MELODY

for the
Photoplay Musician and the Musical Home

OCTOBER, 1925 *Volume IX, No 10*

IN THIS ISSUE

MADCAP OCTOBER

A charmingly effective Novelette by R. S. Stoughton that represents tunefully the capriciousness of October.

"CIRCUS MAXIMUS" (Galop by C. C. Samuels)

"DANCE OF THE TEDDY BEARS" (by A. J. Weidt)

"ON THE ALERT" (March by Hugh W. Schubert)

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Melody *for* October

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Articles in This Issue

Music in This Issue

ALL lovers of the lighter forms of stage musical productions who have ever enjoyed listening to "The Dollar Princess," "Madame Pompadour" and other tuneful Viennese operettas written by Leo Fall, will learn with regret of the passing of this Austrian composer who died in Vienna on September 16, 1925. He made a visit to America last year to witness the New York production of his "Madame Pompadour."

Harry Von Tilzer, the veteran New York music publisher who recently celebrated his twenty-fifth publishing anniversary, songfully announces that he wants a rib. He does not state that he is minus a rib personally, but anyway it's a rib.

Seriously, to talk business instead of trying to be funny, this well-known publisher recently has released "I Want My Rib" and "Just Around the Corner" (the latter has nothing to do with the location of the rib), two songs that are being sung by some of the biggest vaudeville acts in the country, including Ted Lewis, Van & Schenck, Wade Booth, Mabel McKinley, Healy & Cross and others. Both songs also have been arranged for fox trot dancing, and are being used by many of the leading dance orchestras in the country, and as fox trots and songs both are meeting with big success. Judging by the sales, which he states are running neck-and-neck with each other, Mr. Von Tilzer feels assured that he has added two solid music ribs to his business, and that really is the rib of the whole matter.—*M. V. F.*

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHOTOPLAY MUSICIANS AND THE MUSICAL HOME

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VOLUME IX OCTOBER, 1925 NUMBER 10

What's Good in New Music

By L. G. del CASTILLO

THIS issue introduces a new department of value and interest to our subscribers — particularly those who are associated with the photoplay theaters. The first or preliminary installment herewith explains itself and the series, while the fact that the able and interesting del Castillo—already well known to Melody readers—conducts this new department, guarantees its practical and artistic merit.

INSOFAR as MELODY is concerned, this new department hopes to be to a certain degree unique in that it will review all the sorts of music that may be of value to the photoplay organist — the current orchestral editions, the best of the popular grist, and the practical portion of the organ music. Piano solo numbers that are particularly useful may also be included. In this way it is hoped that this department may be of real value in indicating what it is advisable to buy to keep abreast of the times, and at the same time avoid deadwood.

With this end in sight not all of the new issues will be reviewed; a voluntary limitation which not only acts to emphasize the best numbers that are reviewed, but also makes it possible to avoid knocking the less worthy publications. In short, the aim of this department is just what its title announces it to be — to present What's Good in New Music.

OUR PURPOSE OUTLINED

In this first column we shall simply set out our aim and method, and make a general survey of the field, and then peel off our coat and get down to definite recommendations in the next issue. In order to present these reviews as clearly and coherently as possible, the customary procedure of paragraphing each title with its composer and publisher will be followed. Then will come the grade of difficulty, and after that, the mood. Now for the photoplayer this question of mood is one of importance, both for identification of the atmospheric values of the number and the screen uses to which it may be applied, and for catalog indexing.

The system to be used will be the same one that I have developed in my own professional work, which I believe to cover all classifications of any importance, and yet remain simple enough to be easily remembered. It is based on the initial proposition that there are but five general types, each of which are then subdivided into their important elements. These types are: Light, Quiet, Emotional, Racial and Special; and they subdivide as follows (a list which has appeared previously in The Photoplay Organist and Pianist department in MELODY of August, 1924):

I. LIGHT

1. Active. "Al Fresco" (Herbert).
2. Neutral. "Laces and Graces" (Bratton).
3. Pastoral. "In Arcady, No. 2" (Nevin).
4. Whimsical. "Carnival Venetien, No. 1" (Burgmein).
5. Juvenile. "Danny and His Hobby Horse" (Pryor).

II. QUIET

1. Sentimental. "Melody in F" (Rubinstein).
2. Subdued. "Traumerei" (Schumann).
3. Pastoral. "In Arcady, No. 1" (Nevin).
4. Plaintive. "Chanson Triste" (Tschaikowsky).

III. EMOTIONAL

1. Subdued. "E-flat Romance" (Rubinstein).
2. Light. "Legende" (Friml).
3. Masculine. "Sigurd Jorsalfar, No. 1" (Grieg).
4. Heavy. "Cavatina" (Bohm).

IV. SPECIAL

1. Hurry. "The Swallows" (Klein).
2. Agitato. "Orestes, No. 2" (Bendix).
3. Furioso. "Scotch Poem" (MacDowell).
4. Mysterioso. "Adagio Cantabile" (middle Section) (Strauss).
5. Gruesome. "Sigurd Jorsalfar, No. 2" (Grieg).
6. Grotesque. "Potato Bugs' Parade" (Cobb).
7. Martial. "Wedding of the Rose" (Jessel).
8. Classical. "Minuet" (Paderewski).
9. Religious. "Angelus" (Massenet).
10. Light Water. "Murmuring Zephyrs" (Jensen).
11. Heavy Water. "Rustle of Spring" (Sinding).

V. RACIAL

Irish, Scotch, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Oriental, Indian, and so forth.

While I consider a list of these dimensions essential for indexing, I think it is perhaps too pretentious for small libraries, in which organists should find it adequate to prepare a fewer number of folios with more inclusive divisions. As the library grows and makes these unwieldy, they may be amplified and rearranged as need be.

THE MOVIE MUSIC WHO'S WHO

As to the field itself, which we hope to cover in review, no professional doing theater work will need to be told that the backbone will consist of the orchestral publications of Fischer, Belwin and Schirmer. In domestic literature these three firms undoubtedly control the bulk of the music being played today by theater orchestras, and hence by theater organists. Belwin, the youngest of the three, expanding rapidly from the small concern founded by S. M. Berg, is today, under the able guidance of Mr. M. Winkler, flourishing with a rapidly broadening output of considerable merit.

Carl Fischer, Inc., which has done so much for the profession with its practical arrangements of familiar and unfamiliar classics otherwise unobtainable, is now branching out with an entirely new orchestra edition to be known as the American Concert Edition, which will specialize entirely in original works of American composers not previously published. The Theater Orchestra Edition (T) will of course continue, but in this new edition (C) will appear nothing but the hitherto unpublished works of such native composers as Herbert, Hadley, Hosmer and other celebrities, a few of them foreign, but most of them Americans.

In addition to these three publishers, all of which have in addition to their general publications also issued special and valuable editions of incidental photoplay music, Jungnickel, Chappell, Ricordi and Harms are other representative publishers who print with less regularity compositions of high merit, some of them new, some of them reprinted classics. And in a lighter vein, very essential for photoplay accompaniments, the publications of Jacobs, Fox, Ascher and Witmark should be represented in any well-balanced library.

As the photoplay musician must always be prepared to go from the ridiculous to the sublime, we must take inventory further of the publishers of popular music. Of course a good deal of this stuff is bound to drift into the average theater in complimentary copies, and hits are likely to break from most any of the publishers, but I think it is safe to say that subscriptions to the Feist and the Harms clubs are always good investments to out-of-town players. The former average up the highest of any of the popular grist in my opinion, and the latter control the bulk of the show music.

MUSIC FROM OTHER LANDS

The foreign field becomes more and more important. At present the French publications — Choudens, Chapellier, Yves, Krier, Fauchey and so on are having their day, following in popularity the run of a couple of years ago on the English Hawkes edition, which has now settled down to a steady use on a par with the American editions. At present the German editions are coming more and more to the fore. The Kinothek series is securing the attention that its very high merit deserves, and Belwin is now preparing to release a valuable series of German dramatics of symphonic calibre, each ten minutes in length, which will have their obvious appeal. Practically all of these importations are controlled by Belwin, Manus and Ricordi.

The organ music is, outside of the importations, limited to some half dozen firms, the most outstanding of which is perhaps J. Fischer and Bro., who have assiduously nursed along organ literature. The St. Cecilia series of H. W. Gray is also of inestimable value, and White-Smith, Oliver Ditson, Arthur F. Schmidt, and Clayton F. Summy have all respectable organ catalogs.

It is obvious that the combined monthly outlay of all these publishers is prodigious. We have no hope of reviewing everything that issues from all of them, but we do hope to be able to emphasize the more important publications that are of value to the profession, and by the very process of elimination save our subscribers from accumulating deadwood.

Speaking of Photoplay Organists

MR. HENRI C. LEBEL, organist at the Pantages Theater, Seattle, and formerly of the Blue Mouse Theater, has accepted a position as featured organist at the Forum Theater, Los Angeles. The Forum houses a 5 manual Kimball organ containing 63 sets of pipes and is considered the largest theater organ in the world.

Mr. LeBel is deserving of this wonderful opportunity as he is undoubtedly one of the hardest workers in the business. It is not uncommon to find him at the organ at 5 A. M. in the morning several times each week.

His picture work features improvising and memorizing, organ novelties that surely live up to that title, and musical acts using from 2 to 5 singers with proper stage setting and lighting. His prologues and acts are truly artistic and finished in the finest sense of the word.

HENRI C. LEBEL

Mr. LeBel is considered the youngest artist on the coast and is probably one of the youngest anywhere who has as much to show in the way of achievement and recognition. He is only 22 years old and has played pictures since he was fourteen years of age, when a piano in a rebuilt store served the purpose of the modern organ. He will be sorely missed in Seattle — not only by his colleagues, but by the patrons of the Pantages where he has been such a decided hit on account of his remarkable ability and magnetic personality.

He will continue his policy of organ novelties and stage acts, and his friends and associates in Seattle know that he will be warmly received by Forum audiences.—*J. D. B.*

DID you ever see such a frown and for no good reason. He really isn't as forbidding as he looks, girls; its just the natural masculine trait of trying to scare some one to death, while hiding a good disposition.

Bob was born at Dover, Ohio, in 1902 and by correct count and clever deduction we find this young genius to be 23. He says that early in life he had to be driven to practice, and now he has to be driven away from practice. He puts in at least four hours a day at the organ and piano, and even then feels he could do more.

While in high school he joined the high school orchestra and played for dances. He enlisted in the army in 1921, and his first movie experience was at the Columbus Barracks in Ohio. The work appealed to him although he was still a pianist. He then studied oboe and played in the Post Band at the same Barracks.

ROBERT LAWRENCE EVANS

In 1924 he heeded the call of the Marine Corps at Quantico, Va., and there took up his position as oboist in the 5th Regiment Band,and also the movie orchestra.

When they learned he was an experienced movie player he was put on the piano bench "pronto" and in three months was offered the position of organist at the console of the three manual organ in the Recreation Hall. He started his organ study with Adolf Torovsky of Washington, and expects to leave in September for the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N. Y.

The Recreation Hall at Quantico is one of the largest and best equipped halls Uncle Sam ever built and the two thousand seats are filled nightly with the Marines and their friends.

Only first run pictures are shown, and are changed every night. They also use the popular colored song slides and the boys enjoy a half hour songfest.

Did you ever have anything happen that took you off your feet — and if so how is this.

HAROLD T. PEASE

It was the first time I had met this chap and in the course of the conversation he asked "Are you still at the Takoma Theater, Miss Juno?" I was slightly puzzled but replied that I was and inquired how he knew that. "Well," he replied, and he smiled — he didn't frown — "I read MELODY you see." The picture shows Mr. Evans at the console of the Organ in the Recreation Hall at the Marine Post at Quantico, Va.—*I. J.*

ANOTHER clever young organist very much in the lime light just now is Harold T. Pease, associate organist at the Tivoli Theater, which position he has held for over a year. It was through his efforts that the Saturday morning shows for children were such a success, as he devoted much time to the preparation of the musical score. A most difficult thing to do, as music had to be used which would appeal to the children, and it could not be all popular tunes. At the end of the season he was highly complimented by Peggy Albion who was in charge of the presentations, and he also received many flattering notices via the local papers.

MARIE CELESTE McEVOY

Mr. Pease saw active service in France and during his stay there played many organs of note. He related one instance where his unit came upon a church which had been partially destroyed, but the organ was still in working order, and he played for his buddies. His music lightened many an hour at the camps, and during his time off he produced a minstrel show which gave the boys untold amusement.

Upon his return to this country he organized three orchestras and directed one himself, the other two being on the road. His own orchestra was always much in evidence at society affairs throughout New England, and Mr. Pease has included many notables in the list of his musical admirers. His last engagement was for the Portland Rotary Club Breakfast, and among those present was the late Warren G. Harding who presented Mr. Pease with a handsome remembrance of the occasion.

Boston claims Mr. Pease as a native son, and he received his early instruction at the Conservatory there. He also was a pupil of the well known Alfred Brinkler, F. A. G. O.

During the summer Mr. Pease has been heard to good advantage on the Tivoli organ over WRC, and has received letters from many distant points. His interest is centered in movie work and it is to this part of the profession he intends to devote his time. He has an

Continued on page 28

Gossip Gathered by the Gadder

Facts and Fancies Garnered from the Field of Music

By MYRON V. FREESE

HYPOTHETICAL QUESTIONS

ACCORDING to the press, the city of Chicago plans to combat crime with music; that is, to tone down thieves and thugs with tunes, and Mayer Dever of that city is reported as having under investigation the musical means said to be employed by some of the European cities in making people happy and keeping them out of mischief and trouble. This might be called a campaign for counteracting crime by contrapuntal consummation. The mayor is reported as saying:

"Civic music centres could be provided by the city with great benefit. Opera stars and others would, I believe, be willing to donate their services. It is better to expend money for such places than for policemen, courts and jails."

The last statement of Mayor Dever is absolutely true, and if it could be carried out successfully music indeed would add a new star of brilliant lustre to its royal diadem, but it sounds too Utopian. It is true that many persons of criminal trend actually like music (particularly when it is utilized to relieve the tedium of prison life), but the question arises as to whether such liking could be made a cure. When at liberty these persons seem to prefer the "chink of gold" to vocal gems by operatic stars, and it also might be a debatable question as to how much "service " would be *donated* by stars who receive weekly stipends ranging from perhaps five hundred to ten hundred in dollars, and this for pleasantly competing rather than dutifully "combating." Of course lesser lights in opera could render good service, but always there is the question of time given gratis without apparent return.

Such plan might bring forth a long-hoped-for consummation, if it could be brought about, but just how is it to be accomplished? Are the subjects for musical treatment to be publicly herded together in a civic music centre, as "crooks taking the crime cure?" That surely would defeat its own purpose as this class of persons do not hanker after undue publicity. Or, would there be a special *civic* centre for "criminals only?" Perhaps the city government might establish a "crook-budget" system that automatically would set aside a certain part of *public* funds to provide *private* radio sets for individual use by known criminals and any who acknowledge to being criminally disposed (or should it be indisposed?) With many persons such provision would serve admirably in putting a premium on crime for the sake of obtaining a fine radio outfit free; with the confirmed cases that came up for cure, the outfit could be turned into coin whereby to get a new set of "burgling" tools to replace those that may have been "confiscated."

Music many times has proved itself to be a remedial agent for certain diseases, and crime unquestionably is a form of disease, but that music would prove a reliable mental medicament for criminal tendencies is also a question. Probably there are but few yeggs, safe-blowers, second-story men, dips, fences, or what, who in their childhood have not heard the sweet music of songs and lullabys from a mother's lips, or who in early youth have not mingled with singing and playing companions, yet this does not appear to have acted as a strong deterrent in these instances. *The Gadder* personally knew of a man who loved the old hymn, "Watchman Tell Us of the Night," and always hummed the tune to himself whenever premeditating some new piece of criminal mischief. In his case could music be called a cure for crime?

Another question that could be raised might be as to what sort of music should be used for what sort of maliciousness. This would seem to necessitate the arduous task of multiple classification, the compiling of a medico-music catalog of "Who's Who" or what's what in wrong-doing, for the same medicine will not work the same in every instance. There would be some cases which would have to be symphonized in order to subdue and eradicate symptoms, while with others it might be necessary to have the same symptoms jazzed out of them. In cases where the operatic star practitioners are summoned it might be a good suggestion for them to use the "prison scene" (including the "Miserere") from *Trovatore* for some, for others the scene from *Fra Diavolo,* where the two thieves are forced to betray their leader to death, and so on.

As this "brief" purposely has been captioned "hypothetical" its matter should not be judged so pessimistic as it may read, for *The Gadder* optimistically believes that evil is simply the misdirected energy of good and that some way for its re-directing will yet be found and utilized. If in any way music can be made to bring out the inherently finer and better nature of criminals sufficiently strong to act as either preventive or cure, then the tonal art will have reached a height that as yet has not been attained, but at present this seems too altruistic to stand the test of trial. If it should be tested, however, *The Gadder* also believes that there are many broad-minded, whole-souled musicians (vocalists and instrumentalists) who unhesitatingly and most gladly would proffer both time and service gratuitously, even if only slightly self-assured that such would not be wholly wasted, and — "That is the question"!

THE inevitable has occurred, just as everything that is bound to happen generally does occur, so that knocks out all hinting at the mysterious from our opening statement. To make the matter even more plain, due possibly to the prevalent epidemic of upheavals affecting underground diggers into coal seams, above ground draggers out of tax publicity schemes, certain biblical faddists, uncertain Oriental feudists and other animate and inanimate things, the publishing establishment of Walter Jacobs, Inc., must needs precipitate its own little upheaval of dig, drag and delve into débris and dirt, with piles of the last named. No, the old place at 8 Bosworth Street didn't collapse (as buildings lately seem to have a habit of doing), but we have just passed through the cyclonic disturbance of a necessary removal; we have been removed bodily and — yes, forcibly — when it comes to jockeying with overgrown desks and cases all loaded to the "gunnels" with publishing bric-a-brac. Movingly speaking, the Jacobs' music magazines, along with the entire publishing ménage of staff, stock and sticks, are now in nice new quarters.

It is an unwritten yet inexorable law that when something is steadily growing it must have room in which to grow, and because of such law it was some little time ago that the Jacobs "inevitable" began to loom. Of course solid walls, floors and ceilings didn't actually move, but anyway the old quarters seemed to *shrink* visibly day by day until "Old Man Business" and "Old Lady Comfort," began walking on each other's feet, much to the discomfort of both. The situation at length resolved itself into "up stakes and stalk" — but, where to "stalk"? As a very widely known English dramatist once put it, "Aye, there's the rub!" for even in a city the size of Boston proper, places for an expanding music and magazine publishing business don't bob up like bungalows at a bathing beach, and this for various reasons.

First of all, a publishing plant should be *centrally* located and of easy access for in-town and out-of-town clientele and friends; also, it must not be too far away from handling stations when considering the tons of music and magazine merchandise that are constantly being handled; again, it should be as conveniently near as possible to the big music printing plants, and not a mile or two from the Post Office, for even if these are only across the street and directly opposite, in making them, the average office boy would consume time sufficient to cover a couple of trips around the block. It is only just to say, however, that at the present time the Jacobs concern has an office messenger who might have been named "Mercury," for many times he seems to have wings attached to his feet.

Lastly, but by no means least, the ideal location for a publishing concern should be as close to as many car lines as possible, and though of course not actually necessary it should be within at least a comfortable stepping distance to good parking privileges for the Chief's car.

It was a regular sleuth of a search to find such a location, but patience and perseverance prevailed, and Walter Jacobs, Inc., is now located at 120 Boylston Street in the very heart of Boston's busiest business district. The building which houses the Jacobs busy beehive is directly across from and facing the famous old Boston Common, while looking diagonally on the beautiful Public Garden. About two buildings beyond in one direction is the wonderful Steinert Concert Hall extending two stories under ground. A block or two further on in the same direction and right around the corner is Park Square, where visitors to the city may see the massive bronze figures of Lincoln and the Freed Slave which were cast in Munich many years ago, and soon will be one of the environment attractions to guests at the great Statler Hotel, now in process of construction on the site of the old Boston and Providence Railroad Station.

Walking in the opposite direction down Boylston Street from 120, and passing the Colonial Theater in the next building, it is only a few steps to Tremont Street (the busiest auto-traffic spot in the city), with the Hotel Touraine on one corner; the Masonic building on another; the big Little Building (housing a convenient drug shop, telegraph and telephone stations, stationery supply shops, *et cetera*) on a third corner; and one end of the Common, with subway entrances to nearly all car lines, on the fourth and open corner. Just above the corner on Tremont Street is the magnificent new building of the Oliver Ditson Company, the Tremont Theater and the plant of the *Boston Herald;* just below the corner down Tremont are the Majestic, Shubert and the Hollis Street Theaters, with yet another new theater and the splendid building of the Elks under erection.

Continuing further along Boylston in the same direction, less than a five-minute walk will bring visitors to Washington Street and the historic spot of the famous "Liberty Tree" episode of Revoltionary War times, and now marked by a bronze tablet on the side of a business building. Right around the corner

Continued on page 29

The Photoplay Organist and Pianist

By L. G. DEL CASTILLO

ON ANOTHER page of this issue appears the innovation in this paper of a reviewing department of new music, which I have instituted in the hope that it may prove useful in keeping MELODY's readers informed of all current musical literature which might deserve to be included in their repertoire. So far as our profession is concerned I intend to place particular emphasis on the legitimate organ music that is appropriate for the screen, in the hope of stimulating the theater organist to developing that side of his technic which is usually weakest. The bulk of the music reviewed will be orchestral, as I have explained in its own column, but on this page I wish to elaborate somewhat on my motives in including the new organ music. That this phase is not entirely without interest I have reason to assume from the fact that the very first correspondent to make use of this department, eighteen months ago, made inquiry as to the organ music that was available for the screen.

LEGITIMATE ORGAN MUSIC

That there are certain disadvantages in using organ music in the theater I readily admit. For the majority of us who have not been trained as legitimate organists it is more difficult to read, and therefore means some extra practice. Extra, I mean, beyond the practicing we do on our clients during office hours, so to speak. But that, no matter how little we relish it, is after all an advantage, albeit an unpalatable one.

A more serious objection is its unwieldy size and shape. To be carried in the folio it must be up-ended, and then to be used must be turned around and spread so far across the rack that it gets in the way of the cue sheet and extends itself over to the shadowy obscurity away from the limited source of light that is the niggardly allotment of the average theater-organ console. Organists have made sporadic complaints against this practice of printing organ music with a figure all its own, with the result that publishers are slowly adopting the more conventional form, and we may hope that in time this objection will disappear.

Finally most theater organists have the illusion that it is very nearly impossible to find in organ literature music of the emotional and dramatic *timbre* that the screen requires. I believe this feeling to be largely justified, but not to the extent that is commonly believed. What is true, however, is that the organ music which approximates this ideal is found in the larger and more diffuse forms, more difficult to isolate and more difficult to read. But even ignoring this we have left a large amount of organ music in the smaller and easier forms that is entirely adequate for the lighter and more placid photoplay moods.

But why, I may now ask myself, should I use these organ numbers when there is plenty of just as good music available that is easier to read and more convenient in form and size? Music, furthermore, that it will be more valuable for me to know when I have occasion to play with an orchestra?

There are two answers to this not unreasonable query. The first and more direct is that the use of organ music cultivates habits of accuracy and initiates the user into the fundamentals of correct organ technic. It develops accurate and correct pedaling, limbers the right foot and helps to pry it from the swell shoes and the crescendo pedal, and furnishes through its markings tutelage in registration and the proper use of the manuals. It cannot be denied that the greatest bane of the theater organist is inaccuracy. I have touched on this before to such an extent that the thesis may be becoming wearisome to steady readers, but it is an important and glaring enough fault to be stressed.

It would perhaps be too strong a term to say that there is justification for this loose playing, but there are, I admit, certain excuses to be made. The player does not have time to practice his music, he must keep half an eye cocked on the picture, he must alter the music to conform to the screen action, and in the smaller houses he plays no picture long enough to work out the errors he makes in reading his assembled score. It is, then, natural enough that we should hear technical and grammatical mistakes in the theater. But it is to be feared that in time this lowered standard of performance comes to be an indifferent habit. I have known players who, reading a number faultily for the first time, forever after incorporated those same first blunders in their inspired interpretation.

As a matter of fact I am one of them myself. Often while teaching a number I have suddenly discovered that the fledgling under my wing was showing me how it should go and revealing in his note for note delineation the mistakes I had been making. Of course there was no honorable solution for me but to pay him for the lesson instead of letting him pay me, and naturally I was forced to re-read my music more carefully in order to make any money. The self-analysis that is an essential part of conscientious teaching is after all the saving grace that makes it of real benefit to teacher and pupil alike.

My second justification for the use of organ music in the theater is perhaps more idealistic. It is that it tends to bridge the gap that has existed between the theater and the church-and-concert organists. This is a rather more important matter than may appear at first glance. As we all know, the introduction of organs in the moving picture theatre at once created a radically new field for organists, a field, unfortunately, that the church organists were incapable of filling. Their work and professional environment had developed in them a stiffness and pedagogical conservatism that outweighed their knowledge of the organ, and the new profession gravitated to the more adaptable theater pianists, whose asset was that much-abused quality, — showmanship.

The feud was on, the camps intrenched, the barrage began. From the Ancient and Honorables came gas bombs labelled "Charlatan," "One Legged Organist," and "Faker," while their opponents countered with "Old Fogy," "Hymn Player" and "Mossback." Today the bitterness of the war is dying and there are frequent desertions from both sides. The time is propitious for a readjustment and a merging of forces. The movement is scarcely reciprocal, but more nearly an infusion of legitimate organists in the theater ranks which is beneficial to both sides. It is freeing the conservative organists' style from its academic inflexibility, and it is weakening the pianistic pioneers of the theater in their conviction that the organ, like the saxophone, may be mastered with a little undisciplined practice unhampered by pedagogical tradition and restraint. The legitimate organists may no longer hurl their old epithets, for they are only too likely to hit one of their own side. And on the other side the theater organists through this very infusion are coming to have a sense of affiliation with their more dignified confreres, and are gradually developing an appreciation of esthetic responsibility.

VACATION GLEANINGS

Maybe I am particularly receptive to the legitimatizing of the theater organ because of a recent short excursion to New York. Broadway has always been the stronghold of the so-called "straight" organist in the theater. Arthur Depew, Van Cleft Cooper, Firmin Swimmin, Ralph Brigham, Percy Starnes, Frank Adams, Mauro Cottone and John Priest are a random few of the names that come to mind. The interjection of the unit organ on Broadway in the last few years has done something to weaken this monopoly, and it must also be conceded, or rather boasted of, that today the line of demarcation between the two classes is harder to draw.

Naturally it is largely a matter of individual temperament anyway. Some straight organists would never become good theater men, simply because they lack the imagination for it. And on the other hand, to a certain class of untrained theater organists the height of their artistic ambition will never be anything greater than imitating the scrubladies' argument on the Vox Humana. And just by illustration let me mention that in one famous Broadway house I heard a legitimate organist play a frothy French farce entirely with dramatic improvisation of the type suitable for emotional drama, and in another was treated to a registration in which the cloying Vix-Tibia combination was present a good 90 per cent of the time.

In general what impresses me most in theaters today is, that just as the organists are coming to be an amalgamation of the two schools, so are the organs themselves experimental compromises between the straight and the unit. On Broadway the only two instruments representing the Old Guard are the Austin at the Strand, and the Estey at the Capitol; both magnificent instruments for concert performance, but both inadequate for the versatility of theater work. At the Rialto and the Rivoli are the two large Wurlitzers that were the pioneers of this type of organ on Broadway. Of these the Rivoli installation is the newer and, to my mind, the more satisfactory of the two. Since they were installed there have appeared in other large New York theaters organs accepting the unit principle and typical theatrical devices wholly or in part, built by such representative firms as Moller, Skinner, Hillgreen, and Lane. And in mentioning notable theater organs built by old established firms we cannot forget the magnificent instrument built to Harold Gleason's specifications by Austin at the Eastman Theater in Rochester.

I have never been an enthusiast or even a proponent of the Unit, but nevertheless I have swung part way around to believing that a good Unit is more valuable in the theater than a good Straight, as a comparison of the Rivoli and Strand organs can show. And for that matter we might as well go a step further and say that it is equally true that a poor Unit is not as useless as a poor Straight.

On the other hand I have always contended, and shall probably continue to contend, that the ideal theater organ is a combination of the two. Look, for instance, at such instruments as the Moller at Loew's Lexington in New York, the Skinner at the Colony in New York and the Capitol in Boston, and the Hook and Hastings at the Field's Corner, Boston. In such organs as these you will find as good traps as appear in any Unit, and, except in the last named organ, a certain amount of unification or duplexing. These organs have sufficient imitative reeds and keen ranks to produce incisive effects, and at the same time they retain the full and majestic ground tone that the Units generally lack. I must admit that to me they partially lack the bite always present in Unit registers, but that could easily be remedied with a slightly larger proportion of keen reeds and strings, and more mutation.

MUTATION STOPS

I believe the tendency is now, and will be more and more, to bring mutation ranks back to their proper place in organ building, a place they lost toward the end of the last century, due, I think, more to notions of false economy rather than theories of organ building. The fact is that the main body of mutation ranks in older organs were generally assembled in the great organ, which was unenclosed, and consequently limited their usefulness considerably. With the present tendency to enclose everything, a tendency still bitterly fought by the old school, the mutation ranks have an opportunity to show their almost limitless value as color, a use far exceeding in value their previous utilization for quantitative brilliance.

If this happens, it will be largely to the credit of the Unit organ. The reason is simple enough. The principle of Unit building is of course that of extending a limited number of eight foot ranks down to 16′ and up to 1-3/5′ so that an organ of actually five rows of pipes, for example, is transformed into about a two manual, thirty stop organ, not, of course, including the percussion stops. The mutation stops, therefore, instead of being scaled independently are drawn off the soft flutes and strings. However faulty this may be in principle, it results in making the mutation proportionately softer than in straight organs, and consequently practical for a wider range of use without destroying the tonal balance.

Now the most elementary student of the theory of sound knows that it is the proportion of overtones such mutation stops are representative of that determines the quality of a tone. Therefore it is obvious that these mutation stops may be used to counterfeit various qualities of tone — to create "synthetic" stops, as the term goes. It is demonstrable, for instance, that the twelfth is an important element in the formation of the clarinet, or the seventeenth in the oboe. A very simple experiment consists of drawing a registration consisting solely of the higher mutative stops. The result is, oddly enough, an eight foot tone of thin, reedy quality. It is possible to get very unusual effects in Units with similar freak registrations, such as, for instance, a 16′ bourdon, 4′ flute, and twelfth. Incidentally if this particular combination should sound like a calf bleat on your particular organ I refuse to be held responsible, as individual voicings make a vast difference.

THE THEATER'S INFLUENCE ON ORGAN DESIGN

So far as stop apportionment goes, this proportion of mutation is about the only change the theater is responsible for. While total unification is a revolutionary procedure dating in this country from Hope-Jones, in a lesser degree it is no new thing to organ builders, who have practiced it for many years under the name of borrowing and duplexing. But there are two other innovations the theater is responsible for, one of which has had a considerable influence in organ building generally. I refer to console design.

The last fifty years have seen great advances in console improvements outside of the theater, with the development of electric pneumatic action, visible combination pistons, and various mechanical accessories. But I believe the theater, though here again the credit should primarily go to Hope-Jones, is chiefly responsible for the popularizing of stop keys or tablets to replace the clumsier draw knobs that have today been dispensed with by probably eighty per cent of American builders. Whether the popular elliptical console is the most convenient is problematical. Personally I find it open to two objections. The tablets are too near together to be sure of hitting the right one, and they extend too far over at the sides for the end ones to be accessible. I prefer the Austin console, which eliminates both objections.

Of course when it comes to convenience there is nothing that can touch the Estey luminous buttons, which for compactness and ease of manipulation are far superior to any other arrangement. So far as I am aware they have only one drawback, and that a minor one. The little bulbs under the glass heads are apt to burn out, in which case it is impossible to tell whether the stop is off or on. But as they are easily replaced, this should not be a serious objection.

The second influence the theater has had, and the one which has in my opinion done more to sell Unit organs than any other factor, has been the development of percussive effects in the organ. Outside of the chimes and harp, and in some cases the piano, this is of small importance in the concert organ, though there have been several such installations which included a full complement of percussion. But in the theater such stops are a necessity in playing pictures, and considerable ingenuity has been shown by builders in installing these dew-dabs. The marimbaphone, the grand crash, the crash cymbal roll, the ingenious snare drum action, and the various mechanical effects of rain, thunder, wind and so on, may not be of the highest artistic nature, but they have certainly made the theater organ a thing of wonder, and a means of exploiting it to the general public.

And in a more indirect way they have advanced the cause of organists generally. They have put a premium on skill and dexterity in the theater, have made it possible to use the organ as a solo instrument popular with the unmusical public, and have boosted the organist's commercial rating thereby. I believe the "Original Organ Novelty" that they have made possible will decline in the near future, but it has served its purpose, so that today the organist is a greater attraction and more money is now being expended by theaters both on the organ and on its player than has previously been the case.

Teaching Organists to Play Better

By GEORGE ALLAIRE FISHER

AGAIN do we rise and exclaim with enthusiasm that the largest portion of success isn't always saved for the bristly beard and the bass clef voice. One of the most successful and largest schools devoted to theater organ work proves it. The school is the Peralta School of Organ in the Midway Masonic Temple, Chicago; it's extensive enough to require a half-dozen practice organs and keep them going full blast eight hours a day, and it's conducted by a very charming lady — Miss Mazie Peralta, whose pictured likeness adorns a portion of this same page.

MAZIE PERALTA

Miss Peralta formerly lived in Denver where she was a member of the faculty of the Denver Conservatory of Music. Since coming to Chicago, she has served as organist in some of the largest theaters of the Middle West, among them being the Riviera, Pantheon, Senate, and West Englewood, all of Chicago.

It is from her previous experience in musical pedagogy combined with that of a practical and successful photoplay organist that Miss Peralta has been able to make her school so successful in such a comparatively brief time. In spite of the demands of her school, she still finds time to occasionally serve as theater organist. During the past summer, she appeared as relief organist at the McVicker and the Tivoli Theaters.

There are getting to be a number of schools that feature instruction on the organ as specialized to the need of the photoplay theater, and this is quite as it should be. More and more theaters are installing excellent organs, and it is certainly true that there are not enough capable organists at present to play all of these excellent organs in a truly excellent way. I, myself, in my ramblings from one photoplay theater to another, quite often hear organists who would benefit exceedingly from instruction in such a school; consequently, the work of Miss Peralta and others, who, like her, are maintaining adequate schools of instruction for the organ, is extremely important — it is more than important; it is a necessity demanded by the dictates of whatever is charitable and humane. Because I am sure there are many who, like myself, like to go to the movies occasionally and insist on good music if they are to enjoy the pictures. Without such institutions as Miss Peralta's there would not be much hope of the time ever coming when we could set sail in our most carefree manner for any photoplay theater that boasted of an organ, and be sure of hearing good music from the standpoint of both musicianship and photoplay showmanship.

Miss Peralta considers that the most important thing is to see that the student has a good foundation in organ technic and understanding, approaching the organ as an orchestral instrument capable of an infinite variety of tone colors. The necessity of rhythmically, melodically and harmonically dramatizing the picture and of doing it in a way that is pleasing and acceptable to the average theater audience is not lost sight of by any means. In fact, her school gives courses in dramatizing pictures through music that are separate from the courses in literature and technic of the instrument itself.

That Miss Peralta's ability and sincerity are appreciated is shown by the fact that the six practice organs with which the school is equipped, are kept busy for eight hours a day, as previously mentioned, and that a special course put on by her during the past summer enlisted pupils from Colorado, Mississippi, Wisconsin, Tennessee and Arkansas, besides other nearer states.

Miss Peralta is also organist at the North Shore Community Universalist Church, and their service is broadcast through WEBH, Chicago.

We quote a little poem written about Miss Peralta by one of her students, from which I gather that, as Octavus Roy Cohen would say, "She is not the least fondest thing which they is of":

MY TEACHER

My teacher is a puzzle, I can't quite figure out;
She often gives me lessons that make me want to shout,
Not with glee and happiness, but just from misery,
That legato "junk" she hands out — say, that's "H" to me.

She smiles and looks so pleased and I really smile back so,
But all the time I'm thinkin' of a place Sir John* could go.
My teacher has some ideas 'bout doing things just right,
She catches instantaneously the notes I try to slight.

Dog-gone it, I sure like her! She has personality,
And as a real good friend, she does appeal to me.
But some day when we're golfing I'll certainly make her step —
I'll show her what it is to have some real old "Southern" pep.

But that "legato" stuff still lingers in my brain,
And cripples both my hands and gives to me a pain.
Sir John! That guy, that musician's friend,
Say, I'd be glad to know if ever there's an end
To the wise things that he has to say, and "teacher" thinks are so O. K. —

M. H., Fort Smith, Ark.

*(Sir John Stainer's organ book).

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHOTOPLAY MUSICIANS AND THE MUSICAL HOME

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN BOSTON AT 120 BOYLSTON STREET BY
WALTER JACOBS, INCORPORATED
LLOYD LOAR, *Editor* C. V. BUTTELMAN, *Manager*

In the Music Mart of America

MELODY readers are again reminded that nothing is to be neglected that will make MELODY as practically helpful and interesting to its readers as possible—this time by the initiation of this department.

"In the Music Mart of America" will be devoted to news and announcements of and about musicians of the type represented by MELODY readers and subscribers, all of whom are urged to make use of the news, announcement and classified sections of the department.

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Do you want a substitute during vacation or enforced absence? Do you wish to substitute for some other organist or pianist? Would you like to exchange positions for a time with some nearby player?

Are you desirous of work in a different theater? Would you like to be in a different climate?

Have you one or more recital programs you can give to advantage?

Is there some device or attachment that your experience as an organist or a pianist has led you to contrive and that other musicians would be glad to pay well for the privilege of knowing about or using?

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Make use of the news column. There is no charge for printing items which have real news value. What are you doing that is of interest or what has happened or what do you plan to do that musicians and music lovers would be interested in knowing?

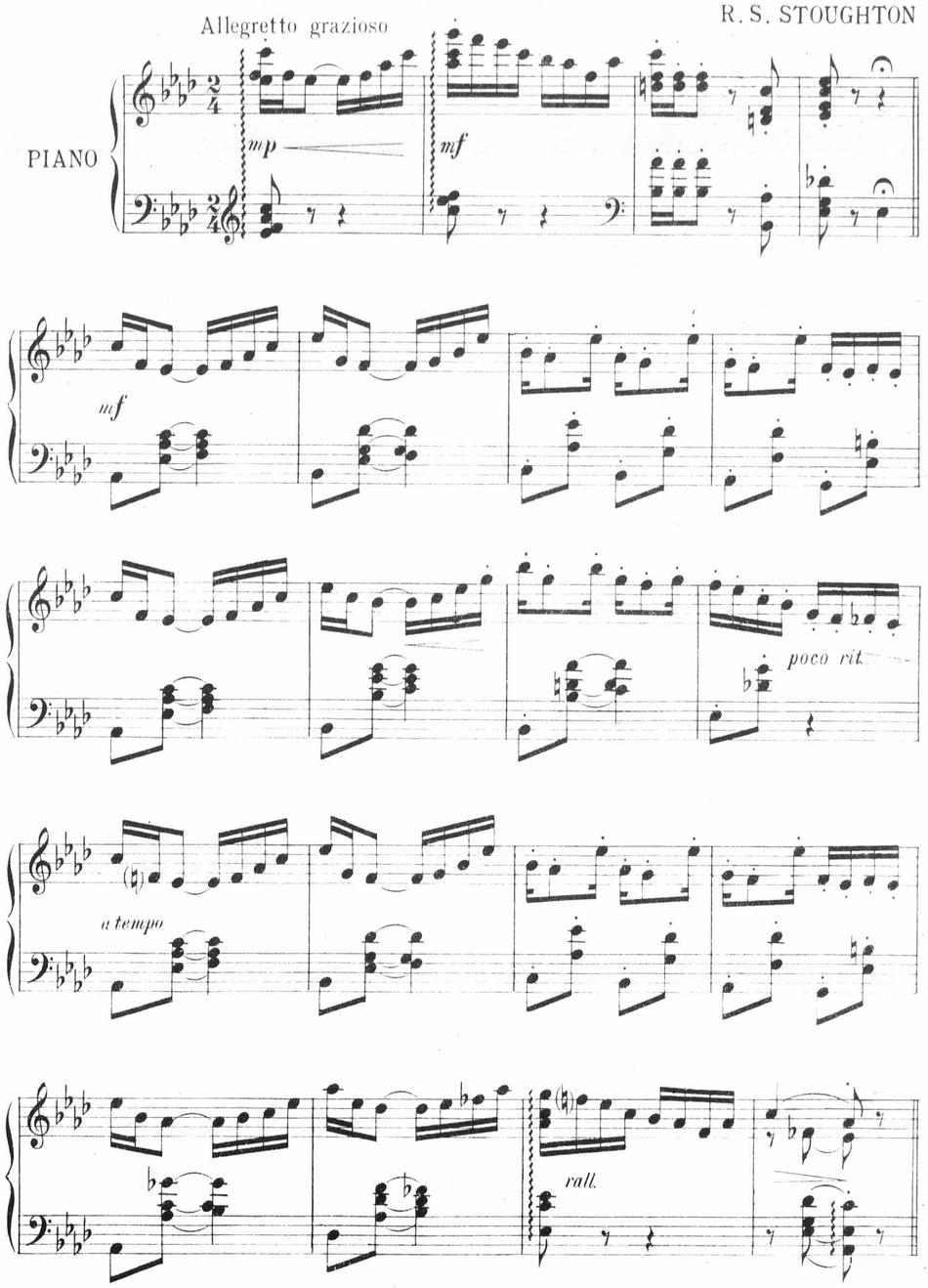
If you have tried some new "stunt" that turned out well, pass it along to the MELODY folks. It will help someone else, boost the game generally, and you'll get just as good a "stunt" some time that will be as new and valuable to you as yours was to the other fellow.

Don't be afraid to write your news to the editor whether or not you have any use at the present time for the advertising columns. "In the Music Mart of America" is to help you and interest you, so use it fully and consistently. — *The Editor.*

Madcap October

NOVELETTE

R. S. STOUGHTON



Più animato

f

rall.

a tempo

accel. e cresc.

ffz

rall.

Tempo I

mf

poco rit.

Continued on page **23**

Circus Maximus

GALOP

C. C. SAMUELS

PIANO

ff

ffz

f

mf

f

mf

f

1

2

ff

mf poco a poco cresc.

ff

R.H.

ff

TRIO

f

ff

8

mf

Continued on page 21

Dance of the Teddy Bears

A. J. WEIDT

Moderato

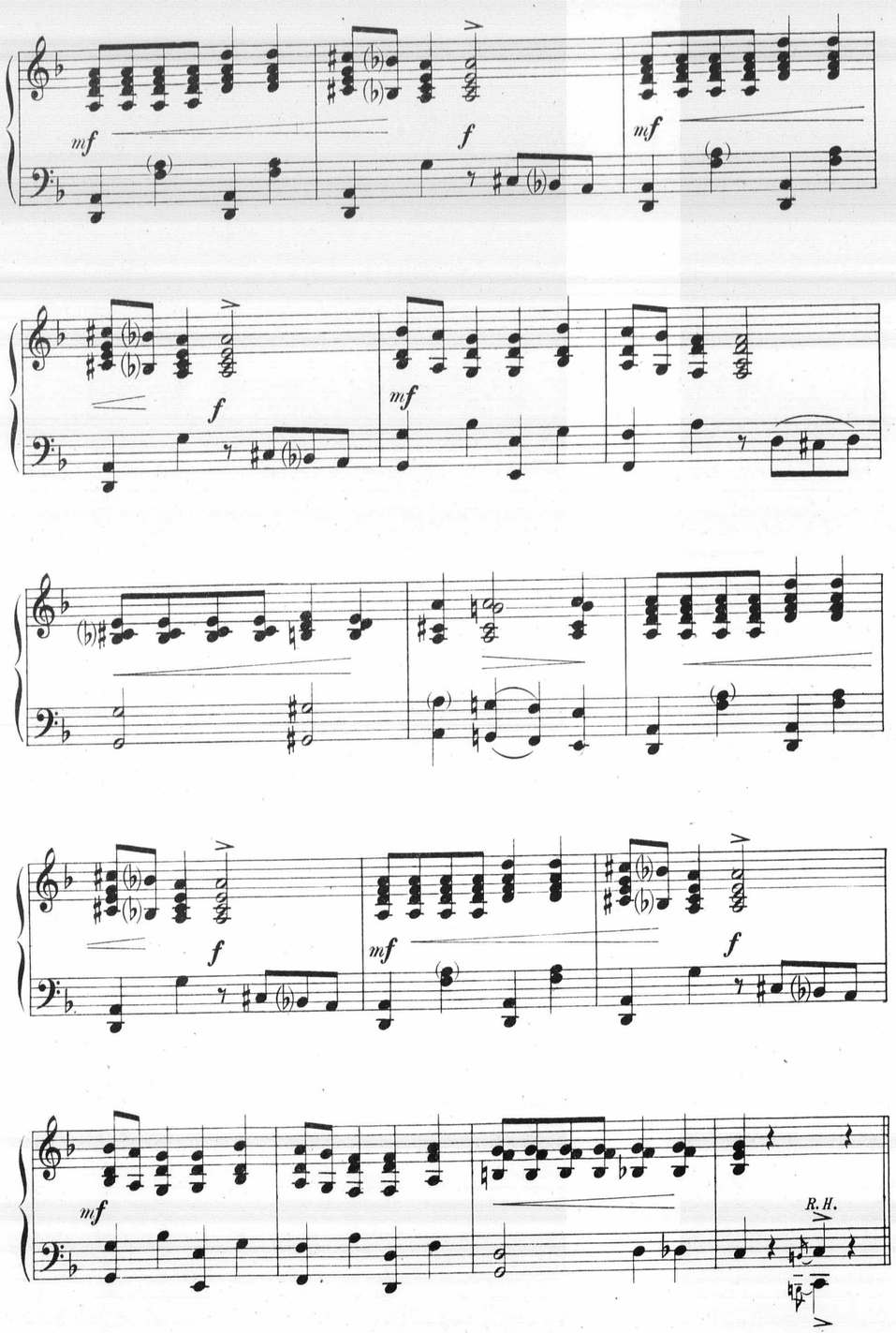
PIANO

ff R.H.

f

f

f



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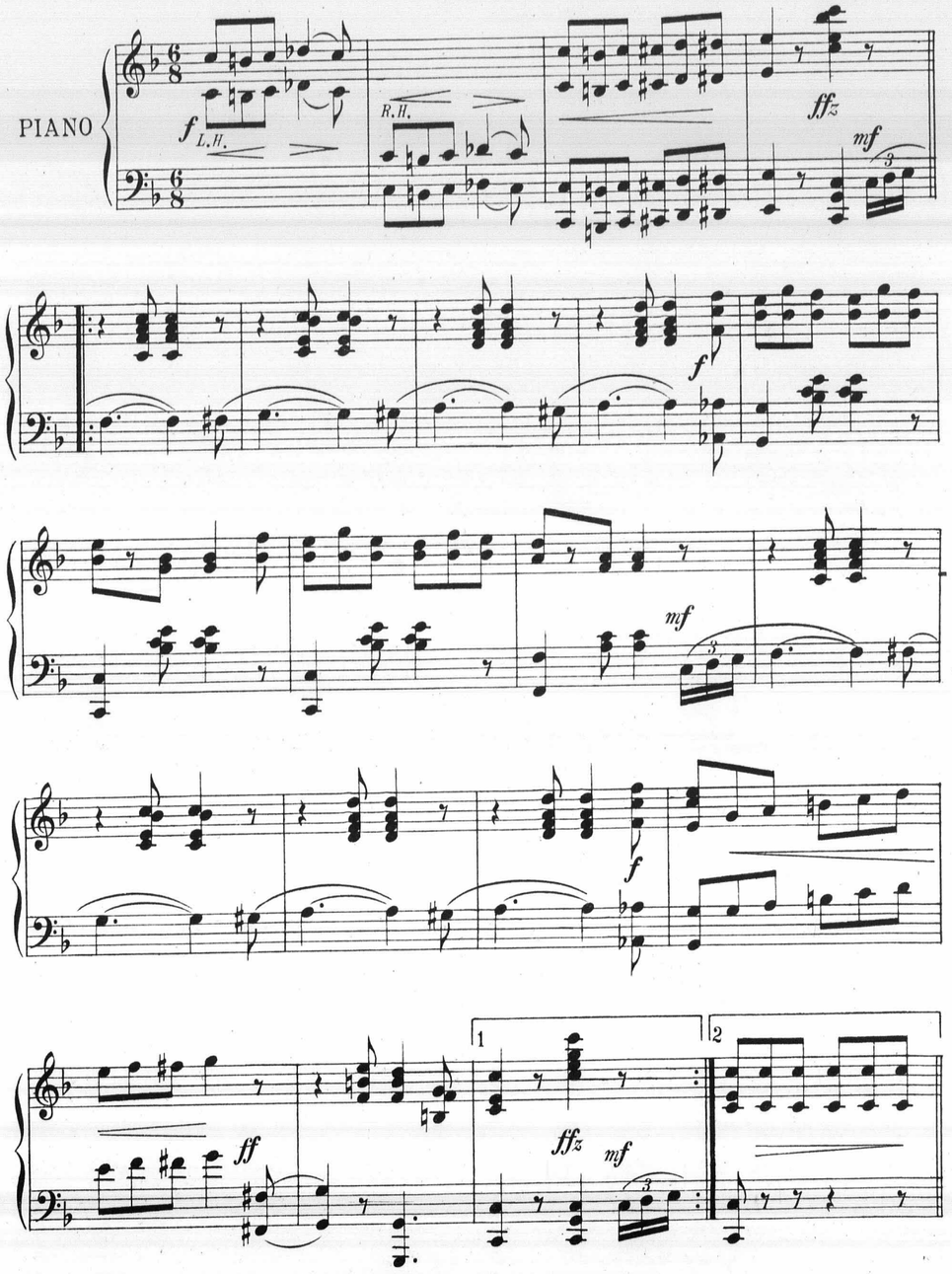
On the Alert

MARCH

HUGH W. SCHUBERT



f *ff*

f *ff*

1 2

ffz *mf*

f

mf

f *ffz*

TRIO

mf–f

MELODY

ff

f

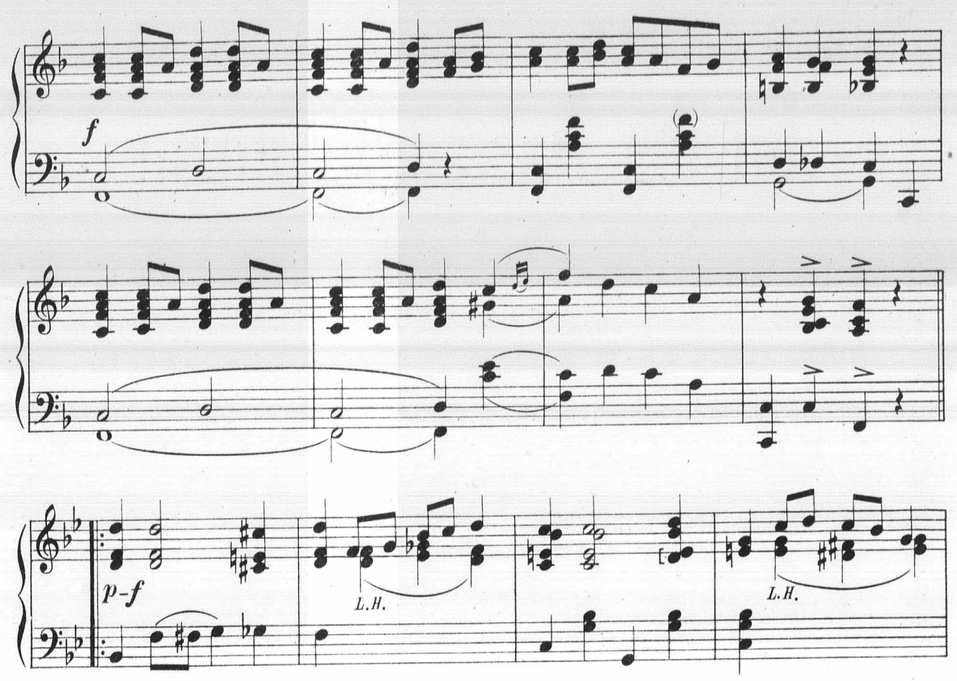
8

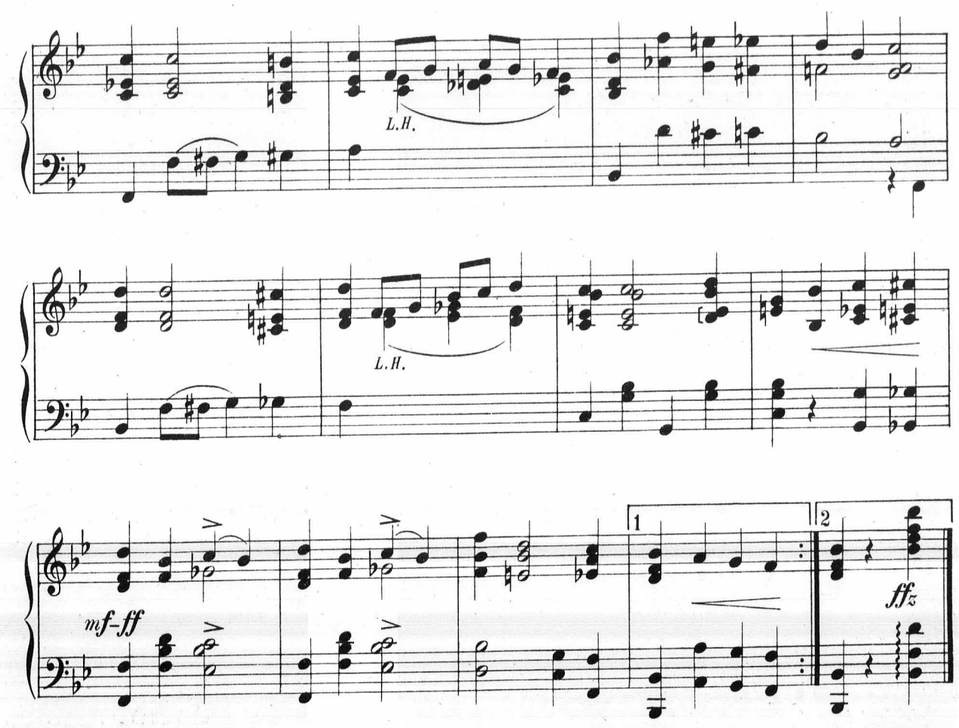
f *ffz*

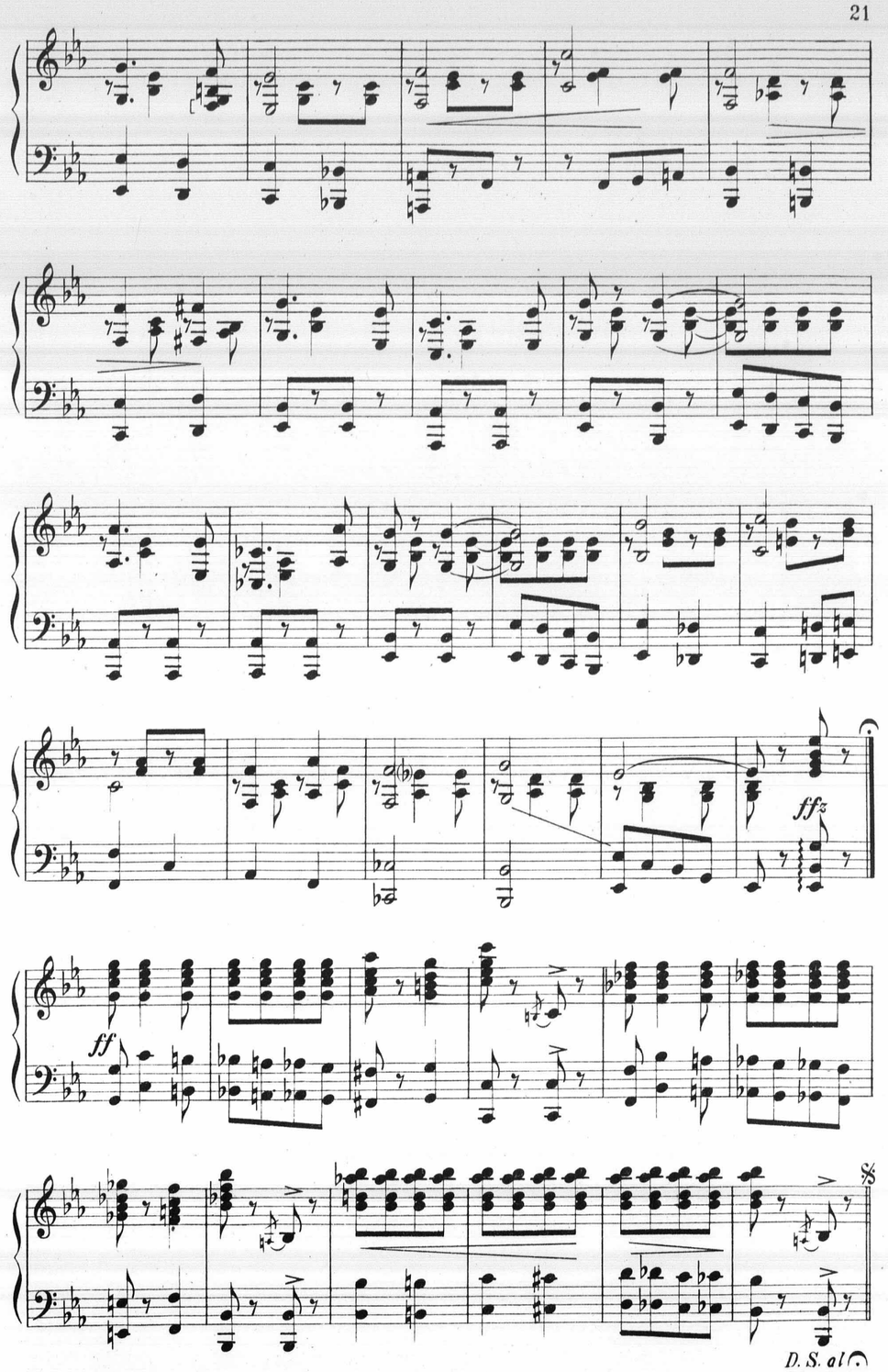
8

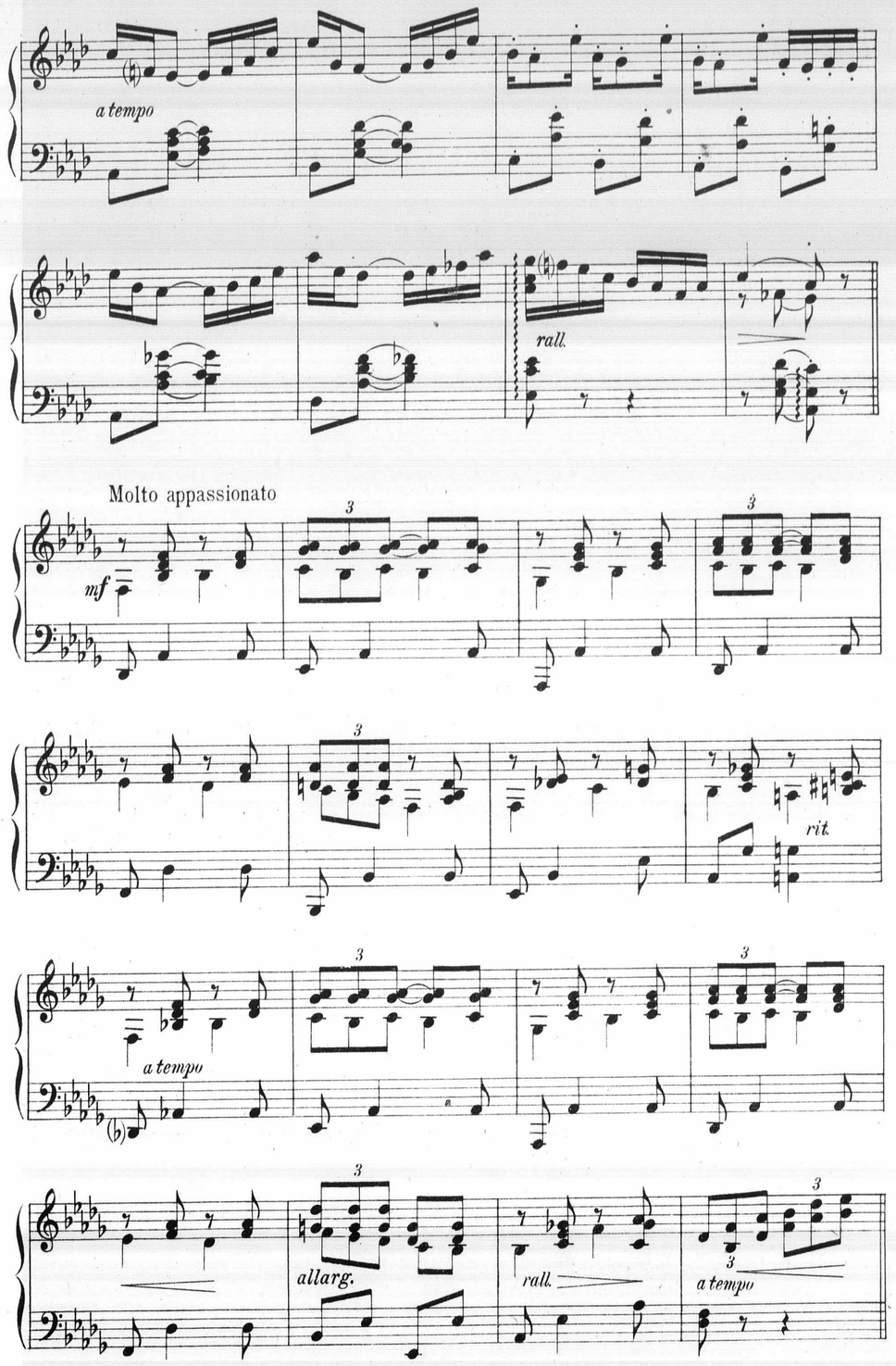
D.C. Trio al 𝄐

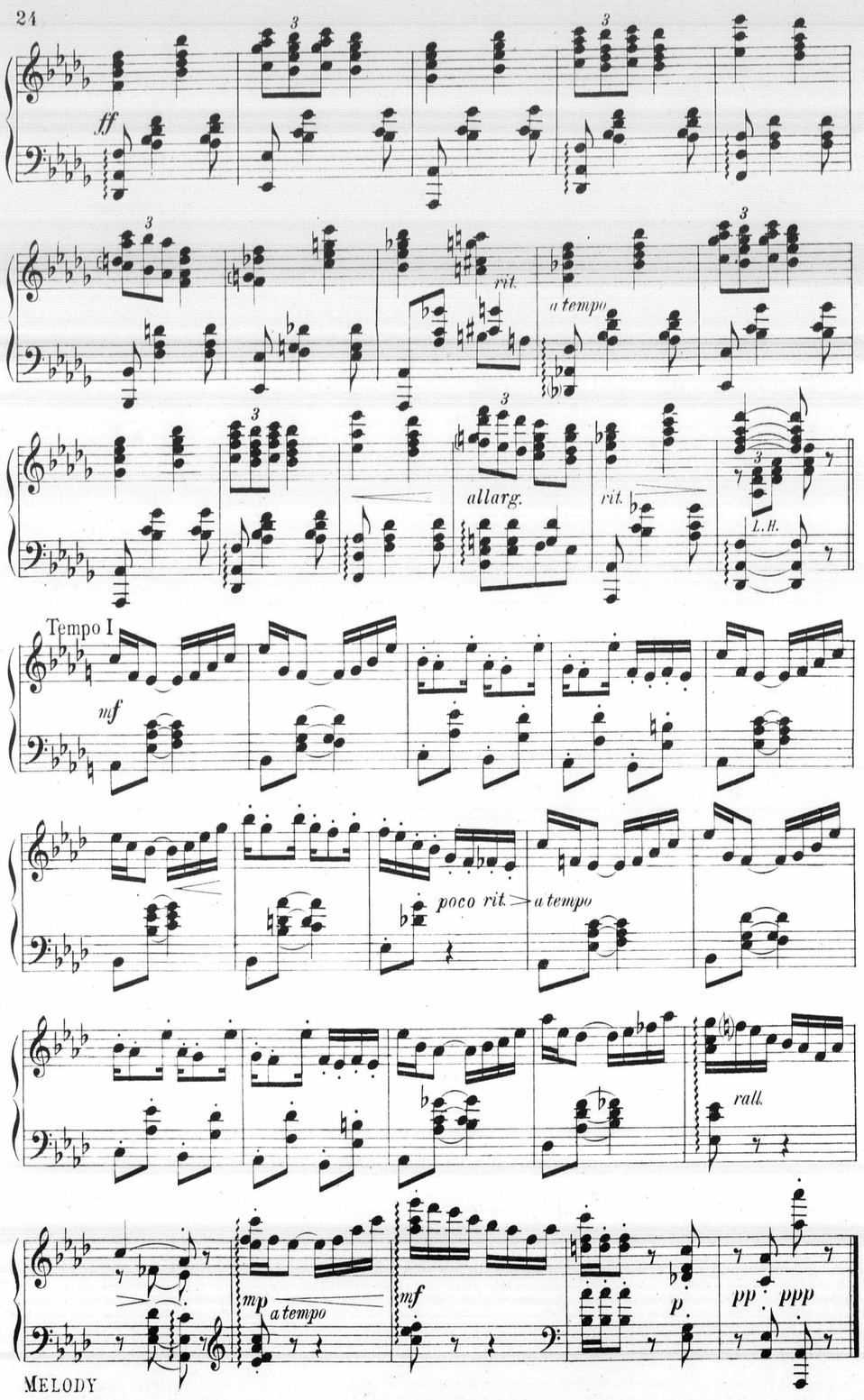
MELODY











AT A recent convention of the American National Association of Dancing Teachers, during the convention, a talk was given by Mr. Hurst on the "Music Tax." Evidently this referred to the royalty payment levied by the Society of Authors, Publishers and Composers on music published by its members when used by ballrooms, theaters, broadcasting stations, etc. for purposes of revenue. Mr. Hurst advised buying and using only "tax free" music; that is, music published by publishers who do not belong to this association. From the standpoint of the association of dancing masters, this is probably quite logical. At the same time, it must be admitted that unless publishers can make a reasonable profit on their numbers, good numbers will soon become very scarce, and the members of the national association above referred to certainly depend for the success of their business on good dance music as much as on anything else; consequently, we are not so sure that Mr. Hurst's recommendation is founded on what is most nearly permanently logical and beneficial to the organization. However, such things usually adjust themselves so that eventually they are as fair as possible to everyone concerned, and we have no doubt that will be the case in this connection.

Tacoma, Wash. — The Stayner & Stone Organ Novelty Company of this city, announces two clever new organ novelties that will be of interest to theater organists. "Kidnapping the Klassics" is one of them. It has twenty slides and is said to contain a lot of shocks for the musical snobs and many surprises for the jazz lovers. It is furthermore not only amusing, but instructive. The second novelty is entitled a "Whirl Thru' the Wurlitzer," and is said to be different in every way from the ordinary demonstration solo. The organ tells the audience a few of its secrets in rhyme. This novelty will furthermore adapt itself to any size organ. These slides are rented only and each slide is cartooned.

Boston, Mass. — Edith Lang, one of Boston's best known women organists who has appeared with much success at various of the downtown theaters, will broadcast through Station WBZ from the Estey Organ Studio on November 4, Wednesday evening, at 9 P. M., Standard Time, the following program:

March from "Tannhauser" ..... *Wagner*
Song Without Words ..... *Wm. R. Spence*
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 ..... *Lizst*
First Peer Gynt Suite ..... *Grieg*
(*a*) Morning
(*b*) Anitra's Dance
(*c*) In the Hall of the Mountain King
Spring Song ..... *Grieg*
Ride of the Valkyries ..... *Wagner*
Londonderry Air ..... *Traditional*
"In memory of fallen heroes" (Piece Heroique) ..... *Franck*

Buffalo, N. Y. — The Novelty Slides produced by the Bush Slide Company of this city continue to please large numbers of audiences and organists. They are well endowed with new ideas and the cartoon work is particularly clever.

Boston, Mass. — The new Wurlitzer at the recently opened Keith-Albee House in Boston is subject to the mastership of Richardson, who has been brought from the Rialto in New York City to serve as chief organist at this new Keith-Albee Theater.

Boston, Mass. — The Metropolitan, one of the finest and largest photoplay theaters in the world, recently opened in Boston — to be exact, on the sixteenth of October. It seats over 5,000 people, has two orchestras, one of which plays in the foyer, and has been fortunate enough to secure as musical director Nathaniel Finston. A magnificent four manual Skinner organ is installed, but up-to-date, no announcement has been made as to appointments of organists.

An over supply of modesty is almost equivalent to lack of ability, and it *is* equivalent to a lack of self-confidence sufficient to interfere with prospective success. An acquaintance of ours, who is a very good pianist, was recently asked to play at a musical tea of some sort or other, being informed that of course he wouldn't be expected to do it for nothing, but that he would be paid a reasonable fee. No amount was stipulated, but with every confidence in the generosity and willingness to pay of the hostess he appeared and performed in his usual excellent style. As he was leaving, the hostess gushed over him enthusiastically. As she handed him a surprisingly small check for his services she said to him, "An art like yours is certainly a gift."

He took a sideward slant at the rather diminutive check and replied cynically, "Yes, so it would seem."

We have another friend who doesn't play anything and in fact boasts of it, and strange to say, he's a very good friend of the pianist referred to — maybe, that's the reason they're good friends. Anyhow, he was telling me recently about a young fellow of his acquaintance whom he met on the street limping in a very noticeable manner. He stopped him and said, "What's the matter? Been in an automobile accident?

"No," the fellow replied, "Gunshot wound."

"My word," replied my friend, "How did it happen? Did somebody hold you up?"

"No," said the fellow, "It was at home — I'm learning to play the saxophone!"

The Elevator Shaft

DINNY TIMMINS SAYS:

IN THIS hot weather seems like I had enough to do pulling this here Elevator up and down without a-gitting Evolutions of the Brain thinking of things to write about for Mr. Jacobs. O well, they's always a Cloud to the Silver Lining, and in the new building where me and the Firm is moving to on Boylston St., they's going to be a new 6-cylinder Elevator with Baloon Tires and 4-wheel Breaks, so I should worry.

But for now I want something cool to talk about. I might talk about the Reception they give Ernie Golden's Idee to try to put Church Hymns to Jazz, but I got a better one, about why this Gertrude Ederle wasn't able to swim the English Channel. Most people think it was because the Tide turned against her, but the Real reason was because they was a Cornet, a Trombone, a Clarinet, a Saxophone, and a concertina playing Jazz to her from the Tugboat, and it made her Sea-Sick.

JAZZING THE HYMNS AND SWIMMING THE CHANNEL

Fortunitly it made them sick too, or she might have Passed Out for good. This is the only Known Instance on record where a Jazz Band was proved to have got sick of their own Musick, which only goes to show that O Would some Power the Giftey Gee Us, to See ourselfs as Others See Us, as the Poet says.

SO NOW Brittania has to Divvy up with Jazz on Ruling the Waves, whereas in Washington Jazz is Waiving the Rules, while the cops run around in Circles trying to find out if it's Vilating this Law against Immoral Musick they just discovered in the Law Books. And in Europe they just give us the Horse Laugh like in the Scopes case. One of the Paris papers says, "Any Musick exites only Them who do not need to be Exited."

IMMORAL MUSIC

Every day you see new Evidents that the Jazz Bug is likely to bite anybody. The latest was the son of a Lumber King in New York who disappeared and was found playing the Pianner in a Jazz Orchestry in Greenwitch Village, but his Old Man offered a reward of 500 Bucks for him, and one of his Brother Artists put Money above Art and snitched on him. The only other Moral to that is that since Jazz come along and the Musicians begun to Demonstrate Darwin was right, 500 Bucks don't look like so much money to Musicians as it used to.

I see where the Veteran's Bureau is advertising it can furnish musicians for all kinds of jobs. Well, I got as much sympathy for the veterans as anybody, but after hearing a lot of army bands in the war and playing a Hellican Tuba my own self, I got to bust out and say that most army musicians make dam good Slum Slingers and Stable Sergeants, but as Musicians they ain't got any more Musick in 'em than Buglers.

MUSICIANS is born and not made, though I see where a Doc who is head of a children's hospital in London has a Idee that could make great singers out of kids if it could be worked. He says babies cry by imitating sounds they hear, and he tells about one baby at the hospital who was born on a ship and he made a noise so much like a foghorn that they wouldn't any hotel keepers let him in, and another baby he had made a noise like a train whistle on acc't. he lived near a r. r. station. Now you tell one.

DR. ERIC PRITCHARD ON BABIES AS IMITATORS

WELL, they's all kinds of ways of cultivating the Voice. They's a singer in a musical comedy that was playing in Boston this summer that says she goes up in a Airplane every day to practise singing because it makes her sing better. I spose that's so she can keep the air. Anyhow it's a grand Idee. I wish all the Would-be Tooters and Hooters and Pianner Players would do their Practicing the same way.

THE PRIMA DONNA OF "ROSE-MARIE" ON HOW TO PRACTICE

The next time you hear a ½ of 1% Soprano wobbling O I Would That I Was a Bird, why you tell her what to do. If only her Mama could have played Galley Kerchey records to her when she was young and Innocent what a lot of Suffering would have been spared.

SPEAKING of Suffering I see that English bird, Keynes, who wrote all those books after the war telling all about the Debbits and Credicks and Eckonomacks, is going to find out that they's a whole lot of Eckonomacks he never even suspected. He jest up and married a famous Rooshian dancer, and what she'll show him about High Finants will be a-plenty. A expert Eckonomist may be able to show Europe how to manage their Money, but you got to have a combination of Hoover and Houdini to keep a Rooshian dancer from separating Rooblies and Roobies.

J. M. KEYNES MARRIES LYDIA LOPOKOVA

I begin to think the English must be queer Birds. The latest stunt they done is to put on the play, Hamlet, with modern clothes. The only guy that kept the same costume was the Ghost, who looked like a cross between a Koo Kloxer and Grampa in his Nightie. But when it come to Ophelia with her hair Bobbed and Hamlet in Knickers why you couldn't tell the Knickers from the Snickers, as you might say.

ACTORS do some awful funny things anyway. Now they's a lot of things I couldn't ever quite get through my Bean in the Movies, and here's some of 'em:

Why can they always break in a Door with a couple of shoves?

Why do they always leave a Auto Enjine running when they leave it at the Curb? I never yet see a actor have to start a Enjine except a Lizzie in a Slapstick Comedy.

MOVIE TRADITIONS

How come a Feller paying a Waiter or a Taxi Driver always has the right bill in his Vest Pocket and never gets any change?

Why do all Areoplanes and Taxies rock from one side to the other like a Blooming Cradle?

Why does a Keyhole always show the People on the other side that the Feller wants to look at? I never had any such luck.

Why do these here Movie Crooks always tie the Feller or Girl or Both up and leave 'em to get loose, instead of Bumping 'em off as they intend to? It would be a Doggone good thing if they would Kill off a few of 'em.

Why do Butlers come out on the Front Steps to answer the Bell? I never see none out on Beacon St.

Why do Cops always carry their Clubs in their hand? They must of been trained in Chicago.

Why do all mothers have gray hair? Answer yes or no.

When a feller or a girl rescues another feller from the crooks that is ten jumps behind him, why do they talk it all over before they start to run? Someday one of 'em is going to stumble and get his.

Why is it a sign of a Villian to have a Trick Mustach. The old-fashioned ones always had a big bushy one with curled ends, but nowadays they have little bits of clipped ones.

They's a lot more, but I got to quit now because the Wife wants me to take her to the Movies.

Editorial Improvisations

IT DOES our editorial heart a world of good to see a young boy come to the big city from the rural districts and, overcoming all sorts of handicaps and obstacles, finally win his way to the so-called pinnacle of success. One of the most successful musicians we know anything about is Mr. Walter Damrosch, the conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra. We had thought that just about everything in the way of recognition of success and achievement had come his way, but it seems we were mistaken. A just and due recognition of his ability has all along been withheld from one section of the country, but now things are different and Elizabeth, New Jersey, has finally accorded to Mr. Damrosch, the last remaining withheld bit of recognition. We can better imagine than describe how much this must mean to Mr. Damrosch and how fully he is enjoying the thrill that must go with the knowledge that the last out-post of ignorance has finally fallen before the advancing wave of his reputation. It is not merely theory or hearsay that Elizabeth, New Jersey, is finally ready to accord to Mr. Damrosch the recognition due those who moved to the big city while young and grow up into successful men. He has a letter from a lady in Elizabeth that is visible proof. The letter is rather short but it's long enough to get across its message. It merely says:

"Mr. Walter Damrosch:
Will you kindly call to tune my piano?"

THE makeshifts and compromises found in modern business are really quite remarkable. The following advertisement recently appeared in a Santa Barbara paper:

"WELL-KNOWN Piano Teacher, with best of references, will exchange lessons at $2.00 per hour for chickens, layers and pullets. Will teach beginners or advanced pupils at above rate. Please state full particulars of your stock, breed, etc., to receive attention." This is apparently a case of exchanging scales for feathers, tuneful lays for reliable layers, and a certainty of arpeggios for the possibility of eggs. We heard one time of another piano teacher who used to advertise quite strenuously his ability as a player and teacher. He never failed, however, to mention the fact that he also specialized in both heavy and light draying. The draying probably was more remunerative and dependable than the teaching. Any of our readers who are near Santa Barbara and wish to exchange *Chopsticks* for drumsticks would do well to bear this Santa Barbara *Morning Press* advertisement in mind.

WE notice with much interest a recently announced plan by WRNY, the broadcasting station at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York to give a definite plan and character to their broadcasting program which previously has been rather lacking in the offerings from even our largest stations. This station is operated by the Experimenter Publishing Company, who publish *Radio News*, *Science and Invention*, *The Experimenter* and *Motor Camper and Tourist*, and through these various publications, the public will no doubt be thoroughly informed as to the details of the plan. Briefly, the plan provides for treating the broadcasting station as a sort of combined theater, opera house, concert hall, town hall, and university. Programs are to be planned a long time ahead in much the same way as the curriculum of a large university is planned. There will be enough divisions and subdivisions of material and program characteristics to take care of everything from grand opera and symphony music through dance music, band music, folk music, all forms of drama, literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, various forms of sports, to various educational features that are not directly related to any of the arts. A record of the programs will appear in *Radio News*, and listeners-in will be able to tune in on WRNY at any particular time and know exactly what they are going to hear and know just how good it will be. They can even plan this way months ahead. This unified program is under the very capable direction of Charles D. Isaacson, and its satisfactory working out is certain to have every possible chance and assistance under his management.

THE Flower Grower is the name of a magazine which strayed onto the editorial desk a few weeks ago. Ordinarily anyone in the music business is interested in flowers only as occasional variations from the mixed contributions of bricks and unfresh vegetables laid at his door by the more or less fickle public. In a passing moment, however, we chanced to open the pages of *The Flower Grower* and on the strength of what we found there, this paragraph is written in the hope that this splendid little magazine may spread its message of beauty and cheer to others as it has for us. To any musician who has no hobby we conscientiously recommend a few pleasant doses of *The Flower Grower*. The publisher, Madison Cooper of Calcium, New York, will undoubtedly mail a sample copy if you write and tell him you are a reader of MELODY.

I THINK it was Shakespeare who said that "conscience makes cowards of us all." Anyhow, it was some wise chap who had had a personal experience in the consistency with which innate consciousness of weakness robs us of the necessary fortitude to move through the scene of our daily activities with sufficient assurance to get us any place. When this ingrowing consciousness is possessed by a musician, the effect is apt to be particularly interesting especially as musicians are supposed to have less tender consciences than most folks — or at least so we've heard. There was a soldier trombone player, for instance, who recently applied for enrollment in the military band. The bandmaster or the sergeant in charge was a very imposing individual with a heavy bass voice fully able to roar down the combined tooting of any military band ever assembled.

"Your name," he roared fiercely at the applicant.

"Sam Jones," returned the ambitious soldier.

"What instrument do you play?" next bellowed the interrogator.

"Trombone," replied Sam.

"Your station."

"Camp Devens."

"Your rank."

"I know it," replied Sam meekly.

Then there was the chap who tried out for a concert orchestra. He was very assured and succeeded in making an excellent impression until he had played for the director. After struggling chokily through a few bars of a rather difficult trumpet part, the director stopped him suddenly and said, not in the most kindly manner possible. "What do you mean by taking up my time trying to get in the orchestra? I don't believe that you can play an iota."

The aspiring trumpeter came right back, however. He said, "I never said I could, but just try me on some wow-wows and I'll stand them on their ear."

Even at that, a reasonable confidence in one's ability is a fine and even necessary thing to have.

WE ARE indebted to "Punch" for an interesting bit of musical history — one with which we must confess we were not familiar. "Punch" comments on the fact that the harp, one of the oldest instruments known to the human race, was probably discovered accidentally, and then goes on to explain that the bagpipes were invented by a Scotchman who got the idea by stepping on a cat.

Speaking of Photoplay Organists

Continued from page 4

immense library and is continually adding to it and has also devised a clever system for cataloging his music and can find any number at a moment's notice.

Mr. Pease is a composer and has a number of songs to his credit. This young fellow is also a business man and is delving into real estate in the Florida boon. He talks of water ways, improved roads and cost of building material with as much ease as he discusses the Vox Humana and the Dopple Flute.—*I. J.*

FROM the Convent to the Theater. It's a long jump but it was successfully negotiated by a clever young lady, southern born, and a rooter for Dixie. Namely, one Miss Marie Celeste McEvoy.

Does she believe in preparedness? Well I'll say she does. Note the little squirrel coat, and with the chill air of autumn and Jack Frost just around the corner, what could be more comforting than being prepared with a warm furry nest to hurry over to the theater and back! She is prepared for winter. Yes, and what's more she is prepared for the future. She began preparing, when as a child she entered the Ursuline Convent, and when she graduated was made a teacher of music at the school. After a few seasons of successful work she retired to private life and traveled extensively. She was enjoying life one day, doing nothing, at Cumberland, Md., when a theater manager called up and asked her to play, as his pianist was sick. Miss McEvoy, who has always been willing to oblige with her talent, readily assented and her period of substituting lengthened, and finally she was permanently engaged. Although she has played for movies for almost ten years, she has held only two different positions. She is one of the few who enter whole-heartedly into their work, and her musical interpretation of the picture is consequently as nearly perfect as it is possible to be. While up on all the latest musical comedy numbers she does not play comedy jazz, and one quickly realizes when hearing her play that if she did attempt that stereotyped dance rhythm her most appealing quality would be lost. It is the sympathetic touch, and quiet harmonic chords and embellishments that make her work distinctive.

This exceptional ability as a movie pianist has provided her with plenty of opportunities for change, but each time the manager made her present position attractive enough to keep her.

And again we find that Marie Celeste is still preparing. This time for the change from pianist to organist. The manager of the Frostburg Opera House, where she is now playing, recently purchased a Wurlitzer of improved type, and she immediately flew down to the Philadelphia office and studied first hand the intricacies of organ playing. Her left hand counter melody has always been one of her strong points, and as this is the principal thing in organ playing it is safe to hazard a guess that she will soon be near the top as an organist.

She recently produced the musical play "Mary Pickford Proviso" for the seniors of the Ursuline Academy, and last year was pianist and musical director when the Elks produced their annual show. — *Irene Juno.*

RENE DREYFUS, only 14 years of age, has won first prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatoire of Music. It gives us great pleasure to make this announcement, for we feel that anyone as young as Rene who has prospects of being a genius in later years, should receive a reasonable amount of praise in the present.

In spite of the fact that he has studied only four years, Rene has shown such unusual talent that the critics predict for him a remarkably successful future.

With the necessary training and experience, it seems inevitable that Rene Dreyfus will become a pianist of no little note.

Gossip Gathered by the Gadder

Continued from page 5

on Washington Street is still another theater, the noted Park, that was owned by the late Charlotte Crabtree, "Lotta" of stage fame.

Looking across the Common from 120 Boylston Street one sees the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument to the Civil War heroes looming high on the hill, the white gleaming Colonial spire of the Park Street Church to the right, and between them the great dome of the State House — golden by day and illuminated at night. Now turn the eyes just a little to the left, look across the Garden, and there comes into the line of vision the beautiful spire of the Arlington Street Church (Unitarian), the home of the famous William Ellery Channing, whose statue stands on the side of the Garden directly opposite the Church, and at the organ console of which for many years sat Arthur Foote, noted Boston musician and composer; also, the spire of the Church of the Advent (High Episcopal).

What more inspiring location could be had for a music and music-magazine publishing house? Natural scenic display of wondrous beauty; expressions of art in monument, church spires and magnificent great buildings; theaters and hotels of the highest commercial standing; in the heart of the music publishing and merchandising district, a mighty stream of continuous rushing, rolling traffic, and the concentrated influx and reflex of Boston's increasing business.

Ragtime is Rhythm

By George C. Boyd

MUCH recently has been said for and against ragtime, yet in all the varied comments I have happened to hear, to my mind not one has given the real facts about this much-abused style of music. Let me ask a question or two, and then briefly try to answer them. First, why is ragtime popular? Second, what is there about ragtime that is immoral?

For any form of music to be "popular" it must carry a strong appeal to some certain sense, and ragtime is popular because it appeals to a particular SENSE of RHYTHM in the human music-sensitiveness. In other words, it is the rhythmic impulse in ragtime (the impulse to motion or dance rhythm) which renders it so seductive, *and not its melody*, which appeals to a different sense. In proof of this, let me state that I have seen people dance to ragtime played on a snare drum.

The people of the United States are the greatest dancers in the world, and by this I mean that they love the rhythmic dances (such as the waltz, fox-trot and one-step) more than do the peoples of any other nations. One of the most rhythmic dances I have ever seen or played is the Mexican Danza, and a *danza* that is not written in ragtime is of no value rhythmically. Naturally it is a three-four tempo, but it is ragtime just the same. If anyone doubts this, let the doubter attempt to play one of those Mexican Danzas.

One of the most rhythmic of the popular waltzes of its day was a ragtime composition — the best I have ever heard, and the most popular at the time it appeared. It was *Echoes of the Snowball Club*, and the good dancer who did not appreciate and feel the "swing" of this waltz must have been afflicted with a "tin ear" or a wooden leg. It was and is simply irresistible, and I still play it occasionally. 'Tis a pity that such numbers must die.

Let us compare the difference in rhythmic sensation between the waltz just mentioned, and say, Berger's waltz, *Amoureuse*. Under the rhythmic impulse of the *Snowball Club* every nerve is alive and every muscle tensed, all on the alert to break into movement; with this number the listener and dancer opens the eyes, elevates the head and feels like doing a waltz-clog — while in the instance of the *Amoureuse* one simply wants to glide and dream. The difference is simple and is easily explained — the rhythm of one wakes you up, while that of the other puts you to sleep.

Go to any public dance hall, listen to the different numbers played by the orchestra and watch the rhythmic effect of each. First may come a one-step, in say, common, two-four march time; next may follow another one-step, this one in perhaps six-eight march time. Now watch the people who are not dancing and watch their FEET. During the playing of these two numbers, scarcely any movements of their bodies will be perceptible among the "sitters." Then may come a RAGTIME number — now *watch!* It does not matter what *kind* of a dance it may be — perhaps a waltz, possibly a fox-trot or maybe a one-step — but nearly every individual who is sitting-out the dance is PATTING with the feet; old and young, male or female. With but few exceptions it gets them all *because they have the ragtime rhythm in their musical make-up.* It is true that a great many people have no innate musical rhythm whatsoever, while I have known a few people who actually *hated* music of any kind, but of course these could not be considered as entirely human — at least, not normal.

Nearly all of the ragtime pieces composed have been adapted to dance music of some description. Melody is more mental than emotional, and a great many ragtime numbers are noted for the "catchiness" of their melodies, yet if you will pay close attention to effect, you will notice that this "melody" is affecting your FEET more than your brain because it is embodied in RHYTHM. How many musical people ever learned to whistle the *Mapleleaf Rag*, the *Hungarian Rag* or others of a like difficult grade? Not very many, I imagine, and on account of their difficult technical mechanism; yet I suppose millions have danced to these tunes. One might not be able to whistle them, but dancing to them — well that is a vastly different proposition!

Miss Mary Garden has said that "Ragtime is typical of American life, in that it is the one-hundred-yard dash of music." I do not wholly agree with her, for good ragtime is played only moderately fast, and therefore would stand little chance against some of our faster movements in modern music — such as marches, polkas, etc. What Miss Garden probably meant, or so I infer, was that ragtime is typical of a *phase* of American life, i. e., the dancing propensity of the American people as a whole.

I do not pay much attention to these so-called devotees of the classical who criticize all ragtime music so adversely, because they are not qualified to judge. To be a fair judge of this style of music one must not only be a player of ability, but also must have studied the modern method of interpreting ragtime. A great deal of the ragtime music of former days was simply noise. I have seen some ragtime performers pat the floor with both feet, beat the air with both elbows, and almost dislocate their necks in trying to keep up with their ideas of how a piece in syncopated rhythm should be played.

As to the immorality of ragtime — in itself such an attribute does not exist, although it can be induced by gross over-accentuation. To anyone with a single grain of music in his mental and physical make-up — when properly interpreted, the rhythm of ragtime is almost intoxicating, while for a great many others its appeal directs itself wholly to the sensual. These are the real reasons why some people have termed ragtime immoral, forgetting that the same stigma was once applied to the waltz.

It is true that in the early days of ragtime it was found necessary to put a ban upon certain forms of dancing the two-step, these undesirable forms undoubtedly being a direct result of the rhythmic sensations of ragtime music purposely super-exaggerated, but that was not the fault of the music itself. I recall that one of these forms, said to have been invented by the colored people, was called the "shine." I have seen this danced, and it certainly was immoral, but like the Mexican Danza (and other dances) it was very beautiful, very emotional. But the immorality was in the dance itself, not in the music.

In making the assertion that ragtime is not typical of American life, but rather a *phase* of it, the statement is based upon the fact that both the Spanish and Mexican peoples have a great deal of syncopation in their music, and that it produces the same sensuous rhythm as does our American ragtime. In my opinion "ragtime" does not seem the proper name for this seductive form of music. It may do well enough from a "slang" point of view, but the word does not express the rhythmic movement which is the basis of true ragtime, and I would suggest that a new name be coined for it — a name which shall embody the fact that Ragtime is Rhythm.

BY request of several readers we reprint from an earlier issue of MELODY the preceding article on Ragtime by George C. Boyd. We don't hear so much about ragtime or syncopation any more, although we have more of it than ever before. It has become the usual and accepted thing and in all sorts of our music it appears nowadays in every possible form and accent. We hear now more about jazz and its value or lack of it, and its virtuous or contrawisé influence. Jazz, however, includes syncopation, or melody accent on weak beats — depends on it, in fact, for some of its most striking effects.

In a short time jazz will be as much taken for granted as syncopation is now — and will excite as little opposition and alarm.

Of course the points made by Mr. Boyd still hold good, truth — even relative truth, doesn't change over night. We wonder if the name he asks for in his last paragraph is found in our new word "jazz." We doubt it, although that seems to be here to stay, being applied to styles in clothes, personal characteristics, and even the weather. But as a name for colorful modern American music, it is, to quote our flapper friends —"*not so good.*"

Burry's Corner

By FREDERIC W. BURRY

OUR MUSICAL HAVEN

POPULAR Music may be defined as Melody Music. Music of and for the present, limited within the grasp of that well-ballasted mentality, the major mind of the masses.

It does not presume to anything absolute, but is admittedly and frankly something for amusement and enjoyment.

Nietzsche says we have hitherto had too little Joy. He also said he had no use for music that was not an invitation to the dance.

We have been taking life too seriously. But through the extension of music and its magic charms, we are gradually learning how to fill every passing minute with pleasure — learning how to be both merry and wise.

There was a time before the advent of modern civilization, when there was little education, when a simple credo sufficed, when the people's heads were not stuffed or loaded with a mass of academic formulae.

Some call that period the dark ages. Learning was looked upon with such distrust, that on occasion those in authority used to resort to the cruel but simple method of chopping off the head of the ardent prophet, who would not keep his tongue quiet.

But the folks were merry, nevertheless. As they used to say: "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." And so they labored long hours out in the open; and with lusty lungs and with brawny limbs, they held their fetes with song and dance.

The modern man is a "thinking" man. He boasts that his articles of belief are not confined. And so his thinking is "free," so free that the thoughts fairly swamp his personality. He has been so greedy for knowledge, that his head has become diseased with a scientific mania. And he has sometimes allowed himself to become so exceedingly specialized and efficient in one direction, that he has missed the real end and aim of existence, which is for expression and for delight, for life, health, and growth.

What a host of discoveries and inventions man has made during the last century. And yet the most intricate and complicated tools have been those connected with warfare and destruction.

Music, the language of melody, interprets the natural antagonisms in a new light. The existence of life's struggle is admitted; but music holds the mirror of nature at a true angle, proving life to be potentially a "beautiful battle."

And, more than figuratively, music works a veritable healing influence of power, by its vibrant undulations actually transforming darkness into light, with chromatic dynamics tuning up long discordant distempers.

Yes, music is the best kind of medicine.

Voltaire said the doctor amused the patient, while nature worked the cure.

But amusement is of a poor quality unless one takes some active part in the entertainment.

As with everything else in life, there need be no discrimination, there is no demarking line as to cause and effect, but all work in complementary co-operation, with leadership and direction gravitating to the fittest.

"Grow or go." Such is Nature's inexorable law. And it is both just and kind.

This is the age of democracy. Even princes admit they are getting "commoner." Titles are being discarded — they now look cheap and tawdry.

Many of the old institutions remain, but only as dead letters, as relics of a baby race. Conventicles are being remodeled into museums. Holy days are becoming holidays. Sacred things are becoming secular — for the secular is being blessed and glorified. Labor is being redeemed. This is the day of Industry — it is the day of the Working Man.

The Machine, in its early stages cumbrous and crude, is delivering men from drudgery. At first it looked as though it might be a curse to the toiler — but what usurped power it may for a while have possessed is more and more becoming the property of the worker.

We do not hear so much nowadays about the retired business man. By learning how to live without being tired, he does not feel it incumbent to become retired.

Life with force, but *sans* violence! The battle beautiful without strife. Competition minus malignancy. Pride that is not a mere vanity; and a culture free from affectation.

Now we have music that is a stimulus to a healthy and sane egoism. That helps to bring to the front hidden fires of life and energy in some peculiar and special way, native to every individual. And one is only happy and filled with a sense of well-being as these consuming currents are brought to the front in life's perpetual flux and dissolution.

The language of melody! Little need for words. Literature disguises thought, its meaning often difficult to penetrate. But music goes deeper than the understanding, speaking to the same eternal heart of man, native to all lands, offspring of all climes and times. Music, its ultra rays immortal, of universal import!

As Edward Carpenter sings:

"O gracious Artists, out of your deep hearts
'Tis some great Sun, I think, by men unguessed,
Whose rays come struggling thus, in slender darts,
To shadow what Is, till Time shall manifest."

OCTOBER! and with it comes that fine, peppy tang of crisp autumnal air that presages the Feast of Thanksgiving, and tones and tempers the physical for the coming winter with its shorter days and longer nights. As mortals who love to tinker with everything under the sun, even including time, we now concede Old Sol's supreme prerogative to do his own tinkering with daylight hours, and so once again have tinkered accordingly with our timekeepers — Waterburys and chronometers.

October! Along with the brilliantly vivid changes in coloring of the fall foliage come other colorful changes in the fruits of trees and vines: the beautiful red, yellow and russet-green of the apples that so readily yield the amber colored "nectar of the gods", and the yellow, golden glow of the glorious pumpkins that conjure visions of their later making into delectable pies to please the palates of the discriminating; also, the purpling pendant clusters of grapes that, alas and alack! now must be made into marmalade, juice and other innocuous things. All is well, however, and the on-coming winter will find us ready to face whatsoever it may bring — that is, if it does not fail to bring music and then more music.

M. V. F.

Among the Washington Organists

By Irene Juno

ALEXANDER ARONS has taken over the organ bench at the Earle Theater and is by far and away the best organist at that house since it opened. His opening solo *Gems by Victor Herbert* was indeed a classic, and received well deserved returns. Mr. Arons was formerly at the Ambassador and made the change to the down town house and its spot light publicity at the beginning of this season.

MISS CECELIA O'DEA has been transferred to the Home Theater, an attractive suburban theater recently acquired by Crandall. She was formerly at the console of the Central Theater organ.

AMORETTE MILLER picked herself out a nice three-manual Robert Morton in Florida and will winter among the sunshine and roses. No Winter Washington for her with its cold, snow, oil scandals and copyright bills.

EMILY THOMPSON, organist at the Central Theater took her first vacation for some time, and spent a month at Colonial Beach where she has a summer cottage.

R. DEAN SHURE has been named Dean of the School of Music at the American University. He recently returned from an extended motor trip with his wife and children.

GEORGE EMMONS, after skipping from bench to bench, finally found one to his liking and settled at the Ambassador, which houses a two-manual Kimball. Newspapers report that the patrons like George's tunes, so guess we will keep this elusive organist with us for awhile. He doesn't take them as they come, he picks his organs as he likes them.

EMILE T. SCHARF recently had a flash of inspiration and wrote two numbers dedicated to Vice-President Dawes. They were recently played at the Willard Hotel by the Willard Hotel Orchestra.

KARL HOLER spent a few weeks in New York City making arrangements for some of his new numbers and settling details with the publishers.

JAMES R. ARMOUR has just composed a new song, *Thinking of You*. He is very popular both here and in Pittsburg, where he has had an orchestra for three years. He was an entertainer for the Khaki Boys during the war.

THE A. F. of M. will be represented in the film made here by the American Federation of Labor. This film will be used as part of a general educational drive to show the public the necessity of organized labor. Officials of local unions and state federations will tour with the film giving explanatory lectures. There is a plot to the story which shows the development of organized labor, starting with the days of slavery and ending with the present trade union organizations.

THE WOODRIDGE THEATRICAL CORPORATION (composed of local men and recently organized) is building a new theater on 16th St., in North East Washington, a very good residential section. It will seat about one thousand on the main floor and cost in the neighborhood of $150,000. They plan to open their new theater in the Spring.

THE HARRY CRANDALL CIRCUIT has been sold to the Stanley Corporation of Philadelphia for a consideration said to be in the neighborhood of eight million dollars. Stanley takes seventy-five per cent of the stock and Crandall retains twenty-five per cent. The new corporation is to carry on the same as before, with no shake-up in sight as to the executive heads and employes, and is to be known as the Stanley-Crandall Theater Corporation of Washington. There were eleven theaters, all local, taken over in the transaction. The deal had been pending for some time but was officially settled September 1st.

WASHINGTON'S largest theater will be erected at 14th and "F" Sts., the site of the old Ebbit Hotel, this fall. It will be in an immense building called the National Press Club Building, and the construction will cost nine million dollars. It will house stores and offices and the quarters of the National Press Club — said Club being responsible for the building, and I believe Fox is interested in the theatrical end of it. It is said the theater will seat about 3,000, and will show first run pictures and vaudeville.

EFFIE DREXILIUS GABLE — organist at the Peoples Theater, Pittsburgh, Penn., is spending a month in Washington. She is being entertained by the various music clubs and individuals of the city.

Irene Juno.

Received copy of Melody Magazine today, and what a surprise! So I am writing you immediately; regret not sending my subscription at an earlier date. I like the size so much better than when it was published small size and I like the cover too; I always did like the music, and the reading matter is very interesting, and I like to read all of its advertisements. Everything seems new about the magazine. — Olive L. Vellines, *Norfolk, Va.*

MELODY

for the

Photoplay Musician and the Musical Home

NOVEMBER, 1925 *Volume IX, No. 11*

IN THIS ISSUE

MISS MARDI GRAS

A particularly attractive March by R. S. Stoughton that charmfully portrays a spirit of care-free revelry and light-heartedness.

"IN THE SPRING" (Novelette by Norman Leigh)
"THE NAVAL PARADE" (March by Thos. S. Allen)
"JACINTA" (Spanish Dance by R. S. Stoughton)

OTHER FEATURES

"The Next Symphonic Development," "The Photoplay Organist and Pianist," "Dinny Timmins' Column," "Among the Washington Organists," "Music Mart," "Gossip Gathered by the Gadder," "Speaking of Photoplay Organists," etc.

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