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ATLANTIC PRINTING CO., BOSTON

VOL. 1 MARCH—APRIL, 1917  
NO. 3

# THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

A Monthly Magazine  
devoted to the Interests of  
**POPULAR MUSIC**

VOCAL  
INSTRUMENTAL  
MECHANICAL



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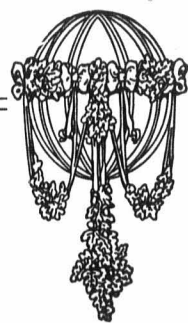


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EASTERN SELLING AGENTS

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### THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

## When You Dream OF OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE I DREAM OF TENNESSEE

It's a Wonderful March Ballad by the writers of "Are You From Dixie?"  
and "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose"

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THE GREAT HARVARD COLLEGE  
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Happy Jap  
Heap Big Injun  
Heart Murmur  
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Home, Sweet Home  
Hong-Kong-Gong  
Hoop-e-Kack  
Idle Hours

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Mustard  
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Periscope  
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Sand Dance  
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Summer Secrets  
Sun-Rays  
Sunset in Eden  
Swedish Feast  
Sweet Hizations  
Tendre Amour  
Three Nymphs  
Turkish Towel Rag

## The Tuneful Yankee Contents---March-April, 1917

| CONTENTS   |    | MUSIC  |    |
|--|----|--|----|
| In the Spring  | 2  | How Popular Songs Are Written                          | 38 |
| By Mose Gumble   |    | By Will Rossiter                                       |    |
| Editorial  | 3  | Hidden Songs   | 40 |
| And Still They Come  | 5  | Old Songs Are Best                                     | 40 |
| (Postals and letters of comment from new<br>friends of The Tuneful Yankee) |    | By Wm. L. Lucas, M.D., U.D.                            |    |
| Tuneful Yankee Puckerings  | 7  | The Air of John Brown's Body                           | 40 |
| Incidents in the Lives of Great Composers                                  | 8  | Quaint Incidents in the World's News                   | 42 |
| By Andrew von Burchardt  |    | Rag Time Piano Playing                                 | 44 |
| Reviews of Popular Music   | 9  | By Edward R. Winn                                      |    |
| A Page of Song Lyrics  | 12 | Men and Firms of Prominence in the Music<br>World      | 48 |
| From members of The Tuneful Yankee<br>family                               |    |  |    |
| Tuneful Yankee Whisperings   | 13 | There'll Come a Night (Vocal)                          | 17 |
| On the Inside  | 13 | Words and Music by George L. Cobb                      |    |
| By Arthur Lange  |    | Moonlight Wooing. Valse d'Amour (Piano)                | 19 |
| His First Inspiration  | 14 | By Bernisne G. Clements                                |    |
| By Ray Sherwood  |    | Why Did You Go Away? (Vocal)                           | 24 |
| Naturally and Accidentally Noted   | 14 | Words by Sam Landres. Music by Will Carroll            |    |
| By Harry Alford  |    | We're All for Uncle Sam (Vocal)                        | 26 |
| Tuneful Yankee Disc Drippings  | 15 | Words by James Wells. Music by Walter J.<br>Pond       |    |
| Funny Incidents in the Rambles of Music<br>Men                             | 16 | The Prayer of a Breaking Heart. (Vocal)                | 28 |
| Answers to Correspondents  | 35 | Words by Ray Sherwood. Music by Sey-<br>mour H. Miller |    |
| America's Best Writers and Composers, 43, 45, 47                           |    | Joy-Boy. Fox Trot (Piano)                              | 30 |
| Ye Clown Topic   | 37 | By A. J. Weidt   |    |



## In the Spring

By MOSE GUMBLE

In the Spring the daisies peep  
From the mossy sod;  
In the Spring the birdies cheep,  
And the blossoms nod,  
In the Spring the posters glare  
Of the circus new;  
In the Spring the goats prepare  
Those same signs to chew.



In the Spring the daffodils  
Scent the soothing breeze;  
In the Spring the silver rills  
Ripple to the seas;  
In the Spring the doctor's grin  
Broader grows, by far,  
While he hears his patients thin  
Strike the light catarrh!

In the Spring the azure sky  
Kisses earth, her bride;  
In the Spring the butterfly  
Flutters far and wide.  
In the Spring the housewife neat  
Raiseth lots of dust,  
While the husband stamps his feet,  
Swearing with disgust.



In the Spring the ice-cream signs  
Take a dose of paint;  
In the Spring the poet's lines  
Make their reader faint.  
In the Spring the flaglet droops  
On excursion boats;  
In the Spring your uncle scoops  
In your overcoats!

APR 24 1917

## THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

A MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WALTER JACOBS  
8 BOSWORTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

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WALTER JACOBS, Business and Advertising Manager, 8 Bosworth Street, Boston  
LOUIS SCHLESINGER, New York Business Manager, 1547 Broadway, New York City

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APPLICATION FOR ENTRY AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT BOSTON, MASS., PENDING

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VOL. I

MARCH—APRIL, 1917

No. 3

## Dreaming versus Doing

By M. V. F.

**T**HERE is an old story about a youth who, wearied from carrying a great basket loaded down with fragile wares, sat down by the roadside to rest, and while resting fell into a "brown-study" or waking day-dream. He dreamed of himself as in the market place, with his wares all sold at a profit and without much effort—a dream fallacy, for nothing is gained without effort. He then saw himself replacing the sold wares by another and bigger basketful at once—another fantasy, for there is a speed limit to everything. He saw all of this lot sold and again replaced, the quantity increasing each time, and so on until he had amassed a fortune—in dreams. He then woke up from his day-dreaming, and while stretching himself in satisfaction kicked over the basket, irretrievably smashing the entire original lot for which he had not paid.

The story is a good one as stories go, although it limps badly in some spots, but the motive is good and the moral is better, i.e., do your dreaming at night and in the proper place. In the first place this youth did not disclose even the smallest characteristic of your true merchant, who never dreams but ever thinks. In the second place, there is a mighty big difference between a real, honest-to-goodness "think" and a "brown-study." It is one thing to sit quietly, even while resting, and figure out logical increase, but to loaf away valuable business opportunities in dreaming of fairy fortunes is quite another proposition, and deserves a smash.

The publisher of The Tuneful Yankee is also taking a mental peep into the future, but he is *not* dreaming. To the contrary he is thinking and planning, with something more solid than dreams as a background. Nor has he placed his basket where he will be sure to "put his foot in it" when he gets up to demonstrate his thinking and planning. He is thinking and planning the possibilities of his three-months old magazine, which already loom tremendous, and is trying to picture its growth—its logical increase in legitimate circulation. All this may be a dream in one way, but it is a working dream and not a "waking" one, as the magazine is opening up an entirely fresh field that is as yet absolutely untilled. He is not dreaming of plowing this field, for the plow already is in the furrows, is hitched to a strong traction engine and has a good force behind the plow grasping and guiding the handles.

Nor is this grasping and guiding force a dream, but a very wide awake reality. It is a man who is in the broadest and closest touch with the public music pulse, in intimate touch with the biggest and best advertising dailies in the country, as well as with the big book and music publishing houses, and is thoroughly conversant with the vaudeville and theatrical fields. This man is the editor of The Tuneful Yankee, Monroe H. Rosenfeld, and his many broad connections make the traction engine which moves The Tuneful Yankee plow through a fertile field.



In certain music circles there is, and always will be, more or less of a hue and cry against popular music. Yet popular music seems to please the public and, in turn, the public seems to have a habit of buying what pleases it without depending for permission upon anyone but the producers of that which it pleases to buy. Those producers, then, who best exploit their wares without doing overmuch dreaming, are the ones who are the first to refill the basket for another sale. The tremendous value to the music trade of a big demand for popular music is almost inestimable, while a safe, sane and new method of *implanting and increasing this demand* is more than inestimable. The field is the first thing, the plow is the second, and the man behind the plow is the third. This is not a roadside dream, but a well organized campaign in a new field, and by helping the producers to fill their baskets The Tuneful Yankee is also helping itself in filling its own.

The Tuneful Yankee is in the field to exploit popular music in a way that never has been attempted before, and the size of its basket depends upon its circulation. Its printing basket already is comfortably full, but if the past two months is criterion the circulation of The Tuneful Yankee is going to increase in leaps and bounds, perhaps necessitating a bigger basket for the next load.

This magazine is *not* sitting on a stump by the roadside and *dreaming* what it would like to do, but it is *doing it, and now*. It is traveling straight to the best market places, and *reaching the people who want and buy popular music*. If the working dream of its publisher is not a "rabbit" nightmare, and his daily mail would prove that it is not, it will not be at all surprising to see the monthly circulation of The Tuneful Yankee reach the astonishing figures of 100,000 copies during the present year. Nor would it be the least bit surprising to see these figures tremendously increased. There of course can be no absolute circulation guarantee for any new publication, but judging by the present demand it will not be strange to see 100,000 expand into 200,000, to 300,000 or even to 500,000. That is the publisher's wide-awake dream, a *thinking and working* dream whose beginnings already are taxing editorial staff and clerical force to capacity.

Statistics make dry and uninteresting reading, yet statistics do the business and we are all out for business—100,000, 200,000, or 500,000 are "bone-dry" as mere figures, but as circulation factors they become extremely interesting to advertisers. Three things have been mentioned as essential in tilling the field, namely, the field, the plow and the man behind the plow. There is a fourth essential, however, and that is fuel for the traction engine—the medium of advertising. This The Tuneful Yankee feels sure it has cornered in a unique way, as it penetrates into obscure corners heretofore unreached. This is no dream.

Messrs. Publishers, Producers and Dealers in and of popular music, do you realize just what it means to your present business to break into a new and fertile field that is being well tilled now and will be even better tilled in the near future? Your baskets can't be filled without an effort, but that can be reduced to the minimum, and the filling is well worth the efforts. Don't sit on a stump so long in dream contemplation that you forget the basket until yourself or the other fellow kicks it over. Let The Tuneful Yankee help you to place your music "glassware" on a new market at the minimum of delay, effort and expense to yourself—a market perhaps inaccessible to you without extended time, greater effort and bigger outlay on your part. Herald your goods in places that you do not now reach. Don't dream, but DO.

## An Incident From Life

IN the midst of our duties one day last week there entered our portals a youthful looking man, plain of attire, not exactly uncouth in appearance, respectable looking, but with an exterior denoting poverty and self-abnegation, who timidly approached our business manager.

Presuming, of course, that he was a mendicant in search of alms, and being quite busy at the time, no immediate attention was paid to him. Personally we noted that he was restive, for, fumbling his hat, he re-sought our attention. As we approached him we were pleasantly astonished to note within his outstretched hand a piece of Uncle Sam's paper.

"Here is my dollar, please; will you let me be one of your subscribers?"

At first we were inclined to believe that either the man was joking or that the greenback was simply stage money. We falteringly accepted it and asked where the magazine be sent. "I have no home

address," said the man meekly, "but if you will kindly lay the book aside for me each month, I will be in to get it myself."

"Well, have you no address whatever where we can mail you the book?" we asked, "for it may be inconvenient for you to call each month, as you probably may be working or engaged in some other duty."

The man looked abashed and replied that it was no trouble for him to call and that he was not engaged in any business nor was he even employed anywhere.

"Great Scott," exclaimed our business manager, "you surely cannot spare this money, can you?"

The man demurely hung his head and said: "I borrowed that dollar and I would beg for any necessary money to become a reader of your magazine, inasmuch as I know that this magazine is going to be the most valuable guide for me in the world. It will be my bread and butter. It will be my protector; at least I am sure

(Continued on page 47)

### Important Notice to Our Subscribers

Owing to the fact that this issue of The Tuneful Yankee is dated March and April, to eliminate the handicap of a late start on the first issue, all subscriptions have been extended one month, so that each subscriber will receive the EXACT NUMBER OF COPIES for which he has paid.

See further explanation on page 13 of this number.

**From a Noted Composer**  
New York, March 3, 1917.  
Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, The Tuneful Yankee.

Allow me to extend to you, as Editor-in-Chief, my heartiest congratulations on the excellence of your new publication, The Tuneful Yankee. It certainly is needed, and if, at any time, you should wish to change your name, The *Truthful* Yankee would apply equally well. May your pen never run dry!

With all good wishes for your success, I am, sincerely,

Frederick W. Vanderpool,  
Witmark & Sons.

#### A Winsome Letter

New York, March 5, 1917.  
Monroe H. Rosenfeld, Esq., Tuneful Yankee:

Enclosed are photos and data for write-ups of pianists directly interested in popular music and who are in a position to assist greatly in rearing The Tuneful Yankee.

I might state that I am a first propagandist of popular music and that you may call on me for any service within my power, without thought of consideration personally, for I have no axe to grind in reference to my business of publishing music.

It would seem to me, Mr. Rosenfeld, that you have been preparing all these years (your name was familiar to me twenty years ago) for just such a post as the editorship of The Tuneful Yankee, and with your wide experience and versatility I feel that you were "made to order" for our magazine.

With very best wishes for your personal success and that of the magazine, I am,

Cordially and sincerely yours,  
Edward R. Winn.

#### Thanks, Doc.

Miami, Fla., March 1, 1917.  
Friend Rosey: I just want you to know that while looking over the "Yankee" I thought those breezy notes read like you, and to my surprise later happened to turn to page that contained your name.

Well, I'm wintering in Miami, Fla., as usual, and wish you well.

Yours,  
M. D. Swisher.

[Oh, you wealthy music master! We wish we were with you down in balmy Florida, Doc.]

#### Brief and Sweet

Monroe H. Rosenfeld, 1547 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: An enclosing check for \$1.00 for a yearly subscription to your splendid publication.

Here's hoping that you will have success. Yours very truly,

G. Hogan Payne Co.

#### Ravishingly Sweet

Editor Tuneful Yankee: I cannot permit this opportunity to go by without commending your beautiful magazine so redundant with original and fascinating features. Your article on ragtime was intensely interesting—so much so that while I, myself, cannot master that art, still was so enchanted with it that I am almost tempted to begin its study. I read every page of your book through with the utmost attention and was perfectly enthralled with the contents. With kind wishes for your every success.

Sincerely yours,  
Mildred C. Davies.

[Pretty lady: If you call our book beautiful what adjective can we use to express your charms—you, with your golden hair and sunny smile and transcendent elegance! Now, will you be good!]

#### Another Honest Letter Mingled With Sense and Sorrow

All the Way from Pueblo, Col., but with a Realism that Touches Our Great Cities

Pueblo, Col., Feb. 10, 1917.  
Editor Tuneful Yankee.

Dear Sir: Enclosed find my year's subscription to your new musical magazine. I am also submitting the enclosed song-poem although I don't expect it to get anything. Return postage is enclosed. Your new magazine is a worthy one and your idea to attack and expose the fake music houses amuses me, as my partner, Mr. Vogel, and myself have had some sad experiences with these said publishers. We have over a dozen contracts from various fake concerns that we are keeping for souvenirs. We submitted a couple of our songs to them, both words and music, and after paying the usual \$35.00 per, for publication of same,

## And Still They Come

POSTALS AND LETTERS OF COMMENT

Read Here What You Have Written Us

We found we had been neatly trimmed. Never again! Your idea of a song-poem contest is a good business idea, for nearly everyone, from the tramp on the road to the highest society folks, consider themselves at times poetically inspired, and think they have written something that will set the world afire. To think you are a poet is human nature, and none of us is free from the disease. It is a good idea to write poems, it is inspirational, and develops the mind; but I guess the best idea is to put them in the fire when you get through; I forgot to do that with the one I have submitted to you. Mr. Vogel put a rather pleasing melody to the poem I have submitted but, as you only want the poem, I left that out. Your magazine has some new and original ideas, and should meet with considerable success. Your "Funny Incidents," "Whisperings," "Puckerings," etc., are very interesting. It is a magazine that ought to be in every musical home, for it will interest the youngest as well as the oldest. I will recommend it to my friends. With best wishes for your undoubted success, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

Albert J. Basler,  
312 Bradford St., Pueblo, Colo.

#### Impressed Him Greatly

Judging from the copy of The Tuneful Yankee received (it really impressed me greatly) I can freely state that it is the best musical magazine I have ever had the pleasure of reading. All my friends who have seen it are of the same opinion. There is a field for it and I know it will prove a startling success.

Gregory Cinque,  
Tribune Bldg., New York.

#### Glad You Enjoyed Them

Feb. 2, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee:

Dear Sir: Your "Hidden Songs" are away the best thing in your magazine. There is absolutely no feature in the entire publication so attractive and interesting. Of course, I don't expect to guess them all but just the same, I think they are great. We have had more fun at home working over these mystifying things than you can believe. I can't wait to see your next issue for their answers.

Very truly yours,  
W. C. Lorimer,  
Elizabeth, N. J.

#### An Odd Suggestion

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, Editor Tuneful Yankee.

Dear Sir: In response to your postal inviting me to give my impression of your magazine would say that I was very much impressed with the piece of music in the book entitled "See Dixie First," and, in fact, I was much interested in its entire contents. A very unique idea was your sending out this postal, particularly the invitation contained thereupon to either praise or find fault with your magazine. That, alone, demonstrated to me the fact that you were pretty confident that this postal would evoke favorable comments from the people, believing, as you did, that there was no fault to find. Clever ideal!

I noticed in turning over pages of The Tuneful Yankee that between each paragraph is the sign of the flat. The composers, evidently, used this sign as an asterisk to divine paragraphs. It looked like a B flat signature. Why not change this to the sign of B sharp? Do you know the old saying? "Try to be sharp; never be flat; always be natural." Your magazine deserves the B sharp.

The yellow cover page with black ink on the first edition might possibly be improved by making red, white and blue to correspond with Uncle Sam and The Tuneful Yankee's patriotic purpose.

A. E. Clayden,  
171 Madison Ave., New York.

#### Dollars Crowded into Dimes

Astoria, L. I., March 3, 1917.  
Editor, Tuneful Yankee: Your magazine is surpassingly valuable. The music reviews and Mr. Winn's article on ragtime, stand out as admirable features; I think the song of New Hampshire the most delightful piece of popular music which I have seen in any music store or in any magazine ever published. It is more than catchy. There is no reason imaginable why The Tuneful Yankee should not outlive every magazine of modern times. There are dollars crowded into dimes within its cover.

Sincerely yours,  
Walter Hampton.

#### Poetical Lad, Verily

New York, March 7, 1917.

Dear "Rosey": May your "Tuneful Yankee" get the hoodle, and live as long as "Yankee Doodle." I'm sure that's quite enough to wish you. I thoroughly enjoyed this issue.

Edward Laska.

#### Certainly Appreciates Us

Dobbin's, N. J., March 4, 1917.  
Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: As I have been a sucker four (4) times, paying \$50 to publish each song and also from my experience as one of the firm of the Trader-Elliott Music Co., of Atlantic City, certainly know and appreciate what Mr. Will Reardon says in the February edition of The Tuneful Yankee is true.

Enclosed you will find a manuscript I have written and dedicated to The Tuneful Yankee, the most interesting and valuable musical magazine I ever read. If same meets with your approval you are at liberty to use it as you see fit.

Very truly yours,  
Chas. E. Trader.

[Your song is rather pretty, but we have no "Evangelines" in our office. The nearest approach to an evangelic person is our flaxen-haired typist, Estelle, or Lulu's Bertha, and they have fellers of their own.]



**He Doesn't Want Much**

Tuneful Yankee, New York.  
Dear Sir: Received your copy of The Tuneful Yankee, for which I am taking time to express my thanks to you. I think well of your paper, and think every song writer should be a subscriber to it. I will boost your paper all I can in Dixie, but I expect in return for you to boost me in your paper.  
Yours truly,  
W. Earthman Farrell.

**Don't be Sore if We Tell the Truth About Your Song**

Boise, Idaho, February 8.  
Editor of "Tuneful Yankee," New York City.  
Dear Sir: Enclosed please find your postcard on which I have written our impression of your first number. If you maintain the high standard you have set and this same policy toward the independent song writer and publisher, you may assuredly count Hoover and Tukey among your loyal friends.  
I am mailing you a copy of our first song—but not our last—"Oh, Idaho, You Sunny Fascination" and would be sincerely glad to know your impression of it, if you have time. We are, technically speaking, amateurs, but not novices; and are putting out, ourselves, sincere, clean work because we got weary of banging at the shut gates of over-stuffed publishers. We are bringing out a second number soon; a real irresistible rag tune, and Jewish Hester street comedy character lyric—a number especially adapted to stage use.

I think you may be interested to hear that Otto Zimmerman and Son, Cincinnati, did our press work, and we are pleased to go on record that they accorded us courteous and fair treatment in every respect. Their work is, of course, familiar to you, and speaks for itself.  
With very best wishes for The Tuneful "Yankee," for which find two subscriptions enclosed.

Yours very truly,  
Hoover and Tukey.

[We don't begrudge the puff to Zimmerman, but an "ad" from them would look well in The Tuneful Yankee.]

**All the Way From Kentucky**

We find The Tuneful Yankee "up to the minute." We publish "That Queen City Rag" and "He's the American Boy." But we've got nothing on you.

With kind regards,  
Connett Sheet Music Co.  
Publishers and Distributors, Newport, Ken.

**You're an Honest Boy, Charles**

Brooklyn, Feb. 1, 1917.

Gentlemen: I am a lyric writer myself, but I want to take off my hat to the fine words in your song "There's Someone You've Forgotten" by Jack Yellen and George Cobb. They are poetry combined with music that is very charming. Your entire book is faultless. It's simply wonderful, that's all. Have sent you cash subscription.

Very sincerely yours,  
Charles Rome,  
147 Chester St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**We Agree with You**

Plainfield, N. J., Feb. 8, 1917.

Dear Sirs: The Tuneful Yankee looks to me like a big hit in the popular music world. Never before have I seen a periodical of this class launched with such apparent success. Every page has something different but of interest to everyone who is musically inclined.

Yours very truly,  
D. J. Randall.

**You Are Mistaken About Winn's Clever Method**

Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 1, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee  
Dear Sir: You should give us more of those fine musical numbers and less heavy stuff about formation of scales, etc. I thought your magazine was for popular music. See foot of page 43. What popular singer can understand this. Give us more pretty things like "Ashes of My Heart" and the "Crystal Currents" Waltz.  
Herbert E. Donaldson, pianist.

**Send Us Your Address**

Tuneful Yankee

Gentlemen: Please state in your paper where the song "See Dixie First" can be had in sheet form. I mean with the cover on, by itself, as they sell them in the music stores, and oblige.

A Reader.

[We do not publish store addresses in our reading columns. If you will send your name we'll forward the information by mail.]

**A True and Excellent Letter**

Ingenious Expression of a Struggling Song Writer

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1917.

Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find money order for the sum of one dollar as I wish to become a subscriber to your wonderful magazine, The Tuneful Yankee. I have sent you my opinion of the magazine on the postal card you enclosed with the January number which I received, but I want to say a little more, as I have more space. In the first place, it is just the kind of a magazine that I have been trying to find for the past two years; and, in the second place, I have a feeling that it is going to be the means of helping my efforts to become successful in making my long-delayed start in the "song-writing profession," a profession I intend staying in once I get started by having a song published. I have read every single article in this magazine since receiving it from you, and find them very interesting and useful to anybody who likes popular music and, last of all, to a person like myself, for instance, who is trying to secure a start in the "song-writing profession." I also wish to state that I intend to enter about five or six song poems in your contest which you will receive by the end of next week at the latest, for if there ever was a chance for an amateur song writer to become a professional, as it were, this is the chance of a lifetime, and you can put me down right now as one of your contestants.

I have four complete lyrics right now, but hope to have one or two more finished soon, and besides I want to have them type-written before I send them to you. Included among the four I have finished is a lyric I sent to M. Witmark & Sons, but who sent it back saying they could not use it as there were too many of the same style on the market at that time, otherwise they would have accepted it. The reason I say they would have accepted it, is because I wrote them after they returned it to me, and asked their opinion of it. They said it was all right, which was enough coming as it did from M. Witmark & Sons, one of the first-class firms of publishers, who are the only publishers of note willing to do business with me—which is only to examine my lyrics. As I have a little more space I am going to tell you of my experiences in dealing with publishers, while trying to make my start in the profession, which to my opinion is the hardest of all. The first publisher I had dealings with was John T. Hall, who is now serving a two-year sentence in Atlanta Prison, for swindling embryo song writers. One day, it was about three years ago, I saw his ad in the paper and wrote him asking for some information, and I certainly did receive it, only it was not information.

(Continued on page 34)

**An Enthusiastic Friend**

Feb. 14, 1917.

Mr. Louis Schlesinger, Bus. Mgr. Tuneful Yankee, 1547 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir: Enclosed herewith please find \$2.00 which constitutes subscriptions for one year. I must say that I was agreeably surprised with the first issue and can assure you that it cannot help but be a "howling success" if you can keep up the standard now set forth. It is the medium long needed between the music publishers, the profession and the public. I shall assuredly do all I can to have my pupils subscribe and wish to inquire what inducements you offer for subscriptions. I also take the liberty to enclose three lyrics which I wish to enter in your contest. I also enclose two 2c. stamps covering the return postage should they not "land the bacon."

Yours very truly,  
John M. Tait.

Director Winn School of Popular Music, 477 59th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have secured a subscription from one of my pupils. Kindly credit me with same, and mail The Tuneful Yankee for one year commencing with the Jan. 1917 number to within address.

[One of your clever songs enclosed was even more welcome than your subscription. For your sake we hope it strikes our readers that way.]

**These Two Lassies Solved Our Song Puzzles**

ELIZABETH HASLEN  
Brooklyn, N. Y.



HELEN HERZOG  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

**THE TUNEFUL YANKEE PUCKERINGS****Whistle 'Em Around**

**FUNNY** how a popular song will spread. A few weeks ago the crazy Southern affair "Don't Leave Me, Daddy!" was unheard of. Suddenly some vaudeville singer brought it out on a trial, and presto! every troupe and aggregation en tour snapped it up and warbled it from Tampico to Texas. Now it has just struck the East. Mr. Kronberg, of the Plaza Music Co., reports daily sales aggregating 5,000 copies.

**OUT** of scores of songs submitted the Russian boy tenor, Scarpioff, has chosen Motzan's "A Tear, A Kiss, A Smile."

**HERBERT SPENCER**, the composer of "Underneath the Stars," "There's Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes," and other noted songs, told the writer recently that he was proud of his clever little wife, Fleta Jan Browne, who writes the lyrics of his songs. Well, who isn't!

**AN** odd affair which has just sprung into popularity is a song by James Broekman, "The Ghost of the Ukulele." Whatever it means the Lord only knows, but the way Howard and Howard put it "over" at the Winter Garden nightly defines, at least, that they do know the meaning very strong.

**ERNEST BALL**, the composer, is using Jim Kendis' "Come out of the Kitchen" in his stage act, which speaks pretty well for the song, when Ernie can ball out some pretty good ones himself.

**A** REMARKABLY gifted Brooklyn lassie, non-theatrical, is named Leona Lewis, of Floyd Street. She is a miss still in her very early teens who memorizes a popular or classical song, or instrumental piece, with remarkable facility. Irrespective of her ability to play the piano, she also improvises in an artistic manner. This little embryo musician will some day surely be heard from.

**IF** Arthur Hoffmann, Leo Feist's private secretary, could unbosom himself he could divulge enough material to put an ordinary individual into business. He knows all the great man's secrets and deceptions, of years' standing; but the wise Arthur is as tight as a drumhead and is clamped as an oyster and the world wags on.

**THE** pretty song, "The Prayer of a Broken Heart," presented to our readers with this number, is contributed by the well-known and courteous publisher, Mr. P. J. Howley, whose recent return to the music field has been marked with expressions of welcome from all his fellowmen. "Pat" Howley is one of the few of God's chosen noblemen who has never been known to make an enemy—at least not a lasting one.

**MISS MARTHA UNGER** is one of the bright annexes to the Woolworth institution. She is the young woman who dominates the big Brooklyn branch on Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue, and what she does not know about popular songs is not worth the hole in a doughnut.

**"BY JOVE!"** exclaimed merry Bill Jacobs, traveling salesman for the Joe Morris Co., grabbing the editor's hand heartily, "You have some magazine! And it's going to 'go' too, for Walter Jacobs wins out with everything he undertakes! Look at his 'Cadenza,' and 'Orchestra Monthly!' To which, Hyman Morris, standing by, murmured, "You said a mouthful, Bill!"

**A** SONG with an odd idea just written by Dave Berg to a musical setting by Al. Piantadosi is entitled, "The Greatest Thing I Ever Did Was to Fall in Love with You," which is expected to go as lively as "If You Had All the World and Its Gold."

**THE TUNEFUL YANKEE** has been rather generous heretofore in its distribution of free copies. Hereafter those "liberal" (?) guys who send marked copies to other cities or who want to spare their own, will have to pay for them. No more free copies will be sent out.

**THEY** say Mose Gumble's recent trip to the West was to look over his firm's departmental interests. But we believe he got away to avoid giving away suits of clothes to mendicant friends.

**HERE** is an interesting little narrative. Some time ago a quiet, well-bred young girl, the daughter of a well-known Western editor, left her home clandestinely and came on to the Great White City to

gain for herself a musical education. With no financial aid from her angered parent she struggled along until, by sheer perseverance and self-reliance, she finally gained a foothold and developed her innate talents. Now she is independent in her chosen field and ere long will demonstrate her remarkable gifts in a public recital in one of Gotham's big piano halls. The name of the valiant little miss is Constance Piper. Constaney means something.

**A** DOZEN more or less prominent music publishers have as their lawyer one Max Josephson, an astute and popular dispenser of legal lore, to safeguard their interests. Now, the interesting question arises: Suppose they all get tangled up simultaneously in personal warfare? But banish the thought—how can they, when one lawyer stands ready to save the one against the other!

**A** VERY elaborate edition of music is that issued by the Music Craftmasters, of Montclair, N. J. Some of the titles are, "The One Who First Sang to Me" and "My Rose of Another Day."

**VERY** few persons know that W. W. Eden, the astute buyer for the Kress Co., was once a music associate with the Witmarks. He is a keen, useful, courteous man but one who won't stand for "salve" as publishers can attest.

**MR. EDWARD B. MARKS**, of the Joseph W. Stern Co., is a very domestic man. His happiness seems to be wrapped up in the growth and development of his beautiful children, a dashing miss of 14, Phyllis by name, and a remarkably bright son, Herbert; also a diminutive other one, whose name we have forgotten. The writer enjoyed a most interesting visit some time ago at the publisher's artistic domicile in East 65th Street where his haughty and refined better half proved a delightful hostess. Few persons know that Mr. Marks is actively engaged in charitable work.

**THE** first Jazz song to strike the market is one just issued by the Broadway Music Corporation, by Lew Hayes, entitled, "Everybody's Jazzing It."



WHETHER a jump for the better, or vice versa, the distinguished composer and music instructor, Nate J. Kirsch, has now associated himself with the Mason and Hamlin Piano Co., involving a career of interesting diversion and utility. As a salesman of pronounced ability he has thus far proved that his new avocation is a most profitable one.

A QUIET, unostentatious, ministerial-looking man who seems to be a credit to the trade is William L. Rosenbaum, termed the vice-president of The Bernard-Granville Publishing Co. He is a fellow with a Chesterfieldian personality, affable in mien and deportment, but who is an indefatigable hustler.

A CLEVER musical act is being perpetrated upon the community by "Billy" Browning, entitled "A Car Full of Laughs." This man's accurate impersonations of William Jennings Bryan, Roosevelt, Billy Sunday and others would start a war greater than the European calamity if demonstrated upon the public thoroughfare.

THERE is a certain music publisher in Gotham—well we might as well tell his name: Mike Morris—who never discharges an employee. When any of them does wrong, the doughty Mike never discharges the offender, but he simply wades in and punches seventeen kinds of wax out of him. Sometimes a fellow is hit below the belt and he is laid up for a week or two, during which time, however, Mike gallantly pays his board and clothes his family. He comes back to work a different man.

JAMES F. ACCARDY is a young fellow looking to be about eighteen years of age who possesses an orchestra known as the "Jeannings Aggregation" which has a large following, irrespective of the young director's youthful appearance.

A COMPLIMENT was recently paid J. Bodewalt Lampe, the composer, by the performance of a new march from his pen, entitled "Universal Peace," before Governor Whitman, who led the march to the strains of the Lampe inspiration at the Old Guard Ball.

WHEN a successful modern play can be written around the title of an old song, popular nearly thirty years ago, it is about time for song writers to give the world new inspirations. Yet such a thing has just been accomplished in a New York success, entitled "Johnny Get Your Gun."

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE wants to have nothing to do with fake music publishers nor fake jobbers. We shall before long publish a page article on a recent fake publication which came to our notice some time ago and which we are now investigating through the Federal laws.

IN a very short time The Tuneful Yankee will have a galaxy of every important and reliable music publisher and jobber in its columns. Their photographs will appear with a list of their hits. We are all already to make a start in the next number. To every letter sent out immediate responses and pictures were received.

IF Charles K. Harris would shelve the exploitation of such songs as "Love Me Little or Long" and other trite affairs and devote himself to one particular song which he has, he would be better off. The Tuneful Yankee refers to a song which we heard the other evening upon a phonograph. It was absolutely one of the most charming ballads that has reached our ears for years. In fact, we have never heard of the song before, but we surely want to hear of it again for it was written in Harris' most delightful, original vein, and was a typical Harris song—which means a great deal. The composition was called "I'm Starving for a Sight of You."

## Incidents in Lives of Great Composers

Can Modern Writers Boast of Such Quaint Happenings?

By Andrew Von Burchardt



This story is an able collection by the distinguished music and photograph expert, Prof. Andrew Von Burchardt.

IT is a remarkable fact that the great composers, while children, have almost invariably given astonishing proof of their genius. Mozart conceived a passion for music almost in babyhood. His father was a musician of some repute, and, of course, soon discovered the extraordinary powers of his offspring. At three years of age, the child devoted himself to music, and at four could play the harpsichord. It took him, we are told, but five minutes to learn a minuet. When five years old, the infant played pieces of his own composition. He despised games of any kind, except those in which music was introduced in some way. In his seventh year, he played before the Elector of Saxony. The young genius requested the Elector to send for Wagenseil, the composer, and when he arrived, Mozart said to him, "I am going to play some of your pieces, and I wish you to turn over the leaves."

It is related that Mozart had a great antipathy to any unmusical sound, and the sound of the trumpet particularly annoyed him. His father, in a jocular mood, once sounded the trumpet in his son's hearing, but was obliged to desist by the child fall-

ing into a swoon. In 1763, when seven years of age, he composed his first two works, and his fame extended throughout Europe. A story is told, which illustrates his marvelous memory for musical sounds. At twelve years of age, Mozart was in Rome during Passion Week. He was present at the performance of the "Miserere," a work from which everyone was prohibited from copying. On arriving home, however, Mozart made from memory, a copy of the score which, having been corrected after a second hearing of the work, was found to be perfect.

Haydn, who was born in 1732, was the son of a wheelwright, in the village of Rohrau, about forty miles from Vienna. The wheelwright was also the parish sexton, and was passionately fond of the organ. In the course of a journey to a distant town he learned to play the harp a little. At the close of the week's labor, the wife would sing to her husband's accompaniment, and Haydn, himself, has stated how these homely concerts appealed to his musical instincts as he, with two pieces of wood in his hands, pretended to play the violin. One Sunday the family were visited by a relation named Frank, who was a schoolmaster in Hamburg. Frank noticed the wonderful precision with which the child of six with his make-believe instrument, kept time to the music. He offered to take him back to Hamburg—an offer which the parents, who desired their son to enter the Church, gladly accepted. At Hamburg, Haydn rapidly succeeded in obtaining a complete musical education, although he did not gain fame till he had arrived at manhood.

Sebastian Bach had a twin brother whose voice, disposition and music were almost identical with his own, but did not attain to eminence as a musician, and an elder brother, who was organist at a church. A pathetic story is told of the ardor with which the boy would seize on any musical composition he could find. Sebastian was very anxious to play a number of pieces which his brother refused to let him have. At length the child resolved to copy them; but as he had to obtain them from a cupboard by stealth, and, having no candles, had to work by moonlight, the task took him several months to accomplish. When he was just finishing the last piece, his brother discovered him and destroyed all his copies.

Beethoven first excelled in performance rather than composition, but before twenty he had composed marches, sonatas, and songs for the pianoforte. As early as his ninth year, Mendelssohn distinguished himself as a pianist and composer, and at the age of seventeen gave concerts in France and Italy. Of Liszt, it is well known that even in very early childhood, he displayed the most extraordinary powers, playing acceptably in public in his ninth year, and at eleven years of age giving concerts with the most brilliant success.

# Reviews of Popular Music

By MONROE H. ROSENFELD

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

*The Queen of the Roses Was You.* Lyric by Louis Weslyn. Music by Fred. W. Vanderpool. Published by M. Witmark & Sons, New York.

The audacity of some lyricists! How can Mr. Weslyn call the words of this song a "lyric"! Where did Louis get his latest exemplification of grammar from? If the queen of the roses saw the grammatical phrase speaking of her as "was you" she would blush more deeply than the flower to which she is so scathingly compared! Now, dear Mr. Weslyn, if a person should say of you "the kingpin of scribes is you" how would you like that? "The queen of the roses were you" is correct and you know it. At least you should know it. For your benefit we will give you the declination—"I was, thou wert, he was. We were, you were—"

But you never were in this instance, a poet. However, we shall not chide you severely because it may have been a *lapsus calami*; those slips sometimes occur in modern songs, and I guess you wanted to be modern all right. Otherwise, the beautiful story you have written "with its glorious morning in June" is apt and poetical and were it not for the "queen of the roses was you," instead of "were you," this ballad with Mr. Vanderpool's flowing waltz rhyme would stand out as a delightfully engaging composition.

*The Magic of Your Eyes.* Song. Words and music by Arthur A. Penn. Published by M. Witmark & Sons, New York.

Ah! here is a refreshingly quaint ballad of the Tosti style! How beatifically glints the melody throughout the work with its wholesome harmony neatly wrought into passionate climaxes! We don't know Arthur Penn but his work in this instance would make anyone his friend.

Three songs with original music by George Beaverson. No. 1, *My Country 'Tis of Thee*. No. 2, *My Country 'Tis of Thee*. No. 3, *O God of Nations*. Published by the author, 35 Frankfort Street, New York.

The brazenness of some folks! Here comes a man with the temerity to change the famous melody of our national patriotic song! What does Mr. Beaverson expect to gain by taking the famous air of his native land and substituting for it a tune of his own? Does he presume, for one instant, that the true-born American would usurp the prerogative of his land by shelling the tune of his forefathers for a whimsical melody? Is it a conceit on your part, Mr. Beaverson, to parade as a more ingenious musician than the creator of this well-accepted hymn? Or, is it that you, in a mood of depression, found grievance with the ordained principles of composition

adopted by one, presumably your superior? While not digressing from the subject and being willing to award you the publicity of this review, The Tuneful Yankee must say that it cannot seriously accept the sincerity of your purpose. And yet—wishing to be unbiased and fair—we must make this astounding admission, viz.: you have surely accomplished something. It is this: Men of sober minds will see some utility in your work. You have written a melody to this song, which, to some folks, will be welcome. Your melody is a very unique, sacred composition. People with a taste to sing the words of *My Country 'Tis of Thee*, *The Star Spangled Banner* and kindred songs in a religious vein, will welcome the quiet hymnal setting you have given your work. It has, therefore, some practical use.

Your peace hymn, *O God of Nations* is also well woven musically, but in the second verse you have this remarkable piece of poetical license—

O king of love, make wars to cease.  
Now, Poet Beaverson, how can one make wars to cease? Wars are not made to cease; they are made as vehicles to fight and fight d—d bitterly, as we note these days from the horrors of the trenches! We presume you meant to say—

O king of love, cause wars to cease.  
Is this not so? At least, that is our opinion, because any person, object, or deity who would make wars to cease is not right in the upper story.

*That Beautiful Dreamy Waltz.* Words and music by Chas. E. Trader and E. S. Elliott. Published by the authors, Atlantic City, N. J.

Dear Gentlemen: Why you have called your composition *That "Beautiful" Dreamy Waltz* passes our comprehension. It may appear beautiful enough to you, but our beautiful typist-pianist, who is more than a competent critic, affirms that your work is beautiful only in your eyes. If you should have headed it *That Nice Dreamy Waltz* we should have bowed our heads in assent, because it is a fairly good composition. That's all.

*My Sue of Old Tennessee.* Song by William Warren, Springfield, Ill. Published by the author.

Now, Mr. Warren, in your letter to us, you ask The Tuneful Yankee to review your song without fear, and say that you will not get "mad" if we tell what we think. We would do this, anyhow, without your consent. A piece of published music is public property and, in the same manner that a dramatic editor has the right to criticize a play, we have the right to criticize a song, notwithstanding the bluffs and scurrilous letters

which some aggrieved people write us, and regardless of the underhanded efforts of other cheap skates who send marked copies of our magazine to rival publishers—who already get it.

A sensible man should be glad to have an honest criticism of his prints. In fact, only a few days ago a well-known publisher wrote The Tuneful Yankee a letter of thanks for telling the truth about one of his weak songs and even took our advice, accepted the inconsistencies we pointed out, and destroyed the entire faulty edition of his original print.

Concerning your *Sue* song, Mr. Warren, you have put our patience to the test. You have not only made us pay postage due on the twelve sheets you sent by first-class post, but you knew very well we had no need of so many of these abominable pages. It is very easy to guess why you published this song yourself. No one but a poor, misguided mortal would risk a penny on it. One sympathizes with Sue for having such a rattle-brained admirer. Your poetry would not do justice to a cat with liver complaint. Are you "kidding" the public and us with lines such as these in the second half of your chorus?—

My Sue of old Tennessee  
Yesterday's she's coming back to me!  
The ass who taught you grammar ought to be pole-axed! Your music also is almost entirely free from melody. Almost anybody can pick out connections between notes, but to make the intervals melodious is the trouble. Mr. Warren, you took no trouble. Any old note suited you. You didn't seem to think of suiting others—not even Sue. There are many harmless forms of insanity. Song writing is one of them.

Two songs, *Hawaii Calls*, by J. Russell Robinson, published by the Warner C. Williams Co., Indianapolis, Indiana, and *My Hawaii You're Calling Me*, Music by L. W. Lewis, words by Laura Mai, published by the Echo Music Co., Seattle, Wash.

These two songs by different authors and publishers have both arrived by the same post. Strange, that two titles of such pronounced similarity should be carried from such distant points into the mail bag of The Tuneful Yankee. Neither is worth the time required for a review. Still, we know how anxiously the writers are waiting for our criticism and we shall give it from the shoulder. Mr. Robinson's song is based upon the old threadbare theme of the Princess. Mr. Lewis's song is likewise. This famous old tune has been worked to death and while the song of Mr. Lewis' possesses more original arrangement in



that he has woven a vocal response in the chorus of his composition, still neither song will startle the community or assume the dimensions of an ant-hill in popular esteem.

*Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!* Words by Goodwin and Tracy. Music by Nat Vincent. Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.

This is New York's so-called big Winter Garden hit. The words are of the same production, utility style, clever enough in their way, but linked to something more than ordinary music. The chorus is catchy enough to start an epidemic. Every musical phrase bristles with jingle and jollification. It halts you, then wins you, then loses you in resonant radiation. Your head whirls with the cachinnation. It is one of Vincent's best and that means something. Even the title page, printed in only one color—blue—is odd and pretty. It bears a fine half-tone of demure Grace Fisher.

*My Rosalie, Sweet Rosalie.* Words and music by Edward G. Allanson. Published by the author, Chicago, Ill.

Oh, you Windy City bard! In your song you have used the line "by the sea" at least three times! You have even rhymed "sea" with "sea"—which is going some. In your chorus you call it a stream, which also helps some. Now, we think that you have had some sea troubles in your day—at least in song construction. One or two portions of the music, notably in the chorus and the accompaniment, are happily thought out, but Rosalie, we fear, will never become famous enough to have people notice her or her charms at sea, or otherwise, although composer Allanson is one of those prolific song scribes who may "start something"—unexpectedly.

*When I Die Send Me to My Maw.* Song, Words and music, by J. Russell Robinson. Published by Warner C. Williams & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

This is a very clever composition. The words are boldly original and there are some real comedy lines in it. Here are the lines of the chorus:

Oh, when I die, send me to my maw!  
Oh, when I die, send me to my maw!  
If my maw don't want me,  
Then send me to my paw!  
If my paw don't want me,  
Throw me in the sea.  
So the fishes and the whales 'll  
Make a fuss over me.

The music is consistently bass and guttural. Both blend. It takes a man these days with nerve to spring a title of this kind. But it seems Mr. Robinson got away with it.

*A Picture of Dear Old Ireland.* Lyric by Bartley Costello. Melody by Jack Glogau. Published by the Al Piantadosi Music Co., New York.

Why call your words "lyric," Mr. Costello? These are plain every-day words appealing to the Irish element; so why offend this brawny nation with such an egotistical term as "lyric"? As words, *per se*, these verses are clever but not as "lyrics." Mr. Glogau, realizing this has made a musical setting consistent with their purport and the song will interest many from the dear old Isle, as well as many not of the grand old sod.

*Hawaiian Butterfly.* Song. Words by George A. Lytle. Music by Billy Basketette and Joseph Santley. Published by Leo Feist, Inc., New York.

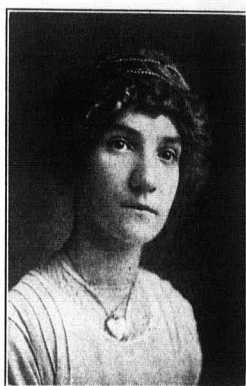
Oh, you Basketette! I never heard of you before but you have arrested our attention all right in this song. I have literally basketed in its basketful of brightness, Mr. Basketette!

What a stream of tantalizing tunes you have woven in the chorus, outdoing dreamy Honolulu itself. I don't know how I can pick fault with anything in the entire song, although, believe me, bonny Basketette, I am trying hard. If ever a song has a "chance" this butterfly is going to fly high.

*Cherry Blossom.* Song by May Hewes Dodge and John Wilson Dodge. Published by John Wilson Dodge Co., Ypsilanti, Mich.

This is an excellent and melodious work. But for Heaven's sake don't let Ted Snyder see it as he is a strong, husky lad and when he notices your chorus and compares it with the melody of one of his famous instrumental pieces he is liable to take a trip to Ypsilanti—wherever that is.

### One of the Lucky Winners of Our Hidden Song Puzzles



MISS MINNIE MEYER  
76 West Avenue, Long Island City

THIS clever lady and the one pictured on the opposite page are among the very few persons who have solved correctly the nine song puzzles published in *The Tuneful Yankee*.

*When We Build Our Cottage of Love.* Song, Words and music by Jack Glogau. Published by the A. J. Stasny Music Co., New York.

This is the first time we ever knew that Jack Glogau wrote words. He has always been identified in our bosom with tunes. He has a very unique idea in the present work, with verses telling of the stork who is coming into his cottage of love. Very clever, Mr. Glogau, but suppose the stork came with twins? How could you support them with the royalties of this particular song? Let's hope that Mr. Stasny will help you out, as the song is worth a nice cradle with a few greenbacks tucked in above the crib to give it "rocks."

*Back to Childhood.* Words and music by Jack Glogau. Also published by the Stasny Music Co.

Simply a retrospect, Mr. Jack. Retrospects scarcely ever sell. Jump forward in theme. With the exception of the old chestnut rhyming childhood with wildwood, the words are suffused with happy touches, while the music is consistent.

*Midst the Old Kentucky Pines.* Song by H. W. Freeman. Published by the Freeman Art Co., Louisville, Ky.

All the merit in this song is crowded into the music. It is highly melodious, although somewhat reminiscent. The words are mere words, and nothing more. It is a story of a youth and the girl with whom he used to "roam." These lovers who roam are a tiresome lot. Of course, the word is used so that it will rhyme with "home." This word is not an easy one to satisfactorily rhyme with. Mr. Freeman is not very strong on poetry. He lets anything do. That is why this song will be a failure. There is not even one idea in the verses.

*My Home Is My Paradise.* Song by Edgar Lewis. Published by the author.

Mr. Lewis should have left out his third verse, and brushed the others up a bit. His chorus is poorly constructed. In one line he says: "She makes my home a paradise to be." Why "to be"? Now, with a little scratching of his head he could have turned out a better rhyme. He probably meant to write "to me" but he evidently had a cold in the head. Let anybody with a cold in the head try to pronounce "me." He will invariably say "be." Try it. The idea of the song, as far as the end of the second verse, is fairly good. But if Mr. Lewis is a married man he should have found better means of expressing his feelings. Not every home with a wife is a paradise.

*O'Gorman is a Mormon Now.* Words by Harry D. Kerr and Edward Grossmith. Music by Fred W. Ward. Published by the Bernard Granville Co., New York.

This is a witty composition. There are some clever rhymes and thoughts in it. If the authors had only put a good punch line into the very last phrase of the song, in the first verse, this thing would have become a possible big winner. Anyhow, as it is, it has many unique thoughts and witty suggestions that, linked with the facile music, will make the song a well-heard number, especially in the repertoire of up-to-date comic singers. We sincerely trust that the song will be a hit for the sake of this enterprising firm headed by the gentlemanly "Charley" Lang.

*Face to Face with the Girl of My Dreams.* Published by the F. B. Haviland Co., New York.

Although this song is not exactly new it is a pleasure to review it. It is a markedly fluent and finished popular song, replete with sweet music, a pretty tale, and an excellent arrangement.

*Bridal Walk.* Fox Trot. By Jack Glogau. Published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder, New York.

Another Glogau gondolier. This time published by a different firm and a hustling one. Let's see what they are going to do with it. While possessive of unique strains the arranger should have used a little better judgment than to write his first and second movements in the same key. There should have been a relief. There are at least 32 measures in the key of G. You can give a man too much of a good thing by filling his stomach with sweets. Another thing, Mr. Composer, you did not need Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* for your theme for you are able to originate happily yourself, at times.

*We Are a Peaceful Nation.* Song. Words by Darl MacBoyle. Music by R. Kenneth Dawson. Published by Franklyn Wallace, Newark, N. J.

Another patriotic song! While nothing startling, it has a good moral, fairly good words and stirring music. It is not a song that will go down through the annals of history, but don't overlook the fact that it might. At least, it could be made to do so with plenty of grease and American coin behind it. It has the elements; but why this digression? Nothing can be accomplished without lucre—and lucre is scarce for patriotic songs. One admirable end has been attained by the publisher. He has placed upon the title page a picture of Uncle Sam in the American flag colors which does not infringe upon the law pertaining to the use of the Yankee flag. It is so ingeniously drawn as to convey the vision of our proud banner without directly opposing the law. Clever, when you can do that, Franklyn Wallace.

*Cradle Rock.* Fox Trot. By Abe Frankl and Phil Kornheiser. Published by Leo Feist, Inc., New York.

This is a very odd affair. It begins with a quaint movement in the bass representing the rocking of a cradle which is rather unique because of its boldness. There is not always euphony in the swaying of a crib but the composers have made it so. But the refreshing element springs forward with a leap when the second movement is mastered. This is a most delightful concatenation of melodies—a genuinely exuberant string of tuneful harmonies—and that second movement alone is worth the price of the entire composition. In fact, it should have been the theme of the work, or rather, its trio. Original compositions are generally in demand; sometimes they are too original and, populace avoids them. But this oddity is just about original enough to make people take it to their homes and study the eccentric tunefulness conceived by the writers.

*The Lost Chance.* Song by Alva Dunlap. Published by the author.

With the above song came the following letter. "Gents: In reviewing the enclosed copy of my song, you may roast it if you see fit, but please do not be too strong. Sincerely yours, ALVA DUNLAP."

We believe we had some trouble with you before upon a previous review; and still you have the nerve to send us another one of your dubious efforts. However, we have no ill-feelings toward you and do not see why we should roast your work simply for the sake of roasting it. We roast nothing; we merely give the expressions of a candid, unbiased heart. It is your own fault if you send us works of this kind. But you must admit that this present stuff you send us is more than exorable. To get rid of you quickly, let us quote your first verse.

I came through the gate of forgetfulness,  
I grew in the orchard of crime;  
Because I did not avail myself  
Of the joys and pleasures of time.

We can only appeal to our family physician: Dear Doctor Lucas: Please search this man's head; he has evidently something in it that requires more attention than an ordinary finetooth comb, because he frankly admits that "he grew in the orchard of

crime" and expects *The Tuneful Yankee* to believe him, which we do.

*To Hate and to Hold.* March. By Lionel Craig.

Mr. Craig is the leader of the orchestra of a theatre. Every time a play comes to his house for a run he promptly places the name of it upon some manuscript which he sends to his publisher. It appears without delay and sells upon the merit of the play after which it is named. He has tried this trick so often that he seems to have a monopoly of it. It may be a profitable idea, then again it may not. His latest march is no exception to his rule. It is bright and has a catchy trio. But the play is a failure and the march will probably go down with it.

### Another of the Hidden Song Puzzle Winners



MISS MARIE BURCHARDT  
New York

MANY have sent in "solutions" to our puzzles, but few have sent the right ones. Correct answers to the February puzzles are: "Banks of the Wabash"; "We Won't Go Home, 'Till Morning."

*Take Me to My Auburn.* Song. Words by Will Dillon. Music by Harry Tobias. Published by M. Witmark & Sons, New York.

I have never been much in favor of State songs. But this unpretentious little song comes as a ray of sunshine amid the cumbersome clouds. Mr. Dillon, who has written many well-known verses for popular songs, and who rarely pens anything not worth while, although he has not outdone himself in the present instance, has, at least, linked his versification with a man who knew how to handle it to the best advantage. In short, Composer Tobias has made considerable out of an ordinary set of lyrics. He has created a jingling concatenation of musical phrases which ring pleasantly in the ear. The song is musical. It is written within only an octave range but within that octave the voice is kept busily enchanting the listener and if ever a State song showed healthy signs this one needs no physic.

*Last Summer at the Beach.* Song by James Gorman. Pawtucket, R. I. Published by the author.

There should be a society for the prevention of cruelty to language. Mr. Gorman should be a savage out in the sunny wilds of darkest Africa. His idea of English is about as good as a parrot's idea of Chinese. What an undeveloped mind he must have! Just read this:

Last Summer at the beach,  
There I took my girl, she is a peach;  
She ate up everything in reach,  
And made my pocket feel blue.  
She drank those green de menthe creams,  
And got her head full of queerest dreams,  
"Come let's go crazy!" she screams,  
I knew not what to do.

She rode upon the funny rides,  
And dipped her in the splashing tides,  
In a bathing suit she showed her sides,  
And proved she was a peach.  
I kiss her and I call her pet,  
She's the finest girl that I've had yet;  
But while I live I won't forget  
Last Summer at the Beach.

Mr. Gorman ought to join the army and fight for his country. It is honorable to be killed in battle.

*Mr. Wilson, United We Stand.* Words and music by Louis Pasciuti. Published by the author, New Rochelle.

This is a timely song, but, oh! Jehosaphat! Here is a man whom the gods have gifted with a flow of melody but what does our noble Italian mean by the second line of his song reading:

Love of peace is war?

Now how in Hades can love mean war, and how can peace mean war, and why should war be love or how can war be peace? If a man swats another in the jaw and he turns his other cheek there would be some excuse for war, unless the love for his neighbor overcame him and then it would be a "piece" of nerve to expect the other fellow to slap him back if war were called! This is just about the same nonsense as Mr. Pasciuti dignifies under the line quoted. Still this may be poetical license—if so, may the good Lord protect us from such license in a popular song. The author should obtain a license from the bureau of combustibles to permit the use of such explosives of the English grammar! And yet, withal—yes, withal—the tune in his song is martial and masterly made. Strange inconsistency.

*When All the World Is at Peace.* Music by Chas. N. Grant. Words by F. J. Brown. Published by F. B. Haviland Co., New York.

This semi-ragtime cadenza bearing the misleading title of *When all the World is at Peace* is sleeping upon our desk. The chorus is written in two-quarter tempo and is as merry as a soldier getting a box of chocolate in the trenches. It will make an excellent fox trot while the soldiers are battling their lives away and an equally dense inspiration for the poor fellow who has lost an arm or toe. But there is no suggestion of peace about it—except a piece of a gattling gun! Instead of the sad, contemplative, sincere, grievous, worshipful expression indicative of tranquility, it bursts forth with musical aphorisms suggestive of synecopation. No, Mr. Grant, this will not do. You have some very good, sensible lyrics and your music, in itself, is possessive of some originality, but as a peace arbiter the title, with even its beauty—  
(Continued on page 41)



**Notice:** Owing to the flood of manuscripts that have come in from every point of the globe The Tuneful Yankee must postpone its decision of the best sets of words received until it has had an opportunity to examine each contribution carefully, to avoid charges of unfairness or partiality. As soon as the three most meritorious songs have been selected they will appear in the earliest possible issue.

Following is a set of words submitted by a writer who has withheld his name, but who has protected the same by previous copyright. These lyrics would make a fine semi-classic ballad if set to music by Ernest Ball, Arthur Lange, Harry Von Tilzer, or anyone of the prominent modern-day writers.

**WHEN THE HEAVENS LEAVE THE EARTH**  
(Copyright protected by the Author)

Love is a dream that knows no ending;  
Love is a joy that never dies;  
True as the stars above us bending;  
Pure as the light of cloudless skies!  
Only the one who shares its gladness  
Knows of the love within your heart!  
Life may be weary, life may be dreary,  
But there is nothing can make us part.

**Chorus**

When the sunshine leaves the daylight,  
When the waters leave the sea,  
When the flowers leave their fragrance,  
When the shadows leave the tree,  
When the darkness leaves the midnight,  
When the morning leaves the dew,  
When the Heavens leave the earth, sweet-heart,  
Then I'll leave you.

When heart to heart its truth has spoken,  
Love leads to us its worship rare,  
Ne'er can its golden links be broken  
Love turns to bliss a world of care,  
True in the calm and true in the tempest,  
Bravest when skies have darkest grown;  
Tho' earth should perish, still I would cherish  
The heart that you gave to me alone.

This is absolutely the best set of patriotic words yet received. There is no music to them. Some live composer can catch on big here.

**UNCLE SAM, IT'S UP TO YOU!**

By Robert Levenson  
(Copyright protected for the Author)

Last night in my dreams I wandered  
In the midst of strife and war,  
I found brother fighting brother,  
And not one of them knew what for.  
I found a little cottage that once was a home,  
I found a gray-haired mother still waiting alone,  
With her arms stretched toward the sea,  
I heard her make this plea:

**Chorus**  
Uncle Sam, it's up to you,  
Show us just what you can do,  
Stop all this slaughter you see 'cross the water  
And millions will be thankful to you.  
Your mighty nation  
Can force arbitration if only you'll dare and do,  
How long more must our sons be simply food for guns?  
Uncle Sam, it's up to you.

Here is a very good serio-comic song submitted without musical setting.

**MY GIRL**

By Otto Fessler  
(Copyright protected for the Author)

Ev'ry fellow likes to rave about his girl  
And I like to rave about mine,  
I'm not much good on the poetry stuff  
But in just plain language, Gee! She's fine!  
She's not built like a barge and her feet  
are not too large  
And her figure is a work of art,  
Would I change her for another? Never in a lifetime, brother!

**Chorus**  
MY GIRL, she's got my head in a whirl,  
She's got me all upset, since we met,  
You couldn't really blame me if you ever met my pet,  
For she's a beauty—beaut, cutey—cute,  
I carry her picture in my pocket  
And another one in my inside pocket,  
She's the only girl in the world for me,  
AND SHE'S MY WIFE!

Here is an odd set of words submitted, but are there any pine trees in Illinois? If so, who can set them to music?

**'NEATH THE PINES OF ILLINOIS**  
(Copyright protected by the Author)

In a peaceful little village there's a quaint,  
old-fashioned home,  
'Tis the dearest little spot on earth  
to me,  
I can see the dells and wildwood where in  
boyhood days I'd roam,  
As I carved my darling's name upon the  
tree;  
The birds were whisp'ring "Mary," the  
breezes sighed her name  
The day I met in her in the pine tree's  
shade,  
And the leaves were all a-tremble when  
she said, "I am to blame,  
We're not for one another, I'm afraid."

**Chorus**  
'Neath the pines of Illinois,  
Just a little girl and boy,  
You were my ray of sunshine,  
Sweetheart mine;  
Years have passed, still I recall  
When you were my all in all,  
Sharing life's sweet dreams of joy  
'Neath the pines of Illinois.

Here is quite a good comedy song submitted without musical setting. Who can set them to music?

**WHAT DID FATHER ADAM DO IN WINTERTIME?**

By John M. Tait  
(Copyright protected for the Author)

Now I'm in trouble, I'm deep in despair;  
I've often heard that he never felt cold,  
About a question I'm up in the air,  
For cranky Eve was a lady quite bold;  
I've traveled over most ev'ry sea,  
From early morning 'til late at night  
But ev'ry answer did disagree,  
She made it hot for Adam, all right,  
I've asked the wise men of every town,  
Now there was one thing that made Adam  
But all they did was to look wise and  
smile,  
And not a hist'ry book did I miss,  
It was that Eve never knew about style,  
But they never answered this:  
And tho' the seasons kept coming in,  
Still she wore the same bear skin.

**Chorus**  
What did Father Adam do in Wintertime?  
When his clothing and the weather didn't  
rhyme:  
When on the ground the snow was two  
feet deep,  
Please tell me how poor Adam went to  
sleep?  
What did Father Adam ever do,  
When from cold, his toes and nose got blue?  
Did he freeze when the breeze blew the  
leaves from the trees?  
What did Father Adam do in Wintertime?

Here is a good Irish song submitted, without music.

**PATRICK MURPHY**

By Scott R. Dively  
(Copyright protected for the Author)

Mr. Patrick Murphy he started on his way,  
And took a boat from Erin's isle to the  
good old U.S.A.,  
He landed in the city of bacon, cod and  
bean,  
And a prouder looking Irishman sure you  
have never seen,  
As he came down the gang-plank with all  
his Irish charm,  
An immigration officer grasped Paddy by  
the arm,  
Said he, "My dear young fellow, just tell  
me who you are,  
Where are you from, what is your name,  
Who are you looking for?"  
Then Paddy got excited because he feared  
arrest,  
And every person heard him say as he  
threw out his chest:

**Chorus**

"Sure me name is Patrick Murphy,  
And me age is twenty-two,  
I hail from grand old Ireland,  
Across the sea of blue,  
Me father and me mither are Irish thru  
and thru,  
Sure me whole darn family's Irish,  
And I am Irish, too!"  
Mr. Patrick Murphy he loved an Irish girl,  
Miss Riley was her name; she set Pat's  
brain awlrl,  
One day Pat popped the question; the  
Miss gave her consent,  
Then he took her to a clergyman where  
hand in hand they went,  
Sure Paddy was so happy he did a turkey  
troat,  
While Father She'han joined their hands  
to tie the nuptial knot,  
Then Father looked at Murphy and at the  
bride to be,  
Said he, "Now what's your name and age  
and nationality?"  
Poor Paddy got impatient from waiting  
rather long,  
And to answer Father's question he sang  
this little song:

**THE TUNEFUL YANKEE WHISPERINGS**



*It is Said That*

"BOB" RUSSAK, formerly a hustling "plugger" for various song houses, has gone into the booking business on his own hook with Bert Goldberg as partner, and has already a list of good theatres where the best vaudeville stars are being dated.

JOE HOLLANDER, of the Morris Co., accomplished quite a feat recently. He took an unpublished song, "America, Here's My Boy," and without a blessed cent expense to the firm for singing and demonstrating, launched the song into a great sale in four weeks.

MR. E. Z. NUTTING, of the Woolworth Company, is the "power behind the throne" for all budding song writers. Yes and for thousands of those who are not "budding;" in short, the oldest among the young and the youngest among the old all try to curry favor with this autocrat of the music world. And, personally, he is a very fine and accessible fellow, well liked by the general run of publishers.

ADAINTY little restaurant for musicians and the theatrical guild has just appeared in the uptown Bohemian district, namely, The Circle, which will make its mark in the hearts of the nonchalant diner who glories in epicurean delicacies. It is situated at 261 W. 54th Street in the midst of the busy throng of professional men and women who long to find a meeting place where the cozy qualities of comfort and good edibles abound. The little restaurant is run by Harry Morridini, a young, clean and attractive-looking son of swarthy Italy, who knows how to treat his fellow-men with courtesy and good grace. This is a free ad, but Harry and his intelligent little wife deserve it—for their prices are more than reasonable and their place the pink of amiability.

SPEAKING of bad grammar in popular songs such as "The Queen of the Roses Was You," this reminds us of a term once applied to a very charming young miss who in the wilds of the Catskills once "lost her way." She was addressed as follows: "The Queen of the Mountains is You." Without further ado she went back to the trail and

has never since spoken a word to us. Verily, an example of how bad grammar sometimes affects some folks!

IT is said the McKinley Music Co. of Chicago is going to move a professional branch in Gotham up town. Come on, you live Chicago firm! We want you near us.

ARISING young writer, with the quaint cognomen of Edward Sanfilippo, has just placed a song entitled "W-I-I-S-O-N" with the Wm. S. White Co. of Boston, under very unique conditions. Under 10,000 copies he will receive one cent per copy; over 10,000 one and one-half cents, and over 25,000 sale two cents per copy. Dan Rappaport and Wm. S. Hickey composed the melody and we suppose they, also, come in for some of the graduated fees.

EDWARD LASKA who, a few short years ago, was identified with many song successes such as "How Would You Like to Spoon with Me," "I Would Like to Marry You," and who was also the organizer of the Trebush Publishing Co. is again doing some musical work in association with Albert

**TWO MONTHS IN ONE**

IT was the intention of the publisher to have the first volume of The Tuneful Yankee end with December, 1917, for the convenience of the subscribers, to facilitate the work of the circulation department, and to conform to the volume periods of the three other Jacobs' magazines. However, unforeseen obstacles hindered the issuing of the initial number until late in January, and, in spite of vigorous efforts to "catch up" it has been well nigh impossible to eliminate even one day of the lost time, to say nothing of gaining the entire month necessary to get The Tuneful Yankee out on time should the original plan be adhered to.

Under the circumstances, therefore, it has been found advisable to issue this number of The Tuneful Yankee for both March and April, and thus the first volume will contain only eleven numbers. This means that each subscription will be automatically set ahead one month—if you have paid for a twelve months' subscription beginning with the January, 1917, number, your subscription will expire with the January, 1918, number instead of December, 1917. Short or long term subscriptions will all be advanced one month, so that each subscriber will receive the number of copies for which he has paid.

Von Tilzer. Mr. Laska is at present working on a musical comedy for next spring.

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE has just received from The Winn School of Popular Music, 155 West 125th Street, New York, two practical books on the art of teaching and learning ragtime. If there is, or has been, any possible way to master this peculiar art by rote, by George! these books fill the bill. There is every degree of syncopation within their pages that has ever been wrought out or fraught out. In his volumes Professor Winn has "ragged" such landmarks as "Home, Sweet Home," "Come Back to Erin," "Beethoven," "Chopin," "Mozart," and all the classical guys; and it would not surprise us if we looked through the books with more care to find that he had syncopated the gems of "Aida" or even "Ave Maria"—spare the sacrilege! However, joking aside, these Winn wonders of ragtime rhapsodies truthfully make this method of piano playing a joy to the American heart. And the Professor has, incidentally, made a truisim of his tradeslogan, "Learning to Play the Piano Can Never Be Made Too Easy."

HAPPY mortal is Gus Daubmann, of the Shapiro, Bernstein office staff. He is a young fellow who was formerly with the Maurice Richmond Co. In his present incumbency Gus says he feels like in a paradise, with two darling easy bosses over him, the affable "Louie" Bernstein and the courtly Hughes, "Tom."

WHEN asked to contribute an article to The Tuneful Yankee, "Andy" Sterling exclaimed, "What, me! I'm a song writer!"

HANDSOME "Ted" Snyder, whom everybody likes and who bears the proud distinction of possessing no enemy, is about to launch into the creating game again. In fact, he has already auspiciously begun, for at the Winter Garden, Clark and Bergman are about to bring out a new song from his pen—or, about the time The Tuneful Yankee goes to press, it is already being sung at that place of amusement. He is casting his lot with Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young.



## On the Inside

Arthur Lange's Languid Little Love Letters—Some Jolly and Some Facts

Those who are not acquainted with the inside of the song-writing game may be surprised to learn that it is not such a "cinch." One will find that after years of struggle to "get in" with a live publisher and get the opportunity to make good, the real battle begins. I, myself, have been through the "mill" and consider myself very lucky to be situated as well as I am, with the Joe Morris Music Co.

Of course, there is a lot in knowing how to "make good" for a publisher. First of all, you must have the goods, and plenty to choose from; and, second, you must gain your publisher's confidence and good will by showing him that you are with him, not against him. In my opinion it is a very poor policy to "bull" a publisher into pushing one of your songs. In such cases, one will find that nine times out of ten, the song is a failure and often after the publisher has invested his money and time, it proves to be a very unprofitable proposition, not mentioning the confidence lost in you and your work.

Money can't make a poor song, especially in these days when good songs and publishers are plentiful. A performer nowadays wants a real song to sing, besides getting the "long green" for it. It is a mistaken idea that a poor song can be made a hit with bank checks. The public is the best critic; it pays its dimes, so let it be the arbiter.

Many a good song has gone into the discard, not because the publisher thought it a bad song, but because it either was not the style of song he could put over, or some better song came along.

The worst mistake a song writer can make, is to think that every song he writes should be a hit. That's what I call "Kidding yourself."

I never intend to fall out with my pub-

lisher, who has made money for me and has brought me success, on account of a mere song that I thought was being shelved.

Now for the "trials and tribulations." First of all, let me mention co-writers, who, by the way, can cause a lot of unpleasantness at times. It is very hard to find a good writing partner—one who is willing to take his chances. Some writers consider themselves beyond criticism, and therefore are very hard to please. In my opinion it is best not to tie up with any permanent partner, but to work independently and without obligations. If you follow this advice, you will find that you will never be accused of "double crossing" any one. I have always used my best judgment and discretion in getting along in this world and, according to my latest royalty statement, I think I have made good. I am satisfied!!! I am happy!!!

Arthur Lange.

(Mr. Lange ought to know. He is the author of some of the nation's most popular songs.)

### His First Inspiration

Ray Sherwood, a Movie Pianist Tells How He Came to Write a Popular Song

I CAME to write my first song in this way. While playing the piano one night in a picture house in Brooklyn, I was following a comedy reel. A fat woman rolled down a flight of stairs. I hit a few peculiar chords and several persons asked me what I was playing as it sounded very good to them. I worked on the idea for several weeks and played it over for one of the large publishers. He bought it from me and it was published under another writer's name. The number soon became a success.

Several weeks ago I was walking along Broadway with Raymond Walker. A young lady approached us and said, "Please give something for poor babies." We walked on but she followed us and said, "Oh, you little 'Tootsie Roll,' please give something for the poor babies." We had to give her something then. Ray Walker remarked what a great title it would make for a song. I agreed and we wrote it up the next day.

## A Just Kick

There are Many Victims Like You, Mr. Holstein. The Tuneful Yankee is Fighting this Battle for You and Others.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 9, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I received a copy of your January edition of The Tuneful Yankee and you will find enclosed a money order for a year's subscription, beginning with the February edition.

I see your motto is "Fair Play to All"—a very good one, if lived up to—and I am going to ask you the following questions:

First; can a song or music writer get his work on the market without having to dig down in his pocket and pay a publisher for printing a few hundred copies with his (the writer's) name in large type without pay or royalty in return?

Second; is it customary for a writer to bear part of the expense of publishing a song or instrumental number?

Third; what, in your opinion, is the best way for a new writer to have his work placed so as to be assured of getting nearly a "Fair Play" from the publisher? I have been stung for forty-five dollars on an instrumental number which was not even properly arranged by the publisher.

As this is my first letter to you, do not think it is from a crank or one who is sore on account of losing a little dough—far from it, but it costs to learn. If you will be kind enough to answer this letter, I would feel very grateful and would be glad to let you advise or criticize some of my work. I have about nine compositions suitable for fox trots, one steps and waltzes.

Thanking you in advance for anything you may care to do for me, in the line of advice, etc., I am,

Yours truly,

Gus Holstein,

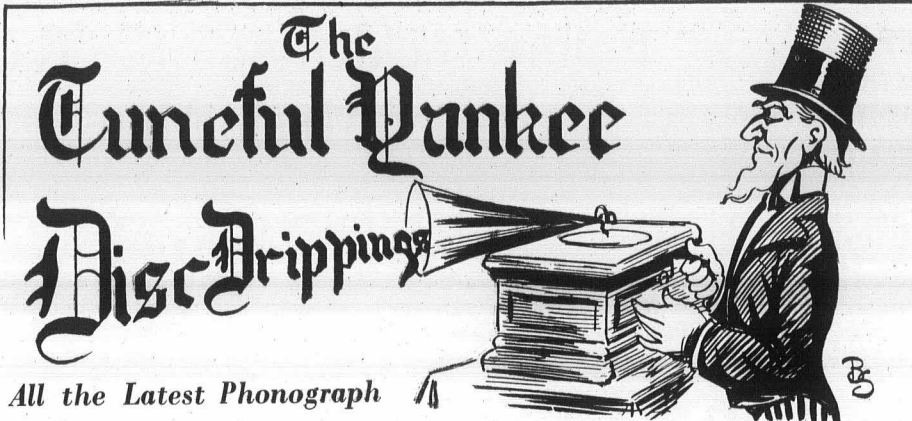
2300 Dickson St., St. Louis, Mo.

## Naturally and Accidentally Noted



MR. HARRY L. ALFORD—his vaccination certificate dates at Chicago, but the whole country is inoculated with his musical musings—is listed in music's "Who's Which" as a musician (composer and arranger) only, but this is not the whole truth as he also seems to be a musical humorist, a "Mark Twain of Melody."

Have you ever discovered any humor hidden in "Yankee Doodle" (the English did once upon a time)? If you never have, just try to play this little inserted excerpt which the Alfordian perpetrator says is "Yankee Doodle in the Key of C!" He says he got the inspiration from some of the man-you-scrips which are submitted to him for proper musical man-handling, and it hit his musical funny-bone so sharply that he flatly decided to put it on paper, even going to the expense of having it "out" the better to perpetuate it. Is it a joke? Just try to play it, whistle the tune at the same time and make your own decision!



Embodying All the Latest Phonograph News Worth Printing

### DISC DRIPPINGS

FIRST in importance this month, is a pianola music roll made by the Metrostyle-Themodist method, and issued by the Aeolian Company, in sixty-fifth and eighty-eighth notes, called "Don't Leave Me Daddy." This is the new popular Southern song hit. It is excellently played by Ted Eastwood and is a gem in its line.

A clever record by the Victor Company which is selling big, is one issued in January last, called "Hick-Hoy," Nora Bayes' Hawaiian hit. It is admirably harmonized. The song, itself, is said to be the first Sea Island number put on the market.

- Following is a list of interesting piano rolls:
- 2029 (Universal)—Don't Leave Me Daddy. Music and lyric by J. M. Verges. Played by Ted Eastwood.
- 2097 (Universal)—It Was Not So To Be. (Werner's "Abschied") "Trompeter von Sakkingen." Music and lyric by Victor Nessler. Played by Georges Favier.
- 2019 (Universal)—Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love. Music by Ira Schuster. Lyric by Howard Johnson. Played by Felix Arndt.
- 2021 (Universal)—The Old Soaken Bucket. Saxophone arrangement by Les C. Copeland. Played by composer, assisted by R. O. E.
- 203164 (Metro-Art); 203165 (Universal)—Bachelor Girl and Boy, Medley One Step. Introducing: "Oh! You Lovely Ladies." "The Girl from Brazil," by Sigmund Romberg. Played by Frank Banta.
- 201118 (Metro-Art); 201119 (Universal)—Carnaval Mignon, Op. 48; No. 2, Serenade d'Arlequin. Edouard Schuett. Played by Felix Arndt.
- 203122 (Metro-Art); 203123 (Universal)—Echoes Unique, Fox Trot. Edward Claypoole. Played by Ted Eastwood.
- 203074 (Metro-Art); 203075 (Universal)—Hesitation Blues, Fox Trot. Middleton and Smythe. Played by George Gershwin.

### COLUMBIA APRIL RECORDS

- A2187—Silver Bay (Wenrich). Knickerbocker Male Quartette. Orchestra accompaniment. Tho' I'm Not the First to Call You Sweetheart, Please Let Me Be the Last (Lange). James Reed, tenor, and James F. Harrison, baritone. Orchestra accompaniment.

- A2188—Somewhere in Dixie (H. Von Tilzer). Empire Male Trio. Orchestra accompaniment. Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love (Schuster). M. J. O'Connell, tenor. Orchestra accompaniment.
- A2189—There's Just a Little Bit of Monkey Still Left in You and Me (Monaco). M. J. O'Connell, tenor. Orchestra accompaniment. Come Out of the Kitchen, Mary Ann (Kendis and Bayha). M. J. O'Connell, tenor. Orchestra accompaniment.
- A2185—Just the Kind of a Girl You'd Love to Make Your Wife (H. Von Tilzer). Arthur Fields, baritone. Orchestra accompaniment. To Any Girl (Von Tilzer and Brown). Robert Lewis, tenor. Orchestra accompaniment.
- A2171—I'm Coming Back to California, That's Where I Belong (Ball). Empire Male Trio. Orchestra accompaniment. The Whole World Comes from Dixie (Hanley). Irving Kaufman, tenor. Orchestra accompaniment.

### Dance Numbers

- A5938—Havanola (Have Another) (Frey). Fox Trot. Prince's Band. Inner Circle Toddle (Green). Toddle. Prince's Band.
- A5928—You'll Always Be the Same Sweet Baby (Brown). Fox Trot. Vess Ossman's Banjo Orchestra. Unaccompanied. My Hawaiian Sunshine (Gilbert and Morgan). Fox Trot. Vess Ossman's Banjo Orchestra.
- A5929—Charming (Joyce). Waltz. Prince's Orchestra. A Dream (Bartlett). Introducing "Melody in F" (Rubenstein). (Arranged by Charles A. Prince.) Waltz. Prince's Orchestra.
- A5927—Aunt Patsy (Richardson). One Step. Prince's Band. Palmetto Hop (Richardson). One Step. Prince's Band.

### EMERSON APRIL RECORDS

- 5172—What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For? (McCarthy-Johnson-Monaco).
- 5173—Love Is a Wonderful Thing (Gilbert-Friedland). Baritone solo, orchestra accompaniment.
- 5178—Joe Turner Blues (Handy). Fox Trot. Emerson Military Band.
- 5184—Call to Arms. Imaginative, present-day descriptive. (Vocal.) Peerless Quartet, accompanied by Cornet, Piccolo and Traps.
- 5185—Star Spangled Banner (Smith). American National Hymn. Emerson Symphony Orchestra.
- 5187—Holy, Holy, Holy (Heber-Dykes). Easter Hymn. (Vocal.) Peerless Quartet.

# Who's Your Friend?

The Tuneful Yankee would like to get an introduction, and we are not going to hamper you by asking you to pick out just one friend—we want to know 'em all, if they are musical—and to show that our motives are not entirely selfish, we make this proposition: Write on a sheet of paper the names of, say, ten of your musical friends, with their street addresses, indicating those who are piano enthusiasts and the ones who have vocal tendencies, then sign your own name, with street number and city, of course, and mail to us. We will send each of your friends a sample copy of The Tuneful Yankee, file the list under your name, and then credit you with a twenty-five per cent commission on each of the subscriptions resulting from the sample copies. You may apply your commission on your own subscription, or we will send you a check and you can blow the proceeds or put it in the bank.

That's a fair proposition, isn't it? Don't be afraid to display a long list of friends—we want to know 'em all and we think they will want to know The Tuneful Yankee. Send in the list today—and don't forget the addresses, your own name, and the fact that we want to know whether your friends are pianists or vocalists.

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## Funny Incidents in the Rambles of Music Men

By Dr. Herman Schlesinger, in the Times Building:

Two men were walking along the street. One of them, pointing to a house, said: "There is a beautiful place, but it is enough to make a man sad to look at it."

"Why so?"  
"On account of its history: for, despite calm and serene surroundings, it was built upon the groans, tears, wailings and blood of widows, orphans, old men and struggling women."

"You don't say so. Was it built by a railroad monopolist?"  
"Oh, no; by a dentist."

—o—  
Heard at a charade party by Bernie Fener: St. Peter—And who are you?  
Applicant—I'm a Georgia murderer.

Killed nine people with an axe.  
St. Peter—You are in the wrong place. Kindly step below. There is a seat reserved for you with Napoleon and the Brooklyn baker who sold chrome yellow buns.

—o—  
Dr. William H. Lucas says:  
"The most reckless man I ever met in my travels was the one who appeared in the street without his coat and a lot of ten-cent cigars sticking out of his vest pocket."

And yet the Doctor does the same thing with his own money.

—o—  
By Edw. Grossmith, of the Granville Company:

I remember once reading of an English farmer, returning home rather late one night, who discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window and who, when asked his business there, said he had only come a-courting.

"Come a-what?" asked the farmer.  
"A-courting, sir. I see courting Mary."  
"But what do you want with a lantern?" asked the farmer. "I never used one when I was a young man."  
"No, sir," was the yokel's reply. "I don't think ye did, judging by the looks of the missis."

—o—  
By Joe Keit, the popular Remick boy:

A trampish looking man with a particularly dirty face was hanging around a grocery store the other day, when a clerk observed:  
"If you had a bar of soap could you make good use of it?"

"You bet!" was the prompt reply.  
He was handed one, and went off. In about an hour he returned, his face as dirty as before, and the clerk exclaimed:  
"You never used a bit of that soap!"  
"You asked me to make good use of it. So I did. I traded it off for something to wash over four weeks' dust out of my throat. This dirt on my face isn't three days old yet."

—o—  
By A. K. Allison, of the Jim Kendis Company:

Joe—Have you read the new novel, "The Debutante Duped?"  
Nellie—No. The fact is I don't read any works of fiction nowadays. The stories my husband tells me when he comes home late at night are all I need in that line.

A good one by William Delaney, the popular songbook maker:

"I think that old Sumpson is the largest liar on earth," said Brooks, Jr., of the hardware, to a friend in the dried fish industry.

"How's that?"  
"You know his father and mine were enemies for years, and when I fell in love with his daughter I was afraid he would forbid the match."  
"But he didn't?"

"Oh, no. When I asked him for the girl, and spoke about my father's quarrel, he laid his hand on my shoulder and said: 'I'll not object. I am a pretty good hater, but there is a limit even to my malice.'"  
"Well, that was decent."  
"It's easy to see that you don't know my wife," said young Brooks, with a groan.

—o—  
By sweet Alice Goodwin, on a recent vacation trip:

"I am afraid, madam," said a gentleman who was looking for country board, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant."  
"It's a little noisy," assented the landlady, "but from the front veranda one has such a fine view of people who miss the trains."

—o—  
By Dorothy's Ray Doyle:

Kentuckian—He called me a liar, sir.  
New Yorker—And what did you do?  
Kentuckian—I went to the funeral.

—o—  
By Louis Fleischer, professional pianist:

While playing in a movie show, a young lady sitting in the front row asked, "Don't you get tired playing so long?"  
Proudly I answered, "Why, no."  
I was puzzled when she said, "I do."

—o—  
By little Bennie Blum, of the Remick staff:

Blinks—Lucky man, that fellow Jones.  
Winks—I don't see how you make it.  
Blinks—Why, he took out a life insurance policy for \$5,000 and died six days before the company failed.

—o—  
Another by the prolific Doc "Bill" Lucas:

Resident—Think of opening an office in this neighborhood, eh? Seems to me you are rather young for a family physician.  
Young Doctor—Y-e-s, but—er—I shall only doctor children at first.

—o—  
By Will Hart, of the Granville Company:

Mrs. Dearborn—Did Jerry balk when the minister charged him \$3 for marrying you?  
Mrs. Wabdash—He did a little, at first, but finally the parson said he'd do it cheaper the next time.

—o—  
By a chorus girl—name not given, for fear many others would feel slighted:  
You want to know the derivation of the word gumption, do you, Eulalia? Very well; it is derived from gum and shun, and a girl who has gumption is one who shuns gum. Chew see?

(Continued on page 33)

# There'll Come A Night

Words and Music by  
**GEORGE L. COBB**  
*Writer of "Just for To-night"*

Moderato

PIANO

I nev-er tho't we'd have to part,—  
I'm long-ing for you all the time,—

I nev-er knew you'd break my heart;— Now since I've gone a—  
Come soothe this ach-ing heart of mine. You know, dear, that I

way from you— I won-der if you're sad and blue.—  
love you yet, You know, dear, that I can't for-get.

Some-time you'll want me back a-gain;— What I said you know is true.  
Let's live the old days o'er a-gain;— Let love change our vain re-gret.

The Tuneful Yankee

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CHORUS

*a tempo*

There'll come a night, dear, When you're goin' to feel so lone - ly;

*p a tempo* *2<sup>d</sup> time f*

There'll come a night, dear, When you're goin' to want me on - ly.

You'll think of all the things I used to say to you, And

long for all the lit - tle things I used to do; Down in your heart you know there'll come a

night. There'll come a night.

*f* *fz* *D.S.*

# Moonlight Wooing

VALSE d'AMOUR

BERNISNE G. CLEMENTS

INTRO

*Moderato*

PIANO

*mf* *f*

*Tempo di Valse*

*ff* *mf*

VALSE

*mf R.H.*

*f*

*mf rit.*



*a tempo*  
*f r.h.*

*mf*

*f poco accel.*  
*mf rit*

*a tempo*  
*mf r.h.*

*f*

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TRIO  
*dolce*  
*mf*

*f*

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ff

ff mf

dolce

f

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R.H. mf

f

rit. accel.

ff ff

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24 Words by  
SAM LANDRES

# Why Did You Go Away?

Music by  
WILL CARROLL

Valse Lento

*mf* *ten.* *ten.* *rall. e dim.*

*p* *Slowly with expression*

Since you went a-way from me I'm long - ing, Long-ing for you, sweetheart, night and  
Since you went a-way from me I'm dream - ing, Dream-ing dreams that nev-er can come

*p* *espressivo*

day, And for you my wea - ry heart is call - ing,  
true, For you seem to come to me and whis - per

Call - ing for you tho'you're far a - way. You took all I had to give and  
That you want me back a - gain with you. But my dreams of love can't live for -

left me Brok-en as a wreck up - on the sea,  
ev - er, And I miss you more and more each day,

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*rall. e dim.* *a tempo* *rit. e dim.* 25

You don't seem to care how much I miss you, Tho'you know I love you ten-der - ly.  
All my hap-pi-ness and joy have van - ished, For you took them,all and went a - way.

*rall. e dim.* *a tempo* *rit. e dim.*

CHORUS Valse Lento *con. espress.*

*mp*

Why did you leave all the shad - ows And take all the sun-shine a - way?

*mf*

Why did you take all the glad - ness And leave all the sad-ness to stay?

*p*

Why did you take all the flow-ers that grew Leav-ing a wild-er-ness we nev-er knew?

*p*

*Tenderly* *poco rall. e dim.*

Why did you leave me, Why did you de - ceive me, Why did you go a - way?

*Tenderly* *p* *poco rall. e dim.* *ritard*

The Tuneful Yankee



Lyric by  
JAMES WELLS

# We're All For Uncle Sam

Music by  
WALTER J. POND

Tempo di marcia

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Tempo di marcia'. The music is in B-flat major and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

VOICE

Vamp

1. Our Un - cle Sam is a grand old man, He's treat - ed us all right, —  
2. In Dix - ie Land where they fought the blue, These man - y years a - go, —

Piano accompaniment for the first two verses, marked 'Vamp'. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

— And we're loy - al to him ev' - ry one, And for him we would fight; — Though from  
— Loy - al boys of the gray staunch and true, With heads white as the snow; — And the

Piano accompaniment for the first two verses, continuing the 'Vamp' pattern.

Rus - sia, Eng - land, Spain or France, or from Ger - ma - ny we came, — Our  
Stars and Stripes is wav - ing now to Dix - ie's mar - tial strain, — The

(Play small notes for 2nd Verse)

Piano accompaniment for the first two verses, continuing the 'Vamp' pattern.

home is here, and we'll give a cheer For our Un - cle just the same. — We're  
boys in gray they would fight to - day, To — save the flag from stain. —

Piano accompaniment for the first two verses, continuing the 'Vamp' pattern.

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all for Un - cle — Sam - u - el, A no ble chap is

Piano accompaniment for the first two verses, continuing the 'Vamp' pattern.

he, — No oth - er place can e'er com - pare with the land —

Piano accompaniment for the first two verses, continuing the 'Vamp' pattern.

of the free; — We love its hills, its rocks and rills, From

Piano accompaniment for the first two verses, continuing the 'Vamp' pattern.

Maine to Al a bam' — From shore to shore, the coun - try

Piano accompaniment for the first two verses, continuing the 'Vamp' pattern.

o'er, We're all for — Un - cle Sam. — We're Sam. —

Piano accompaniment for the first two verses, continuing the 'Vamp' pattern.

The Tuneful Yankee



Words by RAY. SHERWOOD. **The Prayer Of A Breaking Heart.**

Music by SEYMOUR H. MILLER.

Andante espressione.

Piano. *mf* *p* Musical notation for the piano introduction on page 28.

You took me to the al - tar and prom - ised you'd be true — And Life was full of  
Your lips are like the ros - es your smile is like the dew — And Par - a - dise was

Sun shine Be - cause of you, Just you. — But time has made a change it seems, You  
mine, dear, You made my dreams come true. — But vows you made you cast a - way, You

left me here a - lone — But I'll for give, My love must live, I claim you as my own. —  
fooled and ruled me too — But I'll for - get, I love you yet, My heart still wel - comes you. —

Chorus. Valse lento.

When the moon shines at night I'm lone - ly When the Sun shines I'm

al - ways blue — Ev - ry joy that you brought has van - ished

Spring - time and love went with you — Ev - ry ho - ur you seem be -

fore me But I know that we're far a - part — Tho' you left me a -

lone Won't you please, dear, come home That's the pray'r of a break - ing heart. — *L.H.*



# Joy-Boy

FOX-TROT

A. J. WEIDT

PIANO *ff*

*mf*

*cresc.* *f*

*mf*

*f* *mf* *ff, f*

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*L.H.*

*ff* *f*

*mf*

*cresc.* *f*

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The Tuneful Yankee

### Funny Incidents in the Rambles of Music Men

(Continued from page 16)

As told by the dainty Dorothy Shultz:  
Among the people who board where Mr. Barksdull lives are five vaudeville artists. These young men have been in the habit of making a good deal of noise coming upstairs in the mornings just about the time Mr. Barksdull was beginning to doze after tossing all night on his bed.  
Mr. Barksdull stood it as long as he could. He is a man who hates to interfere with the pleasure of other people, but his patience gave out at last, and he went to the landlady. She thought the matter over. She didn't want to offend the actors, and she was anxious to promote the happiness of Mr. Barksdull, if possible. Finally she thought of a diplomatic arrangement whereby she hoped to have the noise stopped without causing trouble. So she printed a neat sign, as follows:

GUESTS WILL PLEASE PASS DOWN STAIRS AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE, SO AS NOT TO AWAKE MR. BARKSDULL.

This she tacked upon the wall in the upper hall, and went about her duties, serenely believing that everything would be all right. A day or two afterward she happened to glance at the sign, and thought it didn't look just right. Then she stopped to read it, and found that the vaudevillians had put a line above her own words, making it:

IN CASE OF FIRE, GUESTS WILL PLEASE PASS DOWN STAIRS AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE, SO AS NOT TO AWAKE MR. BARKSDULL.

By Ed Rose, of James Brockman Company:  
Jim—Wot yer larfin' at, Bill?  
Bill—Why, the old woman started ter jaw that copper what kyme ter lock me up, an' I'm blowed if 'e ain't run 'er in, an' left me!

By Max Prival, of the Jos. Morris Company:  
A housewife had cleared off the breakfast table the other morning, and just as she gave her pan of dishwater a heave into the backyard a man came around the corner of the house and received the full contents from chin to heels.  
"Oh! dear, but I beg a thousand pardons!" exclaimed the woman, when she realized what she had done.  
"Not a pardon, ma'am," he calmly replied. "But it was so careless in me!"  
"Not a bit careless, ma'am. I am a gentleman out of work and with no means. I make it a practice to call at various houses in search of cold victuals. In most cases they sling the bulldog or the axe at me. I lay my hand upon my heart and assure you that this is an innovation—a change—a diversion that I can really enjoy, and I thank you for it. Good day, ma'am."

By the popular Abe Holzmann, of the Remick staff—an incident on a trip from Montreal:  
Conductor—Madam, did I understand you to say this girl is not yet twelve years old?

Mother—She will be twelve next spring. "And you want to go all the way to New York on this car?"  
"Yes."  
"Then you should not go on this train."  
"Why not?"  
"Because this is a slow train, and if that girl keeps on growing as she has been, by the time we get to New York she will be so large that she will not be able to get through the car door. The company can't afford to take the car to pieces on a half-fare ticket."

A remembrance by Al Garber, of the Kalmar, Puck, Abrahams Company:  
"I have just returned from the ice-cream saloon with your daughter, sir, whom I have left in the parlor," said the young man, nervously, "and—may I say a word to you, sir?"  
"Certainly, certainly," responded the old gentleman, with hearty encouragement. "Go right ahead."  
"Thanks. I want to ask you, sir, if—if you would lend me five cents to ride up to Harlem with."

By Nat Clark, of Joe Morris' Boston staff:  
Phrenologist—My friend, I find you have a most remarkable memory.  
Mr. Mulcahy—Profressor, wud yez mound puttin' that down an shlip av paper so's Oi won't fergit it?

Another by the irrepresible "Bill":  
Doctor—After this you ought to sleep like a baby.  
Patient (anxiously)—I hope you don't mean like *my* baby, doctor!

Told offhand by the distinguished tenor, Mr. Frank Morrell:  
"I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket of yours?"  
"Precisely! It is a lock of my husband's hair."  
"But, your husband is still alive!"  
"Yes; but his hair is all gone."

Inspired by Jack Mendelsolm, the Boston hustler:  
He—Darling, will you share my lot?  
She—Yes, Reginald, if it really is a lot.

By A. Fred Phillips:  
"You see that prosperous-looking man over there? He robbed me of the best chance I ever had of becoming rich."  
"How did it happen?"  
"He refused to let me marry his daughter."

Told by "Bill" Browning, the "near" poet:  
Suburbanite—You've got a new baby at your house, I hear?  
Townite—Great Scott! can you hear it away out there in the suburbs?

Dorothy—"It is a mystery to me to know how you can live as you do and sing."  
Marie—"I don't know how you can sing as you do and live."

By Frank Sheridar of the John Franklin Company:  
Bank Clerk (scrutinizing check)—Madam, we can't pay this unless you bring someone to identify you.  
Old Lady (tartly)—I should like to know why.  
Bank Clerk—Because we don't know you.  
Old Lady—Now, don't be silly; I don't know you, either.

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A SONG RIVALLING IN MUSICAL CHARM THE FAMOUS "TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE"  
**SHAPIRO-BERNSTEIN CO.** 224 West 47th Street  
 NEW YORK

## Still They Come

LETTERS AND COMMENTS  
 (Continued from page 6)

mation, it was "bull," as I afterward found out. I sent him a lyric entitled "Tango Dancing Rag," which was one of the first I ever wrote, and one which I thought was very good, but was not, for when I wrote it I never knew or paid any attention to the fact that I must have the same number of syllables in each line, and the same number of lines in each verse. Although this lyric was not the least bit good, John T. Hall, accepted it for publication, provided I paid him forty-five dollars; but it seems that luck was with me for I did not have this money, nor could not raise it anywhere, for he surely would have got it from me if I did have it. I have written to almost every publisher in New York since then, but everyone, excepting M. Witmark & Sons, either say they have their own writers or their catalog is overcrowded. I will tell you more some other time. Awaiting your February number, I am,  
 Very sincerely,  
 Jas. Hammon,  
 120 Harrison St.

### From the Candid Wallace

February 1, 1917.  
 Gentlemen: Very bright and newsy is The Tuneful Yankee. Wishing you continued prosperity.  
 Yours truly,  
 Franklyn Wallace.

### Kind Brooklyn Lassie

February 1, 1917.  
 Monroe H. Rosenfeld, Editor Tuneful Yankee. Dear Sir: First, permit me to congratulate you especially upon your stirring, forceful and independent editorials. Second: Your clean, snappy, snarling and sedate "Puckerings" page. Third: Your fascinating song critiques. Fourth: Your excellent musical numbers and Cobb's haunting tune of "See Dixie First." Five: Everything else; I cannot possibly see any improvement you can make.  
 Respectfully yours,  
 Helen Herzog,  
 300 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Gentlemanly Elliot

When I smile and give you that kind of a grip, Rosey, you know what I think without writing postals!  
 Elliot Shapiro.

### By a Noted Lad

Snappy, truthful, interesting, pungent.  
 Ballard MacDonald.

### Quite Poetic

Newark, N. J., Feb. 1, 1917.  
 Truthful Yankee:  
 Good music, good jokes,  
 Good stories, good pokes,  
 Good songs and good toasts  
 Good language, good roasts,  
 Good everything—what more?  
 You've a fortune in store!  
 Martha E. Bowen.

### Something Original

New York, Feb. 2, 1917.  
 Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: I herewith return Tuneful Yankee postal and have left blank space:  
 Which you are to fill in with anything you want to say. You cannot make the praise too strong for your magazine is a staggering hit!  
 William Polla,  
 145 West 45th Street.

### We Think So, Too

February 1, 1917.  
 Tuneful Yankee: That "Dixie Song" most catchy thing in the magazine. Worth alone price of subscription. "Ashes of My Heart" also nice; also the instrumental pieces and Hidden Songs. Please call for a subscription.  
 Annette Neuman,  
 61 Columbus Ave., N. Y.  
 (Annette: Come along with the coin. We can't call.)

### You Are a Scholar, Mr. Gough

February 1, 1917.  
 Tuneful Yankee: I have never seen a publication so intensely interesting and superlatively snappy. I don't see how you can improve upon it in the least, unless you give us more of those musical numbers like "See Dixie First" and "Ashes of My Heart."  
 Yours truly,  
 John P. Gough,  
 528 E. 150th St., N. Y. City.

### No, Dora, Not That Kind of a Bug

N. Y. Feb. 1, 1917.  
 Editor Tuneful Yankee:  
 Among "Hidden Songs" in your magazine is a picture of an insect or bug in the act of flying. All my friends insist this is the name of the familiar song "A little bug will catch you." Is this right? If so, will send the other replies for subscription. Please publish for the benefit of your readers.  
 Dora L. Muller.

### Silly Question No. 1,000

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1917.  
 Editor Tuneful Yankee:  
 Won't you please publish the answer to Hidden Songs, No. 2? This would help your readers to solve some of the others.  
 Respectfully yours,  
 (Mrs.) Belle Stewart,  
 231 Nevens St.

[Annabelle, you ask too much. We are not publishing The Tuneful Yankee for fun. Work, fair lady.]

## Are You "For Uncle Sam"



WALTER J. POND

"WE'RE ALL FOR UNCLE SAM" is the song which every loyal American is singing just now—either out loud or in his heart—and this is one of the songs that appears in this issue of The Tuneful Yankee. The "Uncle Sam" sentiment has been incorporated into words by James Wells (a newspaper man), which have been set to music by Walter J. Pond, a blind singer and composer, who is introducing his own song to the public.  
 Mr. Pond, who, by the way, is a grandson of the Major Pond that was a famous press agent for Henry Ward Beecher, James B. Gough, Clara Louise Kellogg and other great lights of a bygone day, made his debut as a vaudeville singer at the Harlem Opera House in New York City on March 12th. In featuring this song he is dressed in a suit of white broadcloth, and stands in a brilliant white spotlight against a great black velvet curtain as a background. At the opening words of the chorus "Old Glory" drops unfurled to the stage, and then follows a dissolving view of "Uncle Sam" himself. Some scene, some situation, some feature and some song! Are you "For Uncle Sam," Mr. Singer? If so, sing the songs that "show your colors."

## Answers to Correspondents

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

### MORE CONTROVERSY ON THE TITLE OF OUR MAGAZINE

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, Ed. The Tuneful Yankee.  
 Dear Sir—Enclosed please find P. O. Money Order for one dollar for a year's subscription. About the best thing I can say for your magazine is "them's my sentiments" after reading the many flattering letters under the heading "Hot Stuff" in your February issue. But—I cannot make myself believe that you can make the "South" like the title "Yankee." My reasons: While working in the South I never found it as you claim, that "Father Time has long since made an incision in class hatred." A "sho nuff" Southerner, that is, one born and raised in the South, really has no use for a Yankee. When I first went South, I lived at a boarding house in Macon which was operated by an Southern family as one could hope to find. One day as I was passing the man of the house in the hall, I started whistling the opening bars of "Marching Thru Georgia." To save my neck I cannot explain why I started whistling it, as I am not in the habit of whistling anything; nevertheless, I did. Said man of the house wheeled around and fairly shouted at me: "Yes, but 'you-all,' sho' caught—! when you did march thru Georgia!"

Another thing I would like to ask you, how does it happen that neither Warner C. Williams & Co., nor Seidel Music Pub. Co. (Inc.) both of Indianapolis, are not listed under the caption "Men and Firms of Prominence in the Music World"?

Wishing The Tuneful Yankee the great success that it deserves, and continued success to yourself, I am,  
 J. RUSSELL ROBINSON,  
 Starland Theatre, Anderson, Ind.  
 [Thanks for your suggestion regarding the two firms mentioned. We have included them in our list.—Ed.]

Louis J. C. Toledo, O.:  
 We have no objection to your setting the words "For Every Tear There's a Year of Cheer" to music, but make your melody catchy and original, for Mr. Rome, the author of the words, is a particular lad who knows the "real goods" when he sees them.

Mrs. J. R. H., Boise, Idaho:  
 1. "Mother's Eyes" would not take. It is too good in thought and too cheerful for nowadays hits. 2. "Little Spunk" while well written is too repetitive and appeals only to the few. 3. "Lonesome" is a perfect gem—almost a classic. Women like Carrie Jacobs Bond could set this to delightful music. The lyrics are replete with high thought and admirable poetic touches. 4. "Bingville" is rot. It is also non-original.

In answer to your letter we mean just what we say: The Tuneful Yankee will not undertake to dispose of manuscripts and will return any work to the writer even after it has gained a prize. You will not be compelled to sell it to us. If, however, you should favor us with the publication thereof in sheet music form it would be appreciated and well paid for, but there is nothing compulsory in this respect on your part. Our sole object is to encourage native talent among embryo writers and composers.

Regarding your footnote there is nothing in our contests that will prohibit a writer from submitting more than one manuscript.

### THE BRYAN PRESCRIPTION

In answer to numerous inquiries for it, the New York Telegram produces the Health Department's improvement on Mr. William Jennings Bryan's celebrated anti-alcoholic thirst quencher, now known as the New Year's Temperance Cocktail: "Take a lump of sugar and place in the bottom of a glass. Add two drops of biters and a dash of grapefruit juice. Pour in three fingers of grape juice and the juice of half an orange. Turn into a whisky glass half full of cracked ice. Mix carefully and pour into the sink."

A. B., New York City:  
 "The Maiden" has no contemporaneous interest. It lacks the essentials of a popular song.  
 Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

A. E. M., Oklahoma City:  
 "Dreams" is not original. Even your reference to "Sands of the Desert" would not be permissible. You have one or two good lines, but the subject itself is threadbare.  
 Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

S. E. T., Ambridge, Pa.:  
 "Moonlight" is a theme not of sufficient material interest to fascinate the modern song-buyer.  
 Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

J. O. R., St. Louis, Mo.:  
 The title "Hortense" is pretty enough, but the verses have no outstanding point.  
 Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

J. W. W., Houston, Tex.:  
 Your "Tennessee" song, we are sorry to say, has no particular purpose and there are too many titles of this kind. 2. "Girl with a Curf" is not strong.  
 Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

Fletcher and Gault, New York:  
 Your "Billy Sunday" song too topical for general sale.  
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L. C., Peoria, Ill.:  
 The Tuneful Yankee has no mail-order department and does not buy nor sell nor recommend any songs. Any music house will supply the pieces you name. Chicago is the nearest point to you. Write to the McKinley Music Company in that city. This is a firm that is reasonable and reliable.

Edna K., New York:  
 "An Old Place" resembles in theme too much "Time, Place and the Girl." It has several good lines but it would interfere with other songs of this type.  
 J. J. B., Union City, Pa.:  
 "Ma Cher" is a partisan soldier song which would not with American popularity in these strenuous war times.  
 Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

H. A. R., Hoboken, N. J.:  
 Your letter and copy of "Peace" song has been sent to Walter Jacobs, the publisher, Boston. Its publication in this magazine rests with him. He attends solely to that department.  
 Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

J. R. R., Anderson, Ind.:  
 "Loving and Living" very well written; good rhymes, good thought; still we doubt if it would "hit." Hard to judge these things without melody. You seem to be a bright fellow. Send on your plans with some matter pertaining to the "Movie Picture Pianist," and we'll publish same in this magazine. P. S. A photo of you just received, but would not make good cut.

C. S., Denver, Colo.:  
 1. "Waiting For" very ordinary. 2. "I'm Going to Believe" has some excellent and original lines but no "punch." The climax is bad. 3. The "End Road" is a very novel thing; still not perfect enough for The Tuneful Yankee prize. There is a very progressive publisher in New York, Mr. Henry Stern, of Jos. W. Stern & Co., who could give you some definite reply on this song. He is on the lookout for just such works and is thoroughly honest and reliable. Cut this out, paste it on your song and submit it to him. His address is 102 West 38th Street.

A. G., West Branch, Mich.:  
 "Aeroplane" has some good ginkery phrases, but the piece in its entirety lacks continuity of melodic passages.

J. F., New York:  
 There is not one rhyme in your entire second verse of "Tennessee." And the title has been done to death. We think you're only kiddin' in sending us these words for a prize contest.

S. R., Grand Rapids, Mich.:  
 There are too many Valley songs on the market, three of which are of recent crop: "Valley of the Moon," "Valley of Love," "In Lonesome Valley." What chance would your song have with these which have cost their publishers all sorts of money!

Jeff Brannan, New York:  
 Your replies to our February Hidden Songs are both as far from the correct solution as your criteria is from your chin. You may be able to write good songs, but at guess work you are as clever as we are in picking out a Derby winner.  
 Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

A MOST PATHETIC LETTER  
 Editor Tuneful Yankee: I sent for a sample copy of your magazine purposely to try for the song contest. After reading it I find that I am not eligible because I am not a subscriber. This is beyond my means; so I wish to inquire if you ever aid anyone in getting their song poems placed. I am sure you will find merit in some of mine. I am a small woman with big aspirations, but no backing to make success come. Not being strong enough to go out and work hard, I write these things to give expression to the natural love of music within me. I have several songs which I consider useful. Of course, they are only written to be idle as I am too poor to hire anyone to arrange them or type them; but days when my hand is free from pain I can manage to write them in a fairly good way. Would it be possible to get them published? I would be very glad to share the profits with anyone who would put them through. Some of them have been criticized by very learned people and pronounced worthy of success. Awaiting your reply,  
 Very respectfully yours,  
 Mrs. K. T. E., Roxbury, Mass.

In answer to the above appealing epistle The Tuneful Yankee would say: 1. We have concluded that it is not necessary to be a subscriber to enter your words for any prize contest, and this magazine will examine, criticize and aid every reader, whether subscriber or not, in giving a fair and unprejudiced comment upon each manuscript submitted to us. 2. It is sad to read that you are in such a position as you name and it would be a pleasure on our part to render you any available assistance within our power; but The Tuneful Yankee cannot place manuscripts, because that would involve many complications and put us in the position of a pedlar. This magazine is perfectly independent of music publishers and does not care a snap for their support or personal opinions, as we explained in the first issue of the publication. We do not make our editorial department subservient to the business department. While we have personal esteem for the various publishers of good reputation, still we would not ask them for a favor of any kind. This will prove especially valuable to us later on should we discover any crooks in this field who prey upon their fellow-men or who infringe upon each other's copyrights.



These we shall not only "show up" in the strongest terms, but we shall personally investigate their copyrights and infringements in case of litigation and enlist our influence as well as the ability of our lawyers to fight for the under-dog and against the one culpable. You will, therefore, see the necessity of keeping our hands free from asking any favors or marking any manuscript. 3. In examining any work you may send you need not go to the expense of fine reproduction. All we want is a legible manuscript to help you through with. 4. We have given publicity to this letter of yours which may meet the eyes of someone who would be willing to share the benefits of your compositions, but first we must examine them and give our candid opinion in these columns before we advise you whether to proceed further with your efforts. 5. You will notice that we have omitted your full name in order to protect you from the machinations of sharks.

C. E. T. Dobbins, N. J.: "Thanks for your consideration and good will in dedicating your song to the editor of The Tuneful Yankee, but the title is not apropos. We will admit, however, that you have a remarkably sweet melody in your composition, which, if linked to an up-to-date subject and published by a wide-awake publisher, would speedily catch on, as it is as catchy as the once familiar, "In the Good Old Summer-time." Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

D. J. H., Boston, Mass.: 1. "Dancing Girl." You begin excellently, but get lost in the chorus; another thing you should not do two different choruses. 2. There is already a song published called "Made in America." 3. Contents is too philosophical. 4. Too many patriotic songs of a like vein. 5. Same applies to your mother song. 6. Ditto on the Irish song. 7. "Highway" song well written, but merely a doctrine. 8. "Josh" lacks the punch; it is merely rhyming. 9. Santa Claus song, ephemeral. 10. "Canoe" song unsalable. 11. "Defenders" well written, but would not sell unless with marvelous music. 12. "Love of Sweetheart" simply a personal apostrophe pertaining each to the other.

H. A., New York City: "U. S. A." has some good points, but is not well written—only in spots. Anyhow, there are too many songs of this order.

L. C. N., writer: 1. "Should a music jobber also be a publisher?" 2. "Can the little dealer get a square deal from a man who publishes his own prints and also handles those of others?" 3. "How many jobbers are there in the United States who also publish music?"

1. This question will be answered in full through our columns shortly. 2. Sometimes. 3. About a dozen.

F. C., Cincinnati, O.: 1. The Clipper is a good medium for that purpose, but do not advertise your song unless first copyrighted. 2. The fee is \$1. We have no blank applications, but they will be furnished you by addressing Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

E. S. B., Jr., Uniontown, Pa.: "Heart's Desire" is only ordinary and there are too many others with similar titles.

Mrs. T. A. A., Springfield, Mo.: Strange that a Missouri lady should pick out Texas for her poetic inspirations. There is a good thought in your verses, but even if entirely good (which is not the case), the song would have only a limited sale.

R. N. D., Bradford, Me.: 1. "Uncle Phil" shows that you are quite a versifier, but these words would make a better recitation than a song. 2. You should have had some "punch" in the seventh line of the chorus of "Because" which would then make this song valuable. As it is, this climax is weak. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

H. C. L., Toledo, O.: 1. You cannot copyright the title of a song, per se. 2. About \$25. 3. There are any number of so-called patriotic songs on the market; state correct title. There is none that we know of by that title. 4. In the page "ad" you refer to in The Variety is one listed by the Joe Morris Co., which you probably mean. We took the pains to phone over there for you and they will furnish the song advertised on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

R. L., Roxbury, Mass.: 1. "Golden Rule" too "preachy" for a popular song. 2. "Uncle Sam" has a forceful, well-written chorus, and we may publish it in our contest. 3. "Tarrytown" is too local. 4. "Virginia" is too much like a recent popular song by that title. 5. This also applies to "Dreams Come True" of which there is one very similar in text and title.

Joseph Hart, Baltimore, Md.: In answer to your question concerning "Joe" Nathan who died recently: his full name was Joseph S. Nathan and he was 52 years of age. Leo Feist first bought him out as a composer about twenty years ago. His best-known songs were "The Bull Frog and the Coon"; "Senora"; and "My Cavalier." He was a very popular fellow socially and belonged to many prominent local organizations.

R. N. D., Bradford, Me.: "Sweet Bye and Bye" well enough written, but the soldier subject is worn threadbare. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

J. W. D., Ypsanti, Mich.: 1. "Irish Hearts" nothing striking. 2. "Fate" uninteresting. 3. "Spoon" will not sell. 4. "America" has too many competitors. 5. "Little Girl" is ordinary. 6. "Think of Me" possesses no outstanding merit. 7. "Troubles" has some very original thought, but a cigarette song would not win a prize these days, especially with our magazine. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

I. P., New York: It is difficult to popularize a war song and while yours possesses some good ideas it would not sell in these days of song competition.

W. L., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Yes, in Chicago. We're almost sorry we mentioned the song now. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

W. G. H., Greenfield, Ill.: "Family Circle" is too prosaic. You have some clever lines in your song, notably such excellent phrases as: "Join the circle of your Uncle Sam He's the patron of the helpless and the Great I Am," but the subject in its entirety would not sell in this over-crowded market of patriotic songs.

M. E. Bradley: Your "Old Glory" verses are admirably rhymed and constructed; but this subject has run threadbare. You could improve it, for you possess the true quality of lyric composition.

O. M. W., Seattle, Wash.: Professional copies of your three songs received. One of the numbers "Quaint Little Town" possesses remarkably catchy and original music; "Go to a Musical Show" contains better words than the melody; and "Velvet Eyes" a very pretty, jingling chorus, which, however, is not particularly original.

Scott R. Dineley: 1. Well, what's the use? It only preaches. It will not sell. 2. Simply a mother song; there are too many such. 3. Quite well written, but the chorus is too long and the title is not strong enough. 4. The Murphy song is clever enough to offer a space in our competition. It is new and original. 5. "Illinois" song too local. 6. "Gold Mine" has a good point, but the song would not sell. That is our belief. 7. "Judgment" starts off well but falls, and falls quickly. 8. "Guatemala" is absolute rot. Even the words are not original, the only original thing about them being the title. 9. The same applies to "Cuba" song. 10. There is a little suggestiveness in the "Girle" song. 11. "Barnstormers" is dreary, long-sung, uninteresting.

Albert J. B., Pueblo, Col.: The Tuneful Yankee has reprinted your fine letter on another page of this issue. Concerning the words which you submit—"Will You Forget When I'm Gone" we regret that we must return them by this post. The subject is not modern. Ballads of this sad character are passe these days, especially when linked to the title you have chosen. There is already a song, well known, called "Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone." You have simply changed one word in your title. Otherwise, the body text of your song is original enough. Still it is not strong. "Where the Bright Lights are Gleaming" and many such kindred lines occur in many other songs and in its entirety your song is simply a plaintive thing written in a vein that you, perhaps, think is desirable, but which would not tempt the modern composer to set to music.

B. H. C., Saco, Me.: "Uncle Sam" well enough written; but would not sell. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

J. S., Detroit, Mich.: Regarding the Knickerbocker Harmony Studios, the editor can give you no definite reply simply because we know nothing of them, good nor bad. 2. The reason the "ad" was omitted is because it was the desire of the publisher of this magazine. 3. The Tuneful Yankee makes it a rule to attack no one upon another person's charge unless the statement is verified. The editor of this publication cannot attack a man or a firm simply because one individual so desires. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

Lester O. P., Lansing, Mich.: In your answers to "Hidden Puzzles" you guessed every song correctly except No. 6, which was the easiest one of solution—"Take Back Your Gold." It surprised us how readily you solved No. 2, "Flea as a Bird," which puzzled hundreds of our readers. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

Stewart Wilkie, New York City: The words of your five songs are very, very bad. There is no continuity in them, the rhymes are bad and the feet (or metre) are halting. In fact, they have no feet at all, musically, or otherwise. They have nothing to stand upon, are decrepit and lame and are really more than bad, brother. But here is something to please you. These five songs have excellent titles. How did you manage to dig up

such fine titles for such horrible lyrics? Do you know what we would advise you to do. Create titles and sell them to writers and composers! There are many men who do nothing but buy titles for songs. Each one of your titles has some meaning and some clever point. In two of them, particularly, you have excellent punches. We should like to say here in print which two we mean, but if we did so, some unprincipled person might steal them from you, and as you say you have once before fallen into the hands of sharks, we shall not expose in these columns the fine titles and original themes you have wrought out in your manuscripts.

John K., New York: Your "Pride of Peace" has some good points, but the song would not sell. Most persons would rather fight than make peace. It's a peculiarity of the human race—especially with Americans.

Olga F., New York: There is nothing particularly strong in the verses you send. While some possess good points it would be very difficult to get a publisher to invest money in them.

In answer to your second letter enclosing more verses, in which you write: "I know that I am going to buck up against some of the best writers in the business, but like a good tuncful Yankee, am going to take a chance even if I do not win; won't be a quitter, but will try again," would say: "We shall publish your "Girle" song in our magazine and let our readers decide, for we think it possesses some ginger and considerable truth.

"Would you kindly let me know what music publishers pay for song poems that are written so as to compose a melody. I am just starting in this game and any advice you can give me would be greatly appreciated. Yours respectfully, J. B. W." Our advice is to stop before you begin. It will only make you unhappy in the end. There is one composer for each purchaser these days!

Chauncey V. D.: 1. "Patriotic Band" not as thrilling as its title implies. 2. "Somewhere Alone" has a facile, flowing melody and the words are fairly good. This song could be made a hit if a live publisher pushed it. 3. "Finnegan" has no rhyme or reason. An old subject with a title once before used, which failed. 4. "Linden Tree" has no particular charm. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

Tuneful Yankee: Regarding B. R.'s query whether one author can use a title the second time even though he calls it No. 2. There is no law against this, provided the same publisher issues it; otherwise, it is an infringement upon the first man's copyright who used the title originally and he can claim confusion of ideas to mislead.—B. L. Enclose stamps if you want MSS. returned.

Guy A., Sarber: "Mister Germany" is not apropos. No song attacking a nation will go. Even the people of the United States would not support it, no matter what their feelings towards a foreign country. You may mean well with your patriotic sentiments, but giving expression to them in a song is not good judgment, and it would be next to impossible to get a publisher to issue such a song.

R. N. D., Bradford, Me.: 1. "Oh, Dear! Oh My!" would not sell unless you had a good comedian to introduce it. 2. "Bar Harbor" is no poetical place to write about. Lots of folk don't even know where it is located.

G. V. T., Toronto: You have some very good rhymes and thoughts in the "World" song. A man like Ernest Ball could set this well to music, or Alfred Solman.

B. A. F., St. Louis, Mo.: You have a very good style of versification, but the song you submit is too heavy for our use.

J. McC., Chicago, Ill.: The songs you name are both purchasable in your city; one can also be had of the Triangle Co., New Orleans. The other is a vocal version of a well-known waltz and can also be had in your city. We return your 20c. stamps as we do no mail-order business.

J. M. K., St. Louis, Mo.: "Soul Mates" verses are well enough written, but the subject is too recitoid for modern popularity. There is an air of abstruse conception in the retrospect which will not appeal to the present generation.

A. J. B., Pueblo, Col.: Your "Forge" song is not original in words nor idea. In fact, there are already songs on the market, well known, with almost exactly similar titles.

G. M., St. Louis, Mo.: Your "Germany" song reflects upon a nation; it would not sell. It contains some good points, but very hastily slapped together.

L. S., Fond du Lac, Wis.: There is not sufficient continuity of thought in some of the lines of your "Summertime" song. Many of the lines, however, are very well written and have unique phrases.

J. B. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Fading Rose" has no fascinating interest. "When Hearts Meet" would not sell. There are too many songs of this kind now sleeping in the market.

E. P., Harrisburg, Pa.: 1. "A Dream" won't do. 2. "Mother's Love" contains a very pretty idea and the entire construction of the verses is intellectual, but the subject is rather too sad and unfortunate for the up-to-date song.

E. G. A., Sayreville, N. J.: Your fine penmanship does not blend with the incorrect solutions of the puzzles. You fell down on Nos. 4, 5, and 6. It is a wonder to us how you ever solved No. 2 for that was the hard nut to crack with every-one else.

Thompson Pub. Co., Toronto: You sent us no postage for return of the sheets received; therefore, we answer in this column. The songs, while well written, would not interest Americans, who under the present conditions of neutrality, would not care to sing odes to the King.

Wm H., Philadelphia, Pa.: 1. "The Cowboy Glide" is very commonplace of an order no longer in modern demand. There is nothing new or original about it, and it would gain no recognition whatsoever. 2. The other song is much better. It is, in fact, rather euphonious and rhythmic, although in part disjointed and irregular. Still, the subject is a pleasing one, adapted to the up-to-date style of love ballads. But there is no chance of its becoming famous unless a very, very tuneful melody is set to the words.

F. V., Williamsport, Pa.: The Tuneful Yankee sends out no marked copies. Yes, we know who sent you that marked copy. We are keeping tabs on him. The first thing you know he'll get himself in Dutch with one of his copy-rights and will wish he had thrown slander to the winds. We are watching for such an opportunity and it's only a matter of time when we'll find out some infringement of his that will conflict with another publisher or violate the laws.

C. L. S., Springfield, Ill.: 1. Of course, everyone knows this is only an advertising scheme. The publisher knew very well who wrote the song when he published it. 2. The party you name is correct and the thing is a fake. We shall not even give him the benefit of a free ad by mentioning his name, for The Tuneful Yankee does not care to advertise fakes or fakirs. The Editor of this magazine intends to write an article for the big dailies shortly on this very subject.

The following manly letter has been received from "Tunful Yankee": I am enclosing two song poems for your criticism, hoping that one of them will have enough merit to enter contest. If not, kindly criticize as strong as possible as I know it will greatly help me in my future writings.

There are already too many "Dreaming" songs on the market. The other words you submit are also well worn, the old Anna Held's "Making those Eyes" being long since in disuse. Anyhow, you have very few good rhymes in either, if any at all!

Harry R., Hoboken, N. J.: While the chorus of your "When I" has a fairly good idea, there are already on the market too many "Dream" songs, and your title has also been frequently used.


Mrs. J. R. H., Boise: The "Censor" is simply a boost for Charlie Chaplin. A Popular Remedy" has no strong point in particular. The Blanche Ring allusion is not modern.

C. E. T., Dobbins: 1. "Kisses" has some good points, but would never sell. Anyhow, there is no such a thing these days as an "honor" kiss. 2. "Fate Gave Me You" is too much in idea like various other popular songs. 3. "Dreamed President" has a subject which will not stand burlesque for there are too many real ones these days. 4. "Evangeline": there is nothing tempting to set to music here. 5. "Irish Home" contains nothing thrilling; same idea of Erin as appears in many other songs of this kind. 6. "You for Me" contains a good idea, but is not pleasant to sing. When a mother doesn't want her own daughter, it's hard to make others glorify her. You have good material in your brain, but nowadays the public is after real novelty songs.

W. G. L., Philadelphia, Pa.: "Little Baby God" will not do. Many persons, perhaps unlike yourself, are not blessed with "baby gods." These would not care for such a song and The Tuneful Yankee will not deceive you into believing otherwise.

James Hannon, Brooklyn, N. Y.: 1. Reply as to the value of your songs appears elsewhere in our answers to correspondents. 2. If it be true as you say that you sent manuscripts of yours to Mr. Frederick Bowers and he never returned them this constitutes a grave charge. He has no right to keep your manuscripts and he should have the courtesy to reply immediately to any letter of such an important character, as the works are evidently your property and should receive consideration, at least the courtesy of a reply. We have always considered Mr. Bowers a just fellow and it may be possible that he never received your contributions. It is up to you to look out for your wares and you should have registered your letter to make good the charge therein contained.

**Ye Clown Topic**  
With Apologies to K. C. B.



|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>DR. WILLIAM H. LUCAS.<br/>NEW YORK CITY.<br/>MY DEAR DOCTOR.<br/>THE TUNEFUL YANKEE.<br/>WANTS YOU TO.<br/>HELP US OUT.<br/>ON A VERY important.<br/>SUBJECT.<br/>AS YOU ARE an able.<br/>MAN.<br/>WHO KNOWS all about.<br/>MASTOIDS and.<br/>MASTICATION and.<br/>MANGLED vertebrae.<br/>WE WOULD LIKE to ask you.<br/>WHAT IS.<br/>THE BEST THING.<br/>TO GIVE a song writer.<br/>WHO RHYMES.<br/>"HOME" WITH "ALONE."<br/>OR WHO rhymes.<br/>"CRAZY" WITH "UKULELE" or.<br/>"CHEESE" WITH "SWEDE."<br/>I WAS thinking.<br/>DEAR DOCTOR.<br/>THAT, speaking of.<br/>MASTICATION.<br/>WOULD IT not be.<br/>A GOOD idea.<br/>TO MAKE SOME of these rhyme-guys.</p> | <p>CHEW.<br/>THEIR LYRICS.<br/>OR GIVE them an.<br/>INJECTION for.<br/>MASTOIDS.<br/>OR, PERHAPS.<br/>SPARE the horror.<br/>MANGLE THEIR vertebrae.<br/>YOU HAVE some plan.<br/>SURELY, doctor.<br/>TO PUT THESE fellows.<br/>OUT OF their misery.<br/>FOR IT IS terrible.<br/>MISERY.<br/>NOT FOR them, perhaps.<br/>BUT FOR ME.<br/>ROSEY.<br/>TO EXAMINE their "poetic."<br/>JUNK.<br/>AND SAY, doctor.<br/>WOULD IT NOT perhaps be.<br/>THE EASIEST WAY, after all.<br/>TO SIMPLY.<br/>GIVE EACH one of them.<br/>A SWIFT KICK.<br/>ON THAT part.<br/>OF THEIR anatomy.<br/>WHERE THE ape begins.<br/>AND THE MAN.<br/>ENDS.<br/>I THANK YOU!</p> |
|---|---|

R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.: 1. "Honolulu." The idea has been done to death. 2. You have an excellent title in the "Carolina" song, but the words are too verbose and lack the punch. Many a professional song writer would like to own that title. Therefore, we are not repeating it here in print, so that it will not be stolen from you. 3. "Tennessee" has no particular charm with its long verses and chorus. 4. "Ireland" has a fine first verse; that's all.

R. C., Logansport, Ind.: Thanks for your suggestion which is not a bad idea. We shall act upon it and in our next issue, or shortly, we shall publish the photos of the leading jobbers in sheet music, who are worthy of it, together with their office staffs.

R. W. S.: Your "Liberty" song has a good idea, and new; but there are so many patriotic songs in the field



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

that this, even when fixed up, would not have much popularity. As you sent no stamps for return, nor gave us any address, we are holding the MSS. subject to your order.

D. E. L., St. Louis, Mo.:  
1. "Say Good Bye" with its soldier idea would not go. 2. "By the Gate" fairly well written, but the death reflection is one that would prevent its popularity. 3. "U. S. A." nothing startling and reminds one too forcibly of "Dolly Gray."

Morris M., Philadelphia, Pa.:  
1. "Old Glory" excellent as a poem; not as a song. 2. The same applies to the other verses of "Old Glory." 3. Also "Altogether." 4. There are already too many songs by the "Die" title. 5. "Love Dreams" is not striking. 6. "Pay for It All" begins well, has a pointed chorus, but lacks coherency. 7. "Good Sends" is not realistic. A sweetheart rarely returns under such conditions. 8. Too many songs have been written on the "Melody of Love." 9. The "Return to Broadway" will not appeal to those who have already glorified the White Way long before you. 10. "In Love" has no contemporaneous interest. 11. "Richest Treasure," like many of your others lacks popular punch. 12. "Mother's Tears" a recitation, not a song. 13. "Memories" just a retrospect; no story to it.

P. S.—Why did you send us thirteen songs?

L. C., Oswego, N. Y.:  
You ask a very interesting question why the American people do not buy patriotic songs. 1. Because these compositions are shabbily and hastily put together and lack what is called the "punch." The Tuneful Yankee is daily in receipt of scores of such MSS., but they do not fill the bill. 2. We want a song like the one recently issued, called "America Here's My Boy" published by the Joe Morris Co., 145 West 45th St., N. Y. By sending a couple of stamps to that firm they will send you a professional copy. You will see what a strong theme and catchy melody it has and the song will guide you considerably. 3. The publication cost of an ordinary song is about \$20 for 500 or 1000 copies. 4. Worley, of Boston, is a good firm for this purpose, and in New York there is an engraving and music printing establishment, Heberlein Co., 253 West 47th St., who are very reasonable and do good work. They also revise without additional charge. Van Damm is another good printing firm.

C. H. H., Providence, R. I.:  
Are you earnest when you ask us to donate you

one of our prizes for this? We'll quote your quaint contribution and let our readers decide. Great Scott, this is wonderful! It is quaint! It is beautiful! We have never seen anything like it before.

D-O-R-O-T-H-E  
"We strolled through the woodlands to our old loved oak tree  
On the banks of the bonnie dear river dee  
By our path grew a rosebush, a rose bloomed for the  
'Twas the last rose of summer, I gave Dorothie

Refrain:  
"The dearest the sweetest my own Dorothie  
Came into my arms, my love for to see  
The sweetest sweetheart, to me ever be  
The dearest, the sweetest, my own Dorothie  
"Through the leaves the moon gleamed, so steadfast and so true  
Twinkling stars love reflecting from their field of blue  
On the banks grew a rosebush, a rose bloomed for the  
'Twas the last rose of summer I gave Dorothie."  
Suggestion, that the last line in the two verses, be sung to the melody of the last rose of summer.

J. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.:  
1. "The Girl I Love" has a very long and dreary chorus and contains the same old chestnut about proving that you are true. Girls nowadays would rather have a fellow who is not true; it excites their jealousy, and jealousy is akin to love. 2. "Jay on Broadway." This has several good points, but imagine a man singing about himself in such a deprecating manner. Another thing, it is only a song applicable to the male sex and it is the girls that buy songs nowadays. 3. "New Hampshire Town." The idea of leaving old Broadway for the rural home is all right, but the New Hampshire idea has been done to death in other songs and this idea would not particularly attract nowadays. 4. The same applies to your "Tennessee" song. The land of cotton where you're not forgotten is an old whizzer and will not fascinate the present generation. 5. "The Road of Love" is already a popular phrase in this city and there is a song, now well known here entitled "The Road of Love."

P. S.—You show some little talent at versification and may be successful in the course of time, but the lyrics which you sent us are only mediocre with no particular strong thought or idea to arouse universal interest.

Send answer to your other letter elsewhere in this issue.

## How Popular Songs Are Written

(Will Rossiter's Version)

To the few people of this still green earth who are so inhuman as to think for themselves it seems strange that no matter when or where you gaze with astonishment and admiration at a work of art, or listen with eager attention to some beautiful music or song—that unknowingly you picture in your mind's eye an ideal personage. You picture him as one born of such creative genius as to accomplish that which has so charmingly captivated even you, to the extent of compelling you, for a few moments at least, to forget your self-importance.

Just as you picture the handsome hero of the drama to be just the same kind of a fellow in private life, so do you fancy the author or composer of a popular song that you personally admire to be far better in every detail than ordinary mortals—yes, almost ethereal.

For lack of space we will omit a "reading" of your ideal song writer and at once inform you how popular songs are "written," and incidentally shatter to the ground, as a steam roller crushes an eggshell, your ideal "song writer." Strange as it may seem to you, these "song writers" cannot write. "Writing," in this connection, is merely a trade term and does not mean what it says, or what you think, as no doubt you will clearly see by the time you have reached the end of this article. Just to make this subject as plain as possible, I will right here introduce to your notice our mutual friend, Bill Jones, and together we will tell you all about it.

Bill Jones thinks he has conceived a good idea for a song—something he read in a paper or a novel—an inspiration for a song. The title, the story, the words for the chorus all come to him, maybe in a flash, and Bill goes along thinking it over and over to himself, humming "any old" tune to his humbling words. Bill writes down these scraps the first chance he gets—sometimes on a business card, an old envelope or any scrap of paper that he finds first. He keeps adding a word here and a line there, and "monkeys" around with it till he has the whole thing in a half-finished form.

Bill can "fake" a few chords for accompaniment on a piano, so the first chance he gets he starts in at some poor, innocent and defenseless piano and tries to "fake up" (or think up, or "write") a melody for his beautiful words. After many weeks, sometimes months, of boring all his friends and neighbors with his noise he thinks he has a fine tune in his head, and at once calls on the song-publisher with his load of trouble. The publisher, of course, gives Bill the "frozen face," but, Bill is a song writer and his principal diet is ice, consequently the frosty phiz does not faze him any more than would a full-size gatling-

gun. To use another slang phrase, Bill "stieks" and keeps talking until the publisher, in self-defense, asks him to show up the great song and sing it over.

Just for the sake of our article we'll say Bill's song is accepted, because the publisher can see the possibility of making a popular song out of Bill's "bilious bits." Then Bill takes a pen, as naturally as a horse gets all his feet on a tub in a circus ring, and writes down the title and words, and hums with his very bum voice the catchy melody he has "faked" up—I mean "written." At this point the publisher brings in a real, live musician, who is really a "hired man," this musician, who does with pencil or pen actually write down the very notes that Bill Jones, your ideal song writer, hums or whistles for him.

It may be a month, it may be a year, but before the song is published it is entirely rewritten by somebody. Bill's mess is transformed into readable or singable English. Bill's horrible hog language is eliminated (as it were), "for to" "I seen," "she done," etc., are cut out—but all he credit for a good song goes to Bill Jones. After the publisher has spent several thousand dollars booming Bill's song like a patent medicine, and the song makes a hit, Bill tells you he "wrote" every word, every note, and that because it was not changed is the reason it is such a success. If the song is not a success, and the publisher, after having spent his last dollar on Bill's song, and owing to its failure, is forced to the wall—Bill tells him about thirteen times a day that if he, the publisher, had not made those changes the song would have been a phenomenal success. "Song writers" are wonders, are they not? Yes, they are not!

### FROM ONE QUALIFIED TO SAY

Baltimore, Md., March 6th, 1917.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld:  
I received the first copy of The Tuneful Yankee today. I want to say that it is some paper. I have written several articles for the Cadenza and was, of course, interested in The Tuneful Yankee, and as musical editor of the Modern Dance Magazine I herewith offer congratulations.

I would like to have your photo and some data about yourself, for the Modern Dance Magazine, possibly the next issue. You can mail same to me or to Mr. G. Hepburn Wilson, 562 Fifth Ave., New York City. Accept my best wishes for yourself and The Tuneful Yankee.

Yours very truly,  
BASIL SADLER.

P.S. Your answer to Mr. Decatur, in reference to the South, is very good, and I hope you succeed in educating the Southerner to like the Yankee. I can see no reason for them disliking The Tuneful Yankee. Take it from one who knows.

[Thanks, Brother Basil, but what would our readers say to see us parading our picture in print?]

### IT IS TO LEARN

Mr. Albert Schwartz, who manipulates the big "Wurlitzer Orchestra" in the Ideal Theatre at Celina, Ohio, is giving instructions in operating this great mechanical music-player. He says that anyone with some talent for the piano can learn to operate the player simply by devoting a few weeks of their spare time. If you are interested, just drop him a line at the theatre.

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## Hidden Songs

Try your hand at solving these. First six correct subscribers will secure their photographs and addresses in *The Tuneful Yankee*.



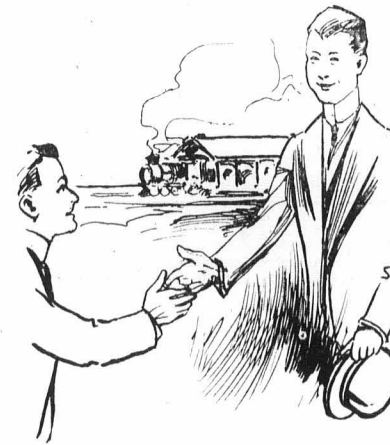
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### A Fish Story

As told by the sterling pianist, Seymour Furth, of the Jerome Co.:  
Neptune had returned from the market with a fine fish.  
"How many pounds does it weight?" inquired a mermaid.

"He is about a ten-er," responded Neptune.  
"If he is a tenor," returned the mermaid, "he cannot, of course, be a bass."  
Neptune was stung by the retort, but was much too polite to reply in kind by any allusion to her scales.

## Old Songs Are Best

An Excellent and Fearless  
Retrospection

By WM. H. LUCAS, M.D., LL.D.

THE popular songs of the day do not reflect the intelligence of the period. They are frequently little more than amateurish thought beginnings. They open with a promise of giving something, but fail to get much beyond a start—that is, as far as good thought is concerned. There is no seeking for a climax. Neat phrasing of elegant English is avoided. Poetic thoughts are disregarded. The commonest language is used, and used rather commonly.

Our songs of recent popularity are not to be compared to the heart songs which we now call "old favorites." The old songs contain pretty verses—words strung together like pearls on a necklace. The new ones rarely have a line that is above the commonplace. They please, but the pleasure is momentary. The merit is not lasting. They are merely mockeries of the days of yore, when songs were written from heart motives:

Ah! the old, sweet songs which never die,  
Which bring a tear into the eye,  
And make us with sweet sadness sigh:  
The old sweet songs!

The majority of the writers of today have no depth, or, having it, they have not the ability to express it in fitting words. The men who dip their pens into their hearts will write good songs, and those with hearts will gladly sing them.

Dear Doctor: We like all your beautiful similes except the above, underlined. Your reference to a sharp pen in the cardiac appendix reminds us too forcibly of your surgeon's lance into the jejunum! Have a heart, doctor!

### The Air of John Brown's Body

Perhaps of Pure Negro Origin, and  
Certainly Once That of  
a Voodoo Man

(From an Exchange)

YOU were pleased to publish a few days ago a communication from me on the subject of the genesis of the song of "John Brown." That of the air to which it is sung is also very interesting, and belongs to a complete history of the "Marseillaise" of the emancipation. Though adapted to a Methodist hymn, it appears in the beginning to have been some kind of a Voodoo song and may be possibly of purely negro origin. Lieut. Chandler, in an article on Sherman's march to the sea, says that during a halt at Shady Dale, in Georgia, the (Federal) band struck up "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave." Great was the amazement of the soldiers to see a number of negro girls come out one by one from the deserted houses, and, forming a circle round the band, dance in a grave and dignified manner without smiling, as if in some kind of a magical or religious ceremony. The dance over, they disappeared. The band

played other airs, but the girls did not re-appear; and their modes and earnest deportment on this occasion made an impression on the spectator. Inquiry of an old negro woman elicited the fact that the air was known as "the wedding tune," that it had no connection with hymns or songs, and that the colored girls all believed that they must dance whenever they heard it played or that they would never be married. The words and name of "John Brown's Body" were as yet unknown to everyone then, in that obscure corner of the South. "I was convinced," says the writer, "that the tune was older where the words were unknown than where they were familiar."

I can only add that there are yet in existence in the United States several Voodoo airs and dances, and that one of the most accomplished ladies whom I ever met had learned something of them. It is very probable, as I have already suggested, that in its origin, "John Brown" belongs to this "mysterious music."—Charles G. Leland.

## Music Reviews

(Continued from page 11)

ful array of all the American heroes from Washington down to Wilson, will never sell enough to pay for the highly-calendered paper upon which it is printed.

Six numbers received from the W. A. Quince Co., of Los Angeles, California.

"Honolulu Pa-Ki-Ka" by Bud DeSilva makes a good rhyme. Where did DeSilva get Pa-Ki-Ka? From Honolulu? Of course, you had to bring in Waikiki. No Honolulu song is complete without that bewhiskered word. This applies also to the Hula Hula Girl. Why do not modern writers get some other phrase save these trite taggers? But, Bud, you have some very lively, jingling music to your odd-phrased song.

"The Dragon's Eye." A Chinese waddle by Byron Gay. This is a rattling good two step, if you can call it such. It has a fetching bass accompaniment and stirs you up no matter how apathetic you may feel. Bands and orchestras will like it. So will people who hear the bands and orchestras play it.

"Spanish Songs." This is a setting of the well-known "La Paloma." It is well arranged and has a particularly unique title page.

"My Sweet Dream and You." By Byron Gay. A very facile, sweetly resonant song and while not very striking of title, ordinary and unattractive, will arouse interest on account of its melody and masterful arrangement.

"Sweet Luana." Hawaiian serenade. Simply a melody of the Orient with no outstanding charm, but a correctly written composition.

"Autumn Thoughts." Here is a publication with fluent and unique conceptions. It is also in a manner useful because the resolutions in various keys are pronounced, acting as a teacher's guide. In fact, it has an edifying accompaniment giving the general tenor of the work the impression of a unique

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revere. Still, the composition will never have much of a sale.

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give this necessary element a penny's worth of thought.

Thanks!

New York, Feb. 5, 1917.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: I think *The Tuneful Yankee* is sure to be a success. This is also the opinion of all my friends, who have seen your magazine.

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

Outline of Lesson II in January issue: Letter-names and tones constituting the three fundamental chords, and usual position and manner in which they are employed in

(Continued on page 46)

### Count 1 Both hands together Rhythm No 1

Count 2 Both hands together

Right hand alone Ragging One Melody Note in a Measure.

Count 3 Left hand alone (Right hand tie)

Right hand alone

Count 4 Both hands together

First play melody part (top staff) in octaves with right hand, octave higher than written, combined with bass part (bottom staff) with left hand. Then play Rag part (middle staff) octave higher than written combined with the bass part as before. The tone (octave) employed in addition to the melody in the Rag part is a passing note. The half-step (semi-tone) directly below any given tone is called a Passing Note.

> (Accent mark) indicates that the tones are to be struck with force.

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(Continued)



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### Rhythm No. 1 Continued Ragging One Melody Note in a Measure.

Play treble (top staff) with right hand octave higher than written, combined with bass (bottom staff) with left hand. The tones employed in the treble in addition to the melody (octave) are taken from the chord (harmony) in the bass.  
Note: If too difficult, the pupil may omit the harmonic tone used with the octave.

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

Count 1 2 3 4

Straight Bass

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

Count 1 2 3 4

Straight Bass

### Ragging Two Melody Notes in a Measure.

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

Count 1 2 3 4

Straight Bass

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

Count 1 2 3 4

Straight Bass

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"straight" bass shown by notation in the keys of C, G, F, B $\flat$  and E $\flat$ —How to decide the chord to be used in each measure—Principle of classifying chords—Avoidance of Passing Chords, Altered Chords, etc.  
Outline of Lesson III in February Issue—Review of "Straight" bass in all twelve keys—Principle of playing all melody notes in octave form—Avoidance of counting the metre (time) aloud—Full harmony in the right hand—Avoiding the crossing of the hands—Producing variety in the bass.

#### LESSON IV

It is assumed that the pupil has accomplished the first and second phases of the work; namely, is able to play any melody in octaves with full harmony in the right hand employing straight bass in the left hand, deciding the fundamental chord to be used in each measure by consulting the notation in the instrumental part as written in the sheet music.

The pupil will now be required to take up

#### TO THE PUPIL

The pupil will now be required to take up

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(Continued)



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the third phase of the work—the study of the various syncopated rhythm "patterns" or "figures," and their application to various classical and standard melodies to be given and demonstrated in these columns.

In order to gain fluency and to assist in spontaneous automatic application, it is imperative that the successive elements involved in each of the rhythm forms be memorized as presented.

#### RHYTHM NO. 1

**RAGGING ONE MELODY NOTE IN A MEASURE**  
(Passing note)

Melody note on count 1, passing note on count 2, melody note repeated between counts 2 and 3, passing note repeated between counts 3 and 4, melody note repeated on count 4.

(Harmonic tone)

Melody note on count 1, harmonic tone on count 2, melody note repeated between counts 2 and 3, harmonic tone repeated between counts 3 and 4, melody note repeated on count 4.

**RAGGING TWO MELODY NOTES IN A MEASURE**  
First melody note on count 1, harmonic tone on count 2, first melody note repeated between counts 2 and 3, harmonic tone repeated between counts 3 and 4, second melody note on count 4.

(To be continued)

## An Incident from Life

(Continued from page 4)

that you are fighting for the most noble cause in music that man ever conceived.

We saw at once that this man was more than an ordinarily educated fellow. The sad tone in his voice and the eagerness with which he parted with his money, told us there was a story back of his life.

We bade the fellow come in past the railing to our office where he sat down and unfolded to us the most harrowing, plaintive, and distressed incident that has come to the hearing of *The Tuneful Yankee* since its origin. In plain language, the poor fellow has been for months and months the dupe of unprincipled sharks and thieves who had taken from him all the available money at his command and left him bare-handed and bare-hearted in the wide, wide field of ingrates. For, mind you, this man had a weakness. It was the writing of words for songs, and he had fallen pray to that army of vampires which exist from the blood of the hapless.

As his story grew in dimensions and interest it revealed to us a state of affairs that makes us bless the day when Walter Jacobs first conceived the launching of this magazine, *The Tuneful Yankee*.

Many a man who reads this little story will perhaps look upon it with suspicion as to its verity. Therefore, we shall do something that we have never heretofore done in the columns of this publication. It is not

\*Cuts received too late to insert in alphabetical order

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our policy to betray confidences nor admissions, but we herewith give boldly the name of the victim, and of whom we shall have have other articles later. His name is Stewart Wilkie.

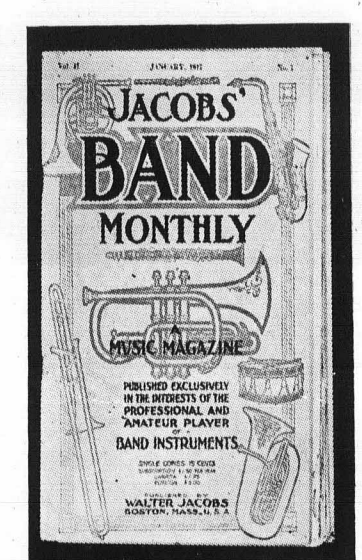
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