EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, 'AUGUST 4, 1922

LAST AMERICAN TROUBADOR LAYS ASIDE LYRE AS BALLADS BOW TO JAZZ IN PUBLIC FAVOR

Wm. W. Delaney, Who Wrote Songs Sung by Millions, Closes Lyric-Haunted Music Shop to Earn Living as Compositor After 30 Years at Old Stand.

"CAN'T BLAME 'EM" IS PHILOSOPHIC COMMENT AS POPULARITY WANES

Wrote Words and Composed Melodies of 300 Musical Hits in Vanished Days When Sentiment Held Sway

"Let me write the ballads of the country and I don't care who writes the laws."-Ned Yale's version.

Weep a bitter tear for the departing day of the sentimental ballad! Score a knockout for the saxaphone over the gentle lyre of minstrelsy!

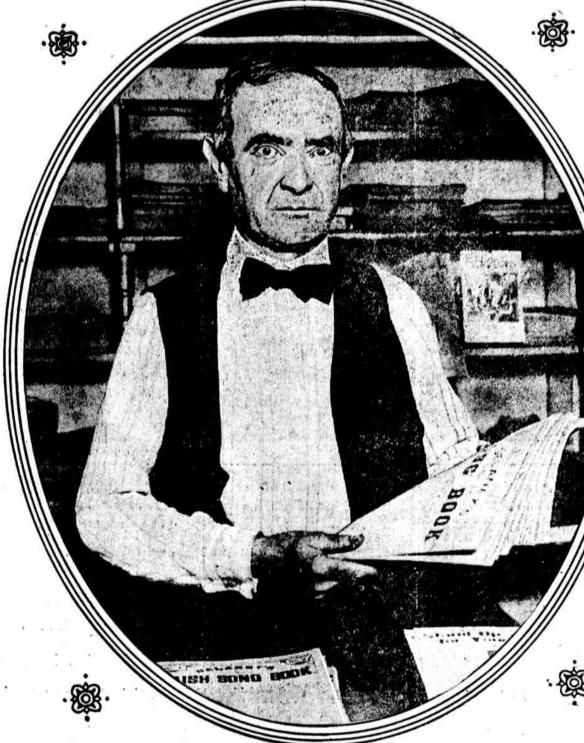
For jazz and prohibition have put out of business the last of America's old-fashioned troubadours.

Because the youth of the land prefer turnes to words, and because saloons and taverns are no longer the gathering places for communal festivity, the king of chapbookmakers, the author of 300 popular ballads, the publisher of 17,200 more, must close up shop.

For thirty years past, William W. Delaney has spent from sunup to sunset in his little shop at 117 Park Row, New York, supplying the Row, New York, supplying the United States and Canada with a colorful variety of ballads, songs

who is there who doesn't recall "Let Her Go, Gallagher" and "We Know Not How to Love Her Till She's Gone"? Who hasn't trilled written with four letters—coal, for in-through the songs of Willie Wild-'park,' 'spark.' wave, Andy Lee and Ned Yale,

During the eighties and the nine- Made Nom de Plume ties, not a saloon from Philadelphia's own tenderloin to the sinister garishness of the far Western Bar-hary Coast lacked the pleasant diversion and the sentimental sadness of these humble masterpieces. Nor



"Willie Wildwave," "Ned Yale" and "Andy Lee," otherwise known as William W. Delaney, composer of 300 ballads and lyrics of a past generation, who is forced to earn a living as a compositor since jazz has dominated the popular taste



Too long have see stood Spain's gibes and Spain's sneers; They'll find out, ere long, they're but a small faction And soon they will heed American Touched Public Heart And soon they will heed American

God bless our brove tars who in Cuba are sleeping, Let sweet holy music play its soft

strain; America prieves and sadly is weeping For her gallant sons on the battle-ship Maine.

ship Maine. "Folks who weren't old enough to remember those days won't remember how songs like that used to be gobbled up. They weren't sold just in New York, but all over the country. Men that we call 'song fakers' went into saloons, and while the patrons sat around drinking and talking, the fakers would sing the songs about the blow. ing up of the Maine. And everybody wanted a copy.

wanted a copy. "There are not many fakers left to

do that, and there are mighty few places for them to go, if there hap-pened to be any of them left."

At that very moment a hearty, stout Now a mother's heart is dear. gentleman rushed into the shop, got a Fond and true from year to year bundle of song books from Miss Annie Her tender love sweet heaven s Delaney and after a cheery greeting to

the proprietor, walked hastily out. "He's one of the few left," said Mr. the proprietor, walked hasting out. "He's one of the few left," said Mr. Delaney, nodding toward the door, "Ho just happens to be in the city. He travels everywhere, singing his songs to men who are gathered together. He recites, too. That man has recited D'Arcy's 'Face on the Barroom Floor' D'Arcy's 'Face on the Junion'' in every State in the Union." Mr. Delaney said that in the nine-

ties and eighties song fakers all over We know not how to love her the country were the biggest source of Till the green grass grows above

Ballads About Public **Calamities** Popular

"On those songs about calamities I used to clear up a pretty pocketful. I came near clearing close to \$10,000 altogether on the Maine song. I'd antogeneer on the Mathe Solit. I a Still it softens not the blow. make a half cent on each copy. But that day's gone. Fakers don't wire us any longer for ballads about the We remember all her care us any longer for ballates about the We remember all her care terribly tradic things that happen in the world. Not a soul asked for one about the World War." For a moment Mr. Delaney was lost in thought. We remember all her care We remember all her care When we listened to the prayers that she would con. And think fondly with a sigh. That in fancy she is nigh.

"But you can't blame 'em for that George M. Cohan wrote the only bal-had of the war, when he wrote 'Over' George There.' I'm going to tell you that folks don't give songs credit. Do you know what heartens a man? It's a good, hang-up, stirring song. And I'm That she has shed when discontent was ready to believe that the one man who shown, did the most to bring about the end From the cradle to the grave.

"He's the greatest living song-wrlter. He's got the fine old send-Treat your mother with a smile



"Sometimes the words of a ballad

then. Besides, you really had to have a melody that everybody knew. That

it ain't necessary to know anything about music. You just got to have a head that's a good place for stray tunes

Such a song, which proved unusually successful for the author, was "We to knock around in. And tunes may Know Not How to Love Her Till She's Gone!" Always bound to touch the heart of someone in an audience, it "Sometimes the words of a ballad revealed even in the shabbiest drunk- you've written just naturally suggest

How little do we prize. The true friends that we meet upon

life's way. We may love them very well.

But the facts we never tell. Inmindful we may lose them any day. So I used to select the most popular But the facts we never tell.

upon. But we seldom know her worth

While she's with us here on earth. No, we know not how to love her till

gone. Our dear and darling mother till she's

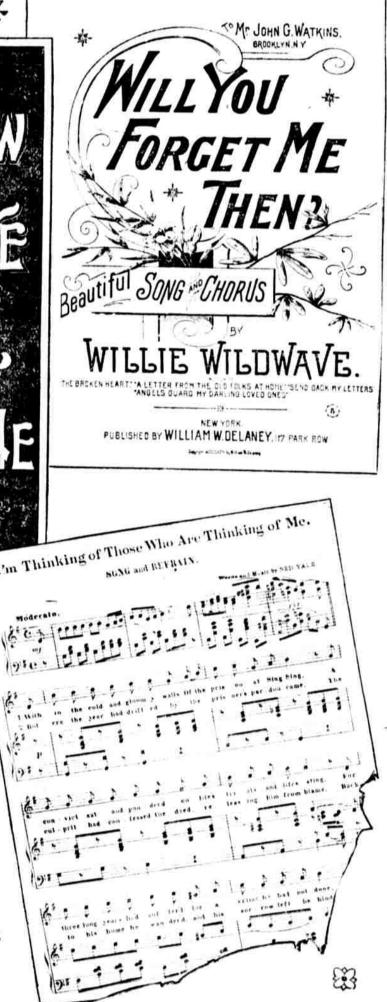
Till the green grass grows above her. No, we know not how to love her till she's gone!

11

When a mother's life is done An angel's croice is won Among the loved ones that have gone

before. 1.000 The' we know it must be so. I'd Still it softens not the blow.

'Over There.' She would die her child to save, 'Over There.'



tune of the day. Her tender love sweet heaven smiles Modern Popular Airs Not Like Old Ones

carthquake I grabbed that melody and made a song of it. I called it 'Walt Till the Sun Shines, Frisco,' and it was one of the most popular songs I

had. Here it is: On a Wednesday morn, it was just at dawn.

San Francisco got a shock ; There were cries of dread as they immped from bed. And each house began to rock. Then a cry of fire from the coast. rose higher.

Their fair city was in flame! Grim death it was near as they stood in

When I say this, can you blame?

Chorus Wait till the sun shines. Frisco, the stricken, help is nigh.

We will send succor, 'Frisco, don't you sigh ;

Relief trains are fast speeding. Westward they will fly.

Wait till the sun shines, 'Frisco, by-and by ?

Tho' the earth may quake, we will not forsake

You now in your time of need; Tho' our wealth be small, you can have it all.

Your peril make stout hearts bleed. Tis a staggering blow that has struck

But remember help is nigh! Columbia weeps, but Westward she

And this is her heartfelt cry: In the late nineties the famous Wind-sor Hotel, of New York, burned to the ground. The conflagration occurred under the most spectacular circumstances -- just at the moment when a St.

Patrick's parade was marching bravely along Flfth avenue. And while the public still gazed with morbid curiosity at the ruins next day the chapbook venders should in their ears the alluring title of the latest wing by Willie Wildwave. It was the "Windsor Hotel Fire," rushed before the public with a speed that was almost incredible. The song was sung to the tune of "On the Banks of the Wabash," as follows : The St. Patrick's day parade was gayty marching I p Fifth avenue-New York's great thoroughfare: When suddenly there came a cry of

"You know my names are anagrams. puzzler names and I used them on many of my songs." Mr. Delaney was born August 16.

many respectable homes. Many were the tears, gripping the heartache and the homesickness, caused by Willie Wildwave, Ned Yale and Andy Lee, who could play upon the heartstrings of simple-minded folk with the art of a Casals on the cello, of a Kreisler on the vio-lin.

From Own Anagrams

colorful variety of ballads, songs and snatches. But with the autumn he will bolt all the shutters and lock all the doors, for the day of his sort of singing seems to be ended.

are all me, Wildwave, Yale and Lee, and I guess they won't write many more songs," says Mr. Delaney. "Somehow, folks don't like that sort and anagrams. "Well, in 1876 or thereabouts I be-"Somehow, folks don't like that sort of thing any more. Men don't get together in the taverns and ask for a song or a recitation the way they used to. And the young folks don't pay a bit of attention to the words of their songs any more. "Well, in 1876 or thereabouts I be-gran writing puzzles for the Sunday Citi-zen. It was an Irish paper, and the poet of the paper was John Locke. His great ballad called 'Morning on the Irish Coast,' was a wonderful fine thing. He took a liking to me, and I to him, and to emulate him I began writing songs. But I never got them

"But you can't blame 'em," says right. I'd always make the lines to Mr. Delaney. "Times change. I be- rhyme, but some lines would have seven lieve in giving the people just what "syllables, some ten, some seventeen. They'd vary. I didn't think it matthey want, and when they don't tered, so long as the lines rhymed. want any more of whatever you have to give them, then it's time for you **Taught to Write Verse** to clear out. And that's why I'm closing down my shop.

a John L. Bullivan fight, a big fire.

They weren't satisfied with just newspaper accounts. They wanted a song about 'em. And the songs were hawked on the street just like the newsboys yell out papers on Fifth avenue today. But an old man has to quit when he can't please the younger generation any more. He's got to take a back seat when the world shoots ahead of him. And a man's a fool to worry about inevitabilities."

Old Song Shop Is Lost Among Mercantile Marts

"Delaney's Song Books" is the faded sign that stretches across a narrow brick building on Park Row. The bright, blatantly advertised mercantile stores on the row hide this one sign quite away. If you are on the west side of the street you can't even see the sign, because the elevated railway covers it.

But if you walk up the dark and narrow stairway and turn to your left You will enter a still darker place. And over in the corner, sitting by a dirty window, you will make out the figure of Mr. Delaney-or Willie Wildwave, Andy Loe, or Ned Yale, as you choose to call him.

Today you'll find him with his shoul-der in a brace. He was reaching for a copy of one of his song books the other day, slipped slipped, and had a masty fall which distanted his shoulder. He suffers a great deal of pain, but he has a goodly supply of Irish humor, and insists that was just "imitating the man downstairs who tried to get the better of him a week before by falling off a chair. man downstairs only got a bruised back, and Mr. Delaney declares he had to show him really "how to do it.

The shop is as dusty as the windows. Sthels of song books rest ugainst the walls. A large unpolished barrel stove stands in the center of the room, with Stheks of an empty pan upon it. The imprestion on entering the shop is one of an-Umiry and gloom.

But when the old proprietor peeps over his steel-rimmed glasses at you, and lets you catch the merry twinkle in his eye, you begin to like this second-the period of the second-

n. "Yes, I'm the three of them. They days everybody else seemed to be. There were all kinds of puzzle magazines, and At the same time he was interested in amateur journalism. In 1881 he was amateur and puzzle editor of Harrigan

and Hart's New York Boys, At that time there was a great deal of interest in amateur journalism among the youth of the land. Unprofessionally, and still in knickers, many hoys tried their hand at writing, and there cropped up numerous weeklies, often edited by boys, and always read by them. In 1876 there was organized,

Mr. Delancy said, the National Ama-teur Press Association. "James M. Beck, who became solici-tor general of the United States, was

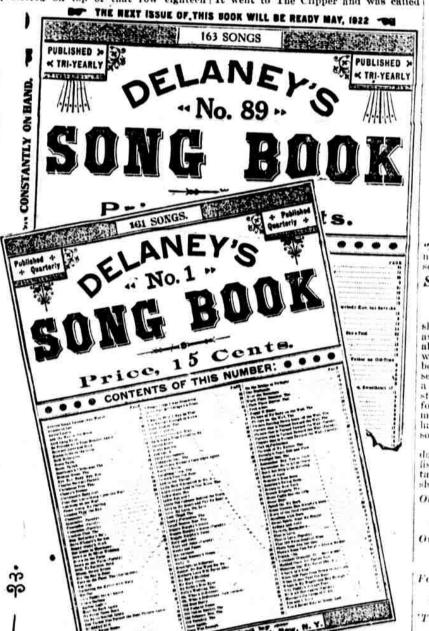
one of the founders. And I remember how we forced him up on a chair-he wore knickers—to make a speech. I don't suppose many people know that Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania, and old Joe Daniels and Cyrus II. K. Cur-tis are members of this organization."

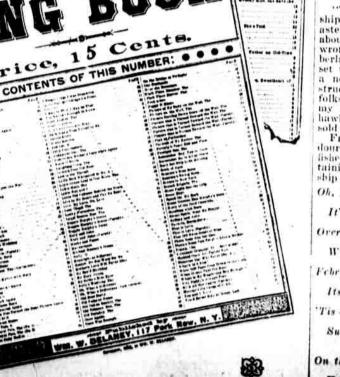
by Old Song Writer

In the eighties Delaney was editor

"But John Locke taught me differboy, at a subscription rate of twenty-"I remember when the people on the bir of the ball of

and publisher of The Boys of Goth-am, a weekly which lasted only one year. It was published for boys by a





horror. The Windsor is on fire! rang on the atr.

At the windows could be seen the frightened people Who cried for help-but many cried

in rain; For the flames engulied them in its maddened fury.

Oh, man we never see that sight again?

Chorus

Oh, the sun it shines today upon the city. And our people, in their sorrow, bow

their head ; For the hotel it is but a mass of ruing,

Tis a monument for our sacred dead. Our orare firemen, noble fellows, then

came quickly. And fought the sick ning flames with

all their might; There are many gallant rescues to their credit.

Heaven bless them? they are always in the fight. But there's a ludy's name I'd like to

Mid the net and wealthy classes she's an angel, if Here neur was an-

other, sold ers' heraise Miss Heten TheTimula!

Old-Time Song Writer

Watched Public Pulse

No doubt but what the old song writer kept his finger on the pulse of his public. He tells how he used to tonf about on street corners gathering in the gassip: how he used to sit in East Side subouts and listen to the how votes had decreased the latest news about juillinds. He was always wel-come wherever area gathered together, for it he didn't sing them a soig he would gladly rester them some verses that reached duty the forgotion depths of brir heart

After a tashion it was D-laney who somehow fathemat the hearts of the hurable, its and his follow ministeels understood the convict, the tramp, the down-and-outer, the pain digit an under-privileged mother feels, the grief

of an inacticulate dad. Mr. Delaney doe-u't expect to write havy more songs. If he has time he'll do it for old time's sake. And ne's test going for print and plote books. "Timean to choose as the a watter ha the explaned it if due away what stock I have bet and sell it to few fakers what still drop a unid. What I am g ing to do to to go back to my old trade of type secting, which I learned when I was working under the best-loved of my paets, John Lorke

Mr. Delaney has three children, but none of them, excepting the oldest, shows much taste for the things their

and loves. "Why should they?" he asks. "Times change, and so do folks. And my own children are not any different -1 wouldn't want them to be. I want