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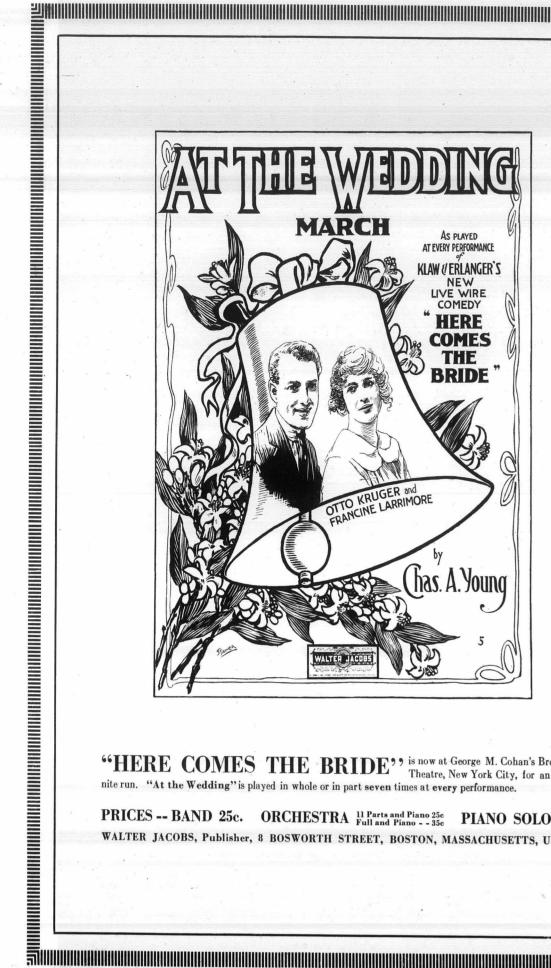
CONTENTS

Abide with Me Alice, Where Art Thou? A Man's a Man for a' That America Annie Laurie Auld Lang Syne Auld Robin Gray Austrian Hymn

Old Hundred
Old Oaken Bucket
Old Unkle Ned
O Paradise
Our Flag
Our Flag is There
Peace, Perfect Peace
Pleyel's Hymn
Portuguese Hymn
Red, Red Rose
Robin Adalr
Rocked in the Cradle of
Deep
Rock of Ages
Rule, Britannia
Russlan Hymn
Sally in Our Alley
See, the Conquering
Comes
Stellian Hymn
Soldiers' Chorus

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Address: The Tuneful Yankee, 1547 Broadway, New York

Publisher of The Tuneful Yankee, Boston, Mass.

Providence, R. I.

I have read very carefully The Tuneful Yankee, and I think—yes, know—that you've produced another "winner."
It's the best "music" magazine that I have ever seen. That also seems to be the opinion of everybody to whom I have shown it, for they all wanted to subscribe.

I drummed up ten subscriptions yesterday, and it was so easy that there must be something in the magazine that appeals to Am enclosing herewith \$10.00 and the names and addresses of the ten subscribers secured: More to follow soon.

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For every four twelve-month subscriptions to The Tuneful Yankee at one dollar each sent us before February 15, 1918, we will enter one twelvemonth subscription without charge. Thus, for four subscriptions at a dollar per, you may have your own for nothing—or the free subscription will be sent to any address you order. Or, if you send, say, twenty subscriptions, you may remit sixteen dollars, keeping the other four dollars for your trouble—and it will be no trouble at all! Figure it out for yourself-it's easy money.

THE	TUNEFUL	YANKEE,	
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THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

A MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WALTER JACOBS

8 BOSWORTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

MONROE H. ROSENFELD, Editor

WALTER JACOBS, Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF per year in advance. SINGLE COPIES, Fifteen Cents Each. Canadian, \$1.75. Foreign, \$2.00. Remittances should be made by post office or express money order, registered letter or draft on New York. Currency, coin and stamps sent at sender's risk. On application a diagram showing the exact cost of all space will be promptly forwarded. promptly forwarded.

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VOL. I

DECEMBER, 1917

No. 11

Popular versus Patriotic



the soldier in the training camps and in the trenches, and what is he singing when left to himself for a choice? Is it the fervidly patriotic or the popular and pathetic, and—whatever it is—why? These are questions that many of the curious-minded are asking

themselves today. A careful reading of the newspaper diaries from war-correspondents furnishes a somewhat surprising answer to the question of "what," for a summarizing of reports shows that whether trained or in training the soldier, as soldier, is not singing the patriotic, neither does he seem to care for it from the regimental bands. He perforce must stand at attention and listen to the national anthem when played or sung, but that is duty. Left to himself his personal pleasure turns to the popular, the pathetic and the made-toorder-for-occasion selections. Two instances will show what the soldiers are singing in camps and trenches over there, and it is practically the same here. Both there and here thousands are singing "The Battle Song of Liberty"—"Here's to all good fellows on land and sea.'

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson—the well-known American novelist and better known author of "Carry On," now fighting with the Allies—when recently asked by the New York Times to write for its book section "something on the literature of the trenches," began his reply with the epigramatic statement: "There isn't any. The life that men lead in the trenches is greater literature than ever was penned." After specifying what the men do not read Lieutenant Dawson continues: "It's the same with the songs of the trenches. The last thing you find anybody singing is a patriotic song. When men sing in the shell holes, they prefer something that burlesques their own heroism." He tells further of being sent forward in a captured town to locate an officer. The stones of the houses had been demolished and a terrific barrage from the Germans was doing its best to grind them to powder. He was scouting around for his man under a shelling that each moment grew more intense, when suddenly from underground he heard a "musichall graphophone voice" break out: "All I want is someone to love me." He laconically finishes the tale with: "That finished me. I thought, 'you can love yourself,' and beat it." From the American Field Headquarters in France a war-

HAT is the music that appeals most strongly to correspondent writes: "Shadows rushed down from the hills and darkness turned the groups of khaki into mere blots moving about in the gloom. Then someone with a tenor voice began the sob-stuff, while someone else accompanied him on a mouth-organ. The song came from a little circle, and drifted down the battalion street to be taken up by others—'Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low.' Everybody sang; some worse than others. Then followed songs and recitations. It was 'Mother Machree' and then that one about 'watching the steamer go 'round the bend,' 'Good-bye, my Lover, Goodbye!' Some high-brow guy who used to be a reporter in Tulsa, Okla., tried to get away with a poem by a gent named Wilde—'I never saw a man who looked so wistfully at the sky'—but was drowned out by the close-harmony bawling of 'Whiskey, oh, whiskey, you ain't no friend o' mine.' Inevitably, 'Home, Sweet Home' is on the program." So much as to what the soldier is singing. As for the "why," that is "camouflage" pure and simple—hiding the deeper sentiment under a lighter sentimentality.

It is characteristic of the American to face the inevitable with a smile and turn the disagreeable into a joke, yet never permitting laugh or quip to deaden the determination and duty underlying both. Eliminating the accepted "patriotic" from his singing is no libel upon the patriotism of the soldier, for that has been proved acceptance of necessary enlistment or draft, and by his easy accommodation and ready conformation to rigid restrictions never known to him as a civilian. As a soldier under war orders his patriotism is now too deep below the surface to be expressed in the mere singing or playing of patriotic tunes; his love of country and allegiance to its flag is now of too broad significance to find expression in what is so many times superficial sentiment too often linked with artificial tunes and so he turns to the honestly sentimental and popular. As a soldier, both patriotism and allegience are now become a smoldering volcano awaiting only the final word of command to burst forth, flame and express in patriotic action rather than words, although he well knows that the word will plunge him into a seething inferno of hell. His singing, then, is decking death with a dance instead of a dirge —sublimity "camouflaged" in the ridiculous.—M. V. F.

A National Musical Alliance

fortunate, in reality is the greatest of fortunes. Those of us who are so fortunate as to be living in the present great-world era—an era in which apparently men, money and munitions are being carelessly tossed back and forth like the shuttlecock in a game of battledoor—are passing through, witnessing and playing our individual economic parts in the greatest evolutionary epoch of this ages-old world, and that which once was considered broadly conservative in means and methods is now regarded as but small and insignificant. The world is awaking to the unselfishness of true living, to the bigness and broadness of the dimensions of real life, and to the vital fact that selfish reliance is rapidly merging into communal alliance—in short, we are beginning to adapt to our needs the fourth dimension of true interdependence, and are realizing that all of us are but allies in the broadest sense of the word. There are many

who look upon the present as a sensational age, but it is more

the age of great sensations, with higher sense and deeper

MR. JOHN C. FREUND, the very much in earnest editor of Musical America who has made his journal a power in this country, delights in creating occasional sensations so replete with sense and sensibility that a great music public is suddenly startled into real thinking. There are three very noticeable points connected with his sensations, however, and these are: that each succeeding one is closely related to a preceding in driving home music truths that a too easy-going public overlooks or ignores; that each has a distinct bearing upon the same specific object, and that all in combination show that from the very beginning Mr. Freund has had in view a well-defined plan which seems near to culmination, namely, music for the masses that shall uplift, instruct and recreate.

Some four years ago, in a speech that was sent broadcast over the country by the civic press as well as music journals, Mr. Freund created a statistical sensation by the startling statement that, in all of its diversified forms and through its various industries, America expends yearly the astounding sum of \$600,000,000 for its music, and proved his statement by figures. He now adds to that sensation by impinging upon it another one nearly as breath-taking, i. e., that in this country today there are more than two million people (and nearer three million) who are actively engaged in making and teaching music, and in the music industries. The third sensation to be sprung by Mr. Freund was his recent announcement before the Baltimore City Club of the formation of a great National Musical Alliance, this to include all workers in the musical field and in the music industries.

Because of its timeliness, the sincerity of its purpose and obvious power for good, the announcement of this proposed Alliance has been warmly approved and heartily endorsed by such publications as the Baltimore Sun, News, American and Star; the New York Globe and New York Evening Telegram: Philadelphia Evening Telegram and Philadelphia Public Ledger; the Chicago Journal, Boston Advertiser, Cincinnati Enquirer, Louisville Courier-Journal, Buffalo Commercial and many more, and the projected plan has been given tremendous publicity throughout the entire-country by the Associated

AND why not this musical alliance, when we are living in what may well be termed the Allied Age of the world? Americans have learned through experiences not always pleasant that conservation and strength in all things is best

HERE are times and conditions in life when that luxury for the few and is become the necessity for the many. which possibly might be regarded as most un- In the present great war music has more than proved its efficiency in engendering, promoting and mobilizing, and is still further proving its worth in inspiring, impelling and appealing. In such instance music proves a common necessity for all—for the soldier and sailor as well as the civilian—and as such necessity it is obvious that organization or alliance is the one best factor for conserving a music supply, as it is the same in conservation of food and fuel. It should be equally obvious that well-ordered conservation in music and broad distribution of supply will be just as necessary after the warthat is, if American music is to attain national and international stability.

The first great purpose of the Alliance is to incite municipalities to appropriate funds that shall be devoted to music for the people; this not so much in symphonic orchestra entertainments for a brief season, but more in out-door concerts during the summer in such accessible places as public parks and piers, and in indoor concerts in public school auditoriums during the winter—actually, music for the public in public places that are free to the public.

Another purpose of the Alliance, and one that perhaps may be considered as the greater by those whom it will directly affect, is to encourage our own native talent as foreign countries always have encouraged theirs. This country probably will continue to welcome foreign-born musical talent in the future as it has in the past, but the time is now come when America—if ever it is to be great musically, and is to have a music essentially American—must not only recognize, indorse, encourage and support its native product, but even seek and find it out.

Not to belie the true significance of its name, the Alliance will also work for the establishment of a National Conservatory of Music and endeavor to have established a Ministry of Fine Arts as a necessary factor in our National Government—the only government in the world of its wealth, influence and population that has not a Ministry of Fine Arts, and the only country that does not officially recognize the culture of all arts as a national asset for broad education. As a possible voting factor the civilian, either as laborer or employer, has his representative in the national government, but whether in music, painting, sculpture or other arts the great artist, as artist, has no governmental representation. For this great object alone all musical Americans should work in concert for and with the National Musical Alliance.

IN editorials and articles the Jacobs music publications have ever insisted that the solid foundation for a great national music in America must be laid and cemented in the musical education of its youth—in the instrumental and vocal ensembles of its school life, which should have both a national and municipal supervision and backing. It is true that to a certain extent music has a place in the educational scheme of the public schools, yet even so it is taught mostly in sporadic outbursts and spasmodic attempts, as music never has been made a definite and systematic part of the general curriculum in more than a few cities. In our opinion, therefore, the establishment of a National Conservatory of Music (and municipalities will naturally follow national precedent) will be the greatest accomplishment of the National Musical Alliance, for always the germ of the future is embryonic in the present.

The acid test of the earnestness and sincerity of the new National Alliance lies in the declaration that, with the exception of the secretary, there will be no salaried officials connected with the organization, and that the membership fee gained by public alliance as against private trust, and music will be merely the nominal sum of \$1.00. The arbitrary is one of the greatest of these things, that has ceased to be a and invisible line separating morning from night is twelve the hour that precedes the dawning of a new day for American music and musicians. Nothing more now remains but the Alliance, and if all who recognize music as a vital necessity ever running down and stopping.

o'clock, and the great human clock of the public has struck to full life and living—teachers, singers, players, producers, managers, manufacturers, dealers and all musicians in general -will ally themselves with the Alliance and lend a hand in to keep running the clock so ably and unselfishly started by the winding, there will be no danger of the great music clock

Allies

N a recent letter from London, England, acknowledging the receipt of copies of The Tuneful Yankee, bandsman E. J. Fulcher writes in part concerning the magazines: "It was the first reading I've had for moons that didn't mention war!" In this one

little line there lies hidden an unintentional expression of pathos, tinged with an unexpressed longing, that is so unescapable as to need no elucidation. The writer of the letter (shown seated at the piano in the accompanying picture) is a soldier-bandsman of the 119th Canadian Infantry Battalion now "over there."

In these unforgettable times when, although far away from the seat of war, we of "The States" are fairly steeped in it; when we eat with it, work with it and sleep with it in short, actually live with and in war-in such unusual times to write even a little band story and not "mention war" is practically an impossibility for many reasons. Per- 3. Pipes and Drums, 134th C. I. B. Band; 4. Selection from

haps the great reason is to be found in music itself, for an art which heretofore always had been regarded as the supreme ally of peace only, has now allied itself voluntarily to war and preparations for war, and in a relationship closer than ever before known in the history of wars.

Through this new alliance there is today scarcely a band, orchestra or instrumental ensemble of any sort (not attached to the service), together with choruses, solo players and singers. that in some manner are not "doing their bit" for

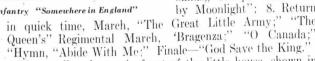
the boys now fighting or getting ready to fight; also, many of the regular bands are now enlisted in army or navy for actual war service abroad, while both here and abroad many new organizations have been formed extempore from militant musicians, who have found themselves suddenly unattached because of the exigencies of war. Another potent reason for not being able to dodge the "mention" in connection with this present bit of band writing is, had it not been for the war we probably should not have had either the story or the picture accompanying it.

The Band of the 119th Canadian Infantry is an organization of twenty-eight pieces that has been connected with the Battalion from the time the latter was organized nearly two years ago, and although the duties of the band are wholly confined to band work, every man in the ensemble is a fully trained soldier-practically, musicians of peace who are allies of war. There is no picture of the band and information is meagre, but before going "over-seas" the boys had played to many audiences in Canada, as they are now doing in England, with a future wholly in the dark and utterly unknowable. The band recently played at Aldershot in connection with competitions in sports by several Canadian teams (even sports seem to be allies of war), and were the only Canadian band-boys present.

On Saturday, September 15, 1917, just prior to the Aldershot engagement, the band played its part in a "Grand Military Tattoo" at Guilford in aid of King George's Sailors' Fund, Lady Jellico's Fund for Wives of Sailors and Soldiers, and Smokes for Sailors. For this music-pageant were assembled five big bands, assembling in ceremony as follows: 6.30 P. M. Bugle Call: entry of "The Queen's" Band, playing "A Life on the Ocean Wave;" entry of the 134th C. I. B. Band, playing "O Canada;" entry of the 134th C. I. B. Pipes and Drums: entry of the 119th C. I. B. Band, playing 'Soldiers of the Entente:' entry of the 185th C. I. B. Pipes and Drums. First Post sounded by "The Queen's" Buglers. At the conclusion of these ceremonies the following program was played.

1. March, "Pomposo" (Hume), massed bands; 2. Popular Songs from the *Revue* "Some" (Tate), massed bands;

Carmen (Bizet), massed bands; 5. Grand Military and Naval Potpourri (arranged for this "Tattoo" by Bandmaster Adams of 'The Queen's"), introducing "A Voice from the Trenches," "Keep the Home Fires Burning 'til the Boys Come Home," "A Long, Long Trail" (sung by the 25th Middlesex on board H. M. S. Tynderius), "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue" and Finale — "Rule Britannia;" 6. Pipes and Drums, 185th C. I. B. 7. Slow march by massed bands,, Troup, "Meet Me by Moonlight"; 8. Return



The small orchestra in front of the little house, shown in the picture in the centre of this article, is not a regularly organized orchestral ensemble in one sense of the word, but a group of musical allies—that is, they are the string allies of the band proper, every player being a member of the latter. The snap-shot was taken to commemorate the end of a very successful series of concerts given in conjunction with the lady commanding the center of the allied group, and this is the real reason of the subject-word chosen for the caption of this story. The lady is Miss Parks of New York City, a very popular member of Marc Andrews' choir, and a well-known soloist who was the strong supporting ally of the

orchestra in their concert series. These band and orchestral boys are now working on a live, up-to-date minstrel show (is this an allied idea from Yankee land?), with which they "expect to cheer up the boys everywhere this winter"-mirth and merriment allied with music to wrest some of the black horror from war. Three rousing, rollicking, American cheers and a "Tiger!" for our new allies-the band boys of the 119th Canadian Infantry Battalion!—M. V. F.



Orchestra of the 119th Canadian Infantry

WHO HE IS

MR. HARRY NORTON

WILL INTERPRET THE PHOTOPLAYS

UPON THE ORGAN

Such is the theatre management's informal

picture, and the same also will serve as a

formal introduction to the readers of The Tuneful Yankee of the man who lends a

picture atmosphere to this issue of the mag-

azine. Although his specialty is the "Interpretation of Photoplays" through music, it is very doubtful if Mr. Norton ever dreamed

of uniting the theatre with a magazine until Mr. Walter Jacobs, who happened to hear

the picture-playing of Mr. Norton, mentally

visioned the possibilities that might involve through such union. With Publisher Jacobs

thought usually is the precursor of action,

and he at once evolved the happy idea of

inducing the musician to transfer some of his

"interpretative" atmosphere from film-screen

to printed paper. The result is the present article and the special interpretive music on pages 26 and 27, all from Mr. Norton and

probably the forerunner of a new department

for the magazine, if it meets with the ap-

the opening of the first "picture show" of

any consequence in Boston at the Comique

in Scollay Square, some dozen years ago. He

was then a "song-plugger" or demonstrator in a music store, and had never given a thought to the "movies" until one day he was

closed, and Mr. Norton started on his picture

career without experience but with plenty of

self-confidence, plus a good repertoire of

Mr. Norton's picture experience began with

HE first pictures of the early days were of subjects Italian operatic arias are as familiar as the latest "hit" is to us. all built upon short themes, the big feature-pictures of five or more reels at that time being an unknown quantity. Slap-stick comedy and "blood of scenic and educational films, formed the usual program. The average shows ran from thirty to forty minutes.

The pioneer musicians in this new profession of "playing the pictures" had no precedent, but were obliged to rely wholly on their own judgment and imagination as regarded "what to material. play." At that time nothing had been written on the subject, and as there were but few picture houses in line it was not possible then, as it is today, for a performer at one house to visit some other show and benefit by observation. We were practically "all in the same boat" and simply had to use common sense. We did not realize it then, but time has proved that we were establishing a standard method which remains in vogue today, although improved of course.

During the succeeding years the motion-picture has made wonderful forward strides, and today stands worthy of the best efforts of musicians in adapting music to fit. The better

class of theatres devoted to the modern photoplay are now demanding a highgrade music program from their orchestras, pianists and organists, and only those players who take their vocation seriously, and offer good, conscien- and immediately preceding the beginning of tious work, can hope to benefit by landing at the top and "getting the money." Just as the law of "the survival of the fittest" has governed the picture theatres (the up-to-date and even magnificent modern structures having forced aside the old-time "store shows" and aside the old-time "store shows" and introduction to its patrons of the musician "dumps"), so it is with the pianist or upon whom depends the atmosphere of each organist who does not keep pace with the steady march of improvement. He will be forced aside and left behind by the competent man who uses his brain and "plays the pictures.

The "musical setting" used to accompany a picture is a vital part of that picture. As a diamond is shown to far better advantage in a beautiful setting, so also a photoplay is made brighter and more interesting by right musical accompaniment. Even a mediocre film subject may be improved by good music, and likewise a fine subject may be marred by inappropriate music.

. In regard to the making up of picture programs, much can be said. There is an old saying concerning "variety being probation of the subscribers. the spice of life," and variety certainly is the spice (with some "pep" added) for picture music. Movie players should bear in mind that the picture theatre is one of our thoroughly democratic institutions. It is there that the great and "near-great" rub elbows with the humblest of our citizens, for the picture audiences are composed of people from all walks of life and all listen to music with standard and popular music—the musical different "ears." Thus an excerpt from asset of a professional piano player for a "Rigoletto" will gladden the heart of number of years. the Italian patron, to whom the many

By Harry Norton

"Love's Old Sweet Song" (or some melody of a past period) will appeal to the old lady and gentleman seated near you, because it recalls the bygone days of their youth when that and thunder" melodrama, with a liberal sprinkling and educational films, formed the usual program. melody was a "popular song." For the younger generation we have all the "hits" of the day, while for those more or less cultured in music there are the classics (light or heavy, according to the education and ability of the performer). Selections from the current musical shows are also valuable

> Then we have many pictures with scenes laid in whole or in part in Arabia, Japan, Mexico or some mythical Hungarian Principality which require "characteristic" music. For such as these there is a wealth of material from which to draw. I might add in passing that one of the best "Oriental" numbers which I have used is "In the Bazaar," published for piano solo in the November issue of The Tuneful Yankee. I used it to advantage in the Artcraft production of "The Little Princess" (Mary Pickford). Organists will find that this number can be "worked up" with splendid results.

The introduction of the pipe organ into moving-picture theatres, has opened a new field of endeavor to organists. The church organ has rightly been termed 'The King of Instruments." It is the "king" and all E^{VERY} afternoon and evening at the Beacon Theatre on Tremont Street in Boston the "aces" for motion-picture playing. A short description of the organ I am their feature picture plays, there is flashed on the screen an introductory legend reading now playing may interest organists who

read this article. The instrument is a three-manual "Esty" with electric action and fifty stops, including xylophone, orchestra bells and chimes. It has augmented pedals, including xylophone, orchestra pedals, 14 combination pistons and unison cut-outs on each manual. The stops are of the latest "tablet" type and most convenient to manage. In the swell organ there is a new invention of the Esty Company, namely, "reedless' clarinet, oboe and saxophone pipes. The only reeds on the swell are the vox humana and the cornopean. This invention of the "reedless" helps greatly to keep the organ in tune, and the "string' section is unusually fine.

As movie organists are in the minority and pianists in the majority, in the present article I shall confine myself principally to work at the piano. As we all know, playing for the pictures does not make life a bed of roses, nor is our work all "play." Most of us occasionally have our troubles, particularly so when we are handed a show to play which seems to be a "misfit" as far as music applies to it.

Did you ever grind through a "fivereeler" and then realize that you hadn't come within a mile of fitting music to it? You probably will admit to "having been there." Never let this discourage you. Keep at it until you do "fit it," and so become master of the situation. Don't say, as I have heard it said, "I can't play anything on that picture." All pictures can be "doped out." Oft-

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

photoplay, can be so "trimmed" with musical "fixings" that it becomes a really interesting film to play.

Now I am going to "slam" one of the failings of a majority of picture players—let's call it the "fake waltz" habit. Onesteps may come and fox trots may go, but the waltz is always with us. Strauss and Waldteufel did wonders with the 3-4 tempo, but it has remained for the movie pianist to keep the waltz ever before us.

Especially disagreeable is the "made-up-as-you-go-along" type of music. It starts somewhere and ends nowhere. It is monotony in the first degree. If you have fallen into that rut—climb out, and play every other known tempo but the 3-4 until you feel that you can use the waltz judiciously as a part of your program. If you want a good waltz number, try "Blue Sunshine" in the November Tuneful Yankee. Play it as a Valse Lente, and see how good the effect will be.

In picture playing the greatest stumbling block for many no doubt is incidental or dramatic cue music-the Hurry, Agitato, Mysterioso, etc. Here is where "faking" comes into its own, provided you know how to improvise. The ability to "fake" is a valuable asset when properly used, but a dreadful bore when used "without rhyme or reason." At the suggestion of the publisher of The Tuneful Yankee I have prepared for the music supplement in this issue a "Hurry" and an "Agita-

times what at first sight appears to be a "crazy-quilt" to" for general use. The two numbers are simple in construction, and illustrate how such things are "built." Those who are not proficient in the art of extemporizing may find in them a basis upon which to work to produce like results.

These numbers are particularly adaptable for use in serials -such as "The Fatal Ring," "Seven Pearls," etc.—where there is so much rapid action that a pianist must improvise to get the best results. If this feature of the music supplement proves popular with the readers it will be continued each month, thereby furnishing a variety of incidental music for all purposes. In subsequent talks to the movie musician I shall discuss many other phases of this profession, such as the use of a "Theme," the use of popular songs for comedy effects and the "working up" of the picture in general.

Another matter of prime importance is your music library. Are you ambitious to possess a good musical library, and do you add to what you have as much as your means will allow? Even if you can afford to add but one or two numbers a week, keep up your interest by getting new music. In another article I will suggest a few numbers which I have found to be very serviceable in my work.

If, through the medium of these articles, I can be helpful to the movie musicians by offering suggestions or by solving problems which seem "hard nuts to crack," it will be a pleasure. Let's be friends, anyhow.

Teaching Popular Music

By Basil Sadler

THERE is more or less controversy in the music world at the present time concerning the merits of the [THERE is more or less controversy in the music world at the present time concerning the merits of the older and standardized forms of teaching piano music and its playing, as opposed to some of the newer including the popular and ragtime, or so-called "short-cut" methods, which seem to be coming rapidly into vogue. Whether the conflict between the former and latter named methods is theoretical or actual, The Tuneful Yankee prefers to remain strictly and editorially neutral in the controversy, but offers Mr. Sadler's article as presenting in a clear manner some good arguments for the advocates of the modern "popular." Admittedly, Mr. Sadler scores one point in the following which we quote: "If, after a pupil has been taught to play songs and instrumental rags, he has really begun to look into the serious side of musical been taught to play songs and instrumental rags, he has really begun to look into the serious side of musical study of a higher degree, he will wish to delve into the subject more deeply, but the desire must be inherent with the pupil and NOT come from the teacher alone." It would be interesting to hear more opinions on the subject

EACHING popular music is teaching young and spirited Americans what they really and truly want to learn. For they all admit that they love ragtime. Teaching becomes a pleasure, for it is then that the teacher feels that he or she is doing a real service.

It is then that you have the good will and undivided attention of your pupils, for they are being taught under pleasant conditions and are learning that which really interests them. They are being taught to "play songs and music that they know and have long wished to play." They are being taught to put "pep" into their playing, something they never dreamed they would be able to do.

Too many piano teachers frown upon the idea of teaching popular music, under the false impression that it lessens one's dignity. Be that as it may, hundreds of pupils who have failed under the old method have been able to play by the "shortcut" method, and this for the reason that these same pupils in the beginning, were given more practice than theory, and

sible a few years before. Another view of the situation is this. One wishes to learn the latest ballroom dances, and goes to a dancing teacher. The dancing teacher does not suggest that the pupil become a Mordkin, a Pavlowa or a St. Dennis. No! the teachers of dancing know that, when a pupil comes to them for instruction in the latest ballroom steps, nothing else under the sun will interest that pupil. They immediately begin to teach the to recommend you to others. pupil steps that will enable him to fox trot, toddle, ramble, jazz or one-step, and the sooner the pupil learns, the better for the teacher. On the other hand, should this same pupil wish to learn classic dancing he would go a little deeper into your pupils what they want to learn, and that is popular music the study of dancing, and would expect to put in a few more and ragtime.

years of study and practice. In such case, a short course in ballroom dancing would not interest that pupil.

If, after a pupil has been taught to play songs and instrumental rags, he has really begun to look into the serious side of musical study of a higher degree, he will wish to delve into the subject more deeply, but the desire must be inherent with the pupil and not come from the teacher alone

The idea of teaching popular music and ragtime has done more for the music teachers in general than they will ever admit, for it has stimulated the piano teaching business, and I'll venture to say, the piano and popular music publishing business. Advertising "piano teaching by a short-cut method," has brought people to take lessons who never thought of taking until offered some inducement and assurance that they could learn. This feature has worked well for the piano teacher, the sheet music dealer and the piano dealer.

When a teacher "specializes" in the work of teaching popular music and ragtime, he or she immediately gains the step by step they accomplished what was seemingly impos- of all other music teachers. Six months later these same teachers will respect the teacher who was far-sighted enough to see what the public wanted and stood ready to supply the need. This far-sighted teacher will, in six months, have pupils playing, and these same pupils will boast of the fact that they learned to play in such a short time. What better advertising could the teacher find, and absolutely free and unsolicited? The pupil who benefits by your instruction never hesitates

A teacher who has taught classic music, and then decides to teach ragtime, will note that the interest of their pupils is greater and the attendance is greater. Why? You are teaching Miss E. A. Reynolds, New York

Miss Reynolds as its directress, the Winn School of Popular Music in Brooklyn, N. Y., has obtained a teacher of broad

of knowledge. She was a student of the famed Madame Bresla of Paris, France, a graduate of the Blackburn Conservatory in England, and also a pupil of the late Professor A. Franz of New York City—a man known as an exponent of the best in piano teaching. For a number of years Miss Revnolds successfully taught piano, violin and mandolin in New York with classes numbering as high as forty odd pupils. In the course of this teaching experience she organized and directed many concerts, entertainments and music clubs for church and charitable purposes, and in this connection has had the satisfaction of seeing many of her pupils attain high hon-

experience and high capability.

Always in close touch with the teaching field, a few years ago Miss Revnolds began to realize the big possibilities in popular piano music, and the modern method of its teaching, as a great means to a greater end. In this form of work of which she is now an able exponent, she recognized a surer means of bringing piano playing more readily within reach of a greater number of people, or, and better, a means of placing many more individ-

uals of the music-loving public in surer range of acquiring a thorough working knowledge of piano playing in the shortest possible time. One of the salient features of this method that strongly appealed to her teaching intuition was its speedy utility—the fact that pupils, who previous to commencing lessons had known nothing whatsoever of piano playing, seemed in a comparatively short time to show as much proficiency as many of those who had been receiving their calling, such as piano salesmen and vaudeville profesinstructions under other methods for years.

Through the instrumentality of Mr. Frank Schwartz, a well-known teacher of Brooklyn, Miss Reynolds was led to thoroughly investigate the System of Popular Piano Playing over which she is musically enthusiastic, decided to enter F. Barber, 193 Chestnut Street, teacher; Mr. Arthur O. Doll the field as one of its exponents and opened a studio at Rich-

IS brief sketch of Miss E. A. Reynolds, although mond Hill, Long Island, where it required but a short teaching pianistic in touch, is by no means pianissimo in . period to convince her of the broader opportunities of a tone, as the musical standing and methods of the location more easily accessible to the majority of Brooklynites. lady speak for themselves in fullness of tone wher- The result of her convictions is the present studio, located in ever known and whenever investigated. In securing the Times Building (Brooklyn)—in sight of the Brooklyn depot of the Long Island Railroad, of the terminus of the Interboro Subway System, and convenient to the main point of passenger traffic on the Brooklyn elevated, subway and The above claim that Miss Reynolds is "a teacher of broad surface car lines. Successful results in the new studio have experience and high capability" is based on a solid foundation increased manifold, although it has been in actual operation only a year.

> In teaching music there is everything in environment and personal contact, and although a large measure of the success attained by the school is due to the system, a larger measure is directly traceable to surroundings and influence. A well-appointed studio that s commodious and artistically attractive (as the accompanying pictures show), combined with the thoroughness of her methods and the personality which Miss Reynolds infuses into her teaching, all count largely as assets in pedagogic success. Quite naturally, any radi-

cal departure from the old, cut-and-dried is subject to sharp criticism as being inconoclastic. In speaking of the system of popular piano playing which she is exploiting, Miss Reynolds states that persons who knew absolutely nothing of the system have denounced it as a makeshift method and musical deception based on a false foundation. In most instances, however, she has turned these critics into firm believers and enrolled many of them as student disciples by ably demonstrating that her system insures a thorough knowle

of the tonic and dominant chords, thus making a solid foundation upon which to build any form of musical instruction, be it popular or classical. The true measure of the success of Miss Reynolds is best

evidenced in the flood of testimonial letters from satisfied pupils-not only those who have taken up piano playing merely as a pastime or amusement, but the many others who have found it necessary to learn piano in connection with sionals. Some of the best known of these in Brooklyn are: Mr. Arthur Wadsworth, the Pease Piano Company, 34 Flatbush Ave.; Mr. E. A. Gustafson, 255 Linwood Street, vaudeville; Mr. Wesley A. Konders, 239 Garfield Place; Mr. Oscar, 869 Sixtieth Street; Miss Madeline Kopp, 186 Schaeffer Street.



THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

Jazz Jam

The University Quintette

The jolly, happy-looking five, smiling at the readers from the above picture, have been caught by the camera in

one of their "jazz" poses. They form a musical organization of the Middle West that is known as the University Quin-

tette, and are making themselves exceedingly popular as

By Milton Reeves

LTHOUGH it might seem to convey the sense of marmalade or jelly, nevertheless the last word in the above caption was chosen deliberately and for quite a different meaning. On dictionary authority a "jam" is a crowd, and following out the word se-

quence we also know that a crowd is a push, a push is a crush, a crush is a squeeze and a squeeze is a jam, hence a jam could also be either a clinch or a hug, and this is exactly what occurs in most modern dancing. Yes, it's a very poor word that can't be made to work in more than one way.

Simmer it right down to the syrup and we may find that

evolution is really marked in but three distinct phases, namely, an age, a stage and then all the rage. We likewise might find that perhaps it is a mighty good thing for the humans of this age that a by-gone age has departed; an age when the immortals supposedly were able to descend from the heights of Mount Olympus, and without even the formality of an advance announcement "drop in" to terrestrialize for a bit with the mortals—just sort of mix into, make free with and muddle up mundane matters. Old "Jupe" himself must have been what today would be called an awful "mixer," as he was forever jamming in, made many mortal "bulls" and mixed

matters up most merrily. If that age of god-gadding was not fabulous and was open to repetition at the present stage, we might have found Apollo or Orpheus, or some other highly incensed music-god, "dropping in" to try and turn certain mortals into sticks or stones when the jazz-bands first bumped into us. Under the same conditions we also might wake up some night to find an irate goddess—Miss Terpsichore, according to myth -rampaging round and rais-

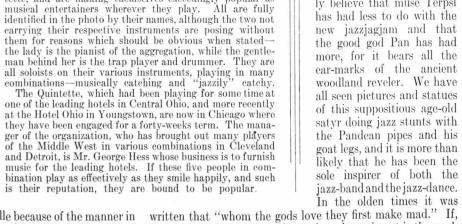
ing rambunctious ructions in Jazzville because of the manner in which her immortal rites are to be profaned under the sacred name of "dancing." Come to think it over, however, Terpsi was not a real-honest-to-goodness goodess, but was merely one of the nine muses who are popularly supposed to have spent their time musing and mussing over the messes of mortals. Yet, even so, to suddenly find a mad muse mixing into the mortal medley and muxing up the modern melody would be something far worse than a very bad dream—that is, if fable were fact.

Poor old Terps! Who could blame the muse of the "mazy"

into the frantic elastic—the most limber landing the lucre? Who could chide the damsel for slam-damning a little when seeing her classic dancing demoralized by crazy prancing. witnessing her "mystic mazes" made into "mixes" that amaze? If this immortal muse-lady of old really is perched on Olympus, and can look down from her Mount and see the dances we mortals mount, then she has seen the dainty figurations of her dances evolve through strange phases and merge into the "latest rages." She has watched the modern devotees amble like animals through the bunny-hug, the grizzlybear and fox-trot; followed them when they fluttered fowl-

like through the chickenreels, turkey-trots and lameducks, and probably vented Olympian curses when she has seen them waltz through the "walks" and in "hesitations" walk through the waltz. She has beheld the merry dance-god (if there be one) toddle through the "tango" and tango through the "toddle" without being able to file audible objections, and now, in the latest rage, she may watch him jag through the last new jamthe jazz-dance.

As might have been expected, and closely following on the heels of the jazz-band bump, the jazz-dance jump has, or is, arrived and in all likelihood will be the rage that rages through the coming winter. To be absolutely honest to ourselves, we firmly believe that muse Terpsi has had less to do with the sole inspirer of both the



then, the modern madness in music and merriment is the work of Pan that certainly lets Mlle. Terpsi out of it, but how she must love that old goat!

To come from fable to fact—at the recent convention in New York City of the dancing masters of the United States and Canada, this latest terpsichoric tumble was demonstrated before them by professional dancers. It is true that these modern gods of the dance didn't actually "go mad," yet according to report, the jazz jumps so titillated the masters they concluded to try a jab of the juice themselves, got gloriously for going on a rampage at signs of her golden age degenerating jubilant with the greater titillation and decided then and there into a gilded stage, watching her "light fantastic" changing to inoculate the entire continent with the virus. How Pan must



this winter will find all the jazz-bands making mad music for madder jazz-dancers.

Such is the fact of the jazz-dance, but it is not the formula, for in all probability the latter will be as varied as the imaginations of the dancers are variable. Most likely the whole combination will be worked out in formless forms of riotous rhythms timed to tuneless tunes, and as one will be a jangle

have grinned! If the vaccine "takes," it is not improbable that of funnily modulated measures, so the other is liable to be a that "Pan is dead"? To the contrary he seems to be very much alive, in the jam and jazzing.

Then come and join the joyous jam! Caper and cut in riotous slam; Drain to dregs delirious dram, Tho' jazz may jag it doesn't damn.

The End of the "Silver-Orange" Rhyme Contest

This Gets the \$5.00 By Zarh Myron Bickford

Whene'er I think of stews of chilver, I have to dig up slews of silver. Now lest this rhyme should not ring true A "chilver" is a cute little ewe. (lamb) (So say Funk and Wagnalls in The Standard.)

N absolute innocence, and without suspicion of the consequences. The Tuneful A picton of the consequences. The Tunetul Yankee in a recent issue offered a prize of five dollars to any person who would find a rhyme for either silver or orange. Of course, many people—terribly many—have been aware of this fact, although some may not have general the leading factors of not have considered the leading factors of this magazine's innocence and ignorance of the possible results of placing a five dollar

reward on the top of a literary greased-pole.

Be that as it may, and without admitting that we did or did not know of the existence or non-existence of legitimate rhymes for the words silver and orange, our innocence and ignorance certainly have been materially and painfully deceased, and our worldly sophistication greatly increased. And chief among the results which have so pained and profited us, aside from the em hatic proof of a universal willingness to accept five dollars upon almost any pretext, is the startling demonstration of the un-limited supply of words that don't rhyme with silver or orange.

We cannot begin to enumerate the many We cannot begin to enumerate the many blessings and other things which The Tuneful Yankee has absorbed from this little contest. For instance, we have received enough "slivers" to keep the office force supplied with toothpicks until toothpicks will be as useless as the editor's hairbrush has been since he has delved into this silvery, burnt orange poetry. One subscriber sent very, burnt orange poetry. One subscriber sent very, burnt orange poetry. One subscriber sent in a rhyme minus postage. It cost us two cents to learn that "quiver" doesn't rhyme with five dollars. Quite a number of people thought of "liver," and after perusing the bilious poetry some of them submitted, we were able to guess what made them think were able to guess what made them think

Barring the single exception of Mr. Bickford's unique—and correct—rhyme none of the hundreds have more than the commendable quality of honest effort—and slathers of them haven't even the saving grace of an honest-to-goodness attempt to find a passable rhyme for the words with which our back-firing poetry trap was baited. It is true that not a few of the rhymes submitted were really good—until they stubbed their "feet" on the silver and orange snags and then had to hop along home on one leg. Long poems and near-poems vied with couplets and sea-sick prose.

Some of the effusions were so bad that an ordinary discrepancy like rhyming river with silver appeared as a virtue, and in one case orange was paired with grapefruit without marring the general effect.

As an instance of the numerous excellent near-rhymes submitted we print the following by Frank Deane, of Sidney, New South Wales:

The green and gold of the orange On the hillside did abound, But the fragrance, it had no range For it traveled miles around."

Worse rhymes are sung every day in million-copy song hits, yet if we should give Mr. Deane the five dollars, we hardly think he would take it to his fruit store and ask for a docen of representations. dozen oh-ranges—even if he could get that many for five dollars.

many for five dollars.

And so we regretfully relegate Mr.
Deane's effort, with the countless other
"cringes," "pilfers," "singes," "twinges,"
"livers" and "slivers," to that last resting
place where the sole consolation is unlimited and constantly increasing company.

The Confessions of a Modest Man

The Incident of the Moving Picture Show **By Clifford Vincent**



HAVE been accused by my friends of being a sort of cold-blooded, unprogressive individual. Although I feel like a normal specimen of humanity, my critical friends seem to regard me with suspicion because I don't go to moving picture shows

and refuse to wear a wrist watch. Even my fond wife has made numerous attempts to bring me within the pale of modern civilization, according to the accepted standards of her set, but I am still wearing bow spectacles and a split night

Now, I will admit that the solicitous attentions of my loving but over-zealous friends have not been entirely unfruitlip as a hirsute herbarium, but surreptitious contemplated undertaker's chairs and the frequent blank intervals following efforts in facial horticulture have been nipped in the bud by the flashing of the "Just-One-Moment-While-the-Operator-

early frosts of timidity—timidity which was highly accentuated by the scanty and careless seeding of Mother Nature.

But I did finally decide to cure my antipathy for motion picture shows—a distaste which had lingered and waxed increasingly nauseating since the days of my youth, and which for good and sufficient reasons I have never been able to explain to the satisfaction of my wife, the chief sufferer from what to her is an unholy apostasy. For she cannot forget the many happy hours which we spent during the days of our courtship in the delicious gloom of the little home-town picture house—a transformed grocery store, where lovers were accorded all the privileges of the front porch without chaperonful. Frequently, in secret, I have tried to visualize my upper age and with eminent respectability, and where the creaking

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

sappy bliss. Neither do I forget. Only, my memory harks to the time that the lights were suddenly flared on by the heartless electrician (otherwise the village plumber, veterinarian, and bicycle repairman). Flared on I say, without warning or thought for the modesty of the patrons-or my dignity. And there I was, with one arm snugly supporting my future and present wife, industriously holding her nearest hand with my other and less publicly exposed mud-hook. I never went to that cave of horrors again, and the only motion pictures I had ever seen since, until last Monday, were those foisted on me without warning at vaudeville shows, church services or in other places where I have carelessly exposed myself to the caprices of the persons who have charge of such intellectual and spiritual nurseries.

I don't know whether I suffered more in the ignominy of what the sudden light disclosed or in the horror of what might have been exposed. For it is a fact that if the lights had been turned on a minute sooner at the little hometown house of flickers, and my wife had seen me hugging the girl who sat next to me on the off but equally near side, she wouldn't have been so enthusiastic through all these years to induce my return to the ranks of the faithful; and, in final consequence, I wouldn't have swallowed my painful memories last Monday night and sneaked into that gilded palace on Main Street for a new start.

IT all happened suddenly. As I say, I had been debating the advisability of puncturing the monotony of my motion-pictureless purity for many moons. ("Moons" is a poor word to use in this connection, because of memories. And it rhymes with "spoons.") Of course I realized that there have been many improvements in pictures and picture theatres since my puppy-love days, but on account of early associations, my idea of what these improvements might be was rather hazy, because, it seemed before my disillusionment, very little improvement was possible unless it were to make films that would break oftener, or chairs with softer seats and less tendency to creak.

And so, as I was walking down Main Street last Monday afternoon with no particular mission in view except to go somewhere else, I suddenly stopped—queerly enough—right in front of one of those monuments to my early sappiness. Instinctively my hand went into my pocket as I approached the little combination telephone booth and china cupboard in which it is customary to display a cute little blonde with nice teeth and enticing eyes, and dressed exquisitely—as far as one could see. I hesitated briefly before the caged vision, unable to interpret her smile, which might have been prompted by ulterior motives, since I really do not look like a married man, or might have been a publicity effort for some dental cream. Then, I had a fleeting fear that the fair lady might be a clairvoyant sort of person, and found mirth in the mirror of my past. But suspicions vanished, for she spoke-spoke through the little round, gold-rimmed opening, about the size of a guitar sound-hole, in the plate-glass front of her display case. She said, "How many?"

Owing to the geographical location of the gold-rimmed aperture mentioned and the peculiar altitudinal construction of my bodily temple, the young lady's remark was addressed to the top button on my neatly fitting and conservative vest. I looked around me, not so much to see how many there were of me, as to note whether any friendly spies would see and misinterpret my intentions and attitude should I undertake the physical convolutions necessary to usurp the vest button's $\,$ not unenviable position of being on speaking terms with the sweet young thing. I flattered myself that she would prefer to talk to me personally, rather than via the vest button. Besides, there was something awkward about the thought of answering her through the glass partition in the personal manner which I felt that the occasion warranted. So I effected a combination gymnastic contraction, similar to the effort that might be required of a tall man who desired to I didn't know whether she had walked down steps or an in-

Repairs-the-Film" slide were only incidents to blend into our wade under a low bridge without getting his knees wet. Fortunately, no friend or stranger intruded, so, placing my lips close to the sound hole, I said, low and vibrant, "One." She smiled again. "Upstairs or down?"

I wasn't quite sure what she meant. At that moment I felt like a little of each. So I asked, "Does it make any difference—er, to you?"

The smile made a strategic retreat. A blonde can almost look dignified, I find. "Not at all," she replied. "But it might to you, if you are short of money. The balcony seats are fifteen cents; down stairs it will cost you a quarter.'

To show my scorn for her sarcasm I promptly decided to spend the quarter-which was fifteen cents more than I ever thought any movie show was supposed to be worth. I gave her the coin, and she removed a joint from a long tapeworm of tickets, carefully placing it about six inches back of the little slit at the lower edge of the glass front, thus making it necessary for me to still further distort my angular frame in order to obtain the pasteboard. I make extended statement of this latter incident that any person who witnessed the rather unconventional posture in which I was disseminated for the moment will be assured that I was not endeavoring to hold the young lady's hand, or kiss her through the minute port-hole in the French plate.

BUT I procured the ticket and managed to regain my normal perpendicular arrangement sufficiently to pass through brass-barred entrance to the Place, first depositing the quarter's worth of admission which I had purchased at such great cost of mental and physical equilibrium, in a huge box, not unlike the inverted fly-traps used by pay-as-youstruggle street car conductors. A guard motioned me to a be-curtained, be-carpeted, be-darkened passage-way, and presently I was in the Place. To my surprise, the midnight blackness which my youthful experience had led me to anticipate, was changed to a soft, ghastly green glow. That is, there was a glow overhead. But when I looked at my feet, they were not there. I ventured a step, and while I had a distinct impression that I still carried my full quota of legs and feet, there was no encouraging, visible proof of such appendages extending below the knees, which I could see dimly, like the Adam's apples of two huge garter snakes. I had a feeling of treading on cold, spongy corn-meal mush, and was uncertain as to whether I should manipulate my steering gear for level, up-hill or down-hill grade. So I stood

There was some sort of a balustrade or wall at my right, over which I could see the heads of numerous other patrons of the Place, all of whom seemed to have arrived at their seats without injury. I could see the pictures very well from my perilous location on the mush-heap, but it was annoying to be placed in a position of unfamiliarity with one's extremities; apparently they were intact and properly draped with raiment, but one hesitates to leave too much responsibility to the sense of touch when one is accustomed to using one's eyes for keeping track of such things.

But my embarrassment was ended for the moment by the appearance of a demure lady usher, who beckoned me from a point which I discovered to be the beginning of an aisle. The aisle was no better, as far as I could see (which was far enough, horizontally speaking, but still about knee depth) than the back corrider. And the usher seemed to float on ahead in a manner which put to shame all the Little Evas I ever saw. When she had gone about six car-lengths down the alley of mystery, she suddenly turned and flashed one of those dinky electric glow lights that shut off about the minute one begins to see anything. To me it looked like a lightning bug at the far end of Grand Canyon. And the aisle was also carpeted with mush.

Unfortunately, instead of taking a chance and following close on her heels, I had waited to see what happened to the usheress, and now that she was waiting for me to catch up,

possibly three feet below my level. Or it might have been a that the mush carpet was made of red fabric. I also found couple of rods. It didn't make any difference—I made up my that I was sitting on my hat, and while still inwardly cussing mind to reach the bottom of the valley if I had to jump off. My first step could have been more carefully placed. I knew there was a down grade, and, determined to have the seats—was my wife, whom I have mentioned previously in trip over with as soon as possible, I let out a three-foot stride, estimated for a six-inch fall. I made all of the three feet but the six-inch estimate was poorly calculated, although I in spite of the floor padding.

this point to my seat. Suffice it to say that when I finally arrived beside the phantom usherette with her little electric of my original allotment of feet and so forth, even though they were badly out of control, and I could have sworn that the feet had not shrunk any since I last saw them. And when I was finally eased into an aisle seat by the courteous but inefficient pathfinder, I hove a sigh of relief which weltered out over the room like the exhaust from a vacuum cleaner.

THERE really isn't much more to this story. The pictures thrown on the screen were interesting, I presume, and after I had accustomed my eyes to the peculiar lights I found

cline, or had just slid down. At any rate it was down—that I could see about the Place fairly well—even to noting myself for coming into the Darn Place, discovered that the Person sitting slightly to the east of me—beyond two vacant this narration.

Now, I have related the incidents that led up to this unexpected meeting with my smaller but infinitely better half nearly accomplished it by bringing my leading foot five and a with careful attention to truth—even to minute details half inches into the mush carpet. The effect of stepping down an not as a salve to a prickly conscience, as anyone may see, incline that isn't present is not unlike climbing a stair-step but that the facts in the case may be known to someone, that the carpenter has omitted. It jars one's confidence, as well as the rest of one's anatomy. I also jarred the theatre, statements that there are many other picture theatres on the street, all of which I had daily passed for months, and It is useless to recount the agonies of my journey from that the one I selected was especially noted for the mankilling charms of the attendants in the ticket box and on the floor, may be true, but I deny previous knowledge of the disappointment, I was fully convinced that I still owned all facts. Yet my denials and explanations have been useless against the dear, suspicious wifey's wrath. And I cannot convince her that I have not been a regular attendant at That Picture Place, nor make her believe that I did not see and recognize her before she involuntarily chided me for swearing at myself for sitting on my own hat.

And I wasn't thinking of sneaking out before she recognized me, and I didn't know it was that kind of a feature film that was on for that day.

But she won't believe me, so what's the use?

Music in Court

Two Well-Known Compositions are Subject of Litigation

down from the bench in a music publishing case" is what the New York Telegraph calls the ruling of of equity." Federal Judge George Carpenter in the somewhat notorious "Livery Stable Blues" case, the gist of the Chicago judge's opinion being that the composition is the property of anyone who has the nerve to play it.

The tune is composed of a medley of barnyard noises, which have acquired a sort of cabaret vogue. Alcide Numez laid claim to the "neighing pony" part of the selection, while Dominick La Rocca declared he was responsible for the major notes. La Rocca, therefore, petitioned the court to enjoin Numez from obtaining a copyright on the "Blues," which was said to have originated "somewhere" in New Orleans about four years ago, but only recently was introduced into cabaret jazz-band society.

In giving his decision, Judge Carpenter is quoted as saying,

"There isn't any law on this subject of blues. I am here to judge the facts. This is a fight between two music publishers as to who wrote the 'Livery Stable Blues.'

"There is no harmony in this so-called composition. Its value is in the rooster crow, the cow moo, the chicken cackle and the pony neigh. The question is, Who originated the melody? I am inclined to take the view of Prof. James Aristotle Slap White that they are old negro melodies which have been in existence for years and no one has a right to claim them as his own."

The man on the fence must admit that there is considerable sense and reason in the deductions; likewise it is apparent that the eminent jurist is not without considerable knowledge of music of classic grade, as well as the barnyard jazz variety:

"I have looked over the composition," he said, "and I defy any man to discover any music in the 'Blues,' although dissonance in the 'Livery Stable Blues' even exceeds the Yukon fair.

NE of the most far-reaching decisions ever handed work of some of the modern French composers. I think the 'blues' belong to anyone, and the bill is dismissed for want

> 'TT'S a long, long way to Tipperary," the English marching song, has at last come into the courts via Green River, Washington. Alice S. Burton Jay insists that the music of "Tipperary" was an adaptation from a song of her own.

Mary M. Lilly, attorney for the young authoress, appeared before Justice Goff in Part 1, Special Term, in the Supreme Court to press action against Chapell & Co., publishers of "Tipperary," for all of the profits from the sale of the song and an injunction restraining the firm from further selling of it. She asserted that Miss Jay was the composer of the essential part of "Tipperary"—the chorus. It seems that Miss Jay wrote a "booster song" in Green River in October, 1908. The following February it was sung under her leadership at a Methodist church entertainment there, and sometime later it was played as a one-step at the Alaskan-Yukon fair. The words of the song were meant to boost the apple industry in Washington. "I'm on my way to Yakima, the place where the apples grow," Miss Lilly said, was part of the refrain having the exact swing of the chorus of "Tipperary."

The night following the playing of the song as a two-step y Frederick Innes, bandmaster, at the fair one of the musicians, Harry Williams, was most enthusiastic over the song. The song was to go to the printer next day, but mysteriously disappeared that night, and the authoress never heard anvthing more about it until six years later when she was awakened in Honolulu by hearing the refrain.

Upon making inquiry, her attorney stated, Miss Jay learned that it was the new song "Tipperary" published by the defendants and written by Harry Williams and B. Feldman. The song, Miss Lilly continued, was not copyrighted there is a wonderful rhythm, and there is something that by Williams and Feldman until three years after the night makes you want to dance if you are young enough. The it was played and so mysteriously disappeared at the Alaskan-











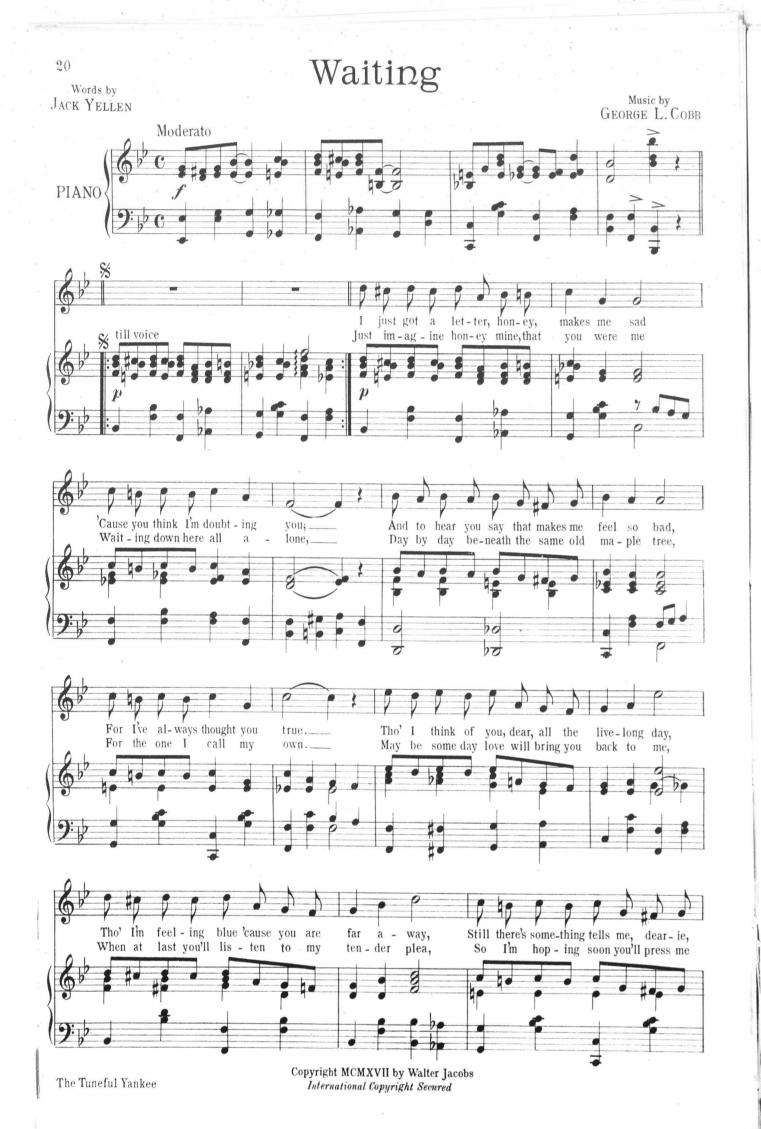
The Tuneful Yankee



Dance of the Pussy Willows









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HARRY NORTON





The Tuneful Yankee

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A-M-E-R-I-C-A Means"I Love You, My Yankee Land"

Words and Music by In Full Piano Solo Style JACK FROST Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN CHORUS (In strict march time

Important: Refer to article under caption "A-M-E-R-I-C-A Means I Love You" Copyright MCMXVII by Frank K. Root & Co. British Copyright Secured

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The Tuneful Yankee

Reviews of Popular Music

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THE LAST WORD IN ARGUMENT

BEFORE printing the last deciding and authoritative word in settlement of the moot question of grammar raised by the "Queen of the Roses" title, the Tuneful Yankee reproduces a letter from Mr. Edward R. Winn which corroborates the authority that follows. Mr. Winn's

er reads:
Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: They keep right on shooting at that "Queen of the Roses" argument, do they not? Maybe this will hit the mark:
The conjugation of the verb "to be"—indicative and subjunctive moods; past

The conjugation of the verb "to be"—indicative and subjunctive moods; past tense, second person, singular and plural is "you were." Cast the sentence any way you will, the verb remains "you were."

The Century Dictionary states that the ungrammatical combination of "you was" became common in the eighteenth century, but is now condemned—as have been a number of your staunch readers after being duly convicted by their own words regarding "the queen." (signed) Edward R. Winn.

The following letter from the Funk & Wagnalls Company should still all further comment and argument concerning the grammatical construction of the much questioned title. It clearly elucidates the point in question and should be convincing to the readers as the final word in argument. Here is indubitable authority:

Dear Sirs: Replying to your inquiry, if you will consult page 95 of "The Dictionary of Grammar," you will find the following: "You is at present used for both the singular and plural of the second person, but only with verbs of the plural number." Therefore, were should be used and not was—"The Queen of the Roses Were You." You can readily see that this form is correct if you will invert the sentence—"You Were the Queen of the Roses." (signed) Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Regretful Days. Song. Words and music by Lefebre Alston, Chicago, Ill.

This song is beautifully embellished and marked 60c. Its contents is made up of all kinds of ingredients, sharps, flats, dissonancies, arpeggios and unnecessarily tied notes. It is a conglomeration of everything notes. It is a conglomeration of everything and nothing and at 60c, the copy is anything but cheap. For commercial purposes it need never have been published. If it were not for the music there would have been no words, and neither would have been necessive. It reminds more than the property was not they sary. It reminds me of a new war pie they are making these days, a cheap and tasty affair consisting of a bit of beef-liver chopped up with stale bread and flavored with a small onion. By omitting the liver—and the bread—and the onion—it could be made still cheaper.

The Universe Is Mine. Song. Words by Lawton Wiggins. Music by Franklin Warde, Utica, N. Y.

The Universe is Mine! It is, is it? Well, take it, and with it your song, because you have paid no attention to the decency of English grammar, using plural nouns with singular verbs. Never do this, gentlemen, it is had form. You say the universe is it is bad form. You say the universe is yours. We don't begrudge it to you under such circumstances, especially when you rhyme "universe" with "hearse." This is ghastly. In the second verse you say:
"Could I but ease my mind
"Could I but ease my mind

Of worry and discontent"which fits the hearse idea. One way to relieve the mind of worry is to go crazy. Writing a song will sometimes help.

When the Yanks Come Marching Home. Song. Words by William Jerome. Music by Semour Furth, New York City.

A fairly well written song from the George M. Cohan bin of produce, the house that turned out the hit of the decade—"Over There." An outstanding element of the song is its jingling tune and virile chorus.

We'll Knock the Heligo—Into Heligo— Out of Heligoland. Words by John O'Brien. Music by Theodore Morse. Published by Leo Feist, N. Y.

This is a poor play on words. It is crudely unimportant. It lacks a laugh on account of its insignificant purport. It will never reach the homes where good popular music is wanted, despite its very catchy tune. The theme of the song is well meant for one reason: Heligoland being an important base of the German navy the author's object was to show his knowledge of that fact, but to parade this knowledge the use of the "hellish" term was utilized only for effectiveness, not for public sale.

In Berry Pickin' Time. Song. Words by Jack Yellen. Music by Percy Wenrich. Published by Leo Feist, New York.

This is the best of the recent Feist issues. This is the best of the recent reist issues. The words are pointful and new and the music is of Wenrich's competent corraling. There is a jingle to it which reminds us of the Percy popular propoganda, such as "The Tulip and the Rose" and the song stands a chance of challenging recognition.

Reflection. Song. Words and music by Edwina Temple, Milwaukee, Wis.

This daintily printed song bearing what is presumably the features of the fair author upon the title page is sweet and wholesome. upon the title page is sweet and wholesome. Sweet things are not generally wholesome, but two things which have come to my notice recently bear these qualities. Your song, Edwina Temple, and—a piece of cake sent the editor the other day by the transcendent beauty, Mildred Davies. This cake is still lying upon my desk—no, I mean some of it is. It was too delicious to eat at one feeding and if I keep the rest long enough it will have reached an adamant stage when I will have reached an adamant stage when I can carve the luscious morsel into a locket for my chain to wear closer to my heart. The only serious discrepancy I see in your

song, Edwina, is in the second verse. You

'There is no warring in my heart Nor battling in my soul For I love thee so—

presuming, of course, that the man you want to marry you should expect ever to be happy. And yet some men get married these days just to escape war. Cowards! A man who will get married just to escape war married to the complete a standard of war. war must be terribly afraid of war.

Good-Bye, Mother, So Long, Dad, Hello Uncle Sam. Song. Words by Wm. E. Browning. Music by C. A. Grimm. Published by Lyceum Music Co., Chicago,

This song is just good enough—not to sell. It has a good set of lyries and the music in 2-4 time is spirited and euphonious, but there is just the "something" lacking which will check its popularity. The chorus starts off with a strain of "Good-Bye, Broadway, Hellow France," but there is no infringement in it being simply a slight sug-Broadway, Henow France, but there is no infringement in it, being simply a slight suggestion of resemblance. The song is well arranged and with its rendition in public by such a competent man as Mr. Browning may have a little sale—but a very limited

There'll Be a Hot Time for the Kaiser. Song. Words and music by P. H. Sommers, Cleveland, O.

There are too many songs of this kind already on the market which have no sale. While the Kaiser is a good target for American song writers, strange to say, nobody cares to sing about him. There are some good rhyme effects in the song, but the music of the change is complexical writer. of the chorus is emphasized with certain strains that impel a screeching effect when sung. The song is a worthy attempt in other respects, but hardly possessive of pronounced popularity.

She Joined the Red Cross and Left Me. By Morris Strauss, Indianapolis,

A new idea and clever, somewhat awkwardly constructed. It is rarely a good plan to sacrifice an original thought to get a

rhyme. We shall repeat your second verse as an example. You say:

"She joined the Red Cross and left me
And made me so blue and unhappy.
She got the craze in her red cross way

I could not stop her or make her stay."
You try to make "me" rhyme with unhappy, emphasizing the last syllable which is bad. The words is pronounced un-hap-py. Then you continue:

To war she will start to take her part When she should remain and nurse my

heart. which is quite original, but nowadays the audience would smile cynically when such a phrase is sung to them. However, you needed a rhyme and you got away with it quite tersely and volens.

If the Kaiser Were Wiser He'd Keep Far Away. Song. Words by Pete Kramer and Jack Singer. Music by Morris Perl-man. Published by Perlman-Corn Pub. Co., New York.

Songs advertising the Hun Chief, even in songs advertising the Hun Chief, even in a condemnatory way, are inapropos. His name should not be tossed before us in a popular song. Let him be relegated to oblivion, as he ultimately will be. The words of the song are poetically written—if poetry it can be dubbed in a song of this

31

kind-with one exception. This exception occurs in the very first line of the song

"The Kaiser who now sits upon his throne With every foreign nation picked a bone.

What kind of a bone? This is a bone-headed attempt to get a rhyme for throne. This bone makes us groan. The theme of the song is well wrought and the music with its competent harmony euphonious, although a little "classical" in construction, evincing, evidently, that the composer is a finished evidently, that the composer is a finished musician. A pertinent question was put to us the other day: "Why do women always sit on the floor to lace their shoes?" I would ask one: Why do good musicians try to write popular songs? I have devoted considerable attention to this piece of Kaiser Kalbfeisch because I heard the song rung at a least theory recently and it went sung at a local theatre recently and it went over with a bang, and even though it was not especially well rendered the audience almost shouted, proving that the composition makes a fine stage number. But stage numbers are not of longevity. Still, if a public singer wants to hear himself vastly applauded he has a fine vehicle in the Perlman product.

When Mother-in-Law Butted In. Song. Words by James W. Wood and music by Maude Duryea Wood. Published by the Popular Music Co., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Many persons may think that there exists no such a song as the above. But anyone taking the pains to send to us, or to the publishers named, for a copy, will soon realize that The Tuneful Yankee is telling nothing but the truth. A lot of suspicious persons imagine that The Tuneful Yankee is indulging in diatribe and merely reviewing this stuff for fun, but we can disillusionize them when we say that the editor of this magazine has several times threatened to hand in his resignation simply because the publisher insisted the editor should suffer the pains of the unknown by reviewing such nonentities. In this instance, instead of reviewing this song, we merely ask you, gentle reader, to view the words:

> "Well, hello Jack old boy, Suppose you've seen much joy, A-livin' double the past year, And how's your honeysuckle dear? By geepers, to tell the truth, Quite loving were I and Ruth 'Till along came mother-in-law, And she soon made things mighty raw.

Chorus"My babe loved me dearly, And most sincerely,
'Till mother-in-law butted in. 'Oh! you funny old bird, now skin, Is all I had to say, And kissed Ruth's tears away, Now we're happy, oh, so happy, We hear no more tappy yappy

What do you mean? Tappy yappy, or tapioca? Oh, for a good, big, fat handful of tapioca to slapioca you!

Love's Sweetest Story. Song. Words by Annabel C. Moore. Music by Lydia C. Moore, Norfolk, Va.

What "Moore" can we say than this song is fairly possible—whatever that means. You ladies are evidently sisters, or something like that, but you should blush to use an old title like this and place upon the title page the words: by the Southern Song Writers. What do you mean by underlining the word "the"? John Howard Payne was not a poet, but he wrote "Home, Sweet Noah was not a promotor, but he managed to float a lot of stock. Many

people write songs, but they are not song writers.

Gentle Annie. Song. Words and music by Arthur Kempner, Louisville, Ky.

All through your song, Arthur, you apostrophize the fair sex and at the end of your chorus you say that your gentle Annie is the "gentlest and fairest of them all." I

know that women are sweet, gentle things. My typist, my wife, and the other fellow's wife are all very dear to me and are sweet, gentle affairs. But you have gone the limit in your song when you have repeated the word "gentle" four times in one line and eulogize this sex as the gentlest on earth. You have evidently never witnessed a bargain counter rush when shirtwaists were advertised at 19c. You would then hunt up another word for gentle.

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.]

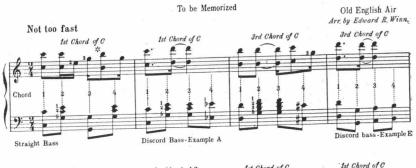
Outline of Lesson I in January issue: Formation of the scale—Rule for memorizing the formation of the major scale—Rule for memorizing the formation of the minor (harmonic) scale—Five mostly used keys--Formation of the three fundamental harmo-

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, Bb and Eb-How to decide the chord to be used in each measure-Principle of classifying chords-Avoidance of Passing Chords, Altered Chords, etc.

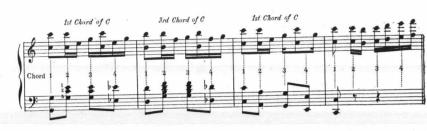
Outline of Lesson III in February Issue-Review of "Straight" bass in all twelve keys -Principle of playing all melody notes in nies upon which all music is based-Straight octave form-Avoidance of counting the metre (time) aloud-Full harmony in the

- America

In Ragtime - Employing Discord Bass









* Indicates supplied passing note in treble

right-hand-Avoiding the crossing of

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

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 both.

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE measure—Ragging three melody notes in a measure-Ragging four melody notes in a

Outline of Lesson IX in August issue:

"Spring Song," demonstrating employment

of Rhythm No. 2-Comparative ragtime ar-

rangement of "Flower Song," demonstrating

Rhythm No. 1 and 2 and combinations of

hands-Producing variety in the bass. 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.

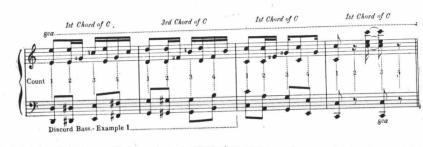
both—Review of Straight Bass in all major keys-Usual piano keyboard playing positions of the three fundamental chords of each of the twelve major keys. Outline of Lesson X in September issue: Relative chords—Passing notes—Passing chords—Altered chords—Complete exposi-

tion 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 of

America (Continued







Exercise To be Memorized 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C 3rd Chord of C 3rd Chard of C

Pupils may substitue their own conception of Discord Bass in the various forms, instead of using that which is given.

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.

Lesson XIV

In this instalment of the course is given an arrangement of "America" in ragtime, employing Discord Bass.

To the Pupil

In performing the number shown in connection with this lesson give particular attention to the bass as written, analyzing each measure as played, and when technical difficulties have been mastered adding the harmonic tones between the octaves in the treble (melody) part to produce full harmony.

It may be stated as a rule that, in applying the passing note when employing Discord Bass, the half-step below the tone which is to be played as an octave on the first beat (count) of a measure usually is the one most effective, and generally used when the same chord (harmony) is repeated in the next following measure. When the chord changes in the next following measure the passing note a haif-step above the tone which is to be played as an octave on the first beat of the measure is usually the one most effective and generally used.

However, the movement of the melody notes, good taste and judgment must govern the practical application of Discord Bass in all its forms and variations. This can best be accomplished by actual employment, which may be gradually developed by study and analysis of the notation in this style used by others.

The next following lesson will include a comparative arrangement showing Straight Bass and Discord Bass applied to the same melody.

Gunther-Winn School

THE Gunther-Winn School of Popular Music, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Ralph Gunther, director, is meeting with marked success. Numbered among the large class success. Numbered among the large class of piano pupils we note the names of Miss Beatrice Beveridge, Miss M. Beck, Mr. Cogswell, Miss Julia Donovan, Miss Phyllis Cogswell, Miss Julia Donovan, Miss Phyllis Finer, Miss Alberta Garner, Miss Hugel, Mrs. Alice Holmes, Mr. Raymond McGee, Mr. Anthony Pryor, Miss Carrie Plate, Miss Christina Fhipps, Mr. Lewis Rasmussen, Miss Anna Ryer, Mr. Raymond Woolrich, Mrs. Guy Camp, Mrs. J. Kelley, Miss Elizabeth Luke, Mrs. E. A. Lape, Mrs. Fred Lavis, Miss Ethel Mehmel, Mr. T. Marrazzo, Miss Marion Hedrich, Mr. Edw. Meslin, Miss Florence Van Fleet, Miss Stromeyer, Mrs. Towers, Miss Mildred Odell.

Frank J. Connett, lyric writer and James Whitehead, melody writer, have some 20, 000 Sammies now singing "Hawaiian Butterfly" and "He's the American Boy." Connett and Whitehead are members of Co. 1, Machine Gun Battalion and will write new march song in honor of Capt. J. Griffith. The title will be "Kentucky Boys."

A Life-like Tribute to

the Father, the Friend

and the First in the

A Song Eliminating

theHackneyed Theme

of Mother which ap

pears in many mod-

ern, mis-applied so

called popular songs

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WINN METHOD Progressive teachers are urged to examine Winn's Practical Method of Popular Music and Ragtime Piano Playing with a view to adopting it for their pupils. These text books are thoroughly ethical, and may be employed with complete success in conjunction with any other academic method for piano. They are recognized as standard.

Your Books the Best of Their Kind

Chicago, Ill., March 27, 1916. Winn School of Popular Music, 155 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen—
It is with extreme gratification and satisfaction that I acknowledge the very highly systematic way in which all the details pertaining to your method are handled.

It is needless to say that the instruction books are all that could be desired. Other systems which I thought very good fade into instructions are when compared with your high. ignificance when compared with your high

y educational course. You have my most hearty commendation

You have my most hearty commendation for the comprehensive manner in which the work is planned. A careful perusal shows your books to be the best of their kind.

With best wishes for your continued success, I am Sincerely yours,

CHAS. A. KLAPPAUF,

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The Reader and the Publisher



discuss mallers of mulual interest. 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 (Conducted by C. V. B.)



ONE MORE MONTH TO WAIT

EXT month the publisher hopes to make known the result of the discussion anent the proposed selection of a new name for The Tuneful Yankee, and, incidentally, to end the almost world-wide anxiety regarding the disposition of that hundred-dollar prize. Meanwhile, we print in this issue another instalment of suggested

new titles, as well as a goodly number of comments from interested subscribers.

We are pleased to note the continued frankness of our correspondents, some of whom offer valuable suggestions. This department will be continued as long as there is apparent desire for it, and inasmuch as the "name debate" will end after the January issue, subscribers are invited to write the publisher upon any other topics of general interest. Of course, letters dealing directly with matters pertaining to this magazine are especially welcome. To save space for our subscribers, the publisher refrains from interspersing comments, although some of the letters richly warrant a reply of some kind. However, this little introduction will have to serve to express the publisher's appreciation (or whatever mental sensations are called for) of the kindly and other kinds of sentiments offered by the various subscriber-contributors.

This Month's Masterpiece

Another Red-Hot Letter from the Wild and Wooly West

McIntosh, S. D., Oct. 25, 1917. The Tuneful Yankee:

I received your sample copy of The Tuneful Yankee, and thank you. However, that's all for the present-"thank you."

When I first received the magazine and noted its title, I flung it into the corner without further ado or investigation. "I blamed the title," as old Goldrox said when his daughter cloped with the penniless duke. Yes sir, my aesthetic instincts were perfectly shocked, and as you are from Boston and are supposed to have the same, I hope I lacerate yours horribly in the next few lines—that is, if you have any left since the Red Sox didn't "cop" and the price of beans

has gone up.

However, being kindly of heart, and realizing that perhaps restricted rations of the above mentioned fruit (so necessary to Bostonians) might possibly account for your bizarre mental attitude when you named the publication, I have humanely decided to chloroform you before starting the dissecting process. Yes, to render you blissfully unconscious by specifically stating that—how I hate to confess it!—later on in the evening I incautiously opened the covers, read the "Truth about Jazz Bands" and stayed up all night to finish the rest well, at least till 11.59 P.M., mountain

time. Say, Mr. Editor! one of the best things in the contents was the announcement that you are going to change the—that—title, but if you should ever happen in some perverted moment to get anything like "Yankee" in it. I'm going clear to Boston to drink your blood. Oh, believe me young feller! I'm some Western bad man when I'm "het up."

"What's in a name?" That was the immortal Shakespeare's query, and in reply I'll say there's a great, big, highfalutin helufalot in a name. With moistened orbs, and confidentially speaking, let me say that I once loved a "bootiful" girl—yea, a beootiful damsel with blue eyes, red lips, cornsilk hair and, Oh! Oh! oh! everything else. Ay, I loved her even as Poe loved his Annabel Lee. And she loved me. We were happy and the world was bright, and in my happiness I paid all my debts, too, dawgone it!

The happy day was set, and then suddenly
—oh fateful moment!—I learned her whole name. It was—horrors upon horrors!— Miss Anna Schleswig-Holstein Von Hasenpfeffer—an angel with the appellation of a

German sausage maker! Right then I fled, nor did I ever go back. I struck out West for the tall timber and punched cows for a living. Here, at least, in the howling wilderness my aesthetic instincts would be safe, or so I thought, but just when my wound was healing you exploded all my ego by dropping a forty-two-centimeter Tuneful Yankee bomb.

What is a Yankee, anyhow? And why is a Yankee? Below the Mason and Dixon line every self-respecting son of the South will indignantly deny having anything in common with a mere Yank. And from Buffalo to the Missouri River every fussy,

comfortable, well-to-do, Middle Westerner
will forestall any libellous attempt to associate him with that "musical" tribe.

And what about us? By "us" I mean
us poor pancakes west of the Missouri.
What do we know about Yankees? Is it a brand of breakfast food, or a new "kink" in corn plasters? Call a man a Yankee out here—he'll think it's the Swedish for ignorant Swede and promptly knock your block off—very proper too. I once knew what a Yankee was. At least he said he was, but I had my doubts. I haven't any now. He was. He was a hard-hearted, chisel-eyed, skinflinting Justice of the Peace.

However, speaking of titles, of course you know I'm in on this contest. I always engage in all contests from pie-eating to broncho-busting, and it'll take some title to stump me, you bet! While looking over the lists offered, to make sure I wasn't acci-dentally treading on somebody's toes, I've noticed that considerable importance seems to be attached to titles of local interest. Now while The Tuneful (Ugh! I can't write it) is a nightmare, I have nothing against "The Horizontal Magazine" or the "Noo Yawk Critic," only it seems to me that by the same token I have a perfect right to "localize" a few titles myseif. This being the case, and me being on the Indian reserva-tion, with nothing but a few squaws, ranches, corrals, Fords and unbranded mavericks to ornament the landscape, I hereby submit the following: The Raglime Roundup (It gets 'em all), The Cowboys' Cadenza (Always up and going), Free Range for Song Writers (No critics nor sheep allowed), The Unbranded Amateur (Keep the irons hot!), Roping the Rhymsters (Big noose, and pull hard), Breaking the Musical Broncho (Stick with him!). Well, I guess that about completes me—oh, yes! just one more of local interest: Throwing the Bull (A musical magazine)!

In closing, my dear publisher, I should like to ask you a simple question: "What is a

Yankee?" Again I reiterate, "Why is a Tuneful Yankee?" Darned if I know! Yours respectfully, Ralph T. Ankersèn.

Pertinent and Pointed

C. K. Martyn, Singleton, N. S. W., Australia.—Will you allow a few remarks on your magazine from a subscriber on the other side of the globe? I was a subscriber before it was born—hearing it was on the way, and knowing the merit of the other Jacobs' publications, over went my money for it, and I am glad-real glad.

It must be very nice for you to get so many flattering letters about The Tuneful Yankee. Anyone would like it—but why give so much space to publishing them? Is it not rather out of taste to be always telling others what a pice follow you are?—and others what a nice fellow you are?—and does not that apply to a magazine as well as to an individual? Lately your paper has been getting more and more like those been getting more and more like those patent medicine pamphlets with which we are often inundated over this side—one page, perhaps, being devoted to some cooking recipes and the other to testimonials of those who have been cured by Jones' Green

The music is fine, only we are getting such a number that subscribers to *The Cadenza* already have. Of course, cutting those out, we get about six to ten times our money's worth, but there is a slight feeling of disappointment when opening the new month's issue to find one or two pieces we

The controversy about "Queen of Roses" is interesting and would be more so if you didn't slap in the face everyone who disagrees with you and on the back everyone who agrees with you. Of all who have replied or written on it so far, only yourself and a couple of others have given reasons, the others merely saying "you're right," or "you're wrong." I'm no grammatical professor myself, as maybe you have divined professor myself, as maybe you have divined by now. As a test of the absolute necessity of always using the verb in plural number in conjunction with the second personal pronoun, would you say "It was you" or "It were you?" The latter may be correct, but I have myser heard it. I have woodened but I have never heard it. I have wondered several times while agreeing with you nearly all the while if the above little phrases may not be some help in the solution. Anyway, it's good fun to see all the big bees buzzing

And I don't like the continual publication of the photos of America's Best Writers and Composers, once now and then, or one at a time and larger photos—don't you think so? I look for your magazine and intend keeping each number. The music, I mean to take out and have bound. In years to come the volumes will be an interesting record of the changes that are sure to come in the popular music of the day and when my boy-at present of the mature age of three months—is able to take an interest in such things, if he's anything like his dad there will not be a more prized book in the home.

Thank You!

Emma B. Smith, Meadville, Pa.—I am much interested in the name contest, and following are my sentiments: Keep your money

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B. A. Freeman, St. Louis, Mo.—Having donned my Considering Cap (at first I thought I'd suggest a classical name for your magazine), but reading over the various letters on the subject, I think the votes are in your favor hence I cordially and frankly give you the three titles you suggest each subscriber to select from the list: The subscriber to select from the list: The Tuneful Yankee, The Tuneful Yankee, The Tuneful Yankee, The Tuneful Yankee, with eclal.

Present Title Satisfactory-But, Oh

You \$100! Percy Trepanier, Montreal North, Que.-I am submitting a few names herewith although "The Tuneful Yankee" is good enough for me. Some persons criticise the title without reason. I certainly give credit title without reason. I certainly give credit to Mr. Rosenfeld for choosing such a title. As long as the contents do not change I should worry about the title. Nevertheless here are a few suggestions: Musical Who's Who, Musical Advice, Impartial Music Review, Musical Tuths and Errors, Musical Suggestions. The Professional and American Keview, Musical Truths and Errors, Musical Suggestions, The Professional and Amateur Musician, Musical Hints and Helps, The Musical Authority, The Musical Factor, Script and Scribes Magazine.

You Lose \$5.00, Mr. Pfeiffer! C. A. Pfeiffer, Quincy, Ill.—If you ever have to "loosen up" and pay that \$5.00 for the silver rhyme let me know and I'll send you \$5.00 to reimburse you. New name: The Musical Muse.

Jas. E. Harris, Vallejo, Cal.—Received my copies of The Tuneful Yankee. My hat is off. It's the best, snappiest, most up-to-date paper of its kind that I have ever had the pleasure of reading. I feel so full of (Continued on page 34)

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Observer, The Musical Servant. Ike M. Kelly, St. Louis, Mo.—American

John C. Dykema, Grand Rapids, Mich. The American Minstrel, The Song World, The Song Search Light, Sharps and Flats, The Musical Digest, The Song Digest.

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"The term 'bar' is often improperly applied to measure."—Mathews & Liebling, p. 153.

See page 7, Tuneful Yankee for September, 1917. "People who live in glass houses," etc.

—Paul Allyn. West Farms Sta., New York.

Really, for a good laugh "Puck" or "Judge" have lost their humor, and "Life" has lost its pep since reading The Tuneful Yankee."—Cordially, Nell L. Carter.

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The Reader and The Publisher

"pep" after reading the different articles that I waste a lot of good energy pounding the keys harder than ever. Of course I have a couple of kicks coming. One is, that the paper is not large enough and the other that it is published only once a month instead of once a week. Outside of that it is

We Are Charged \$105 for This One Morris Strauss, Indianapolis, Ind.—I submit the following title for your wonderful magazine: American Song-Craft. This is an original title I think; covers United States, and your many subscribers, also covers completely the material contained in your publication and adds dignity to your worthy magazine. Therefore kindly "shell-out" with that \$100. as I need the money badly. that \$100, as I need the money badly.

The rich you will bewilder, If you give much free silver. That makes \$105 you owe me.

Another Pome

Henry Hart, Needham Heights, Mass.— Regarding The Tuneful Yankee, I think it is great, and I have followed out a suggestion given in one of the early numbers. After given in one of the early numbers. After fully reading through it, I remove the music section carefully and am making a book of it, which will be worth much more than the year's subscription. I like the quibbles and rambles while my daughter enjoys the great selections given each month with the great selections given each month with the magazine. The "Tuneful Yankee," is good enough for me. When I buy a bag of flour, I don't care so much about the bag, but I

want good flour, so "What's in a name?" A change they say is as good as a rest, So why not put it to the test, And give it a name that will surely pay, And one that will surely always stay.

Now for a name to suggest I must, One in which you'll put your trust; A name quite rare; yet I have a hunch, That you'll call it the Musical Punch.

Musical Punch would be sought by all, Yankee, Hebrew, Greek and Gaul! So here's to the name I think will win, And please don't forget to send me the tin.

P. S.—I am already looking around for a heap "Ford," as when I get the \$100, I shall be able to a-Ford one.

Better look for a real cheap one, Mr. Hart, for while your suggestion is good, the title is too much like the name of another famous magazine to cop the "tin."

Herbert S. Leland, Baltimore, Md.-Permit me to state that, in my opinion, you began well and are rapidly getting better. This is certainly preferable to the condition of the sick man who, when asked how he felt replied: "Thank you, but I am getting no better very fast.'

Alden P. Ritter, Minneapolis, Minn.—I hailed with delight the last two issues of The Tuneful Yankee—not that I haven't always found the magazine interesting, but because there were some meaty articles to hold down the lighter material. It seems to me that the letters from subscribers, answers to correspondents and such should be less prominent; they are interesting but not of sufficient value to warrant the space they have taken up. Make the name The Popular Musician and still further broaden the nature of the journal to interest all musicians and music lovers of the great "popular"

majority. A. G. Gibbs, Montreal, Can.-I agree with the people who criticise the present name

of The Tuneful Yankee. The name is meaningless to the average person. Melody or The Popular Musician would be better.

Marion S. Whiting, Los Angeles, Cal.—What I can't understand is why you didn't change the name with the first issue. It's a wonder the magazine has outlived the early a wonder the magazine has outlived the early blight of such a misnomer. I leave it to you to choose a better title—any dimfiel name would be better. Then with a dignified name, perhaps the magazine will gain dignity in its text. I am glad to see an improvement in the lest few issues ment in the last few issues.

Irving Weldon, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—I subscribed for Melody. You sent me a freak affair devoted to what are evidently the New York pets of the editor. Unless there is a marked change in the policy of the magazine, and you give us something about popular music instead of unknown attaches of publishers' shops, don't ask me for a repeated. renewal. The music section has always been good, but as for the reading matter good night!

De Forrest Weatherbee, St. Louis, Mo.—"Tuneful Yankee" isn't a bad title—there could be worse ones. But to my mind The Popular Musician is the correct title, if you ever expect to live up to the purpose of the journal, which I understood (at first) was to interest home musicians. This is a tremendous field, and if you continue to add valuable features, such as the special arrangements by Winn, meaty articles by M. V. Freese, etc., you will cop the big circulation.

Edward R. Sterling, Canton, Ohio.—I suggest as a very excellent name for your pubgest as a very excellent name for your publication, and a well-known name: The Wandering Minstrel. In my humble opinion, I doubt if you will find a better name than this one. Other names that occur to me are: The Melodious Rambler, The Songwriter's Studio, The Songwriter's Magazine, Author's grad Company of Magazine, The Songwriter's Company of the Songwriter's Magazine, Author's Company of the Son and Composer's Magazine, The Songwriter's Guide, and News of the Songwriting World.

S. T. Rablen, Sonora, Cal.—I have just received The Tuneful Yankee for October and am much pleased to see the wonderful and am muen pleased to see the wonderful lot of new names offered. While I really would not kick if you turned us all down, and let our Tuneful Yankee still retain his snug seat in his "treble clef" chair, here are four more: Columbia's Melodies, The Melodies Phonetic, The Musicines' Progress. Hone you will weather Musicians' Progress. Hope you will weather the storm and let "well enough" do after

Veva B. Aupferle, Grand Rapids, Mich. I would suggest the name Sharps and Flats to take the place of the present pleasing one. Not only is it indicative of this migazine's musical character, but of the very sharp and pointed reviews on new music and manuscripts, and the very flat efforts which are sent in in an attempt to find words to rhyme with "silver" and "orange."

Louis Fleischer, Bronx, N. Y.-As a teacher of popular music I am deeply interested in Mr. Winn's proposal to "rag" a popular song in each issue of The Tuneful Yankee. This will give teachers something of value which cannot be procured except in the pages of the magazine and I expect

to have the pupils take copies each month. I think announcing in the magazine the name of the song which will be given in ragtime the following month, would benefit all parties concerned, and I offer this as a suggestion. This would give the student the opportunity to first study the tune in straight time before The Tuneful Yankee

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Answers to Correspondents

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

E. R. S., Canton, O. "I'd Rather Have" has some very original thought, but it is awkwardly connected and lacks narrative. You have some good ideas which could be developed in this song.

C. M., Toledo, O.

1. The Tuneful Yankee cannot well state who the best "music plugger" is. 2. We cannot gratify your whim in boosting any one individual. 3. One of the leading men in this line is Sam Levy, of the Waterson, Berlin and Snyder Co. He not only sings and dances the compositions of his femile. and dances the compositions of his firm's works in public, but he also secures his own dates. 4. "Joe" Hollander of the Morris' firm is also regarded as a most valuable exploiter.

Robert Vaughan, Brooklyn. 1. As soon as opportunity presents itself we shall publish the words of your clever Rossiter song for the lyrics are worth it. 2. Your statement that you placed eleven manuscripts in one day with a well-known local producer is quite a record, we admit, but it does not surprise us for a man of your prolificness.

E. G. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Come Love." These words are not at all badly written; in fact, they are quite You have elegant phrases in the effusion,

poetical. But, to tell the truth, they are oo much so for the modern popular song. but they will not appeal to The Tuneful Yankee as a prize song. Chas. H. W., Hinsdale, Ill.

1. In the first place we are returning your money envelope, unopened. It is very kind of you to offer to pay us for examining your manuscripts or to offer the gratuity to the editor as a personal tribute. The writer never accepts any fee for public examination or a review. 2. "Everyman" has some good points, but it is too verbose and too voluminous. 3. "Anything Goes." This lacks novelty. Many of the lines are commonplace comedy. 4. "That's the Way" has been done before and much better, we are sorry to say. 5. Same applies to "I Love Someone." 6. "The Time." This possesses no outstanding originality. 7. "Is the Love" is too lengthy and uninteresting. 8. "I Always Get." The chorus is very long and tiresome. It has a few good lines, but would not appeal to the modern gratuity to the editor as a personal tribute. lines, but would not appeal to the modern music buyer. 9. Some of your ideas are clever, but not carried out with sufficient evidently a cultured, refined man and it would be a pleasure for us to aid you in your but nowadays a song to pecome popular requires something more than ordinary versification.

Mort Green, N. Y. City. "You've Stolen" possesses some quaint and original lines. It is not exactly a song for our prize competition, but it will make a fine production number with fitting melody. W. and N. Co., Omaha, Neb.

1. Our sympathies are primarily and only with you. There are all sorts of tricks and fakers in this business. You have a right to demand that your name be omitted from their list. 2. Write W. Jacobs, 8 Bosworth Street, Boston, for copy you require.

M. M. D., Washington, C. H. O. 1. "Good Bye Summer" is neatly wrought but it is not for a popular song. 2. "Good-

Bye Sweetheart" is too prosaic. 3. "Love." Not of sufficient interest to attract attention. 4. "Spinning Wheel." Well-written, but lacks fascinating interest. 5. "Hep" has some points but no purpose for popular sale.

T. T., Winchester, Mass.

1. "An Angel" contains some good tines but the idea, while original is not strongly carried out. 2. "I Ain't" is not as good as No. 1. 3. "Little Home" has frequently been done in propular sange.

4. "Emerald" been done in popular songs.

4. "Emerald"
uninteresting. 5. "Berlin." There are too many songs like this already on the market. It is also too verbose. 6. "Doll" is a lengthy prosaic affair. 7. "Irish" has some very good thought but it is too lengthy and sectional, 8. "Evangeline." Unappealing to the modern day multitude. Your music is catchy in parts. 9. "Your Baby's."
These words have a very clever idea and are quite well constructed. 10. Hereafter typewrite your lyries. Your penmanship is not of the best. It is difficult to decipher speedily, and delays our busy staff.

A. A. B., Elwood, Neb.

1. "Baby," while possessing some quaint material would not sell to any extent. 2. "Between the Lines." No. 1 also answers this. 3. "Yankees." A line in Geo. M. Cohan's famous song "Over There" contains a punch phrase "The Yanks are Coming." Your song would suffer from such a similarity.

R. J. L., Pittsburg, Pa.
"The Haven." This is merely a poem, well written, but not a popular song.

S. T. R., Sonora, Cal.

1. "Papa Gave." This contains only a few fair lines. The idea is involved. The music is lacking in the essential qualities of popularity. 2. You certainly have given us an original rhyme for orange when you sug-gest "door-hinge." Some folks may laugh at this, but it is better than some answers we have received.

L. M. R., Los Angeles, Cal. 1. "To One Who Called Me." This is merely a neat thought, not a popular song. 2. "Peachbloom" has some exquisite lines, notably in the first verse. But it is not a popular song. 3. If I Could Sing." Too many songs of a like theme. The music is imperfectly constructed and arranged, although the solution of the though possessive of some fair melody. "Leaving" is very ordinary. 4. "Come You write beautiful letters and are Back" is merely a plaintive appeal with no elements of a popular song-lacking even a chorus:

> F. B. T., Bath, Maine. "Qualm," which is pronounced "quahm" is not a good rhyme for realm. But many licenses are taken in modern song writing.

> C. N. A., Youngstown, O. "Our Flag" has some good poetic thought but it would not do in these days for a popular song.

> C. A., Cleveland, O. "When You Said." Some of rhymes and ideas are fairly good, but the words contain many imperfect rhymes and forced con-

> R. B. P., Amsterdam, N. Y. Yes, we agree with you; the verses contain considerable heart interest and are idealistic. But they do not constitute a popular song.

W. G. L., Philadelphia, Pa. Sorry, but we cannot make "deliver" rhyme with silver; nor "change" with orange. This answer also applies to many of our other readers who have sent in the same suggestion.

Mrs. E. M. L., Indianapolis, Ind.
"Mary." No, refined and gifted lady,
these words are not your best. Paddy's
sweetheart knitting for him is timely and true, but the entire other construction of the verses is unoriginal and would not warrant a musical setting.

G. C., Bay City, Mich. G. C., Bay City, Mich.

"Thirty-Two Counties." This is a good typical Irish song. It is one of those efforts that many persons would like; still, it is a sect song and may not have a wide sale with those who would not be interested in the design text. in its clever text.

I. M. K., St. Louis, Mo.
"A Hero." A very well-written effusion, but it is not a universally applied thought, being "individualistic," and appealing only to

M. W. St. L., Oklahoma City.
1. "Till You Call." A very pretty idea with a few imperfect rhymes such as "come" with "done," etc., but on the whole quite a fair set of words. 2. "My World." Very trite and ordinary. 3. "When the Moon." The material in the body of this song is unique and new, but the words, per se, are hackneyed and verbose. The first two lines of the chorus are most excellent and original, but the entire song lacks contemporaneous interest for a popular number.

R. B., Brooktyn, N. Y.
1. "Carolina" has some original ideas, but the words are too lengthy and complicated.

2. "Angels' Paradise." There is a pretty thought running through this but the chorus is far too voluminous. No song with 16 or more lines of chorus would ever attract attention—not even an ode. 3. "America."
The same applies to this. 4. "Honolulu."
Another song with a bulky chorus. This subject is also gradually dying out. While the words possess some good lines, the chorus, like your other lyrics—is verbose and entirely too long. 5. Please fully prepay your letters hereafter.

J. C. D., Grand Rapids. 'My Heart Won't Let." This is an oldfashioned song which would not tempt the modern music buyer. The words are fairly well-written, but nothing wonderful. There are however, two excellent—yes, most excellent—lines. These are the fifth and sixth lines of the second verse. They are admirable and what is more, very original, and form a beautiful thought.

T. T., Winchester, Mass. 1. "It's Lovely." The words are only fair. The music is excellent. 2. "I'll ask Her." The words have some good points, but the music is far better. The melody of both songs is more than good, being jingling, new and catchy. You cert of writing fascinating bits of tunes.

M. G., New York. "Key" has many excellent thoughts and rhymes, but the entire work is too poetical for a popular song. It may make a good "production" number but to insure a big popular sale the melody would have to be more than ordinarily catchy.

R. H. B., Alexandria, Va. "Soldier Boy." This is more of a recitation than a popular song. It has some good points, but no rhymes. It is also too lengthy for a popular song.

O. Y., Letcher, S. D.
"I've Left My Dear." Another one of those songs which is half good and half (Continued on page 38)

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Answers to Correspondents

fair. The title is also too long. The subject is somewhat old-fashioned but still true to life. The melody is weak in parts but has a say, original. While the song may appeal to your family and friends it will not bring in dollars and cents from the masses.

Corp. B. G., Anniston, Ala.
"A Page from the Book." This song has some interesting material, but the words are very crude. Lines liké "he has caused her fall" also prohibit its popularity. It has a good title which is its chief "stock in trade." Some of the chorus is very realistic. The music is quite good in spots, the chorus being portionally contributed to the chorus being protein and the chorus being protein a particularly quaint and in some parts quite original and catchy.

M. J. M., Chicago, Ill.
1. "When I Lay" is an excellently written song, although some of the words are quite ordinary. To improve the entire song you should have only four lines each to the first and second verses. Eight line verses are becoming obsolete. 2. "Banjo" is very or-

H. H. Hastings.
1. "The Gift." This is a very meritorious poem, but not suited for a popular song.
2. "Mist." This is only an idealistic reflection; also suited only as a poetic fancy.
3. You gave us no address; so we are at a loss how to return your verses. Nor did you name city.

G. G., Pullman, Wash. "Plantation Home." Fairly well-written, but the subject has been worn thread-bare. The verses contain some simple but pretty lines.

E. V. P., Los Angeles, Cal.
"If Love." This is simply a neat little poem, unsuited entirely for a popular song.

M. G. Hapen.

1. "Battle Hymn" is a very forceful and original work. It has many heroic and poetical climaxes, is admirably conceived and finely perfected. But it lacks the elements of a popular song, although in line for a stirring anthem. 2. You gave us no address on your manuscript and your song address on your manuscript and your song the us no address on your manuscript and no inkling as to where the words may be returned. A person with your fund of intellect should know better.

M. S., Indianapolis, Ind.

1. Your letter appears on another page.
2. "Indianapolis" while well-written, is too lengthy. Another thing, it is too local to have a general sale. However, it may appeal to some local house. 3. "Red Cross" will be reviewed in another column.

Mrs. E. H., Merrill, Mich. "We'll Swat the Kaiser" is certainly some patriotic pungency. The melody is better than the words, the latter lacking consistency Such songs seldom sell.

L. F., Hartford, Conn. We don't like to insult our readers, but when you send us a rhyme of "snicker" for silver and "bondage" for orange, we are strongly tempted.

Mrs. M. B., Four Oaks, N. C.
You are almost as bad when you send us "Florence" to rhyme with orange.

Mrs. G. F. L., Indianapolis, Ind.

"Kase I'se." This is merely a pretty little darky idyll, sad, realistic and alluring in a limited way. The words will not sell the song. Thousands of a like character have been written to lie dormant upon publishers' shelves. The melody is particularly sweet and mellifluent and, we might

F. O., San Francisco, Cal.

1. "Mother, Soldier" lacks rhymes and the chorus is too lengthy. 2. "For Mother" is an ordinary idea. It is fairly well carried out but it has not the selling quality, the subject being trite and fragmently used. subject being trite and frequently used.

E. A. W., Mission, Tex.
"Happy Dreams" is only ordinary. Even
the title has many times been used before. S. M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

You enclose no postage for the return of our manuscripts; still, we have returned them to you at our expense. But we shall not do so again, for anyone. Manuscripts sent us without return postage will be thrown into the waste basket and the owners can "holler" to their hearts content. By the way, for your benefit, Mr. D., and for the benefit of all readers, we herewith reprint a notice that has appeared several times in The Tuneful Yankee, so that you will understand how nettled we feel about

The Tuneful Yankee will examine manuscripts for its readers free of charge and give any advice within its power, without delay, but stamps must be enclosed for return of the manuscripts.

Unless this small requirement is complied with we cannot be responsible for any loss of manuscripts, nor shall we pay any attention to letters bearing upon the subject. W. S. B., Lancaster, O.

"Where the Weather Suits." This is a finely conceived idea, and, for once, we must say this song has a "punch" and a strong, original one, at that. But—here is the trouble. Suppose you had good music for it, what would you do with it? It is a stage song, not one for general sale. It could possibly be made a hit. It is not a wonderful song; still some publisher would be very glad to have these words, for there is a chance that it could be "put over." If you wish we will print these words in The Tuneful Yankee and bring them to the eyes of some publisher. This may assist you. At any rate, this would give you convergely prorate, this would give you copyright protection. We have returned the words to you; but you can send them back to us if you want us to print them in our magazine. Mrs. E. H., Merrill, Mich.

"Three" has many good lines and is of a new quality, but it lacks pointed title lines in the beginning of the chorus. It is such a song, however, that many publishers like. It is of a style that has characterized the works of Charles K. Harris. Perhaps he might set it to music as your melody is very ordinary—but don't use this comment as a recommendation to influence him. let him judge the lyrics on their merit.

L. L., St. Louis, Mo.
"One Word." A neat and simple set of verses, but not of sufficient originality to attract attention, especially as the title and theme have been used times without number in previous songs.

> Almost a Prize Winner "Gimme the piece of silver And I'll go and buy a gill fer The old man."—A. C. Needham.

If The Tuneful Yankee had offered a second prize for the silver rhyme the above reply would have secured it, for the versifica-tion is "pretty nearly good." Of course, the rhyme borders on the "slangy"; still it is euphonious and could possibly pass muster if it were imperative.

What Does Your Cash Register Say?

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

announced a new feature under share. the above title, and although the Let' forms for this issue necessarily closed a very short time after the November number was mailed,

the interest shown at the time this page is put in type warrants the prediction that the "Cash Register Readings" will prove a valuable addition to this magazine's monthly offerings.
For the benefit of readers who overlooked the announcement last month we reprint herewith a portion of it, and below will be found the "Readings" which were received

in time for publication.

This is the Announcement The Tuneful Yankee wants to extend its services in a new way to music dealers and music buyers, by giving them first-hand information regarding the selling hits of the day. By selling hits we mean the popular numbers for which there is greatest sale. It is a well-known fact that a number may be popular long after the sales have practi-cally stopped. It is also possible for a song to become so well-known that even the small boys whistle the tune without any extraor-dinary results showing on the music counter cash register.

The cash register is the real test of selling popularity. What songs are selling best? What songs are not selling? What is the cause in each case? Will the best sellers be come to life? By passing along your "cash register" readings and deductions you can help The Tuneful Yankee give real service—

Boston, Mass.—1. Somewhere in France Is the Lily (Witmark). This number has everybody talking. 2. Over There (Feist). long or short lived, and will the poor sellers

Let's get at the truth—and keep at it. Send in this coupon_today, Mr. Dealer. We will give as much space to the tabulation of these "cash register" opinions as may be necessary.

And These are the First Replies Detroit, Mich.—1. Good-Bye Broadway, Hello France! (Leo Feist) Going fine. 2. Over There (Wm. Jerome Pub. Corp.) Almost as good. 2. I Don't Want to Get Well (Feist). 4. The Battle Song of Liberty (Walter Jacobs). Steady seller. Will last indefinitely. 5. Sunshine of Your Smile. (T. B. Harms & Francis, Day & Hunter). No let-up on this. 6. Where Do We Go No let-up on this. 6. Where Do We Go from Here (Feist), When the Yanks Come Marching Home (Wm. Jerome Pub. Corp.). There's a Long, Long Trail (Witmark) and several others are safe bets.

Providence, R. I., Liggett's Journal Bldg. Store.—Some Sunday Morning (Remick). Very fast seller. 2. For You a Rose (Remick). Steady seller. 3. Don't Try to Steal the Sweetheart of a Soldier (Remick). Best seller for November.—Sent by M.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Where Do We Go From Here (Feist). 2. Hail, Hail, The Gang's all Here. (Feist). 3. Over There (Wm. Jerome). Starting like a big seller. 4. There's a Long, Long Trail (Witmark).

as service in which you and all readers will we predict that this will be a sensational song hit. 3. When Yankee Doodle Learns the above title, and although the Let's get at the truth—and keep at it.

Let's get at the truth—and keep at it. This is the biggest seller on our counters at the present time. 4. There's a Long, Long Trail (Witmark). This number sold very big at first, then died away, but is now topping the list of high-priced numbers. 5. I'm all Bound 'Round with the Mason-Dixon Line (Waterson, Berlin & Snyder). The one number that stands out as a hit at the 10 cent rate 6. Good-Bue Broadway. the 10-cent rate. 6. Good-Bye Broadway, Hello France! (Feist). This is another war

> Cleveland, Ohio, Kaiser Music Store, 45 The Arcade.—1. Over There. (Wm. Jerome). Our biggest selling patriotic song. Jerome). Our biggest selling patriotic song. 2. Some Sunday Morning (Remick). Good story in lyrics; looks like a hit here. 3. I Don't Want to Get Well. This comedy war song looks like a comer. 4. Missouri Waltz (Forster Music Pub. Inc.). Looks like a strong, long seller. 5. There's a Long, Long Trail. (Witmark). Selling bigger than ever. 6. Sunshine of Your Smile (T. B. Harms). Still one of the best sellers. Nuff said.—Sent by Jno. A. Connell. said.—Sent by Jno. A. Connell.

Boston, Mass., F. W. Woolworth Store, 558 Wash. St.—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

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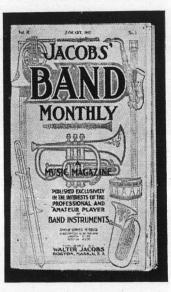
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