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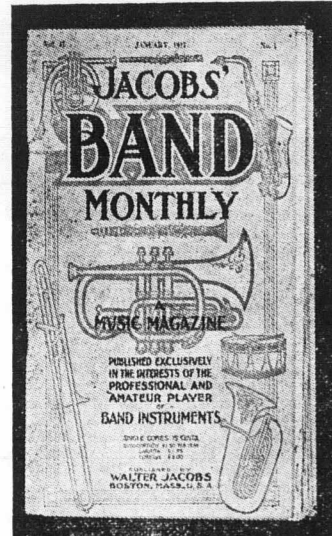
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VOL. 1 FEBRUARY, 1917
NO. 2

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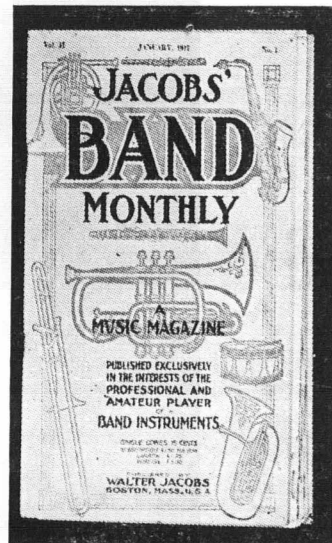
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Providence, R. I., January 30, 1917.

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I drummed up ten subscriptions yesterday, and it was so easy that there must be something in the magazine that appeals to lovers of popular music.

Am enclosing herewith \$10.00 and the names and addresses of the ten subscribers secured. More to follow soon.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

HAROLD B. FREEMAN.

P. S. I understand that the subscription price is only one dollar up to March 1st.

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'Tis thus with The Tuneful Yankee. You, kind reader, can pad your purse, favor your friends, and help us to that 25,000 subscription list by showing this copy to each of the first twenty people you meet today, pointing to our table of contents—text, music, etc.—then to the announcement of a special dollar-a-year subscription price, collecting the dollar from each one, and—but the sordid details are all printed in the black type below.

For every four twelve-month subscriptions to The Tuneful Yankee at one dollar each sent us before March 15, 1917, we will enter one twelve-month subscription without charge. Thus, for four subscriptions at a dollar per, you may have your own for nothing—or the free subscription will be sent to any address you order. Or, if you send, say, twenty subscriptions, you may remit sixteen dollars, keeping the other four dollars for your trouble—and it will be no trouble at all! Figure it out for yourself—it's easy money.

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VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 2

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WHEN the first edition of The Tuneful Yankee was run off the press in Boston last month, there was shipped to the New York office a small quantity of copies for office and advertisers' use. This edition consisted of two consignments of five hundred copies each, and announcement was made by a local evening paper that The Tuneful Yankee was now ready and on sale. The paper containing the announcement was on the streets at 10 A.M. Within an hour one-third of the copies had been sold, at noon fully one third more were disposed of, and within another hour every office copy had been gobbled up. Persons of every class and station and sex and quality came upon us like a simoon of the desert. In fact, it required an extra office force to fill the demand.

The Tuneful Yankee is candid enough to make the admission that it used puerile judgment in arranging for the disposition of these copies. But in extenuation we wish also to say that we never dreamed that the demand for initial copies for this magazine would be so pronounced. A line of individuals came through the portals of the Gaiety Building intent upon only one purpose. When these persons had been satisfied with the polite argument that no more copies were obtainable for the nonce, many of them, while somewhat disappointed, were rational and just enough to take their departure. Others insisted upon a more comprehensive statement as to the disposition of these copies, while a few actually abused us.

It would make interesting matter to relate in detail the many peculiar requests and demands we had to encounter in order to allay the doubts and suspicions of several who insisted that we were "kidding" them. One burly individual, brusque and uncouth, with a fillip of his fingers had the temerity to call us names, and he, most ungentlemanlike, intruded behind our railing with these curt and terrorizing remarks: "Say, watcha givin' us! I think yer a lottuv fakirs. D'ye know I don't believe yer ever had enough coin to print yer old paper."

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WE shall not devote any further comment upon our progress. The following letters, cards and endorsements will speak for themselves. Before quoting these interesting missives we would say that with every sample copy of the first edition of The Tuneful Yankee purchased or sent out we enclosed a typewritten letter of the following class:

Dear Sir: We send you herewith sample copy of the first issue of The Tuneful Yankee for your criticism. We should esteem it a favor if you will give us, upon the enclosed postal card, your expressions of the magazine so that, if necessary, we may quote your opinion in our next issue, or some early issue; also as to how you think we could improve upon the publication in any way.

Thanking you in advance,

Very truly yours,
The Tuneful Yankee,
1547 Broadway, N. Y.

This letter was accompanied by a printed, self-addressed postal card upon which the replies were to be forwarded to The Tuneful Yankee. Imagine our surprise when already in the evening mail there came hosts of these. To keep faith with our readers now, and to show the general public the wide field of the happy responses which this plan evolved, we are reproducing in detail each and every response received in the first mails' delivery. It would require too great a space to publish any and all of the thousands that have been received up to the time of going to press. But to be fair, we have selected at random a number of those that came in the early postal deliveries. We are publishing these regardless of their texts. Of course, most of them are flattering; but there are among this collection some that are not complimentary and these we are reproducing as cheerfully as a smitten heart will permit.

Read for yourself. The first one comes from Mr. Percy Wenrich, the noted song writer. It is very brief and reads:
New York, Jan. 29, 1917.
Editor Tuneful Yankee: An excellent medium for everyone.
Percy Wenrich.

The next is from the well-known tenor, Mr. Harry Ellis.

New York, Feb. 1, 1917.
Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: I received a copy of your new magazine, The Tuneful Yankee. Thanks very much. In looking it over I wish to say that it fills a long felt want for those interested in popular music. Heartily wishes for its continued and deserving success.
Very sincerely yours,
Harry Ellis.

Every Man to His Own Liking

New York, Jan. 31, 1917.
Dear Mr. Tuneful Yankee: Everything is O.K. with your magazine except that florid boost of Joe Brandt. Cannot conceive how you can call him the most important man in the film field. He may have his good qualities and is perhaps a valuable utility with the Universal, but that is only a fly bite in this field. Why, how can you class him with such men as Lou Selznick, or Griffith, or "Tom" Ince? Brandt may be all right as a money-saver according to your belief, but he surely is no more important in the film field, universally (not Universal, of course) than a grasshopper in a pail of buttermilk.
Believe me, I know.

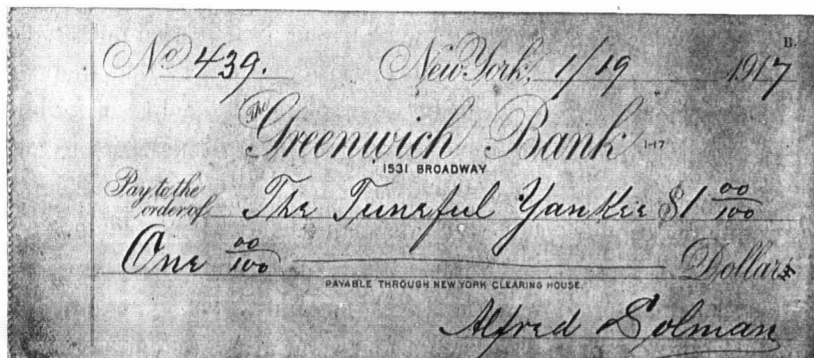
Charles E. Clayden.
(Very well Mr. Clayden—but do not forget that while we are not defending Mr. Brandt, he stands alone in his line and you have given us very scant evidence in quoting such men as Griffith, Ince, and Selznick, who are merely producers.)

This is Hot Stuff

Read Here What You Have Written Us

A Useful Suggestion

January 31, 1917.
Gentlemen: The Tuneful Yankee supplies a long felt want. The music in the first issue is a valuable feature and the "wise ones" would do well to take the music contained in each issue during the year and have it bound



First Subscription Received from a Composer.—Alfred Solman

in one volume, especially one who plays for the movies. Your propaganda for helping aspiring song writers and composers should be a great success. With best wishes for The Tuneful Yankee, I am,

Yours very truly,
Otto Fessler,
530 W. 55th St., N. Y. City.

From a Noted Writer

February 1, 1917.
An excellent magazine. Should be an enormous success in every music lover's home.
Theodore Morse.

Thanks, Mayo

February 2, 1917.
Dear Tuneful Yankee: It will fill a long felt want, this clever book of yours.

Harry Mayo,
Newburg, N. Y.

(We appreciate these kind words because Mr. Mayo is a very clever man in his line, viz: illustrating of popular songs for the moving picture film. He is an adept in the animated song field.)

A Pointed Puff

January 30, 1917.
Thanks, Mr. Schlesinger, for your book. It was a treat. It is ridiculous to offer any improvement upon it. It is faultless. The Tuneful Yankee will become a big hit in the prophecy of
G. J. Burns,
2172 Anthony Ave.,
N. Y.
P.S. Cannot understand how you can give away so many excellent songs of fine quality as "Ashes of My Heart."

Terse

February 1, 1917.
The best musical book I ever read. Some great stuff in it.
Sam Jacobson,
Enterprise Music Co.

Some Logic in This

Mr. Monroe Rosenfeld, The Tuneful Yankee, 1547 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Dear Rosy: Received copy of the new magazine for which please accept my thanks. I think it will prove of great interest to the music buying public.
I note you are aiming to make this a national publication, and I was wondering if you had figured out how the title would

sound to the people in the South. You know the South is beginning to wake up musically, and, although the civil war has been over for more than fifty years, I know the young people down there still hate the word "Yankee." That this is a fact was very forcibly brought to my attention the other day when I had a young man in the office from Atlanta, Ga., who was only 22 years old, and was born 30 years after the war was over, and discussing a party we both knew, he referred to him as a "damned Yankee!"

You perhaps have already considered this phase of the situation, but I am giving you these thoughts for what they may be worth.
Best regards,

Very truly yours,
J. A. Decatur,
Care Leo Feist, Inc.

(Thanks, Joseph, but we expect to educate them to like the Yankee—at least, The Tuneful Yankee.)

They Probably Know

February 2, 1917.
Editor Tuneful Yankee: Congratulations! If The Tuneful Yankee doesn't make good, it won't be your fault. We are sincere when we say you are publishing the best music magazine in existence—not only for writer and publisher, but for the music buying public as well. Again let us congratulate you for filling a long felt want. Our subscription under separate cover. Also samples of our latest publications.

Respectfully yours,
Will Carroll Co., Inc.,
Times Bldg., Bklyn., N. Y.

This from Frank Witmark

February 2, 1917.
My dear Rosey: I don't like your title Tuneful Yankee. It sounds like a mechanical toy. Also do not take up so much space with personal notes. They are interesting only to those whose names are mentioned. Follow up your present ideas with lots of "pep" and I think you will win out.

Frank.
(Some clever suggestions, but remember that folks like to see their names in print occasionally.)

From a Newspaper Man

January 31, 1917.
Congratulations on your first number. It certainly did surprise me. I cannot see anything but success for The Tuneful Yankee.

Sam Perry,
The Fourth Estate.

Thanks, George Henry

February 1, 1917.
The Tuneful Yankee. Gentlemen: No iota of improvement possible to my thinking. This magazine will be welcome in every home because it is clean and wholesome and witty; above all witty, an essential that will make it live and flourish. Beautiful song is "Ashes of My Heart."

Yours truly,
George Henry Payne,
200 5th Ave., N. Y. City.

Wants His Picture In

February 1, 1917.
Do you guys bar a regular fellow? Why isn't my photo in your mag? I forgot more about music than those other scribes know. Guess you overlooked the fact that Arthur Pryor and myself live in this God's Paradise. We would not change places with you cooped-up nuts in the city; but stick to that mag and you will win out.

Charles Lester Riemer,
Asbury Park, N. J.
(You can't have much of a paradise, Charles, down there when you spell the word as in your letter above.)

Curt and Cordial

January 31, 1917.
Tuneful Yankee: Your magazine is worthy of many congratulations. It appears to be the best proposition ever launched in its line. Every page bristles with novel ideas. Subscription under separate enclosure.
Very truly yours,
Thomas Conklin,
White Plains, New York.

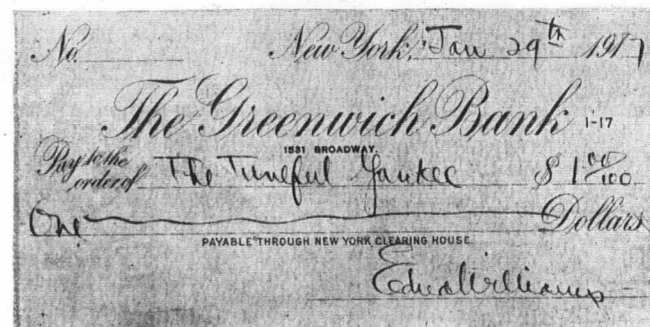
Full of Ginger

January 31, 1917.
Mr. Editor: The Tuneful Yankee is full of ginger with a very popular business manager at the head of it and also a noted editor, but you ought to have the news stands sell it. Thank you for the complimentary copy received.

William C. Lehman,
112 West 34th Street, N. Y.

Pepper and Spice

January 31, 1917.
Tuneful Yankee. Gentlemen: I do not see how you can improve upon this marvelous



First Subscription Received from a Woman Writer—Edna Williams

little volume. It is the most fascinating budget of pepper and spice in the market and I am glad to be a subscriber. Check follows.
Harry Griffith,
225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

From a Prominent Physician

February 1, 1917.
Dear Mr. Rosey: I can scarcely wait to express to you my opinion of your wonderful magazine. It is excited and exquisite! All full of new thoughts and ideas. A real "crackerjack." I herewith enclose you eight subscriptions.

Sincerely yours, with best wishes,
William H. Lucas, M. D.,
70th Street and West End Avenue, New York

P.S. Don't you think the title of "Yankee" will interfere with Southern partiality?

(Dear Doc: You may be an eminent physician and know all about streptococci and all sorts of other cocci; but don't you know that the civil war is over and that Father Time has long since made an incision in class hatred? However, you mean well, doctor, and you're a gentleman down from your occiput to your coccyx!
*If the compositor doubts the correctness of this word he has only to look up Webster.)

Brief and Sweet

January 31, 1917.
Gentlemen: I looked over your book and find The Tuneful Yankee exceedingly interesting. Wish you all success.

Yours,
Henry Hart,
Witmark's.

We're With You, Robby

February 1, 1917.
I have received sample copy of The Yankee and take pleasure in saying that it is a very interesting book, splendidly edited, finely printed and away up-to-date.
Jack Robbins,
Karezag Music Co., 62 W. 45 St.

We Thank Mr. Long

February 2, 1917.
Dear Monroe: I want to congratulate you upon The Tuneful Yankee, a copy of which publication has just reached me. This is certainly a fine issue and we believe fills the place in the music publishing business as none other does.
Wishing you the greatest success, I am,
Sincerely yours,
M. H. Long,
225 5th Avenue, New York.

A Repeater

February 1, 1917.
Tuneful Yankee: Could be vastly improved upon. Why the music printed inside? Thought it was an Etude or Courier. Why don't you get original ideas? Don't feel hurt at criticism. The cuts of composers placed poorly look like ads. Why the records lists? Thought you were a music magazine. There is a record magazine and talking machine world already. If you want success it is yours, if handled right. As it is now, only fair. Every dealer in the country will subscribe if you follow out along new lines. Criticism of songs the best thing you have.
(You have forgotten, Mr. Riemer, evidently, that you wrote us before as noted elsewhere on this page. Either you or The Tuneful Yankee are a bit off the trolley.)

All the Way from Iowa

January 31, 1917.
Tuneful Yankee: Your grand book received. Think it is a great exponent for the advancement of all who are directly or indirectly concerned in the musical business and no one can do without it who is looking for advice and useful publicity.
Sincerely yours,
Frederick H. Greene,
Lock Box 524, Muskataton, Ia.

Mr. Beck is Pleased

January 31, 1917.
Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: I am pleased to receive a copy of Tuneful Yankee. I have gone through this very carefully and must congratulate you on this wonderful creation. It certainly looks like a "comer."
Yours truly,
M. J. Beck,
14 E. 26th St., N. Y. City.

Oh! You Knocker!

It is only one man's opinion to quote the following and we would say he has a right to air his views.

February 1, 1917.
Tuneful Yankee: There are too many pieces of music given away in your paper. Why not print two or three and let them be good ones? Your "Puckerings" are immense.
Alfred A. Brenner,
528 E. 120th St., N. Y.

From a Noted Journalist

February 1, 1917.
Your new publication is, indeed, very unique and decidedly interesting and I predict a great future for it.
Joseph Wilberding.

Very Poetic

February 1, 1917.
The Tuneful Yankee is a marvelous output of new genius and industrious brains.
F. Herbert,
37 Liberty St., N. Y.

Poor Eva, You Are Not the Only One

February 1, 1917.
Tuneful Yankee! It will take a pretty clever person to solve your "Hidden Song" number 2. I have tried until my folks threaten me with the bug house.
Eva Kennedy.

Different Ideas

To show the differences of opinion, here is a card absolutely different from a dozen other versions.

February 1, 1917.

Tuneful Yankee: More bright novelty stuff like "Puckerings" and less cheap music.

Frances Moore.

(Why did you neglect to give your address, dear Frances? We'll not harm you.)

Here is One from America's "Most Noted"

February 2, 1917.

Tuneful Yankee: Am in receipt of your sample copy of The Tuneful Yankee and like it very much indeed. If you will continue to present the music news fairly and give all the publishers the same chance, you will succeed. If favoring only special publishers, you will lose out.

Yours truly,

Charles K. Harris.

(All will be treated alike, Charlie.)

Another Brooklyn Darling

February 1, 1917.

Gentlemen: The Tuneful Yankee is the only musical monthly that I have ever read through from beginning to end. Even the "ads" are interesting. Your musical numbers are particularly good, especially that catchy song "See Dixie First."

Respectfully yours,

Elizabeth Haslen,

5518 Ft. Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This From a Journalist

February 1, 1917.

Gentlemen: The Tuneful Yankee looks to me like a paper with a well-defined mission. It may look forward to a long life of great usefulness. In every soul there is music—good music is better expressed than the other kind. That is the difference. There will be popular songs as long as man and woman can pucker a lip. Tell Rosey he is a live wire and to hold it! The paper is the prettiest baby I ever saw.

Walter K. Hill.

Thanks, Asher

February 1, 1917.

First copy of Tuneful Yankee really an enjoyable surprise. \$15 worth of music for 15 cents. How do you do it? Variety, novelty, originality, and the liveliest magazine on the market. Like a catchy tune it is going to catch every Yankee heart. Will send subscription.

Asher Feingold,

413 Fulton St., Union Hill, N. J.

Every Little Helps

January 30, 1917.

Gentlemen: After reading through your number of The Tuneful Yankee I wish to compliment you for the way it has been produced, as it is pretty, breezy, entertaining and invigorating, and should be read by all music lovers.

Musical Huehn,

227 W. 46th St., N. Y. City.

Poetic Prose, Verily

February 1, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee: After a careful perusal of your new publication I wish to congratulate you upon your maiden effort. You have covered the popular music field to a nicety. If your subsequent editions are one-half as breezy and newsy as your first, your success is assured. And to prove the above is not idle talk, I am sending you my check for a year's subscription, which action speaks louder than mere words. Wishing you unbounded success, I remain,

Yours merrily,

W. E. Browning.

(The near poet)

Dan Knows

February 1, 1917.

Tuneful Yankee: I find the publication the best thing that has happened in the last decade. It is the most interesting of magazines, in its field and bids fair to lead all the rest, as it fills a long felt want, especially to those in the profession.

Daniel Rappaport.

More Power to Ye, Moe!

February 1, 1917.

Say, young fellow, Rosey, you're a wonder! Moe Faber, 532 Wales Ave., Bronx.

A Brooklyn Admirer

February 1, 1917.

Tuneful Yankee: I am in receipt of your sample copy of The Tuneful Yankee and

Somebody Ashamed to Sign

February 1, 1917.

Editor: Your Tuneful Yankee would be all right but for those cheap old jokes copied from other newspapers, like those antiquities credited to "Music Trades." You must be hard up for comics to take such chestnuts from a rival musical publication.

Oh! You Darling Ruth

February 1, 1917.

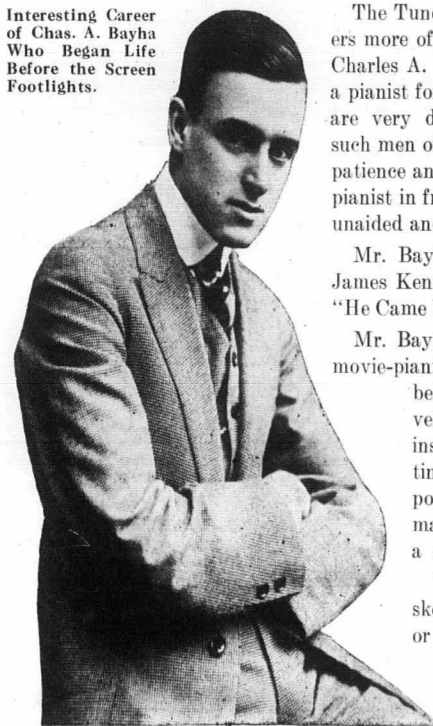
To the Editor of The Tuneful Yankee: In reply to your request for my opinion, would say that if the future copies of the "Yankee" are half as good as the one you sent me, they are priceless. As a literary gem this magazine is thirty years ahead of the times.

Ruth Leon,

Manhattan Square Hotel.

From a "Movie Pianist" to a Noted Composer

Interesting Career of Chas. A. Bayha Who Began Life Before the Screen Footlights.



The Tuneful Yankee would like to present to its readers more of such men as the subject of this sketch, Mr. Charles A. Bayha, who began his professional career as a pianist for a moving picture organization. In fact, we are very desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of such men of the Bayha stamp who, from sheer industry, patience and perseverance, began his career as a modest pianist in front of the film screens and wrought his fame unaided and unendowed.

Mr. Bayha is now a song writer of note, with the James Kendis firm, his recent successes being the songs "He Came Up Smiling" and "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Mr. Bayha speaks in most enthusiastic terms of the movie-pianist life. He asserts that it is absolutely the best career that can be conceived for the development of song-writing talent, as well as instrumental composition, inasmuch as the continuous execution at the ivories of all the latest popular songs and newest dance music fits a man for self-education and inspires him with a desire and an ambition to create for himself.

The Tuneful Yankee would like to receive sketches and photos of other "movie pianists," or any news pertaining to them, as we believe these industrious men and women constitute one of the most interesting elements of the music field.

Thanks, Hughey

Dear Sir: Your magazine, Tuneful Yankee, will fill a long felt want in the musical world. I am confident of that. Believe me, well-wishingly,

Louis Stoeker,

"The Ray Demon."

From Another Great Writer

February 1, 1917.

The Tuneful Yankee. Dear Sir: I think your book is just what we have all been waiting for. Subscription by messenger.

Sincerely,

Anatol Friedland.

We've Got It, Alex

February 1, 1917.

Gentlemen: It is about time the popular music business had a magazine like The Tuneful Yankee. Wishing you much success, I am,

Yours respectfully,

Alex Gerber.

(More of these on page 44)

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

WHITTLINGS

**Dropped from the Keen Blade of The Tuneful Yankee**

A WOMAN, still in middle life, who earns nearly \$200,000 per year from her songs, is Carrie Jacobs-Bond of Chicago, the author of the famed song "A Perfect Day." She is not only a woman of remarkable talent but she possesses a modest personality, which some regard as a greater asset than her delightful compositions. Her son, who conducts the large Chicago establishment, is also known for his courteous principles. Manuscripts and song words which are sent on by miscellaneous writers for examination, are given the same care and attention as if they were valuable contributions, whereas in most cases they are silly and unpretentious affairs. The name of Carrie Jacobs-Bond is a credit to the musical world.

SPEAKING of women who are justly entitled to a space upon this page we must mention the name of Edna Williams, that bright young aspirant for musical honors, who for years was annexed in a favorable capacity to the Joseph W. Stern Co. She has now entered into an entirely new field, viz: that of the film industry, in which she is a representative for foreign buyers. She is a woman with keen business acumen.

A WALKING encyclopedia in the business is Frank Gould, twenty-five years with the Oliver Ditson house. "Joe" Glassmaker of the same firm is also another masterful authority.

WE must certainly hand it to hustling little "Jack" Robbins to get some of our valuable time. With his nifty and natty personality he deliberately entered our office and insisted upon singing the publications of the Karez Publishing Co. He would not be denied. That is hustling for fair. However, the lad was so insistent that we had to listen to him, and The Tuneful Yankee must admit that when he sang for us, we could have listened to more, for the lad's voice sounded like a refreshing rill in the heart of a desolate woodland.

A REMARKABLE firm is that controlled by "Sam" Fox, the Cleveland musical magnate. Here is a man who never had anything except his brains and wit to push him to the front. Beginning as a modest canvasser for music, he has touched the top-most rung of the ladder by indefatigable

perseverance and patience. Today he controls the finest output of semi-popular music in the Middle West. He has a pleasing personality which, linked with the ever-ready smile and the glad hand, has made him a pyramid in the field melodic. His leading song success "One Fleeting Hour" is only an incident in his industrious career.

WALTER K. HILL, in times ago a leading light of the *New York Clipper*, and latterly a valuable man on *The Billboard*, is now attaining the zenith of his diligent career by gathering in Uncle Sam's coin in the film industry.

MAURICE RICHMOND is a very solicitous daddy. He and his pretty wife have a son, Sydney, who has pyramids of suits and toys and trinkets all apportioned off in one huge chamber with double closets solely for their storage.

A VERY wealthy, modest and influential Brooklyn lady, Mrs. Louise Fisher, is about the only person we know of who never exacts a stipulated rate of interest for the enormous sums of money she loans out. Some persons gladly pay her as much as 25 per cent interest upon loans; but she never exacts a condition with her patrons, leaving this entirely to their judgment, disposition and ability. Of course, her "zinsen" is constantly accumulating, but she is as merry and as nonchalant as if she never expected a cent back for her loans.

COLONEL A. H. GOETTING bears the proud distinction of having never discharged an employee. That group of delightful femininity, both in his Springfield and New York offices, known as the "Goetting Girls" will bear witness to this. For years without number, this loyalty and satisfaction on the part of the Colonel has been a proverb, as attested to by his brunette standby, Miss Jeanette Clauder. Of course, it would be awkward on the part of The Tuneful Yankee to say how long these ladies have been showing their loyalty to the Colonel. Why? Simply because it would give their dear ages away.

IT is said that those song-writing sports who have been playing the races at Juarez, Mexico, will be at a loss now for a means to invest their royalties. What with Villa on

the war path in that country, and other adverse conditions, Mr. Butler, the grocery magnate, who backed the venture, is said to have lost something in the vicinity of a million dollars. However, he should worry. An extra handful of sand in every pound of sugar would soon make up his losses!

AND, speaking of song writers and their vast royalties—like those of the Sam Lewis ilk who sport like real sports—there is a keen man waiting for the boys when the baseball season opens shortly. This man is a stubby, brainy guy with a bank roll that would choke a sword fish. His name is Moe Faber, and he is already getting his office ready. Said office is, of course, in his hat, but the location of his hat will be found at any noon hour at the Hegeman entrance on Broadway and 42d Street, the moment the Giants open up!

LOOKING back into the vista of the past it is remarkable to note the youthful appearances of three prominent men today in the music field—Harry Von Tilzer, "Benny" Bernstein and "Ted" Snyder. It was twenty years ago that these three men were working hand in hand with the profession in what is called the "plugging" game. Since then this triumvirate have gone on their respective ways, all flourishing, to be sure, but in varied channels. The marvel of it all, however, is that the ordinary observer casting a visual survey at the trio would never guess from their youthful appearances that Father Time has ordained to make them each and every one still look like kids in their teens. (Dear boys, your friend Gladys made us do this!)

THIS is a free ad. Song writers of a saving disposition who seek to shelter some of their royalties go to a little leather store at the corner of 37th Street and Sixth Avenue when they need valises, card cases and the like—pocketbooks too, if they ever do. John Burum who runs the place is very fond of music and one has only to convince him that he is a real song writer to get Burum's shirt. One day last week, in his excitement, John charged me \$3 for a 40 cent reticule.

ED. B. Marks, the busy brunette boy of the Joseph W. Stern firm, is a bustling baby these days. Music publishing seems

only an avocation with him for his greater endeavors are with the Emerson Records where, as a leading spirit, he is building up a vast enterprise.

THERE is a popular lieutenant of police in Brooklyn, William G. Withers by name, who cannot play a note of music, but whose life is made up of one round of melody. He is the fortunate possessor of a number of nieces, pretty young women who play all sorts of instruments and sing from arias of the diva to the rhapsodies of the rag. At sundown when the minion of the law gets home he lays aside his club, picks up the baton and begins to live life anew.

THE editor's wife loves cats. There is scarcely a feline on the fence, but pays a nocturnal visit to the feminine meow-maker in his abode. Speaking of popular music every strain of the modern melodies greets his ears and brain and thought-box. Hence, at times, his faculties warp; hence, too, the Yankee's readers must oft pay the penalty, for such "Whittlings" as these appear; and he knoweth not whereof he writeth.

HOW is it every song writer these days affects a checked suit? No matter how bitter the cold nor how warm the welkin the diagonal squares are in evidence. When, 'tis cold they say 'tis a winter suit, when warm, 'tis a spring suit, when rainy 'tis a macintosh. They, evidently, fit the style to the royalties.

AND, speaking of suits, many suit their noses to eyeglasses—another unsatisfactory fad. I say "unsatisfactory" because some of the affected Andys who wear these binoculars, to impress the populace with their importance, do not even know how to adjust the nose pieces. When they enter a publisher's den they fumble the rims like a bear a toy balloon, then hasten up a side street and quickly shed their distinguished-looking accessories.

WHAT has become of those bluffers who claim they could never find an honest publisher and say there is never a market for a good song? In our last issue The Tuneful Yankee offered prices ranging to \$50 for song lyrics. Only two out of sixty have so far been accepted. These two will, no doubt, grab off a couple of the prizes. The others reek with mould and whiskers and ridicule the true American spirit of original composition with an imbecility that wouldn't stand muster in a sausage factory!

DON'T be a laggard: get your subscription in to us before March 15. If we receive your check by that time the price is only \$1.00 a year. After March 15th, it is positively \$1.50. The Tuneful Yankee will, as the days go by, remember its friends who have subscribed to the magazine in its infancy, when it needed friends.

HERE is a boost for a firm that understands American enterprise. I refer

to The Crown Music Co. which has built itself up to colossal proportions. It is dominated by a man who rarely speaks a word—Hermann Snyder—a quiet, unobtrusive man who pays his bills and minds his own business. He is familiarly known as Silent Hermann and when he does say anything, he means it and commands attention. This has been the secret of his prosperity. Linked with a very valuable assistant in "Tom" Moore who knows more about the music business than 99½ per cent out of 100 other men, The Crown has become a byword in the jobbing field.

The Popular Song

Music is a part of the human being. It is a sense, and a higher sense than any of the five. It is necessary to teach this fact in every family, school and church; and, when taught, to draw out both brains and soul. It should be insisted upon with every human being—every child—that he can sing, especially the popular song which the people understand and which he or she understands.

A HARD hustling lad in the field is "Charlie" Lang of the Bernard Granville Publishing Co., Inc. This boy will surely sooner or later, put over a substantial hit. In fact, already he has one now in embryo state. I refer to the "glad" song, "Pollyanna," which looks like another "Peg o' My Heart."

EDWARD JOHNSON is the name of a new comer in the song field, who has more of the fair sex on his string than flies on a piece of sugar card. He is a very plain-looking fellow, a sort of cross twixt a Swede and a Turk, and it is a mystery how he does it. He is said to be a great baseball picker and when he gathers in the Moe Faber coin on summer days there is not a hat in town that can get within an inch of his cranium.

JOE Decatur, the hustling publicity man of Leo Feist, writes us that the song "What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes at Me For?" is a volcano, one Chicago firm having just rushed in for 1200 copies. All right, Joseph, we believe you.

MODEST Jimmy Kendis, who never bothers anyone for favors, could not resist the temptation of asking The Tuneful Yankee to notice his big song success "Come out of the Kitchen." We cheerfully do so because the song is not only a clever bit of composition, and is selling well, but because it is a clean, up-to-date work which will bring James joy and jubilation ere the ball games open.

FOR lack of space several interesting communications and photographs have been crowded out of the February issue. Among these is a snappy article by Ray Sherwood of the P. J. Howley Company, a modest fellow with a trenchant pen, and a gifted song pencil.

THE well known English firm of Boosey & Co. are beginning to publish songs of the light and popular order and have issued several very interesting ones which The Tuneful Yankee will review in an early number.

SPEAKING of the Goetting employees, it should be remembered that there are also quite a number of loyal persons who wear pants—in other words the male sex who are Col. Goetting's particular "stand-bys." One of these who has been with the colonel for nine years is Sam Jacobson. Sam is a good booster for the colonel. Other loyal boys are Harry Casper and Murray E. Solomon. They say facetiously that Murray's middle initial stands for "cats" for, "umbeshrie," Murray is blest with a very good appetite.

HERE is a peculiar bit of enterprise. There is a man in New York by the name of Carl Rudolph who is trying to make one song popular. It is a song entitled "The Valley of Love," which he arranged, harmonized and got out all by himself. He thinks so much of the song that he is devoting his entire time to that one effort. Many of the leading phonograph companies are putting it out and featuring it. This he has also accomplished all by himself. Is this not a very commendable thing? Other publishers waste their lives on groups of numbers, while here is a man willing to rise or fall with one single, lone—some little effort which looks good to him.

SPEAKING of one-man accomplishments, can anyone imagine a single individual filling the office of business manager, banker, correspondent, visitor-entertainer, book-keeper and traveling salesman simultaneously? Such a wight is E. F. Bitner, of the Feist house. Not that Ed must do these things, for everyone knows what the Feist firm has in the way of a staff, but busy Bit just can't help it! He loves work as a coon does watermelon.

EARL CARROLL has entered into arrangements with Klaw & Erlanger to write a musical comedy for them for next season. The name of the librettist will be announced later.

JOHN FREW, the artistic title-page designer and all-around draughtsman is flourishing in a West side studio, all his own!

IS it not strange that with all the many modern writers there in a paucity of popular ditties at the present time! Either some of these fellows are "going back" or else their inspirations have been nailed down with the prospect of the trenches.

(Whittlings continued on page 33)

The Origin of Yankee Doodle

By Walter Hampton

THE origin of "Yankee Doodle" is by no means as clear as American antiquarians desire. The statement that the air was composed by Dr. Shaeckburg in 1775, when the Colonial troops united with the British regulars near Albany, preparatory to the attack on the French posts of Niagara and Frontenac, and that it was produced in derision of the old-fashioned equipments of the provincial soldiers, as contrasted with the neat and orderly appointments of the regulars, was printed some years ago in a musical magazine published in Boston, in which article it is stated that he recommended the song, as a well-known piece of military music, to the officers of the militia. The joke succeeded, and "Yankee Doodle" was hailed with acclamation as their own march. The account is somewhat apocryphal, as there is no song; the tune in the United States is a march; there are no words to it of a national character. The only words ever affixed to the air in this country are in the following doggerel quotation:

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

It has been asserted by English writers that the air and words of these lines are as old as Cromwell's time. The only alteration is in making "Yankee Doodle" of what was "Nankee Doodle." It is asserted that the time will be found in the "Musical Antiquities" of England, and that "Nankee Doodle" was intended to apply to Cromwell, and that the other lines were designated to "allude to his going into Oxford with single plume fashioned in a knot called a macaroni." The tune was known in New England before the revolution as "Lydia Fisher's Jig," a name derived from a famous lady who lived in the reign of Charles II, and which has been perpetuated in the following nursery rhyme:

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a cent of money in it,
Only binding round it.

The regulars in Boston, in 1775 and 1776, are said to have sung verses to the same air:

Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a fire-lock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so will Johnny Hancock.

The manner in which the tune came to be adopted by the Americans is shown in the following letter of Rev. W. Gordon. Describing the battle of Lexington and Concord before alluded to, he says, "The brigade of Lord Percy marched out of Boston playing, by way of contempt, 'Yankee Doodle.' They were afterwards told that they had been made to dance to it." It is most likely that "Yankee Doodle" was originally derived from Holland. A song with the following burden has long been in use among the laborers,

who in the time of harvest migrate from Germany to the Low Countries, where they receive for their work as much buttermilk as they can drink, and a tenth of the grain secured by their exertions:

Yankee didel-doodle doan,
Didel dudel lanter,
Yankee viver voover town,
Bottermilk and tanther.

That means, we suppose, buttermilk and a tenth.

Notice to Music Publishers

If you have any good song or instrumental number of RECENT issue, which is lying dormant on your shelves, and which you have endeavored to popularize without success, send it to us and we will strive to make it immediately popular for you, without charge by the following methods:

We will reproduce the plates and present it to our readers with this magazine. We will advertise it and promote its advancement through newspaper publicity and other exploitation.

We have with us a man whose newspaper work in this respect has been the talk of the century—in fact, the greatest all-around newspaper man in the line of popular music, in America. His name—

Monroe H. Rosenfeld

is a byword in the trade. His achievements in making a song popular overnight is history. But the song must have some element of popularity.

Do not for a moment imagine that by giving the song (or instrumental number, as the case may be) away with this magazine its value or future popularity is jeopardized. To the contrary, if the number is a good one our readers will enthusiastically endorse it, sing it, and play it, and disseminate it, and as it will appear in only one number of The Tuneful Yankee, and as no back numbers are reprinted, the composition will be called for and be in demand in every music store in the country!

Therefore, the better the song the better its chances of wide popularity. Communicate with us. First come, first served.

Address The Tuneful Yankee,
1547 Broadway, New York City.

Song Writing Not a "Cinch"

It is an art that requires considerable effort

By Will Reardon

IT is the general impression among the music lovers that the market is always thirsting for something new in music. But the young song writer who tries to place a new piece on sale will find that, no matter what merit it may possess, it is not desired by dealers. They never take kindly to a beginner, even if the latter has a piece which appears to possess the elements which go to make a popular success.

The song writer who composes a little waltz song which sets forth the many winning traits of some real or fancied sweetness, and receives the approbation of his friends, believes that he is the possessor of a fortune winner. If the thought of offering the piece to an established publisher enters his mind, he disdainfully brushes it aside. He thinks that if there is anything to be made he alone is entitled to it. And so he goes to the trouble and expense of publishing his work himself. When the printer delivers it, the author imagines that all he will have to do will be to simply show it to dealers and they will immediately give orders for it. But ere a month elapses he will conclude that he has an elephant on his hands.

It is hard to resign one's self to failure, but it is sometimes the wisest thing to do.

After the struggling author has spent considerable time and money on his publications, he will be forced to do what he should have done in the first place—give his work to a reputable house. Nevertheless, it is possible for a beginner to popularize a song without the aid of an established music company, but he will pay dearly for his experience.

Another difficulty arises in endeavoring to have a new song sung upon the stage. Unless you pay for it, very few vocalists will use it. Of course, this is a very good way to invest money, but the beginner cannot always afford it.

But the only thing for the song writer to do is to persevere. Do not give up easily. The road to success is often paved with failures.

"I am one who has allowed the flattery of friends to overcome my own judgment regarding my musical compositions," said a rising young author, the other day. "Instead of accepting royalties, I published my works myself, and thus added considerably to my stock of trouble."

"To make sure that I was not entirely misleading myself, I had the songs sung at several entertainments and watched their effect upon the audiences. They were well received, and flatteries poured in upon me. The general verdict was that I should publish the pieces."

"Praise is often a dangerous thing, and a
(Continued on page 40)

THE LILY AND THE SUNBEAM
(Copyrighted Protected by the Author).
In a moss-grown dell a lily grew all uncared for and alone.
Tho' it sparkled with the morning dew, not a sunbeam on it shone.
So it gazed up to the deep blue sky and a sunbeam chanced to see.
Then the lily murmured with a sigh: "Would I his love might be!"

Refrain
Oh, the lily pined in sadness for the sunbeam far above
Till it chanced one day that he came her way and she won his trusting love;
Then the lily fondly kissed him with an artful maid-
en's whim
And he never knew that with heart untrue she was only fooling him.

For a moonbeam came that night to woo and he sought the lily there
As he told her of his love so true and he kissed her face so fair.
Then the simple sunbeam learned too late, as he fled to skies above,
How a true heart feels to share the fate of a fickle maiden's love.

A FLOWER THAT LONGS FOR SUNSHINE
(Copyright Protected by the Author)

In an old arm chair by the fireside's glare
Sits a mother alone and gray.
With her head bent low, white as drifted snow,
She is thinking of one far away.
Then she reads a note that her daughter wrote:
"I am happy, sweet mother, dear!"
But turning the leaf in her silent grief
She sees the page is stained with a tear.

She's a flower that longs for sunshine
In the garden of broken hearts,
Although she has wealth and beauty,
With these every joy departs.
Like a violet fair she blossoms,
But her sad heart only mourns,
She's a flower that longs for sunshine,
On life's path of roses and thorns.

In a palace grand, wealth at her command,
Sits a daughter with tear-dimmed eyes;
'Tis a story old, she had wed for gold,
Now Love's the jewel for which she sighs.
She sobs, "Mother, true it was all for you—
The sad truth you will never guess!"
But that little tear told her story clear,
Just as plain as her lips could confess.

FOR EVERY TEAR THERE'S A YEAR OF CHEER
(For Every Girl a Boy)
By CHARLES ROMIE

(Copyrighted Protected by the Author)
They say that this world's made for goodness,
And everything meant for the best,
The raindrops were meant for the roses,
Each day's toil was meant for its rest;
But sometimes when troubles come creeping,
And a frown takes the place of a smile,
When the love that we've known into hatred has grown,
Just please don't forget all the while:

Chorus
For every hour of sorrow
There's a day of gladness near,
For every dark'ning shadow
There's a ray of sunshine clear;
For every heart that's lonely
There will come a time of joy,
For every tear there's a year of cheer,
For every girl a boy.

Prize Song Contest Words Received

The following lyrics have been received in response to The Tuneful Yankee's offer in its January issue of a series of cash prizes for the best words submitted. Hundreds of replies have been received, all of which will be carefully considered, and the winning poems announced at an early date. From the mass of manuscripts that have come to hand the accompanying have been chosen as the most meritorious for reproduction.

The breezes that blow o'er the mountains,
The sunbeams that shine all the day,
The waters that flow from the fountains,
And pass into rivers away;
The shadows that creep o'er the gloaming,
And the moonbeams that gleam through the night,
Everything that is known has a meaning its own,
For everything's meant to go right.

Who Can Set These to Music?

ALL YOU EVER BRING HOME IS YOUR APPETITE

(Copyright Protected by the Author)
"Who's in dat hall? Is dat you, Paul?
Well, I'm gwine to tell you once for all
You can't come in 'cause I smell gin.
So go right back to where you've been!
I know, of course, dat you're the boss,
You're going to leave me? Well, dat's no loss!
It's plain to see we can't agree,
Why, you never spend a five cent piece on me!"

Chorus
All you ever bring home is your appetite,
All you ever do here is to eat and fight;
You couldn't buy a meal for a starvin' flea,
I'm the bossy bee in this here family.
Everybody knows that barking dogs don't bite,
You can keep on a-hollerin' till you turn white;
Do you think it right to keep me up all night,
When all you ever bring home is your appetite?"

"I can't forget when we first met
You called me honey, you called me pet;
Since we've been wed I've heard it said
You call me other names now instead
I've heard of drones, you lazy bones,
If I had my way you'd be choppin' stones;
When roof falls due I can't find you,
But you're always 'round when I got chicken stew!"

MISTAKES ARE APT TO HAPPEN IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES

(Copyright Protected by the Author)
When May Murphy sprained her ankle the other afternoon,
When she was no one to relieve her and she near fell in a swoon;
She hobbled to the window for the pain near made her cry,
When a man with a grip, just by luck, was passing by,
She called him in and showed her ankle to him timidly,
He gazed into her face and said: "Why, that looks good to me!"
She answered: "You don't know your business, I am very much afraid."
Said he: "Excuse me, madam, piano tuning is my trade."

Chorus
Mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families;
Alligator satchels do not always make M.D.'s.
The lady surely knew her A B C's.
Still, mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families.

At first she was embarrassed, then she blushed a rosy red;
"I thought you were a doctor," she to him shyly said.
His ways were so entrancing she forgot about her pain,
Her ankle was quite better, but her heart was raising Cain.
She asked him in the parlor where he offered her his hand,
And played a little rhapsody upon her Baby Grand.
He said to her: "If you like me please answer me direct."
She said: "I'd like to like you, but my husband might object!"

SO LONG, MISS TILDY
(Copyright Protected by the Author)

Look heah, Miss Tildy, now it ain't no use,
I'm gwine to stand no more of yo' abuse!
Everything in dis yere flat you know is mine.
All you'll find tomorrow is a "To Let" sign.
You was a kinder lovin' in our courtin' days,
Didn't I give up all ma sportin' ways?
I know I couldn't please you with all my might and main,
So I'm goin' to tell you what Bill Bailey told Miss Liza Jane.

Chorus
So long, Miss Tildy, I see a'gwine to see you no mo'!
So long, Miss Tildy, I'll never darken yo' do'.
I always tried to treat you like a gentleman;
But now, since you dented that old dishpan
On my roof, that's enough proof
That you ain't no lady, Miss Tildy Ann!

You know, Miss Tildy, dat yo' can't explain
Why you kept me out all night in de rain.
De wintry winds were buzzin' all 'round ma head.
"Get in out de wet!" is all de neighbors said.
You know well, Miss Tildy, I ain't strong on ma pins.
What'd you do, gal, but kick me on de shins!
Your mean disposition, Tildy, 's got me weak an' go'n.
You don't know how to 'preciate a good man till he's gone!"

WHEN THE SUNSHINE LEAVES HER EYES

(Copyright Protected by the Author)
At a charity fair, 'mid the glamour and glare
Of fashion and music and glee,
There in beauty's own bow'r stood a bright, blushing flower,
A bud of society.
And the youths gathered 'round fairly worshipped the ground
For a smile of their queen so gay;
But the sun never shone in her cold heart of stone,
As from each one she turned away.

Chorus
She was just like a daisy, so fair and bright,
That long for life's sun-rays of gold;
And those who surround her are petals of white
That wither when love grows cold.
Her pitiless pride turns the world from her side;
She laughs at its tears and sighs;
But her heart will repent for the years idly spent
When the sunshine leaves her eyes.

In a mansion of pride where true love is denied,
Sits a woman with head bent low;
And in vision she sees suitors pleading on knees,
And once more her sad eyes glow.
But alas! 'tis too late! In the fire of the grate
She pictures the bright scenes of yore,
When her life was a dream and she reigned all supreme
In the days that will come no more.

Reviews of Popular Music

By MONROE H. ROSENFELD



IRST in importance in the review column of this week is the receipt of a number of Feist prints, attractive for their fine typographical appearance and beautiful printing. While The Tuneful Yankee is willing to review these numbers from a musical standpoint, judged by its own estimate, it does so with "trepidation and misgivings," as all know Leo Feist to be the arbiter of his own progress and to need no guidance. So here goes:

"Way Out Yonder in the Golden West." Song, Words and Music by Percy Wenrich.

This is a song with admirable harmonies and quaint turns emphasizing a concatenation of semi-rag rhapsodies and plaintive georgies. There is, however, nothing stirring in its old familiar theme about the "sheltering palm tree," "orange blossom time," and the "wild West pony" linked with kindred subjects of the golden West. While the song is unique in many respects we venture the opinion that it will not sell, except—way out yonder in the golden West where it belongs.

"That's What You Mean to Me." Song by George H. Gartland. Leo Feist, Publisher, New York.

This is just a song, written to be a song, will die a song. There is no climax to it, there is no purport to it; there is no gist nor grist to it. Just a song—that's all.

"Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love." Song, Words by Howard Johnson, Alex Gerber and Ira Schuster. Published by Leo Feist, N. Y.

This is not a new song, but one pleasurable to analyze. It is absolutely refreshing, notably the chorus with its alternate jingles and happy accompaniment. It is not only a song; it is a fascinating dance, a faultless one-step. The words bristle with points and purpose. It is human. Of course, it took three men to write the song but that is no disgrace and reflects upon the business integrity of the publisher who is not ashamed to give each man the credit due him. Keep your eye on this ditty if you are watching the girlie you love.

"When the Roses Bloom in Loveland." Song, Words and Music by Curtis Gover. Published by Leo Feist, N. Y.

Here is a work with a pleasant surprise. One would fain toss the composition aside with its trite, hackneyed, insignificant and threadbare title. This is a shuddering caption for a new song, the like idea of which has appeared in ballads without number in the days gone by. Still, here is the surprise. The words are euphonious—will stand comparison with any other of its kind

in the field; the music is absolutely winsome, wrought with a simple, alluring, rhythmical flow that enchants and thrills. The masterly arrangement with its bass of intoned phrases is the best thing seen or heard for many months in a popular song. May the roses bloom in money land, is our hope; still, with all our praise we doubt if they will.

"When You Pay Me What You Owe." Song, by Charles Haggardorn. Published by the Author.

Here is another author with money to burn. If he had only been wise enough to have called in help when he was writing his song he might have had a better article. As it is, he has good lines and bad. The bad will injure the good. The chorus follows:

When you pay me what you owe
Den I'll trust you something mo'.
Do you think the things I sell grow on the trees,
And I jus' take out a bag
And fill it up with swag?
My groceries I buy, you niggah, please!

You can see that there is a kernel of good in this worm-eaten nut. The idea of a grocery man refusing trust, and explaining how he has to pay for his merchandise is new enough, but, nevertheless, as stale as his eggs.

"Don't Leave Me, Daddy." Words and Music by J. M. Verges. Published by the Triangle Music Co., New Orleans. Eastern representatives, Plaza Music Co., N. Y.

Whoever this author—Verges—may be, he has evinced some talent, not only in the verses, but also in the melody. The melody particularly shines. I don't especially like the term of "dearie" as applied to a paterfamilias, but the author had to have some word to rhyme with "cheery" and that was the most convenient rhyme on hand, evidently. The word "daddy" could have been repeated many times without staling for it blends kindly with the song's theme. However, the music atones for everything. It is new, refreshing and harmonious. By the way, this is the ditty which has proved quite a Southern "hit." It may be said to be worthy of it.

"Ukalou." (Pretty South Sea Island Lady). Lyric by Walter Van Brunt. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

With the exception of the nerve of Mr. Van Brunt to call the matter-of-fact words a "lyric" this is one of the best songs we have seen for weeks. The words (not lyric) are original and the melody is in Von Tilzer's happiest vein. It sets your feet in motion from the first strain onwards. How in the world does Mr. Harry expect to educate the people to the definition of his title! "Ukalou"—what does it mean anyhow? However, that's the beauty of Von Tilzer's methods. He will soon teach the public

that any old title can sell a song. They have simply to hear his 'witching, tintinabulating tunes.

"When the Black Sheep Returns to the Fold." Song by Irving Berlin. Published by the Waterson, Berlin, Snyder, Co.

The Tuneful Yankee hates to review anything but new songs. However, in courtesy to a reader's request we shall briefly say that the above song is one of those things that stands out because of its capable construction, both in verse and melody. By the way, we heard this song given at a local theatre recently with animated pictures bearing the producer's name—Harry Cohen. This film was cleverly synchronized. In view of the fact that a good song filmmaker is the scarsest thing on earth these days Mr. Cohen deserves a little puff here.

"Storyland." Song, Words by Elwood Wolfe, Music by Earl Burnnett. Published by the A. J. Stansy Music Co., New York.

What a beautiful melody this song possesses! It is more than haunting and there are many original strains in its facile chorus, and no wonder! I note that the music is composed by a man who created one of my favorite tunes—"Down Honolulu Way." But is it not a shame that this song has not a better title? "Storyland" is common—at least nothing to warrant a public demand for the composition, although the words, in themselves, are real poetical.

"Prayer of a Breaking Heart." Song, Words by Ray Sherwood, Music by Seymour H. Miller. Published by P. J. Howley Music Co., New York.

Don't overlook the fact that this is not a song to be sneered at! The words are maudlin, it is true, but they possess poetry and realism; while the music is easily memorized, fluent and euphonious. But there are various uncalculated errors in the typography; for instance, the plate-puncher has capitalized such words as "Sunshine," etc. However this won't injure the sale of the song but to a critical public it makes the sheets look ridiculous.

"Come Back to Waikiki." Song, Words by Roger Lewis, Music by Abe Olman. Published by the Forster Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

This song is no better nor worse than the many songs of a like title on the market which have become stale from "innocuous desuetude."

"There's a Burmah Girl a'Callin'." Song, Words by Harry Flanagan, Music by Earl Burnnett. Published by A. J. Stansy Music Co., New York.

This is a unique publication for one reason. It shows a music publisher's enterprise. The first two plates are a vocal

Can You Solve This?

MUSICAL ANAGRAM

By J. BODEWALT LAMPE

THESE notes when arranged in their proper succession form the National Hymn of five great countries now at war. DIRECTIONS—Cut on all lines except the staff, and paste slips on a paper in the order they should go. Divide into measures by drawing bars across the staff and indicate the time at the beginning.



THE Hidden Song contest, announced in the January issue of The Tuneful Yankee, brought an avalanche of replies, comparatively few of them with all seven hidden songs properly named, however. The correct list of titles is as follows: (1) "Comin' Thro' the Rye," (2) "Flee as a Bird," (3) "Last Rose of Summer," (4) "Johnny, Get Your Gun," (5) "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still," (6) "Take Back Your Gold," (7) "After the Ball." Names and pictures of the winners of the free subscriptions are on page 34.

number. The last two plates constitute an instrumental number—a two-step. Other publishers will soon be "coppin'" the Stasny style. It is a clever idea. The music of the song is quite catchy and the words have many quaint rhymes. But the title page contains a sad-looking face of a white woman with a modern nightcap, whereas a real Burmah girl is as black as the ace of spades.

"At Seven, Seventeen, and Seventy." Song. Words by Raymond Egan. Music by Abe Olman. Published by Forster Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

This song is well enough written, but there is already a famous set of words—copyrighted years ago, of a somewhat similar title, which, though never published to a musical setting, would interfere with the above composition, in a legal way, if the

Seventeen song were ever on the road to popularity.

Four songs from the William Jerome Publishing Corporation, Strand Building, New York.

The writer has been trying very diligently to find some fault with these Jerome prints, inasmuch as The Tuneful Yankee does not care to be a booster for anyone. It would rather be a stern guide in telling the truth about musical prints, but we want to say right away, that three of these songs about to be analyzed are what may be stated, in the accepted term, as being as near faultless as the ordinary popular song can be. The first one, "Turn to the Right," is exceedingly tuneful. The words have a pointed purpose with an elevated thought. The lines of the "Mother keeping a light in the window while her tears are falling in a prayer calling to the absent one" to

Start in tonight, make a good fight and turn to the right.

have a pathos of their own.

This song has a big chance for popularity.

Next in order is a quaint little Irish lilt with words by Jerome and music by Seymour Furth, entitled "Come Back to Me." Any girl with the least touch of Hibernian in her make-up will fall for the dulcet strains of this short but tender comely.

Next we have "That Old New England Town." Song. Words by William Jerome Music by Milton Ager.

This composition would stand a chance of having a far greater sale if the composer had taken a little pains to give it an original ending. The music in the last phrase of the song ending with "in that old New England Town" is slipshod, hastily slapped together to complete the work, with the same ending as in a thousand other songs, without the least bit of originality and will leave a bad taste in the ear when the song is being demonstrated in public.

"Day Dreams of Home." Song. By Osborne W. Lane. Published by the author, Gloucester, Mass.

A blue pencil should be drawn through this song. Its lack of connection between certain parts makes it somewhat ridiculous. Its allusion to the Saviour is misplaced in a popular song—almost sacrilegious. Considered from a common-sense point of view, the song is nothing short of "bad." The author sighs for his dear ones over the sea, longs to see them, and upbraids himself for being a wanderer from home. But he had money enough to publish a song. It costs from \$25 to \$100 to print the first 1000 edition of a musical composition. Now, if Mr. Lane could afford this, he could have better used the money by purchasing a ticket to the "old home over the sea," and saved the public the annoyance of his disconnected and never-to-be-heard-of song.

"A Dream of the Orient." Song by J. & L. Wallace. Published by the authors, Cleveland, Ohio.

This song is dedicated to the editor of The Tuneful Yankee. This was probably done in the hope that he would boom it to a success. But "Rosey" has other fish to fry. It is all he can do to attend to all his own business without bothering with the affairs of other people. In this song the lovers go gathering "flowers, glistening with the dew." Now, this would have to be done in the moonlight, or at the dawn. In the song it was performed in midday. Impossible, unless it were a rainy day, and then it would not be dew. Dew rises. It doesn't fall.

"The Parisienne Walk." Song. Lyric by Nat Vincent. Music by Herman Paley. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co.

This is an old subject with a new overcoat, but even the fine wearing apparel of Mose Gumble will not keep it warm. The words are a bit disjointed and the sentiment is of the chunky, chubby sort made stale by Anna Held and other Frenechy exponents. The song will not reach home sales.

"If you Ever Get Lonely." Song. Lyric by Gus Kahn. Music by Henry I. Marshall. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co.

This song has a good melody, surpassing the words. The title has been worked over many times before and this will place the song at a disadvantage. The words are not of Kahn's best. The writer could certainly do much better for he is not a laggard in his line.

"My Lovely Girl." Song by Joseph Elberman. Published by the author.

Poor Mr. Elberman! He has more money than wisdom. If he had the latter he would not have published the song. His lovely girl did not afford him much of an inspiration. Better English is spoken among the Pennsylvania Dutch. His rhymes are out of tune and his meter has lame feet.

"The Melody of My Dream." Song. Author unknown. Published by the Fred Forster Music Co., Chicago and New York.

Publisher Forster is the new arrival in the Metropolis, who is bidding for recognition from a prosperous and reputable Chicago career. He has brought with him into our midst a number of popular music prints. Some of these are very mediocre; others quite good. Among the latter is the song above quoted. The words, however, have no continuity nor explicit narrative, at least nothing to fascinate keenly. Still, the melody, which in parts is almost excellent, may pull the song through.

"Oh, Idaho You Sunny Fascination." Words by Jane Redfield Hoover. Music by Jessie Merrill Tukey. Boise, Idaho.

I hate to knock the ladies. So, with much trepidation and fear I shall study up a plan to let these two of the fair sex down as gently as possible. In the first place, dear ladies, your song is too verbose. Modern songs which sell well never have four verses. Still, there is nothing objectionable to the clever construction of the lyrics, and the music is also tuneful, but as a popular song your Idaho inspiration will never be heard of outside of your own sweet circle in Boise. Like many other writers you have made the error of concentrating your theme upon a local idea or a local territory, instead of making your work one that should appeal to the country at large.

"A Tear, a Kiss, a Smile." Ballad, with lyrics by Darl MacBoyle. Melody by Otto Motzan. Published by the Karczag Publishing Co., Inc., New York City.

This is a work of the semi-classic order. Regarding the music, it is absolutely alluring because of its originality and sweetness and, chiefly, on account of its finely arranged accompaniment. Motzan is a genius all right, but he is not a general. Either he overlooked the fact that he has placed a high "G" in the first line of his chorus upon the article "a" and given this insignificant word a mouthful of music, or else he did it in haste and permitted the phrase to become a "passing one." It is always difficult to take a vowel like "a" which sounds like "ah" and donate one particular musical note to it, unless it is followed with a rest, for this line simply reads as executed by the voice like the word "teara." Thus it is difficult to understand why a high "G" should be united to a passing vowel of the "a" kind.

However these things will not affect the value and beauty of the composition. But so long as The Tuneful Yankee is offered this composition for critical review, we would be consummate hypocrites if we smoothed over even the most minute defect.

"She's Dixie All the Time." Song. Words by Alfred Bryan. Music by Harry Tierney. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co.

This is a well written song because it can be called original. The lines are of the firm Bryan type and have never been used in a song, which reflects genius. It may sell; still there's a doubt because the modern populace requires education for original expressions. The music is very facile and pleasing, although the triple chords in the arrangement make the song somewhat intricate for manipulation by the ordinary player.

"Hush-a-Bye, Baby." Lyric by J. R. Shannon. Published by the F. J. A. Forster Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

Another Forster print. This song, based upon the well-known "Missouri Waltz" is not a bad idea. It is delightfully entrancing, musically, and the words are full of heart interest. The arrangement is also exceedingly alluring. The song may be a little long, so far as plates go, but nowadays one can't find fault with too much of a good thing.

Last but not least is a new affair from the Jerome bin of produce called "Come Over Here, It's a Wonderful Place." Words by Seymour Furth.

While the song is simply a topical affair it has considerable merit, the words being of Jerome's jolliest jocular. His reference to Ford should make the Flivver concern come across cheerfully for such an ad!

YE CLOWN TOPIC

(With Apologies to K. C. B.)

MR. MOSE Gumble.

CARE JEROME H. Remick & Co. CITY.

MY DEAR Mose.

MANY FOLKS know.

THAT YOU ARE a nifty, natty.

MAN.

A GOOD dresser.

AND A GOOD looker.

AND MANY there are.

WHO WOULD be proud.

TO WEAR your old.

CAST OFF clothes, Mose.

ALSO MANY who would.

BE in their Glory.

TO PLAY Ragtime.

LIKE you.

ALSO THERE are many.

WHO say.

THAT you have.

MUCH COIN.

IN the bank.

BUT I.

ROSEY.

HAVE NEVER seen.

MUCH.

OF it.

NOW WHAT I was going.

TO say.

IS this.

IF THIS STUFF is true.

ABOUT YOUR Bunches of.

COIN.

HOW IS IT that you have.

NEVER come.

ACROSS.

WITH that \$1.

SUBSCRIPTION.

TO THE TUNEFUL YANKEE.

I AM beginning.

TO think.

THAT perhaps you have.

A PAIN in the.

WRIST.

AND ARE unable.

TO WRITE out.

A CHECK.

OR—perhaps—

PERISH the thought—

YOU HAVEN'T any.

CHECK.

OR ANY bank.

OR NOTHING else.

AND THAT all that.

TALK.

ABOUT YOUR great wealth.

IS all.

BUNK.

I THANK you.

Fluffy's Music Lesson

The Modern Way of Getting Musical Tuition
By Dorothy Schultz



MISS BESSIE MERRIWEATHER, known throughout the State as a virtuoso of astounding accomplishments, having become "slightly embarrassed" on account of her father's reckless ventures in the recent Wall Street panic, resolved to dispense some of her musical gifts in the enlightenment of her fellow-men—or, rather women. To this end she laid aside all dignity and indulged in the lowly yet honored calling of music teacher.

She was, however, not a person of ordinary calibre, and, for each hour's lesson, she invariably received the munificent fee of \$20. Four pupils a day at this stipend was no mean income, and three days each week to the "select few" was all she desired.

Among her pupils of note was Miss Florence Redmond, the young and pretty daughter of Senator Redmond—a blonde of the Anglo-Saxon type, and a sweet and charming miss whose eighteen summers had sped lightly in the aristocratic environments of Hamilton Place Terrace. By many, Miss Florence, on account of her golden tresses and light-hearted nature, was simply known as "Fluffy." She was not exactly a wayward miss, but it seemed that from her infancy she had always been permitted to "have her own way."

One bright forenoon Miss Merriweather had called at the Redmond abode to give Miss Fluffy her matutinal music lesson. She was admitted to the palatial parlor, and, after donning her silken wrap, saluted Miss Fluffy with the usual kiss and said, "Now, dearie, I hope we'll accomplish more than we did the last time. You must really confine yourself more to your studies. Your mother tells me that she is disappointed with the progress you are making. Either you do not practise enough or I am too careless with you."

"Well," said Fluffy, "I do hate these exercises, and another thing, I'm engaged."

"Engaged!" exclaimed Miss Merriweather in alarm.

"I am engaged," continued Miss Fluffy slowly, and a little nettled, "to go tomorrow night to the ball."

"What ball?"

"Why, haven't you heard? Flossie Tompkins is to be married next week."

"Flossie? Impossible!"

"Yes, and I'm to be one of the bridesmaids."

"Whatcher going to wear?"

"At the ball or the wedding?"

"I mean at the ball, of course."

"Well, let's see. Madame has made me a first dress of bluish pink draped with crepe-de-chine; petticoat of white India silk tulle; overdress trimmed with dead gold beads."

"Beads are out of style, dearie."

"Oh, no, they're not."

"And your sleeves?"

"Sleeves a la leg of mutton, laced to the elbows, with silk braid and tassels."

"Bodice?"

"Pompadour-shaped—white, to match the petticoat."

"Any ornaments?"

"Blush roses at neck and corsage."

"And jewels?"

"Just an antique ruby heart, and a bracelet of dead gold and pearls."

"Won't you look stunning," said Miss Merriweather; "and your hair?"

"Plain Psyche, with a half crescent Marcelle wave. Say, Bessie, do you know I

WHEREAS The Tuneful Yankee has been spurred on by the public endorsement of its galaxy of Best American Composers which comprises pictures of many of the most prominent song writers—

THEREFORE, be it resolved that the said Tuneful Yankee shall publish shortly a series of the FOREMOST MUSIC PUBLISHERS of this country.

AND BE IT FURTHER resolved that the said Tuneful Yankee must have as early as possible photographs of said lights in the music world.

THAT, therefore, it be agreed to ask each and every one of ye grand magnates to forward their photographs, post haste!

OR—

TO SUFFER dire and lasting disgrace by finding their worthy faces omitted from the said galaxy of America's Foremost Music Publishers in an early issue of The Tuneful Yankee—the only live and vigorous exponent of the Musical Industry in Popular Song Land!

P. S. This man has started the ball a-rolling:



AFFABLE LOUIS BERNSTEIN

saw the loveliest way of dressing one's hair the other night! We were at the opera and Loretta Irwin sat next to us. When she took off her hat her pompadour was in a pyramid at least twenty-one inches high—upon my word—and—

"False!" exclaimed Miss Merriweather.

"Now, don't say I'd tell an untruth, Bessie."

"There's a rat."

"Where!" screamed Fluffy, jumping from the piano stool and pulling her skirts about her.

"There's a rat in every one of those coils

of hair of hers," quietly continued Miss Merriweather, "and you know it!"

"Oh, mercy!" said Fluffy, "I thought you meant a rodent in the room. Lordy, how you scared me!"

"I can't understand some people," muttered Miss Merriweather *sotto voce*, "they don't know a piece of castile soap from a chunk of cheese!"

"Say, Fluffy, did she have an escort?"

"Yes, two of 'em. And the little blonde with the mustache was the sweetest thing you ever saw!"

"Do you know him?"

"Do I?" exclaimed Fluffy, "I should say I did! Why he will be here this noon to take lunch with us, and Popper and Mommer are dying to meet him!"

"Well, then, I had better be going, for it is nearly noon now, and—"

"Oh, don't go yet, Bess, I want to tell you something more about him."

"What's his name?"

"Leander."

"Leander what?"

"Karovitch, or something like that."

"Irish?"

"Why, no, he's a foreign count of some kind."

"Is he well bred?"

"That's just what I asked him, and he said he was, that his father was a baker."

"A baker!"

"Yes, and he was so embarrassed because I couldn't see the joke. Oh! he does say such funny things, always bewailing his hard luck."

"For instance?"

"Well, coming home last night, he said that if it rained soup it would be just his luck to be caught with a fork!"

"Te-he-he!" giggled Miss Merriweather.

"And he said he was so hungry yesterday morning when he got up that he 8 o'clock!"

"Why, he must be a vaudeville comedian!" exclaimed Miss Merriweather, "and—"

"As I live!" interrupted Fluffy, "if he isn't coming now," wheeling about on her piano stool and pointing to the door as the bell rang.

Miss Merriweather darted for the vestibule and made her escape as Fluffy's Count was ushered in.

"Oh! Mr. Leander!" exclaimed Fluffy, taking his hat.

"Who was the brunette that ran off?" he asked curtly, pointing to Miss Merriweather's fleeing figure.

"Why that was my music teacher giving me my morning lesson," said Miss Fluffy.

"Why the piano wasn't touched," said the man quietly, "it hasn't even been opened!"

Music, what a mystery
Is in thyself contained!
Tell us—art thou heavenly,
Or art thou earth sustained?

Who can fathom thy great depths,
Thy secrets to unchain?
Who ascend thy stately heights—
Thy mysteries explain?

Wesley Morgan Lewis.

Quaint Incidents in the World's News

STRANGE BECAUSE TRUE AND NEW

This page is devoted to occurrences which are transpiring daily in the Metropolis of strange and unusual interest. It is published for the edification of our readers throughout the country, distant from New York, although many persons in the heart of Gotham have not even noted them.

For Two Years He Let the Water Run
Brooklyn Taxpayer Makes a Remarkable Admission—
Turned on the Faucet in His Home, Full
Tilt, for 24 Months, to Spite the
City—Drought Threatened

While the city of Brooklyn has been worrying itself blue in the face over the threatened drought of water, there have been two faucets running full tilt, turning out the precious aqua pura to waste, it has just come to the attention of Commissioner Williams of the Water Supply Department.

The aforementioned wasted water is the result of a taxpayer having been fined two years ago for being in arrears and, he wrote in to the department recently, he immediately went home and turned on the faucets to gain revenge.

Quotes Taxpayer's Letter

In a statement which incidentally included the irate taxpayer's letter, Commissioner Williams assured the Brooklyn folk they would be supplied with a continuous supply of water from Croton, lasting until the Catskill Aqueduct system is completed on April 1.

This is designed to alleviate the situation in Brooklyn arising out of the extraordinary drought which Commissioner Williams of the Department on Water Supply, Gas and Electricity says is "the worst in ninety years." There is said to be almost a water famine in Brooklyn and Queens and millions of gallons have been purchased daily there from private water companies at costs ranging from \$40 to \$60 a million gallons.

Commissioner Williams, in his statement, said:

"For several days prior to January 6 the Department sent 15 million gallons a day of Croton water to Brooklyn—through the new Aqueduct tunnel beneath the East River—to alleviate the situation in Brooklyn arising out of the extraordinary drought—the worst in ninety years. Between January 6 and 18 the sending of Croton water to Brooklyn was discontinued.

"It will now be resumed and from 30 to 40 million gallons a day will be sent from the Jerome Park reservoir. That sent prior to January 6 had to be pumped by means of our high pressure fire service pumps. That which will be sent from Jerome Park reservoir will not require pumping.

Safe for Seven Years

"When we get the Catskill water we will be on easy street for at least seven years regarding our water supply."

When the Commissioner was wondering what means he could devise to supply Brook-

lyn with sufficient water, he received through the mails the following letter:

"Gentlemen—Two years ago you fined me a penalty of 15 per cent for being in arrears for one year in payment for water tax. I went home and turned on two faucets full tilt and they have been running night and day since then. It does not pay to rob the property owners. Brooklyn is a tax cursed city. How nice you let the property owner stand in your office and wait till all the clerks have done talking baseball and their cigarettes goes out. A Victim."

Editors Get One Thousand Dollars
Two Negro Journalists Awarded Damages for Alleged
Discrimination in Cortlandt Street Cafe

Because they alleged they were refused a drink in a Cortlandt Street cafe two negro editors were awarded \$500 each by the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court. The ruling reversed a decision of Municipal Court Justice Davis, who dismissed the complaint.

David E. Tobias, a graduate of Georgetown University and editor of the *Searcher* and Eugene L. Moore, editor of the *New York Age*, were the plaintiffs in the action. John Riehm, a Cortlandt Street cafe proprietor, was the defendant.

The two negroes alleged that when they entered Riehm's cafe the bartenders turned their backs upon them and they were given no opportunity to state what they desired to drink, although white patrons were being served all about them.

The defendant alleges that there was no refusal to serve, but that he had given the barkeepers instructions to serve "All sober persons."

The Appellate Term Justices Guy, Shearn and Bijur, in their opinion, state:

"The plaintiffs were business men of apparent good standing" and were objects of a "deliberate refusal."

Pitiful Tales Told by Smokers

Thirty Violators of Smoking Ordinances Tell Court
Their Sorrows, Then Pay Fines, or File Off Pen-
itently to Jail
(From the *Telegraph*)

If there be anyone who doubts for a moment that smoking is the incentive of imagination, let him visit the Municipal Term Court as a guest of Magistrate Charles W. Appleton any Monday, and be convinced. This invitation is extended particularly to young married men whose wives may object to their smoking, for, after listening to the novel excuses for violating the law relative to smoking in factories and loft buildings, there is little chance they would be unable to offer fifty or more winning excuses.

Such weird excuses were offered to Magistrate Appleton recently, when he had thirty

violators of the law before him, that at the close of the session Magistrate Appleton admitted he did not know whether to petition the city to open a dental clinic or woman's hospital within a stone's throw of his court in the Municipal Building.

While the excuses proved to be most varied and numerous, the strange part is that all the accused were found guilty, thirteen being fined from \$20 to \$50 each and the remaining seventeen sent to the city prison for one or two days. Had some of the excuses offered recently been suggested the first day Magistrate Appleton took over the new court, beyond a doubt many would have escaped, but since the court's opening more than a thousand smokers have been haled into court, and it is safe to say almost that number of excuses have been offered.

Imaginations Kept Busy

Recently, however, the excuses produced a new kind of imagination, for one of the prisoners, Isadore Beinglass, was frank to admit that he had violated the law, and had only smoked a little—just a little—because "his wife is very sick and may have consumption." Yes, sir, his wife was sick and that's the reason, he told Magistrate Appleton, he was smoking.

"Are you sure your wife is very sick?" asked the Court.

"My word, Judge, and that's the only reason I was smoking. I don't care for it, honest," answered Isadore.

"Well, I'll let you off easy then; one day," said the Court.

The next prisoner proved to be Harry Itchlowitz, and his wife explained her husband was deaf and she had come to talk for him.

"Why was he smoking when he knew it was against the law?" asked Magistrate Appleton.

"Judge, your honor, he's a sick husband and just finished a strike," answered friend wife.

"You're not sick this time, then, are you?" questioned the Court.

"No, judge; it's my husband," answered the woman as a \$20 fine was imposed.

Aaron Sassman next faced Magistrate Appleton. He was frank in admitting that he smoked only "because I'm a sick man."

"Why don't you see a doctor and pay for treatment instead of getting arrested and being fined \$20 by me?" spoke the Court.

Toothache Excuse Old

"Well, what's your excuse?" asked the Magistrate as Morris Cohen stepped up to the bar. Morris was holding his hand over the left side of his face and "registering," as the movie people say, "pain."

"Judge, I had a toothache. See, I've still got it?" came the answer.

"Ye Olde Firme"

With Twentieth Century Methods

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137 Jiroch St. Muskegon, Mich.

"Have to do better than that, I'm afraid. Last week one of your friends said he had a toothache and to prove it offered to put his tooth in evidence. That's an old excuse; \$20," announced Magistrate Appleton, beckoning toward the next prisoner.

One after another they appeared, each and every one offering some kind of an excuse. One by one they left the court room having paid a fine of \$20 or \$50 if they were bosses or else left in the patrol wagon and were taken to the Tombs.

Undraped Model Causes Film Manager's Arrest

Louis Rosenberg, manager of a motion picture theatre in Ossining, N. Y., is under arrest because a picture was displayed in his establishment of Miss Audrey Munson, undraped, while a sculptor moulded her form in clay. The arrest was made at the instance of the Censorship Committee of the Civic League, A. W. Twigger, village president, appearing as the complainant. Mr. Rosenberg is charged with exhibiting an improper film. Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip is one of the prominent members of the league. Another is Dr. Anna Voorhis, who saw the picture exhibited. "A meeting of the Censor Committee of the league has been called to decide what further action is to be taken," said Dr. Voorhis.

Mr. Rosenberg, when arraigned, pleaded not guilty and asserted in his own defense that Dr. Voorhis had left the theatre when only the model's legs were visible to the knees, and that, consequently, she could not swear that the picture was unfit for presentation. It was brought out, however, that Miss Grace Fuller, principal of the Ossining School for Girls, had seen the picture in its entirety and had condemned it.

Miss Munson was the model chosen by Isidoro Konti, the sculptor, to pose for the Column of Progress shaft at the San Francisco Exposition. She has posed for other artists and sculptors. Mr. Konti, on being told of the Ossining incident, said:

"To object to the nude is simply stupid. Nude figures are found in all noted art galleries."

She Drank "Bull Moose"

In the famous Colle suit now in progress in New York, an element of comedy was added to the day's proceedings by the testimony of Jerome G. Hauser, a wholesale meat dealer, who testified that he had often been out with Rae Rodesky, a milliner's model, who was the companion of Mrs. Colle on many automobile parties. Hauser was testifying for the plaintiff.

Hauser's evidence was given almost entirely in patois and often he had to be asked to translate it. He said at one stage that Miss Rodesky always ordered "stingers."

"What is a stinger?" he was asked.
"Oh, I dunno, I guess it's made of ginger ale, and some rye and some bull moose."
"Bull moose?" asked Justice Giegerich in surprise. "Don't you mean vermouth?"

"Maybe that's it."
Asked what was the condition of Miss Rodesky when on some of the parties, he replied quickly that she was pretty well "lit up."

"What is 'lit up'?" asked the Judge.
"A talking jag," replied Hauser.
Hauser also was proud of his social status. "Do you ever travel with first-class people?" he was asked.
"As fine as they come," he replied promptly.

"Do you drink?"
"No."
"Are you a model man?"
"No, but I drink ginger ale."

The Organ Grinder to Go

Bill Introduced in Legislature to Prohibit the Hurdy-Gurdy and Like Mechanical Music

A bill declaring the hand-organ to be a public nuisance, and as such to be prohibited on the streets, has been drawn up for submission in the New York legislature.

Strangely enough, it is by the countrymen of the Italian organ grinder that the step has been taken. The bill has been drawn up by Frank Ruggeri, president of the Young Men's Italian Association of Albany.

Mr. Ruggeri's reasons are sociological as much as artistic.
"Only lazy fellows play the grind-organ," he says. "In Italy no one plays it. It makes the woman cheap to go into saloons and beg for pennies."

Artistically, he is also against it. He says they don't even play "Misereere" nowadays. "The hand-organ plays bad music," he says. "It doesn't play Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni. No, no, nothing like that; only popular airs, and it plays those out of tune."

Which brings to mind a story told of Mascagni on one of his visits to America. The distinguished composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was walking along a street in New York City when the notes of a grind-organ came to him. It was playing the famous intermezzo from "Cavalleria." He listened for a couple of seconds, muttered feverish words and raised his hands to Heaven.

Then he rushed for the organ, snatched the handle from the operator and ground out the intermezzo himself—in the proper tempo. When he finished, he handed the operator a quarter, and threatened him with eternal torture if he ever mangled the intermezzo again.

"Star Spangled Banner" Must Not Be Danced

Bill Would Strike the Anthem from Popular Programs

Never more will dance music be blended with the patriotic notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" in Colorado if the Legislature passes a bill just introduced.

The bill would make it a misdemeanor, punishable by heavy fine, for any orchestra or band or other musical organization to play the "Star Spangled Banner" in medley. It must be played under regulations similar to those of the army and navy, the bill provides.

Are You Lonesome?

Words by
JACK YELLEN

Author of "Are You from Dixie?"

Music by
HARRY TEMPLE

Moderato

PIANO

still voice

We quarrel'd and we part - ed; I said I did - n't
I nev - er knew you'd haunt me In dreams the way you

care. But now I'm brok - en heart - ed, It's more than I can bear.
do; Oh, hon - ey, if you want me I'll come right back to you.

I'm not a - shamed to tell you That I've been migh - ty blue,
We'll be the same old sweet - hearts We al - ways used to be,

And I can't keep from pray - ing, dear, That you are lone - some too.
If you'll just say you're lone - some, too, One lit - tle bit for me.

The Tuneful Yankee

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CHORUS

Are you lone - some? Oh, tell me, hon - ey, are you blue?

No use de - ny - ing my heart's cry - ing, I long to kiss you.

You don't know how I miss you 'Cause I need some - one

That I can tell my trou - bles to. So just re - mem - ber if you're

lone - some, I'm twice as lone - some, dear, as you. you.

The Tuneful Yankee

D.S.

Bone-Head Blues

JAZZ FOX-TROT

LEO GORDON

PIANO

The Tuneful Yankee

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Musical score for page 20, featuring piano accompaniment for "The Tuneful Yankee". The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The music is in 2/4 time and includes various dynamics such as *ff*, *f*, and *ffz*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

The Tuneful Yankee

Musical score for page 21, featuring a TRIO section for piano accompaniment. The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The music is in 2/4 time and includes various dynamics such as *mf-f*, *f*, and *ffz*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

The Tuneful Yankee

D.C. Trio al

Let's Have A Georgia Honeymoon.

Words by
CARVER BENSON.

Music by
BOBBY LEE.

Piano.

Moderato.

f

Vamp.

p

When I hear those wed-ding chimes It makes me think of hap-py times,
Dear, the ros-es are a-bloom, I can smell their sweet per-fume,

Let me take you, glad they'll make you, Way down in Sa-van-nah town.
Birds are sing-ing, bells are ring-ing, Here's the mes-sage that they bring,

Hon-ey pack your trunk and things, Let's go price some dia-mond rings.
Love me hon-ey, love me long, Life with you is like a song.

The Tuneful Yankee Copyright 1916 by The Joe Morris Music Pub. Co. 145 W. 45th St. New York, N.Y.

Just re-ceived the word to-day; Lis-ten what the home folks say:
Let me rest up-on your breast down in Dix-ie Lov-ing nest.

Chorus.

Come down, why don't you Come down, Why don't you Come on down to old Sa-van-nah.

p-f

Be there, oh hon-ey see there old Aunt Man-dy in her red ban-dan-na;

When the preach-er joins you hand in hand, They're going to ser-e-nade you with a big brass band.

Come down, why don't you come down Let's have a Geor-gia Hon-ey-moon. Why don't you

The Tuneful Yankee

When You Dream of Old New Hampshire, I Dream of Tennessee

Words by
JACK MAHONEY

Writer of "When You Wore A Tulip and
I Wore A Big Red Rose"

Music by
GEORGE L. COBB

Composer of "Are You from Dixie?"

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO

till voice

While old New Hamp-shire stars are
Your ab-sence wakes each re-col-

gleam - - ing I'm think-ing of a by-gone day. In sun-ny
lec - - tion That slum-bers in my mem-o - ry. Time can-not

Ten-nes-see you're dream - - ing; Sweet heart, to - night you're far a - way.
change the old af - fec - - tion; No sweet-er love could ev-er be.

Dear, dis-tance on - ly lends en - chant - - ment, With you in dreams I stray.
I'll keep your heart in old New Hamp - shire, Keep mine in Ten - nes - see.

poco rall.

CHORUS

a tempo

When you dream of New Hamp-shire, my dear old New Hamp-shire, I dream of Ten-nes -

see. How I long for the glo-ry of love's sweet-est sto-ry Be - neath the

cher-ry tree; The old love-light is burn-ing, and still my heart is yearn-ing As

in the days that used to be. When you dream of New Hamp-shire, my dear old New

Hamp-shire, I dream of Ten-nes - see. When you see.

Any Old Town Can Be Heaven For You (When There's a Wonderful Girl)

HAROLD B. FREEMAN

Moderato

PIANO

till voice

p

I love the ci - ty's white lights, Its bus - tle and its
You hear a church - bell peal - ing, You see the peo - ple

bright lights, I'm crazy 'bout its night lights, It's all one long, long day, say,
kneel - ing, You get that home - sick feel - ing, You've got the blues for sure, you're

I'd trade my life on Broad - way For an - y coun - try town,
Just like a wea - ry wan - derer Off on a for - eign shore,

If I could find the right girl You bet I'd set - tle down,
But when you find the right girl You'll hear this strain once more:

CHORUS (Slowly)

mf

An - y old town can be heav - en for you, — When there's a won - der - ful

girl. — No time for blues or for sad - ness, — She turns your sor - rows to

glad - ness. — There's lots of ways to make your life seem ro - sy,

There's lots of things to make you com - fy, co - sy, An - y old town can be

heav - en for you When there's a won - der - ful girl. — girl. —

Sighing Surf

VALE CLASSIQUE

BERNISNE G. CLEMENTS

INTRO

Moderato

PIANO

Musical notation for the Intro section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical notation for the Intro section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *ff*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Molto Moderato

VALE

Musical notation for the Vale section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Molto Moderato'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical notation for the Vale section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Molto Moderato'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical notation for the Vale section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Molto Moderato'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical notation for the Vale section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Molto Moderato'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

The Tuneful Yankee

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Musical notation for the Trio section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'con fuoco'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *ff*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical notation for the Trio section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'con fuoco'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *ff*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical notation for the Trio section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'con fuoco'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *ff*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

TRIO

Musical notation for the Trio section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'con fuoco'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical notation for the Trio section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'con fuoco'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical notation for the Trio section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'con fuoco'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical notation for the Trio section, piano part. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'con fuoco'. The first staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

The Tuneful Yankee

rit. a tempo

CODA D.S.al

L.H.

OMEOMI

ONE-STEP or TROT

SAMMY POWERS

PIANO

f ff mf

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The Tuneful Yankee

f mf ff

D.S.al then Trio

The Tuneful Yankee

TRIO

The Tuneful Yankee

D.C. Trio at C

The Tuneful Yankee Whittlings

(Continued from page 8)

JOE McCARTHY and Fred Fisher have locked luck together in an enterprise of their own and will publish their inspirations in unison hereafter at 148 West 45th Street, N. Y.

GRANT CLARK has entered the portals of the Waterson, Berlin, Snyder Company for keeps. His sojourn there, for the nonce, will be permanent as a staff writer.

THERE is a popular editor over in Brooklyn—John N. Harmon by name—who is a friend to the music man. He is about the only truly democratic fellow in the journalistic field who does not conceal his love for the popular ditty. All other journalists, as a rule, affect the melodies of the classic and their supercilious adoration of the long-haired Christopher who feigns to lure the senses with the excruciatingly difficult. In terse language the "Senator" does not sneer at a tuneful air, especially when rendered by his beautiful wife who can execute any class of composition to fit the taste of her congenial better half.

AWIDE-AWAKE fellow who makes his living just from introducing songs for publishers is Charles Martin, now with the Morris staff. Vocally, "Charley" can either roar like a bull or lisp like an angel to fit the occasion and the incentive.

IF a handsome personality were to be gauged by dollars and cents, Chesterfieldian Wilbur Campbell, of the Joe Morris staff, would be a millionaire. Tall of physique, gentle of manners and most affable to everyone, Wilbur stands out.

JUST because Harry Tobias has never asked us for a courtesy we would take this opportunity to say that he is a man possessive of genuine talent—to judge from a song of his now selling big, entitled, "That Girl of Mine."

I SAW a royalty statement last week handed to Arthur Lange representing the sale of 600,000 copies of music during the past six months, linked with twelve statements for different royalties on phonograph records. I could scarcely believe my eyes until he led me to the corner bank and had the check certified.

EVERYONE'S rooting for genial Fred B. Haviland to have a solid hit.

MORRIS' all around man, George Edwards, is a steady fellow, plodding along, untiring, and ever patient. He puts in more work to the square inch than a bee in the honeycomb.

THE best looking professional man in the business is curly-locked Max Winslow, of the Waterson firm. He is the acme, too, of affability, never boasts of an achievement,

and is wedded to his work like a ten pin to a bowling alley.

THE latest recruit to the vaudeville stage among song writers is Le Wolfe Gilbert who is punching his honors merrily into the gullible public with monstrous earnestness—and they seem to like him, too.

TO avoid the ever-present controversy as to who is the best, or foremost, American song writer or composer, and to engender no ill feeling among these famous scribes, The Tuneful Yankee has decided to array the photographs of these men, in our galaxy, in alphabetical order. This innovation in the current issue of The Tuneful Yankee will be noted. We hope we have pleased each and all, this being the only satisfactory way of presenting the pictures.

BY the way, Al Piantodosi simply smiled when he noticed that his photograph was down among a bunch of others for everyone knows that he is some classy song producer.

FAVORABLE mention should be given William W. Delaney, the veteran song-book publisher who was among the fortunate ones to solve our "Hidden Songs." However, this is not to be marveled at, because the astute William has been in the business long enough to name backwards the title of every song published during the last century.

EVERYONE seems to have a kindly word for two men with the Witmark house. They are Henry Hart and Herman Brinkman. Both of these gentlemen have been with the firm many years and are what are called loyal "rooters." Henry is proud of his firm and Herman is ever on the job to enlist the trade with their new prints.

WHARRY GOODWIN is the latest example of the Joseph W. Stern tuition. Although with the firm for only a year or so, the young fellow has made remarkable strides in their advertising and publicity department and is regarded as a man with very progressive ideas.

"BILL" Phillips likes The Tuneful Yankee and we like Bill. That's all.

THERE is a song writers' barber shop on 45th Street, near Broadway run by a man known as "John, the Barber." His partner, Haeseler, a dignified Teuton, has every nationality in his employ, the Prussian, the Russian, the Schwab, sunny Italy and even the Turk disguised as a Frenchman. It is the most obliging place on earth, to wit: When a genuine song writer enters the portals for a beard-trim, one Otto begins to sing said song writer's works from the time he came from the cradle to the hour when the razor slips.

PIANISTS

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

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

With best wishes for your continued success,
I am,
Sincerely yours,
CHAS. A. KLAPPAUF,

Director Klappauf's Orchestra and Band,
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87 Hamilton Place, New York



MRS. JOHN NEWMAN
49 Columbus Ave., New York

Lucky Winners of our "Hidden Song" Puzzles

UP to the time of going to press about 300 answers have been received to the "Hidden Song" pictures. Only a small percentage, however, succeeded in giving the correct solutions. No. 2 seemed to be the "sticker." Thirty per cent of the replies were correct in every other particular.

The pictures of eight of the successful contestants follow, and the names of the ten winners have been entered upon our complimentary subscription list. It is a peculiar fact that most of the lucky guessers appear to have been of the fair sex.

Other correct answers were received in the following order: George Henry Payne, 225 Fifth Ave., New York; C. Langdon, Newark, N. J.; Ruth Dillon, 550 West 172d St., New York; Otto Fessler, 530 West 55th St., New York; and Miss Alice Goodwin.

(See list of correct titles on page 12)



MRS. E. ARNOLD
530 West 111th St., New York



MISS IRENE HAYES
603 West 109th St., New York



MRS. WALTER HAMPTON
381 Twelfth Ave., Astoria, L.



GEORGE J. BURNS
200 Fifth Ave., New York



MISS MARIE WICKENHÄUSER
112 Fifth Ave., New York

The Tuneful Yankee Disc Drippings



Embodying All the Latest Phonograph
News Worth Printing

AN outstanding number among the Victor Records this month is that recorded as 18211 which comprises the reigning New York operatic hit "Poor Butterfly" with a companion number entitled "Alice in Wonderland."

b b b

On the Columbia list is a particularly interesting number by the famous song writer of the days past, called "Keep in the Middle of the Road." It consists of a baritone solo with quartette and banjo effect by Harry C. Brown. Many modern lovers of the sweet Senegambian melodies will welcome this quaint number.

b b b

VICTOR FEBRUARY RECORDS

18211 **Poor Butterfly** (Edna Brown)—**Alice in Wonderland** (Anna Howard—Harry Maedonough)—You will have to go back to the days of the Geisha and San Toy to find a song with an Oriental touch as charming and dainty as "Poor Butterfly" (John L. Golden—Raymond Hubbell), one of the successes from "The Big Show at the Hippodrome in New York." It is music of the best "musical comedy" kind. "Alice in Wonderland" is a tuneful ditty from "The Century Girl," and is the product of Irving Berlin, the "Ragtime King." In this song, however, there is no syncopation, except in the refrain.

18212 **On Honolulu Bay** (Peerless Quartet)—**In the Sweet Long Ago** (Sterling Trio)—"On Honolulu Bay" is a Hawaiian number, sung by the Peerless Male Quartet. The ukulele accompaniments are by Louise and Ferrera, and the song is by Yellen, Cobb and Barron. The Sterling Trio offer a plea for the days that are gone, "In the Sweet Long Ago" by Heath, Lange and Solman. The melody is sweet and flowing with a gentle swing to it, and the voices are nicely balanced.

18152 **Paradise Blues** (Marion Harris)—**My Syncopated Melody Man** (Marion Harris)—"Honey, don't play me no heart-throbs, play me some blue melody," is the cheerful text of "Paradise Blues," written and composed by Walter Hirsch and Spencer Williams. It is calculated to give you "that feeling right down in the knees." If you like ragtime, you can get all you want from "Syncopated Max," who has "a way of his own," according to Marion Harris in "My Syncopated Melody Man," written and composed by Blanche Merrill and Eddie Cox.

COLUMBIA FEBRUARY RECORDS

A5896 **Rigoletto** (Paraphrase). (Verdi-Liszt). Piano solo. Leopold Godowsky.

A2031 **Rock-a-Bye Baby**. Ward Barton, yodler. Guitar accompaniment.

A5895 **Saved by Grace** (Stebbins). Osear Seagle, baritone.

A2031 **Sleep Baby Sleep**. Ward Barton, yodler. Guitar accompaniment.

A2124 **Someone Else May Be There While I'm Gone** (Berlin). Al Jolson, comedian.

A2119 **Songs from Hawaii**. Introducing "Mani Girl." (Waltz Medley). Ukulele duet by Helen Louise and Frank Ferrera.

A2129 **Songs of Yesterday** (Harris). Knickerbocker Quartet.

A5890 **Sunshine of Your Smile, The** (Ray). Vernon Stiles, tenor.

A2115 **Sweet Genevieve** (Tucker). Jean Cooper, contralto.

A2087 **Three Bears, The**. Part I. Reading by Adeline Francis.

A2087 **Three Bears, The**. Part II. Reading by Adeline Francis.

A5898 **Tiddle-De-Winks Fox-trot** (Morris). Prince's Band.

A2134 **Trail to Sunset Valley** (Gilbert and Muir). James Reed, tenor, and James F. Harrison, baritone.

A5898 **Two-Two**. Two-two dance. (Green). Prince's Band.

A2120 **Valley of Peace, The** (Meredith). Chautauqua Preachers' Quartette. Unaccompanied.

A2126 **Way Down in Iowa I'm Going to Hide Away** (Meyer). Irving Kaufman, tenor.

A5892 **Wedding Day at Troidhaugen** (Grieg). Prince's Orchestra.

A2125 **Winter Medley**. Introducing "Jingle Bells," "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," "How Can I Leave Thee," "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," "Good-night, Ladies." Broadway Quartette. Unaccompanied.

A5891 **Yeomen of the Guard** (Sullivan) "I Have a Song to Sing, O!" Margaret Keyes, contralto, Frank Croxton, bass, and chorus.

A5893 **Zampa Overture**. Part I. (Herold). Prince's Orchestra.

A5893 **Zampa Overture**. Part II. (Herold). Prince's Orchestra.

A5897 **Any Place Is Heaven If You Are Near Me** (Lohr). Charles Harrison, tenor.

A2050 **Boat Song** (Ware). Paul Dufault, tenor.

A5892 **Bridal Procession**. Opus 19, No. 2. (Grieg). Prince's Symphony Orchestra.

A2130 **Carnival Prince, The** (El Principe Carnival). (Valverde). Dance of the Bear. Prince's Orchestra.

A2133 **Children's Songs and Games**. Part I. (Arranged by Maurice Smith). Introducing (1) "London Bridge is Falling Down," (2) "The Farmer in the Dell," (3) "Lazy Mary Will You Get Up?" (4) "Walking Up the Green Grass," (5) "Water, Water, Wild Flower," (6) "All Around the Mulberry Bush," (7) "Ring Around a Rosy." Prince's Orchestra.

A2133 **Children's Songs and Games**. Part II. (Arranged by W. F. Daniel). Introducing (1) "Hot Cross Buns," "I Tisket, I Tasket," (3) "Ten Little Indians," "Billy Boy," (5) "Baby Bunting," (6) "Sailing." Prince's Orchestra.

A2118 **Claudia—Mazurka Caprice** (Greenwald). Bell solo by Howard Kopp.

A2118 **Clover Land Intermezzo** (Wenrich). Xylophone solo by Howard Kopp.

A5896 **Cradle Song** (Henselt). Piano solo by Leopold Godowsky.

A2132 **Cuckoo Clock, The** (Grant-Schaefer). Lucy Gates, soprano.

A2117 **Down South**. American Sketch. (Myddleton). Czimbalo solo by Gypsy Countess Verona. Piano accompaniment.

A2129 **Everybody Loves An Irish Song** (McKenna). M. J. O'Connell, tenor, and Knickerbocker Quartette.

A5900 **Flora Bella** (Schwarzwald). Waltzes. Prince's Orchestra.

A2128 **Flora Bella** (Schwarzwald). Give Me All of You. Nannette Flaek, soprano, and Charles Harrison, tenor.

A5891 **Gondoliers, The** (Sullivan). "In a Contemplative Fashion." Florence Macbeth, soprano, Margaret Keyes, contralto, Morgan Kingston, tenor, and Frank Croxton, bass.

A2072 **Good News, the Chariot's Coming** (Folk Song). Fisk University Jubilee Quartette. Unaccompanied.

A2072 (17) **Great Camp Meeting, The** (Folk Song). Fisk University Jubilee Quartette. Unaccompanied.

EMERSON FEBRUARY RECORDS

- 7127 **It's Not Your Nationality** (It's Simply You). (Johnson-McCarthy). Tenor solo. Accompanied by orchestra—William Schefer.
- 7128 **I Know I Got More Than My Share** (Clarke-Johnson). Tenor solo. Accompanied by piano, cello and two violins—Vernon Dalhart.
- 7130 **Honolulu, America Loves You!** (We've Got to Hand it to You). (Clarke-Cox-Monaco). Baritone solo. Accompanied by orchestra—Morton Harvey.
- 7131 **Tho' I Had a Bit O' the Devil in Me** (Van Brunt-Von Tilzer). Tenor solo. Accompanied by orchestra—Jim Doherty.
- 7136 **O'Brien Is Tryin' to Learn to Talk Hawaiian** (Cormack). Baritone solo. Accompanied by piano and ukulele—Gene Rogers.
- 7137 **Wearin' of the Green** (Irish Air—Shane O'Kelley). Baritone solo. Accompanied by orchestra—John W. Myers.
- 7128 **M-i-s-s-i-s-s-i-p-p-i** (Tierney) Character song. Accompanied by orchestra—Ada Jones.
- 7133 **Come Out of the Kitchen, Mary Ann** (Bayha-Kendis). Character song. Accompanied by orchestra—Ed. Morton.
- 7133 **So Long Letty** (Carroll). From the play, "So Long Letty," at the Shubert Theatre. Tenor solo. Accompanied by orchestra—Samuel Ash.
- 7134 **Mother** (In Your Arms Enfold Me). (Kalman). From the play, "Her Soldier Boy," at the Astor Theatre. Tenor solo. Accompanied by orchestra—Wm. Schefer.
- 7131 **Pollyanna** (Franklin). Tenor solo. Accompanied by violin, piano and bells—Henry Pinekney.
- 7131 **I'm A-Longin' Fo' You** (Fuhrmann-Hathaway). Soprano solo. Accompanied by violin, cello and organ—Gloria Knight.
- 7132 **When Shadows Fall** (Keithley-Frost). Tenor solo. Accompanied by piano, cello and two violins—Vernon Dalhart.
- 7129 **Sometime** (Tierney). Tenor solo. Accompanied by piano, cello and two violins—Vernon Dalhart.
- 7129 **Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider** (Eddie Leonard-Munson). Character Song. Accompanied by orchestra—Al Herman.
- 7130 **Honor Thy Father and Mother** (Jentes). Tenor solo. Accompanied by orchestra—Jim Doherty.

Dances

- 7123 **Poor Butterfly Fox Trot** (Hubbell). Emerson Symphony Orchestra.
- 7124 **Shadowland Fox Trot** (Gilbert). Banjo Wallace's Orchestra.
- 7120 **My Hawaiian Sunshine Fox Trot** (Carey Morgan). Clarinet solo. Accompanied by orchestra—Wilbur S. Sweatman.
- 7121 **Missouri Waltz** (Knight-Logan-Appel). Emerson Symphony Orchestra.
- 7122 **Honky Tonky Rag** (McCarron-Smith). One-step. Emerson Military Band.
- 7123 **It's a Peach One Step** (Franklin). Piano solo—Malvin Franklin.
- 7121 **Cupid's Arrow**. Piano, banjo and saxophone trio—Van Epps Trio.
- 7121 **Hawaiian Hula Medley**. Ukulele and guitar duet—Helena & Palakiko.

Recitations

- 7126 **The Trial of Josiah Brown, Part 1.**
- 7126 **The Trial of Josiah Brown, Part 2** (Knight). Descriptive Comic Sketch—Ada Jones, Byron G. Harlan, Harlan Knight and Steve Porter.
- 7125 **Mother Goose Medley**. Nursery Rhymes. Recited with Realistic effects by Sally Hamlin.
- 7125 **Rumpelstiltskin** (Grimm). Nursery Tale, told by Sally Hamlin.

Standard Selections

- 7134 **Songs of Yesterday** (Harris). Orchestra accompaniment—Avon Comedy Four.
- 7134 **Old Oaken Bucket** (Woodward) Peerless Quartet.

- 7124 **Wedding March** (Mendelssohn)—Emerson Military Band.
- 7124 **To a Wild Rose** (MacDowell)—Emerson Symphony Orchestra.
- 7135 **Hungarian Dance, No. 5** (Brahms)—Emerson Symphony Orchestra.
- 7135 **Herd Girl's Dream** (Alp Maid's Dream). (Labitzky). Harp, violin and flute trio—Emerson Instrumental Trio.

"LITTLE WONDER RECORDS" FOR MARCH, 1917

- 495 **They're Wearing Them Higher in Hawaii**. Solo.
- 531 **Naughty, Naughty, Naughty**. Solo.
- 534 **How is Every Little Thing in Dixie?** Solo.
- 486 **Down Where the Swanee River Flows**. Duet.
- 494 **Honolulu America Loves You**. Solo.
- 441 **Beautiful Isle of Somewhere**. Solo.
- 472 **C.O.D. Come on and Dance**. One-Step. Band.
- 469 **Tiddle-De-Winks**. Fox trot. Band.
- 329 **Ben Hur Chariot Race**. Descriptive. Band.
- 510 **Oh How She Could Yacki Hacki Wicki Wacki Woo**. Accordion solo.
- 523 **Sweet Birdie Polka**. Piccolo solo.
- 513 **Mighty Lak' a Rose**. Violin, cello and piano. Trio.
- 459 **Honolulu March**. Hawaiian Guitar Duet.
- 502 **He Lei No Kaiulani**. Hawaiian Guitar Duet.

PIANOLA MUSIC ROLLS (February)

- 2011 (Universal) **It's a Cute Little Way of My Own**. Music—Harry Tierney. Lyric—Held & Bryan. Played by George Gershwin. The individual song success from Anna Held's latest musical comedy offering, "Follow Me."
- 2027 (Universal) **My Old Gal**. Music—Robert Keiser. Lyric—Bartley Costello. Played by Paul Paris. A sentimental ballad hit which is rapidly winning fame. It has a splendid melody and an appealing lyric.
- 2025 (Universal) **They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii**. Music—Halsey K. Mohr. Lyric—Joe Goodwin. Played by Paul Paris. One of the latest Hawaiian comedy songs. This roll is ideal for dancing and with the addition of the words it lends a double attraction.
- 2015 (Universal) **What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?** Music and Lyric by McCarthy, Johnson and Monaco. Played by Felix Arndt. One of the latest novelty songs which is in great demand. It has a splendid rhythm, and a good singable lyric.
- 202968 (Metro-Art) **Admiration—Intermezzo**. (Ralph Clifford Jackson). A new intermezzo which is headed straight for popularity. The first melody alone is sufficient to warrant its immediate appeal at first hearing. (202969 Universal). Played by Felix Arndt.
- 203128 (Metro-Art) **Broadway Hits—Fox Trot Medley**. Introducing: (1) My Castle in the Air; (2) Sometime; (3) Poor Butterfly; (4) It's a Cute Little Way of My Own. A collection of the individual song successes of Broadway's latest musical hits, especially arranged for dancing. (203129 Universal). Played by Felix Arndt.
- 202916 (Metro-Art) **Canzonetta**. (Benjamin Godard). A beautiful rendering of this favorite and well-known work. A salon piece of rare grace, exquisitely played. (202917 Universal). Played by Felix Arndt.
- 201124 (Metro-Art) **Le Cid, Ballet**. Aragonaise. (Jules Massenet). This extract from "Ballet du Cid" is considered one of Massenet's rare bits of writing, and is here played with dash and engaging rhythm. (201125 Universal). Played by Felix Arndt.

America's Best Writers and Composers

(Alphabetically Arranged)



BALL (ERNEST)

Composer of
"Love Me, and the World
Is Mine," "Turn Back
the Universe," etc.

CARROLL (HARRY)

Composer of
"Heart of Maryland,"
"She Is the Sunshine of
Virginia," etc.GILBERT
(LE WOLFE)Author of
"My Little Dream Girl,"
"My Sweet Adair," etc.

BERLIN (IRVING)

Author of
"Alexander's Ragtime
Band," "When I Lost
You," etc.

CLARKE (GRANT)

Author of
"I Know I Got More Than
My Share," etc.

GLOGAU (JACK)

Composer of
many hits for the Feist
house

BLYNN (EDITH)

Authoress of
"The Ashes of My Heart"

COBB (WILL D.)

Author of
"Dolly Gray," "Good Bye,
Little Girl," etc.

GOODWIN (JOE)

Author of
"Baby's Shoes," "That's
How I Need You," etc.

BOWERS (FRED V.)

Author of
"Because," "Always,"
"Come to Me When I
Need You," etc.

COHAN (GEO. M.)

Author of
"Give My Regards to
Broadway" and countless
hitsGROSSMAN
(BERNIE)Author of
"Little Gray Mother,"
"The Letter That Never
Reached Home," etc.

BRANEN (JEFF.)

Author of
"In the Valley of the
Moon," "Virginia Lee,"
etc.

EDWARDS (GUS)

Composer of
"School Days," etc.

GUMBLE (MOSE)

Composer of
"The Pipe Dream"
and other novelties

BRYAN (AL.)

Author of
"I Didn't Raise My Boy
to Be a Soldier" and
hosts of others

FISCHER (FRED.)

Composer of
"There's a Little Bit of
Bad in Every Good
Little Girl," etc.

HARRIS (CHAS. K.)

Author and Composer of
"After the Ball" and
many other hits

CARROLL (EARL)

Author of
"So Long Letty," "Canary
Cottage," "Dreaming,"
etc.FRIEDLAND
(ANATOL)Composer of
"My Little Dream Girl,"
"My Own Iona," etc.

HIRSCH (LOUIS A.)

Composer of
"Gaby Glide," "Hello,
Frisco!" etc.

Say

Mr. Reader Just about the easiest and quickest way to nail down an honest dollar is to show this issue of The Tuneful Yankee to four of your musical friends, collect the four dollars required for four Tuneful Yankee subscriptions, send the amount and names of your subscribers to us, and for this little attention and courtesy we will very cheerfully enter your own subscription for the whole year of 1917 for nothing further whatsoever, and we sincerely thank you in advance besides. Read more about this special offer on page 2.

But note by Cover page 3 that all subscriptions to be subject to the SPECIAL DOLLAR RATE must be in our hands ON OR BEFORE MARCH 15, 1917.—The Tuneful Yankee

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"I Didn't Mean Good Bye"

Pathetic Ballad of Realistic Heart Interest

"Don't Leave Me, Daddy"

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"I'm Sorry I Made You Cry"

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Estate of HAMILTON S. GORDON, 143 W. 36th Street, New York, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents

Only subjects of immediate interest will be replied to in this column

This is in response to a letter received from Joseph Frank, 21 East 112th Street, New York City. He writes as follows:

Tuneful Yankee: Your magazine received for which please accept my thanks. Subscription will immediately follow. I would like to have you answer this first:

1. Why not write articles on how to protect song poems? My reason for suggesting this is that the writer has had quite a few song poems stolen from him by out-of-town publishers.

2. Will you kindly advise the writer if more than one song poem may be submitted to your contest?

In answer to No. 1. The Tuneful Yankee would say that you have not read carefully the editorials in our magazine, or you would quickly recognize our policy for protecting the works of embryo writers. To No. 2, we would say that there are no restrictions as to the number of song poems sent in by any one individual, provided, of course, he is a subscriber and encloses sufficient stamps for return of his manuscript.

Frederick H. Green, Muscatine, Iowa.

(1) We cannot use the style of words you submit, which, while being cleverly rhymed contain a little not in our line.

(2) The only man we know of who is particularly gifted in the writing of march melodies is Abe Holzman, of Remick & Co., 40th St., New York. For a reasonable compensation he might set your words to music.

Who Can Answer This?

Editor Tuneful Yankee: Can you answer this question? It is probably one for a musical lawyer versed on copyrights.

I am a composer who has written a well-known piece for teachers and beginners. Let us say it is called "Dance of the Silly-johns," published by Scottwinkle & Co. In after years can I write another number entirely different, (of course) and call it "Dance of the Silly-johns, No. 2" without infringing upon the title possessed by Scottwinkle & Co., or have they the proprietary rights for all time of the original title, so long as the two compositions are otherwise entirely dissimilar? Please reply—B. R.

The above query is no easy one to answer. We respectfully refer the question to some of our lawyer readers—Mr. Samuel Simon, for instance, of the Harry Von Tilzer Co.

Editor Tuneful Yankee—How many Muses were there, and what were their names? An answer would be highly appreciated. C. A.

The Muses—daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne—were nine, named as follows: Clio, of history; Euterpe, of lyric poetry; Thalia, of comedy and idyllic poetry; Melpomene, of tragedy; Terpsichore, of music and dancing; Erato, of erotic poetry; Calliope, of epic poetry; Urania, of astronomy; and Polyhymnia, of song and harmony.

Philadelphia, Feb. 5, 1917:

Tuneful Yankee: Kindly send me your rates for The Tuneful Yankee, and also requirements for your song writing contest. Yours, W. Leo Dougherty, 1434 S. 15th Street.

You have evidently been dreaming while reading our magazine, or haven't read it at all!

Do Our Modern Writers Also Have These Idiosyncrasies?

By Estelle H. Jewell

It is said that Auber, the French composer, could only write amid green fields and the silence of the country. Haydn declared he could not compose unless he wore the large ring which Frederick the Great had given him. Previous to writing his sublime compositions, he sat in silence for hours, then he would seize his pen and write without touching any musical instrument, until he had fairly launched into a glorious ovation of concert.

Gluck, who was at one time the music teacher of Marie Antoinette, and whose operas have given him undying fame, could only compose when under the influence of champagne, two bottles of which he would consume at a sitting. He was very eccentric and original, singing and acting the parts for which at the same time he wrote the music.

Handel, when he felt the inspiration of music upon him, sought the graveyard of some village church, and on the moss-grown stones laid his portfolio and wrote his notes, never trying their harmony until the piece he had conceived was complete. Unlike Handel, Mozart played his music upon the harpsichord before he wrote a note; but he prepared himself for this inspiration by reading favorite authors for several hours, such as Dante and Petrarch. Spontani, the Italian composer, could only compose in the dark, dictating to someone sitting in an adjoining room.

Mehul, the French composer, could not produce a bar of music except among the perfume of roses. His table and writing desk were covered with them, and thus he produced his "Joseph in Egypt." Salieri, the Venetian composer, prepared himself for writing by filling a large dish with candy and bonbons, which he consumed largely during the process; and Saecchini lost the thread of his inspiration unless in company with his favorite cats, which usually sat upon his table or his shoulders while he wrote.

Lart, the well-known composer of sacred music, like Spontani, was obliged to work in the dark, daylight or artificial light utterly disconcerting him. Rossini, on the contrary, seemed to have no peculiarities like those whom we have named. He sat among his friends, laughing and talking, all the while that he was framing and creating, with marvelous rapidity, strains that will live forever. The whole of "Tancredi," which first made his fame, was thus produced.

Of living composers, it is said that Lecocq is a happy and a facile one. It is said that he can forge solos and choruses anywhere and at any time—in trains, in a hot bath, on the top of a bus, in the rain, and in a dentist's drawing room, waiting to have a tooth drawn. M. Vasseur, the composer of the "Timbale d'Argent," who is an organist by profession, contrives the most lively mel-

odies, by allowing his fingers to run wild over the keys of his large organ.

M. Offenbach it is said composed well only in the springtime and by the seaside; elsewhere and at other seasons, the works which he composed are, to use his own words, "worth little." Wagner was the most original in his methods of work. He could only compose with the assistance of suits of satin clothes of divers colors, which he donned or put off according to the style of the thing at which he worked—wearing, for instance, while busy with a pastoral duet, primrose satin, and for a martial chorus, scarlet satin.

In our days it is said that Ernest Ball is at his best by the side of a lovable girl whose realistic presence affords him silent inspiration; that Alfred Robyn finds sweetest thoughts beside his bouncing babies; that Le Wolfe Gilbert when the night is soft and still; that Irving Berlin in the bustle of the cabaret; that George M. Cohan behind the wings or at a ball game; that Ballard MacDonald where the amber fluid filters; that Alfred Bryan at break of dawn, or even upon the top of a bus, and that Harry Von Tilzer can connect his thoughts in the very heart of noise while a dozen pianos and singers are grinding out crashing tunes around him.

Similar Titles Legal, He Rules

"House of a Thousand Candles" and "House of a Thousand Scandals" Permissible, Says Justice. May Apply to Popular Songs.

A very interesting and extremely important decision has just been rendered by Judge Pendleton in the Special part of the Supreme Court that seems to settle a question involving the general copyright law.

It was an action brought by the Selig Polyscope Company against the Mutual Film Corporation claiming that the former had no occasion to ask for an injunction against the latter's picture, "The House of a Thousand Scandals." The Selig people had brought their action on the ground that they had recently released a photo-play from the Nicholson book, "The House of a Thousand Candles," the title of which, they alleged, was infringed upon by the other picture.

In rendering his decision, Justice Pendleton said:

"This is an action brought to enjoin defendants from using as the name or title of a photo-play 'The House of a Thousand Scandals.' Plaintiff, under permission from the author or his assignee of a novel entitled 'The House of a Thousand Candles,' produced or made a film for a picture play following the story and incidents set forth in the novel, and about August, 1915, commenced exhibiting such moving picture play under the name of 'The House of a Thousand Candles.'

"Defendants or their predecessors in interest made a film for a picture play with the title or name of 'The House of a Thousand Scandals,' the story or plot of which is not taken from or based on the story of the novel, and proposes to exhibit the same under the above name. Both parties have expended considerable sums of money and extensively advertised their productions under the respective names aforesaid. The action is in equity to restrain and prevent unfair competition. Although there is evidence as to copyrights secured, the cause of action does not arise thereunder, and such facts are only material as showing the history of the case. The gist of the action is that the public is liable to be misled or deceived.

"The plays themselves are entirely dissimilar. The words and language of the respective titles are to some extent descriptive of the two plays and the differences in the plots. Plaintiff advertises its play as taken from the novel. There is nothing, either in word or similarity of design in defendants' advertisements of their play, outside of and apart from the alleged similarity in the name or title, tending to

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465 I'm Down in Honolulu Looking Them Over..... DUET	493 Just a Word of Sympathy (Vocal Solo)..... REMICK
466 Us Like No Like (Sweet Constance), Hawaiian Guitar Duet..... REMICK	
467 Kilima Waltz, Hawaiian Guitar Duet..... REMICK	
468 Welcome, Honey, to Your Old Plantation Home..... SOLO	470 Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose (Fox Trot)..... REMICK
469 Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose..... SOLO	466 Romany Waltz (Band)..... SHAPIRO
470 As the End of the Trail..... BAND	
355 Soupirs d'Amour (Love's Sighs) Waltz..... BAND	515 A Perfect Day (Violin, Cello and Piano)..... BOND
399 He's Getting Too Darn Big for a One-Horse Town (Comie Solo)..... BAND	514 Love's Old Sweet Song (Violin, Cello and Piano)..... STANDARD
413 Kentucky Home (New)..... BAND	511 Pretty Baby and They Called It Distand (Medley)..... REMICK
524 So Long Letty (Vocal Duet)..... WITMARK	522 Intermezzo Russe (Xylophone Solo)..... FISHER
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show or suggest that defendants' play was taken from the novel or is in any way similar to plaintiff's play, and there is no evidence that anyone has been misled or any confusion occasioned between the two productions.

"In fact there is some evidence that there has been no such confusion and that the two plays have been exhibited in the same theatres at different times, a circumstance going to show that they have been regarded and treated as distinct and different exhibitions. Even if it be assumed that the title 'The House of a Thousand Candles' is not descriptive, but an arbitrary or fanciful title, the use of which as a trade name will be protected, where the unfair competition is based on alleged similarity, the resemblance must be such as to deceive a person making natural and ordinary use of his senses.

"While there is some similarity here as between the words 'Candles' and 'scandals' have respectively well defined meanings and represent entirely different conceptions. As defendants' title is not in terms misleading, and there is no evidence that any one has been misled or that any confusion has been created, it cannot be said that it is calculated to deceive or that deception or confusion is probable, and as defendants have not been shown to have done any other acts tending or liable to deceive or mislead, a case for an injunction has not been made out."

It will be said by many that this does not apply to the duplication of titles of sheet music. But it is of such importance in other fields that The Tuneful Yankee ventures to say that the same principle of duplication of titles would also apply to the popular song or instrumental composition, or, in fact any material which is protected by the copyright law.

Hence, the question will arise whether two songs bearing the same title may be published. In this respect we have only one

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statement to make: that simply the title of a song *per se*, cannot be copyrighted, as many of our leading music publishers and book publishers can attest.

HOW THE COW DIED

By William H. Lucas, M. D.

In Scotland and the north of Ireland the saying of "the tune the old cow died of" is very common in the mouth of the peasantry, though all who use it may not understand its origin. It arose out of an old song: There was an old man and he had an old cow, And he had nothing to give her, So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune—

Consider, good cow, consider: This is no time of the year for the grass to grow— Consider, good cow, consider.

The old cow died of hunger, and when any grotesquely melancholy tune or song is uttered the North country people say: "That is the tune the old cow died of."

[Dear Doctor: Those rhymes of "give her" and "consider" are enough to kill any cow. If a modern writer committed such an abortion on the English language we would send him to you for treatment of the vineput—Ed.]

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Good Bye Honolulu.....	A. R. Cunha	My Tropicana Hula Girl.....	A. R. Cunha
Isles of Aloha.....	Rene Dietrich	My Honolulu Hula Girl.....	A. R. Cunha
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SONG WRITING NOT A "CINCH"

(Continued from page 9)

great many have been ruined by the kind words of well-meaning friends.

"When the songs appeared in print they were not as eagerly sought as I had been led to believe they would be. My friends expected copies for nothing, and those who didn't know me paid absolutely no attention to them.

"Believing that there was always room in New York for everybody and everything, I concluded to try my luck. I soon learned that there was no room for me, for I met with nothing but disappointment.

"One dealer would not even look at the songs. He said he was busy, although apparently disengaged.

"In almost every store the manager would ask the clerks if there had been any calls for the songs. As they were only off the press and had received but few advertisements, the clerks' replies were generally half doubtful.

"But I am advertising it well, I would

say, and you will have calls for it in a day or so."

"But it was hard to make them believe this. They had songs of their own which they were eager to get into circulation, and did not wish to aid anybody entirely unknown. When they would have orders for my songs they would write for copies.

"In several stores the songs were tried on the piano, and the verdict was always favorable. One clerk said concerning one of the pieces: 'That's sweet, simple and catchy. It ought to go. Call and see me again.'

"I found it impossible to enlist anybody's sympathy, and I felt like carrying the bundle of music down to the dock and casting it into the river.

"While in this despondent mood I saw a wholesale music jobber's sign, and went into the establishment. The gentleman in charge had heard of one of the pieces, but did not seem over-eager to handle it. I finally offered the songs to him at a fair percentage. They were accepted, and today the pieces may be found in almost any store."

Witty Monologue for Stage Use

By Sam M. Lewis

Author of "My Mother's Buns," and other popular songs.

[From time to time The Tuneful Yankee will publish interesting sketch matter of this kind from the pens of noted writers, all original and valuable. Some of these bring prices ranging from \$25 to \$100.]

WELL, I just dropped in to say I just dropped out. I invented one of those flying machines and I didn't get in "Wright."

I got stuck between two church steeples and got "double crossed." My whole family were inventors. The first flying machine my father invented was a pot. It used to fly between him and mother very often. Father was a great believer in ships on land. They weren't battleships. They were "schooners." Sometimes he would bring one home with about 2,000 pounds bunnage—I mean tonnage. Mother always told me I'd be a great air-ship pilot, 'cause I was so full of hot air. Airships are the coming things. They are great to take your girl up in. When you get her up about 4,000 miles in the air she loses her independence. You can command your own terms, so to speak. That's the time. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. If she starts to scream, who'll hear her? If you really love her, ask her to marry you. She won't have the nerve to say No. You can take a girl up in your balloon without a penny in your pocket. The only saloon I know of up there isn't a saloon. It's called the Milky Way. A balloon's a fine place for a honeymoon. When your wife gets angry and threatens to go home to mother, hand her a step-ladder and she'll be a step-father to earth! It's a long drop. You bet she won't get so "airy" after that.

My father, without a doubt, deserves a lot of credit. But he doesn't get it. Even the butcher won't give it to him.

I told father I was getting too old and in a few years marriage and I would be side-tracked. He only laughed at me and told me about my grandfather. 85 years old, crippled with rheumatism, marrying a young girl of 16.

(Isn't it strange the things they used to do for rheumatism in those days!)

Ladies and Gentlemen, with your indulgence, I will go from the ridiculous to the sublime, and sing you a straight song—straight from the chest. The manager of this theatre told me unless I'd sing a song, he'd take \$700 off my salary, more or less. Less. The title of this song is:

"ITS TEN CENTS NOW TO CONEY, BUT THAT IS ONLY FAIRRE."

(Ha, ha! that's a joke.)

If there's anything I love in this big wide world it's poetry. I once wrote a little poem entitled, "The Baker's Revenge; or, The Curse of the Doughnut." Lots of people couldn't see through it.

Now, father used to say if he could afford it, he'd send me to college. He claimed I had more in my head than the rest of the family put together.

America's Best Writers and Composers

(Continued)



HOLZMANN (ABE)
Composer of the famous "Smoky Mokes," etc.



MADDEN (EDWARD)
Author of "War Babies," etc.



PIANTADOSI (AL)
Composer of "Wonderful Mother," "That's How I Need You," etc.



JEROME (BILLY)
Writer of "Sometime," "Come Over Here, It's a Wonderful Place," etc.



MACDONALD (BALLARD)
Author of "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Little House Upon the Hill," etc.



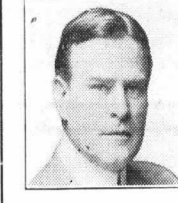
PUCK (HARRY)
Author of "California and You," etc.



JOHNSON (HOWARD)
Author of "Siam" and many original hits



McCARTHY (JOE)
Author of "That's How I Need You" and other original works



ROBYN (ALFRED)
Composer of the famous song "Answer," "Yankee Consul," etc.



KEISER (ROBT. A.)
Composer of "Anona," "Be Good to California," etc.



MOHR (HALSEY)
Composer of "Jane," "Wearin' 'Em Higher," etc.



SCHWARTZ (JEAN)
Composer of "Hello, Hawaii, How Are You?" and many other successes



KENDIS (JAMES)
Composer of "Nathan!" "Billy!" etc.



MONACO (JIMMIE)
Author of "You Made Me Love You," etc.



SMITH (LEE O'REAN)
Composer of the "Celestia" Waltzes, "Amerinda," "An Occidental Incident," etc.



KILGOUR (GARFIELD)
Author of "Somewhere in Dixie," "Sandwich Isles," etc.



MORSE (TED.)
Composer of "Dear Old Girl," "M-o-t-h-e-r," etc.



SNYDER (TED.)
Composer of "Wild Cherries" and other syncopated hits



LANGE (ARTHUR)
Composer of "Virginia Lee," "In the Sweet Long Ago," etc.



MURPHY (STANLEY)
Author of "Oh! How She Could Yacki, Hacki, Wicki," etc.



STAMPER (DAVE)
Composer of "Luana Lou," "Some Boy," etc.

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(And Mother was always so careful with us children!)

One day I proposed to a girl named Mary. Mary was awful simple. Some folks said she was simply awful. When I went home that night, my heart was heavy and my head was light, and I sat down and wrote Mary a verse something like this:

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Send me your answer P. D. Q.

Her father opened the letter and here is the answer he wrote:

Roses are red and dollars are few,
I can't afford to feed you two.

That only goes to show how stingy some people can be. Whenever I called on Mary her father claimed I was taking up too much of her time. And I gave him my word of honor if he'd let me marry her I'd not interfere with her work.

My father told me when he married mother, everybody objected—even the parson. Father handed him a dollar, but he wanted five.

But, joking aside, my father had a talking

machine long before Edison dreamed of it. Father didn't exactly make it. He married it.

And there's my brother Henry; he married an aeronaut's daughter. She inherits her ways from her father. One word from Henry and she's "up in the air."

I'll never forget the day father bought our farm. He was going to raise a lot of vegetables. He did. Neighbors used to say he raised the worst bunch of "beats" that ever came to town.

Mother also has her hands full. If it wasn't for my eldest sister, Tilly, she could never get along. The neighbors call her Till for short. She's not so good looking, but she's very good. She sings in the choir. The organist calls her voice a barrel-tone. She gets that from her father's side. To me it sounds like a hogshead. I'll never forget when we were kids mother would come into our room and find my brother Will with a dime novel in one hand, and a blank cartridge pistol in the other, and Ma would say, "Boys, you better go out and till the ground up a bit." And

Will would tell Till, and Till would till until she got ill, while Will layed still and watched Till till. Ma would say, "You ought to be ashamed to let Till till; it will kill Till" but still—Will would pretend ill with a chill, and Till would till until Will got better!

Funny Incidents in the Rambles of Music Men

Doctor "Bill" Lucas and wife were having supper at an uptown restaurant the other night. The "Doc," who is a very good-natured fellow, and not as strict in etiquette as his charming better half, did not heed that the napkin placed before him was soiled. His wife did, whereupon the doctor calling the waiter, said:

"How dare you give such a dirty napkin as that?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter. "It got folded the wrong way, sir. There, sir, how's that now?"

Andy Horan tells the following:

The son of a well-known New Yorker left the city last summer to make his home with an uncle who had grown rich in the Orient. Several months ago the family received a letter from the uncle, saying that his nephew was dead and that the body had been embalmed and had been sent home by a sailing ship. Last week the vessel arrived here, and the young man's parents, attired in deep mourning, went to receive the remains. A peculiarly shaped box was delivered to them and was removed to their home. When the undertaker opened the chest to give the parents a last look at the body, it was found to contain a large Bengal tiger. The surprised father at once cabled to his brother in India: "Some mistake. George's body not arrived. Coffin contained Bengal tiger." Last night the answer was received: "No mistake. George inside tiger."

By Bill Browning, the war poet:

"You have a model husband," said the lady who was congratulating the bride. The next day the bride bethought her to look up the word "model" in the dictionary, and this is what she found: MODEL—a small imitation of the real thing.

Told by Charles A. Bayha of Kendis Co.:

A large picture of Wm. Jerome and Jean Schwartz adorns the wall of the Wm. Jerome Publishing Corp. in the Strand Building. A young man approached one of the staff the other day and pointing to the picture said, "Say, Billy, who are those two guys,—Jerome and Remick?"

(Comedy, because true.)

By the genial Jimmy Kendis:

A lady went into a restaurant which she was in the habit of patronizing. Her favorite waiter brought her a very tough piece of chicken.

"Alphonse," said she, looking at him angrily, "why did you bring me such an old and tough piece of chicken?"

The waiter replied, bowing with Chesterfieldian grace: "Excuse me, madam, but age always before beauty!"

By Charley Martin of the Joe Morris Co.:

A teacher observed a huge blot of ink on a boy's copybook.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"Sure I think it's a tear."

"A tear? How could a tear be black?"

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"Why," exclaimed his mamma, in surprise; "where do you want to go?"

"I want to go where papa goes!"

The following is related as an actual occurrence by Ben Richmond of the Enterprise Music Co.

Some time ago I took my youngsters to a moving picture house where there was being presented "The Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius." As we passed down the aisle near the entrance, a Jewish lady was giving her children some peanuts. Her little boy dropped one of the nuts which rolled down the stairs at the entrance. The mother missing her child who had run after it, exclaimed "Myer! Myer!" in an effort to call him back. The audience turned about immediately and as she once more exclaimed "Myer! Myer!" the confused audience mistook the cry for "Fire! Fire!" and immediately was in a state of uproarious fear, some dashing for the fire exits and others clambering over each other in the wildest dismay. In a jiffy the house was entirely emptied.

As I, with my little daughters, had been standing, ready for an opportunity to take a seat, we, of course hastened to supply ourselves with two very desirable orchestra seats.

I could never to this day, understand whether that Jewish woman and her "Myer" boy were in league with me to work that seat or not; but I only know that after quiet had been restored and the fire engines had ceased puffing their roars at the entrance, the whole thing had a very ghastly and suggestive influence on the picture that was being projected about Mt. Vesuvius on fire.

Bartley Costello, the Irish bard tells the following:

"Patsy, O've been insulted, Mickey Doolan called me a liar," said an excited Irishman.

"An phwat are yez goin' to do about it?"

"I don't know. Phwat would you do av ye wor me?"

"Well, Dinny, I think O'd tell the troot' oftener."

"Sure, I think wan o' the colored boys dropped it, sir."

By the real piano boy, Seymour Furth of the Bill Jerome Co.:

Vot animal is dot vich lives mostly in de house, vich often makes a noise so peebles can't sleep?

Weber—Four-legged animal?

Fields—Yaas.

Weber—Don't let peebles sleep?

Fields—Yaas.

Weber—(triumphantly)—De piano.

Jean Schwartz and Joe Young were going through the City Hall Park the other day when Jean's hat was blown off. Meanwhile Joe had met a young lady and was in earnest conversation with her when his partner returned, hat in hand.

"It's d—d windy," said Jean. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss. I really did not observe—"

"Don't mention it, pray," replied the young lady. "I don't mind a little swearing. I work in a telephone exchange. Besides, I guess you are right," as she took an extra tuck with a pin in her own hat.

By Harold Norman, of the Remick Co.:

A merry group of vaudeville boys, returning recently from a jaunt in the country, were passing a cottage when a pretty woman accidentally turned a white handkerchief loose. Instantly from the wagon six handkerchiefs were fluttering in the breeze.

"By Jove," said one, "I wonder who she is. That was meant for me."

"It wasn't. It was meant for me," chorused everybody—that is, everybody except a little man sitting in the bottom of the wagon, and who had been hidden from sight while the party was passing the pretty woman.

"Well," he said, "I'll bet it was not meant for me."

"Why?"

"Because that was my wife."

And then a dead silence fell on the party.

Four of the best-known boys of the Waterston staff, were swapping tales recently.

Finally the conversation turned to the weather. Said Max Winslow:

"The hottest day in Chicago was July 4, 1915. At noon that day the thermometer registered 123 in the shade. The lake steamed and stewed like a tea kettle, and fish floated ashore already boiled and with cream gravy on them."

"June 28, 1914 was the hottest day I ever knew of," said Jean Schwartz. "It was so hot that we had to hang the thermometer in the well and keep fanning it to keep it from bursting."

"On August 6 of that year," said Joe Young, "I was visiting a farmer friend in the Catskills. About sunset I went to the barnyard to see how the stock was getting on. My friend had twelve fat hogs, just ready for market. Well, when I got to the barnyard all that I could find of the hogs was twelve buckets of leaf lard."

"The hottest day I ever knew of," said handsome Ted Snyder, the fishing expert, "was July 5, 1916, before I had left the old home. I remember the date well, because on that date our hens laid hard-boiled eggs."

Tom Hughes of Shapiro, Bernstein staff tells this: I have a little boy ten years old who is very fond of me. Seated on my lap the other day, with his arm about my neck, he turned to his mother and said:

"Mamma, I don't want to go to Heaven when I die."

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WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York

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More Hot Stuff

Oh, Shame on You

Camden, N. J., Feb. 1, 1917.
Mr. Smart Alec: You have a h—l of a cheek roasting my song. "Only to be with You" is as good as any of your pieces. Where do you come in to criticize other people's things? Look at your own stuff. Outside of that "See Dixie" thing I wouldn't give two cents a pound for such truck as you give away with your so-called magazine.

Alva C. Dunlap.
[Whoever you are, male or female, Alva Dunlap, The Tuneful Yankee will present you with a dictionary when you wish to "criticize" us again.]

By Leo Feist

Here is an Expression Worth White

Friend Rosenfeld: You can make your magazine a winner if you will adhere to the principles of independence and rectitude. Treat your fellowmen all alike; truthful and just.

Leo Feist.

And Here is One by Edith Blynn

Tuneful Yankee: All the money spent upon any project of this kind will never reap a return unless the prime aim is for the amelioration of the profession it enters to, be it song writing, literature, or music. You have begun well. Let us hope you will continue along these lines.

Edith Blynn.

From One of Uncle Sam's Heroes

McAllen, Texas, Jan. 29.
The Tuneful Yankee,
1547 Broadway, N. Y.
It was a welcome treat to open this little surprise package bristling with bright bits of diversity to while away the hours amid arduous duties of the rifle and the picket.

Gratefully yours,
(Maj.) M. D. Bryant,
1st N. Y. Cavalry, U. S. A.

Hard to Please

Newark, N. J.
Tuneful Yankee, N. Y.
Too much music and not enough narrative matter. "Hidden Songs," great but one of them too difficult to solve.

George M. Frazier.

We Are Trying to do This

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1917.
Editor Tuneful Yankee:
I have been looking over your fine publication with great care, in fact I have read it through twice. Everything is remarkable, especially your "Review of Popular Songs" which is just and sarcastic without being offensive. But I would like to ask you why Mr. Jacobs publishes all of his own publications. Good popular songs also by other publishers would show better taste. Give every one a chance, for there are surely others as meritorious (and perhaps better) than some of his, although I must admit that "See Dixie First" by him is a cracker.

Truly yours,
George W. Keim,
97 Eldert St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

He Also Boosts Jacobs' Orchestra Monthly

New York, Feb. 1, 1917.
I started in to give my copy of Tuneful Yankee the "once over" as I do with most musical magazines, became interested, and before I got through, had read every word of it. It fills a happy medium between the purely theatrical and purely orchestral

magazines that ought to make it extremely popular. It will no doubt become as useful to the popular melodist as Jacobs' *Orchestra Monthly* is in its field. Wishing you well deserved success, I am,

Yours very truly,
Carl Rudolpho, 293 Lenox Ave.

Something In This

Hoboken, N. J., Feb. 7, 1917.
The Tuneful Yankee.

Dear Sir: Enclosed find one dollar for a yearly subscription to your magazine entitled The Tuneful Yankee, beginning with the February issue.

I predict that your magazine will become an important factor in music circles. I like your idea in developing lyric writers, for I know there are many lyric writers unknown to fame, who, if given the proper encouragement, would make good.

Why not develop composers on the same style? By that I mean let some amateur lyric writer "hook up" with some amateur composer and see what each could do. Let them form a club. If a lyric writer should not like the composer's music, he could select from the club someone else until he gets the right man; and so also with the composer. In that way they get the knack of writing and composing. I would suggest that you form the club and list the lyric writers and composers. Each member would pay a certain sum for the privilege of becoming a member and I would also suggest a page or two in your magazine for a write-up concerning their doings.

By the way, could you put me wise to some publisher or publishers who accept and publish sacred hymns? I have some song lyrics for hymns, which I would like to send them.

Hoping to receive favorable reply soon,
I remain,
Harry A. Rosenbaum.

[Fred W. Vanderpool, care Witmark, is a capable man for the music you request.]

An Able Expression

Monroe H. Rosenfeld,
Editor, Tuneful Yankee.
Dear Sir: When I first glanced at your magazine, I tossed it aside thinking it was one of the usual trade publications gotten up to boost publishers and individuals. Someone coming into our office, picked it up and drew my attention to one of the witty points in the "Reviews of Popular Songs" column. I immediately became interested, for I noted that one of the songs you ruthlessly criticized was a publication of one of your best advertisers, proving to me conclusively that you did not make your book subservient to advertising patronage. That, at once, struck me as a good point. Without further ado I took your magazine home and read every word. To say that I was pleased and surprised is a mild way of expressing my admiration for your publication.

Louis Bernstein,
of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.

And One From "Merry Mose"

Royal Rosey: Let's see if I can find the right word. *Scrumptuous*, that's it! *Scrumptuous*, spicy and superlative without being spiteful! How's that for alliteration!

Mose Gumble.

Jeffrey, the Great

Friend Rosey: The laughter of Killarney and its lucid waters ripple into my heart with the same buoyant resonance as the pages of your bright and brilliant budget so chock-full of newness and novelty.

Jeff Branen

America's Best Writers and Composers

(Continued)



TRACEY (WILLIAM)
Composer of
Many popular ditties



VINCENT (NAT.)
Author of
"When Bill Bailey Plays
the Ukulele," etc.



VON TILZER (HARRY)
Author and Composer
"South Sea Isle," "Old
New Hampshire Home,"
etc.



VANDERVEER (BILLY)
Composer of
"She Comes from a Quaint
Little Town in Pennsylvania," etc.



VON TILZER (AL.)
Composer of
"My Little Girl"
and many others



WENRICH (PERCY)
Composer of
"When You Wore a Tulip
and I Wore a Big Red
Rose," etc.



COBB (GEORGE L.)
Author of
"See Dixie First," "When
You're Five Times Sweet
Sixteen," etc.



SCHOONMAKER (FLOYD)
of C. H. Ditson Co.
Composer of
"Love's Vision," "Life's
Radiant Star," etc.



VANDERPOOL (FRED W.)
Composer of
"My Dreams, Sweet-
heart," "The Way to Your
Heart," etc.

From a Prominent Arranger

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,
1547 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Dear Sir: All I care to say for The Tuneful Yankee is that I am enclosing check for a year's subscription, as I don't want to take chances on missing a single issue. I can see where it is going to be a necessity in my business.

Yours very truly,
J. Bodewalt Lampe.

Managing Editor,
Arranging Department,
Jerome H. Remick & Co.

And a Girl at That!

Jan. 31, 1917.

Tuneful Yankee,
Gentlemen: If every Yankee enjoyed The Tuneful Yankee as much as this Yankee there'll be a "Yankee Doodle Time" for every subscriber twelve times a year.

Sincerely,
Edna Williams.

It Slipped In

Tuneful Yankee:
How is it that you published ads of those dubious song factories in your very first issue when in your editorials you pretend to condemn them?

George Alexander.

[Error, George: it won't happen again!]

Read Our Editorials, Friend

The Tuneful Yankee,
1547 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Schlesinger: The copy of your publication has reached my desk and after going through it, I am at a loss to understand whether you intend to make it a popular publication or whether it will be more along the trade publication idea.

I do not doubt for a moment that it is a beginning of a successful magazine. I would be pleased if you are considering independent distribution of your publication on the news

stands, to submit to you our proposition. To get right at the situation and so we could get started I would appreciate it if you would tell just what your object and desires are.

Very truly yours,
Egbert Brothers,
Morrison Barnes Egbert.

Must be a Southerner

New York, Feb. 1, 1917.
Tuneful Yankee:
"See Dixie First," last and all the time! Best thing in the book.

Marie Tholke,
783 9th Ave., New York.

Spare Our Blushes, Bill

New York, Feb. 5, 1917.
The Tuneful Yankee: Your January issue received. I wondered at the thorough knowledge your new paper possessed of the popular song publishing business, including both writers and publishers, till I got a glimpse of your editorial page and met the name of Monroe H. Rosenfeld as editor. "Rosey," as he is popularly called, is a past master of the popular song. Thirty years ago we were familiar with him when he wrote Lotta's songs such as "Hush Little Baby, Don't You Cry," "Bye-bye, My Honey, I'm Gone," "Climbing up the Golden Stairs," and a decade after that he wrote "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still," which swept the country, so to speak.



BROWN (LEW)
Author of
"Please Don't Take My
Loving Man Away"

A decade after that he wrote "Take Back Your Gold," "She Was Happy Till She Met You," and about one hundred equally famous songs. The Tuneful Yankee is all right. Its news of the music business is up to the minute and most entertainingly prepared and my congratulations go to both editor and publisher as having the "best" paper of its class ever produced. With kindest wishes for its continued success, I am

Sincerely yours,
William W. Delaney,
117 Park Row, N. Y. City.

From the Author of "My Little Dream Girl"

New York, Feb. 7, 1917.
Mr. Monroe Rosenfeld, 1547 Broadway,
New York City.

Dear Sir: I must write you a few lines telling you how pleased I was with the initial publication of The Tuneful Yankee. Here is the ideal trade paper. It holds interest. I read it from cover to cover and I assure you that I shall be one of its ardent boosters and supporters.

I wrote Mr. Schlesinger, your business manager, and told him that I would be glad to subscribe even if the subscription price were three times as much. The publication is deserving of it.

With very best wishes for the long life of you and your publication, I am

Very sincerely yours,
L. Wolfe Gilbert,
1556 Broadway, N. Y.

Even the Newspapers are Commenting Upon The Tuneful Yankee

\$2.00 WORTH OF MUSIC FOR A DIME
Novel Method of Introducing Popular Songs
[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

A shrewd Boston man has just issued a musical magazine flooded with the latest popular songs and fox trots which he is trying out as an experiment. It is a forty-

*Cuts received too late to insert in alphabetical order.

MEDLEY ONE STEP FOR ORCHESTRA ONLY. THE HIT OF HENRY W. SAVAGE'S PRODUCTION "HAVE A HEART"

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN MARY" ANN

MEDLEY FOX TROT FOR ORCHESTRA ONLY

THE HIT OF DILLINGHAM & ZIEGFELD'S "HE LIKES THEIR JUKULELE" "THE CENTURY GIRL"

BOTH POPULAR PRICE Published by "KENDIS," 145 West 45th Street, NEW YORK

page periodical giving also the information as to how to write a song, how to get it published, and how to popularize it. The magazine is called The Tuneful Yankee and it also contains prizes up to \$50 for the best set of verses received; also short stories. In addition to the cash prizes there are also extracts of the latest phonograph records and "Hidden Song" puzzles for which prizes are also offered. The publication will prove a valuable guide to those who think they can write songs and also to those who sing songs, either in high or low voice. The magazine is said to be the biggest sensation which Philadelphia has had in many a day.

Besides these features monetary prizes are offered for the best set of popular lyrics received from unknown writers and financial encouragement will be extended for the best musical setting to these verses. The initial number contains an editorial announcing the paramount policy of the magazine, to wit: The condemnation of that band of plagiarists who prey upon the gullible amateur who knows not how to develop nor market his composition, nor even the method of copyrighting it.

Something Different
(From the Fourth Estate.)

A new monthly magazine, the initial number of which involves, it is said, a cost approximating \$15,000, makes its appearance in New York today. The magazine, which is entitled The Tuneful Yankee, will consist of forty-eight pages and will be devoted exclusively to the development of popular music, vocal, instrumental and mechanical. It will be issued from Boston, backed by a syndicate of wealthy music publishers

under the presidency of Walter Jacobs. A peculiarity of the publication will be its strict adherence to the cause and progress of only the lighter class of song and instrumental composition, among which are the sentimental and comic ballad, the operatic tunes, and the latest dance music. Musical magazines of all sizes and styles devoted to the works of the old masters have for years been in existence, but it is believed that no publication has heretofore been published that has specialized popular tunes. In the current number of The Tuneful Yankee are announcements of prizes to the amount of \$50 each for the best set of song words submitted, reviews of the latest songs and dance music, and short stories and comedy sketches pertaining to musical oddities. New popular songs will also be donated in their entirety, together with three full pages of photographs of the leading song-writers and composers of America. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, himself well known as a songwriter and journalist, is the editor, and the magazine will sell for \$1.50 a year.

(Walter M. Oestreich in The Brooklyn Times.) There has just been issued a monthly publication devoted exclusively to popular songs. The new magazine, which is called The Tuneful Yankee, is backed by a syndicate of wealthy publishers, of which Walter Jacobs, of Boston, is the dominant spirit. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, the musical critic, has been appointed editor. Mr. Rosenfeld is a journalist as well as a composer, some of his musical works having a wide vogue.

What Well-Known Songs Are Hidden Here?



A Year's Subscription to The Tuneful Yankee for each of the first five correct answers received

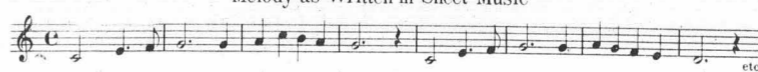
The solution of these pictures, with names of the prize winners will be published in the March Tuneful Yankee

Ragtime Piano Playing
A Practical Course of Instruction for Pianists *
By Edward R. Winn

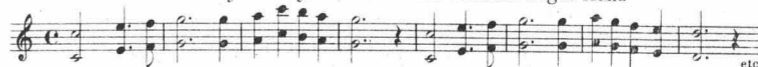
[In each issue for a period of several months we will publish an instalment of this serial course of instruction in ragtime piano playing. The complete course will include single and double two-step rag, waltz rag, discord (passing note) bass, ragged bass, playing the melody in the bass with the left 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 harmonies upon which all music is based—Straight bass.

Example 1 Melody as Written in Sheet Music



Same Melody as Played in OCTAVES with the Right Hand



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

Do not count the metre (time) aloud. Instead, stamp or tap the foot on the floor, so as to feel the natural rhythmic accents physically. With pencil, mark (if necessary) each measure O C O C directly under the notes or rests in the voice part (top staff) falling on the counts 1, 2, 3, 4. (See Example 2) When facility in playing a melody in OC-

Example 2 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C 2nd Chord of C 1st Chord of C



LESSON III

The pupil, having formed, played and memorized "straight" bass in the keys of C, G, F, Bb and Eb, is required to form, play and memorize the three chords in all twelve keys, so as to be able to recognize and classify any fundamental chord in any key by reading the notation in the instrumental part of the sheet music.

TAVES with the right hand with "straight" bass in the left hand has been acquired, one or two of the tones of the chord employed in the bass of each measure may be added within the octaves in the treble part where the melody notes do not move too rapidly, or where CONVENIENT for the right hand to strike, thus producing in certain measures a chord of either three or four tones in the right hand. Full Harmony—the heaviest

Example 3 1st Chord of C 1st Chord of C 2nd Chord of C 1st Chord of C



*Note—This course of instruction is copyrighted by Edward R. Winn and is also protected by the copyright covering the entire contents of the Tuneful Yankee. Reproduction of any or all parts is forbidden under penalty.

form of piano music. (See Example 3) *Note—When the hands cross or interfere with each other, invert and play an octave

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for
The Tuneful Yankee
Where the magazine can always be obtained

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- Umbreit Music Co., G. S. 657 Main St., Riverside, Cal.
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- Volkwein Bros. 516 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Voteler & Son, H. J. 57 Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio
- Waltz Music Co. 225 So. 3rd St., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
- Weber, Jos. A. 1714 Peach St., Erie, Pa.
- Werblich, Philip 731 Canal St., New Orleans, La.
- Western Book & Sta. Co. 425 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Weymann & Son, H. A. Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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- Willis Music Co. 137 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio
- Williams & Sons Co., R. S. 145 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., Can.
- Wilson & Sons, H. C. Ltd. Wellington St., Sherbrooke, P. Q.
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lower the tone or tones in the left hand causing the interference. Another method is to permit the chord in the bass to remain in the usual position and with the right hand (omitting the thumb) play as single notes only, an octave higher than written, the melody note or notes causing the interference.
In order to produce variety in 2-4 or 4-4 metre the bass on count 4 of a measure may be written occasionally and the chord played on count 2 repeated on count 3, thus { OCC- 1234
This may also be used to prevent interference as explained in the above paragraph when the hands cross on count 4 of a measure.
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(To be continued in the March issue)

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