Volume II Number 1 JANUARY, 1918 Formerly The Tuneful Yankee

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER JACOBS BOSTON MASS

STARMER

Price 10 Cents

Playing Fair?

Anent the Disposition of that Hundred Dollars

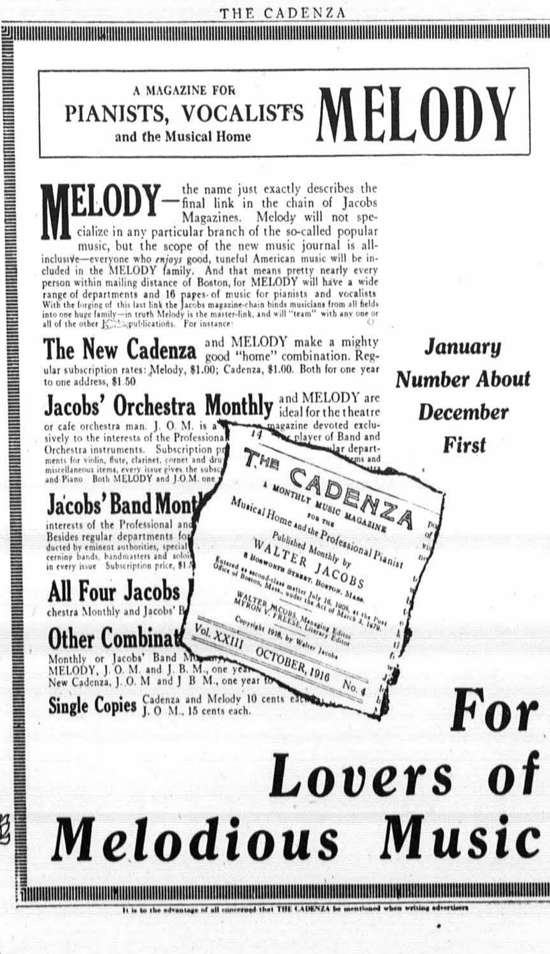
WHAT is one person's loss is always someone's gain. One of the hardest points of decision in a prize contest of any kind is the absolutely just and **disinterested** awarding of the prize offered, and such decision faces the publisher of this magazine relative to the title contest recently inaugurated and just closed. It is undeniable that the title "Melody" (both with and without various sub-titles), under which the magazine will hereafter appear, was suggested by several contestants, as it is equally undeniable that this same name was the one **originally selected by the publisher as the title for his new magazine and discarded later in favor of "The Tuneful Yankee."** Proof of the latter statement is easily at hand. First in the more than 100,000 envelopes and letter-heads printed over one year ago and in a still larger number of circulars and catalogs sent out broadcast and all bearing an advertisement of "Melody" as the title of the then unborn magazine; second, by a full-page ad of "Melody" **printed in "The Cadenza" of October, 1916, and reproduced herewith.**

In playing fair, then, the decision to be made is: Who holds the most just claim to the $100.00 offered as a prize? Shall it remain in possession of the publisher **who was in no wise a contestant,** or shall it be awarded to the one in the contest who first suggested "Melody," whether or not unconsciously influenced by the above-mentioned ads?

To prove the honesty of his intention in offering the prize, also that it was not in any way an advertising dodge but a **bona fide** proposition, and to stop any controversy that now or hereafter might arise as to justness or unjustness of decision, after much serious thought, instead of awarding the prize to himself as the first and original suggestor of the name, the publisher has decided that as out of the many hundreds of names submitted, none is equal to "Melody," it will be playing most fair to award the $100.00 to those **who had no part or interest whatsoever in the contest.** To this end the sum will be donated to the war funds of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus, each one of the three societies to receive a check for $33.34. The genuineness of this statement will be proved in the next issue of "Melody" by a reproduction of the cancelled checks. Is this Playing Fair?—[**The Publisher**].

Below is a facsimile reduction of a full page 'ad' from The Cadenza of October, 1916

An interesting article, embodying some of the principle facts regarding this magazine's inception, the reasons for returning to the original title, 'Melody," and setting forth the main planks of our "platform" will be published in the February issue.


THE CADENZA 33

A MAGAZINE FOR PIANISTS, VOCALISTS and the Musical Home **MELODY**

MELODY—the name just exactly describes the final link in the chain of Jacobs Magazines. Melody will not specialize in any particular branch of the so-called popular music, but the scope of the new music journal is all-inclusive—everyone who *enjoys* good, tuneful American music will be included in the MELODY family. And that means pretty nearly every person within mailing distance of Boston, for MELODY will have a wide range of departments and 16 pages of music for pianists and vocalists. With the forging of this last link the Jacobs magazine-chain binds musicians from all fields into one huge family—in truth Melody is the master-link, and will "team" with any one or all of the other [illegible] publications. For instance:

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January Number About December First

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MELODY

A Monthly Magazine for Lovers of Popular Music

PUBLISHED BY WALTER JACOBS, 8 BOSWORTH STREET, BOSTON

C. V. Buttelman, *Managing Editor* Walter Jacobs, *Business Mngr.*

ADVERTISING RATES
On application a diagram showing the exact cost of all space will be forwarded promptly. Forms close the *10th. If proof is desired copy must be received not later than the *5th. Publication date, *18th.
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Volume II *January, 1918* *Number 1*

Opportunity---Curtailment

By Myron V. Freese

THERE is a short, vulgar phrase that more fittingly describes opulence, especially with money, than whole pages of nicer words, but for anything to be opulent with something means that the object in question is filled to the extreme of fullness with some specific quality, quantity or substance, whether such opulence may or may not be necessary or even desirable. The present time—now, today and not tomorrow—is opulent with many things, but here at home it is particularly opulent with great opportunity, an opportunity to give generously of benefits to the soldiers we are preparing to send into war; to extend, rather than to curtail.

Aside from the direct operations of the war itself, retrenchment and curtailment are the two most pertinent current topics, and beyond any questioning as to ways and means or quibbling over terms, there is opulent opportunity for rigid curtailment along some certain lines if this war is to be prosecuted to a successful termination, but any curtailment along certain other lines would be the height of folly as making it a potential ally to aid in defeating its own object. We can dispense with luxuries, frivolities and unnecessaries, together with their manufacturing and making, without much waste of time taken to discriminate; extraneous amusements and unnecessary comforts for civilians who are not in any direct way connected with war and preparations for war, and many more things which could be mentioned. All of these might easily be sacrificed for the time being without wrangling over "what" or debating as to "how," but anything which has been proved to be a necessity should in no wise be meddled with if balance is to be maintained.

There has been much recent agitation over the economic readjustment of our American industries, in order to better supply the imperative war needs of the Government, and much discussion has arisen as to the necessity of a national curtailing of all non-essential industries. It had been the original intention of the Council of National Defense to publish a deciding list of more than 500 of these so considered non-essential industries, and music, as an industry, was listed well up among those scheduled to come under the war-ban. Fortunately, this policy has been abandoned by the Council under the wiser decision to proceed more slowly, and as an industry music is safe for the moment. This does not mean, however, that the edict against the music industries may not finally be promulgated. It means only that it is being held in abeyance for a time, perhaps pending a broader investigation as to its being an essential.

If the many music industries in America are to come under a curtailment as being non-essentials, it should first be proved that *music-making* (playing and singing) as the great natural product of these industries, is not as essential, otherwise, such curtailing would be nothing more than a monstrous calamity—*the destroying of a most opulent opportunity.* It is well to ask—what are the non-essential industries? Naturally the pivotal point of the question is "actual necessity," i.e., is music-making a luxury or a necessity? If it be the first named, then it should go; if it be the last, then it should stay. Let us look at the question from a standpoint of economics.

IN times such as these it is obvious that, the better the business balance of the country, the greater the economic stability; that the greater the stability, the firmer and truer the action. The music-makers of the country are the teachers, singers, pianists, organists and all other instrumentalists—the whole almost innumerable. Back of this great whole are the music stores, and behind these stores are the music publishers, piano manufacturers and other instrument makers of all kinds. Curtailing the music industries, then, would mean upsetting the business balance of these vast establishments with the consequent stopping of supplies; a stopping of supplies would mean the (at least) temporary extinction of the music stores; this in turn would mean a lack of employment for untold numbers of music-makers—a vast body of active supporters of present economic conditions—and the whole in combination would mean the cutting off of activities that are a part of the very backbone of the war; activities that are shouldering their proportionate share of the burden of war taxes, are buying Liberty Bonds and thrift stamps, doing their parts in helping to support the work of the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other most necessary war-contingencies, besides extending inestimable benefits through a hundred other channels. Surely, all this might be considered as essential.

Apart from the economic side of the question, there are the æsthetic, the domestic and civic sides, which also must enter into the equation of balance. Concerning the first mentioned nothing need be said here, although it has a most important bearing in times such as these. Of the others, more could be written than present space permits.

PAST experience has taught that, in times of unprecedented stress, the people need *more* rather than less music. The same experience has likewise demonstrated that, when under the strenuous fever of restriction, repression and uncertainty, music is a tremendous factor in preserving the equilibrium of domestic life, that such equilibrium goes far towards holding the stability of the civic, and that equilibrium in one and

stability in the other largely militates in maintaining a surer balance in business at a time when it is most essential. Music, then, *is an essential.*

But these equalizing forces or conditions are not all. If the fullest security of economic balance compatible with war conditions is to be attained, behind the other equalizing forces there must be felt a sense of protection and back of that protection is the soldiery, which also must have a finer quality of self-balance than can be maintained wholly through army discipline and routine. Here in is a strong point in proving that in time of war music is not a luxury, but a most essential potentiality, and this assertion proves itself by observing what music is doing to promote a stronger mental and moral balance in the soldiery that is now training for war. Never in the history of the world has music, or music-making, played so dominant a part in war, and never has it extended such a wide influence for good as in this country's present preparations for this most stupendous of all wars.

Let it be understood that in this writing there is not the most remote desire or intention to infer that the men who have rallied to the colors are in any way deficient in mentality or moral integrity. To the contrary, these recruits represent the keenest, most wholesome, best and truest of young American manhood, *and it is this very fact that accentuates the need of music as an essential auxiliary.* Take an hundred men from the ingrained balance and stability of domestic and civic conditions under which they are living, place them suddenly under hitherto unknown restrictions and monotonous routine, and in their relief hours there is bound to come the reaction, the inevitable deflections from usual rectitude, unless there be some stronger restraining influence than military law. Multiply this one hundred by one hundred thousand, and the necessity of a broad extension of that influence is apparent. Such restraining influence has already proved itself in music-making for and by the soldiers, and there is no limit to its breadth or its scope of extension. If this influence is a mental and moral essential, then music-making is *not* a non-essential and its instrumental factors should not come under curtailment, nor can any argument that may be brought to bear make it otherwise.

THROUGH all the great army cantonments there have sprung into existence singing clubs and mandolin and banjo ensembles. These require both music and instruments which must come from the music dealers, and this means a drawing upon publishers and manufacturers—an opportunity that should not suffer any curtailment. It is true that many musical entertainments are made *for* the soldiers by civilians, yet while these are excellent they are necessarily intermittent, nor are their combined effects at all equal to that of the music *made by the men themselves for themselves.* One instance will suffice to show what music has done and is doing for the young men in khaki, and there are many hundreds of like instances occurring elsewhere.

On the evening of December 10th an unforgettable "good time" was given to some 200 men from Camp Devens by the Boston Rotary Club at the Hotel Brunswick. The "good time" consisted of a big dinner, speeches, music and more music. Besides the dinner itself the Rotarians went to the expense of furnishing trolley-car transportation from and to Ayer, the location of the camp, the whole cost totaling more than $1,000 and well worth it. Maj. Gen. John A. Johnston was in command of the men, and with him were Maj. Harry L. Hodges, Maj. George M. Peck, Maj. Charles M. Stevenson, Capt. Joseph J. O'Hare, Capt. Edward L. Weiscopf and Lieut. Charles Kittredge. The men were so seated at the tables that each was occupied by an equal number of soldiers and club members, each member assuming as a protege for the duration of the war the soldier at his right.

All of this is given somewhat in detail, as showing the perfect balance in mental and moral poise between officers and men, there being no restraint in joyous hilarity on the part of the men because of the presence of superior officers, for all were at-one—each with the other. Music there was of course by excellent artists from the outside, which was intelligently and enthusiastically received by the "boys," even to "joining in" at every opportunity, but the real music came when it was made by themselves in entirety. Here were some two hundred men who in the whole course of their civilian life probably never had sung in concert with others, if at all, yet now singing together with splendid precision, in perfect time and with glorious tone and tune. For the first time in their lives they have been under musical training, and who will contend for a moment that this training in music is not a valuable auxiliary to that of the military, as well as being of magnificent mental and moral discipline? Is this an essential or a non-essential?

Naturally, the bulk of their own singing was of the popular order because of its captivating rhythm and melodic swing, yet evidence was not lacking to prove that the men knew and appreciated the better. "Some day we'll show the Kaiser how the Yankees come through," and a little jingle sung by a girl vaudeville artist, "Kaiser Bill went up the hill to take a crack at France," were two selections which roused the crowd to a furious fervor and invited a full participation. But when it came to their individual part how these boys did sing! Erect, free-lunged, keen-eyed, fresh-faced and clean-cut men, they sang full-throated and with perfect disciplinary training of but a few short months. The climax came with the regimental cheer of the 303d, another splendid example of concerted training, led by their cheer-master, Sergt. William Cunningham, a big husky from Dartmouth who gave up his college course to enlist. The beginning of the cheer was a wild, piercing concerted whistle in imitation of the screeching of a shrapnel shell, and then came the cheer itself with an effect that was startling and electrifying. Concerted cheering always has been supposed to be the prerogative of college boys, but they have nothing on the "boys in khaki" and possibly might even learn from them something of the art.

Cheering of course is not singing in any sense of the word, even though so splendidly trained in concerted action. Nevertheless, the men had been equally well, if not better, trained in the real article and by the same leader, Sergeant Cunningham and the "pep" which he instilled into the men's singing was something remarkable. It was bona fide music-making, entered into with heart and soul shining through joy-sparkling eyes, and not spurious effort for effect. The secret is simple—it was the men of themselves making music by themselves and for themselves.

THIS is but one instance of what music-making is doing for the men upon whom we are relying to preserve a world democracy, yet it is sufficient to decidedly show that music-making, music-dealing and music-manufacturing is an essential that should not be included in a list of non-essentials. Rather is it to be regarded as a vital necessity when it preserves an equitable balance between duty and sacrifice. For the first time in their existence, these men have been led into music as they never before knew it, nor is it at all probable that after the war, is over and the initiative impulse has past, they will ever secede from music. And this brings up another vital point against curtailment, namely, that it may take years for the music industries to recover from such curtailing. It is easier to abolish than to re-create, and in the future these men will use more instead of less music.

The soldiers are anxious for music and more anxious to make it for themselves, and here is a golden opportunity opulent with chance. Tremendous benefits can be extended to the soldiers by sending them music—publications, talking-machine records and even the machines themselves. If what has been advanced in argument and cited as instance in this writing has proved that music-making, which is backed by music industry, is not a non-essential, then is it indeed an essential opportunity that should not be curtailed—not even as a war measure.

The Spell of Song-Writing

BY R. L.

JUST by way of a formal self-introduction, permit me to announce myself as one of those many, many persons who try to write popular songs. For quite a few years I have followed the muse of song-writing, if there be any such lady, like one of those children of old who followed the Pied Piper of Hamlin. Again and again have I sought to win her with honeyed words and accents sweet that—to me, at least—seemed to flow as mellifluously as a singing brook, but almost all in vain. One song was too weak in this spot, another was too good for a ten-cent number and not good enough for a thirty-cent number; that one didn't have a new idea, while this one (the manuscript of which my economical mother has used to line her pantry shelves), lacked some of the "essential elements of popularity"—whatever that may mean. I haven't been wholly unsuccessful, however, as I have had quite a number of songs published. I've had the great pleasure (and small profit) of collaborating with some of the well-known writers, and I've made a little money from writing songs. But just now I was figuring what it had cost me to write and sell the songs I have disposed of; in my mind I drew up a rough balance-sheet of my song-writing experience, and then I began wondering what made me stay so long at so unprofitable a business.

My mental balancing of accounts showed that the money I had made was negligible, as compared with what it had cost me to make it, yet I admit to a sneaking fondness in my heart for song-writing—and there are thousands of others like me. You perhaps know somebody or other in your town—it may be that person whom you see in the mirror—who writes songs; who tries unsuccessfully to place them, and who still keeps on trying. He will tell you that his stuff is good, but that the publishers won't take the trouble to examine it—or some such story which you may brand as "hard-luck." He still writes on and sends on, and receives back—the songs which he sent on. Why does he do it?

It cannot be for Art's sake that these would-be song writers continue to write, for they are not satisfied with the mere contemplation of their brain-child, even though it be printed and in the physical form of a popular song. Furthermore, they do not set for themselves an artistic ideal, as whatever ideals they may have for the most part are measured by shekels, yet not entirely so. There are many writers who would gladly give up all their share of profit in a song, if it only could be made a hit. They do not persist for the sake of art, nor entirely for the sake of money. What, then, is the spell which leads them on, even in the face of failure?

Did you ever imagine how it would make you feel to go to the theatre with some friends and see a play that you had written, actually move? Wouldn't you like to go into a book-shop, see a great stack of copies of a "Best-Seller" and know that you had written that book? If, then, you had written a song, wouldn't you like to hear somebody who was passing along the street whistle what *you* had made, the song-creation of *your* brain? That's the answer. You go to a vaudeville theatre, and you hear a singer singing it; you drop into a movie show, the pianist plays it; you pass a street-corner, a group of young fellows are harmonizing its melody—the harmony may be perilously "close," but you don't care, or you go shopping and hear the sales-girl humming its melody, as she waits upon you. It's all in the "feeling," and there's no feeling in the world that can compare with it.

A father or mother may think that their new baby is the cutest, rosiest-cheeked, best-natured, prettiest baby in the whole wide world, but it takes the approval of hundreds of thousands to make a "song-hit"! A book has to be read through by each person who appreciates it, yet one singer can sing your song in a theatre and the entire audience of two thousand people at once become familiar with it. A play requires thousands of dollars to produce, while it seems so ridiculously cheap to put a song on the market. A book has hundreds of pages—a song but two or three. What quicker road to fame and success, then, than by writing a "song-hit"? And so the mental mirage lures us on until we seem to be nearer and nearer the oasis of fame, and then, for the most of us, there comes a day of disillusionment and bitter heartache, when we find ourselves still in the vast desert of unrecognition and know that our visioned oasis was only a mirage.

We have written and written; we have tried our best. Some laugh at us and some encourage us; some pity us and some even admire us, but we do not achieve the final recognition we seek—the plaudits of the multitude. We feel that we easily could eclipse some of the efforts which find their way to the song-writers' "happy hunting-grounds"—the "hit" class—and possibly we could. We finally decide that we never had a chance anyhow; that the publishers won't give anybody outside of their offices a look-in, and at length we reach the conclusion that there is nothing in the blamed business. Then, after we have made up our mind that we are thoroughly disgusted with the song-writing and song-publisher's business, an idea strikes us. "Gee, that would make a great ballad!" we ejaculate in ecstasy. "Feist might fall for that. Let's see, what rhymes with 'moon-beam'?" Lo, as Shakespeare once remarked, "We're in again!"

The whole music business would seem to exercise this spell, for it appears that writers are not the only ones subject to its magic. I once knew a man who was a leading salesman in the popular-song business. He was immensely popular and immensely valuable to his firm, which was one of the biggest. In a burst of confidence one day he told me that he, too, had succumbed to this spell. "I could make three times as much money selling corsets or underwear or clothing as I do selling music. but I

BLIND BELIEF BELIED

By M. V. F.

BUILD but a little belief in the fictitious on even the flimsiest of bases, boom it a bit by public and personal propaganda and, ergo, within a very little time there is building a bigger and blind belief in what at the very beginning should have been the unbelievable. On the other hand, insinuate a little leaven of the intimate—a closer knowledge of the facts in the case—and in time an unleavened belief becomes leavened knowledge, for the first is invariably destroyed by the last.

How it ever gained the first start is as unknowable as who had the courage to swallow the first oyster or eat the first olive—two points of knowledge we shall never learn, no matter how intimate we may become with either the bi-valve or the little green "plum"—yet however it began there has been built up a popular belief that song-writers not only make barrels of money, but have bins of it to burn. All who follow this choice of a vocation usually are mentally pictured by the unknowing as big, rosy, robust chaps with fur-lined topcoats, lucre-lined pockets and velvet-lined limousines, when as a matter of fact the most of them are—well, read R. L.'s little heart-to-heart unbosoming.

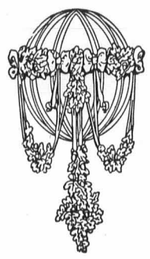
This little story is a most cleverly written and intimate revelation of the true inwardness of the magic spell woven around its victims by the song-writing "Bug"—literally, for the most of them, a web of belief spun by the spider of fiction; a belief not so much in fabulous sums as in the joy of gaining recognition as a creator. R. L. clearly shows the weaving and working of the spell; making confidants of his readers, taking them in the most intimate manner into the "holy of holies"—the writer's soul and mind—and showing the disillusions of their belief in big bonuses and rich royalties. He has a quaint vein of humor that takes away the sting, while letting in knowledge which belies a belief that is widely believed.

wouldn't change," he said, and I believe he spoke the truth. He had an attractive personality—in fact, I never heard of his having a single enemy—and was one of the highest-paid, if not *the* highest-paid in the business. When he died it took several salesmen to do his work. He could have made three times as much money selling underwear, yet he wouldn't change, nor could he quite tell why. The spell had him.

I know another young man in the music business, who was born in Russia. He came to this country some time ago, quickly picked up the language, and then, somehow, the song-writing bee began buzzing in his bonnet. He left the town where he resided with his family and went to New York. Someone advised him that the best way to break into the game was to publish his own songs. He went to it, but found he could not sell his songs through the regular channels because he was not listed with the syndicate stores, yet nothing daunted he canvassed from house to house and sold enough to make a living for himself. He used to go to Yonkers, Jersey City, Weehawken and other neighboring cities and towns every morning, selling as many copies as he could. In the afternoon he went back to New York and would go from one publishing house to another, trying to place a song or two or to get into the good graces of the well-known writers whose influence might help him in getting a song published. It is now about five years that he has been writing songs. He is personally acquainted with most of the biggest writers in New York City, yet to the best of my knowledge he has had only two songs published by big publishing firms, neither of which became very popular. And yet he writes on!

I know another young fellow—know him personally and very, very intimately—who has had more educational advantages than most popular song-writers. He was graduated from High School, and for a while went to one of America's most famous old colleges. He won several prizes at school and in college, but he too, had been stung by the song-writing bug and sought to become acquainted with the publishers and writers in the city where he might happen to be; he also could sing a bit, which helped him. While in college he would sing evenings for one or another of the various publishers, and even succeeded in having one or two songs published. He finally left college and went to work regularly for a publishing firm, "plugging" songs in the hope that eventually he might get the firm to publish one of his own offspring—for this was no small local publisher, but a big New York house. He traveled over the country singing the firm's songs, writing songs of his own and receiving assurances from the head of the firm that they would *soon* publish one of his own songs.

That "soon" never came, and he and the New York house parted ways. He decided to give up the business, but chance came along, beckoned to him alluringly and back he went to the magic realms of words and music. Again his hopes ran high—once more they were dashed to the ground. From time to time Dame Fortune has flipped him a coin or two, but never the golden purse which she holds forth so temptingly. A dozen times he has forsworn allegiance to song-writing, and as many times he has broken his vow. Right now, at the time I am writing of him, he has really and truly declared himself disgusted with the business, and thinks that even the hit-writers don't make so very much when compared with a regular, honest-to-goodness salary which makes its appearance *every* Saturday. But I know that he'll change his mind again some day, for you see, deep down in his heart he figures like this: "At the present time nearly one-half the civilized world is singing a stirring song called 'The Marseillaise,' and it was written by a shoemaker! Therefore, haven't I still a chance?" I think he is right, and that he has—for I am he.



Music Munitions

THERE are more munitions of war than powder, shot and shell, and possibly the greatest of all munitions is money. It may be true that "the *love* of money is the root of all evil," but money itself is going to eradicate a most awful evil. Everyone with the least bit of red-blooded patriotism running in his veins is donating what he can of money munitions, and from all quarters musicians and music-makers are contributing music munitions to swell that of the money.

Mr. John McCormack—certainly the most popular, if not the greatest of all American tenors—is aiming to pour music munitions into the work of the Red Cross to the extent of $100,000—some munitions from one individual. Opening with a concert at Washington on December 18, which will be attended by President and Mrs. Wilson, it is Mr. McCormack's intention to make an extended singing tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, paying his own expenses from his private purse and contributing the total results from the tour to the Red Cross fund. Of this intention Mr. McCormack says:

"I will keep on singing until I have earned $100,000, which the American Red Cross may use as it sees fit. The work will be a privilege to me, and I will perform it with an enthusiasm such as I never have felt before."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Common People will also contribute, in large measure through the medium of music, to the great war funds of Uncle Sam, and their contributions will amount to thousands of dollars each week. These contributions will be of a more or less involuntary nature, however, as they will be—and are—collected in the form of the special tax levy on amusements, which include all forms of musical entertainments. According to Mr. John F. Malley, the collector of internal revenue, Massachusetts alone will contribute about $150,000 a month to the war taxes, this to be collected from the theatres of the State with the major part coming from the Boston places of amusement. In addition to this it is estimated that all of $5,000 a month will be collected from other forms of entertainment such as dances, concerts and sporting events. Just what proportion of this will come directly from music itself, we will leave to statisticians to figure.

Ragtime as an Introduction and Aid to Better Music

By Zarh Myron Bickford

RAGTIME, and all forms of popular music associated with the term in the mind of the public, has been persistently, if not consistently, decried by the great majority of music teachers and others who have more or less elevated notions of "art" and all that goes with it, ever since Kerry Mills' "Georgia Campmeeting" and a few other pioneer tunes set the country into a syncopating mood and set the fashion in country-wide popularity for this class of music. If the artistic value of much that has been paraded as music be taken as the sole criterion, then much of the criticism of the "stand-patters," "conservatives," "high-brows," or whatever they may be called, is a well-taken point. It is my purpose, however, to show that the popular music of the day, bad as some of it is, has a definite and useful place in the development of young America, and that its judicious use and the proper application of the various principles involved will lead to a better understanding and appreciation of real music—music which does not depend solely on its "swing" or jingle, but which appeals to the higher intellect and emotions.

It has been said that the one outstanding, fundamental principle or real basis of music is *rhythm*. If this be true, what could lay a better rhythmical foundation than the practice of some of those things which depend almost wholly on rhythm, accent and a mechanical regularity of the beat for their effectiveness? There is quite likely to be a lack of definiteness and clock-work regularity in the time-keeping of pianists, or indeed of any instrumentalists, whose work and study (or pastime) has not included at least a passing acquaintance with the "popular" literature of the day.

This is a sweeping statement, but it is borne out in the criticism of one of the five or six greatest pianists in the world by a well-known New York critic. This pianist, not long since, included in his program a "Cake Walk" by no less a composer than Debussy, the famous French modern, and while the technical perfection was all that could be desired (it is a difficult composition, as I know from experience), yet the critic stated that this pianist would do well to spend some little time in practicing some of our modern ragtime in order to acquire the proper rhythmical accent and "swing." That there is a certain "knack" in playing ragtime, and the popular music usually included under this broad heading, no one who is discriminating will deny, and it is my contention that the acquirement and development of this "knack" is a definite aid toward a foundation, in a rhythmical sense, for later work of a more serious nature.

It hardly would be claimed by even the most unconservative that the study of light popular music alone will ever develop a decided taste for the classical or better forms, yet there is no denying the fact that hundreds—yes, thousands—of persons have been aroused for the first time to an interest in music through the rhythmic and melodic appeal of what they constantly hear at the theatres, on the streets, in the cabarets and dozens of other places. It also is undeniable that this first interest, when once aroused, is still further increased by the ability to self-reproduce this same music by some means or other in the home—either by the agency of the player-piano or the phonograph, or through the more intimate and consequently more satisfactory method of their own personal efforts on some instrument, or with the voice.

Beyond all question, had these thousands been left to become interested in music through the old channels of a quarter-century ago, or through the well-intentioned, if necessarily slow, methods of the music teachers alone, by far the most of them would have forever remained outside the musical ranks. Popular music—ragtime if you will—literally then has interested in music and its study thousands of people who otherwise never would have been counted among the music lovers and patrons of the present day.

To get back to the heading of this little ramble—I would say that the sense in which ragtime or popular music serves as an introduction to better music is, first, by awakening what might perhaps be a dormant love and talent for music itself, and then by instilling into the novice such a love for and precision in rhythm and accent that it never leaves him—permeating and controlling all his future work and study, no matter in what branch or plane of the art he may happen to find himself. Before one can properly play a rubato he must be able to keep the strictest sort of a beat, and a certain amount of practice on the popular dance music of the day will instill this mechanical regularity into the system quicker, and by a more painless route, than almost any other method that could be prescribed. It is, then, particularly in the mechanical and rhythmical sense that the study and practice of ragtime and popular music can be used as an introduction and aid to the study of a better class of music, and while many will continue to use popular music (both good and bad) for its own worth, it is hoped that at least a few readers will feel inclined to use it as a stepping-stone to something better, more in the nature of a pastime than as the one and only musical aim in life.

* * *

"One of the many phrases of the populace that has come down to us from the old Romans is 'Vox populi, vox Dei'—the voice of the people is the voice of God!—and this is true today. The rulers of popular movements, propaganda and the like are the people, and the voice of the people is the god of public opinion. If the voice of the people is for the 'popular' in music, then the public will worship no other music deity until led through musical intuition developed by education.—"*Vinomver.*

WHY NOT MORE OF THEM?

THE mission of "Melody," as all of its readers know, is to boom the cause of "Popular Music for the People," even including ragtime, and this cause it is booming with every issue. From this, however, it does not necessarily follow that the magazine is so musically blind as not to know the beauty of the higher forms of music, and to advocate them in their proper time and place, i.e., for pupils, players and the public *when through example and education they shall have grown into and are ready for these forms.* Many times people can be led where they cannot be forced. Force a miscellaneous audience to sit through a symphonic concert, and it is safe to say that the *majority* would be frightfully bored, even if not turned absolutely away from the better music. On the other hand, lead them by gradation, through such means as indoor and outdoor *popular* concerts with programs including a judicious sprinkling of the higher grades, and almost before realized a large part of that "majority" may find themselves liking, if not actually craving, the truer and better forms of composition.

It is one of the natural laws that everything which is useless first atrophies and then dies, and if the popular and ragtime were not of some use in music they long ago would have died a natural and painless death. In the December issue of the magazine Mr. Basil Sadler hit the "popular" nail squarely on the head with the hammer of knowledge, and in his present article, Mr. Zarh Myron Bickford—who not only is well-known as an authority on matters musical and technical, but has also had a broad playing experience in symphony orchestras and has appeared in the columns of many of the leading magazines—drives the same nail farther into the plank of truth. Both of these writers have clearly stated the status of the lighter forms of music as tending to lead to the higher, and doubtless there are many more who discern and can write intelligently on the same tendency. Melody would be glad to publish more opinions, and solicits an expression of them from its subscriber-readers, so send them in.

The Popularity of Ragtime

By Axel W. Christensen, President Christensen School of Popular Music

FROM time to time I am asked the question: "How much longer is this phenomenal popularity of ragtime music going to continue?" In answer to this query I give my opinion, which is based upon fourteen years of close contact with the situation, namely that the popularity of ragtime is going to continue right along and instead of being on the wane, as a few prejudiced persons would like to believe, this popularity is increasing steadily from year to year. A proof of this may be seen in the fact that many members of the teaching profession are gradually beginning to recognize the demand for instruction in ragtime piano playing, and are qualifying themselves to take care of this demand.

Ragtime will always be popular—anywhere, everywhere—except perhaps at a funeral. Ragtime has come to stay. All classes of people, as well as musicians, are obliged to admit this fact because it's true. Good ragtime music has become a standard article, and, if the matter was put to a popular vote, it would far out-rank classical music by mere force of numbers because nine-tenths of the people prefer ragtime and popular music.

Life would indeed be a dull proposition if it were not for music, and the kind of music best adapted to make pleasant our hours of recreation is ragtime, with its sparkling, pulsating rhythm that wins every listener. Any person who is able to play REAL ragtime possesses a music capital that will yield the highest possible interest—if not in real money then in the form of daily enjoyment. Such a talent no one can take from the owner; it is something that lasts a lifetime.

I am writing of course about real, genuine ragtime—not the "boiler shop" variety, where the player tries to see how many keys he can pound at once without bothering to notice whether the notes happen to harmonize or not, and without any mercy or consideration for the ill-fated piano which will presently have to go into dry docks for repairs. No, I would not have you think for a moment that real ragtime is anything like that.

Real ragtime must be played with a firm, strong, legato touch, and the time must be absolutely even and correct. These two factors are also greatly desired in classical music (or any kind of music for that matter) and yet these two important features are most often found lacking in the average piano student who has taken the orthodox musical course. Therefore, if in learning real ragtime, the pupil also learns to play with a correct touch and in proper time, is it reasonable to suppose that the study of ragtime would in any way spoil a pupil for playing classical music? On the contrary, in real ragtime the pupil learns many things that are helpful and essential in playing classical music and not a single thing that could possibly be hurtful in any way.

Ragtime is not as hard to play as many suppose, and the reason so many persons try for years to play ragtime and then give up in disgust is because they go about it in the wrong way.

What is the fate of the average music student who takes the orthodox course in music (not ragtime or popular music)? Father spends lots of money on his daughter's musical education—hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars—and daughter studies hard and faithfully and learns to play well. Just about this time along comes an ordinary man and marries her, and there's the end of a musical career, nine times out of ten.

The lady in question next begins to neglect her practice on account of the more important household duties, and ten years later, when her daughter is old enough to take lessons, the same story is repeated: Father has to cough up for an expensive musical education, because mother doesn't remember enough about hers to teach the daughter—man comes along, marries daughter, etc., etc., etc.

In most cases, ragtime would have been appreciated a great deal more, would have taken less time and cost much less money. Moral: Learn to play ragtime first—it doesn't take very long—and then go ahead and study the other as long as you like.

Henry Clay Barnabee

By Merton Nevins

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE, the dean of performers in American light and comic opera when at its highest and best, has passed into the great mysterious and unresponsive silence, whither the most, if not all, of that brilliant circle of singing actors with which he at first was so intimately associated in professional life have preceded him: Myron Whitney (America's greatest basso,) Tom Karl, "Will" Fessenden, W. H. Macdonald, "Gus" Kammerlee, Adelaide Phillips (a phenomenal contralto), Henrietta Beebe, Zelda Seguin and others—a galaxy of light-opera stars since unsurpassed. In his living and moving, Mr. Barnabee impressed as a model of kindliness, geniality and musical goodfellowship; in his passing he has left a sweet memory—an impress upon the comic opera world as not only an exponent and firm upholder of the finest and best traditions of the ligher operatic stage, but as a clean comedian, a staunch comrade and a man.

Mr. Barnabee, was born in Portsmouth on November 14, 1833, and died at his home in Jamaica Plain, Boston, on Sunday, December 16, 1917, in his 84th year. Although not unknown on the dramatic and lyceum stages, he first became well-known to the greater public in a regularly organized concert company (including Arbuckle, the great cornetist), a form of popular entertainment at that time greatly in vogue. In the very late '70's or early '80's was launched the "Boston Church Choir Pinafore Company," including Miss Beebe, Myron Whitney, Tom Karl and Barnabee, which later merged into the "Boston Ideals." In 1887 this company evolved into the famous "Bostonians," with Messrs. Barnabee and W. H. Macdonald as the sole owners, and from the time of the advent of the old "Church Choir" company Mr. Barnabee became a prominent factor in American light opera, a place which he retained until his actual retirement.

During his long operatic career this veteran singing comedian sang many parts in many famous operas but of all those parts the two which stand out pre-eminently as clean-cut operatic cameos are his inimitable Sir Joseph Porter (H. M. S. Pinafore) and the great Sheriff of Nottingham (Robin Hood). The writer of this short memorial once had the pleasure of a not-to-be-forgotten two hours' interview with the great comedian, and later went with him from the hotel to the theatre. He found Mr. Barnabee a most charming raconteur, but a less delightful street companion. It will be remembered that "Sir Joseph" gets a little "set up," while the famous "Sheriff" carries a regular "souse." Whether it was from the constant playing of these two parts or whether due to his innate sense of close companionship is not known, but during that short walk the big comedian (all of six feet), who never was known to touch liquor in any form, occupied the sidewalk like a drunken man and more than once almost butted the smaller writer (five feet seven and a little over) into the gutter.

As great as he was as an operatic comedian, Mr. Barnabee's right of entry into the columns of *Melody* hinges more largely upon his earlier work in concert, for he was a singer of the then *popular songs* of that time. With his tall, angular figure and face mobile to any expression at will, as a concert comedian he was good for any number of encores, and all done in "swallow tail" and not in costume. His two greatest in comic-song singing were "Old Simon the Cellarer" and "The Cork Leg." With the first he would send his audience into spasms of laughter, while the second brought hysterical convulsions. The latter song told the story of a merchant of Amsterdam with a cork leg of such wonderful mechanism that it always kept moving, even carrying its owner's skeleton on and on for long after his death. In this song the long leg and foot of Mr. Barnabee were to all intents and purposes mechanical, as balanced on the other he swung and gyrated the first for a seemingly immeasureable time to the reiteration of "ri-tu-ri-lu-ri-lu-ri-lay." These songs would not "go" today, but at that time they were the popular "hits" of the day, and with them the Grand Old Man of light opera made his first pronounced stage success.

"Ragging" the Popular Song Hits

By Edward R. Winn

NOTE—Melody is pleased to announce that arrangements have been made with several of the leading music-publishers whereby it will be possible to present certain of their *copyrighted* popular song-hits as a special feature of the magazine' music-supplement, arranged in "full piano solo style, syncopated rhythm," by Mr. Edward R. Winn. Reader-pianists are asked to signify their preferences for numbers to be so treated, naming song-title and publisher. They are also cordially invited to comment (favorably or otherwise) upon this new feature, and to submit suggestions. Both comment and suggestions will be welcomed and accorded consideration, as only through this means can the publisher know the desires of his magazine constituency and be guided to a correct fulfillment of their wants. The publisher frankly admits that, without this display of a generous spirit on the parts of the several music-publishers, it would be impossible to carry out his projected plan to provide his reader-players with these full syncopated piano arrangements of any suggested *copyrighted* song-hits. He also desires to express to the McKinley Music Company his full appreciation of the courtesy of their quick response.—Editor.

ON THE ROCKIN' ROSA LEE

IN its November issue, and as a guide to the general taste of the readers, The Tuneful Yankee invited its reading constituency to express their preference for popular "song hits" to be arranged in "full piano solo style, syncopated rhythm," for the music supplement of the magazine. Responding to the numerous requests received in reply to that invitation, much pleasure is taken in presenting in this issue of the magazine the McKinley Music Company's late song success "On the Rockin' Rosa Lee," with words and music by W. Benton Overstreet.

"On the Rockin' Rosa Lee," which is cleverly syncopated in the original, possesses an extremely smooth-flowing and catchy melody, which combined with its fine harmony give it a prominent position among "Dixie Songs."* The theatrical profession has been quick to recognize the song's better qualities, and many leading singers are now using it in their repertoire. Arthur Collins and Byron G. Harlan, phonograph artists with a fame of twenty years' standing, have made duet records of this composition for several of the talking machine concerns, including the Victor and Aeolian companies. The song is copyrighted by the Frank K. Root Music Company, of which the McKinley Music Company (Chicago and New York City) are the owners, and is published by the latter.

"A-M-E-R-I-C-A MEANS 'I LOVE YOU"

FOR the music supplement of the December issue of the magazine, the McKinley Music Company permitted the using of "A-m-e-r-i-c-a Means 'I Love You, My Yankee Land' "* for piano treatment. Because of delay in transmission the text explanation of the piano arrangement (announced by the magazine to appear elsewhere in that issue) did not, I regret to state, reach the editorial offices in time for publication. Due apology is herewith tendered to publisher and readers for the omission, and the explanatory text is appended.

"A-m-e-r-i-c-a," now one of the most popular war-songs, while not bellicose in sentiment is a splendid expression of patriotic emotion that tells in simple, well-chosen words of man's love of mother and country. The melody of the song, though not commonplace, is unaffected and seems particularly adapted to the lyric. Both melody and lyric are the work of Jack Frost, the well-known McKinley staff writer and composer, whose latest effort, "The Dirty Dozen" (something new in jazz), at the present time is prevailing in Chicago.

In New York and vicinity "A-m-e-r-i-c-a" has taken several prizes in the professional patriotic song-contests held at various theatres, the most recent success having been gained at the Greepoint (Brooklyn, N. Y.) Theatre. The song is being programmed by Mme. Zeiber, who is appearing as vocalist in connection with the concerts given by Sousa's Band now on tour, and widely featured by performers in vaudeville, revues, tabloids and musical shows in all parts of the country.

Pianist-readers, even if able to convert melodies into full piano solo style, will find both of the above-mentioned songs worthy of their attention. A comparison of the arrangements shown with the original sheet music will repay any student, and if need be, a careful study will, it is believed, reveal some musical idea or device new to the pianist, which can be added to his "stock" and in turn introduced when playing other compositions.

In compiling these special, original arrangements of popular songs the aim will be to restrict the technical requirements necessary for effective performance within the range and equipment of the average performer, while keeping the amateur player first in mind. The piano student will do well to remember that the melodies employed are "converted" into the styles so far shown, and with those to be offered later are in accordance with the principles stated in the Winn course of instruction in ragtime piano playing now appearing serially in this magazine. A study of these principles is urged for those not entirely familiar with the lessons already given.

As a suggestion, it is advised that these arrangements (one of which will appear in each issue for a period of several months) be studied in relation to the original melodies, and pianists desiring to master and adopt the several styles of playing, with different embellishments and musical figures to be exhibited, will find it profitable to procure sheet music copies of the compositions, and make a visual comparison and practical analysis of the notation. The pianist who will display this interest, and take the trouble to make a deliberate study of these arrangements, may be assured of possessing himself sonner or later of the key to success in accomplishing the art of playing popular music in a highly effective manner, with breadth and swing.

*The pianist is urged to secure the original sheet music of the above mentioned song from music dealers or to send fifteen cents in stamps for each copy wanted to the publishers, the McKinley Music Company, Chicago, Ill.

Interpreting the Photoplay

By Harry Norton

THE USE OF THE THEME

WHETHER in age or youth, none questions the truth of "'Tis love that makes the world go 'round." Had the author of this now familiar phrase lived to see the present development of the motion-pictures, he might have paraphrased it to read: 'Tis the love story that makes the moving-picture world go 'round!'

Stories of love and romance furnish an inexhaustible source of inspiration for photoplay scenario writers. That is their "theme," or, to use a common expression, the "thread of the story." And just as the story has a theme or subject, so should the musical accompaniment to that story, when in photoplay form, have a theme expressed by music and associated with the action of the principal characters in the play. This is not a new idea. It has been in use for some time, principally by orchestra leaders and those solo players who give serious thought to their work, yet by the majority of movie musicians it has not been given the consideration which it should receive.

Many of the well-known feature-film producing companies—including the Paramount, Pathe, Triangle, Fox and Metro—are issuing a printed "Musical Suggestions" sheet with each photoplay produced by them. These "suggestions" are compiled by recognized professionals in the art of "playing the pictures," and with each list is usually included a "theme" or melody which is used several times during the projection of the picture. This melody is associated, as a rule, with the romantic or amorous emotions expressed by the principals in the story. As the action of the play recurs to them alone, giving them the "centre of the stage" as it were, the musician reverts to the melody which has been selected as a theme, and thereby accentuates or "underlines" the prominence of that action which constitutes the "thread of the story."

The first requisite of a melody selected for the purpose of a theme, is that it be suggestive of the emotion displayed by the actors in the drama. Next, it should be tuneful and pleasing because it must bear repetition, probably several times. Oftentimes a popular number from the current musical productions of the season provides good material.

Mr. James C. Bradford, Musical Director of the Broadway Theatre in New York City, who also compiles musical suggestions for Paramount photoplays, frequently includes such numbers as "Love is a Story," from *The Madcap Duchess*; "Love is Like a Firefly," from *The Firefly*, and "He Will Understand," from *You're in Love*. These and similar melodies are quite well known to music-lovers and theatre goers, and are very expressive of romantic sentiment. A few selections from the catalog of Walter Jacobs, which the writer has used effectively, are: "Tendre Amour" (Clements), "Meditation" (Norman Leigh), "Golden Dawn" and "After-Glow" (Geo. L. Cobb), "Romance of a Rose" (O'Connor) and "A Summer Dream" (Flath).

Some photoplays give the musician a "direct cue" in the choice of a theme—for example, the timely war picture "Over There." Immediately following the title announcement of this picture, there was flashed on the screen a card of thanks to Mr. Geo. M. Cohan for his permission to use as a name for the photoplay the title of his popular song "Over There." Here is a broad hint, and it will be found that the song mentioned can be used very effectively as a theme. Another example is in "Reaching for the Moon" (Douglas Fairbanks). Early in the story it is very apparent that "Alexis Brown" (Fairbanks) turns to "The Girl" for sympathy and encouragement. This situation suggests the waltz-song "Sympathy" from *The Firefly*, which proves to be a most suitable theme as the hero returns for more "sympathy" several times. In most cases, however, the suggestion of a theme is not so plain as in the two instances given, but the suggestion is there if the player will draw on his imagination.

The "Musical Suggestions" sheets, referred to in a preceding paragraph, should be consulted by everyone who "plays the pictures." If you do not receive them, ask your house manager to get them for you from his film exchange. There is no charge for them, and they are invaluable because you are apprised in advance of the action of the picture by the "tempo" which is indicated.

To follow these programs in detail would require a musical library much larger than the average musician possesses, but by substituting selections of a like tempo and character from your available library of music very good results may be obtained. There is an old adage which tells us that "Two heads are better than one," so if you couple your own ingenuity and ideas with the suggestions of an experienced professional, as expressed on the "cue sheet," surely the result will be good.

My contribution to the music supplement in this issue consists of two incidental numbers—one a "Mysterioso," the other a "Plaintive Andante" movement. The Andante may be used as a theme in plaintive mood, indicative of yearning or wistful sadness. The "Mysterioso" is the usual *pizzicato* effect for scenes of burglary, mystery or any stealthy action, either dramatic or comedy.

Is It Worth While?

What is Your Opinion, Friend Reader?

IN this first issue of The Tuneful Yankee under a new name, the magazine presents its readers with Mr. Harry Norton's second article on "Interpreting the Photoplay" (in which he takes up "The Theme and its Use" and gives valuable hints based on actual professional experience), with two accompanying incidental numbers in the music supplement. Query—is this worth while? There would seem to be but one answer to the question, for it should be well worth while to not only every musician who is connected with "playing the pictures," but likewise to the prospective player and to those who, contrary to any present knowledge of an unknown future, may suddenly find themselves in the rank of "prospectives."

At the moment of writing it is not yet a full month since the actual issue of the December number, and already the magazine is in receipt of not a few congratulatory letters containing warm expressions of thanks for Mr. Norton's first instalment of text and music, coupled with the hope for a continuance. Perhaps a majority of these letters are from musicians who actually are employed in picture houses, yet with much less experience than Mr. Norton and eager for a broader working knowledge. Others of the letters are from

players not connected with the pictures, in whom Mr. Norton's first article has aroused a sudden desire for a new field, while some are from people who are not professionally active in music, but are "movie fans" and instinctively musical. Is this, too, worth while?

While Mr. Norton's text and scores undoubtedly will appeal most strongly to the at present strictly professional picture players, there are scores of others (in a way, amateurs as yet) who have an innate longing, but are without the necessary knowledge—practically, a desire without foundation on which to build. To all such as these "Interpreting the Photoplay" should be doubly worth while, if in any way they are to make desire manifest in attainment. This might be termed a concrete answer to an abstract question.

It should not be forgotten that *music* and the pictures is quite a different proposition today than at the time of the first inception and projection as a public amusement. At that time motion-pictures were a novelty in stage action, with music as a secondary quantity, and in most instances it was "secondary" in every sense of the word. As time moved on, and "novelty" merged into a necessity that demanded progressive improvements, music with the pictures began to assume a new position as an inseparable factor to the accentuation of action and a tonal interpretation of a drama without words. Today, in a broad sense, both music and pictures stand on an equal footing in artistry and delineation, and the musician who aspires to meet story with tone must have an equally broad footing in the musical sense.

Music, as a part of all public recreations, has not stood still while the pictures moved forward in development. The present modern picture audiences, although as a whole not professing music, nevertheless have a new interest in music as applied to the motion-pictures, and are beginning to know and discriminate. To these (many of whom are subscriber-readers of this magazine), articles and music of the calibre that come from the pen of Mr. Norton are not only worth while from a standpoint of interesting reading and playing, but are helping to build more audiences of discriminative mood. To meet the demands of this great new picture-audience of today, the picture-player must be fully equipped both musically and picture "technically"—that is, if he would be successful in gaining the more remunerative positions in the higher artistic grades—and that is the target at which Mr. Norton is aiming his literary and tonal guns.

Is it, then, worth while to institute "Interpreting the Photoplay" as a regular department of the magazine, with Mr. Norton as its conductor? Supply is always created by demand, and the verdict must come from a jury composed of the readers themselves. A magazine is successful just as far as it meets the needs and wishes of its readers *and no farther*. The aim of this magazine is to meet the wishes of its reading clientele, but to meet them it must know them and there is no other way of learning except through written suggestion.

Mr. Individual Reader, it is for you to answer the question of "Is it worth while?" and pronounce the verdict by sending in your queries and suggestions. If there are specific points upon which information is desired—write and ask! If there is any particular picture which you desire to know better how to musically interpret—ask! If there are any special movements, melodies or harmonizations in which you are deficient and would like to become more proficient—in short, if there is anything you wish to know concerning the pictures and their playing, and on which a professional player can enlighten you, write a letter to Mr. Norton in the care of this magazine and he will give it earnest attention. Create a demand, and he will furnish the supply. Is it worth while? The answer is with the readers.—M. V. F.

Adaptation of Music to Motion-Pictures

By Joseph O'Sullivan

NOTE: Following close on the heels of Mr. Norton's writing in this issue of the magazine, and coming from a man of the professional standing of Mr. O'Sullivan, the following article along the same lines should provide invaluable material for picture-players when taken in connection with the first. A careful reading of both will prove each to be the stronger accentuation of the other.

Mr. Joseph O'Sullivan is director of music for the Mutual Film Corporation, and dictates the musical programs of hundreds of motion-picture theatres. He formerly was connected with the Boston English Opera Company and later with the Chicago English Opera Company, and has gained recognition as a composer of incidental music.—Editor.

IN keeping with the demand for productions of motion pictures that shall meet the requirements of a taste grown critical as regards photography, accuracy in scenic investiture and costuming, as well as a dramatic structure and sequence peculiarly its own, is the desire of the great picture-going public to have the music incidental to the picturized action in accord, as nearly as possible, with the mood induced by the action. Realizing the necessity for meeting this demand, practically all the large film distributors and some of the producing companies have trained musicians on their staffs—many of them composers of incidental music, and all of them versed in the requirements of dramatic synchronization of music and action—who adapt music and cue it for each star production.

When the spoken drama was at its zenith, the demand for incidental music gave many composers an opportunity of developing the germ of creative dramatic talent that, in many instances, developed into works of greater scope and more ambitious character. In times past the most eminent composers have given their talent to the enhancing of the works of the dramatists with appropriate music, but the composer of today, who is called upon to musically dramatize pictures, finds himself confronted with difficulties that arise from the peculiar construction of motion-pictures. The most confusing of these difficulties is the lack of continuity in action, which makes it practically impossible to continue any certain theme with any consistency for longer than two or three minutes at the most. The scene of a mother grieving for her wayward son may be followed by a riotous café scene where said errant boy is disporting himself to the strains of "Walkin' the Dog," followed in rapid succession by a tender love scene, or perhaps a murder or fight, and each scene may be nothing more than a flash or will last for half a minute at the most. Obviously, in adapting music to such spasmodic action it is impossible to follow literally every sequence of action intelligently. The result would be a patchwork of widely contrasting themes lacking the elements of artistic cohesiveness, therefore the adaptor is often compelled to compromise. Short dramatic

thematic material may be used with good effect, and music in keeping with the character or action dominating any succession of scenes can sometimes be used entire.

A picture that lends itself to music of an interesting and high order and of contrasting character, is "The Devil's Assistant," a mutual release, in which Margarita Fischer plays the role of the innocent victim of an unscrupulous doctor who administers "dope" to bring her under his malign influence. A church wedding, showing the ceremony and bridal procession, is followed by a scene of "Motherhood" and the pathetic scene of a dead baby, and that by the introduction of the Mephisto-like character of the doctor occupied in his nefarious practices.

The effect of "dope" is not a subject easily pictured by a musical theme, but a rather weird "Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakow, is admirably adapted to portray the atmosphere induced by the sight of a deranged mind in the first stages of a "dope-fiend." Later, when the influence of the drug takes a firm hold of its victim, causing hallucinations and fantastic figures to appear and dance weirdly before the drug-crazed "fiend," the "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saens is mightily effective, and can be used in its entirety, for these phantoms dominate scenes lasting at least five minutes, practically without interruption. When in a delirium the victim imagines she sees Death approaching, and taking her in his bony arms places her on his horse behind him, what more effective than the "Erl King" of Schubert, as they are seen madly riding through the night?

The adaptor must not only have an unerring instinct for the dramatic elements of music with an extensive knowledge of the best in musical literature, but he must beware of anachronisms—the unpardonable sin of the silent stage. A darky in a Civil War picture singing a *modern* "coon" song is not in keeping with the period, tho' the elementary characteristic is present, while a fox-trot played when an old-fashioned country dance or minuet is shown is certainly conflicting. Costume plays of the seventeenth century demand something in the rococo style, while the modern drama, with its inevitable happy ending, calls for music of a light character not at all serious in intent. Probably the best solution would be to have special music for each picture—an individual score—but this has its drawbacks, for the public wants to hear familiar strains, and the picture-drama seldom endures long enough for the public to assimilate the new music thus created.

The frequent use of the "cut-back," or reversion to prior action, and the "vision" which is used to indicate thoughts passing in the mind of the character—such as remembrance of a love scene, thoughts of a mother for her lost child, etc.—gives the opportunity for the use of themes reminiscently, an old trick and one used with wonderful effect by operatic writers. A striking instance of this is in Puccini's *Butterfly*, where he introduces the "Humming Chorus" theme while the "Consul" is attempting to read "Pinkerton's" letter to "Butterfly." The naive simplicity and reminiscence of the theme impress more strongly than any other means could the pathos of the situation. Sometimes, such methods can be used in an ironical sense. For instance, in "Mrs. Balfame," a Nance O'Neil picture, the brutal drunkard-husband is carousing in a bar-room, paying for all the drinks as "good fellows" always do. "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" can be used in a legitimate way here. But when he has choked his wife almost into insensibility, and staggering into his room throws himself on the bed in a drunken stupor, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" played pianissimo, preferably in minor, has an ironical meaning which cannot but fail to impress.

The use of a distinct theme for each character is of course impracticable, and can be made ludicrous by too frequent repetition. A mysterioso-pizzicato for the entrance of a burglar or detective will become monotonous and wear some, if repeated some twenty or thirty times, or whenever said burglar or detective is seen, even tho' he be intent on the prosecution of his chosen vocation. Characters cannot be arbitrarily "labeled" with set "motifs," but when discretion is used this "leit-motif" scheme is effective. By using a few characteristic themes of contrasting mode and applying them at tense moments where the subject of such themes dominate, and by adapting set numbers as far as possible where the continuity of action will permit, a musical setting, in many cases cases thoroughly adequate, can be obtained, and at least is far superior to the usual haphazard manner of playing "anything that sounds" that prevails. For one thing, the music-lovers will arise *en masse* and "Call him blessed" who puts the "shock-absorber" of intelligent music-cues into his production of real pictures, and the Philistine himself will eventually be led to better things.

An Irish Kaiser

(From the Sun)

When the war is over, laddie,
Just take this tip from me:
There'll be no German submarine
A-diving through the sea!
For the Fatherland of Kaiser Bill
(The guy we're goin' to lick)
Will have a brand new Kaiser, and,
By gosh, he'll be a mick!

Shure in every German parkway
You will meet a sweet colleen,
While their fields of waving sauerkraut
We will plant with shamrocks green.
No liverwurst, no sausage, when
The Dutchman drinks his "suds"—
He'll eat corned beef and cabbage, and
Some damned good Irish spuds.

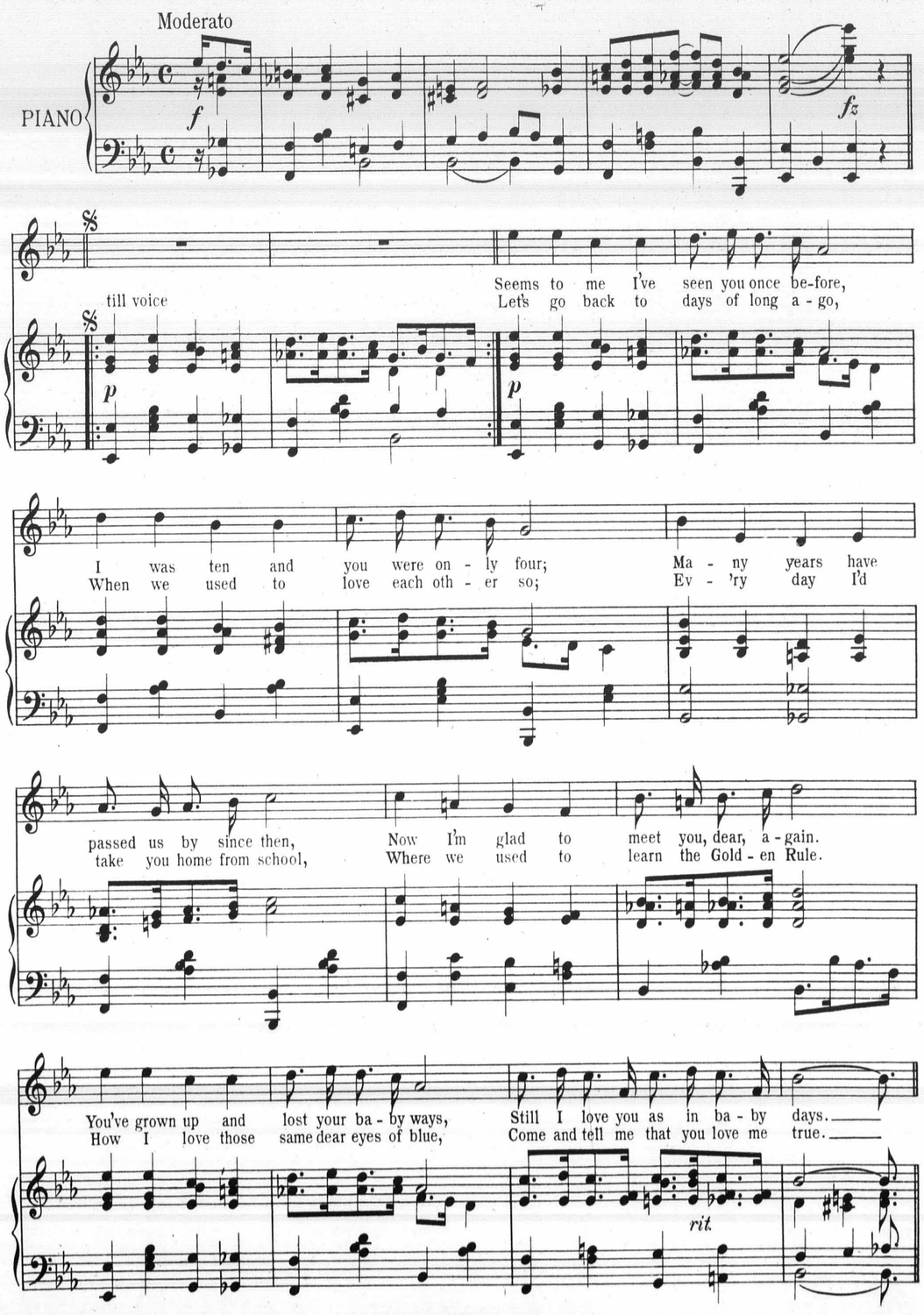
Their murd'rous guns and gas bombs
We'll make them throw away,
And have them use shillelahs
Or bricks of Irish clay.
They'll sport no Iron Crosses;
Shure 'tis shamrocks they will wear,
When we've put an Irish Kaiser,
In the palace over there!

We'll change their tune, "Die Wacht am Rhine."
Into an Irish reel.
And make those Dutchmen dance to it,
If that's the way we feel;
For the coppers then in Berlin
Will be Micks from County Clare.
When we've put an Irish Kaiser
In the palace over there.

You Used To Be a Pretty Baby, But Now You're a Wonderful Girl

Words by BERT VERNON

Music by HARRY TEMPLE



CHORUS

You used to be a pret - ty ba - by, But now you're a won - der-ful

p a tempo *2d time f.*

girl; — You've got the same blue eyes, — But, gee! they've grown so wise — I

won - der where they learned to tell such naugh-ty lies. — Al - though you've grown to be al-most as

tall as me, Still I'd like to take and bounce you on my knee. — You used to

be a pret - ty ba - by, But now you're a won - der-ful girl. — You used to girl. —

f *fz* *D.S.*

MELODY

Georgia Rainbow

FOX TROT

LEO GORDON

PIANO

f *ff* *ff*

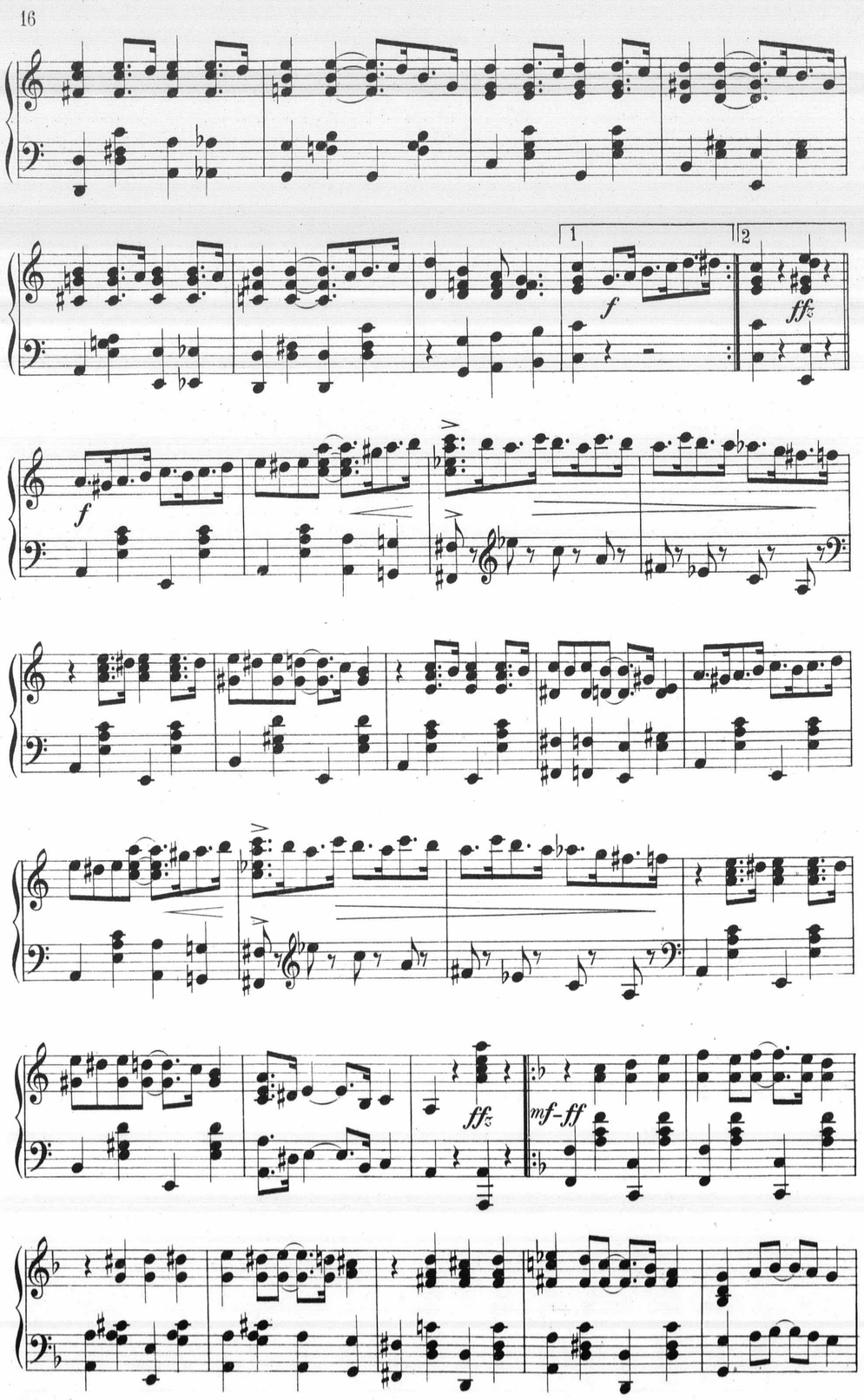
f

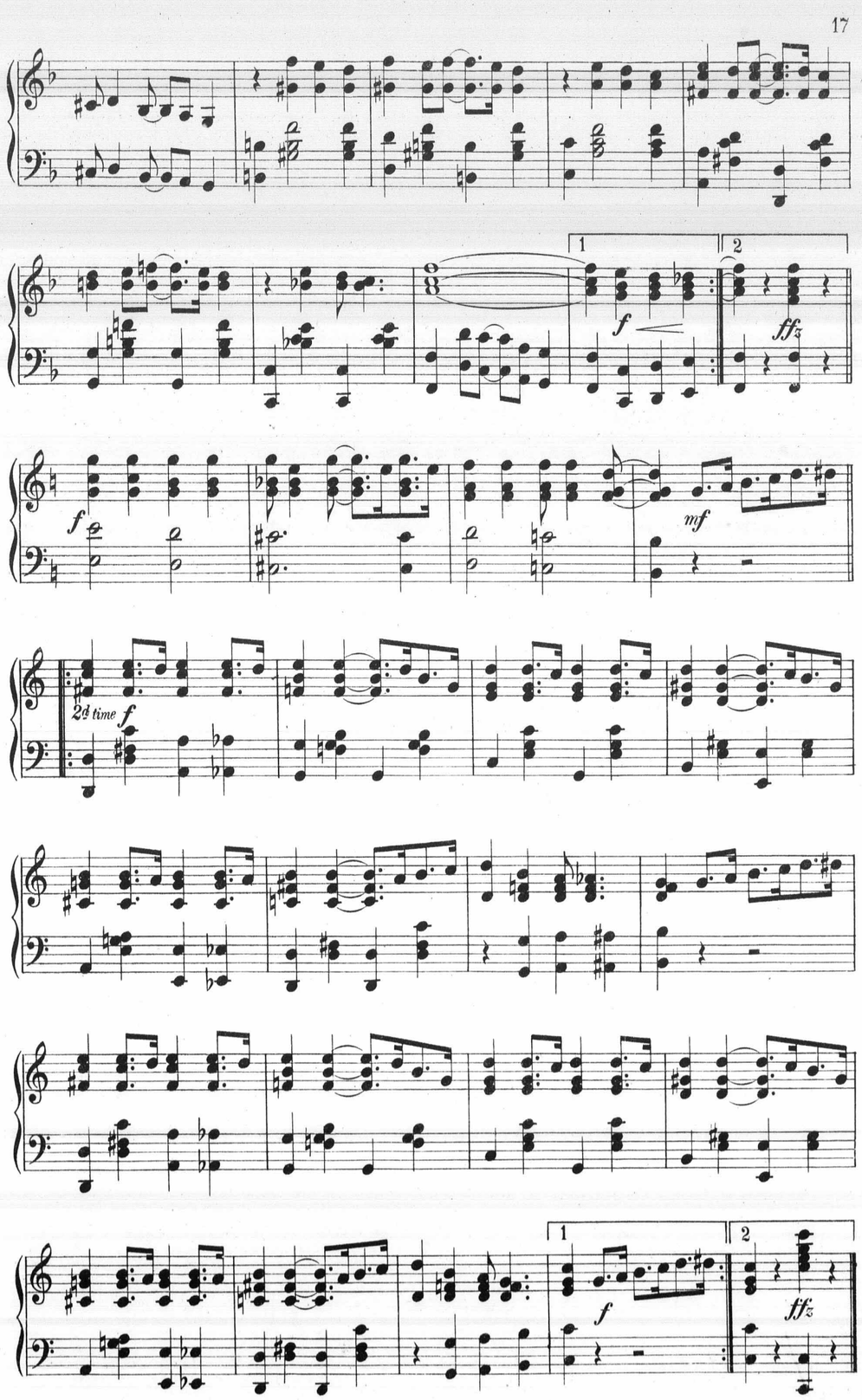
1 2

fz *mf*

2d time f

MELODY


1
2
f
ff
f
ff
mf-ff
ff


1
2
f
ff
f
mf
2d time f
1
2
f
ff

The Flower of Night

INTRO

Andante mysterioso

WALTZ

NORMAN LEIGH

PIANO

p

Tempo di Valse

molto rall.

ff

WALTZ

f

fz

fz

cresc.

fz

fz

ff

Più mosso

mf

ff

molto rall.

Tempo I

ff

f

fz

fz

cresc.

fz

fz

ff

p cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

f

p

molto rall.

a tempo

f cresc. poco a poco

ff

f

cresc. poco a poco

ff

f

p

Meno mosso

mf

p

Tempo I

ffz

ff

f

fz

fz

cresc.

fz

fz

ff

accel.

Silent

ffz

Silent

ffz

No 3

Plaintive

Expressive of Wistful Sadness, Yearning, etc.

HARRY NORTON

Andante cantabile

PIANO

L.H.

R.H.

L.H.

D.C. al

Published by Walter Jacobs, Boston

No 4

Mysterioso

For Stealthy Action, Burglary, Etc.

HARRY NORTON

Moderato

PIANO

sempre staccato

L.H.

Published by Walter Jacobs, Boston

Original One-Step Arrangement of Chorus of

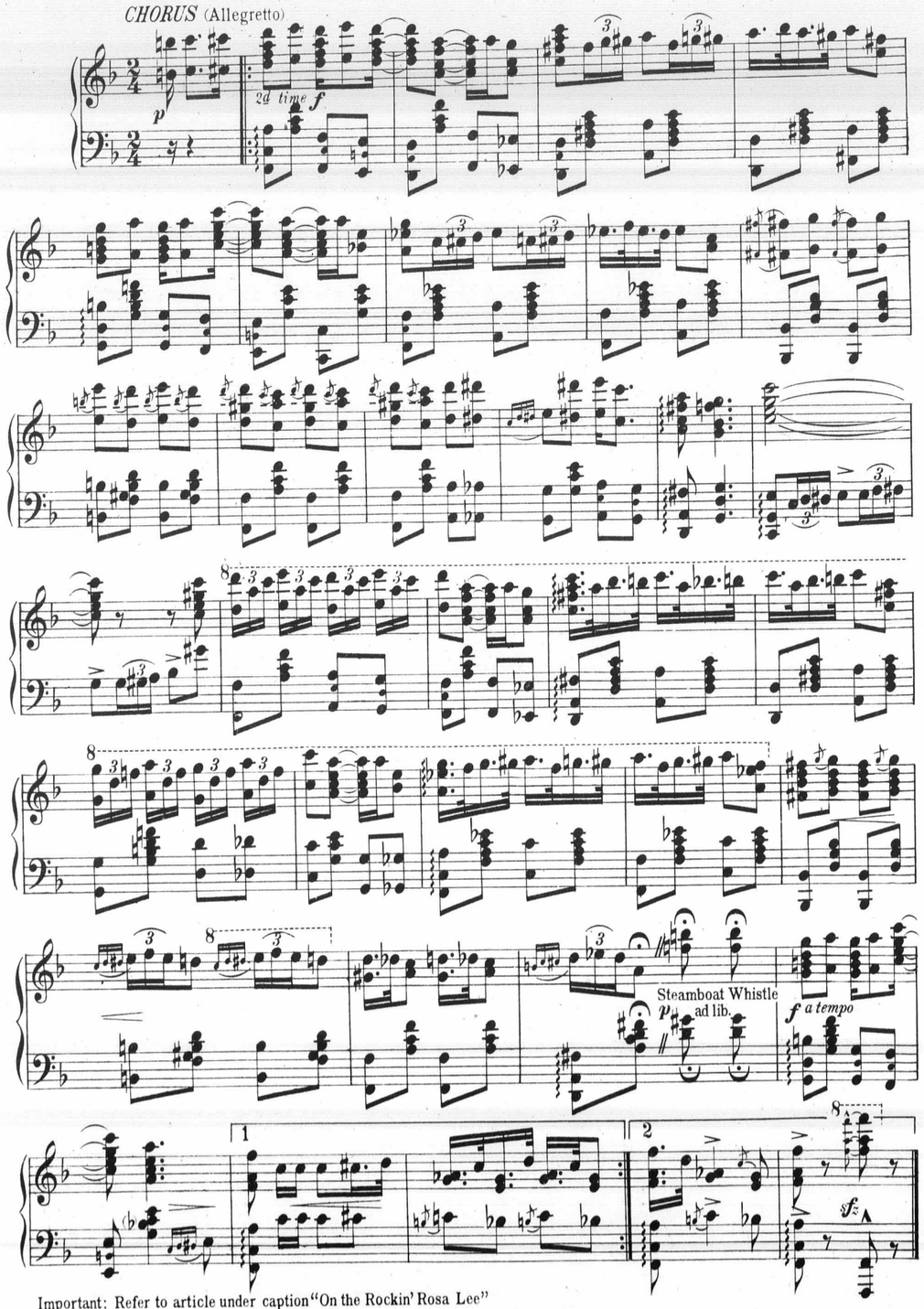
"On the Rockin' Rosa Lee"

In Full Piano Solo Style

Words and Music by
W. BENTON OVERSTREET

Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN

CHORUS (Allegretto)



Important: Refer to article under caption "On the Rockin' Rosa Lee"

The Lay of the Waste Basket

By Monroe H. Rosenfeld

1

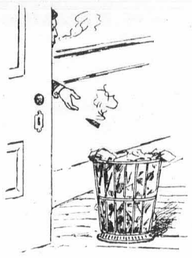
AH, happy, happy New Year's day,
With thee I sing my joyous lay;
The only time in all the year
That I am standing empty here!
For gone's each manuscript and roll
Which erst has weighted my poor soul!

2

I AM the proud receptacle
Of more than earthly thought can tell!
What hopes I squelch in scribbling cranks!
"Rejected!" and "Declined with Thanks!"
And "Not Available!" Pray see
How all these mottoes garnish me!

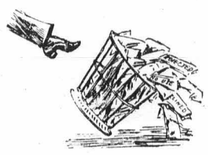
3

AT last I'm full; no toper gay
Could bear my load by night or day;
And yet I stagger not, ah! no—
Must I digest this weight of woe?
Stanzas and dogg'rels enough to make
Even a poor waste basket quake!



4

I'VE even felt in days of yore
The angry heel of editor,
Who jumped upon me with a frown
To stamp my precious burden down!
Ay, stamped and thrilled my being's core
So that he could make room for more!



5

THEY even throw the disused quid
Against the spot where was my lid,
And butts of bad cigars were shunted
Against me, yet I'm not affronted—
For I must bear it all and grin,
Though fair without, I'm foul within!

6

AND I am kicked by boot so rude
And emptied of my various food—
Song writer's verses tied with blue—
And poets' lines that wouldn't do—
And tunes, without end or beginning
From out my maw are oft sent spinning.

7

THE office cat has basked and rolled
Safe sheltered from the blighting cold
By warm effusions, and, yet see
In terror now he leaveth me.
For Bridget captures all my heap
When she begins to clean and sweep.

8

AND then, of every scrap bereft
Am I in loneliness now left?
Ah, no! the rude umbrella stands
And claims a shelter at my hands;
Goloshes find a hiding-place
My ample, wicker face to grace.

9

AT length, turned upside down I share
A further burden of despair!
I'm *sat upon*, as were those screeds
Of poets, which none ever reads!
And—yet, turned down in heartless way—
I always sing a merry lay!

Ragtime Piano Playing

A Practical Course of Instruction for Pianists---By Edward R. Winn

[In each issue for a period of several months we will publish an instalment of this serial course of instruction in ragtime piano playing. The complete course will include single and double two-step rag, waltz rag, discord (passing note) bass, ragged bass, playing the melody in the bass with the left-hand and ragging the harmony (chords) in the treble with the right hand, various melodic and harmonic embellishments, etc.—Editor.]

Lesson XV

IN this instalment of the course are shown arrangements of the same melody treated with single discord bass and double discord bass. It may be explained again that the words "single" and "double" refer to the metrical treatment of the measures.

To the Pupil

Single discord bass may be given a variation in certain measures by repeating *on* count 3 the chord employed *on* count 2 and placing a passing note *on* count 4, or a series of three passing notes may be introduced as follows: Play first passing note *between* counts 3 and 4, second passing note *on* count 4 and third passing note *after* count 4. This succession of passing notes may consist of diatonic (scale) tones or chromatic tones (consecutive half-steps), or a combination of both, and may ascend or descend.

The various forms in Single Discord Bass are shown in the arrangement given herewith. Observe carefully the manner in which the passing notes are employed and apply to other melodies.

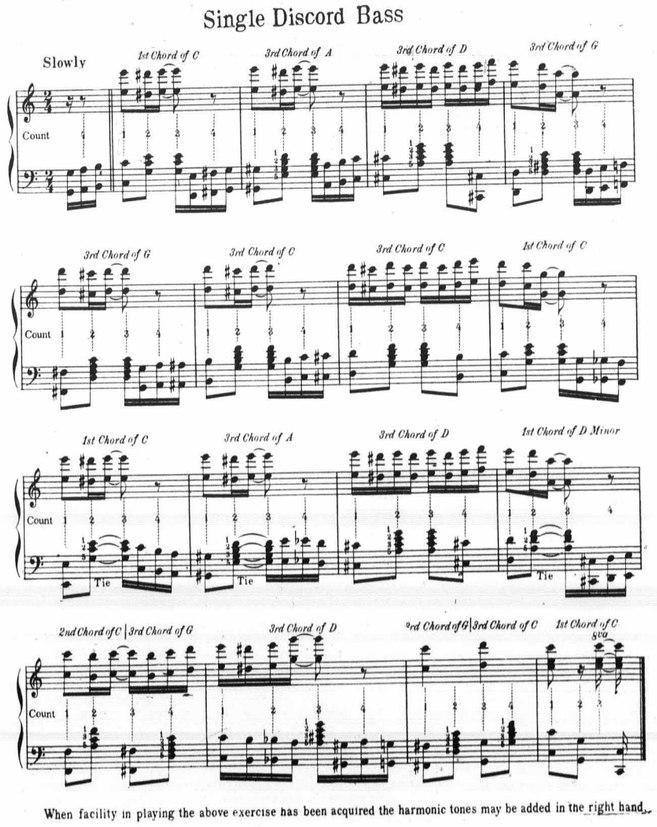
Employing double bass, as explained in Lesson XI in October issue, is shown also in the last eight measures of the same melody. This style of bass, together with the application of the rhythms and their combinations to full harmony in the treble as explained in Lesson III in February (1917) issue, produces the most effective form of ragtime. Apply all the forms of discord bass (as shown in Lesson XIII in November issue) to other melodies having more than four melody notes in the majority of measures, thus producing double discord bass.

Application of this style of bass to a composition should not be attempted until the melody and harmony have been memorized, as the hands should be left free to perform what the mind dictates. Discord bass opens up opportunity for considerable originality and the pupil is advised to experiment a great deal with these examples of bass.

Arrangements of melodies showing this style of bass submitted to the author will receive careful attention and criticism and readers are cordially invited to send in examples of their work along these lines.

The next following lessons will include an arrangement showing single straight bass with passing note added and another demonstrating that ragtime is, after all, nothing more nor less than "consecutively repeated syncopated harmonies."

Single Discord Bass



When facility in playing the above exercise has been acquired the harmonic tones may be added in the right hand.

Synopsis of Preceding Lessons

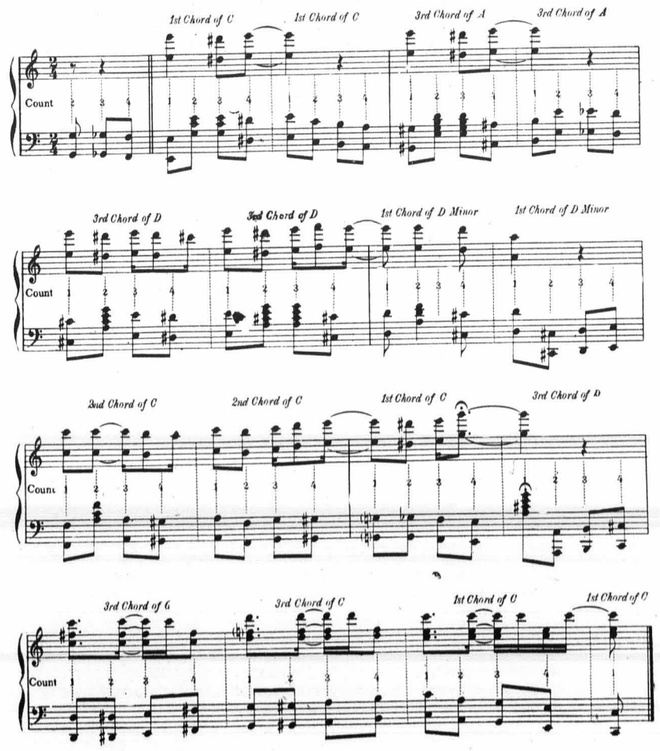
Outline of Lesson I in January issue: Formation of the scale—Rule for memorizing the formation of the major scale—Rule for memorizing the formation of the minor (harmonic) scale—Five mostly used keys—Formation of the three fundamental harmonies upon which all music is based—Straight bass.

Outline of Lesson II in January issue: Letter-names and tones constituting the three fundamental chords, and usual position and manner in which they are employed in "straight" bass shown by notation in the keys of C, G, F, B♭ and E♭—How to decide the chord to be used in each measure—Principle of classifying chords—Avoidance of Passing Chords, Altered Chords, etc.

Outline of Lesson III in February Issue—Review of "Straight" bass in all twelve keys—Principle of playing all melody notes in octave form—Avoidance of counting the metre (time) aloud—Full harmony in the

(Continued on page 34)

Double Discord Bass



The Reader and the Publisher

Subscribers are invited to contribute letters or short articles voicing personal opinions or suggestions, and space will be given in this department to all that are of sufficient general interest

ALTHOUGH the "Name Contest" is settled—satisfactorily to all, we hope—we have so many pointed and right interesting letters from readers that we dislike to withhold all of them from print. Many of these letters express opinions that coincide with the views of the publisher, the editorial staff and the advisers who assisted in settling on the new name selected. A goodly number of the communications markedly disagree in several or all respects. We have endeavored to print in the past few issues of the magazine those letters which voice a fair representation of the various opinions offered; now that the moot question is settled, there can be but little interest in the continued reproduction of contributions bearing only on this subject. We have, however, selected a few of the many letters which voice opinions and suggestions regarding the magazine's proper appellation, and print as many of them as space will permit. It is regretted that only a very few of the hundreds of letters received can be thus recognized; doubly so, in that so many of the correspondents have written entertainingly and with considerable insight. Some of the writers who favored retaining "The Tuneful Yankee" as our cognomen were especially skillful dispensers of "English as She is Wrote," and a number of these have sufficient literary merit—or demerit—to warrant their publication at a later date for the greater delectation of our readers.

This department will be continued, and readers are invited to contribute freely and frankly. Letters which can be of no general interest, or which do not pertain to the conduct of Melody or to the cause which it espouses, will not be printed. Each communication, to receive attention, must be signed with full name and address. Name will not be printed if so requested.

Byron Parker, Port au Prince, Haiti (Field Hospital).—I was reading a newspaper the other day and found your Tuneful Yankee magazine advertisement. Not being a Yankee, I sort of sneered at it, then decided to read the ad. I found you wanted a better name. I said, "Well, that isn't hard to do," so, after getting a sample to look over, I am sending you a list that you can pick from. If you'll change the name you'll have a new subscriber right away.

I am a sailor stationed here on the island and mix with quite a bunch of men, and all to whom I showed your Tuneful Yankee laughed at the title and made fun of the cover. They seem (like myself) to like the inside part, but they have no laurels for its *cover* and *title*.

Estie Foster, Lexington, Mo.—I like your magazine very much, but having been a moving picture pianist for nine years I could not help but register a little kick when one of your numbers reached me not long ago containing the "Kiss of Spring Waltz," which we played to death about nine years ago. I don't intend this as much of a protest considering the fact that I've received much valuable aid from the used-to-be "Cadenza" and The Tuneful Yankee, too.

Edwin Beale, Rockwood, Pa.—"The Tuneful Yankee" is a mighty good name, but it is expressive of sectionalism, and I know a whole lot of people to whom the word "Yankee" arouses a very strong feeling of antagonism, regardless of what is said of our "united nation." I have been among the good people of the South and know; even though their inborn courtesy, which is famous the world over, will treat you with the politeness of a Mansfield, yet there is a section of this country where they still have no use for the ———n Yank.

Eduard G. Falling, Duluth, Minn.—The December Tuneful Yankee was the best yet in both music and text. It looks and *reads* like a real magazine. Now for a new name and a cover design that won't distress the innocent public eye. We are looking eagerly for the January copy, in anticipation of the change. Whatever you do, *don't* use a cartoon for a cover. If you can't change the design each month, for goodness sake pick out a neat, unobtrusive idea for your artist to work up. A cover page can be *striking* without being clownish or vulgar. I put my bets all on *Popular Music* as the name you will choose—or have chosen, probably, by this time.

Arthur Frisbee Sanford, Chicago, Ill.—I vigorously echo the sentiments of the several writers who have expressed wonder that you ever abandoned the title first announced for the new piano magazine when it was divorced from "The Cadenza" about a year ago. I say *call it Melody* by all means—and I don't charge you one cent for the suggestion. Melody is the one word that conveys to me the impression I receive from a reading of the magazine—until I look at the cover. The proper word to picture my sentiments when I gaze at that cover page isn't printed in nice magazines, so I won't mention it.

Ines Courtright (professional pianist), Boston, Mass.—Just one word from one who has remained silent, though with great difficulty, during the discussion of new name suggestions. If the magazine is to be limited to the field of song-writers and would-be song-writers, it doesn't make any difference what you call it—it will be of no interest to me. But if you continue to broaden out the scope of the journal, as you have commenced to do in recent issues, you must give it a new name, in justice to yourself. "Tuneful Yankee" is meaningless. "Popular Music" or "Melody" tell the purpose of the magazine, and are easy titles to work into attractive typography on the cover. Renew my subscription if the name is to be changed, for then, I know, the contents of the magazine will include something of interest to me.

Edward R. Winn, New York City.—Tuneful Yankee had some meat in its last issue. Now for a "Questions and Answers" department. Everyone reads that. Your "movie" music man is certainly capable—both with words and music.

George M. Moehler, Chicago, Ill.—The Tuneful Yankee is assuming real proportions as a well-rounded music magazine. I am especially interested in the new (I hope regular) feature by Mr. Norton under the title of "Movie Music." Everyone, whether a motion picture musician or motion picture fan, is interested in the interpretive music which forms such an essential part of the movie program. * * * Although I am somewhat of a Westerner, I must admit that some of the music reviews are "too breezy" to be sincere. Tone 'em down a bit, unless they are intended for jokes.

Nora M. Lettson, Saginaw, Mich.—Just a suggestion: Why not have an "answers to correspondents" department for amateur players and singers—those of us who don't write songs and don't want to, but would like information regarding songs, composers, publishers, etc.? I have several questions to ask, but hesitate, because I find none of the sort treated in your answers to correspondents columns. I fear you might think some of the questions silly, anyway.

By all means, submit the questions. The "Answers to Correspondents" department will be broadened to meet any reasonable requirements of our subscribers, and if our "Answer Man" can't furnish the information himself, he knows a lot of well-informed and wise people who can help him crack the tough ones.

G. M. Jones, Brookline, Mass.—I liked the December issue of The Tuneful Yankee [Melody] immensely, and had a lot of good laughs with Mr. Vincent on his first trip to a modern moving picture house. I have had just that same experience. I must compliment you on securing Mr. Harry Norton as a contributor. I have heard him demonstrate his ability at the Beacon Theatre in Boston often, and have much respect for his writings.

Mrs. A. Boyd, Elwood, Neb.—Since all of U. S. are helping Uncle Sam (or should be), and The Tuneful Yankee is far from being as dead as "Old Uncle Ned," we would suggest rolling up the sleeves of that Tuneful (Idle) Yankee, hanging up the old banjo, taking down the garden rake or hoe, and putting him to work in "The Garden of Melody" (name suggested), as all should cultivate at least a garden, and weeding out the inferior from the superior seems in tune with your ideas. Hope this is in time for your spring gardening.

Mrs. Boyd is one of many—very many—who submitted a title containing the word "Melody," although only a few of the suggestions have been printed in these columns. "Garden of Melody" would not be bad as a song or instrumental title, but it would hardly be acceptable as a magazine name. This is true of the majority of the "Melody" combinations offered.

Mrs. Grace E. Willey, Concord, N. H.—

The Tuneful Yankee is a gem—a magazine
I prize,
I'm grateful to the publisher, so clever and
so wise.
He knew just what the public wished, so
filled a long-felt need
With the wondrous Tuneful Yankee, which
always will succeed.
The music in it 's worth the price a dozen
times or more—
The songs are all alluring, and the waltzes I
adore
The name just suits me to a T—I hope it
stays the same;
I could *never* do without it—that magazine
of fame.

Arthur C. Sallee, Fillmore, Cal.—I feel it my duty to let you know how much I appreciate The Tuneful Yankee [Melody]. I have been a subscriber only a few months, but that is because I did not know about your magazine before.

I am pianist in a motion picture theatre and am naturally interested in music suitable for "playing the pictures." Your magazine has been a great help to me in supplying its particular kind of music for certain scenes, and when I received the December number and found you had added a "Movie" department, I felt I must write and tell you that you were "striking the right key." The article by Harry Norton is very interesting, and I hope he will appear every month. You may rest assured that the "Hurry" and "Agitato" by Mr. Norton will be greatly appreciated by all "movie" players; and don't fail to let us have more of them.

George C. Boyd, Payson, Arizona.—I note in your editorial of November, 1917, quotation of a letter from Mr. Carl B. Winge as follows: "It is said 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 rungs higher to the top of the ladder. Your honest, fearless, fair and square criticisms appeal to me. The message delivered in each means make 'em or break 'em. Keep it up; you have a life member in me."

Mr. Winge evidently believes that he thinks that he knows what he is talking about. I am glad he believes it, because I am sure that no one else does, The Tuneful Yankee to the contrary notwithstanding.

The reason I know Mr. Winge is not conversant with his subject is: Neither The Tuneful Yankee or any other Yankee can knock a "struggling writer" dead to save his neck. It can't be did. Mr. Winge does not know the "stuff" of which "struggling song writers" are built. They may not make good soldiers, but if our brave boys were all as hard to "knock" dead as a "struggling" writer is, it wouldn't take very many of

(Continued on page 35)

Answers to Correspondents

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

E. P. F., Boulder, Colo.
1. "Waiting." This is very amateurish. 2. "You're Here" is a sequel to No. 1 and is inadequate. 3. "I Sit and Dream" is a retrospect, not a popular song. 4. "Miss You" is a terse, pretty conceit; but not available for general sale. 5. "Yesterday" neatly written, but has no contemporaneous interest.

W. J. M., Chicago, Ill.
"Tell Me" has some very neat rhymes, but the subject is very commonplace.

Chas. F. McN., Chicago.
1. "Dreaming." Same criticism as applied to W. J. M., above. Nowadays in order to enlist a popular sale, the subject-matter should always comprise some originality, different, odd and inspiring. It is easy to write mere words, but it is not an easy task to originate new and fascinating themes; these are the ones worth striving for.

R. T. A., McIntosh, S. D.
"Coming Back." This has some very pungent lines, but the general subject is worn. The kaiser involved is repulsive to Americans—even the mention of his name. The words are well written in spots, but the song will not sell.

Mr . V. B. A., Grand Rapids, Mich.
"I Wish You Were" possesses a very original idea, but for commercial purposes it lacks finish. Many a comic magazine publishes worse works than this quaint set of words.

F. O., San Francisco, Cal.
1. "To My Old Home" has only an ordinary theme; thousands of songs better than this lie idle upon publishers' shelves. 2. "The Land"; same criticism as No. 1. 3. "Little Girl" is the best of the three you submit. It has some original thought and the body material is new, but outside of being a "cute" little conceit, there is no contemporaneous interest in it.

C. W. S., Pittsburg, Pa.
You are another one of those considerate friends, who, like F. O. mentioned above, have saved duplicates of your manuscript. In your "Yaaka Doodle" song you have a tip-top idea, but it is weakly carried out. Some of the melody is catchy, but this is also weak in vital spots.

J. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.
If the various publishers to whom you have submitted your lyrics have all sent them back to you it is very evident that there must be something wrong with your productions. "Everybody can't be wrong." While we admit that there is considerable trash published these days, publishers, as a rule, know their business in selecting what you might deem MSS. inferior to yours. This magazine is in the field to express an opinion and if we also condemn a work, it is fair to assume we are right, although we do not claim to be infallible. We can, at least, help you with our opinion and advice when we see your lyrics for we are in touch with the public want and also with the various publishers. 2. The firm you name has had much litigation and trouble with writers who claim to have been fleeced by them. Of course, we have had no personal relations with them and can make no definite assertion, but others charge all sorts of trickery up to them.

E. P., Los Angeles, Cal.
"Ho, Hearties!" is full of snap and vigor, but is limited in material.

J. H. S., Norristown, Pa.
"Soldier Boy." In reply to your comment, women, we assert, are considerably more numerous among the buyers of popular music than men. Therefore, it is always desirable to take this fact in consideration when writing for the masses. Your letter contains some good logic, but our experience also counts for tangible advice.

C. R. W., New York City.
"The Grand" has some inspiriting music, but the subject is worn. It is used in so many modern songs that it would not pay to be revived in more. Some of your verses are replete with good lines and rhymes.

G. M. F., Rock Island, Ill.
1. "Awaken Him!" possesses some excellently stirring and patriotic sentiment and the verses are well rhymed, but the subject is one that is not fraught for universal sale. 2. You are one of those careful ladies who send us full return postage. In fact, you have done more; the extra, or surplus stamps, we attached to your letter which was returned.

I. R. C., Seattle, Wash.
"Land of Dreams" has ordinary words, with very facile and mellifluous music, but the chorus is particularly catchy. The title of the song, however, has been used before so this is one of its handicaps.

Contributors are requested to send stamped envelopes for reply. Postage, loosely enclosed, frequently is lost. A stamped envelope will insure immediate reply.

H. J. W., Gloversville, N. Y.
"Naughty." This is very cleverly done in several ways, but there is already a popular song on the market by a similar title published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., N. Y.

I. A., Tooele, Utah.
1. "Green Boy." This is a most original conception and *may* make a good stage song with a consistently catchy melody. Some of the "green" adjectives are far-fetched, but this is no particular fault in a song of this kind. 2. "Precious" is only a tribute. 3. "You Were Once" is simply a retrospect and is not strong enough for a popular song. 4. "Fond Dream." Same applies to No. 4. 5. "Sweetheart." This has many poetical phrases and mollifying sentiment, but the chorus is rather long for a modern popular song. 6. Some of your melodies are quite interesting, but not particularly striking. The line beginning, "I have in my possession" is fluent and catchy. 7. You have a faculty for writing pretty good verses; your rhymes and style are flowing and you appear to possess versatility; but the themes of your songs lack pointed originality, although one or two of those named have intrinsic charm. You are one not to be discouraged.

Mrs. R. L. B., Detroit, Mich.
1. "Isle of Heart's" is a quaint poem suitable, perhaps, for a musical production, but not for a popular song. 2. "Wouldn't You Rather" has a stunning idea, but the punch is lacking because of a situation to emphasize it. 3. Your silver rhyme, dear madam, is very bad.

C. H. W., Hinsdale, Ill.
"Any hing Goes." This would be a fairly well-written song were it not that the title-phrase has been used before in countless ways and has thus lost its charm and originality.

H. M., Williamsport, Pa.
"If We" has some good points, but for commercial purposes it would have no general sale.

L. R. T., Chicago, Ill.
1. "America" is commonplace; it also lacks proper rhymes. 2. "Uncle Sam" has several good lines, but also several unoriginal ones. "Let's all be true Americans Now" occurs in a previously popular song and your second verse possesses no rhymes at all, although your chorus is fair, but too long. 3. "Evelyn" is too sad and retrospective.

F. B. T., Bath, Me.
"Gone" has no particular charm outside of its affectionate retrospect of an absent one. It will not do as a popular song, although the title is good.

E. R. S., Canton, O.
1. "Call" is well written, but "above the heads" of the ordinary song buyer. 2. "I've a Treasure." The body material of this song is excellently conceived and excellently wrought out, but the title is exceedingly commonplace, having been done in scores of songs before. 3. "Today" is poetical, but trite in thought. 4. "When Earth's." This is admirable as a poem, but not available for the modern song. 5. You have delightful command of rhyme and reason, but your effusions are strained for effects of fanciful ideas and florid thoughts.

A. D. M., Columbus, O.
"There's a Flag." The only commendable thing about these words is its fine, original title. The text tells the same old story as in scores of other songs of this kind; the verses are also too long; nowadays stanzas of brevity are required. Anyhow, the song is simply a well-written tribute to our emblem and hundreds of this kind lie idly upon the publishers' shelves.

S. M., Metamora, Mich.
"Dove" is simply a poem, not available as a popular song. 2. "My Country." There are too many works of this kind on the market, small percentage only of which have any marked sales.

C. B. W., Seattle, Wash.
1. "I Have Answered." This is merely a set of verses, poetically phrased. It contains no chorus and nowadays songs of this kind require a chorus or a refrain. But even with such there is a doubt of its commercial value for the subject is one that does not appeal to the general masses. 2. Yes, an unknown writer frequently stands the same chance. 3. Your titles for magazine have been submitted by others.

J. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1. "We'll all Stand By" has some stimulating lines, but the idea is pretty well worn and the chorus is too long. 2. "Beautiful Girls." This song pertains to the laudation of a city and would not interest those outside of your city. The chorus is also very verbose. In it you have conveyed some good, poetical sentiment, but the entire theme is too eulogistic and sectional. 3. Your reference to Mr. Charles Roy Cox's recent letter in The Tuneful Yankee is well taken.

Mrs. W. A. V., Fort Dodge, Ia.
1. "You Will Always Be." A neat little retrospect which, however, would not sell as a popular song unless with tremendously catchy melody—which is not very easy to secure. 2. "Waiting." Baby songs scarcely ever sell. The title you suggest as an alternative would make little difference. 3. "Love's Memories." There are too many themes and titles of this kind and while your lyrics contain some poetical thought the subject would not be saleable.

E. S. E., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Daddy" has some excellent and original thought. It has never been done before, to our knowledge. The words lack rhyme in one or two places, but not essentially so. The first part of the melody is also good; the end of the chorus is not so euphonious. There is something lacking in the beginning of the chorus to make the song a pronounced hit, still, in its entirety the composition is pretty well conceived.

(*Continued on page 36*)

What the Cash Register Says

The Best Selling Hits According to Cash Register Readings of Our Dealer-Subscribers—What Does Your Cash Register Say?

Minneapolis, Minn.—1. *Good-bye Broadway, Hello France!* (Leo Feist). 2. *Over There* (Leo Fiest). This is almost as good. 3. *I Don't Want to Get Well* (Feist). 4. *Sunshine of Your Smile* (T. B. Harms & Francis, Day & Hunter). 5. *Where Do We Go from Here* (Feist). 6. *When the Yanks Come Marching Home* (Wm. Jerome Pub. Corp.). 7. *There's a Long, Long Trail* (Witmark).

Lansing, Mich.—*Where Do We Go from Here* (Feist). 2. *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here.* (Feist). 3. *Over There* (Leo Feist). 4. *There's a Long, Long Trail* (Witmark).

Toledo, Ohio.—1. *Over There* (Feist). 2. *When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez Vous Francais* (A. J. Stasny). This is the biggest seller on our counters. 3. *There's a Long, Long Trail* (Witmark). 4. *I'm all Bound 'Round with the Mason-Dixon Line* (Waterson, Berlin & Snyder). 5. *Good-bye Broadway, Hello France!* (Feist). This is another war hit.

San Francisco, Cal.—1. *Joan of Arc* (Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.). Always good. 2. *Long Boy* (Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.). "Some" dance number. 3. *For You a Rose* (Jerome H. Remick & Co.). A steady seller. 4. *Valse Innocence* (Florintine Music Co.). A western waltz hit. 5. *Palm Court Fox Trot* (Florintine Music Co.). Another new number from the same firm which looks good.

Big Rapids, Mich.—1. *Keep the Home Fires Burning* (Chappell & Co.). 2. *Missouri Waltz* (Forster Music Pub. Co., Inc.). 3. *Over There* (Leo Feist). 4. *We're Going Over* (C. Arthur Pfeiffer). 5. *It's Time for Every Boy to Be a Soldier* (Jerome H. Remick & Co.).

Springfield, Mass.—1. *Over There* (Feist) 2. *Somewhere in France is the Lily* (Witmark). 3. *I Don't Want to Get Well* (Feist). 4. *Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There* (Joe Morris Music Co.). 5. *You'll Find There's Someone Missing* (McCarthy & Fisher, Inc.). 6. *When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez Vous Francais* (Stasny).

Kansas City, Mo.—1. *Missouri Waltz* (Forster). 2. *For You a Rose* (Remick). 3. *Battle Song of Liberty* (Jacobs). 4. *Somewhere in France is the Lily* (Witmark). 5. *When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez Vous Francais* (Stasny). 6. *Long Boy* (Shapiro-Bernstein).

Pittsburg, Pa.—1. *So Long, Mother* (Remick). 2. *Long Boy* (Shapiro-Bernstein). 3. *Over There* (Feist). 4. *Sometime You'll Remember* (Harms). 5. *I Don't Want to Get Well* (Feist). 6. *There's a Long, Long Trail* (Witmark).

Buffalo, N. Y.—1. *Berry Picking Time* (Feist). 2. *Mississippi Volunteers* (Jacobs) 3. *So Long, Mother* (Remick). 4. *For You a Rose* (Remick). 5. *There's a Long, Long Trail* (Harms). 6. *Over There* (Feist).

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. Use pencil.)

Title..... Title.....
Composer..... Composer.....
Publisher..... Publisher.....
Remarks..... Remarks.....
....
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Title..... Title.....
Composer..... Composer.....
Publisher..... Publisher.....
Remarks..... Remarks.....
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Title..... Title.....
Composer..... Composer.....
Publisher..... Publisher.....
Remarks..... Remarks.....
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Address..... City and State.....
Name of Store..... Sent in by.....

(No UNSIGNED Lists will be Published, but only city and state address will be printed if you so request)

MY NIGHTMARE OF TITLES
By Louis I. Morrison in the "Tone Arm"

THE band played "The Star Spangled Banner" as I left New York saying, "Good-bye Broadway," "One Wonderful Night." "On My Way to New Orleans," "On the Old Dominion Line," I sat "All Alone" and listened to a "Merry Widow," whose name was "Molly O," singing "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "Come On and Baby Me." I said "If Your Heart Keeps Right" "I'll Await My Love" "Until" "The Moon Has Raised Her Lamp Above." Then "When Cupid Calls" and "When I Know That Thou Art Near Me," "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby" and "Songs We Used to Sing in Dixie." Afterwards we sang together "Oh, That We Two Were Maying." We said "Good-night" and I went to "Happy Lumberland" "Dreaming" of "My Beautiful Irish Maid." I was up "At Dawn" and we were "Way Down South" "Where the Red, Red Roses Grow." As the "Sunlight" "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water" shone she appeared "I Wonder Why," like a "Hawaiian Butterfly," and when we were "Face to Face" she said, How do you like "The Dress My Mother Wore"? I said it made me think of "The Old Folks at Home" "Way Down upon the Swanee River." We were "Comrades" and as happy as "Two Little Love Bees" "On the Beach at Waikiki." We arrived "Way Down South" like the "Arrival of the British Troops in France," but "The Band Was Playing Dixie" instead of "God Save the King." We saw the darkies "Down Among the Sugar-Cane," and heard them singing "Old Black Joe" as they were "Loading up the Mandy Lee." Some were dancing "The Pigeon Walk" and "Peter Rabbit Hop." We also saw "Poor Butterfly" and "Mister Butterfly" "Waiting Down by the Mississippi Shore" for "The Girl from Utah," "The Girl Who Smiles." "My Little Dream Girl" said, "Meet Me at the Station, Dear" as I take the train for my "Little Grey Home in the West." "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" for to "Settle Down in a One-Horse-Town." I met her at the station and "At Parting" "In the Gloaming" she said "Then You'll Remember Me," if not "Then I'll Stop Loving You." I said "Good-by, Good Luck, God Bless You," somebody shouted "Watch Your Step," and I said "Wal, I Swan"—"'Twas Only an Irishman's Dream."

THE MILITARY GLIDE
By Basil Sadler

A new dance entitled the Military Glide was recently submitted to the Baltimore Dancing Teachers' Association by Prof. Joshua T. Cockey.

The dance is making a terrific hit in all the better class hotels, cabarets and dancing academies.

The music of "Our Director" is a good number for the dance, as it is in strict march tempo, and the drum solo in the trio (8 bars) should be repeated, making 16 bars of the solo. This will fit the March to the dance as perfectly as if the music were written especially for it.

A description of the dance is herewith appended and advice to all who dance is to try it. Tell your orchestra leader the name of the music, or ask for "*Our Director*" (piano-player roll or phonograph record) and dance the "Military Glide" to your heart's content. You'll like it.

DESCRIPTION OF DANCE
Danced to a 6-8 Military March of 16 measures to the strain
Gentlemen's Part Lady Counter-Part

1st Fig. (Walk and Glide)
Left forward four walking steps. L. 1 R. 2 L. 3 R. 4 (on fourth step a quarter turn to R.). Four gliding steps to left 5-6-7-8. Glide left to L. close R. Count 5 and, repeat 6 and, repeat 7 and, Glide L. to open position count 8 (on 8 a quarter turn to R. this will leave gentlemen in position to walk back with R. foot). Step backward four walking steps. R. 1 L. 2 R. 3 L. 4 (on fourth a quarter turn to R.) four gliding steps to R. 5-6-7-8. Glide R. to R. close L. 5 and, repeat 7 and glide R. to open position count 8. This will leave you your back toward the wall, with ladies' back toward center of room.

16 counts 8 measures of music

2d Fig. Salute partners

Join left hands and hold shoulder high, stand about in line with left side and about eight inches apart facing partners with R. hand at position of military salute. This position will permit partners to march around to left with ease while saluting. Eight walking steps around partners to left L. 1 R. 2 L. 3 R. 4. L. 5 R. 6 L. 7. R. 8 (the dancers must make a circle and a half to left in this march and finish in opposite places gentlemen facing wall, ladies facing center of room.) Step left to L. 1 close R. to L. 2 repeat 3, 4, and finish by dancing two two-steps, steps turning to R. count 5-6-7-8 (on two steps turn 5-6-7-8 a three-quarter turn is made. This is the end of dance and will leave you in the correct positions for beginning of dance 1st Fig.).

16 counts 8 measures of music 16 measures in all

NOTE.—Any Military March of 6-8 time can be used for this dance, but it must be a march with 16 measures to the strain (music "Our Director"). Victor Record 16795; Columbia, 917317.

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POPULAR MUSIC MAN OF MANY MISSIONS

"LET'S get acquainted!" The accompanying photo is the picture presentment of a strong personality in the popular music-field—Mr. George H. Bliss, whose labors and influence extend into many of

the music-making industries, chief of which are those connected with his position as secretary of the Greater New York Music Publishers' Association. He is also the Eastern manager of the Q.R.S. Music Rolls Company.

"Jack" Bliss, as he is universally known, although still in the prime of life is personally in touch with every music house in the United States, for the past seven years having traveled from coast to coast. He is a man of pleasing presence, is a most affable chap—courteous and "hail fellow well met"—and more than these is an influential magnet in the field-melodic.

RAGTIME PIANO PLAYING

(*Continued from page 27*)

right-hand—Avoiding the crossing of the hands—Producing variety in the bass.

Outline of Lesson IV in March-April issue: Rhythm No. 1, ragging one melody note in a measure, including passing note and harmonic tone—Ragging two melody notes in a measure.

Outline of Lesson V in May issue: Rhythm No. 1, ragging three melody notes in a measure—Ragging four melody notes in a measure—Comparative ragtime arrangement of "My Old Kentucky Home," demonstrating employment of Rhythm No. 1—Avoidance of hands "crossing" or interfering—Full harmony.

Outline of Lesson VI in May issue: Rhythm No. 1, given variation by omission of harmonic tone—General directions—How to convert a melody into ragtime—Ragtime arrangement of "Come Back to Erin" and "Melody in F," demonstrating employment of Rhythm No. 1.

Outline of Lesson VII in June issue: Ragtime arrangement of "Marching Through Georgia," demonstrating employment of Rhythm No. 1.

Outline of Lesson VIII in July issue: Rhythm No. 2—Ragging one melody note in a measure—Ragging two melody notes in a measure—Ragging three melody notes in a measure—Ragging four melody notes in a measure—Effecting syncopation by binding or tieing—Comparative ragtime arrangement of "My Old Kentucky Home," demonstrating employment of Rhythm No. 2 and employment of both the passing note and harmonic tones.

Outline of Lesson IX in August issue: "Spring Song," demonstrating employment of Rhythm No. 2—Comparative ragtime arrangement of "Flower Song," demonstrating Rhythm No. 1 and 2 and combinations of both—Review of Straight Bass in all major keys—Usual piano keyboard playing positions of the three fundamental chords of each of the twelve major keys.

Outline of Lesson X in September issue: Relative chords—Passing notes—Passing chords—Altered chords—Complete exposition of dissonant harmony—Minor mode.

Outline of Lesson XI in October issue: Double Straight bass—Comparative ragtime arrangements of Chopin's "Funeral March" and "Old Folks at Home," demonstrating application of double straight bass and Rhythms Nos. 1 and 2 and combinations o both.

Outline of Lesson XII in October issue: Rhythm No. 3—Rhythm No. 4—Rhythm No. 5—Effective combinations—Classifying the rhythms—Ragtime arrangement of "Maryland, My Maryland," demonstrating employment of effective combinations of Rhythms Nos. 5-3, 3-4 and 5-4.

Outline of Lesson XIII in November issue: Discord (passing note) Bass, showing first form, second form, third form and various examples in the Key of C.

Outline of Lesson XIV in December issue: Ragtime arrangement of "America," demonstrating employment of discord bass.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

(*Continued from page 29*)

them to clean Old Kaiser Bill's bunch. I am sorry to see a young man of so much enthusiasm being misled by his thinking apparatus. He probably mistook imagination for thought; some people do.

It would be a nice thing if a "struggling" writer could be boosted "a few rungs higher to the top of the ladder" at one "knock," wouldn't it? Nice short ladder; save a feller a lot of knocks! The trouble is, a songwriter might get dizzy so high up, fall off and "knock" his noodle.

Most of the "struggling" writers I am introduced to haven't anything to "break 'em" of, and if any of them ever "make 'em," they'll have to keep on writing songs or go to work.

If Mr. Carl Winge expects to stay on earth during the "life" of The Tuneful Yankee, he'll be the oldest musical critic on record. Yours without spleen, etc.

"Why do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the theatre?" asked the man.

"I don't know," replied the woman, 'Why do you cheer wildly when a man with whom you have not acquainted slides to second base?"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(Continued from page 31)

the music is also euphonious, but it is not a song for general sale with the trite title.

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

1. "Just." This is a very ordinary set of words and the title has been used times without number in other songs. 2. "Out of" has some poetical sentiment and correct versification, but is not in a line for prize award. 3. "Memories." This title occurs in various songs. The lyric is not striking. 4. "I've Just Found Out" resembles in idea the song "When I Lost You." 5. "I've Got Everything." This song has some good points, but the verses are too long and verbose, as is also the chorus.

Mrs. R. C. B., Detroit, Mich.

1. "Love's Soliloquy." This is poetic fancy written only for a ballad—not a popular song. It has some pretty thought, but no particular originality, the idea being embodied in various works of a like character. 2. "Wouldn't You Rather" possesses some stirring lines, but none that would launch it into prominent popularity.

O. M. L., Hammond, Ind.

"Gal o' Mine" is only a reflection, it is not a popular song. It has a few good lines, but the verses are much too long and the chorus lacks rhyme and continuity. At best, it harbors a sad subject, one that does not inspire, but affords grief and melancholy.

M. G. G., Somerville, Mass.

The songs are not worth reviewing. The words of "Regret" are very poetical and quaint, but the music of this and the others is commonplace and the arrangement is mediocre. There is no musical charm to any of the four pieces you have sent us, although the lyrics of at least two are good.

M. J. M., Chicago, Ill.

"Tell Me." Some of the melody of this song is very catchy and retentive, but the range, in parts, is too extended. The words of the song are not much. They are ordinary and the title is also ordinary. However, that is not always a fault in popular songs. Still, in the present case it redounds upon its value.

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