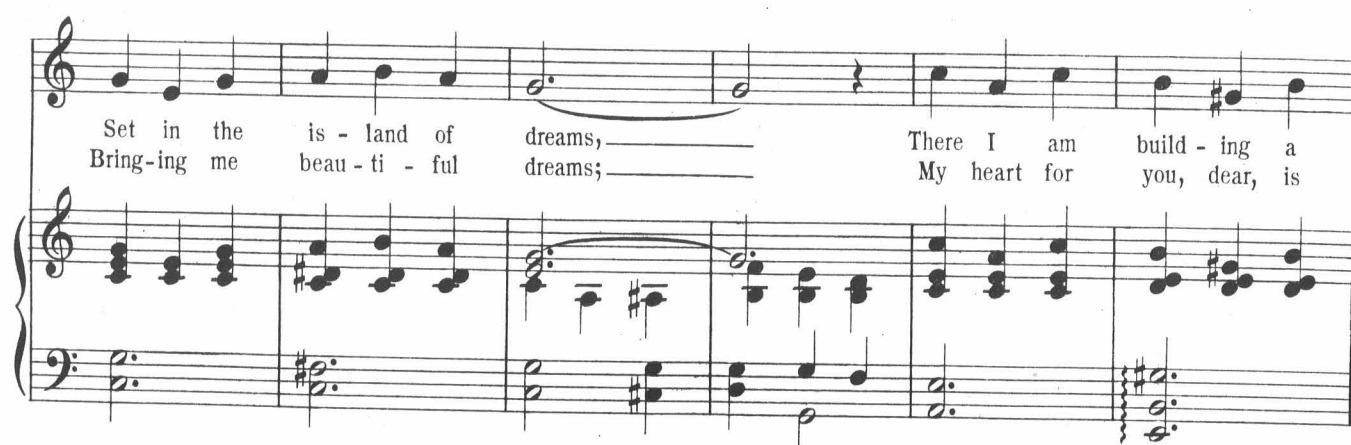
# My Beautiful Castle of Dreams

Words by  
AARON NEIBERG

Music by  
TED HAMILTON

Valse Moderato

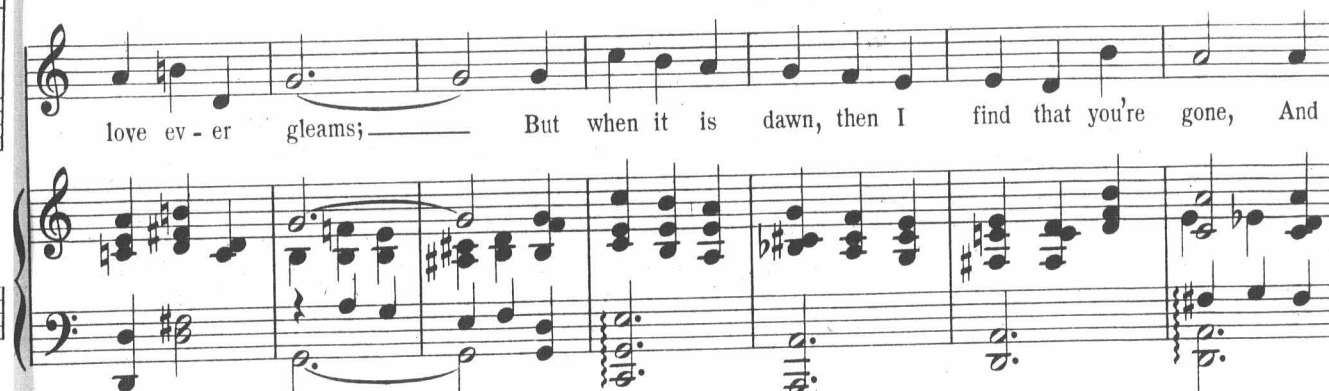
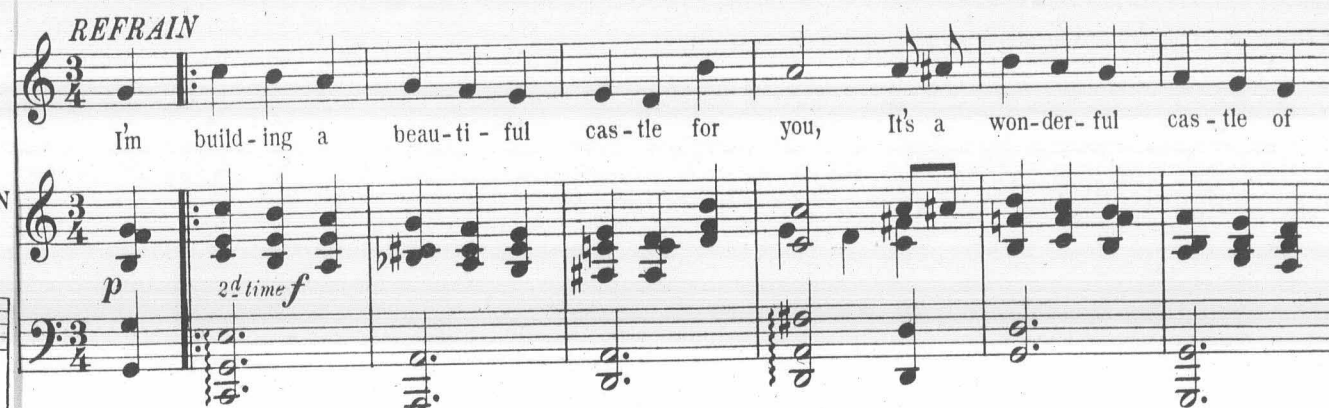
PIANO



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## REFRAIN



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# Northern Lights

## OVERTURE

A. J. WEIDT

PIANO

*Maestoso*

*ff*

*a tempo*

*mf* *cresc.*

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*Allegro*

*mf*

*rit.*

*f*

*accel.* *rall.*

*mf a tempo*

*f*

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*p*

*mf*

*dim.* *rit.*

Andante amoroso

*p*

*Più mosso*

*mf*

MELODY

*rall.*

*D. S. al*

CODA

*mf a tempo*

*Più vivo*

*ff*

*f*

MELODY



18  
PIANO

Themes Selected by  
HARRY NORTON

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Adapted and Arranged by  
R. E. HILDRETH

Concert  
Edition

Allegro con fuoco

1  
Agitato

Andante maestoso

2  
Funeral March

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19

Violin

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America	Harvest Hymn	Ole Uncle Ned
Annie Laurie	Home, Sweet Home	O Paradise
And I Lang Syne	How Can I Leave Thee	Our Flag
And Robin Gray	Hurley	Our Flag is There
Austrian Hymn	I Love to Tell the Story	Peace, Perfect Peace
Battle-Cry of Freedom	Italian Hymn	Peyel's Hymn
Battle Hymn of the Republic	Jennie's on the Stormy Sea	Portuguese Hymn
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing	Jesus, Lover of My Soul	Red, Red Rose
Young Charms	John Anderson, My Jo	Robin Adair
Ben Bolt	Joy to the World	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep
Blue Bells of Scotland	Jennie	Rock of Ages
Bonnie Blue Flag	Just Before the Battle, Mother	Rule, Britannia
Bonnie Doon	Kathleen Mavourneen	Russian Hymn
Bonnie Dundee	Kilmer	Sally in Our Alley
Bring Back My Bonnie to Me	Last Rose of Summer	See, the Conquering Hero Comes
Christmas Hymn	Lead, Kindly Light	Sicilian Hymn
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	Leave Us Not	Soldiers' Chorus
Come, All Ye Faithful	Listen to the Mocking Bird	Soldier's Farewell
Come Back to Erin	Long, Long Ago	Spanish Hymn
Come, Ye Disconsolate	Marching Through Georgia	Star-Spangled Banner
Come, with Thy Lute	Marseilles Hymn	Swiss Boy
Comin' Thro' the Rye	Mary of Argyll	Switzer's Song of Home
Cornation	Masses in the Cold Ground	There Are Angels Hovering Round
Cradle Hymn	Men of Harlech	Today
Darling Nelly Gray	Minstrel Boy	Trump! Trump! Trump!
Dearest Mae	My Maryland	Under the Willow
Dennis	My Old Kentucky Home	Vacant Chair
Dixie Land	Nearer, My God to Thee	Watch on the Rhine
Farewell to the Forest	Near the Lake	Wearing of the Green
Flag of the Free	New Year's Hymn	We'd Better Bide a Wee
Flow as a Bird	O Come, Come Away	We're Tending Tonight
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	Off in the Silly Night	When the Swallows Homeward Fly
Fourth of July Hymn	Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long	Willie, We Have Missed You
Gentle Annie	Oh! Susanna	Woodman, Spare That Tree
Good Bye Sweetheart	Old Black Joe	Work for the Night is Coming
Good-Night Ladies	Old Cabin Home	Yankee Doodle
Hail, Columbia	Old Dog Tray	
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This collection is also published as follows and is playable in any combination of the instruments listed.  
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### WHAT IS A JEW'S-HARP?

Continued from page 6

musical instrument a mechanism does not necessarily have to be capable of producing an entire tune. Thus a triangle whose scale is considerably restricted, is essentially a musical instrument. Doubtless the same would be said of the drum, tontom, tambourine and bones.

As a matter of musical fact, however, even this argument was totally unnecessary since the Jew's-harp, though its virtuosi are rare, is capable of performing tunes and of doing so sensationally enough to have made history. Incidentally, let us say, the Jew's-harp's name is associated with Israel only in the most remote and vague manner, and the evidence is as extensive to show the name to be a corruption of jaws' harp or perhaps of the French "jeu," meaning play.

In history, one of the first recorded "masters" of the tongued instrument was a grenadier of Frederick the Great who played so well on a pair of Jew's-harps that he was demobilized and given a grant of money. Scheibler, another Boche, invented a combination Jew's-harp of wide scope, and another man, Eulenstein, created a furore in London by his fine performance on sixteen harps tuned to various pitches.

It would seem, therefore, that the judge's claim of "musical instrument" was well made, but to Uncle Sam the Jew's-harp remains a toy.

### JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Continued from page 7

A. M., So. Pekin, Ill.

"When the Heart Goes Rat-A-Tat-Tat." This is a very amateurish and silly poem set to "bought and paid for" melody. I sincerely hope that you can get what money you put into this song back again. Next time don't fall for the get-rich-quick scheme.

J. C. E., Huntington, Ind.

"By One Great Sign." This is one great song to make you guess what it's all about. Who is the "she" that you refer to? A Red Cross nurse? Better make your meaning more clear by naming this incog "she" somewhere in your poem. Your music is fairly pretty but nevertheless "pokey" and the arrangement is extremely faulty. It would be a good idea to leave this song on the sandy shore at low tide.

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You  
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why keep  
it a secret  
from your  
musical  
friends?

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'em!

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Sept. Issue	See Dixie First, Song; Joy Boy, Fox-Trot; Expectancy, Nolette; Shepherd Lullaby, Reverie.
1918 Oct. Issue	Rainbows, Nolette; Sunshine, Spread all the Sunshine You Can, Song; The Ebbing Tide, Valse Lente; Two "Movie" Numbers; "The Battle Song of Liberty," in Winn style of Ragtime.
Nov. Issue	Calcutta, Oriental Fox-trot; That's What the Red, White and Blue Means to Every True Heart in the U. S. A., Song; The Fire-Fly and the Star, Scene de Ballet; Two "Movie" Numbers; "A Good Man is Hard to Find," in Winn style of Ragtime.
Dec. Issue	Treat 'Em Rough, One-Step; There's a Lane That Leads to Loveland, O'er the Hills at Sunset Time, Song; Opals, Waltz; Incidental Music Series A—Excerpts from Schubert, "Sunshine," in Winn style of Ragtime.

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Mr. and Mrs. Elberink are preparing for a sacred concert to be given in the near future. Mr. Oscar Starin, violinist in the Elberink orchestra, will appear in a trio. Jack says he's sorry the concert is to be given in church, as otherwise he thinks he'd shock the natives.

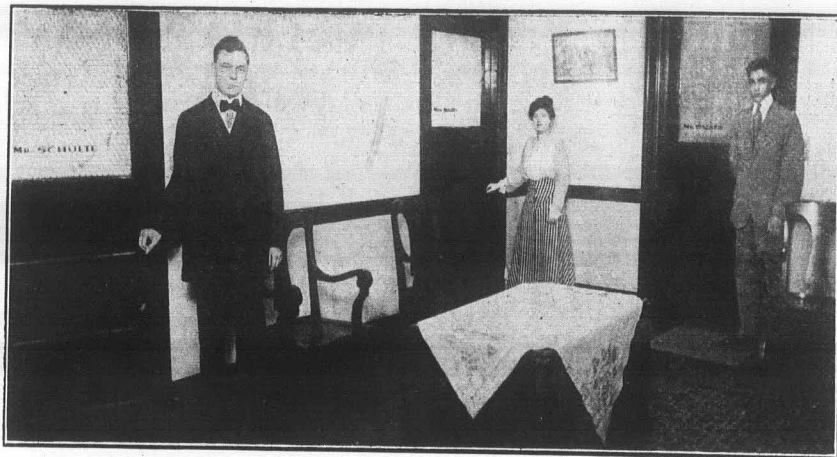
Miss Florence Schaeffer, of the Elberink school, has disclosed much talent for ragtime. Although but fifteen years old, Miss Schaeffer can put the pep in all the rags.

The Elberinks are planning to give the Elginites something new in the line of recital work in ragtime. Five young ladies are expecting to complete their twenty-lesson course very soon, and Jack is arranging a good, classy program.

### From Canada

A. Wallace is having phenomenal success with his new ragtime success in Hamilton, Ontario.

Brother Starthdee of Toronto, Canada, started a college of ragtime only last fall. He started right off with a bang—display advertising "n everything"—and his policy proved a winner, for he now has an institution which would have taken several years to build under the old, ultra-conservative methods of organizing and conducting a school. Mr. Starthdee simply figured that teaching ragtime no longer was an experiment where one had to feel his way. He carefully studied the methods of successful schools that had stood the test of time, then he picked out what he thought was the best system and "went ahead."



A NICE RECEPTION ROOM

AN important factor in the enrollment of pupils is the impression created when they first step into a school. Mr. George F. Schulte of Cleveland knew and had this idea in mind when he divided off his studio space in the Arcade building

### From "Over There"

It is now Captain Merlin Dappert of the 130th Infantry over in France. Do you remember the photograph and story of "Lieutenant Dappert, Ragtime Pianist," in the March issue of MELODY? Well, this is the same boy. More power to him!

Sergeant J. M. Roche, erstwhile champion ragtime piano player and teacher of Springfield, Illinois, hopes soon to embark for the "States," according to a recent letter. For a number of weeks Sgt. Roche was the music director and pianist of a musical comedy company of 100 people which played the camps in France.

We hope soon to see the lad who made ragtime famous in Cleveland—George F. Schulte, at present with the A. E. F.—"over there," on the ocean or over here. He made a big hit as an entertainer over in France, and will resume his duties as manager of the Cleveland school on his return.

### From Afeld

Mr. O. M. Cotton of South Bend, Indiana, reports that his new ragtime school has more than made good in the short time it has been running.

Mrs. Van Tress of Houston, Texas, who has been teaching ragtime in that city for several years, has just engaged another assistant teacher.

Mr. Meade Graham of Dallas, Texas, reports that business is flourishing at his school of music. He will shortly tender a public recital to exploit the accomplishments of his many pupils. One diminutive pupil, little Alice Ridley of only ten years, has evinced remarkable aptitude. In twelve lessons she had completed the first "Ragtime Instructor," and will now take up the special vaudeville course.

The citizens of Tacoma, Washington, whether they ride in automobiles or in street cars or use nature's locomotion and walk, all know that Ed. Benedict, the organist, is in their town. They know this because at every short distance they encounter big billboards with not much else on them but the name of "Benedict." There is of course mention made of the Rialto Theatre and the fact that Benedict plays the monster Wurlitzer orchestral organ therein, but the big fact that the management wants to bring out is that "Benedict" is there.

The writer knows a lot about Ed. Benedict: professionally, because I studied and played organ with him in the City of Detroit several years ago; personally and intimately, because I often have

of that city. The reader will note the roominess and neatness of his reception room, with the doors of his music rooms opening into it on all sides. George is the boy with his hand on the door-knob nearest to you in the photo, and he is fully as clever as the picture permits him to appear—yes, even a little more so.

"broken bread" at his table, as he has at mine. Through the columns of MELODY I could tell the world some of the reasons of his success—there are more reasons than his wife's cooking, which is some reason—and perhaps I will tell them when I get hold of a good photo of Ed. at the organ console over which he now presides.

There seems to be considerable activity stirring in the ragtime-school market. S. A. Thomas sold to Ed. Feltman his North Side School in Chicago, then Mr. Thomas bought the principal Ragtime School in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, retaining Miss Roy as head instructor. Mr. Clarke, who came from Jersey City to start a school of ragtime in Chicago, sold his school to Jack Cohen, and now Clarke is figuring on a school in Indianapolis, etc., etc. Shouldn't wonder if soon we saw established a ragtime school public stock-exchange.

"Whatever Is, Is Best," sounds mighty like a text, but it is more mightily like a text to not miss a good thing in music text. One of MELODY'S advertising publishers laments that old Methuselah missed this by living 1,000 years ago, but you should worry about him when there are handy music dealers, perhaps less than 1,000 steps away, who will assure you that "whatever is," "is best" not to miss.

Three recent issues by the McKinley Music Co.—"Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight" (Klickmann), "You Can Have It, I Don't Want It" (Williams and Piron) and "When You Hold Me In Your Arms" (Klickmann)—are said to be "three terrific hits." Guess are said "is" right, too, for the first number is a record hit (Victor for April); the second is a jazz fox-trot that jazes, and holding her in your arms is the biggest hit in a man's life. However, if you doubt our "guess" in the matter, there's one sure way in which you can test the hitting qualities of all three for yourself.

### SOME SAND

NOT such a very long time ago, and in a spirit of "we know what we're talking about," J. O. M. ventured a few commendatory words in a short commentary on "Sand Dunes"—no, not those little heaps of sand the winds pile up along the shores or in other open spaces, but the "heap" of little notes that were piled up by Byron Gay and and piling up "sand" for Publisher Will Rossiter out in the "windy city" of Chicago. As the head of a family, and supply-man for the groceries thereof, at the time when the commendatory comment was passed the commentator had a sneaking surety that he always could detect the least bit of sand in supposedly all sugar, but he sure missed the "sugar" in the sand of "Sand Dunes" which goes to show that we don't always "know what we're talking about." Listen!

## 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.

In a moment of (misplaced?) confidence in a friendly exchange of "news and notes," Mr. Rossiter unbosomed himself of a load which quite evidently weighed heavily on his mind—we had nearly written "conscience" but remembered that publishers and editors are conscienceless, as witness the blowing to the winds of this secret. Mr. Rossiter states that a well-known and successful publisher recently made him a proposition on "Sand Dunes" which, if accepted, would have netted no less than forty thousand dollars in three months after acceptance. The proposition "staggered him" (as he said and as well it might), but he had the "sand" to hang on to the "Sand Dunes." A little later on another well-known publisher made the second big offer to remove that little pile of "Sand" from the Rossiter front music-yard, but the original owner thanked number two "fluently" and is still "hanging on" to the "Dunes."

This time we know "what we're talking about" and don't wonder that Mr. Rossiter hung on to his music sand-pile, for a few days ago we had the pleasure of hearing this number on a record that will be released before this "release of confidence" reaches the readers. But talk about people "sifting sand!" It must have taken some mental "sifting" to side-step those two offers. Some Sand!

On the first day of May of this year, Mr. Lee Myers, the popular manager of the Jerome H. Remick Song and Gift Shop in Boston, passed his tenth anniversary of continuous service with this well-known firm of song-distributors. As commemorative of the event, Mr. Myers celebrated his "Mayday" anniversary by planning to devote one whole floor to a big grafanola studio. The Remick establishment occupies the entire building, which has a beautiful frontage on Tremont Street that directly faces the great open spaces of the old historic Boston Common.

As a bit of news, there's nothing new about the "blues"—neither as man's temper nor music's tempo. Like their popular follower (which has been proved to be "some old"), "blues" as the rhythmic foreloper of "jazz" were in existence "befo' de wah"—at least in name, if not in nuance—and here's the evidence. In a show-window in New York City there recently was displayed a lot of sheet music hailing from a past generation. Conspicuous in the lot was a sheet of music bearing the title of "Regimental Blues," and dedicated to a military company of the same name in Atlanta, Georgia. The music was published by Firth, Pond & Co., then located at 547 Broadway in New York, and was printed under a copyright date of 1860. Incidentally, in a collection of old-music-titles the l. e. of MELODY has a cover-page in colors of the same piece of music.

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