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THE

TUNEFUL YANKEE

A Monthly Magazine devoted to the Interests of

POPULAR MUSIC

VOCAL
INSTRUMENTAL
MECHANICAL

15¢ the copy

VOL. I
NO. 11 DECEMBER, 1917

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WALTER JACOBS
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MR. WALTER JACOBS,
Publisher of The Tuneful Yankee, Boston, Mass.

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VOL. I

DECEMBER, 1917

No. 11

Popular versus Patriotic



WHAT is the music that appeals most strongly to 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-to-order-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 epigrammatic 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 his 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 "music-hall 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-

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, Good-bye!" 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 by his cheerful 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 allegiance 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

By Myron V. Freese

HERE are times and conditions in life when that which possibly might be regarded as most unfortunate, 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 battle-door—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 sensibility.

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 Telegraph* 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 Press*.

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 gained by public alliance as against private trust, and music is one of the greatest of these things, that has ceased to be a

luxury for the few and is become the necessity for the many. 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 war—that 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 will be merely the nominal sum of \$1.00. The arbitrary and invisible line separating morning from night is twelve

o'clock, and the great human clock of the public has struck the hour that precedes the dawning of a new day for American music and musicians. Nothing more now remains but to keep running the clock so ably and unselfishly started by the Alliance, and if all who recognize music as a vital necessity

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 the winding, there will be no danger of the great music clock ever running down and stopping.

Allies



IN 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. Perhaps 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 Jellicoe'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; 3. Pipes and Drums, 134th C. I. B. Band; 4. Selection from *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 in quick time, March, "The Great Little Army;" "The Queen's" Regimental March, "Braganza;" "O Canada;" "Hymn, "Abide With Me;" Finale—"God Save the King."

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 "Somewhere in England"

Interpreting the Photoplay

By Harry Norton



THE first pictures of the early days were of subjects 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 and thunder" melodrama, with a liberal sprinkling 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 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 high-grade music program from their orchestras, pianists and organists, and only those players who take their vocation seriously, and offer good, conscientious 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 "dumps"), so it is with the pianist or 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 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 different "ears." Thus an excerpt from "Rigoletto" will gladden the heart of the Italian patron, to whom the many

Italian operatic arias are as familiar as the latest "hit" is to us. "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 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 material.

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 Artercraft 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 the "aces" for motion-picture playing. A short description of the organ I am 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 corneopane. 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 "five-reeler" 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-

WHO HE IS

EVERY afternoon and evening at the Beacon Theatre on Tremont Street in Boston and immediately preceding the beginning of their feature picture plays, there is flashed on the screen an introductory legend reading

MR. HARRY NORTON
WILL INTERPRET THE PHOTOPAYS
UPON THE ORGAN

Such is the theatre management's informal introduction to its patrons of the musician upon whom depends the atmosphere of each 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 magazine. 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 interpretative 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 approbation of the subscribers.

Mr. Norton's picture experience began with 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 approached by the manager of that theatre to take charge of the music. The deal was closed, and Mr. Norton started on his picture career without experience but with plenty of self-confidence, plus a good repertoire of standard and popular music—the musical asset of a professional piano player for a number of years.

times what at first sight appears to be a "crazy-quit" 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. One-steps 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 monotonous 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, Misterioso, 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-

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 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 the 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 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.—Ed.]



TEACHING 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 "short-cut" method, and this for the reason that these same pupils in the beginning, were given more practice than theory, and step by step they accomplished what was seemingly impossible 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 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 the study of dancing, and would expect to put in a few more

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 ill-will 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 to recommend you to others.

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 your pupils what they want to learn, and that is popular music and ragtime.

A Bit of Biography

Miss E. A. Reynolds, New York

HIS brief sketch of Miss E. A. Reynolds, although pianistic in touch, is by no means pianissimo in tone, as the musical standing and methods of the lady speak for themselves in fullness of tone wherever known and whenever investigated. In securing Miss Reynolds as its directress, the Winn School of Popular Music in Brooklyn, N. Y., has obtained a teacher of broad experience and high capability.

The above claim that Miss Reynolds is "a teacher of broad experience and high capability" is based on a solid foundation

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 Reynolds 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 honors.

Always in close touch with the teaching field, a few years ago Miss Reynolds 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 individuals 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 instructions 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 the field as one of its exponents and opened a studio at Rich-

mond Hill, Long Island, where it required but a short teaching period to convince her of the broader opportunities of a location more easily accessible to the majority of Brooklynites. The result of her convictions is the present studio, located in 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 surface car lines. Successful results in the new studio have 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 is 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 radical departure from the old, cut-and-dried is subject to sharp criticism as being iconoclastic. 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 knowledge 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 their calling, such as piano salesmen and vaudeville professionals. 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, F. Barber, 193 Chestnut Street, teacher; Mr. Arthur O. Doll, 869 Sixtieth Street; Miss Madeline Kopp, 186 Schaeffer Street.



Miss E. A. Reynolds and Two Attractive Rooms in Her Times Building School

Jazz Jam

By Milton Reeves

ALTHOUGH 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 sequence 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 would 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 raising 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 goddess, but was merely one of the nine muses who are popularly supposed to have spent their time musing and musing 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 Terpsi! Who could blame the muse of the "mazy" for going on a rampage at signs of her golden age degenerating into a gilded stage, watching her "light fantastic" changing

into the frantic elastic—the most limber landing the lure? Who could chide the damsel for slam-damming 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 grizzly-bear and fox-trot; followed them when they fluttered fowl-like through the chicken-reels, turkey-trots and lame-ducks, 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 jam—the 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 new jazzjagjam and that the good god Pan has had more, for it bears all the ear-marks of the ancient woodland reveler. We have all seen pictures and statues of this suppositious age-old satyr doing jazz stunts with the Pandean pipes and his goat legs, and it is more than likely that he has been the sole inspirer of both the jazz-band and the jazz-dance.

In the olden times it was written that "whom the gods love they first make mad." If, 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 jubilant with the greater titillation and decided then and there to inoculate the entire continent with the virus. How Pan must



CUT USED BY COURTESY OF THE VEG & CO.

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 Quintette, and are making themselves exceedingly popular as musical entertainers wherever they play. All are fully identified in the photo by their names, although the two not carrying their respective instruments are posing without them for reasons which should be obvious when stated—the lady is the pianist of the aggregation, while the gentleman behind her is the trap player and drummer. They are all soloists on their various instruments, playing in many combinations—musically catching and "jazzily" catchy.

The Quintette, which had been playing for some time at one of the leading hotels in Central Ohio, and more recently at the Hotel Ohio in Youngstown, are now in Chicago where they have been engaged for a forty-weeks term. The manager of the organization, who has brought out many plyers of the Middle West in various combinations in Cleveland and Detroit, is Mr. George Hess whose business is to furnish music for the leading hotels. If these five people in combination play as effectively as they smile happily, and such is their reputation, they are bound to be popular.

have grinned! If the vaccine "takes," it is not improbable that 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

of funnily modulated measures, so the other is liable to be a jumble of finely modeled "members." Who dared to write 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

When'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. (Iamb)
(So say Funk and Wagnalls in *The Standard*.)

IN absolute innocence, and without suspicion of the consequences. The Tuneful 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 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 decreased, and our worldly sophistication greatly increased. And chief among the results which have so pained and profited us, aside from the emphatic proof of a universal willingness to accept five dollars upon almost any pretext, is the startling demonstration of the unlimited supply of words that *don't* rhyme with *silver* or *orange*.

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 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 of it.

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-lying 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 dozen oranges—even if he could get that many for five dollars.

And so we regretfully relegate Mr. Deane's effort, with the countless other "eranges," "pifers," "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 shirt.

Now, I will admit that the solicitous attentions of my loving but over-zealous friends have not been entirely unfruitful. Frequently, in secret, I have tried to visualize my upper lip as a hirsute herbarium, but surreptitious contemplated efforts in facial horticulture have been nipped in the bud by

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 chaperonage and with eminent respectability, and where the creaking undertaker's chairs and the frequent blank intervals following the flashing of the "Just-One-Moment-While-the-Operator-

Repairs-the-Film" slide were only incidents to blend into our 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 home-town 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

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 tape-worm 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-you-struggle 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 still.

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 corridor. And the usher seemed to float on ahead in a manner which put to shame all the Little Evans 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, I didn't know whether she had walked down steps or an in-

cline, or had just slid down. At any rate it was down—possibly three feet below my level. Or it might have been a couple of rods. It didn't make any difference—I made up my 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 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 nearly accomplished it by bringing my leading foot five and a half inches into the mush carpet. The effect of stepping down an incline that isn't present is not unlike climbing a stair-step that the carpenter has omitted. It jars one's confidence, as well as the rest of one's anatomy. I also jarred the theatre, in spite of the floor padding.

It is useless to recount the agonies of my journey from this point to my seat. Suffice it to say that when I finally arrived beside the phantom usherette with her little electric disappointment, I was fully convinced that I still owned all 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 have 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

that I could see about the Place fairly well—even to noting that the mush carpet was made of red fabric. I also found that I was sitting on my hat, and while still inwardly cursing myself for coming into the Darn Place, discovered that the Person sitting slightly to the east of me—beyond two vacant seats—was my wife, whom I have mentioned previously in this narration.

Now, I have related the incidents that led up to this unexpected meeting with my smaller but infinitely better half with careful attention to truth—even to minute details—not as a salve to a prickly conscience, as anyone may see, but that the facts in the case may be known to someone, even though my helpmeet refuses to accept them. Her statements that there are many other picture theatres on the street, all of which I had daily passed for months, and that the one I selected was especially noted for the man-killing charms of the attendants in the ticket box and on the floor, may be true, but I deny previous knowledge of the 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

ONE of the most far-reaching decisions ever handed down from the bench in a music publishing case is what the *New York Telegraph* calls the ruling of 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, in part:

"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 there is a wonderful rhythm, and there is something that makes you want to dance if you are young enough. The dissonance in the 'Livery Stable Blues' even exceeds the

work of some of the modern French composers. I think the 'blues' belong to anyone, and the bill is dismissed for want of equity."

"It'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 by 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 anything 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 by Williams and Feldman until three years after the night it was played and so mysteriously disappeared at the Alaskan-Yukon fair.

Beautiful Girl of Somewhere

Words by
WILLIAM SHAW
& ROY LINWOOD

Music by
JACK RAYMOND

Andantino

PIANO

Ev - 'ry night your face I see When I'm feel - ing lone - ly;
Dream-land is a gar - den fair Rar - est ros - es grow - ing;

Fair - est in this world to me, For I love you on - - ly.
Ev - 'ry night I wan - der there Breez - es gen - tly blow - - ing;

I have wan - dered near and far, Look - ing, dear, for you, — And
There a - mid the flow - ers sweet, Wet with morn - ing dew, — Is

I shall find you ev - en though I search the whole world through. —
where I'll claim you for my own — My dreams have all come true. —

The Tuneful Yankee

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REFRAIN (Slowly)

Beau-ti - ful girl of some - - where, Beau-ti - ful girl of my

dreams! Par - a - dise lies in your eyes Where the

love - light bright - ly gleams. I know I'll find you

some - - where In a land where the skies are blue, Beau-ti - ful

girl of some - - where! Make all my dreams come true.

The Tuneful Yankee

The Nautical Toddle

FOX-TROT

GEORGE L. COBB

PIANO

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The Tuneful Yankee

Musical score for page 16, featuring piano accompaniment for 'The Tuneful Yankee'. The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music includes various dynamics such as *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' in the fourth system. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the seventh system.

Musical score for page 17, continuing the piano accompaniment for 'The Tuneful Yankee'. The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music includes various dynamics such as *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo). The piece concludes with a final cadence in the seventh system.

Dance of the Pussy Willows

FRANK WEGMAN

Allegro moderato

PIANO

The Tuneful Yankee

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The Tuneful Yankee

Waiting

Words by
JACK YELLENMusic by
GEORGE L. COBB

Moderato

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

till voice

I just got a let-ter, hon-ey, makes me sad
Just im-ag-ine hon-ey mine, that you were me

The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

'Cause you think I'm doubt-ing you, And to hear you say that makes me feel so bad,
Wait-ing down here all a-lone, Day by day be-neath the same old ma-ple tree,

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic pattern.

For I've al-ways thought you true. Tho' I think of you, dear, all the live-long day,
For the one I call my own. May be some day love will bring you back to me,

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues to support the melody.

Tho' I'm feel-ing blue 'cause you are far a-way, Still there's some-thing tells me, dear-ie,
When at last you'll lis-ten to my ten-der plea, So I'm hop-ing soon you'll press me

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

The Tuneful Yankee

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you are com-ing back to cheer me some bright day.
to your heart a-gain, ca-ress me ten-der-ly.

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues to support the melody.

CHORUS.

Wait-ing, hon-ey mine, Wait-ing, rain or shine,

The chorus begins with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line.

Ev-er-y day, To hear you say, "Come to me my hon-ey" in your lov-in' way;

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues to support the melody.

Gee, Kid! You're dear to me, Sweet-er, no one could be,

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues to support the melody.

I long for you, I want you, I do, That's why I'm wait-ing for you, you.

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. A first and second ending are indicated.

The Tuneful Yankee

Breath o' June

WALTZ

TED HAMILTON

INTRO
Moderato

PIANO

PIANO introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line starting with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A-B-A-B, and a half note G. The left hand provides a simple accompaniment with a bass line of quarter notes G-A-B-A and a treble line of quarter notes G-A-B-A. Dynamics include *f* and *mf* with a *rall.* marking.

WALTZ

First system of the waltz in 3/4 time. The right hand has a melody of quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand has a bass line of quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. Dynamics include *mf*.

Second system of the waltz. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

Third system of the waltz. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

Fourth system of the waltz. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

Fifth system of the waltz. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent. The system ends with a first and second ending bracket.

The Tuneful Yankee

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First system of the waltz on page 23. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

Second system of the waltz on page 23. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

Third system of the waltz on page 23. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

Fourth system of the waltz on page 23. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

Fifth system of the waltz on page 23. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

Sixth system of the waltz on page 23. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

Seventh system of the waltz on page 23. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A, G-A-B-A. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

The Tuneful Yankee

First system of musical notation on page 24, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several slurs and ties, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

Second system of musical notation on page 24, continuing the piece with similar treble and bass staves.

Third system of musical notation on page 24, featuring a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation on page 24.

Fifth system of musical notation on page 24.

Sixth system of musical notation on page 24.

The Tuneful Yankee

First system of musical notation on page 25, featuring a first ending and a second ending in the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation on page 25, featuring a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking in the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation on page 25.

Fourth system of musical notation on page 25.

Fifth system of musical notation on page 25.

Sixth system of musical notation on page 25, featuring a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking in the bass staff.

The Tuneful Yankee

Nº 1

Hurry

For General Use

HARRY NORTON

Allegro

PIANO

The musical score for 'Hurry' is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of eight systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The piece features a steady, rhythmic pattern with some melodic variation. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' respectively. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The Tuneful Yankee

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Nº 2

Agitato

For Sudden Danger, Tumult, Struggle, Etc.

HARRY NORTON

Allegro

PIANO

The musical score for 'Agitato' is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of eight systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The piece features a steady, rhythmic pattern with some melodic variation. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' respectively. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

D.C.al (then Trio)

TRIO

The Tuneful Yankee

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Original One-Step Arrangement of Chorus of
A-M-E-R-I-C-A Means "I Love You, My Yankee Land"

Words and Music by
JACK FROST

In Full Piano Solo Style

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"
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 The Tuneful Yankee

Reviews of Popular Music

By MONROE H. ROSENFELD
Notice to Publishers and Authors: Do not send us your prints for review if you are not prepared for a just and impartial opinion. We do not sell our criticism and we play no favorites.

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 letter 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 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, *we* 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 Lefebvre Alston, Chicago, Ill.

This song is beautifully embellished and marked 60c. Its contents is made up of all kinds of ingredients, sharps, flats, dissonances, arpeggios and unnecessarily tied 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 necessary. 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 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,"

"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 to 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. The words are pointed and new and the music is of Wenrich's competent corraling. There is a jingle to it which reminds us of the Percy popular propaganda, 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. 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 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 say:

"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 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, Ill.

This song is just good enough—not to sell. It has a good set of lyrics 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, Hello 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 one.

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 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. Song. By Morris Strauss, Indianapolis, Ind.

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-happ-
 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 triumphantly, *volens volens*.

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

Songs advertising the Hun Chief, even in a condemnatory way, are inappropos. 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

kind—with one exception. This exception occurs in the very first line of the song reading:

"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 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 Kahlfleisch because I heard the song 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 Jaek old boy,
Suppose you've seen much joy,
A-livin' double the past year,
And how's your honeysuckle dear?
By geezers, 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 Home." 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 chords—Harmonies upon which all music is based—Straight bass.

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

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

- America

In Ragtime - Employing Discord Bass

To be Memorized

Not too fast

Old English Air
Arr. by Edward R. Winn.

1st Chord of C 3rd Chord of C

Straight Bass Discord Bass-Example A

1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C

Discord Bass-Example B

1st Chord of C 3rd Chord of C 1st Chord of C

Discord Bass-Example C

1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C

Discord Bass-Example D

* Indicates supplied passing note in treble

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

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

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

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

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

Outline of Lesson VIII in July issue: Rhythm No. 2—Ragging one melody note in a measure—Ragging two melody notes in a

measure—Ragging three melody notes in a measure—Ragging four melody notes in a measure—Effecting syncopation by binding or tying—Comparative ragtime arrangement of "My Old Kentucky Home," demonstrating employment of Rhythm No. 2 and employment of both the passing note and harmonic tones.

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

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

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

America (Continued)

3rd Chord of C 3rd Chord of C 3rd Chord of C 3rd Chord of C

Count

Discord Bass-Example E

1st Chord of C 1st Chord of D Minor 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C

Count

Discord Bass-Example F

1st Chord of C 3rd Chord of C 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C

Count

Discord Bass-Example G

Exercise

To be Memorized

3rd Chord of C 3rd Chord of C 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C

Count

Discord Bass-Example H

Pupils may substitute 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 half-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 of piano pupils we note the names of Miss Beatrice Beveridge, Miss M. Beck, Mr. Beatrice Beveridge, Miss M. Beck, Mr. Cogswell, Miss Julia Donovan, Miss Phyllis Cogsell, Miss Alberta Garner, Miss Hugel, Mr. Anthony Pryor, Miss Carrie Plate, Miss Christina Phipps, Mr. Lewis Rasmussen, Miss Anna Ryer, Mr. Raymond Woolrich, Mrs. Guy Camp, Mrs. E. A. Lape, Miss Elizabeth Luke, Mrs. E. A. Lape, Mr. 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 Butterly" and "He's the American Boy." Connett and Whitehead are members of Co. 1, Machine Gun Battalion and will write a new march song in honor of Capt. J. Griffith. The title will be "Kentucky Boys."

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.

C. M., Toledo, O. The Tuneful Yankee cannot well state who the best "music plugger" is. 2. We cannot gratify your whim in boosting any one individual.

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.

E. G. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Come Love." These words are not at all badly written; in fact, they are quite poetical.

Chas. H. W., Hinsdale, Ill. 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.

L. M. R., Los Angeles, Cal. 1. "To One Who Called Me." This is merely a neat thought, not a popular song.

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.

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.

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

Bye Sweetheart" is too prosaic. 3. "Love." Not of sufficient interest to attract attention.

T. T., Winchester, Mass. 1. "An Angel" contains some good lines but the idea, while original is not strongly carried out.

A. A. B., Elmwood, Neb. 1. "Baby" while possessing some quaint material would not sell to any extent.

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.

L. M. R., Los Angeles, Cal. 1. "To One Who Called Me." This is merely a neat thought, not a popular song.

F. B. T., Bath, Maine. "Qualm," which is pronounced "quahm" is not a good rhyme for realm.

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 connections.

R. B. P., Amsterdam, N. Y. Yes, we agree with you; the verses contain considerable heart interest and are idealistic.

W. G. L., Philadelphia, Pa. Sorry, but we cannot make "deliver" rhyme with silver; nor "change" with orange.

Mrs. E. M. L., Indianapolis, Ind. "Mary." No, refined and gifted lady, these words are not your best.

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 set song and may not have a wide sale with those who would not be interested 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 a few.

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.

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

J. C. D., Grand Rapids. "My Heart Won't Let." This is an old-fashioned song which would not tempt the modern music buyer.

T. T., Winchester, Mass. 1. "It's Lovely." The words are only fair. The music is excellent.

M. G., New York. "Key" has many excellent thoughts and rhymes, but the entire work is too poetical for a popular song.

R. H. B., Alexandria, Va. "Soldier Boy." This is more of a recitation than a popular song.

O. Y., Litcher, S. D. "I've Left My Dear." Another one of those songs which is half good and half bad.

(Continued on page 38)

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Answers to Correspondents

(Continued from page 37) 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 very pretty ending.

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 ordinary.

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. W. G. Haven. 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 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 though in several phrases very effective. Such songs seldom sell.

L. F., Hartford, Conn. We don't like to insult our readers, but when you send us a rhyme of "sneaker" 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 see." 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 mellifluous and, we might

say, original. While the song may appeal to your family and friends it will not bring in dollars and cents from the masses.

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 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 your 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 such matters:

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 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. Simply 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 versification 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?

LAST month The Tuneful Yankee announced a new feature under the above title, and although the 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.

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 practically stopped. It is also possible for a song to become so well-known that even the small boys whistle the tune without any extraordinary 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 long or short lived, and will the poor sellers come to life? By passing along your "cash register" readings and deductions you can help The Tuneful Yankee give real service—

a service in which you and all readers will share. 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 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. Crocker.

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).

Boston, Mass.—1. Somewhere in France Is the Lily (Witmark). This number has everybody talking. 2. Over There (Feist).

We predict that this will be a sensational song hit. 3. When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez Vous Francais (A. J. Stasney). 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-Bye Broadway, Hello France! (Feist). This is another war hit.

Cleveland, Ohio, Kaiser Music Store, 45 The Arcade.—1. Over There. (Wm. 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.

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 Vous Francais (Stasney).

WHAT MY CASH REGISTER SAYS

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

Form with columns for Title, Composer, Publisher, Remarks, and Address. Includes a note: (No UNSIGNED Lists will be Published, but only city and state address will be printed if you so request)

THESE at the prevailing POPULAR PRICES

- After-Glow
Aggravation Rag
An Sin
Among the Flowers
Anita
At the Matinee
Baboon Bounce
Bantam Strut
Barbery
Barcelona Beauties
Beauty's Dream
Bedouin
Brass Buttons
Bucking Broncho
Buds and Blossoms
Call of the Woods
Cloud-Chief
Commander
Cradle of Liberty
Dance of the Lunatics
Dance of the Skeletons
Darius' Dream
Daughter of the Sea
Delectation (Delight)
Disc Cube
Dolores
Dream Kisses
Dream of Spring
Dream Thoughts
Fair Candidates
Fairy Flirtations
Fear of Amour
Flickering Firelight
Flight of the Birds
For the Flag
Four Little Blackberries
Four Little Pipers
Frog Frolics
Fun in a Barber Shop
Gastand
Gay Gallant
Ger-Ma-Nee
Girl of the Orient
Golden Dawn
Got 'Em
Happy Haysed
Happy Jap
Heep Big Injun
Heart Murmurs
Hi Ho Hum
Home, Sweet Home
Hong-Kong-Gong
Hoop-a-Keck
Idle Hours

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Masterstroke
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Mi Amada
Midsummer Fancies
Mona Lisa
Moosa
Monstrat Viam
Musidora
Myriad Dancer
New Arrival
On Desert Sands
Fancies for Thought
Paprikana
Parade of the Puppets
Pearl of the Princess
Pepereta
Perfume of the Violet
Periscope
Persian Lamb Rag
Powder and Perfume
Pussy Foot
Rabbit's Foot
Red Ear
Romance of a Rose
Rubber Plant Rag
Russian Pony Rag
Saddle Back
Sandwich
Sandy River Rag
Saxiographs
Silent Love
Sing Ling Ting
Sleepy Hollow
Smiles and Frowns
Solaret
Spring Cupid
Starland
Sun-Lily
Summer Dream
Summer Secrets
Sun-Rays
Sunset in Eden
Swedish Fast
Sweet Illusions
Tears of Amour
Three Nymphs
Turkish Towel Rag

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By happy Henny Heine: "There were many touching points in that charity address." "Exactly; how many were you touched for?"

By our astute friend, Ray Snyder: Willis—Has the government completed its preparations for war? Gillis—Yes; it has given rush orders to the Army, crush orders to the Navy, and hush orders to the Press.

By Arthur Hoffman: She—Now, Johnny, you've made me lose my temper. Johnny—Shucks, Ma, that ain't no loss.

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, etc. of The Tuneful Yankee, published monthly at Boston, Massachusetts, as applied by the Act of August 24, 1912.

AGENTS for The Tuneful Yankee

Where the magazine can always be obtained

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