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THE TUNEFUL YANKEE
A Monthly Magazine devoted to the Interests of
POPULAR MUSIC

INSTRUMENTAL
MECHANICAL

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Published by WALTER JACOBS
Boston, Mass.
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of the three prizes will be acknowledged in an early number of The Tuneful Yankee and the
photographs of the winning contestants will be published in that issue.

Address: “The Tuneful Yankee,” 1547 Broadway, New York

Editorial

A ME R ICAN slang has a vitality in expressing which is unmistakable and its potency lies in its tone
“pattony,” therefore a slang word fails when it is either overdone or underdone. One of these expressive
words which is not to be found in the dictionary under its slang meaning, and possibly because that
meaning is so farc a word may ventur e born a hole in the lexicon, is the word “moist”—a word that is
much overdone. In the vocabulary of a cook or a chef to properly moist anything means that it must be
well “basted,” and in this sense, which is identical with the generally accepted slang meaning of a soothing
attack, the word “moist” does not exist in the editorial kitchen department of The Tuneful Yankee.

This magazine is in constant receipt of letters from correspondents asking us to moist their songs and
manifestoes, if necessary, some of them almost begging for this bitterly hot distinction. For the benefit of
all such writers let us emphatically state that the editor of this magazine will moist no one. When we un-
dertook to criticize a submitted work it is always done in the kindliest spirit—more as a friendly mediation
than a culinary exhibition. Our envious criticisms, when deserved, are intended to gently chide and correct.
They are given as a parent admonishing to an erring offspring, with perhaps a touch of severity but without
shovel of anger. We may act under the precept of “Spare the rod and spoil the child,” but our rod is intended
be a wand of useful tuition.

The following letter recently received from one of our readers, Mr. Carl B. Winge of 2149 4th Street,
S. W. Seattle, Washington, is one of the cleverest yet received as bearing on our policy. Mr. Winge writes
tersely as follows:

“T is said that every knock is a boost. This is very true of the criticisms of The Tuneful Yankee; they
either knock a struggling writer dead or boost him a few runs higher to the top of the ladder. Your honest,
feeling, fair and square criticisms appeal to me. The message delivered in such a note makes one or break
‘em. Keep it up, you have a life member in me. Yours sincerely, Carl B. Winge.”

That is the whole thing in a nutshell. Naturally, no one likes to be publicly belittled, yet the man who
can stand a stiff literary punch for his own good is the master of his mind; he is the man who realizes the ad-
vantage of his pursuit, even if he is an embryo song-writer. The Tuneful Yankee, in some instances, here-
after will combine with its reviews advice tending to expand and improve a writer’s ideas—a policy intended
to guide and educate the man or woman who has the “writing fever,” although it will be some task.
Please bear in mind, however, that such poems will not be in the nature of a “boost” over a hot fire, but rather an
attempt to gently change “twang” to “well-done” in a forked coo-

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE
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Copyright, 1917, by Walter Jacobs
"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star!"

An Essay in Modern English as She Speaks in America—By M. F. Frece

There is no denying that Emerson's phrase rings so true a tone which seems to summon an inspiration, yet it also rings another note that might be called the regime of aspiration, that the yearning for a star inevitable must result in the breaking free of the earthly bond and thus fulfill human endeavor. Nor should it be necessary to remind anyone that a sky-knight is built wholly for night, shock and shudder; that it also flutters easily and expires as quickly, leaving nothing but a scattered star that is useless when it again rests on the earth. It is the vagrant,注册introductory note to the Emersonian "star," that has formulated the matter for a little melting-spark (or spire), and though mayhap it may be spilled something so strongly in body it may that it will sound sensually, seem spirit. Here is the spire.

When merely butted up in type to his literary pen, and driven against the wall of soaring words of economy by some who feel that it's up to him to emphasize the needed of all others them himself to get a boring life, this stately essence, this looking lights big as a chandelier at the junction of two dark recesses on a country terrace. It looks light and that, for while high on the hoot the electric looks like a star, on the earth below where the traveler perceives might it merely looks like a ham. Actually, the big illumination is too high to flash light on any make-up rooms or light-rooms that may be attached to the living-office, and is too diffuse to concentrate on the rate in the road.

Again, when sporadically to some scion who for his brain is a bower-borne voice of the ghost-grey type, this fire, rolling inside, meant to be the very great kahuna step in the pipe organ of life. But when spurted at the rugged step of real life—that is, the proper and proper playing of one's elemental part in the kahuna essence—then this hazy phrase sounds a much lower note that wherein looks like an estimable hamburger. Let us abolish this thing for a little, give it the once over and we how it hitches up with real life as it must be led today.

LOSTLY—that is, from the rigid standpoint of law—"hitching" to anything may be literally interpreted as "hooking on to something," for the "browncoat" recipe taught and poached; the penal law outposts the pleasure person. Humorously speaking, all, cut off, from the viewpoint of safety first, striving to hitch on to the proper looking bed. (all planets spin through spaces) would be about as safe as what is constructed of the proper looking bed. (all planets spin through space) would be about as safe as what is aquatic! The"hitch"—the founcer can't see the saw-edge when it's lurking, but the net result is feeling without finding, besides focusing up the fingersinder. Ethically— from the human point of view, and this whether it is given gratuitously or otherwise—"hitching" to someone else's major practical means "hooking behind" for a free seat, which is more destructive to self-esteem. Finally, and from any point of perspective, attempting to "hitch your wagon to a star" means both a bar and a bun to human endeavor; a bar to initiative and a bun that is destructively all obnoxious to all musicians who would make little more.

NOW is the era of accelerators, generators, self-starters, boron-trinitrates, magnets, neon-skills and even carrots and mufflers, hence those who are incapable of moving and matching these living conditions as they are today are but showers who are "muffled" "at the very start" and are hopelessly out of the running. It is in an era in which every man (and especially the musician), if he actually means to get a move on and get there, must run on his own horse-power as far as he can and then honestly lead it to the nearest point on the turnpike where he can replenish, repair or recover as the case may be. Failing in this, he is in a badly huffed limiter that is beyond fixing—it's fit only for the junk heap of horseness and newness.

Naturally, there are times when the stalls one are set all along the great highway of life should be helped. There is pinch-proof of course that it is not a "stall." In any instance, however, all the good luck when you start into one of these stalls and give him the happy hook—hitch to and haul him when he desires it, but hitch him off the road when he doesn't, for such a one is bound to run on a flat tire through life in spite of your best endeavors. Moreover, and although meaning to play a dead square game when starting out, hitching is liable to become a habit with many, and it's a solid old hitches who when those have the habit offer to dig down and rough up the free goes that has been put on them from time to time. This hasn't been, and perhaps all unreasonably, the friendly laid degenerates into a hidden hook.

As a bit of traveling memoranda—and no matter whether the journey may be known to be longer or shorter—all travelers on the great mark of life should paste this pointer in their read-book: "It is not playing safe to try and get power for a press with press-end, by hitching on to some backer. Such a hitch might be all for the money for a short time under certain condition, but something is bound to burst in the long run. For, if the running gear of the cart shouldn't prove equal to the strain imposed by the unusual speed of the "scooped," it then would be seen spread out all along the road—perhaps as a matter warning to others who try to hitch on to where they should know they can't possibly hang. In the bygone days of tugs, flukes, tugboats, and tugs, before the hook of the harrow was branded on the highway, the days when small boys were seen to hitch on and "hook behind"—in those days this "hitch your wagon to a star" slogan had the right of way on all talk-going and going listen. As a popular travelogue of that day it was branded, belated and belittled to the world by all college professors and self-satirists, pulp judges and players of philosophy. No matter for what line in the life your affairs were drilled or delayed, or to what they drifted—for merchant or wife, have you started the peg-top your wagon to a star? It has no search-light to see where it might make a hit with steak-jauns and doxeter, but with the ding-diggery—well, maybe it was supposed they would dig right through, come out on the other side and go up.

In the main, this matrimonial battle rumbled the real thing. Nevertheless these sky-spoiling "star" hitches apparently didn't know just where they got off, for all seemed to track the big idea, saw to it that someone somehow means "hooking behind" for a free seat, which is more destructive to self-esteem. Finally, and from any point of perspective, attempting to "hitch your wagon to a star" means both a bar and a bun to human endeavor; a bar to initiative and a bun that is destructively all obnoxious to all musicians who would make little more.

In the heyday of the horse this phrase was considered the big boost in a speaker's sensational world, but in three times of the hundredst it listen more like a thirty-cent-each in a need-book. For, having the really comparatively small bunch of books that actually have a pull, even today most provides his own press-power—that is, if he means to catch on all by his presence instead of hitching on to someone's burren. Furthermore, unless he can lock his power with the punch, i.e., self-starters, he advertises the fact that he's hanged with, carbon and grind in his gravity or space in his gas and his push in start. Also, take it from us that in these days, no man makes a speed record with the public by trying to kick-tail up to a "star"—dreary, operator, or otherwise.

It's a mighty fine thing to have high ideals, but reaching out for the unattainable or trying to hitch to the inaccessible is a different proposition. No musician ever yet made a speed record in his professional work by hitching on to somebody's hand wagon for a free lead over the great musketeer highway. In these days of merged speed to see a bullet drive in tow of a sixty-cylinder-high-powered "star" musician can only invite involution comparisons. Strongly advertises the fact that another less known baby buzz-lurax has gone off its blow and can't speak, while it also "Billy Sunday's" the spot that everybody must run on his own gas or stall. Mental. Don't throw the ball unless you can back it with the bellow, for a hunted horses never lends his own. Paste this in your orbital Kelly and then put the lid down on your brain.

Sioux City Woman is Successful Publisher

Blanche M. Tice, Trusted and Persuading, Has Built Up a Fast Business

On a recent visit to the Metropolitan, the Tuneful Yankee was honored with a call from a progressive little woman, Blanche M. Tice, of Sioux City, Iowa. The editor was not only gratified with the personality of this diligent and young woman but the gaiety of her conversation was of more than a passing interest to the French. The Tice lady through such well-known music men as Mr. E. Z. Notting and the other syndicate stores who recommend, let, and distribute her songs. In fact, her personality is very much sought after by the Sioux City woman to the point that she is entitled to being listed in each department store in the country. The interesting element in the life of this Sioux City woman is that Tice girl is a very altering woman, personally, it that she creates the titles of all her works. As contributor, Mrs. Tice has a very valuable side-door dip in the person of J. W. Callahan whose excellent poetic composition for her music. This young man certainly deserves credit, not only for his ability in origin, but because of finish, and appropriate themes and "up-to-date-ness." The Young Wahoo was shown in "When the Sun Sets in Ireland" and is an idealistic representation of the beautiful lady in the Land of Faraway. Another unique feature of the Tice was that The Tice Yankee is proved to be quite, because if its subject, especially "Don't Know Much I Love You." This song has all the earmarks of fame. The third song is one that appeals to the better part of the human nature as she composes the Erl King for the Red Cross. Name the Tice lady to whom you have a song idea, and you will be glad you do. She has an idea that is worth daydreaming to set the music to anything you wish. This means that she is willing to devote it to a worthy cause is praise enough for one person during these strenuous times...
“See Dixie First” in Syncopated Rhythm

Edward B. Winn Presents a Novel Feature to Tuneful Yankee Readers

MOST effective, though not difficult, one-step arrangement of George L. Cobb’s successful melody, “See Dixie First,” in “full” piano style and syncopated rhythm, as prepared by Edward B. Winn, whose novel invention in riptune piano playing is demonstrated in the ideas contained in the lessons given in the previous issue, including those embodied in this month’s instalment, which will be found on page 30.

The following general directions for effectively converting a melody into “full” piano style and riptune are given here for the benefit of those who have not pursued the lessons already presented.

How to Convert a Melody into Riptune

First—Play the melody in entirety with the right hand, employing “straight” or “swing” bass with the left hand.

Second—Where necessary, add between the octaves in the right hand one or two of the tones of the chord used in the bass of each measure, thus forming a chord of either three or four tones in the treble part.

Third—Various syncopated rhythms, passing notes, and embellishments, figure and musical devices may then be introduced.

Fourth—When facility in playing a melody converted into “full” style is acquired in this way, the melody may be employed, and if the composition is adapted to double time such measures may be divided (by drawing two counts (beats) for each half, thus doubling the number of measures (bars) in the section. This doubling should be studied carefully for the counter melodies and dissonant harmony employed by the arranger, which may be introduced in good taste and useful instigation.

In the case of the arrangement shown in this issue it will be found exceedingly interesting to compare Mr. Winn’s compilation with the original piano and song form. Pianists are urged to procure a copy for analysis and study.

Slight variations in titles of popular songs they desire arranged in this and other professional piano styles. It is felt that with the help of a guide this novel feature can be made of the greatest practical benefit, for in publishing such notation The Tuneful Yankee is offering to its pianist readers something which, even though they now play in “full” style, they will be deeply interested in, and which it is believed, has never before been presented in just this way.

Notice to Publishers and Authors: Do not send us your proofs for review or approval. We do not sell our criticism and we play no favorites.


Almost a perfectly constructed song. The arrangement is faulty in only one chord. The words are poetic. The music is quaint and shows unexpected changes in the chords, which lend freshness newness to the melody’s environment.

Where the Sunny Susquehanna Sweeps the Bend. Song. Words by John C. Dykema. Music by Everett J. Evans. Published by Chas. E. Boecking & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A very faultily constructed song with a neat set of words and music of an ordinary character. Words like “lily” are explained. Sections are faulty in several passages, but these passages are far and few between, the opening of the chorus being fine and commonplace. The range of the song is emphasized on a higher terminal, which is bad for a popular song, although the fine harmony almost makes it pardonable.

Asks of Dreams. Song. Words and music by Dan S. Toshig.

We have been trying to find fault with this song but have been unable to do so. It is about as good a song as we have ever been able to find. Of course, with all that we would not give it for a basket full of roses, because the song will not sell for this reason: there is a song by Bre seen which has been exploited all over the United States, called “Asks of My Heart,” which is a quite a good song. Now, just imagine somebody wanting a copy of your song ‘Asks of Dreams,” the first thing a music store would do would be to turn him and ask his preferring company to send you a copy of their song and sell it without a murmur. Thus your song is a good advertisement for the other song and will help to sell the other song. Therefore, none of your songs for me—from a commercial standpoint.

Regrets. By Walter A. Quintero, Los Angeles, Cal.

A real little novelty for its novelty. I am not surprised at the cleverness with which the song is set. It will be well sold for years.


Another neat little song by a Western firm. The title is not surprising but the words are worthless, as far as poetry is concerned. If romantic words can be sensible—such music is not.

Don’t You Take a Gun? Words and music by C. Tevelooyan. Published by C. Tavelooyan Co., Adelphi.

This is a sample of a British war song, and, while it cannot compete with our American battle shouts (prove its modesty)
The Tuneful Yankee

An Announcement

REPLYING to the numerous letters bearing on the subject of proper sentence construction, in its December issue The Tuneful Yankee will endeavor to give its readers the correct solution of the much-mooted grammatical question involved in the phrase "The Queen of the Roses Was Won," which, by the way, is wrong.

We have before us innumerable letters relating to the same truism. Some of these letter writers are able to prove that the phrase is grammatically correct, and others of them are not so well versed in the intricacies of our language. In an endeavor to educe the masses by the analysis of an English sentence through a truthful and unmodified method, we are writing only that which is within the pale of our ignorance.

Therefore, as before stated, in the December issue of the magazine we shall publish a solution of this grammatical repute, a solution which some mass of man, seeing, not the mass but the mass of man, Doctor of Law can omit, because it is based upon the essentials of grammar and is endorsed by the premier authority in the United States.

Vinegar

Sugar

The Sugar Bowl and Vinegar Cruet

Our Subscribers and Friends. - A most liberal dose from us, in various dilutions and strengths.

Sugar

Rosalia Delarue, Wellness, Colorado. - No sauce is so perfect as The Tuneful Yankee, even in a state of grace. It is, however, a rare treat to find a sauce which is as good as the sugar which is used in the preparation. It is, however, a rare treat to find a sauce which is as good as the sugar which is used in the preparation. The Tuneful Yankee is an admirable sauce for meat, fish, vegetables, and game.

with Vinegar

Sugar

V. C. Springer, Denver, Colorado. - Allow me to suggest a change in the name of this sauce. The Tuneful Yankee is not only a sensible, but a delicious sauce. It is, however, a rare treat to find a sauce which is as good as the sugar which is used in the preparation. The Tuneful Yankee is an admirable sauce for meat, fish, vegetables, and game.

Vinegar

The Reader and the Publisher

A private word to The Tuneful Yankee and the publisher. - We are in receipt of letters from our readers who have been obliged to reap the intention to give up to all the interesting suggestions, opinions and criticisms, and to continue with us and to appreciate us. The Tuneful Yankee has endeavored to maintain an atmosphere of frankness and sincerity - an atmosphere of frankness and sincerity. The Tuneful Yankee is the best of our subscribers, and the best of our subscribers. It is sometimes done and good to be allowed to give or receive strange-looked-over-shoulder opinions, and when looking forward, and seeking criticism in an attempt to discover the hidden currents of thought and kindly interest, the results are at least mitigating, if not mutually beneficial. There is always benefit in regulating one's own system of sources, and even when the poison is delivered with the obvious intention of causing the recipient thereof a mental discomfort, the chances are ten to one that the toxic effect upon the victim offsets the bitterness of the dose.

Vinegar

It is apparent, however, that readers of The Tuneful Yankee who have joined the competition for the hundred-dollar prize offered for a new and better title than the one now adorning our cover have accepted The Tuneful Yankee's method of unenhanced expression in the spirit of friendliness intended. The general tone of the hundreds of letters received indicate this, although in the process of being down those columns it has necessarily been to eliminate all but the most pertinent, and often the least complimentary remarks of the writers. We admit, as one subscriber wrote, that "what's good for the goose is pretty good for the gander," and therefore are glad to prove that we are willing to take our own kind of medicine when we need it, or when our readers feel that it will be good for us, by keeping our columns open to the dispensers of sugar and vinegar. The letters and excerpts printed below have been selected at random without partiality and with no effort to shield our own tender spots. To allow us space as possible for our readers' comments, we have in most cases enlarged the editorial tendency to stress more thoughts which flow through the paragraphs, and which are The Tuneful Yankee's skill by the shafts of our friends.
THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

Too Much Like Names Now in Use

George Glass, Fort Atkinson, Wis.—In answer to your request for a name for your musical magazine, I offer The American Magazine. I was reading a ladies’ magazine the other day called The American Magazine. It has devised its circulation since last year, why couldn’t your paper, with a name like this, do the same thing or better?

David F. Miller, Minneapolis, Minn.—I am particularly in favor of changing the name of the “Yankee,” but I would suggest that you change its style. Evens a backwoods Yankee would not be proud of the present type of the product named after him. Popular Musicians or Melodies would be excellent names, however—if you live up to them.

Why Kill Her?

S. S. Smith, Chicago, Ill.—I killed the fastest rail—I’m coming back in for another subscription, since you have promised to change the name of the magazine. Call it anything else and I’ll be happy. [Why not let the rail live—then we’ll all be happy]

J. W. Nau, Junction City, Ohio—In the last Yankee magazine that I received, I see you are offering a prize for a new name in place of “Tuneful Yankee.” I have no fault to find with the name, but I think if you change the name to red, white and blue, or put an American flag in each corner and Uncle Sam in the center it would attract more attention. Then call it Walter Jacobs’ Combination Musical Magazine or Walter Jacobs’ Musical Construction Review.

Finds Fault with It

B. F. Tyler, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—You will never have a very large following in the South until the present name of The Yankee is dropped by one which will not be so sectional. Popular Musicians, Popular Music Review, and Music Review are among the best so far suggested.

“The Ladder of Melody”

The Philadelphia Musical Company, (S. S. Ellick), Atlantic City, N. J.—Received July’s and August’s number of Yankee, and must congratulate you again upon possessing such an original and valuable publication. We are very grateful to you for the good work you are doing. We think of the Yankee, not as a sectional, but as a national publication.

We note in the August number that you are offering one hundred dollars for a name to take the place of the one you have already. Though we consider “Tuneful Yankee” very appropriate, one hundred dollars for a temptation these war times, so we suggest The Ladder of Melody as a substitute. The entire contents of The Yankee is the result of interest and love to song writers, vocalists and pianists, both recognized and unrecognized. The review column gives very good advice to both the hit publisher and small publisher alike. In fact the magazine is really necessary to the entire song writing profession (if we may call it a profession), because of the “world” getting the first rung of the “musical ladder” as it were, for the fellow who has reached the top-most rung—the “Ladder of Melody.”

A Manufactured Title

R. B. Rafferty, Bismarck, N. Dak.—The name, “The Yankee,” lacks dignity. It suggests the typical green long-shanks sitting on a stump or drypods box with jack-knife in one hand and wilted white hat on the other. Your magazine, I take it, is devoted to “American Musical and Music in America” (music and dancing as well as instrumentally). Taking the initial letters of the above, we have your magazine name—American, pronounced breadth, a, j, v, v, v, v—America. The name is short, attracts attention and connotation. If you wish you may put it in the Latin form—Amer Mus—but I believe the word is preferable. It has a classic turn suggestive of your aspirations to the popular production to a higher level. It promises more than a “name” and fits America as well as New England. It avoids the Yankee suggestion of clumsiness.

S. T. Buhler, Jersey City, N. J.—This is a new name for the best musical magazine in the United States. The name below, came to my mind after reading the August number. It is so out of the ordinary, so different, that I thought I had heard of it, and I could find no other word to express my feelings, but I found nothing to do with music of course, but let us add “Musical” to it and express my thought exactly—the Musical Magnet.

Not So Complimentary

David F. Miller, Minneapolis, Minn.—I am not particularly in favor of changing the name of the “Yankee,” but I would suggest that you change its style. Evens a backwoods Yankee would not be proud of the present type of the product named after him. Popular Musicians or Melodies would be excellent names, however—if you live up to them.

He Sings It

Chas. J. Morgan, Westerville, Ohio—I like the name; but I haven’t bothered. When I say I’ve surely done the hundred; How does the Antiochian, Mrs. V. F. sound? You can send me any way around. Or perhaps you really mean, ‘It’s easy way; up to you.”

The Tumble Yankee is a snicker, enjoyed by the professor and the beginner.

Likes Tuneful Yankee

James M. Kees, Auburn, Texas.—In suggesting a new name for The Yankee, I don’t think you could find one as appropriate as the one you now have. Let me suggest Jacob’s Musical Magazine or Jacob’s Delightful Entertainer.

Recommends a Change

Henry H. Hanten, Minneapolis, Minn.—I commend you in your decision to change the name of your otherwise fine magazine. Melody is my first choice; The Popular Musicians is very nearly so good—in some respects better, because it makes plain the purpose of the magazine.

Name Is Immaterial

C. C. Bartlett, Saginaw, Mich.—My word, how scarce your number of subscribers are! The editor has commenced to write bright and shining columns; I see no reason to believe him otherwise. But then, what’s fair for the great is fair for the many. My opinion is that if you will assured as well whether you change the name or not—it’s the kind of a magazine you put out that will count.

Don’t Wait Too Long

A. H. Higdon, New Orleans, La.—To replace the name The Yankee with Jacobs’ Jambalaya, Jacobs’ Jambalaya, Jacobs’ Jambalaya, Jacobs’ Jambalaya, Jacobs’ Jambalaya, Jacobs’ Jambalaya, Jacobs’ Jambalaya, Jacobs’ Jambalaya, Jacobs’ Jambalaya, Jacobs’ Jambalaya—Send the check to above address.

P.S.—In case you should break your right arm or sprain your left wrist, about the time this contest is decided, and cannot sign the ink, I am in my hurry, just as I get it.

Try Again

Mrs. W. J. Caldwell, Tennessee, Washington.—I have just finished looking over a copy of The Yankee, and like it very much. If you really think you ought to change the name, why not call it Musical Lodestake. I sincerely hope the title is not too expensive for your approval. I read you were looking for a word to rhyme with silver, I looked through the magazine carefully but couldn’t find rules as to what was wanted; anyway here is what I would use.

As I really need the silver,
Harry, be a cheerful giver.
[You surely have found a good method to relieve us of the five dollars; if you haven’t purchased a rhyme for silver, We make it a rule to be cheerful—in spite of the conflicting emotions due to it in these columns—but we draw the line on being a cheerful giver in this instance. We wish the check would have overlooked the only rule governing the silver rhyme contest; i.e., the winning word must rhyme with other.]

Present Title Hard to Beat

A. J. Bethley, Williston, Penn.—Being an ardent admirer of The Tuneful Yankee, I offer the following titles in the contest for a new name for this popular magazine, although I think it will be a difficult matter to find a better one than its present title. Pipeye & Rhythms Review (a magazine devoted to the review and criticism of popular music and verse.) Note that one large R could be used for the three words of title. Another suggestion is The Edipoxy is a magazine devoted to popular music. Then how do you like The Gow (A Popular Music Monthly), or The Fearless Critic, or Honest Opinion? For a word to rhyme with silver I submit the following: Into a stream a customary siren, And laid on the counter some silver, He said to the clerk, “I would like to buy An name or two of quicksilver.” [Silver rhymes with silver all right—you provided us in both lines in the same language. Adorning your short-entitled method of finding a rhyme, we suggest that you pay yourself the five dollar prize. Pipeye & Rhythms Review isn’t a bad idea for a title, to our notion, and it has the virtue of being one word long.]

“The Tumble” Again

Lucy Collins, Nurse Hill, Me.—Personally speaking I don’t think you can find a more attractive name for your little magazine than its present one—but however doesn’t alter the fact, unfortunate though it may seem, that there are Southerners today who hate the word Yankee. Possibly if we want to please everybody a change in name might be wise. How do you like The Yankee Patriot—that should appeal to North and South alike, particularly in these trying times. Here’s best wishes for its success under whatever name is finally chosen.

Melody?

Thomas Mountain, Winchester, Mass.—Just call it Melody. That rhymes good to me:
It rhymes with silver, silver, silver,
So sweet it can’t be beat.
Those other titles make me sick
Harry up, hurry up, change it quick!
Still I’m no cranky Hanky Panky
I label like the name of Tuneable Yankee.
But one word I love to hear,
It’s music to my ear
And with me you think you’d agree
It’s nice to sing or talk
Keep your hundred in your pocket
Come on follow call it Melody

Call it Melody

Present Name Appropriate

Ernie O. Carraway, New Castle, Pa.—The Tumble Yankee is a very appropriate title for your magazine and I do not think it can be improved upon, but since you are thinking of changing I would suggest, The Musical Revue.

Present Name Not Appropriate

Albert P. Greene, Le Sueur, Minn.—“Yankee” is a very proper name for a national journal. Call it Popular Music.

No, Indeed!

Evelyn F. Pippin, Los Angeles, Calif.—I have carefully scanned your letter and am singed in the September issue of The Yankee. Frankly admitting that the wording of my letter was a little obscure, I thank you for the criticism of my poem. Not meaning to vitiate, I may say...
A Voice from Bush Valley


The Tuneful Yankee.

SEE the reincarnated Mayhewers who have charge of the "Reviews of Popular Song" department of your magazine is still trying to make the readers believe that he is a "musician." 

The test tracity on honor is seen to advantage in an attempt to be funny at the expense of another person, in his review of the song entitled "Come into the Garden, Sadies." The result is another attack on this song so subtle that one may almost see it with the naked eye. Probably one knows where to look for it. I have not as yet discovered it, but I am sure it is lurking somewhere; maybe in the garden. I have it. It is under the front porch, where it belongs to Mr. Bushnell. I knew it was somewhere.

Note the sparkling brilliance of the following: "Everybody seems to want the girl to come into the garden." Isn't that a "humdinga"? For weeks, one noted, eighteen-eared treasure, contained in one close-grained chunk—the only one of its kind in the known world—this looking individual's head is that chunk.

"Everybody!" "Everybody!" You animistic maysome, I don't want the girl to come into the garden, and I know another fellow in that same. We're married, you trouble-makers. Supposing you come and see me. I'll be in, and just because you thought you could hear your own beautiful name.

Don't you know that people get fooled at that song?

Now listen to this: "Now, look here Mr. Bushnell, we do not want the front porch do as well?" You poor witted, wind-sitter, don't you know that What's-his-name would have asked the girl in the garden, and you know— whereabouts? You know where there were no gardens in the front porch and the only sign of a garden, the poor girl was a head of cabbage and a few shoddy turnips.

Then you had better dress the poor old overworked moon in:

When the moon slides away into its dense nest, nobody will see you.

"Who is thunder—'nobody,' and what business has he got to be looking—at that night of moon?" And supposing the moon was full and directly overhead—did he expect to see poor fellow to sit in that front porch with that girl till the old moon lost its tenacity, or bat, or whatever it is or does in its "dense nest."

That isn't the worst of it; here you pull off another bunch of "delicious treats."
"Quaintly" is the key word of your "Tuneful Yankee." If you are going to sing a poem, the song you say that when the dew arises you will meet her.

"Well, that will never be—because dew does not rise. It falls."

Can you beat that for plain every-day, ready-fire logic? You let your rains and dew be true, but, alas, it isn't. 

Then you pull off another heartfull from that noble—"I wear mourning—

To true that dew falls, it likewise rises. But, by ex-ception—any one who knows that much.

Old Sol sticks it up in the morning through a streak to relieve the off-colored taste he has in his mouth, having acquired to listening to "Critics of Popular Song." Then you go on to show how you were "shocked on the head with somebody's bootjack and didn't know anything about it until someone discovered the bootjack lying in your back yard. Then you impetuously insult Mr. Bushnell, by telling him, "Do you know that dew, you don't know it. However, pre- tending to know a thing you should know, but, don't know, somehow excuse the same purpose.—Your 'dew' song won't be brute."

That last "pun" —or it "punch"—ought to be enough to kill you but isn't. You will get up on practicing your own preaching, to wit:

"Pretending to know something about anything when you know nothing about something," and we have to put up with your "blasting" because the loss thinks you're so rare.

I'll sign my name to this, but I'm afraid of hurting the feelings of the "sane." He thinks I'm a pretty nice fellow.

As for the music as to this trade let it be understood that it is directed solely at the reviewer above mentioned. The song should be sufficient to say that a little of his "megamolium" goes a long way, and that we the supporters of this magazine and incidentally he (the same) are,substriced with this brand of so-called "criticism."

This magazine was started with a view to giving the embryo song writer a chance to display whatever talent or ability he might possess, and this class of talent was invited to contribute freely anything culminating from the song writer's mind, whether he was a "hit" or a "clist." Rich or poor, we have been an open door to the song writer, and an open mouth for the song writer, and we have said to the song writer, "You are welcome to the song writer's magazine;" and we have tried to make the song writer feel that his song was not only welcome, but that he was the best song writer in the world. We have been the song writer's friend, and we have tried to make him feel that he was the best song writer in the world.

But now you come with "reviews of popular song." Do you know that we are not interested in the song writer's mind? Do not write to me, Mr. Bushnell.

Phyllis Pohl.

[Well, Phyllis, you didn't really think we would print your letter in its anonymous guise, did you?] Well, we did, and if you will compare the type with your carbon copy you will see that we made no changes in your manuscript other than to juggle a couple of punctuation marks and elaborate one or two descriptive (highly so) nouns and verb phrases which we disliked to allow the young people in our composing room to see. Whatever our limits may be, we are not generally, and we believe in fair-play—and we are not above apologizing for mistakes or omissions committed, or any other sins of oversight or magnified emotions of which a magazine of this kind may be its own victim.

Before we forget it, we should say that we violated our rules.

W. E. Smith.


dating for "The Battle Song of Liberty.""

Prepared by W. E. Smith.

Oh, the air and water will be much better.

When summer gets into the fight,

For he not ever is in his life.

Because he was always right.

Oh, we will fight—yes, we will fight for freedom.

To make the world safe for each one.

We'll fight with nightfall, all the day and night—

Uncle Sam will be proud of each son.

Readers will recall that "The Battle Song of Liberty," adapted from F. E. Bigelow's "band march" "Our Director" (the Harvard football march), and sung by Jack Yellen, appeared in the June Tuneful Yankee. The song has become tremendously popular throughout this country and in foreign lands and the "Summies" commanded to learn the words. The second verse as written by Mr. Smith is interesting and stinging, although the publisher had not intended to add a second song to "The Battle Song of Liberty." It would be good to see the advisability of limiting such a song to one verse and chorus.

The TUNEFUL YANKER
Answers to Correspondents

Contributors submitting manuscripts without sufficient return postage must not feel aggrieved if they receive no reply by mail.

J. C. O. Good Friday, New.
I find your song is given in Tongue & Tail, July 2. We do not have any composer who would collaborate on a 6½x9½ basis. These men are invariably tied up with publishers, or are a part of their editing staff. 2. If your MS is too deviating we would give you the name of composers who would set it to music; but it is my duty to write one good song to the world. The purpose is that purpose. We must see your work first, before we edit their services.

J. K. Washington, D.C.
"That's Why." The subject is too worn for much attention. It has too often been used in popular songs. The first verse is very bad, with incorrect rhyme; the second verse is better, but also lacks rhyme. The chorus is very rhythmically uneven, but still not strong enough to warrant publication.

H. F. W., Neenah, Wis.
"My Little Country." This song has various charming lines; despite the fact that they are strikingly phrased. The theme is also pleasant. The music is, in many instances, very uncertain. There is no consistency in the stanzas which drops at the vital point when a "point" is expected. The first part is also very ordinary. A little one can be said in the song's favor, but not much. It would not pay to republish the composition.

H. M. New York, N.Y.

"Here we only advise you by making "platin" rhyme with "silver"; but it "me" to do it!"

J. M. Chicago, Ill.
1. "Victry." There are a number of enacted and interesting scenes in the enclosed manuscript and when it is correctly harmonized, the effect would be even more pronounced. But there are also many unnecessary repetitions in the composition and the work in its entirety is not varied enough. At best, novels are difficult to prepare for extensive sale. They require lots of time, patience and money. 2. The Tuneful Yankee has a policy to carefully choose the atmosphere of the songs, although some are written as a trial by the writer himself. The words of the songs are of the type of sheet music and they are all well harmonized. The music is of the type of popular music and it is not suitable for publication.

H. J. H.
1. "Where Do You Go?" You can do it and have more new than the others. 2. You are a rare person. You say in your letter, "You need not return the words." You are one of those who are considerate. This shows the editor and publisher much respect. Would that all our readers were like you!

Hidden Songs Solved Quickly

Irene Buckmaster

"This bright young woman of New York, N.Y., I was the first to actually solve the Hidden Songs Problem in the October issue. Pursued as it may seem, she is a very shrewd girl. 1. "Good Old Days." It is not exactly a hit, but it has been written with the song of the week.

answered to another hidden song:"

J. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Twirling." Your work is more than fairly good, but we do not know what to do with it for you have no address in the MS for return. Philadelphia, as a rule, is a city where it is not possible to get the material in question, unless it is a very good poem. We are sorry to say that they areexpenses.

(Continued on page 64)
What More Can You Ask of Me?

Words by Ernest D. Landers
Music by Ted Hamilton

Tempo di Valse (Not too fast)

You asked for my heart and I gave it; I thought you were sin-

CHORES
(Slowly)

And to prove I was true I did more just for you, I gave up the

true, you say our love cannot be. Oh, I've paid the toll I gave ev'ry my

last, I did all that I could for you. I gave up my tren-ses in vain.

I don't know

You're saying "Good-bye." And I don't know

My dreams are all past. For I've found at

And it might return once a-

That bread on the water, Has broken a heart that is

The Tuneful Yankee
Copyright MCMXIII by Walter Jacobs
International Copyright Secured
In The Bazaar
MORCEAU ORIENTALE

Moderato (Not too fast)

NORMAN LEIGH

PIANO

Copyright MCMXVII by Walter Jacobs
International Copyright Secured

The Tunesful Yankee
Funny Incidents in the Rambles of Music Men

As told by our colored janitor, Little John, a well-known mill hand and a good friend of mine. He used to work for Mr. Wilson, the president of the factory.

By our stalwart young editor, Walter W. Overstreet, from a country editor to a city editor.

The best way of avoiding the talkers during the talky period is to "how is all about the grist mill." The editor answered back questions faithfully, but unfortunately did not mix much, so that the real father of the talky time was overwhelmed by the following advice:

"If you are fortunate enough to know these unmentionable little pets, the quickest means of getting them is to mix with putting green." While the man who was booked with grist millers was equally assured to read: "The best method of treatment is to give each a warm bath twice a day and rub their necks with balm." By our versatile Elliott Shapiro: Using his sleight of hand, the experienced editor had been displaying his skill to the lady customer. Green, purple, and pink velvet, small and chockful, had been tempted her with hot so far in vain.

Then he brought another suit of cement, in which he seemed to have success. "Now, madam," he said, confidentially, "this is the right size. Color fast and permanent, guaranteed to wash like a rug, and make up splendidly. Besides, this piece of rich speaks for itself." By our versatile J. J. Manley: Also to the lady customer, "suppose you keep quiet for a moment and give it a chance." By Happy Hiller: One day Pat and Mirk went hunting. So they approached the seats of their operations they saw an old bear leave her bower. Immediately they decided that Mirk should enter the bear and send the brown while Pat remained to watch. Some time elapsed when the old bear, hearing danger, returned and entered the bower. Before he had disappeared Pat jumped forward and caught its tail, pulling his hat on either side of the hole, thus jamming the bear in the bower. Mirk was then herberted to enter.

"I say, Pat, what's the matter with the bear?" "Boppin," says Pat, "if the tail breaks you'll see him." By our Ed. B. Martin, a good judge of a rase horses: Benjamin Strain, the famous jockey, was taken suddenly ill and the trainer advised him to rest a short time in the town.

"Well, pat, right in a jiffy," he said.

The same evening he found Benjamin lying coughing in the suds, lacking no legs above in swoon.

"Hello Bump," hasn't been in the doctor. "Yes." "Well, didn't he say you good?" "I didn't go. When I got to his home there was a tense plate on the done—Dr. Kerron. Ten to one—and I wasn't going to monkey with a long chisel like that!"

By a correspondent: President Woodrow Wilson has a very quick wit. At the source of an animated conversation, noting that Mr. Wilson's complexion was perfectly smooth near the tip of his nose, remarked:

"Your gills, governor, are almost in your mouth."

"That's all right," was the quick response, "I want to see what I'm talking about."

By our friend Ed. Comer: There is a certain number of men who cut the street, except when he makes a speech or talks over the telephone. Recently he had occasion to call up a friend in Seattle on a matter of very serious importance. When the transcontinental connection had made the news in Seattle shouted through the phone:

"Who is talking?"

"This is Tom Smith," answered the Congressman at the end of the wire.

"No, it is not Tom Smith," snapped the man in Seattle.

"Yes, it is Tom Smith, I tell you," the Congressman repeated, as he hung up the phone in disgust.

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Ragtime Piano Playing
A Practical Course of Instruction for Pianists—By Edward R. Wynn

The first three chapters of this book contain a series of compositions in Original Ragtime, for the purpose of acquainting the student with a new and interesting method of playing piano ragtime. The material is arranged in such a way that the beginner may proceed step by step, from the very simple to the more advanced pieces. Each piece is followed by a description of the ragtime style and a full analysis of its structure. The book is divided into three parts: The First Part contains a series of compositions in Original Ragtime; The Second Part contains compositions in the style of the popular ragtime songs; and The Third Part contains compositions in the style of the modern ragtime songs.

Outline of Lesson I in January: Formation of the major scale—Formation of the major modal—Formation of the natural minor scale—Formation of the harmonic minor scale—Formation of the melodic minor scale—Formation of the diminished scale—Formation of the leading tone scale—Formation of the whole tone scale—Formation of the chromatic scale. The student is instructed in the use of these scales and in the construction of chords from them.

Outline of Lesson II in January: Formation of the seventh chord—Formation of the ninth chord—Formation of the eleventh chord—Formation of the thirteenth chord. The student is instructed in the use of these chords and in the construction of progressions from them.

Outline of Lesson III in February: Formation of the half-diminished chord—Formation of the diminished seventh chord. The student is instructed in the use of these chords and in the construction of progressions from them.

Outline of Lesson IV in March: Formation of the augmented triad—Formation of the diminished triad—Formation of the suspended fourth chord. The student is instructed in the use of these chords and in the construction of progressions from them.

Outline of Lesson V in April: Formation of the dominant seventh chord—Formation of the minor seventh chord—Formation of the secondary dominant seventh chord. The student is instructed in the use of these chords and in the construction of progressions from them.

Outline of Lesson VI in May: Formation of the augmented six-four chord—Formation of the diminished six-four chord. The student is instructed in the use of these chords and in the construction of progressions from them.

Outline of Lesson VII in June: Formation of the diminished ninth chord—Formation of the augmented sixth chord. The student is instructed in the use of these chords and in the construction of progressions from them.

Outline of Lesson VIII in July: Formation of the augmented seventh chord—Formation of the augmented eleventh chord. The student is instructed in the use of these chords and in the construction of progressions from them.

Outline of Lesson IX in August: Formation of the augmented thirteenth chord. The student is instructed in the use of this chord and in the construction of progressions from it.

Outline of Lesson X in September: Formation of the augmented six-thirteenth chord. The student is instructed in the use of this chord and in the construction of progressions from it.

Outline of Lesson XI in October: Formation of the augmented six-four chord. The student is instructed in the use of this chord and in the construction of progressions from it.

Outline of Lesson XII in November: Formation of the augmented six-four chord. The student is instructed in the use of this chord and in the construction of progressions from it.

Outline of Lesson XIII in December: Formation of the augmented six-four chord. The student is instructed in the use of this chord and in the construction of progressions from it.

The student is also instructed in the construction of progressions from these chords, and in the use of these progressions in the construction of melodies and in the composition of ragtime songs.

TUNEFUL YANK, May 22, 1922, New York, N.Y.

Singers, Pianists, and Leaders
File our address now for some day you may want something special in the line of music arranging, copying, and transposing for piano, voice, or some combination of instruments or voices.

This line of work is an opportunity, and we are doing it as a large-scale undertaking. Clubs for boys and girls, colleges, universities, churches, symphony orchestras, home talent meetings, concerts, etc., in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

You Can Learn to Play and "Rag" Popular Songs
In effective, professional style for singing and dancing by means of WINN'S PRACTICAL POPULAR MUSIC AND RAGTIME PIANO PLAYING Enables the Beginner or Advanced Pianist to quickly and easily acquire a set of Governing ANY Musical Composition into ONE Scale. Ragtime at Sight. From the First Elements to the Highest Proficiency, Enabling Every Pianist to Play the Latest Rag Style. screenshots of the book and the student's progression are included. The book is divided into three parts: The First Part contains a series of compositions in Original Ragtime; The Second Part contains compositions in the style of the popular ragtime songs; and The Third Part contains compositions in the style of the modern ragtime songs.

I Know Some Hearts Were Made to Be Broken
This song was written by David Berg, New York's clever writer of the country's biggest hit, "Tea for Two." It is a ballad, simple and simple, easy to play, with a haunting, delightful melody that will surprise you.

UNLIKE ANY OTHER SONG
WRITTEN THIS YEAR
SENT POSTAGE-PAYABLE ANYWHERE
10c

Krey Music Co. 361-B Washington St.
Boston, Mass.

PHOTO-PLAY PIANISTS AND WOULD-BE'S
Solve Your Music Problem—"What to Play" and "When to Play It"
Gordon's Motion Picture Collection
IN TWO VOLUMES. PRICE $1.00 FOR THE TWO, POSTPAID
Volume I contains forty-five full-length motion picture films. The 19 numbers are included in the 8 to 8 banjo, especially suited to the piano, in the style of the famous Gordon Motion Picture Collection.

DON'T FAIL TO GET THAT SPLENDID SONG
MY ROSALIE, SWEET ROSALIE
Just Out—A Great Success—Sensational P.S. TROT
Regular Number 190, with Gourmet Arrangement 190, Orchestra 190, Order today, it will please you.

ALLANSON PUBLISHING CO. 1889 Auditorium Building CHICAGO

FREE MOVING PICTURE Catalog—Catalogue of motion pictures and music for sale complete with all popular songs, dance music, and music for the motion picture. Catalogue is free. L. C. KUSNER, Palisades, N.Y.

FREE STOP--Listen!! The 'Society of the Sentimentalists' General Booking and His Men The Mourners The Tall Money

KISS ME MOTHER, THEN I'LL SAY GOODBYE--Wild W. Wright, with C. C. Henderson, baking for Scat, Crazy, and others. The song has been played in the motion picture films with full string. To no difficulty will be encountered in any arrangement.

SING THE NEW SONGS
The Society of the Sentimentalists General Booking and His Men The Mourners The Tall Money

TUNEFUL YANK, May 22, 1922, New York, N.Y.
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Answers to Correspondents

(Continued from page 17)

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

C. I., Toledo, Ohio.

The song that you name is published by M. Witmark & Sons, a very honorable and progressive firm. They do not publish, from anyone. The idea is the other foot. It is their song which is being infringed upon. Their copyright dates back much farther than the other song and the firm has, to date, successfully prosecuted infringements.

Keep duplicates of your manuscript in safe box.

A. M., Medford, Cal.

1. "Soldier's Farewell." This subject has been done times without number in popular songs and would not pay for its publication. 2. "Soldier Lad." This has many good points, but it is entirely too long. It has many excellent patriotic thoughts and material passages. It would make a fine text, but not a popular song.

J. A. R., Anderson, S. C.

"Bit of Melody." Not a bad set of words. Of course, they could be put in a stage song. They are not adapted for a great public. If they possessed a good melody they might be developed into a stage hit. But the chief element would be the melody.

Keep duplicates of your manuscript in safe box.

Mrs. L. E. W., Melville, N. Y.

"Silver" does not rhyme with "Silver." Change does not rhyme with "Orange." Sorry we can't oblige you with a different answer.

Keep duplicates of your manuscript in safe box.

O. J. L., Los Angeles, Cal.

1. Your song does not stand a chance upon any other that we know of, but the similarity referred to would be no credit to a man of your character who is trying to make a start. 2. Regarding the composer these are plenty here who would be glad to supply his song for a little side money for their benefit.

The Tyneful Yankee does not publish any pieces with anyone; neither does it give addresses. If your composition merits it however, to our belief, we should then simply recommend the work to some good composer and help you along. But there is no financial remuneration expected our concern in this manner.

J. L., Minneapolis, Minn.

Your "Hidden Songs" are all right, but for the present.

Walter Quartz, Los Angeles, Calif.

Pardon our error in calling you Bill Quartz in our former issue, instead of Walter. It was no reflection on a possible association with the named Kaiser. You are of a different caliber, heading Westerling.

H. H., Rose City, Minn.

1. Manuscripts accompanied by return stamps are given precedence in our review column. 2. Ask for a complimentary sample copy of The Tyneful Yankee. The price of such magazine is 10c per copy.

W. L. W., Cambridge, O.

"Last Night" possesses many singing phrases both in words and music, but it is not notably different from the others. It was published about a year ago.

M. M. T., Brooks, Tex.

"Happy," is a very pure, unmutilated melody. It has some good points but would not sell. 2. "Rose and the Nightingale," is not a subject that would attract sales.

O. L. G., Bennington, Vt.

This is evidently an error. The piece you name is published by the Wisconsin Company for it bears the imprint of a Michigan firm.

B. F. J., St. Louis, Mo.

Silver does not rhyme with silver. 2. Your judgment of the grammatical phrase "Queen of the House," is correct and scholarly, according to our belief. The final analysis will soon appear in The Tyneful Yankee.

Keep duplicates of your manuscript in safe box.

Harry M. H., North Falls, Mass.

1. "All Americans" is well enough written, but would not sell as a popular song. 2. "Sharks" is too badly thought. It has many clever rhymes. 3. "I Want to See" is not so well sung but has a good idea yet it would not solve the music were extraordinarily risky. 4. "Somewhere." Distinct from development upon which popular songs are built do not sell. 3. "Ringame, Banger." This title has not one note because the chorus is too long and verbous, and the second verse loses its point and lags.


1. "Is the Horns." This is simply a silly poem, not a popular song. 2. "Someone." Many pretty and apt lines grace the effort. In the chorus you lose an effort by using the words "symphathy," which is too frequently utilized in popular songs and never seems to appeal to the masses. Simply by this title, per se, have often been written but none have become popularly popular. Many of your lines are unique and original, but in making a song possible from a commercial standpoint, exceedingly musical music must accompany the text.

B. L. B., Baltimore, Md.

Your letter is very good, your "silver" rhyme very bad. Your letter is so good that we are getting from it another song. Your rhyme is so bad that we won't even refer to it in your own grief.

L. F., Fort Du Los, Wyo.

"Good Bye." Only a song to interest a "good" friend. It is written very good lines, but the entire work is too lengthy and reflective. "Rose and the Nightingale" is entirely too local in idea. The first four lines of the second verse are absolutely unsuitable and poetical. Nowadays

changes of only four lines are preferably not demanded. A Two" line has a fine pitch in the end of the chorus; but that is the chief (and only) charm of the words. "Wander Ghosts" is far tooled and impersonal, aimed evidently to get a thyme. You are a man of prose and verse composition. But this present batch of manuscripts are not your best.

W. E. L., Indianapolis, Ind.

We thank you for your very delicate letter and your kind offer to "trust" the editor by mail but we decline nothing stronger than butterick, and our leader is well filled.

C. C., Pittsberg, Wyo.

Before entering into a review of your song, the Tyneful Yankee wishes to convey our appreciation of the foot-note in your letter, reading as follows.

"I want to thank you for your last criticism. You will see that I did not get angry as I really want to see given in my song from your criticism."

"Keep on Flying." This song has no commercial value. In many parts it is cilled andulado and the entire subject is entirely sequential. 2. "I Happened to Be." These words are all of gilly-goop jargon, new ideas. Poem is well written, but it is of an old-fashioned type, a type not desirable in these days. 3. "Showered." This is a silly effort. It is not thoroughly written, simply because it is a waste song never to be used in publication. 4. The editor regrets that he cannot give you any more encouragement for you are evidently a fact-and-person and possess a little talent.

M. H. F., Frankfort, Cal.

"Forty Four." This is a very cleverly written set of words but they are too manifest for practicality. They contain too many lines of poetic fancy. Such words as "languid" last and "rose" go together in a popular work for the masses.

2. You would have difficulty in getting

"Hee, Haw! Ye Cynics!"

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Answers to Correspondents

(Continued from page 36)

“Three Beautiful Songs”

“You Really Don’t Know How Much I Love You”

“Beautiful Songs”

A Little Message to Dealers—and a Request

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

WHAT DOES THE CASH REGISTER SAY?

WHAT MY CASH REGISTER SAYS

(List in the blanks below the titles of the late popular songs on your counters, stating which is the “best seller” at present, and give data regarding the selling or non-selling qualities of the other numbers listed, with your opinions of the “prospects” for each. Instrumental numbers should be indicated by the abbreviation “inst.” following the title. (In pencil.)

Title: 
Composer: 
Publisher: 
Remarks: 

Title: 
Composer: 
Publisher: 
Remarks: 

Title: 
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Publisher: 
Remarks: 

Title: 
Composer: 
Publisher: 
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Name of Store: 
(Only city and state address will be printed if you so request.)
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When You Dream
OF OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE
I DREAM OF TENNESSEE
It's a Wonderful March Ballad by the writer of "Are You From Dixie?" and "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose."

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Mr. Music Dealer, you can handle our popular prints with excellent profits; also our standard Fassets, Collections, etc., and Band and Orchestra Music. Dealers write us now: Walter Jacobs, 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

(Continued from page 39)

Are fairly well reprinted and the title is a very good one. 2. "Far Away" is the words of this song are murdered because they simply idealize one of the fair sex with no sentimental interest.

Keep duplicates of your music sheet small loss.

J. B. G., Vospers, Ohio

1. To you also does this magazine express its thanks for your kind wishes. 2. "The Musical Parlor" which you suggest as a new title for our magazine does not exactly fill the situation.

H. M. Chicago, Ill.

To be mailed with you, we do not think our compositions will sell, and therefore, by placing them we are not required to suggest that you send no money upon it. Whatever, because money is scarce and compositions of this style are numerous. We wonder, however, that the magazine was really abandoned at the dear expense of this work. It is a very complete and yet most harmoniously contrived.

Y. C. Indianapolis, Ind.

1. "All for Jesus." This song has many delightful and original phrases, from a musical standpoint. And still we would sell. The title has been done to death in previous songs. 2. "My Little Old-Fashioned Doll" possesses a quaint idea, but the price is not nearly as good as that of the first-mentioned song. This work would not sell anywhere, because it is not enough to body to it. And now-why the music. It would be peddling of the old-fashioned one. 3. "Mary" is a very popular song. The combination of melodic tunes with the subject is one which, from a musical standpoint, would not bear in any dollars and cents, and in those instances where who songs merely for pastime & "Hard to Happiness" is fully as good as any of those above mentioned. It has a very dear sort of a quality to it, and the idea of it is more or less the same as the others. But what of it? 4. "The Star" is a very fine song. It possesses at least thirty songs by this title already on the market, not one of which sold.

AGENTS

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