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THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

VOL. I
NO. 5 JUNE, 1917

A Monthly Magazine
devoted to the Interests of
POPULAR MUSIC

VOCAL
INSTRUMENTAL
MECHANICAL



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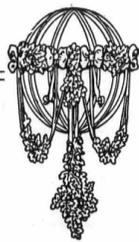
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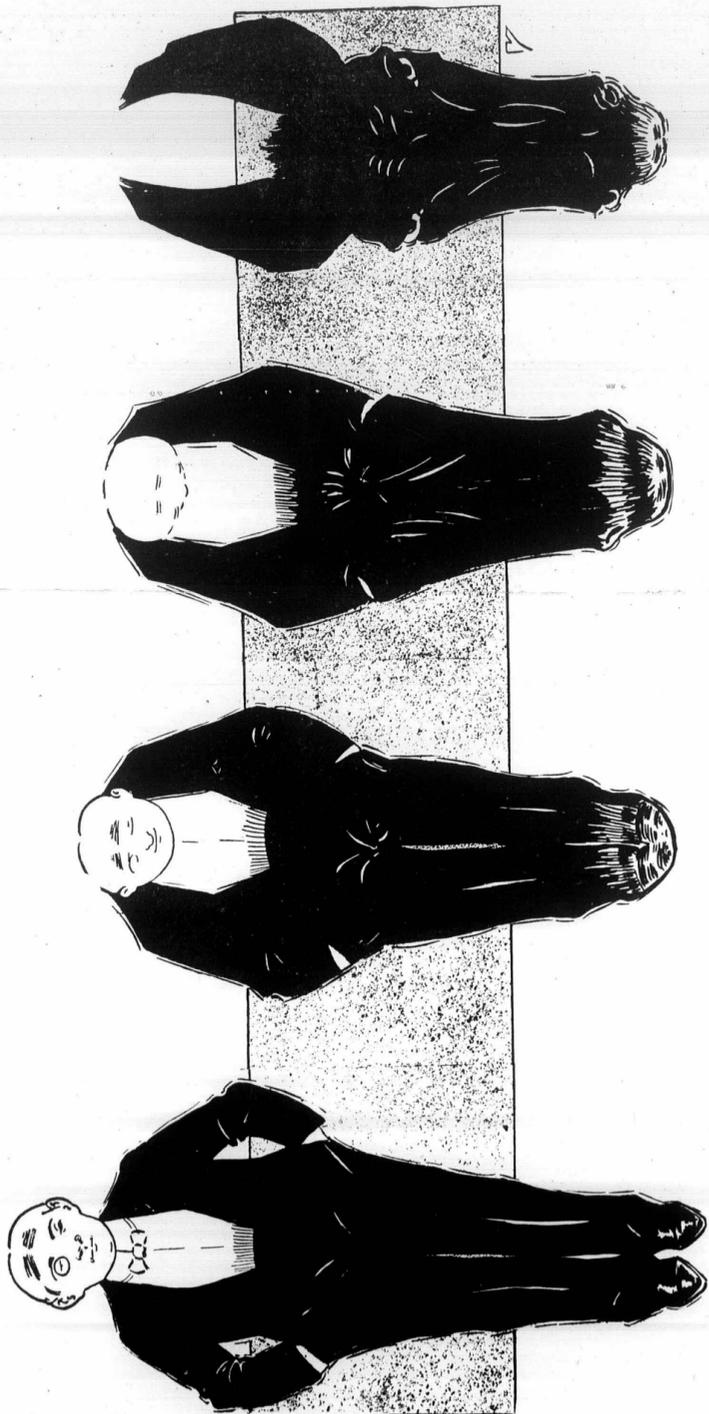
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The Evolution of a Song Writer

BY MOSE GUMBLE



As he appeared when he first submitted his song to the publisher

After the publisher's criticism

REJECTED

BACK TO NATURE

JUN 12 1917

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THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

A MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WALTER JACOBS

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

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VOL. I

JUNE, 1917

No. 5

More Controversy on the Grammatical Bull

The "Queen of the Roses" Still Being Tossed About with Shame and Abandon



VERY mail to The Tuneful Yankee seems to bring comments upon the criticisms of Louis Weslyn's song which he dubs "The Queen of the Roses Was You." Some uphold him, others excuse him, and many condemn him. Here are a few letters received:

Portland, Ore., May 6, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Sir: The insipid ass who would say "The Queen of the Roses Was You" should be hitched to a circus cart. Anyone with any kind of knowledge of the English grammar knows that one cannot link a singular verb with a plural pronoun. Why all this nonsense?

C. M. Hanley,
School of Syntax.

(So say we.)

Atlanta, Ga., May 4, 1917.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,
Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: You have taken a very awkward stand in criticising for bad grammar the title of Mr. Weslyn's song, "The Queen of the Roses Was You." The sentence is correct and you know you are wrong. Why don't you confess it like an honorable editor?

Robert C. Fullen.

(*"Honorable editors" don't confess to oblige cranks.*)

Wilmington, Del., May 9, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee: This should settle your argument on the "Roses" song.

I was	We were
Thou wert	You were
He was	They were

Anyone that disputes the principles of English grammar should have his upper story washed out. Mr. Weslyn *are* right. You *is* wrong. I am surprised that your fine magazine should stoop to argue such a question with those who should be shoveling bricks instead of debating syntax.

Martha Owens, LL.D.

(It is no disgrace to shovel bricks. But it is unpardonable to emascuate the mother language.)

Albany, N. Y., May 11, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: "The Queen of the Roses Was You" and "The Queen of the Roses Were You" are both correct. Would you like to bet on it?

George Kerr.

(1. Both cannot be correct. 2. Betting is not allowed in this city, but we'll meet you out in Squetunk and take your money.)

Oswego, N. Y., May 8, 1917.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,
Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Clever Guy: The "queen" in the song being a singular noun and "you" being a singular person, the sentence is correct.

Very truly yours,

Frank J. Hartwell.

(It is a "singular" thing for us to say that you *are* loose upstairs.)

Nashville, Tenn., May 7, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee: Are you boosting a song or are you simply trying to learn grammar? If the latter, why don't you simply invert the sentence—"The Queen of the Roses Were You"? Thus you quickly see that The Tuneful Yankee is right and that the song is wrong.

Joseph Chamberlain.

(Clever Joseph, you!)

Buffalo, N. Y., May 7, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee: Of whom was Mr. Weslyn thinking when he wrote the title "The Queen of the Roses Was You"—the subject, or the pronoun? You neglected to state in your paper.

Sincerely yours,

Roy L. Stillwell.

(Damifino! This is a nut problem.)

465 Central Pk., West, April 20, 1917.

To the Editor of The Tuneful Yankee,
1547 Broadway, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: I think that "queen of the roses were you" is the grammatical construction. "You" is second person plural and must be used with a verb of the second person

plural. "You" is a pronoun used as predicate pronoun and if this is correct you ought to be able to reverse subject noun "queen" and the subject pronoun "you." If this is done "was" will be found to be incorrect. The correct effect can be obtained by stressing the word "roses."

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Ethel Cain.

(Bright girl, you are right.)

Davenport, Iowa, May 12, 1917.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,
Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Esteemed Sir: When you criticised the Weslyn song did you consider, perhaps, he was thinking of "Queen" as his subject? If so he is right in saying, "The Queen of the Roses Was You."

Samuel C. Moore.

(We don't care whom he was thinking of. Some folks have different "queens." A real queen would blush at such grammar.)

Peoria, Ill., May 8, 1917.

Tuneful Yankee,

New York City.

Gentlemen: Why don't you leave your grammatical problem to some good authority? There are plenty of wise men in the country—perhaps not in New York—but elsewhere. Or have they all gone to the place that begins with H? I don't mean Heaven.

Louis C. Carter.

(Shame on you, Louis!)

New York, May 13, 1917.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: As a firm believer in your version of the grammatical analysis on song "The Queen of the Roses Were You" I, as a school marm agree with you. There is only one construction of a true grammatical phrase.

Very respectfully yours,

(Miss) Dorothy Schultz.

(Thanks, Dorothy, you know your business!)

NOTICE: In an early issue The Tuneful Yankee will publish the correct solution of this perplexing problem by the one positive authority of the United States.

A Sad Letter

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: I want to ask your advice on something urgent. I am serving a life sentence in the — Prison and lost my left arm since I have been here. I have been here since 1910. During my incarceration I wrote a little number, worked here to save the necessary money and published it myself. I used another name to conceal my whereabouts and identity. Also had to do this to procure copyright. Through the courtesy of the management here I succeeded in getting it published. I just read in The Tuneful Yankee a review on a certain musical number published by a firm in Brooklyn. I don't know the authors but from your comment the composition referred to sounds like my ragtime bass method which I sent to —. I fear they have taken my melody. What redress have I?

Yours in misfortune,

R. P. A.

(Any man that would take advantage of a fellow man in the position in which you find yourself should be hung from his thumbs and kept there as long as you are serving your sentence. We have no sympathy for a thief, especially one base enough to

They Keep on Coming

POSTALS AND LETTERS OF COMMENT

Read Here What You Have Written Us

steal from an unfortunate person who cannot hit back. We have contided the firm to whom you refer, but because we have no verification of your statement.)

This One Isn't Tame, Harry

Zanesville, Ohio.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Dear Sir: In my letter to you enclosing subscription price for your delightful paper, I lamely commented that I thought well of The Tuneful Yankee. My only excuse is, that having hurriedly given it the "once over," I did not grasp its beauty and real worth; now, however, after having read your paper, I wish to make amends, and am enclosing a little jingle which interrupted me in my work this afternoon until I wrote it down.

Very truly yours,

Harry E. Humphreys.

(Thanks for your "jingle;" it appears in this issue.)

Quite a Suggestion

The Tuneful Yankee,

Gentlemen: Enclosed find subscription for your interesting magazine. As you state your main object is to help the amateur, could I make following suggestion?

I have written a number of song poems and I would like to become connected with a music writer (amateur or professional). As I find it easier to get a complete song on the market than one possessing only the words, or only the music, why would it not be a good idea to publish in your magazine a "Get Acquainted" column where fellow-writers could be in touch with each other.

Very truly yours,

Maurice Rubin,

840 Dawson St., Bronx, N. Y.

(A very good idea, Mr. Rubin, but The Tuneful Yankee does not wish to be in league with writers or composers of whom it knows nothing definitely. This may be the means of ultimately getting you into the hands of the sharks.)

A "Lucky Find"

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Dear Sir: Someone forgot his or her Tuneful Yankee in the street car I was on recently and I found it. It was like finding

Schenectady, May 9, 1917.

Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: "The Queen of the Roses Was You" is correct. Shall I prove it by sending you a grammatical diagram? At least, I have been taught so in school.

Minnie E. Albright.

(What school, Minnie? School of scandal?)

St. Louis, Mo., May 9, 1917.

Mr. Rosenfeld,

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: Your stand on "The Queen of the Roses Was You" should open no controversy. I'll string along with The Tuneful Yankee's version. That is good enough for me.

Emmerson Little.

(But we may be wrong, too. We may, but we "aint.")

New York, N. Y., May 11, 1917.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: Your interpretation of the line "The Queen of the Roses Were You" is absolutely correct.

Very sincerely your friend,

George Cooper.

(Thank you George, that helps some, for you are the oldest song writer in America who never slipped down on a grammatical banana peel. When you wrote your famous songs sixty years ago, "Sweet Genevieve," "The Cottage by the Sea," "Must We Then Meet as Strangers," and songs of a like ilk that sold steadily for half a century, your opinion, in our mind, is worth more than fifty endorsements from so-called professors and doctors of law.)

Worcester, Mass., May 11, 1917.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: Your analysis in the May Tuneful Yankee is correct. You cannot say "The Queen of the Roses Was You" as attached to a singular noun.

Edward J. Leslie.

(A man can say anything, but in these strenuous times he must be careful where he says it. He cannot say it in this office—and live!)

real money. I am interested in popular music and hope some day to be one of the boys in the game. The lucky find was a January number and the article on page 4 gave me a lot of hope for the future.

Very truly yours,

Raymond Brunswick,
28 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

This is too Much for our Modesty
Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: I have received each copy of The Tuneful Yankee since its publication and I think your magazine is great. I have also received *The Cadenza* and your other publications and, while they are all right I think The Tuneful Yankee beats all of them put together.

Yours truly,

Francis Rosen,
Faribault, Minn.

Another Kindly Tribute

April 17, 1917.

Tuneful Yankee,

Gentlemen: I am very glad to be in possession of the great double number of your magazine and I find it very valuable in every concern. It contains really good music and really good advice. Anyone who likes your magazine proves that he has good taste. I, and my sort of people, do need you far more than you need us.

Very sincerely yours,

Stephen VonFuzzy,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Short and Sweet

April 18, 1917.

Gentlemen: From cover to cover The Tuneful Yankee is interesting. When subscription expires I shall surely renew same.

Very truly yours,

Mrs. A. Biernbrauer,
New Britain, Conn.

He Has Been Stung, Too

April 11, New Britain, Conn.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: I enclose you some of my songs which criticize as strongly as possible for I appreciate your honest opinion. The Studios composed music for all of them and were supposed to aid in publication, but alas! and alack! I suppose I am one of the thousand others who have been stung. I never read a more interesting magazine. Its fairness to everyone is worth more than words can express.

Very respectfully,

J. J. Biernbrauer.

Here is Quite a Poetical Tribute

Artistically Phrased Comment from James Howard

Calisch

New York, May 14, 1917.

O, say, dear Mr. Editor, did you see in the dewy dawn of our young but robust friendship the happiness that was brought to me by making the acquaintance of your splendidly useful magazine? In the rocking ocean of popular musical efforts it stands like a beacon around which the superficial waves may break and the deeper sand of merit may come to view. Believe me, I

have solved many a difficult problem; but I am willing to offer a prize of a One Dollar gold-filled rhinestone-set flag boutonniere to anyone able to solve this most absurd of all propositions: How can a magazine such as yours possibly fail to be a success as long as it is in charge of an editor like yourself? I wish you luck with your enterprise; and I only hope that all my wishes would as surely come true as this one.

Yours devotedly,

James Howard Calisch.

They Like Their Checks

Terse Acknowledgments from the Prize Winners

New York, May 17, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee:

I thank you very much, indeed, for check received in payment for my prize effort in the May issue.

Very truly yours,

Nathan Kirsch.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 19, 1917.

Manager Tuneful Yankee:

I was pleasantly surprised with the check for my contribution regarded by you as a prize number in The Tuneful Yankee's May number.

Appreciatingly yours,

Herbert J. Braham.

New York, May 17, 1917

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: I have received from Mr. Walter Jacobs, publisher of your magazine, check for my prize words published in the May issue of The Tuneful Yankee. This is pretty good evidence of the integrity and square-minded dealings of your publication. I thank you very much, indeed, for all you have done to an aspiring friend.

Sincerely yours,

(Miss) Bertha Stein.

Brooklyn, May 17, 1917.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, Editor,

The Tuneful Yankee.

My dear Mr. Rosenfeld: I want to thank you, and the other judges of your recent competition, in awarding 2nd prize to Mr. Herbert J. Braham and my song "The Waltz Divine." Let me assure you that I feel more gratified over this success than if the little work had made a big market hit, for popular successes are not always based upon either musical or poetic merit, while a contest award almost invariably signifies intrinsic worth.

In saying this I do not mean to imply too strongly a sense of personal vanity, but merely justified pride in being singled out as among the three who carried off the laurels in your competition. This little triumph has given me unmeasured encouragement, and encouragement is what the composers and writers of refined songs need. In arranging contests like the one just closed, The Tuneful Yankee is doing more than any other publication. Not content with covering a field hitherto untilled, it is reaching out beyond the commercial pale in order to help the aspiring writer; and its fair favors as well as just criticisms will go far towards creating a moral force whose influence will be felt in the field of popular music.

Yours very sincerely,

W. M. Oestreicher.

Editor Brooklyn Times.

Great for the Would-Be

Steuenville, O., April 10, 1917.

Monroe H. Rosenfeld, Editor,

Dear Sir: I subscribed for your magazine immediately I saw the first copy. I think it is a great thing for the aspiring song writer,

particularly if any of the submitted lyrics are eventually taken up by any of the legitimate publishers.

One song poem in particular which was in your March-April issue, is a gem, in my opinion. This is the poem entitled, "Uncle Sam It's Up To You," by Robert Levenson. I believe this is better than nine out of ten of the so-called "Patriotic Songs" now before the public.

You may publish my lyric "If I Told All I Knew" when it is convenient.

Hoping you will have the success you deserve, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Fred Sloop, Jr. Olympic Theatre.

This is Certainly Strong, Alec!

Philadelphia, April 16.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Dear Sir: Permit me to say a word about your Tuneful Yankee which is the cleverest musical magazine I have ever read. I am so anxious to get the next number—I just can't wait.

Wishing you all success,

Very truly yours,

Alexander Testa,
1321 Castle Ave.

The Usual Sad Letter

Still it is Worth Reading Again

Tuneful Yankee,

Gentlemen: I have received a sample copy of your magazine. As for criticism, according to my estimation, I think it needs none; it is absolutely the best book I have ever read. I want to tell you of an experience. One day I saw an "ad" in a weekly periodical "Song Writer's," stating "pamphlet would be sent on request." I immediately sent for this pamphlet and in substance it told almost everything a song writer should know. I, therefore, felt somewhat encouraged and then they sent me a letter asking for a sample of some of my compositions which they promised to exploit and criticize free of charge. To a certain degree I was skeptical. Still, I sent them on. A few days later I received a letter praising the compositions and saying that a certain party would compose the music. Then they sent me a contract and a duplicate to be filled out. I felt obliged, until I read the last two or three paragraphs in which I was told that they required \$24.00 at the signing and fulfillment of this contract. I told them that I was unable to send the money at the time and they said they would retain it until I was in a position to pay it.

Up to the present time it is in the possession of this concern, and I write you now asking you for your kind help which I shall appreciate greatly.

Yours respectfully,

Theodore Baumrotter,
312 Keep St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(How can we help you when you deliberately fall into such a trap? Has not this magazine constantly been warning such as you of these sharks, and still you invite the danger by not heeding us? However, your letter may prove a valuable warning to others of your kind with whom we deeply sympathize.)

How to Write a Song

Pungent Advice Given by Will Rossiter

HOW to Write a Song—That is the question; and one much harder to answer and solve than a legal technicality in some celebrated divorce case. Some people imagine it is an easy matter to write a song, but they overlook the fact that there are many different kinds of songs, just as many, in fact, as there are kinds of "mince pies;" some are good to eat, while others mean "sure death" with the first mouthful. So it is with songs; some are good, some are bad; some are songs in reality, some in name only; and as everyone, from the worst patient in a deaf and dumb asylum to an underfed disappointed cab horse, can write "bad" songs, let us away to the sunny realms of poetical genius, and bask (as it were) "neath its noon-day rays, while we endeavor in our humble way to solve the problem which is obscure as the North Pole. How to write a song—and become wealthy.

First! Dear reader, have you the ambition to write a song? If so, pardon my becoming personal, but are you honest? Now you are wondering to yourself, "what has that to do with writing a song?" and thereby you at once show your ignorance on this "song" question, as I will prove to you that in order to write a successful song you must be honest; your meal-ticket must be paid for in advance; your laundry called and paid for when ready; your room rent paid; you must not owe your neighbor, and why? Because he who is guilty of the above crimes is forced to walk to and fro from his home (or hiding place) to his place of employment either through alleys (to dodge his creditors), with his head hanging like the lower jaw of a country Rube on his first visit to the city, instead of walking with head erect on the main thoroughfare just like any of the other animals. With head hanging in the aforesaid manner, you understand, the eyes are watching the ground, and true, you may miss the mudholes of reality, but at the same time you are getting into the mudholes of the idea, and no good themes for songs were, to my knowledge, ever found in mudholes. But if you are honest—ah! how different. Then when you "smile," the world "smiles" with you (at two for a quarter), and those to whom you pay money will be glad to meet you, in fact they will be looking for you, they will honor you with a beautiful name of "Good thing," you will no longer have to "pick" your way (with a shovel) through the side streets and alleys; but you can step right out on the main city street and flatter yourself you are just as good as any of the other horses, even though you may not have quite as much "behind you."

Second! With the top end of your body (otherwise known as your head) erect, you will see life as it is; see it in activity; and consequently titles and ideas will then come to you; as songs to be a success must be of

subjects from life; you must have a story of interest; ask yourself: "Is this story interesting? Is it a story my friends would like to hear?" Is there any sense to it (I mean common everyday horse sense); if so, go ahead, shape it up into verse form, opening your story (not with a can opener) but with a pen or pencil (soft one preferred by some) in the first verse; and continue and finish it in your second; as if you are writing songs for the American market, two verses with a chorus between them is enough—Americans are a spirited, impulsive race of people, born in a hurry they are impatient, and it is not natural to wait! What they want they want in a hurry; so if you have strong points give it to them quickly; say something in every line you write, and use as few words as possible; you can do it, just like a man when he sends a telegram, every word costs him money, consequently he "cuts it short," and that's just what you want to do with your song—cut it short—it will grow—that is, we hope it will—and we all know what hope does

for us every day. And writing of hope reminds me that it's a beautiful "theme" for "would-be" poets to "dally with," these few words having just come to me:

Never despair but always hope on,
He who shaves must needs put soap on.

You will see at a glance, while there are only two lines, it tells much, "Never despair, but always hope on," words that contain pathos and comfort, they stimulate the system, they invigorate the nerves (better than any patent nerve tonic), they stir you on to victory, they "jab you in the ribs" (to humanly speak). Then turn to the second line, where are we at? Suddenly from the ideal! Ah! the ideal down, down, down (not feathers) to common every-day eat and dog life, we find ourselves far beneath the sea level and commenting on the barbarous customs of barber principles, namely, "He who shaves must needs put soap on." I could spend hours with you telling the hardships (no battleships, though some battleships are "hard") of him who does not "put soap on"—but what care we—perhaps we don't shave, perhaps we are not built that way; let us "soaps-o."

When you have written your words, the
(Continued on page 38)

Anent the South

FOLLOWING are two letters from prominent newspaper men regarding the possibilities of the popularity of the TUNEFUL YANKEE throughout the South. Each presents an able expression of the sentiment this magazine has been aiming to secure. One is from Secretary Daniel's paper, the other from General Angus' great journal.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS
President

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Jr.
Secretary-Treasurer

V. C. MOORE
Business Manager

THE NEWS AND OBSERVER

RALEIGH, N. C.

North Carolina's Foremost Newspaper in Character and Circulation

Raleigh, N. C., March 3, 1917.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Dear Sir: With reference to the title of your magazine, The Tuneful Yankee, I do not think it in the least inappropriate and think it is a very good title. While among a certain class of Southerners there is a little antagonistic feeling towards the so-called "Yankee," this feeling is fast dying out and I am glad to say that the element that hold this feeling is not the representative element of the South and as a rule, music or anything pertaining thereto, does not appeal to such a people. As you perhaps know, the South depends upon the North for musical creations and the people down here who are interested in such a publication as this, would not be antagonized by the title you are now using.

I might enumerate many other reasons why you should be satisfied with your present title, but I think the ones I have stated will be sufficient to let you know how we feel about it. In this I voice the sentiment of all our men about the office and wish for you much success. I have carefully looked over the copy and it is very interesting.

Sincerely yours,

C. S. Woolard.

ESTABLISHED 1873

Baltimore ***** American

CIRCULATION CHARACTER INFLUENCE

Baltimore, Md., March 5, 1917.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld:

I have received in the mail this morning a copy of the February issue of The Tuneful Yankee. The notice of this publication which the editorial department prepared for today's issue, was not inserted on account of shortage in space, but they are going to make an effort to get it in on the first date that a book review is carried.

You ask my opinion of this magazine and whether I think it would antagonize the South, or rather, prejudice readers against it. On the contrary, it is a very catchy name and it is not a question of North and South any more—the line is no longer drawn. It is a wonderful music magazine and should have a big sale. I wish you every success with it.

Very truly yours,

W. M. Scott,
Business Manager.

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE PUCKERINGS

Whistle 'Em Around



GIRLS that are used to the cadences of music sometimes utilize their sweet sounds for business purposes. Thus, Miss Dorothy Wolff, for nearly seven years with the Shapiro, Bernstein Company has just fallen a victim to matrimony. She has engaged herself to Henry N. Goldberg, a prosperous, attractive young man, who if he makes good the significance of his name—Goldberg (translated into English, meaning gold mountain) should afford Miss Dorothy quite a haven for the "Wolf" when it comes knocking at the door. In the meantime the beautiful Rose Fischer is also one of the Shapiro, Bernstein jewels. She is in the orchestra department.

AN evidence of the public desire for the lighter class of music and the semi-classic was emphasized recently in the annual recital given by the pupils of the Wilson-Winn School of Popular Music in Brooklyn, New York. The affair was well attended and admirably conducted. Everyone seemed pleased at the other's renditions which consisted chiefly of piano and violin solos. Among those that contributed to the entertainment were the following aspiring musical lads and misses: Master H. Zierman, Miss P. Keuler, Master J. Wigmore, Miss E. Emrich, Miss A. Weber, Master W. Struble, Master W. Hugli, Miss M. Peterman, Miss D. Kees, Mr. H. Weber, Miss J. Kaiser, Mr. L. Hodes, Miss N. W. Wilson, Miss M. Wagner, Miss M. Matlowski, Miss E. Domich, Miss L. Seifert, Miss C. Kaiser, Mr. C. Derby, Mr. R. Brophy, Mr. N. Beekman, Miss E. Hartman, Miss V. Griffin, Miss L. Kaufman, Miss G. Lang, Miss K. Allen.

THE Millegram Company is creating quite a sensation with its professional rooms atop their grand building on 45th Street. This is the only musical rendezvous that has topped a roof in America. Quite a novelty. Quite a staggering innovation. Just imagine what they can do up there in the line of ragtime rhapsodies and fox dip depressions and screaming scenarios. Great Scott! They cannot even be arrested. Well, Brother Haskins, you have started something, and you, Charley Miller, have done your share with a little novelty that has Originality stamped all over its face.

MR. V. JONES of the Utica Press is the proud owner of a wife, Mrs. Susan, who possesses extraordinary musical gifts. She goes to the latest opera or high-class cabaret, hears the latest ditty, and proceeds instant to her domicile where she teaches her little son and heir, Vincent, almost each song she has heard. Such talent is, indeed, rare even with professional persons of note who do not possess the ordinary name of Jones.

P. S. Speaking of this hustling newspaper man who is known for his brilliancy of wit, on being approached recently for a subscription to The Tuneful Yankee, the solicitor of which, while laying down the great prestige and circulation of our magazine was greeted with these words: "This sounds like extracting teeth without sleep. Everything on the map to fit the taste!" And brother Jones "fell" as everyone else does and immediately took out his wallet and behaved himself.

HERBERT SPENCER, the distinguished composer of "Underneath the Stars," "There's Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes," and kindred works, when approached yesterday with the statement that unless his subscription were sent in before the given time that the price of The Tuneful Yankee would be \$1.50 per year instead of one "bean," exclaimed: "Well, I'd rather wait and give you a dollar and a half, for it's a shame to take such a clever book for any less." Saying which, he proceeded to give us a check—at least, he thought he did, but just at that moment someone called him aside at the corner where they serve mint juleps and he was lost in the shuffle.

"BILLY" JEROME has a song "If I Catch the Guy Who Wrote 'Poor Butterfly,'" which is a darned sight more original than the original. Originality originates and there are no "Bohemian Girl" tunes in Billy's song.

LO! and behold! The inconsistencies of the modern scribe! Here is the famed Alfred Bryan writing a patriotic song yeelp "It's Time for Every Boy to Be a Soldier"—and only a few months ago he was telling the nation that it was a sin to sing anything else except "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." Oh, King Mammon, how thou dost lead the song writer to the trough of gold!

MINNIE BLAUMAN, of the Joseph W. Stern staff, is the only girl in the game who possesses the ability for arranging harmony, duet, and quartette specialties. Her *nom de plume* is "Obligato Nellie."

L. WOLFE GILBERT is in line for appointment to the office of Sovereign Grand Peccan of the Order of the Nut with the honorary title of Exalted Kernel, whatever that is.

JOHN L. GOLDEN, producer, with Winchell Smith, of "Turn to the Right," has received a statement from T. B. Harms & Co., music publishers, for the sale of the song, "Poor Butterfly" for three months ending April 1, showing royalties to Mr. Golden and Raymond Hubbell of \$25,000. This, possibly, includes royalties from phonograph sales and other mechanical instruments. This, according to the publishers, is the biggest royalty statement ever made for such a period of time. Mr. Golden declares that if publishers' statements were always honest such trifling quarterly payments would be of frequent occurrence.

RESPONDING to several queries from our readers, The Tuneful Yankee would inform those requesting the information that this page of notes is not written by any one individual. It is made up of notes prepared by a staff of men and women who contribute the matter miscellaneous. Any clever journalist, or, in fact, any professional writer capable of handling his or her pen intelligently, is invited to contribute, and if the matter be found interesting and accurate, it will be published regardless of fear or favor.

THE Persian Minister at Washington, Isaac Khan, purchased a few days since the most elaborate graphophone yet invented in America. It is his intention to present the machine to the Shah of Persia, to amuse his Royal Highness while he is reclining in his harem. Mr. Khan also bought 150 records, the greater portion of which were of ragtime melodies. It would be interesting to witness the effect upon the Shah of "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?" or "There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl." The whole outfit is said to have cost the Minister \$5,000.

TO Mr. J. Bodewalt Lampe, of the Jerome H. Remick firm, is due the thanks of The Tuneful Yankee for various eulogistic letters and recommendatory epistles which are being received by this magazine relating to its square dealing and general utility. Coming as these communications do from a man of Mr. Lampe's standing in the community, this is very gratifying to our publication.

ARTHUR LANGE, the famed scribe with eye-glasses as big as a phonograph disc, finds these binoculars none too small for the perusal of his royalty statements. Sometimes he sees double with them, at other times singularly. It seems to be a singular thing that every time he singles out the Mike Morris check he finds it growing in dimensions, causing his spectacles to expand greater. Last week they became so enlarged that he could stand the stress no longer and went right out and bought himself a Ford. Bad taste for a good musician. Still, the editor, would not be ashamed to ride out with him to the ball game in the flivver because our salary is too meagre to buy one for ourselves.

IF some of you fine fellows who are constantly writing us such sweet letters about the value of The Tuneful Yankee are really in earnest, why don't you spread yourselves in getting a few subscriptions from your friends, or ask them to subscribe? That is the tangible way of showing your friendship for us. We want to build a big subscription list. A lot of persons ask us why we do not sell The Tuneful Yankee on the news stands. Our magazine is too valuable and costly to give away for a paltry few pennies. We want to establish a bona fide subscription circulation so that, unlike many other periodicals, we can make a truthful statement to our readers and advertisers regarding our true output. You can help us. Show the magazine to your friends and let us all be chums. The more folks that read it, the more will see and hear of you and your works.

MR. MOSE GUMBLE, Dear Sir: Hereafter in ordering your clothes please see that your tailor makes the sleeves longer. You know why.

VERY few persons are aware that much of the success of the Shapiro Bernstein prints is due to the excellent editing by young Elliot Shapiro. Both the text and the music are carefully diagnosed before they go to the printer. The gentlemanly lad is no composer, himself, but he certainly has the knack of finding out the weak spots of his conferees.

A MEETING of considerable importance is scheduled for June 11 to 13 at the Hotel McAlpin, New York, where Music Dealers' Association of the United States will hold a special conclave to consider the price of popular music for the retail trade and to survey general conditions in this field.

THE editor of this magazine has fallen in pretty soft since the new law governing the payment of money to professional singers for the rendition of popular songs. Since this prohibitive arrangement by the Music Publishers' Association, Mr. Rosenfeld has been besieged with orders and requests from the various local houses to exploit their publications through the public press. This is the greatest outlet imaginable. A singer who has heretofore been receiving money for his singing of a certain song, will now through Mr. Rosenfeld's endeavors and influence, be the recipient of newspaper acknowledgement and press comments in the various papers throughout the United States where he is performing. Many professional singers regard such reciprocity as far greater than mere money because they not only get publicity for their act but they also receive endorsement and return dates from the booking agent and the theatre where they are engaged. Mr. Rosenfeld has five contracts from different publishers to popularize their songs.

The Painter of Music

By Paul Gould

HIS canvas is a staff of lines,
His brushes, fingers ten.
For colors there are notes and signs,
That flow out from his pen.
He needs no hills, nor lonely sea,
For inspiration's lease;
But takes a bit of sympathy,
And paints his masterpiece.
His scenes are souls and passions caught
And 'prisoned in his dream;
Or often, but a single thought
Is all that forms his theme.

NOWADAYS, it has become a fad for a man who writes a successful song and gets a little "cash" in hand, to buy a bull pup. For what purpose, Heaven only knows! The next thing to a pup a song writer can proudly point to is a Ford. Sometimes when royalties are strong they get both. But the pup is preferred. Women like pups, and the song writer, in his conceit, wants the woman to like him because he owns the pup. Thus, it came to pass that one Otto Motzan recently having become endowed with plenty of cash from his apparently successful songs with the Karezag Company, resolved to connect himself with one of these pups. It is a bull, evidently, although Motzan in his exhilaration as an owner has not yet determined the dog's sex. When he took the animal home his wife proceeded to lift Fido out of the window. "Don't do that; it's a pippin," exclaimed Motzy, "and we shall call him 'Pippin' in honor of my new composition." Mrs. Motzan went tearfully to her chamber. But she soon returned with a tear, a kiss, and a smile. And Motzan, recognizing the allusion to his song by that title, proceeded to do the right thing in the way of tears and kisses and smiles for his darling wife, the dog-hater. If his pup ever comes into this office, while the editor is busy, we'll show him how much we, also, love pups.

ONE E. F. SOLON in the Advertising Department of the Emerson Phonograph Company is quite a Solon. Do you know what a solon is, Mr. Solon? A solon, Mr. Solon, is a wise man. (See dictionary). Now, if you are a wise man you will send us in an "ad" for The Tuneful Yankee and we shall be glad to publish the various publicity paragraphs which you are sending in for complimentary review. You are not a bad hustler for your concern, at that; but you would be a better one if you annexed a little "ad" with your voluminous copy.

CAN you tell us what relation William Schroeder is to Sylvio Hein? There is no similarity in names. Many are asking the question.

EVEN a song writer needs a wife. Some need two. Sam M. Lewis, the distinguished writer of "My Mother's Rosary," "Iowa," and other love hits has one wife who takes the place of a dozen or so. She is a petite blonde of witty personality who watches over Sammy like a bull dog does a rat. Of course, she has nothing to fear, for Sam's morals because Sammy is a thin, seraggy, awkward species of the 'genus genii who cares no more for the feminine white lights than a chicken does for a stovepipe; but all the same Madame Annette watches out for her lord and master and collects his royalties like a dutiful dulcinea.

HITCH MARKS, the hustling Stern representative, is in very exuberant spirits over his firm's art series. These prints consist of beautifully arranged and costly publications, typographically, which are a credit to the finest presses in any land.

SPEAKING of the Joseph W. Stern firm, they are forever springing something new. This time they are shimmering something called "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble." It is an eccentric jazz dance now popular throughout the West for which they have become the sole selling agents. Even the title page shimmers, for upon it is a red circle, which when revolved, shimmers as freely as the "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble" eccentricity.

ANOTHER hustling Lou in the music field is one Kempner, of the Shapiro, Bernstein staff. He works nine hours out of six, or something like that. He illustrates songs, sings them, boosts them, salves them. It seems that every fellow these days whose name is Lou never "loo"-ses any time.

DAVE OPPENHEIM, the indefatigable professional magnate of the Shapiro, Bernstein Company, is what is known as a "square" fellow, that is: the men about him call him so. He is said never to exact more than the law conscientiously allows from his men, but at the same time, he wants to get out of them all that is consistent with the promotion of his firm's songs. Quite a paradox.

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.

That Ticking Melody. Fox-Trot. By R. A. Benjamin. Published by James S. White Co., Boston, Mass.

This is well named for it surely tickles—something—I don't know what. I know it tickles me because I am very fond of this class of original rhythm. But I should like to ask Mr. Benjamin what ordinary pianist does there exist who can manipulate the octave combinations in the latter part of the trio? Who is there can breathe twice in one breath and squirm over the octaves like a cat springing up through a garret to catch an escaped canary?

Wake Up, Virginia, and Prepare For Your Wedding Day. Words and music by Louis Seifert, Monroe H. Rosenfeld and Lewis Porter. Published by Shapiro-Bernstein Co., New York. Reviewed by Mildred Sherman.

Here is a song partly written by the editor of The Tuneful Yankee. He is ashamed of it, evidently, and has detailed me, Mildred Sherman, his assistant, to write a candid review of the composition; and I'm going to do so, even if I lose my job. Now, personally, Mr. Rosenfeld may be a fine, genial man, and a sort of hero among the fair sex, but if he poses as the author of this song and believes it to be the greatest thing on earth, he is sadly mistaken. It has some good points, but Mr. Rosenfeld did not contribute the good points. He merely wrote some of the words, which, in a way, are quite fair. That is no great credit to him because one of his standing who has written so many popular songs in his day surely ought to do something now in his advanced years of fame and experience. Anyhow, he only "doctored" the words, that is, he put a little new life into them and used good grammar, in the possession of which everyone knows he excels. The main credit of the song is due to a heretofore unknown writer, a Mr. Louis Seifert, of the beautiful little hamlet known as Fond du Lac, Wis.—wherever that is. Now, Mr. Seifert is the man who suggested the title of this song, wrote some fairly good words in his crude way, and sent the song on to Mr. Rosenfeld to have patched up. But the germ was there and "Rosey" was quick to see it. He speedily grabbed the germ by the neck, swung it around, and put new buttons on its vest. And, presto! He soon had "some" song! Here is a part of the first verse:

Wake up, Virginia, I am coming
To fight with a heart that is true,
I'm a soldier boy of Love, you're the prize
I'm thinking of,
And I'm going to capture you;
Prepare! Prepare!
There is no time to spare!

Then, one day a young dashing girl of

the Amazon type, came along and posed for the title page in the act of being shot by the explosion of a bomb. Here is the picture:



Now, for the tune. A young fellow, also like Mr. Seifert, heretofore comparatively unknown, one Lewis Porter by name, strolling along one balmy day, betook himself to the task of making music for the song. This boy, scarcely out of his teens, also grabbed a germ. But it was a full-fledged, live affair that wiggled and wriggled with alarming persuasiveness. Young Porter worked like a Trojan knowing that his future rested upon a successful collaboration with Mr. Rosenfeld. The young fellow worked harder than a Bronx cigar-maker trying to turn out a thousand stogies a minute. Finally, one day he got this tune out:

Wake Up, Virginia, and Prepare For Your Wedding Day

LEWIS PORTER. LOUIS SEIFERT.

Immediately there was a scramble on the part of local publishers to get the composi-

tion, for Mr. Porter, absent-mindedly, happened a few days thereafter to whistle the song's tune in a barber's chair. And you know what that means. A barber is the only man on earth that can disseminate things and this barber was some disseminator.

Well, the song was published and Louis Bernstein happened to be the most wide-awake bidder. But here I want to say that several others who heard the song turned up their noses at it. Among such was the all-wise Phil Kornheiser, of the Feist house. Mr. Edgar F. Bitner, the manager of this prosperous concern liked the song well enough to refer it to Sir Kornheiser. So we have no grievance against the stately Edgar. But the immaculate Mr. Kornheiser must have been in a peculiar mood the day the song was offered to him for he instantly turned up his nose and turned the song down. Now we shall soon see whose nose was right—Korney's or Bernie's.

One thing I do know. "Wake Up, Virginia, and Prepare—For Your Wedding Day" will live a great deal longer and attain a greater sale than any song written during 1917 including the astute Mr. Feist's prints or anybody else's. On that I would risk my reputation as a "judgmental" and discerning young woman. And we shall now await events.

Two compositions from the pen of James H. Caliseh. Published by the author, 198 Broadway, New York City.

1. *Hark to the Country's Call*. This composition is based upon a patriotic number previously written by the author entitled *Our Fleet*. The song, with its fine typography, is money wasted. Warriors these days do not care anything for tributes of this kind with long-drawn out and verbose verses. The only patriotic song they want is something snappy with a punch line in it and appealing to the soldier with his musket upon his shoulder, tramping along and humming the chorus. Another thing, in your song, Mr. Caliseh, the voice is pitched very high, the note G appearing immediately in the beginning of the song and denoting an anti-climax, which is bad. Then again, a soprano composition of this kind for a soldier is out of gear. If sung at all, the affair is one which only women can sing; therefore, it cuts out the American soldier, who with his bass or resonant tenor voice cannot encompass the high, shrill notes.

The money represented in the expenditure of your voluminously printed orchestra parts is just that much money thrown into the gutter and many a man could buy a neces-

sary potato with it. We have concluded to use the fine paper upon which it is printed for memorandum slips.

2. *Do We Remember Dewey?* Words and music by the same author.

As insipid as is your previous song, so pointed and pungent in purpose is this splendid composition as a retrospect of American achievement. The late lamented admiral-hero would turn in his grave with pride and joy to embrace you, James Howard Calisch, could he see the excellent apostrophe you have eulogized to his fame. Your words are martial; your music is musically. We take off our hats to you for these finely wrought lines:

Do we remember Farragut,
Sherman and Paul Revere,
Perry and Scott and Taylor,
All men who knew no fear?
Do we remember Sheridan,
And Grant and Putnam, too,
And say, do we remember Dewey,
Do we, do we? Guess we do!

That punch line "Dewey, do we" is alone worth a tiny fortune for the ordinary song writer. This song is in manuscript and some publisher that gets it from Mr. Calisch will have a clever number in his possession. It may not sell, and it may, but the chances are in its favor.

Sing Me Love's Lullaby. Song. Lyric by Dorothy Terriss. Music by Theodore Morse.

A simple, heart-felt ballad with an ordinary title, correct words and alluring music. This ballad is also eminently well arranged. It may not become a hit but it may catch on. The better class of vocalists will take it to their hearts and homes.

W-I-L-S-O-N Means Wilson with the Good Old United States of His Command. Song. Words by S. Edw. Sanfilippo. Music by Billy H. Hickey and Daniel Rappaport. Published by the White Co., Boston, Mass.

About the only national patriotic song that has drifted into our office which means something. It has very spirited music, the words are sensibly written and have a point in almost every line, and even the accompaniment is good. The song will make a great stage number. Here are the words of the chorus:

W—is for Wars in the past we have won,
I—for Independence we'd protect with sword and gun,
L—for the Land of the brave and the free,
S—for her Sons who love their liberty,
O—for Our army, the best in any land,
N—for our Navy and by it we will stand,
W-I-L-S-O-N means WILSON, with the good old U. S. A. at his command.

Songs of this kind do not sell—no matter how cleverly written. But we hope there may be an exception in this instance for the sake of Dan Rappaport, a fine, hustling, genial fellow.

I'm Not Going to Buy Any Summer Clothes. Song. Words by Harry Pease. Music by Gilbert Dodge. Published by the Bernard Granville Music Co., New York.

At first glance one would not know what this song is all about. But the moment the jingling music is heard to the clever words he or she would be prone to jump up and shout. This song has the elements of great popularity, particularly before the foot-lights, and, personally, I am glad that the Charles Lange firm has a palpable hit. The

words run as follows: (It is worth while reading the entire text.)

The snow time is over,
The fields are in clover,
And there's no more wintry wind;
I'll admit, I'll confess,
It's time to change our dress,
But there's something on my mind,
I'll explain to you
Just what I'm going to do.

CHORUS:
I'm not going to buy any summer clothes,
Low cut shoes or fancy silken hose,
Palm Beach hat or anything like that.
I realize that I'm not wealthy,
But I'm husky, strong and healthy,
This year my tailor is Uncle Sam,
And he'll get my order, too;
I'll forget all my pleasure,
And let him take my measure
For a Uniform of Blue.

Everything is slick and lovely except the uniform referred to. Uncle Sam's soldiers do not wear blue uniforms any longer. The khaki togger is the correct cover. That is the only discrepancy in the song. However, who will mind that when singing the tribute to the soldier boy?

Funniest Thing Ever

By a *Disgruntled Guy*

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Editor Tuneful Yankee:
If you do not care to answer my letter send back the stamp.

E. J. Hammond

(It would cost more than one stamp to send back what we would like to send.)

If I Catch the Guy Who Wrote "Poor Butterfly." Song. Published by the Jerome Publishing Company.

Mr. Jerome writes that he would like to "catch the guy who wrote 'Poor Butterfly.'" Impossible!

Rattlesnake Rag. Song. By Ethwell Hanson. Published by the author. Chicago, Ill.

Whoever you are, man or woman, Ethwell, you have certainly demonstrated a faculty to write jingling phrases in ragtime. Your snake-snarl suffices. It is refreshingly gingery and some of these Eastern individuals who write so-called rag rhapsodies would envy you. Some of your words are also good. And I see that when you strike an original term like "undulation" you don't let it escape but hold on to it several times in your rattlesnake bite, which requires an incision here and there. You are a versatile affair, Ethwell. I know not whether male or female.

Moon Mail. Redowa Three-Step. By the same composer. Published by the same composer, written and arranged by the same composer. Title page evidently designed by the same composer—Heaven forbid!

You begin beautifully with the first movement of the "Redowa Three-Step," whatever that is. The initiatory measures would make the ordinary pianist hug and kiss you. But immediately you drift into a dreary second part, then of course, you go back to your original beatific beginning. When you strike the third stanza, you are evidently in a heaven of enchantment with the thought that you can make the ordinary piano player some trouble. You weave your melody with thirds so intricately that the general pianist would have to be a pickpocket to play it, as only a pickpocket's

nimble fingers are qualified to manipulate its grotesque and difficult phrases. But, good luck to you, Ethwell,—man or woman—for you are some handsome Hanson, musically.

The Graveyard Blues. Song. By Clarence Woods and John S. Caldwell. Published by J. R. Reid Publishing Co., Austin, Texas.

I can hear our little brunette editress roar as she notes your title, Clarence and John S. I bid her hold silence as this is too sombre a title to laugh over. It is published in Austin, Texas, in the vicinity of which at the present time are the noble soldiers of Uncle Sam. What a satire upon our fighters! "The Graveyard Blues," I fear, would bring them to a more untimely death than even the Mexican carbine. These authors should be made to enlist and suffer the pangs of such a suggestion as that in this morose, melancholy melange of American words:

I've got the blues, my head is bowed in misery—
My girl's heart is like a rock—(it ought to be a bullet)
I combed her hair and manicured her finger nails,
But when I get in trouble she just lets me go to jail.

In order to rhyme "nails" with "jail" it took \$7.20 to get out a plate of the song. Would it not have been better had these fellows, in the first place, gone to jail and thus saved the \$7.20? It would have, at least, saved me the trouble of losing my appetite in looking over this song and corrupting the mental manners of our refined stenographer. Out upon you, you "Graveyard Blues"! Change your title to "The Death Rattler" and I will laugh at the shrouded Gatherer and die cheerfully.

Who Told You, You Knew How to Love? Words by Wm. H. Farrell. Music by James A. Murray. Published by the same firm.

"Who told you, you knew how to write" should have been the title of this song. However, Bill and Jim, you have evolved a fairly good sort of a song in this peculiar composition in which you slur ragtime undulations undulating (excuse me, Ethwell, for stealing your business). Now, Jim and Bill, in the latter part of your chorus you say:

Down on your knees I beg you, please,
Tell me who told you, you knew how to love?

By gum! I'd like to see the girl I'd go down on my knees for. Your ingenious ragtime phrases do not require the sacrifice, Bill and Jim.

She's Mine and Everyone's Girl. Song. By Louis V. Oehse. Published by the Author.

The girl who belongs to everybody really belongs to nobody, Mr. Oehse. Therefore, she is not a fit subject to sing about. It is more likely that a lover would try to reach her heart with a dagger or a bullet rather than a song. Further criticism is unnecessary. Authors should have something to write before picking up their pens. If their compositions condemn them it is no fault of the critic.

When the Bugle's Calling. Song. By George C. Howard. Published by Western Music Corp.

The first verse is very good. We get ready to praise the song when the chorus halts us. The song is written with a view

to putting the American soldier above all others. It does so in a clumsy fashion. It lacks the true ring of patriotism. There is no fire to it. A song about the American soldier should be all dash and get-there. The second verse finds the author floundering around looking for something to say, but he does not find it. If he could only have kept up his good start he might have written a fairly good poem—but then the music would have killed it.

Clear Water. Indian intermezzo. By L. G. Corey. Published by W. A. Quinke, Los Angeles, Cal.

This is a burlesque on the red man. The American Indian never would confess to such an abnormality. It is a satire, musically, upon his native melodies, that is, if an Indian ever had any melody in his hatchet nature. It should have been called "Clear Jewish Water" as the composition abounds with Yiddish yodies. The thing is well enough arranged and is not offensive, except, perhaps, to the Jewish race and the Indian race. But that is enough, for these races constitute the elements of our nation's defense or offense. The one furnishes the money and the other the scalps.

Love's Longing. Song. Words by Miles Overholt. Music by Wm. Lorraine. Published by W. A. Quinke & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Mr. Overholt, you should put on overhauls and walk Miles to find the Lorraine man who had the audacity to pinch from the great Lehar the melody of his famous song "Love Boes" of the Spring Maid opera. However, there is an excuse for "unconscious assimilation" these days, and, as a result, composers get bold. Still, the fact remains that it is a pretty good imitation.

So much for you, Miles. Now for Mr. Lorraine. He has some very good melody in some very good parts of his song. He should get after you for your sacrilege in using our Creator's name in the terminal of your song. The word "God" is used as lightly as the law allows. God never did much good for a popular song, especially such as yours. Don't you know that any modern song which connects the Deity with an amorous subject is high treason? The Lord surely will punish you, Overholt and Lorraine, if He ever sees your song, for using His name so indiscriminately. But He will never see it, we are sure, for, though omnipresent He be, He has no time to look for trouble with such faithless warriors as ye!

I'm Building a Cottage for You. By Harlan P. Lombard, No. Eastham, Mass. Published by the author.

Very cheap and ordinary title. The general musical strains of the song are languid and alluring. But the entire composition abounds with musical errors—not theoretically, perhaps, but constructively.

In one of your phrases you go up into a flat—not a Harlem flat—but in the treble note of your song, and you stay up in that flat until the cows are wandering miles away for fodder. In fact, you stay up in that flat and you don't let yourself loose from it while your left-hand is attached to a sharp. Now flats and sharps as a general thing don't agree, as I have often experienced in life, for instance: when I have been flat-broke, I have not had brain material to be "sharp" enough to get back into town for food. So, with your composition. You let that dingy old flat stay there until the chicks

there are few men as good-looking—or as bad-looking—take it as you will, as Michael Morris. He is absolutely a handsome man in the opinion of the editor of this magazine. Because, acting upon the old theory that "handsome is as handsome does," Mr. Morris is the kingpin of charm. He is as white a fellow as they make 'em. This does not exactly apply to his shirt, which, sometimes, is weather-beaten; but lately our business manager went down and bought him some silk shirts and he is now upon the road to distinction. Leaving all frivolity aside, Mr. Morris, I again say, while not as beatific in features as Lillian Russell, possesses a face of absolute attractiveness, when he is not writing out checks. When he takes his pen in hand to do this painful duty his whole demeanor changes. He looks like a male tigress at bay, bites the end of his penholder, and vainly tries to

come home to roost. This occurs at the end of the twenty-first bar over the word "true." Then you delve into the chorus an entire tone higher, into the key of D, and picture Celia's voice up to an A natural, which Mr. Lombard, is enough to bombard.

Rosine. Intermezzo composition. By Paul C. Warde. Published by the Vandersloot Music Co., Williamsport, Pa.

Who told you, Mr. Warde, to send us this composition for review? "Someone" recently wrote us a menacing letter, threatening to "start something." However, we care no more for his threats than a fish does for a piece of cheese. The Tuneful Yankee works upon one plan in its reviews—truth, fearlessness, and equity to all whether they advertise in this magazine or whether they knock it. Therefore, to "jolly" anyone is beyond the pale of our efforts.

And therefore, when we tell you that we consider your "Rosine" composition a darned fine thing we want no reciprocity from you other than a boost on your part to say that this magazine is on the level and fears nobody and "jollies" nobody.

Now, Mr. Warde, we'll briefly tell you why we think this is a clever composition. In the first place, it possesses a masterly musical arrangement. Second, there is a tintinnulating charm to its fanciful cadences. There is a flavor of originality in many of its measures notably in the *piu lento* movement in which the grace notes twinkle and drip along through the work like a purling brooklet or like the dew drop rain on a mid-summer day. Another thing, the composition possesses an extraordinarily beautiful landscape design upon its frontispiece. This work will make a good instrumental novelty. It is on the order of the famous "Glow Worm" in purport and quaintness, and while not a facile affair like the Paul Lincke work, it has a staccato effect in the trio which is certainly diverting and alluring.

P. S. If this composition does not sell, Mr. Warde, and we can help things for you some day when you are "warding" off the pangs of necessity, just drop us a line and we will publish it complimentary for you in the musical supplement of this magazine, and thus give it an impetus among the populace who may then take to it, buy it, and, possibly dance it into fame—provided, of course, it has been arranged for orchestra.

Thelma. I'm Loning for You. Words and music by Norman Nathan. Published by Cummings & Nathan, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Had it not been for the famous song "Norway" in which Thelma has been apostrophized, your fairly pretty effort would probably have seen more money-joy because you have well-written words and a euphonious tune, particularly that which runs through your chorus.

The Pianist Rag. One step. By Frank Schwarz. Published by the Winn School of Music, New York.

A jingling affair which is useful because of the aptly fingered arrangement and refreshing melody.

(Continued on page 46)

From a Moving Picture Pianist

Levis Porter Graduated to a Full-Fledged Composer—He Tells us About it in this Interesting Article



THE first stepping stone to my success—if I may call it such, was the little piano that awaited my coming and rang its dulcet tones in a "movie" picture concern. I attribute my apparent success to the day I entered the portals of a motion-picture domicile. All my inspirations were gained from the iteration of melodies which I executed and conceived while thumping the dear old instrument as the screen projected its interesting pictures.

The best education an embryo musician can obtain these days is in the quaint career of playing to the screens. During the moments of observation which sometimes enthrall one, or rather, during given intervals, my hands, perforce, drifted along upon the ivories and inspired composition. This is what is commonly known as "improvising." Thus, in off moments, I found that I could create little melodies of my own, which, as they grew in importance to me, gave me the conceit as an originator. I have constantly aimed to develop this conceit and I am conceited now sufficiently to believe that I am a full-fledged composer. At least, other, (perhaps friends only) are constantly patting me upon the back and exclaiming, "Hurrah!" The first thing I knew I was visited by persons of note in the little community where I played. Among these was a representative of the National Democratic Committee who bade me prepare a song for the campaign. I did so, and, without undue boasting, I would say that out of five or six scores of manuscripts submitted they took my humble effort. This was called "The Man of the Hour" and I surely thought myself that man, especially when I went down to Shadow Lawn and heard the famed cornetist, Arthur Pryor and his band, perform my little piece. And, more especially, I believed I had become famous when they handed me a check. For you know that nowadays it is the "kale that counts."

Even the newspapers began talking of me, claiming that I had made a great success with popular music. Recently a photo-play entitled "The Dancer's Peril" was booked

for the Palace, the most select theatre in Morristown, where I was playing. I was then performing on a large American photo-player and there I arranged the full musical score for the picture named above, which was being shown, and improvised the original score all by my lonesome.

Possibly the most encouraging incident so far in my career occurred recently. I had been dabbling here and there in popular song composition, writing more for my own amusement than anything else. I concocted a song entitled "After the War Is Over," which, of course, my friends called "great." Then I pursued the Muse with another effusion, entitled "D-A-D-Y,"

Well-known Songs that were "Swiped" from Each Other

By Walter Hampton

IT is interesting to study the evolution of popular songs and favorite hymns. "The meaning of song goes deep," says a noted writer. And so it does. Often, however, the original meaning of a song, or the music to which it is set, is very different from the later interpretation. Take "Home, Sweet Home," for instance. How it has swept the world's heartstrings since John Howard Payne, "the man without a home" wrote it in 1832! Yet it was part of an opera which proved a dismal failure. The words are not too beautiful, and altogether would not be called good poetry, and it is doubtful if they would have carried people by storm had it not been for the exquisite air to which they were adapted. And the air is said to be taken from an old Persian or Arabian love song. The song, however, living on its borrowed music, won Mr. Payne such lasting honors that years after his death a rich American dug up his bones and brought them to his country to be buried again. Other specimens of metamorphosed meaning equally striking could be quoted by columns. Our patriotic "America" is sung to John Bull's "God Save the Queen," and "Yankee Doodle"

a song that took up the father's end, instead of the worn mother subject. This is one of my pet songs which is still lying idly in my wife's boudoir and which makes me think that perhaps, after all, I am not such a great writer as I believe, because I have not found a publisher for it yet. However, it is my pet work all the same because of the music which the good Lord permitted to trickle from my finger tips.

And here is the acme of all my hopes and endeavors. One day I strolled into the office of The Tuneful Yankee and, being very kindly received by the editor, I resolved to show my appreciation for his courtesy and, incidentally, display my so-called talent. He generously permitted me to make the tune for a song that had been sent in and which, up to that time, nobody wanted. It was a dirty piece of manuscript, kicked and flicked around the office until it was drooping over the editor's desk, ready to fall into the waste-basket. I certainly did try to spread myself on the assignment. I went home, sober, staunch and sterile. My own little wife seemed to be imbued with my exhilaration. She held my little blonde son and heir laughingly before me and with her sweet, solicitous smile exclaimed, "Go to it, Lewis! This is the chance of your life."

Well, to make matters short, the song was instantly accepted by a wide-awake publisher. It is called "Wake Up, Virginia, Prepare For Your Wedding Day." Let us see now what my moving-picture experience has evolved. The song will break me or make me or shake me or take me—Goodness knows where.

was borrowed by our embattled forefathers from an old ditty and turned into a defiant jingle against the British redcoats. And here are some oddities as regards the transformation of popular airs: "When the Robins Nest Again" starts exactly like "Maid of Athens," "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" begins as does the "Blue Bells of Scotland," Emmet's "Love of the Shamrock," is of the same musical idea as "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." By a change of key and the quartering of a few notes, a difference is made between the "Spanish Cavalier" and the chorus of "Peek-a-Boo." "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," or "Will You Meet Me at the Bars" which met with so much favor in "Joshua Whitecomb," is so closely allied to Claribel's "You and I" that they can hardly be distinguished one from the other. "All on Account of Eliza" from the opera, "Billee Taylor" is nothing less than "How Lovely are the Messengers" from Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul." Think of it! One of the grandest of sacred chorals "transmogrified" into comic opera! And last, but not least that stirring revival hymn, "Hold the Fort," was so far as the music is concerned, an ancient German drinking song.

Answers to Correspondents

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

These Queries are Interesting

L. W., Brattleboro, Vt.:

In reference to your letter reading as follows, our reply is annexed:

"Editor Tuneful Yankee, Dear Sir: Received your publication and must say it is something that I have been on the lookout for, for years. It has been a subscriber to the — but it is not what I care for.

Please answer these questions. I have several song poems on hand. 1. Is it safe to submit these to any publisher? 2. Would it not be safer to have the song poem copyrighted first? 3. Would it not be best to bring the MSS. personally to the publisher?

1. Publishers are, as a rule, honest men. Of course, *once* in a while there is a pilferer—the same as in any other business. But as a general thing your MSS. would be safe. Another thing, don't over-estimate your work too much. Good MSS. are rare and others are not worth stealing. 2. You cannot copyright a song poem unless it has been printed. We think, however, they accept a typewritten copy in Washington with \$1 annexed. But why waste this expense? It must be a mighty valuable set of words to pay for extra copyright. 3. Yes, perhaps it would be best to see the publisher personally and get an immediate answer.

We Mean Business

M. E. T. J., Warren, Ohio:

The firm you refer to we have never heard of in a favorable way. In fact, we know nothing at all regarding them. They are evidently base crooks of the vilest order and should be reported to the Department of Justice. Such contemptible, audacious swindlers should be summarily dealt with. You say they are located at 145 W. 45th Street. This is in the Exchange Building and as The Tuneful Yankee has frequent business dealings in that edifice and cannot locate the firm you name, it looks pretty badly for you and your manuscripts. Have you any correspondence from these thieves? If so, let us have the exact name and address and we shall swear out a warrant for their arrest in your behalf. The Tuneful Yankee is published especially for such purposes—to ferret out and bring to justice thieving organizations of this calibre. 2. In reply to your questions as to the examination of manuscripts for subscribers The Tuneful Yankee has repeatedly published in its columns a notification to the effect that all contributions sent in for examination will have immediate review, free of charge. 3. The song to which you refer has not yet reached this office.

Peculiar Fads

Louis Rowe, Toledo:

In reply to your query as to the "fads" of prominent actors and actresses, would say that as nearly as we remember, from a recent interview, they are as follows: Lillian Russell (Helen Leonard), the collection of old furniture; Anna Held, the collection of all varieties of dogs; Olga Nethersole, the

collection of antique furniture, prints and silver; Isabel Irving, books; Henrietta Crossman, helping poor children, particularly newsboys; Marie Lloyd, collection of cats and autographs; Mary Mannering, hunting big game; Clara Lipman, lace handkerchiefs; Jane Cowl, pillows and centerpieces; E. H. Sothorn, curios and books; William H. Thompson, golf; Joseph Weber, coins; Louis Mann, electricity; Henry Jewett, ostriches, of which his press agent says he has a team broken to harness.

A Mystifying Affair

The Following Letter Has Been Received from Mr. John Glogau, the Composer

I received a communication from a Miss May Hill of Chicago, who claims that she is the originator of the new style professional copies that are in use with the publishers of today under the title of the 'special artists' copy.' She claims that she introduced this form of copy in the year 1913 and when she found that the Leo Feist office was given credit in different papers as the originator, she sent a very threatening letter stating that she was ready to prove her assertion as being the first one to introduce this copy. In answer to Miss Hill I wish to state that I introduced this form of copy in the year 1911 for Leo Feist with whom I am still connected, and the title of the song which he used this form was "Be Sure He's Irish," written by Joe McCarthy and myself. It was through the efforts and hard work of the writer that this copy has reached the success and is being used by every representative publisher in the United States at the present time and if it were not for his interest in this movement the writer is positive that there would have been very little success to this form of copy.

Therefore, I think that I am entitled to any credit that might be had for the success of the movement. Not financially, as it was done wholly in the interest of song writers and publishers in cutting out the so-called professional graft which had reached such a large proportion that, from figures, it was estimated that \$500,000.00 a year was lost through this petty larceny graft, and that by introducing this form of copy, if this graft were only cut down 10 per cent it would mean a big saving to the publishers, the song writers and the music dealer.

(While The Tuneful Yankee believes you, Mr. Glogau, we should like to hear from Miss Hill as to the cause of her statement.)

C. M., Zanesville, Ohio:

Patriotic songs are too numerous these days for popular sale. Another thing, while your verses are all right they lack the necessary "punch" and would scarcely yield you much satisfaction in their publication.

This Answers Everybody

Tiehmor, Ark.

Tuneful Yankee, Editor,

Dear Sir: Jerome H. Remick Co. has advised me to write to you concerning the following question. I want to know if you buy compositions from readers or do you publish them for a certain amount and put them on sale? I am a music teacher and play the piano very well and am very desirous to know if my compositions are of any value.

Very truly yours,

Mrs. K. S. B.

(For the benefit of our many readers The Tuneful Yankee will again explain: that it does not traffic in manuscripts. It places no songs with publishers; it takes no fee for examination of manuscripts from authors, especially our subscribers; it makes no effort to deceive, nor trick, nor misrepresent. We shall faithfully examine any manuscript sent in to us regardless of youth, position, or influence. Our object is to help along the embryo musician and the composer and the lyric writer; but we only do this in a spirit of unselfishness; therefore, we do not make any endeavor to reap any benefit from our suggestions or comments. Send in your manuscripts and we shall review them unbiasedly and give you a candid expression as to their merit—according to our belief.)

Whose Are They?

We have received the following song poems for review without any letter enclosed. Whomsoever the cap fits may scan: 1. "My Dixie Lou." This is simply an ordinary Southern song worded and phrased like many others and it would take an enormous fortune to popularize it—even if this could be done. 2. "Roses Bloom." This also applies to number 1 with the exception that it is not a Southern song. 3. "Some Things I Tell My Wife." This is a splendid title and is well rhymed and well conceived, but it lacks what is called the "punch." There is no enumeration of events or incidents to be told, and, therefore, it lacks vigor and point. 4. "Funny Man" is not as funny as you evidently think. It is just a commingling of incidents that befall the fellow who doesn't appeal to you as anything too funny. 5. "When You Return" is simply a contemplation. It possesses no material conducive to the modern popular song and unless the music was supernaturally strong, it would lie dormant in the waste-basket. 6. "Cannibal Queen." This is a song that would do well for introduction into an operatic production. A clever comedian could make considerable of it. It has many clever points, both original and witty, and, now-a-days when the Hawaiian craze is all the go, it should be featured. If you are in a position to send it to some well-known musical comedy singer to interpolate into his work, I should advise you to do so. But copyright your words first as it is rarely anyone writes material like this, and an unprincipled person would



Ye Clown Topic

With Apologies to K. C. B.

DR. ALBERT WALKER.	SONG WRITER.
CARE OF N. Y. CLIPPER.	SENT IN a song.
MY DEAR Doctor.	IN WHICH he rhymed.
YOU ARE well-known.	STENCH with wench.
AS A newspaper man.	AND GREASE.
THROUGHOUT the State.	WITH cheese.
FROM MOUNT VERNON.	AND WHEN I Rosey.
TO SQUEDUNK.	SENT IT back.
AS WELL as a.	HE CALLED me the.
VETERINARY SURGEON.	VILEST names.
YOUR REMEDIES for.	NOW WHAT I need, Doctor.
RINGBONE, spavin.	IS ONE of your.
QUARTERCRACK.	PATENT HALTERS.
HEAVES, hives.	FOR THOSE gol-darned.
MUMPS, bumps.	CRITTERS.
GRUMPS and every.	WHO MAKE me hate.
OTHER HORSE ailment.	LIFE.
ARE PROVERBIAL.	PLEASE LET me know.
YOU ARE also famed.	WHAT IS the best.
FOR PATENT.	LINIMENT.
HALTERS.	YOU CAN recommend.
NOW, MY dear Doctor.	FOR THEIR.
HAS IT ever.	SPAVIN.
OCCURRED to you.	FOR THEY keep me.
THAT I, ROSEY.	AS BUSY as a.
CAN USE some of your.	ONE-ARMED paper hanger.
HALTERS.	WITH THE.
YESTERDAY a so-called.	ITCH.
	I THANK YOU!

"cop" it. Upon receipt of stamps and full address all of these words will be immediately returned to the writer.

R. H. B., Buffalo, N. Y.:

We cannot give you definite information as to the future of your compositions. We must see your class of work before passing upon it. There will be no charge for an honest and candid review of anything you send in.

D. L. T., Hendersonville, N. C.:

1. "City Alone." This has too frequently been done in popular songs and the retro-

spect is too sad for general sale. 2. "Roses" possesses no pronounced merit.

J. M. M., Rawlins, Wyo.:

Your surroundings and position do not debar you from receiving comment from this magazine. We treat all alike. Any words that you send in will be carefully reviewed and treated as conscientiously as were you a king upon a throne instead of an humble, struggling unfortunate. Your "Garden of Youth," however, is so lacking in point and purpose that our pity is a little bit emphasized. This would not make a popular song and the title has frequently been used in verse-writing. We hope you

may make the best of matters where you are now located as the institution of your "sojourn" seems to be under very fair and kindly management, permitting you privileges which, ordinarily, would not be granted those so situated.

M. G. H., Jamaica Plain, Mass.:

"Dreaming." There are too many songs by this title. Your words are imbued with pretty similes and poetic phrases but they would not do for an ordinary popular song.

B. L. R., Port Huron, Mich.:

The verses you enclosed have no titles. However, we doubt if they would do for the general popular song which requires particularly careful attention as to title, subject and theme.

M. R., Davison St., Bronx, N. Y.:

In another column of this number you will find your letter reprinted. We could recommend to you several worthy collaborators, such as, for instance, Lewis Porter, 1032 Westchester Ave., Bronx, N. Y., and others, but we are very particular about giving these addresses away promiscuously, and it is necessary at all times to find out the exact merit of any given co-worker. The most advisable way would be to submit your lyrics to The Tuneful Yankee, get an honest opinion of them, and, if meritorious, then get in touch with the most capable man for that purpose, for many of our modern composers would not care to waste time upon any manuscript simply because the author might think it desirable.

G. S. D., Albert Lea, Minn.:

1. "Hallie" is quite poetical but old-fashioned and would not sell in these modern days. 2. "Child." This is also quite poetical but the subject is only a retrospect. It would not afford much interest as a "seller" these days.

M. E. B., Mount Healthy, Ohio:

"Rose" is merely a pretty set of words; not a popular song.

C. C. S., Wellsburg, W. Va.:

"Ruth" has some very clever lines throughout. But this is not the kind of a song that would be sung extensively, and now-a-days they need works for a fast sale.

Mrs. G. E. W., Concord, N. H.:

"Believe Me" has some very good punch lines in it, but it is a reflection upon womanhood to that extent that the song would scarcely be purchased in the stores. You have a knack of rhyming well and carrying out your subject. Hence, this line of encouragement.

Leona L. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.:

Your answers to "Hidden Songs" are quite clever but number four is a little off the trolley. Every other answer is correct. You are a bright girl to do as well as you have done in this intricate solving.

A. T., New Cumberland, W. Va.:

Your chorus is still in need of a strong climax with a heart interest. Again we say that your lyrics, except the chorus, are perfectly charming, new, refreshing, and most original. But what matters it how cleverly a song be written without an effective chorus? This element is the most necessary adjunct to a song's success. You should study up some pointed and effective theme in which the girl is brought in in such a manner as to make the song a tribute to her charms and invite indorsement of the public. Take, for instance, the old song "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." We need a subject of this kind. It can be done and you are prolific enough to do it, we feel sure. It takes a great deal to make a song popular, but when once upon the road of fame a writer is readily rewarded.

(Continued on page 40)

Some Half-forgotten Songs

Melodies That Were Popular When Your Daddy Was a Lad--By Wm. H. Lucas, LL.D.



HOW many of the popular songs of thirty years ago can the old boys of today recall? How many of the old melodies that thrilled them in the days of their hot youth have found an abiding place in their memory? The evolution of the popular song presents a striking illustration of the survival of the unfittest.

The great sentimental success of the ante-war period was undoubtedly "Ben Bolt." The untimely death of something lovable and beautiful was the usual theme of the sentimental song of that period, though it varied occasionally in order to picture the heart havoc caused by the separation of slave lovers. "Ben Bolt" was a splendid illustration of the prevailing theme. It was immensely popular with the young ladies, many of whom are now grandmothers. "Sweet Alice" was shrined in every sentimental female's heart, and the question of the day was:

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with her hair so brown?
She wept with delight when you gave her a
smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.

Sharing "Ben Bolt's" popularity during the same period were two songs widely sung by Dan Emmett, Dan Bryant and other minstrels. These were "Nellie Gray," which swept the country like a cyclone.

My charming Nellie Gray,
They have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more.

was heard on every side and voiced by every tongue.

"O, dear Susannah!" was built more in the comic way, and the request "Don't You Cry for Me," was based on the consoling fact that "I'm Going to Alabama with the Banjo on My Knee."

The pessimistic strain in which the fate of a certain "old nigger," popularly known as "Uncle Ned," was bemoaned was well known before "Nellie Gray" or "Susannah" appeared. Dan Emmett's "Dixie" and Foster's "Swanee River" have proven the most permanent of the ante-war melodies. A sentimental ballad called "Loena" was a great favorite in the '60s, and for thirty years previous the appearance and philosophy of "Old Rosin the Bow" were known to everyone.

A state of warfare has always proved conducive to song. The flourishing condition of minstrelsy in ages past was due largely to the warlike and adventurous spirit of the times. During the civil war both sides were prolific in song making. The South made the first great hit with Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland." The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was the Southern National air, and was to the boys in gray what "Yankee Doodle" was to the boys in blue. The Southern women ardently took it up, and through every city rang the chorus:

Hurrah! hurrah! for Southern rights of war,
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears
the single star.

Of the sentimental songs of the war period the most popular were "Fairy Bell," "Annie of the Dell," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Toll the Bell for Lovely Nell," and "When This Cruel War Is Over." In the North, "Wait for the Wagon," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," had a great success during the same period, and the othe.s that ran riot through camp and fireside were "Macy Blane," "Old Cabin Home," "Fair, Fair, with Golden Hair," and "Daisy Dean." Who has forgotten "Daisy Dean" and its wistful chorus:

None knew thee but to love thee,
Thou dear one of my heart,
Thy memory is ever fresh and green
The wild flowers may wither
And fond hearts be broken
Still I love thee, my darling Daisy Dean.

A beautiful song, truly pathetic, obtained great popularity in both North and South during the war. This was Florence Percy's "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

The South produced two war songs that evince genuine poetic talent, and have been accorded unstinted praise by the critics. They are the "Conquered Banner" and "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight," the first-named by Father Ryan, and the last by Lana Fountaine. One of the most pathetic poems that appeared during the war was "Somebody's Darling." It ran thus:

Into the ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day:
Somebody's darling, so young and brave;
Wearing yet on his sweet, pale face
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

The circus clown was the great promulgator of popular music during and just after the war. He was then in the full blaze of his glory. Since then the blaze has de-

generated to a spark, and that is threatening to go out. But twenty years ago he was the biggest attraction in the ring, and his song sold like shares in a wild-cat mining scheme.

The war songs were succeeded by what might be termed the Billyemersonian epoch. These were the days when the "Big Sunflower" and "Love Among the Roses" were epidemic. The agile Billy was the pioneer of the genteel song-and-dance business, and when he sang:

I feel just as happy as a big sunflower
That nods and bends in the breezes,
And my heart is as light as the wind that
blows
The leaves from off the trees-es.

he was pronounced unapproachable. Of the same date is that ridiculous composition, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." W. H. Lingard brought it over from London and first sang it in his lightning changes. Lingard has never been surpassed in his act of lightning changes, and while he maintained intimate relations with "Captain Jinks" he prospered. When he attempted something higher he got into trouble. "Pat Molloy," "The Charming Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," "The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue," "The Fellow That Looks Like Me," "In the Bowery," and "The Yellow Girl That Winked at Me" were widely sung at that time. The invasion of Lydia Thompson and her British blondes in 1868 was followed by a deluge of English music hall songs. About this time the topical song began to appear, Tony Pastor and his imitators preferring that sort of composition. In the early '70s the big successes were: "Little Fraud," "I Feel So Awful Jolly When the Band Begins to Play," "Champagne Charlie," "The Mulligan Guards," "The Cottage by the Sea," "Kil-larney," "Goodbye, Charlie," "Ten Thousand Miles Away," and "Jennie, the Pride of Kildare." Then came: "My Gal," "Strolling on the Sands," "There's a Letter in the Candle," and since then the quantity has increased and the quality decreased in the same ratio.

Sample of a Popular Song Sent In

"If I Told All I Knew," By Fred Sloop, Jr., Olympic Theatre, Steubenville, O.

TWAS in an auto garage, one balmy summer's night,
The auto cars just filled the place, it was a pretty sight;
There stood a Ford, a Peerless Six, a Cadillac or two,
A Saxon and an Overland, a Packard, painted blue.
Just then the Cadillac spoke up and said,
"I've seen some nights
Of joy rides and booze parties and lots of other sights;"
The Packard then began to speak. He said,
"I've been there, too,
There'd be some quick divorcees, boys, if I told all I knew."

Chorus:
If I told all I knew, If I told all I knew,
There'd be a lot of people feeling blue,
I could tell why Uncle Fred put cracked ice upon his head—
If I told only half the things I knew!

The Ford then said, "I'll tell you what happened once to me,
My boss had gone out riding with a pretty girl, you see,
Away out on a country road he took this dainty Miss,
And then he turned out all the lights and asked her for a kiss.
He said, "I spent my money, kid, to buy the gasoline,
Please give me just one little kiss, come on, now, don't be mean."
The girl said, "Nothing doing, sir, now please let me alone"
Then he replied, "Give me a kiss or else you'll walk back home."

Chorus:
If I told all I knew, If I told all I knew,
There'd be a lot of people feeling blue,
Now I know it was a cinch that she never walked an inch—
If I told only half the things I knew!

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Quaint Incidents in the World's News

Strange Because True and New

Her Songs Drove Him From Home
Charles Stewart, After Being Reconciled with Wife, Finds Daughter Too Musically Inclined

Music may have charms to soothe the savage breast, but it's a rank failure as a perpetrator of homes, if one may take the case of Charles Stewart as an example.

Stewart, who resided at 500 East Sixty-eighth Street until recently, told his woes to Magistrate Harris at the Domestic Relations Court recently. Mrs. Stewart had him haled before the bar to answer a charge of alleged non-support.

The man explained to the Court that his daughter had been too much addicted to song to permit of his enjoying the atmosphere of domestic felicity that should pervade any well regulated domicile. She sang well into the night for the edification of her beau, the father insisted, and the noise of her vocal efforts disturbed his sleep exceedingly.

It was as far back as last June that the domestic troubles of the Stewarts first came to the attention of the Domestic Relations Court. At that time the husband had left home and was ordered in court to pay his wife \$5 each week for her maintenance and that of her family.

This sum the husband paid regularly until last November, when he returned home and became reconciled with his wife. However, he avers, things had changed during his absence, and his daughter had developed a propensity for entertaining her beau of evenings in the front parlor.

She spent a good part of this time in singing to the young man, father told the Court, and she was wont to sit up as late as midnight in the doing of this. Furthermore, he says, the lights in the parlor during her period of entertaining shone into his room and thereby kept him awake until the wee sma' hours.

When Stewart remonstrated with the girl, he declares his wife took the part of the daughter, and the two of them lined up against him. This was too much for the nerves of a sensitive man, he continues, and he was forced to pack up his bed and walk.

This he did on January 30, and has been living apart from his family since that date. Magistrate Harris ordered that he resume the payments of \$5 a week to his wife.

The pair have been married for twenty years, they told the Court, and have six children.

Six-Cent Libel Verdict

A verdict of six cents and costs was given by the District of Columbia Supreme Court on May 9 to Henry Lane Wilson, former Ambassador to Mexico, in his \$500,000 libel suit against Norman Hapgood former editor of Harper's Weekly.

Mr. Wilson sued on an article dealing with the killing of President Madero, the succession of Huerta, and Mr. Wilson's alleged part in affairs in Mexico City at the time.

National Anthem Barred as Dance
Cafes and Restaurants Interpolating "Star-Spangled Banner" Will Lose Licenses, Mayor Says

Dancing to the air of "The Star-Spangled Banner," or the national anthem of any of the Allies for that matter, will be a most precarious experience for the proprietors of the Broadway cafes and restaurants from now onward.

Mayor Mitchel issued an order recently directing that the licenses of any cafes or restaurants permitting "The Star-Spangled Banner" or any of the national airs of the Allies to be transposed into ragtime or to be utilized for dance music have their licenses revoked forthwith.

The order, which was directed to Commissioner of Licenses George H. Bell, read: "I have received several complaints from citizens that 'The Marseillaise,' 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and the other national anthems of the Allies are being transposed into ragtime and used in medley form for dancing in the various cafes.

"I direct that you notify the holder of each and every dance hall license in Greater New York that if this practice is not stopped immediately their licenses will be revoked."

The Mayor's order is the aftermath of a hectic campaign on the part of the Patriotic League for a more respectful attitude toward our national anthem. This organization has endeavored to enforce the proper military attention to the playing of the hymn and the required respectful attitude on the part of the diners where "The Star-Spangled Banner" may be played.

The campaign has spread rapidly throughout the city and its effect has been felt in virtually every section of New York. Several arrests have been recorded of persons who refused to stand up when the anthem was played, while some of these, who added insulting remarks to their disrespectful attitude toward the song, have received jail sentences.

\$20,000 for a Leg is Considered Fair
Justice Philbin Refuses to Set Aside Verdict Which Appraised Damages

Twenty thousand dollars for a leg is the judgment that George A. Dahlgren, Jr., of 550 East 184th Street, won against Mrs. Tille Flisser, owner of an apartment house at 465 East 174th Street, New York, and Justice Philbin in the Bronx Supreme Court denied the motion to have the verdict set aside. Dahlgren lost his right leg and suffered other injuries by falling down stairs in the apartment house of the defendant.

Dahlgren's father was employed by Mrs. Flisser as janitor of the apartment house, and lived there with his family. On January 13, 1916, young Dahlgren met with the accident which cost him his leg. Last month a jury awarded him \$20,000 damages. The defendant sought to have the verdict set aside on the grounds of excessive damages and because a juror visited the scene of the accident during the trial.

Justice Philbin took the motion under advisement and made his decision public.

Dedicated to the United States Army and Navy

The Battle Song of Liberty

Words by
JACK YELLEN

Set to the Music of "OUR DIRECTOR" composed by F. E. Bigelow

Vocal adaptation by
GEORGE L. COBB

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO

It's the roar and rat-tle of Free-dom's bat-tle That's calling us o-ver the

sea, Where a might-y foe has chal-lenged us, boys— It's up to you and to

me; So get Old Glo-ry, we'll make 'em sor-ry That they ev-er dreamed of this

fight. We're on our way with a Hip! Hoo-rah! Just to do what we know to be right.

The Tuneful Yankee

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REFRAIN

So here's to Un-cle Sam - my faith - ful and

true; Here's to our ban - ner of red,

white and blue; And here's to all good fel -

lows on land and sea Sing - ing the

Bat - tle Song of Li - ber - ty. So

The Tuneful Yankee

Some Shape

ONE-STEP

GEORGE L. COBB
Composer of "Levee Land"

PIANO *ff*

The Tuneful Yankee

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Musical score for page 20, featuring piano accompaniment for 'The Tuneful Yankee'. The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The music is characterized by dense chordal textures and rhythmic patterns. The final system concludes with a first ending and a second ending, both marked with a first ending bracket and a repeat sign.

Musical score for page 21, featuring piano accompaniment for 'The Tuneful Yankee'. The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a forte (*fz*) dynamic marking. The second system is labeled 'TRIO' and features a *mf-ff* dynamic marking. The music continues with dense chordal textures and rhythmic patterns. The final system concludes with a first ending and a second ending, both marked with a first ending bracket and a repeat sign.

Revel of the Roses

WALTZ

WALTER ROLFE
Composer of "Kiss of Spring"

INTRO
Lento

PIANO

WALTZ

Animato

dolce

Quasi Valse Lento

Musical notation for the first system on page 26, featuring treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the second system on page 26.

Musical notation for the third system on page 26, including a *rall.* marking.

Musical notation for the fourth system on page 26, including a *mf a tempo* marking.

Musical notation for the fifth system on page 26, including *f*, *cresc.*, and *ff* markings.

Musical notation for the sixth system on page 26, including *pp rall.* and *mf a tempo* markings, and ending with first and second endings.

Musical notation for the first system on page 27, including *dolce* and *mp a tempo* markings.

Musical notation for the second system on page 27.

Musical notation for the third system on page 27, including *mf* and *f* markings.

Musical notation for the fourth system on page 27.

Musical notation for the fifth system on page 27, including *p* and *rall e dim.* markings.

Musical notation for the sixth system on page 27, including *Lento*, *p*, and *smorzando* markings.

The Picture That The Shamrock Brings To Me

Words by
J. WILL CALLAHAN

Music by
GEORGE L. COBB

Moderato
PIANO *mf*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked Moderato. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piece begins with a series of chords and a melodic line that leads into the first vocal entry.

To - day I had a let - ter from old Er - in, A
'Twas long a - go I wan - dered from old Er - in, A

molto rall. *p*

The first vocal line is in 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment is marked *molto rall.* and *p*. The melody is simple and carries the lyrics.

lit - tle sprig of sham - rock tucked in - side A ten - der bit of green, yet so en -
lit - tle sprig of sham - rock on my breast. To - day this bit of green a - gain I'm

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

dear - in' It takes me back a - cross the o - cean wide; Be -
wear - in' In mem - ry of the one I love the best,

The third vocal line features a more melodic and expressive passage. The piano accompaniment is lush with chords.

see a pict - ure wrought with ma - gic art, 'Tis paint - ed on the can - vas of my heart.
cause my heart is still a - cross the sea, A - mid the scenes the sham - rock brings to me.

poco rit.

The fourth vocal line concludes the main body of the song. The piano accompaniment is marked *poco rit.* and features a final chord progression.

REFRAIN

Just a hum - ble lit - tle home up - on the hill - side, With the gold - en sun - beams fall - ing from a -

p *2nd time f*

The Refrain begins with a piano introduction marked *p* and *2nd time f*. It features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

bove, Just a path - way lead - ing down in - to the val - ley cool and green, Where the

The first line of the Refrain continues the melody. The piano accompaniment is rhythmic and provides a steady accompaniment.

sil - v'ry Shan - non sings its song of love; Just a bit of mea - dow - land all bathed in sun - shine, Just a

The second line of the Refrain continues the melody. The piano accompaniment is lush with chords.

glimpse of az - ure sky and dis - tant sea; Just a moth - er old and gray, who's

The third line of the Refrain continues the melody. The piano accompaniment is lush with chords.

wait - ing there to - day: Sure that's the pict - ure that the sham - rock brings to me. Just a me.

molto rall. *D.S.*

The fourth line of the Refrain concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment is marked *molto rall.* and *D.S.* (Da Capo).

Hang-Over Blues

JAZZ FOX-TROT

LEO GORDON

Composer of "Bone-Head Blues"

PIANO

The Tuneful Yankee

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The Tuneful Yankee



The Tuneful Yankee

Ragtime Piano Playing

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

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

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

Outline of Lesson II in January issue: Letter-names and tones constituting the three fundamental chords, and usual position and manner in which they are employed in "straight" bass shown by notation in the keys of C, G, F, B \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.

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

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

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

Marching Through Georgia.

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Arr by EDWARD R. WINN



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LESSON VII

It is assumed that the reader has carried out the instructions given in the previous lessons and has learned to play popular music in the manner explained—the melody in OCTAVES and full harmony with the right-hand and to mark (if necessary) above each measure and play with the left-hand the correct "straight" bass—that technical difficulties have been overcome and that composi-

tions can be rendered in this way with facility.

Taking the measures in a piece containing one melody note, rag them as shown in the Rhythm No. 1 exercises previously given. Next rag the measures containing two melody notes. Then those containing three melody notes. Finally those measures containing four melody notes.

The same melody note consecutively repeated must be regarded and treated rhythmically as one melody note.

It is hoped that readers who are interested in this subject will not fail to secure a copy of each number of The Tuneful Yankee, containing an instalment of this serial course of instruction. Each portion, if closely followed and thoroughly understood, will constitute a vital link in a chain of information that, when completed, will make it easy and natural for any pianist to convert any melody into professional style ragtime for singing or dancing.

Readers of The Tuneful Yankee who are following Mr. Winn's serial course of instruction in Ragtime Piano Playing are invited to write to him regarding further or special information that will assist them in observing his rules and principles. Mr. Winn will also be interested in learning of the results of these lessons.

The Tuneful Yankee

By Harry E. Humphreys

"The Tuneful Yankee" is a man, a boy, a girl or woman,

Who writes, or sings or plays a tune, that all the folks are hummin';

It also is a magazine—just whisper this to others,

Whose mission, if I "get it right," is helping Yankee brothers.

Refrain:

So, let's all pull together, let friendship be our theme,

I'm sure, "The Tuneful Yankee" will help along the scheme;

You'd better join our circle—just send the coin along,

And get "The Tuneful Yankee," learn the latest song.

Some people think the Yankee, lives only in the North,

But since the civil war, they live also in the South;

And one thing all should understand, just get this 'neath your bonnets,

Below the Mason-Dixon line they're also writing sonnets.



The Tuneful Yankee Disc Drippings



Embodying All the Latest Phonograph News Worth Printing



THE EMERSON is claiming the biggest business on record.

A new plan is on foot to organize a company, to be headed by a Nebraska inventor who affirms that he has discovered a certain quality of base material to turn out discs at one-half the present cost of wax and rubber. He states further that the discs will be in slit form to be used alternately for reproducing and recording purposes.

There is at the present time a variety of big selling numbers. Since "Poor Butterfly's" quietude nothing startling has come to the front. The best selling number these days is "Me and My Gal."

Beginning with the July number The Tuneful Yankee will start a review column on new records and incidentally show up some of the punk stuff being issued.

Following are a few of the latest June records worth mentioning:

COLUMBIA NUMBERS

- A2194 Bull Frog Blues. (Brown-Shirley.) Saxo Sextette. Saxophone Sextette.
A2194 Swanee Ripples. (Blaufuss.) Saxo Sextette. Saxophone Sextette.
A2205 Miss Springtime. (Kalman.) "My Castle in the Air." (Kern.) Saxo Sextette. Saxophone Sextette.
A2205 Follow Me. "What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?" (McCarthy, Johnson and Monaco.) Saxo Sextette. Saxophone Sextette.
A2223 American Republic March. (Inauguration March.) (Thiele.) Prince's Band.
A2223 The Invincible Eagle March. (Souza.) Prince's Band.
A5955 The Snowy Breasted Pearl. (Robinson.) Oscar Seagle, baritone. Orchestra accompaniment.

A5955 The Ash Grove. (Thomas.) (Welsh Air.) Oscar Seagle, baritone. Orchestra accompaniment.

A5957 For Me and My Gal. Introducing "Yaddie, Kaddie, Kiddie, Kaddie, Koo." (Meyer.) Fox-trot. Prince's Orchestra.

A5956 The Century Girl. (Herbert.) "You Belong To Me." Introducing "The Century Girl." Waltz. Prince's Orchestra.

A5956 Amaryllis. (Vessey.) Waltz. Prince's Orchestra.

A5950 I'll Make You Want Me. (Long and Palham.) Introducing (1) "Have You Made Your Mother's Dream Come True?" (Ward.) (2) "It's Lonesome Here." (Milford.) One-step. Prince's Band.

A5950 I've a Shooting Box in Scotland. (Riggs and Porter.) Introducing "Diabolo." (Timberg.) One-step. Prince's Band.

A5951 My Hawaiian Sunshine. (Gilbert and Morgan.) Fox-trot. Prince's Band.

A5951 I've Got the Army Blues. (Gilbert and Morgan.) One-step. Prince's Band.

"LITTLE WONDER" RECORDS FOR JUNE, 1917

518 Yaddie, Kaddie, Kiddie, Kaddie, Koo. Hawaiian Guitar Duet.

609 America Needs You Like a Mother. Solo.

541 From Here to Shanghai. Solo.

561 Washington Post March. Xylophone Solo.

516 Silver Threads Among the Gold. Trio.

560 Little Beauty Mazurka. Bell Solo.

555 Dance and Grow Thin. Band.

604 There's Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes. Band.

606 In the Old Red School. Duet.

613 That Cute Little Wigglin' Dance. Solo.

611 Indiana. Solo.

608 The Whole World Comes from Dixie. Solo.

607 When The Sun Goes Down in Dixie. Solo.

553 Nik-o-de-mus. Band.

576 When I Found the Way to Your Heart. Solo.

A Defense of Popular Music

First Newspaper in Years to Uphold It--From The Telegraph

IT seems strange that the word "popular" as applied to music is always used indignantly. The classicists for years have been trying to stick out for the idea that "popular music" is not good music. The natural inference would be that good music is essentially "unpopular." The cultivated friends of music will hardly agree to that, but these same friends of the universal art are themselves to blame for the ban which would outlaw that sort of music which happens to be not classical and of firm historic establishment.

Neither music nor any other art is worth a

tinker's expletive unless it expresses the thoughts, feelings and desires of those who hear it, make it, use it. If the syncopated cadences of what we call "ragtime," whether it be definitely melodic or dominantly rhythmic, express our people and are, therefore, "popular," what closet critic or nurtured harmonist has any justification for saying that "it is bad music"?

Of what use, service, joy or edification is a picture, a play, a piece of music, that is classical but also unpleasant, meaningless, unpopular? It is both foolish and disingenuous to tell us that a thing is bad

because we like it. And yet nine out of ten nurtured musicians in America speak about "popular" music with a sneer. The theory and practice of music are devoted to increasing the joy of living, and yet the mathematical and harmonic puzzles of the classics, those things of hateful impact and distressing sound, are pushed at us as "good" because they are not "popular."

We are continually warned that the American people do not understand music. The truth is that composers and musical factors generally do not understand Americans in a musical sense.

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Pass the Butter

FOX TROT

By H. STANLEY HASKINS

The rage of New York Society

He who listens must dance

Funny Incidents in the Rambles of Music Men

HERE is a genuine experience told by the budding composer, Ira Schuster:

"Calcraft, who used to act in the 'Dog Star,' owed John Rogers \$50, and the latter had a judgment for the amount.

"Now, I am tired of waiting," said Rogers, as he met Calcraft on upper Broadway, and you've got to pay the money right away or something will happen."

"Why, really," said Calcraft, with a bland smile, "I haven't got the money on me, my boy, but (as if struck with a sudden inspiration) I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get it for you if you'll come with me."

"Where to and how far?"

"To the drug store about three blocks from here. The owner is a friend of mine, and will lend me the money, but we'll have

to hurry, as I want to catch that 4.30 New Haven train."

Conciliated with a prospect of getting his money, the creditor readily accompanied Calcraft to the drug store, which they found on their entrance to be fairly filled with customers. "Confound it!" said Calcraft, "just my luck, and I'm in a hurry, too. I must see Mr. Smith and explain my errand." He stepped forward and went behind the prescription desk, where the proprietor received him with a cordial smile. Calcraft held a whispered conversation with Mr. Smith frequently indicating the patient creditor by a motion of his hand. Then he called Rogers up to the desk, as he hurriedly glanced at his watch.

"Mr. Smith will fix that for you," he said. "I must run to catch my train now. Bye-bye," and off he went.

"That's all right, sir," said the druggist in a kindly tone to the creditor, "just sit down a few minutes and I will attend to you."

John Rogers sat down with a sigh of relief and waited ten minutes. At the end of that time the druggist joined him and motioned him to follow him into a private room, where, after closing the door, he told him to be seated.

"Now, sir," he said, cheerily, "how long has this affair been going on?"

"Oh, I guess it's over a year now."

"Over a year?"

"Why, yes, it's a good deal over a year."

"Well, for heaven's sake, why didn't you come to me before? I could have fixed you mighty quick."

"How the deuce did I know you would fix it?"

"But you might have gone to somebody else. Anybody in the business could have given you advice."

"Advice he hanged. I want money. I am tired of advice!"

"But haven't you got money to pay for advice?" asked the druggist, cautiously.

"Certainly I have. But what's the use of throwing good money after bad? I have a judgment against him, and that's enough."

"Against whom?"

"Against Calcraft, of course."

"What for?"

"What for? Why, for the \$50 you are to pay me."

"Me to pay you?" ejaculated the astonished druggist, rising from his chair. "See here, what are you talking about, man?"

"I am talking about my \$50," thundered the now wrathful Rogers, "and I heard you distinctly say that you would settle that affair of mine."

"Listen," gasped the druggist, "are you mad or am I? I don't know the man from Adam. He confided to me that you had been rolling a pill and wanted something to work it off!"

—o—

By the prolific Abe Holzmann:

A well-known actor was talking one day in a cafe about an acquaintance that he had picked up in a train; he was perfectly amazed at the intimate knowledge the man possessed of everything relating to the Berlin theatres. He was thoroughly initiated in all their little schemes and knew all about the financial position of each of the managers. The actor said: "I presume I have the honor of speaking to a fellow actor?"

"No," he replied.

"Or a theatrical agent?"

"Nothing of that kind."

"Or one of our leading critics?"

"No, I am sorry to say."

"But allow me to ask, how did you acquire this unprecedented familiarity with the concerns of the Berlin theatres; you must have a great deal to do with actors and managers?"

Hidden Songs

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

"Quite correct," said the man curtly; "I am a sheriff's officer."

The following interesting reminiscence was kindly extended *The Tuneful Yankee* by James Howard Caliseh. While possibly familiar to some of our readers, we must admit that it is new to the editor.

A young lady had been taking piano lessons for some time and her mother was very proud of her achievements. So the elder lady made a point to invite to her house a professor of music of great renown, so that his heart might be gladdened by the girl's exceptional performance. When the professor was visiting the house the mother insisted, of course, that the girl should play something for him. After she had done so her mother proudly asked the professor: "Well, Professor, what do you think of her execution?"

The professor scratched his head for a moment, then laconically remarked: "That would be a splendid idea. It can't come too soon."

—o—

Babe Quinn, the dainty dancing and singing star, ruminating o'er the war subjects, says:

"D'you know they ought to send the actors and convicts to the front before anyone else. Why? Because they stand for the stars and stripes!"

—o—

By Jack Mendelsohn:

"Why did you leave your wife?"

"I saw something about her I didn't like."

"What was that?"

"Another man's arm."

—o—

By Bennie Blum, Mose Gumble's clever little aide-de-camp:

"Are your folks well to do?"

"No, indeed; they're hard to do."

—o—

As told by the refined Miss Ada McDonald who, though herself in blissful ignorance of marital woes, knows the strifes of married life:

She heard him rummaging around in the attic. Then his strident, raucous tones came drifting down the stairs.

"Where in thunderation," he growled, "is that last summer's fedora-shaped straw hat o' mine?"

"The time has come," she murmured hoarsely to herself, and then she donned a fedora-shaped straw hat that was hidden behind the piano. It was wrapped around with liberty silk, and it looked bully on her fluffy hair.

"Here it is," she said, when she got to the top of the attic stairs. "I cleaned it with lemon juice and fixed it for myself. Saved you \$17.35 for a spring hat. Like it?"

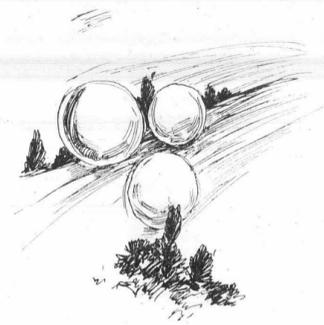
Then the man was unreasonable and churlish enough to storm and to demand of her when she intended to begin wearing his shoes and smoking his pipes.

Few married men have sense enough to know when they've landed right.

—o—

Here is a new definition of a kiss by the renowned beauty, Mildred Davies, who, although perhaps never experiencing a sensation of this kind herself would make a most delightful subject:

A Springfield belle was visiting in this city not long ago, and received a large share of respectful homage from the leading society young gentlemen. Before leaving the Union depot the young lady was describing to a friend, whom she had visited, the "Bostonian kiss," as she was pleased to term



1

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Answers to Hidden Songs in March—April Issue

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Pretty Baby | 3. There's a Quaker in Quakertown | 5. My Mother's Rosary |
| 2. She's the Sunshine of Virginia | 4. Good Bye, Good Luck, God Bless You | 6. Turn Back the Universe |

the salutation which some fortunate but bold admirer was permitted to give. She said "The first time she was kissed by a Bostonian she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmeg and

cranberries. She also felt as if something were running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole served with melted rainbows."

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AND
HERBERT SPENCER

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Subscriptions Received

To obviate the necessity of replying individually to each letter received, The Tuneful Yankee herewith acknowledges subscriptions recently received at the New York office:

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Phil. Kornheiser
Max Prival
Jeff Branen
James Kendis
Joe Morris
Jack Robbins
Ben Richmond
Al Gerber
Joe Hollander
W. C. Polla
Alfred Solman
Dave Weisberg
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Maurice Rubin
Prof. J. H. Duffy
Sam M. Lewis
Marjorie Preston
Jack Mendelsohn
J. H. Calisch

How to Write a Song

By Will Rossiter
(Continued from page 6)

most important thing is melody. If you can play some musical instrument it will be an easy matter to get a simple smooth melody, still you must remember there is just as much rhyming in music as there is (or should be) in your words. If you do not play an instrument then hum out in your head a simple tune that will fit the words; then go to a real live musician and have him write it down. Once down, the country is saved, as you understand since America was discovered by Columbus, 1492, it has been standing (as it were) on one foot waiting for your composition, and if you are a sincere judge of human nature, you will appreciate how tired it is, and how much more tired it will be when it hears your maiden effort.

Every successful song writer today paid some publisher to put his first song on the market, and you must do the same, so don't imagine for a moment you have something that a publisher wants badly enough to even accept, much less buy. Write to some well known publisher and ask him what he will charge you to place your song on the market. When it's out write another, when that's out try it again; and keep on and on till you write something good; every time you write you will learn something more about the "art," and when you have stuck to it faithfully for ten or twenty years and have spent most of your earnings having your songs placed in the way of the American people, ask yourself, "Have I done as I should have for the land of my birth?" and a million voices will ring in your ears. No! For in any other land than this "Land of Liberty" you would have been banished for your first offense; and it always seems strange to me why in some parts of this country they hang men for "sheep stealing," yet "would-be song writers" are actually allowed their freedom, and are unmolested on our principal streets!

In conclusion I wish to suggest that you do not listen to what your "friends" say about your efforts; if they say the song you have just sung for them is "good" you may rest assured it is "rotten." A strong term, I'll admit, but it applies just as well to the "friends," opinion or perhaps better than to your song; while on the other hand what "they" say is bad is probably all right, and in either case these so-called "friends" will expect you to give them a copy free, never once will it occur to them to "buy" a copy; and in that way prove that there is no such thing on this earth as a "friend."

A Bold Gentleman

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: Your magazine is a positive winner and I am bold enough to say that it is faultless in every particular.

Very sincerely yours,

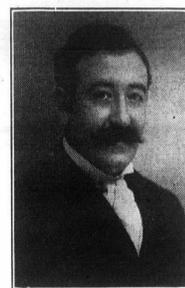
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Of Joe Morris Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Publishers of Popular Music and Folios



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WITMARK, JAN
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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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Answers to Correspondents

(Continued from page 14)

Mrs. K. E. M., Litchfield, Ill.:

1. "Dreams" embodies a darkey subject which has been too often used in works of the lygic days. It is a neat little idea, but that is all. 2. "Good-Bye" has no contemporaneous interest. It is just an appeal and in its present form would not attract. The same applies to "Aching Heart."

S. Von F., Cleveland, Ohio:

1. "Hawaiian Girl" possesses some pretty minor effects but there is nothing particularly alluring in the composition. The words are very commonplace. 2. In the

"Girl from Waikiki" the words are also very trite and the music is not as unique as the number 1 song. You have a very high range in this latter composition which will retard its sale and possibly prevent its popularity. However, you appear to be a clever musician in general angles and the arrangement in the "Waikiki" song in which the grace notes are carried through the accompaniment of the bass lend a quaint effect. We are sorry we cannot give you any more encouragement than this and we have devoted more than our usual attention to your works because we wish to render you such assistance as is in our humble power.

An Important Question Answered

No More Money to be Paid to Song Singers

Editor Tuneful Yankee:

Please inform me what are the provisions and conditions of the Music Publisher's Protective Association recently held in the offices of the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association as to the prohibition of paying singers for the rendering of songs.

(Miss) Helen Heller,
Care of Ted Barron Music Co.,
New York City.

This is an organization of popular music publishers, or rather publishers of popular music, gotten together for self-protection in the matter of bestowing financial stipends to singers who exploit their works or publications for monetary pay, or otherwise.

Several times in the past efforts have been made to secure the co-operation of the various music publishers for such a purpose; but there has always been some delinquent who would not sign up with organization. Finally, a meeting was held on May 4th at which all the prominent publishers of popular music agreed, under heavy bonds, to maintain a policy for the prohibition of these payments in exploiting their publications. This organization now consists of the following firms:

Jerome H. Remick & Co.,
Leo Feist Co.,
Waterson, Berlin & Snyder,
M. Witmark & Sons,
Jos. W. Stern & Co.,
Shapiro-Bernstein Co.,
Jos. Morris Co.,
Chas. K. Harris,
Harry Von Tilzer Co.,
Broadway Music Pub. Co.,
Kalmar, Puck & Abrahams,
F. J. A. Forster Co.,
T. B. Harms & Francis, Day & Hunter,
James Kendis,
James Brockman,
Al Piantadosi & Co.,
Maurice Richmond Co.,
A. J. Stansy & Co.,
McCarthy & Fisher,
Church, Paxton & Co.,
Karezag Pub. Co.

The rules of the organization demand that each and every member of the aggregation shall not pay, permit to be paid, or indirectly pay or permit to be paid any fee to any public performer for the singing of any song or songs which they issue. A clause of their agreement also specifically affirms that no one among the organization shall be or permit himself to be a party to a bribe of any kind for this purpose. In other words, the mere fact that gifts bestowed upon any public performer, or vocalist, for the purpose of inducing him or her to publicly render any of their prints shall be regarded as equivalent to receiving so much in cash. Gratuities, whether in money or not, goods, or merchandise are included in this category; in short, any underhanded methods of currying favor with the singer is strenuously forbidden and subject to the immediate dismissal from the organization, or a heavy fine covered by the bond. So, you will see the necessity—if you are a member of the organization of strictly adhering to the regulations and rules laid down by the organization.

Emily Dee, St. Louis, Mo.:

"Cotton Time" is fairly good in its way as a darkey song, but darkey songs in these days of enlightenment have fallen into "innocuous desuetude." They have been supplanted by the modern Hawaiian craze—which is almost as bad.

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A Just Grievance, Probably Such Incidents Are of Daily Occurrence in the Song-Writing Field

Editor Tuneful Yankee: Today I read in The Tuneful Yankee about the contest for song writers and also about "killing a song." I am glad to see that someone is finally taking hold of these things. I want to tell you about another way to kill a song.

There is a New York publisher who accepted \$25.00 for publishing and exploiting a song. He sent 100 copies to the composer and after waiting a reasonable time for the song to appear on the market, the author of the song wrote the publisher and asked him why he did not live up to his contract. He received no reply to this and repeated his request for information. That was about four years ago, and the author has never received one cent of royalty, has never seen the name of his song advertised in any form, nor received a single line from the publisher, who even today does not know the author's address. I am quite positive that not a single copy of the song was ever offered for sale, and I doubt whether it ever will be. This same author paid \$35.00 to another New York publisher for publishing an instrumental composition. He received a proof sheet of his composition together with a letter telling him that the music would be on the market in a very short time. The next thing the author heard was that — was serving a three-year sentence in Sing-Sing for fraudulently using the United States mails. The name of the song is "You Had Ought to Stay Awake, Mr. Moon." I don't suppose the song would have amounted to anything, but the way it was killed is what hurts me. I have the contracts of the publisher and I think it should be the aim of every square music house to assist in putting these "thugs" out of commission. If I can be of any assistance I would be only too glad to help. The only reason I can find for the publisher having suppressed the song was that it interfered with some song of his own which he was exploiting, and he, therefore, laid the other one on the shelf to get it out of the way, and has never resurrected it. It seems to me that the only redress I can get is by exposing him, or if there is anything else I can do to make him give the song a chance, I would like to know of it. If you wish to publish this letter, you may, provided you suppress the publishers' names.

Yours truly,

Geo. C. Boyd.

You may or may not be right in the narrative of your grievance. But publishers as a rule very rarely swindle anybody. At least, they do not do so wilfully. There is always some reason for their negligence or tardiness in exploiting an author's song. Still, you cannot blame them when they show "cold feet" for, sometimes, even after the acceptance of a song something crops up which makes them lose "courage." The firm you mention, the name of which you have suppressed, doesn't amount to much anyhow; yet, they should give you a legal explanation for their dilatoriness.

J. L. T. Osvego, N. Y.:

Write to Kronberg, of the Plaza Co.; he sells such pieces in quantities. He is also

on the level and won't cheat you. In fact, he is a music jobber who won't take the contents of your pocketbook and then flay you because it didn't contain more. Neither will he "stick" you with dead and unsalable prints. The Enterprise Music Company is another reliable concern.

Miss M. S., Marshall, Pa.:

The Tuneful Yankee has no objection to your setting to music the verses of Mr. Rome, "For Every Tear There's a Year of Cheer," but it must be a very good melody to please this lyric writer who would not aim to popularize it otherwise. If you feel very confident about the merit of your tune, send it on and we shall show it to him. But do not do so otherwise.

J. T. R., Dayton, Ohio:

"Kentucky Girl" has many quaint lines. The rhymes are also perfect—or, as nearly

as the ordinary popular song. You show a little talent but you have chosen a very commonplace subject for your budding aspirations. Kentucky has been a very fertile field for the song writers and there is nothing particularly engaging in your verses to warrant the ordinary music publisher in expending any great effort or capital in exploiting them.

Al. T., Philadelphia, Pa.:

"Red, White, and Blue" is a very commonplace title. It has been done times without number in popular songs. The words are fairly good and have many original ideas but such rhymes as "sad" and "drab" are unusually bold, if not really bad. The arrangement of the song is also very faulty, the song being misconceived. You have a very jingling and inspiring tune to the composition, but the entire chorus is too

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- Luau Girl.....Kallimat
- Mauna Kea.....M. Fernandez
- My Honolulu Tom Boy.....A. R. Cunha
- My Walkie Mermadi.....A. R. Cunha
- My Tropical Hula Girl.....A. R. Cunha
- My Honolulu Hula Girl.....A. R. Cunha
- Na Lei O Hawaii.....King
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long for popular acceptance and there is not any correct finish to the ending of the first verse.

E. J. C., Dayton, Ohio:
Music publishers do not accept songs written to old familiar tunes which are copyrighted. In rare cases permission is granted for such publications but the words must, indeed, be novel and clever to warrant their acceptance for publication.

R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
1. "When You Left the World" has a very long chorus. The song has some good points but is too sad and retrospective for popular sale. 2. "The Rosary" applies to answer 1. 3. "Don't Forget" is a poor sample of a patriotic song. 4. "America" is a little better but not much so. 5. "If this World Should Begin" is too impossible and possesses only a few good lines. 6. "Virgin of My Heart." This set of words is not bad. The title is also good, but the entire construction is faulty. At any rate, it would not sell if reconstructed. 7. "What More," etc., is a commingling of "That's How I Need You" and kindred songs and while possessing several good lines, would not appeal in its entirety.

G. C. B., Payson, Ariz.:
You are very far away from civilization to write such a fluent melody as occurs in your "Ione." The waltz melody in this composition is truly haunting and while not particularly original, is much better than hundreds that are published. Your words are not so clever. And what is particularly lacking is your paucity in evolving a good title. The title and subject lack forceful interest.

L. S., Fond du Lac, Wis.:
"Chip" has one or two "punches." But the words are no better than the ordinary so-called patriotic song. The work would not sell, although the title is not so bad.

L. S., Fond du Lac, Wis.:
"Uncle Sammy's Cupboard" has several very good rhymes and the meter is of the class which modern song writers like; but the entire subject and the theme border too much upon the "give-me-your-kind-applause" order. Another thing the words are too "wordy" and lack continuity.

C. H. W., Hinsdale, Ill.:
1. "In 1952." This is simply a topical allusion to incidents imaginary and would not sell. 2. "Woke Up." This also applies to number 1. It is well enough written but has no particular punch line and has been frequently embodied in vaudeville songs—at least, the idea has. 3. "Yankee Doodle" is very well constructed. It contains a nice tribute to the American girl and while it possesses much originality, still it is a song that would require considerable exploitation on the part of a publisher to make popular, and now-a-days it is very difficult to enlist co-operation.

Mrs. A. B., New Britain, Conn.:
"Enlist Today" has some good points but by the time this song could be made popular the war will long be over. (Let us hope so.) Patriotic songs, despite the timely hour, do not seem to sell. There are only one or two on the market which command any sale, but that sale is very limited. The people seem to want something more enlivening. Have you heard the new song "Wake Up, Virginia, Prepare—For Your Wedding Day?" That's what they seem to be after these days.

J. W. H., Carrollton, Ohio:
1. You have evidently not seen the song to which you compare our print "Are You Lonesome?" We have made comparisons of the both songs and we certainly must assure you that you have erred in your statement.

America's Best Writers and Composers

(Alphabetically Arranged)



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



CARROLL (HARRY)
Composer of
"Heart of Maryland," "She Is the Sunshine of Virginia," etc.



GILBERT (L. WOLFE)
Author of
"My Little Dream Girl," "My Sweet Adair," etc.



BERLIN (IRVING)
Author of
"Alexander's Ragtime Band," "When I Lost You," etc.



CLARKE (GRANT)
Author of
"I Know I Got More Than My Share," etc.



GLOGAU (JACK)
Composer of
many hits for the Feist house



BLYNN (EDITH)
Authoress of
"The Ashes of My Heart"



COBB (WILL D.)
Author of
"Dolly Gray," "Good Bye, Little Girl," etc.



GOODWIN (JOE)
Author of
"Baby's Shoes," "That's How I Need You," etc.



BOWERS (FRED V.)
Author of
"Because," "Always," "Come to Me When I Need You," etc.



COHAN (GEO. M.)
Author of
"Give My Regards to Broadway" and countless hits



GROSSMAN (BERNIE)
Author of
"Little Gray Mother," "The Letter That Never Reached Home," etc.



BRANEN (JEFF.)
Author of
"In the Valley of the Moon," "Virginia Lee," etc.



EDWARDS (GUS)
Composer of
"School Days," etc.



GUMBLE (MOSE)
Composer of
"The Pipe Dream" and other novelties



BRYAN (AL.)
Author of
"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" and hosts of others



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



HARRIS (CHAS. K.)
Author and Composer of
"After the Ball" and many other hits



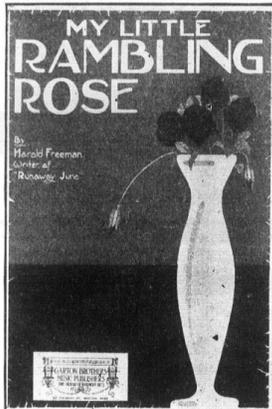
CARROLL (EARL)
Author of
"So Long Letty," "Canary Cottage," "Dreaming," etc.



FRIEDLAND (ANATOL)
Composer of
"My Little Dream Girl," "My Own Iona," etc.



HIRSCH (LOUIS A.)
Composer of
"Gaby Glide," "Hello, Frisco!" etc.



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She Loves the Life

Malden, Mo., April 4, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee.

Dear Sir: "Movie piano life" is certainly a lovely dream, if you do it in the right spirit. There is some fun with less work attached than any ordinary position which girls



nowadays hold. In the first place, we have many up-to-date and attractive pictures to enjoy while we manipulate the ivories. Every evening brings new charms, the latest novelties of the screen and the most intensely interesting subjects. I am working in an unpretentious but clean, well conducted little playhouse here known as The Majestic Theatre, of which Guehne and Penny are the proprietors. They have large stage and dressing rooms, electric lighting and all

modern appliances and they book only first-class vaudeville and stock companies. We usually keep two serials running all the time and as this is the only theatre in the town, you can imagine what patronage we have with two shows running each twenty-four hours.

Besides the fascinating life of a moving-picture pianist I have become mentally acquainted with a number of the most prominent film "stars" and have learned to love their work individually and collectively. While I am only seventeen years of age and am really not compelled to earn my own living, I enjoy it the same as if I were earning the money for its value. I finished high school at the age of sixteen and as I was not quite prepared to go to school away from home I concluded that I ought to be doing something besides taking music lessons. As long as I am interested in music I think that playing for the motion picture shows is one of the best ways to keep in practice. Of course, I favor the popular music which always seems to meet the desires of the audience. One of your popular numbers for me is the "National Emblem March" published by Walter Jacobs, the proprietor of your magazine. Between times and during the forenoon hours when I find the leisure my greatest joy and comfort is to peruse The Tuneful Yankee from cover to cover, and in part reciprocation I have given you this little contribution for your excellent magazine.

Sincerely yours, Mabel I. Bailey.

America's Best Writers and Composers

(Continued)



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



SMITH (LEE OREAN)
Composer of
the "Celestial" Waltzes,
"Amerinda," "An Occidental
Incident," etc.



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



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



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



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



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



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

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Dance of the Skeletons
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Daughter of the Sea
Dedication (Delight)
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Dolores
Dream Kisses
Dream of Spring
Dream Thoughts
Fair Confidantes
Fairy Flirtations
Fleur d'Amour
Flickering Firelight
Flight of the Birds
For the Flag
Four Little Blackberries
Four Little Pipers
Frog Frolics
Fun in a Barber Shop
Gartland
Gay Gallant
Gay-Me-Ne
Girl of the Orient
Golden Dawn
Got 'Em
Happy Hayseed
Happy Jay
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Hi Ho Hum
Home, Sweet Home
Hong-Kong-Gong
Hooper-Kack
Idle Hours

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Saddle Back
Sand Dance
Sandy River Rag
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Music Reviews
By Monroe H. Rosenfeld
(Continued from page 11)

I'll Be Ready to Marry When You'll Buy me a Ford.
Song. Words by Lawrence Lewis. Music by Charles
Hunfeld. Published by the Syndicate Music Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Well, if a Ford could jump as vigorously
into space as you do with your melody
springing into a range that only a machine
of the 1920 type could accomplish, then I
should say I would like to own a Ford.
Your song is like this affair: a "fivver."
Why do inane people want to hoost a
machine? At any rate, who wants to buy
a song to "ford" along with? No song
advertising an item of commercialism ever
gets popular. Your words are mystifying.
You say that:

You may have a ring, that's a beautiful thing,
And a bank-roll very tall.

I never heard of a bank-roll being tall.
However, you wanted to get a rhyme and
you had to have something to rhyme with
"all." Still we'll not quarrel over your
Ford effusion. Just pour a little gasoline
on the top of your song, Lawrence, and strike
a match. This will save you money, anguish
and hopes.

Big Red Man. Indian dance and war whoop. By
E. J. Ruth. Published by Ruth Brothers & Co.,
Aurora, Ill.

Of course, the only good music an Indian
ever made was when he scalped the intrud-
ing crook who stole his lands. Otherwise
there is no euphony in the red man's fire
dance. Still, Mr. Ruth, you have done

quite well. You have a characteristic ar-
rangement in the first thirty-two measures
of your work, a refreshing bit of melodious-
ness in your second movement, and a quaint
commingling of tunes in your last move-
ment. The composition may sell a little,
but it will not catch on to any extent.

Aristocracy. Words and music by A. C. Needham.
Published by the Metalf Music Co., Boston, Mass.

This is a minor work in many ways—in
key as well as importance. It ends with a
Jewish hymnal, but even a Jew would deny
his race if he heard Mr. Needham's ending.
He has a good rhyme, however, in the
chorus where he says:

Pa stepped off at Plymouth Rock,
Mother was a Knickerbock—

I never heard of those rhymes before and
they are about the most original thing in the
song except the thought, which is good.
But aristocrats never buy popular songs and
aristocracy is something that very few 10-
cent music buyers care about. Your "time"
is also misjudged, or rather misplaced; in
fact, it is missing altogether. However, the
entire song will not be missed. The Metalf
Company has very good prints at times.
This is not one of their times.

Aloha Oe. Variations of the Hawaiian melody "Fare-
well to Thee." Arranged and fingered by Henry
Edmond Earle. Published by W. A. Quince & Co.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

An eminently beautiful arrangement of the
famous Hawaiian gem. It is the evolution
of a gifted man who understands the rudi-
mentary elements of progressive musician-
ship. The composition abounds with unique

America's Best Writers and Composers

(Continued)

 <p>TRACEY (WILLIAM) Composer of Many popular ditties</p>	 <p>VINCENT (NAT.) Author of "When Bill Bailey Plays the Ukulele," etc.</p>	 <p>*LITTLE (GEO. A.) (Leo Feist's new writer) Author of "Hawaiian Butterfly," etc.</p>
 <p>VANDERVEER (BILLY) Composer of "She Comes from a Quaint Little Town in Pennsyl- vania," etc.</p>	 <p>VON TILZER (AL.) Composer of "My Little Girl" and many others</p>	 <p>WENRICH (PERCY) Composer of "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose," etc.</p>
 <p>*COBB (GEORGE L.) Author of "See Dixie First," "When You're Five Times Sweet Sixteen," etc.</p>	 <p>*SCHOONMAKER (FLOYD) of C. H. Ditson Co. Composer of "Love's Vision," "Life's Radiant Star," etc.</p>	 <p>*VANDERPOOL (FRED. W.) Composer of "My Dreams, Sweet- heart," "The Way to Your Heart," etc.</p>
 <p>*BROWN (LEW) Author of "Please Don't Take My Loving Man Away"</p>	 <p>*GERBER (ALEX) Writer of "Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love," etc.</p>	 <p>*STERLING (ANDREW B.) Writer of "America, Here's My Boy," etc., etc.</p>
 <p>*MOTZAN (OTTO) Composer of "Passing Show of 1917," "A Tear, a Kiss, a Smile," etc.</p>	 <p>*MAHONEY (JACK) Author of "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose," etc.</p>	 <p>*PORTER (LEW) Author of "D-A-D-D-Y," Co-Author of "Wake Up, Virginia"</p>

harmonic phrases, is not too difficult, and is
refreshing in idea. Mr. Earle proves the
timbre of a master-mind and real phrase
construction. The composition is also
beautifully printed and may be said to be
the best transcription of its kind issued by
any of the modern presses, not excepting
those of the effete East.

*Sweet Luana Waltz, and Spanish Songs, La Goland-
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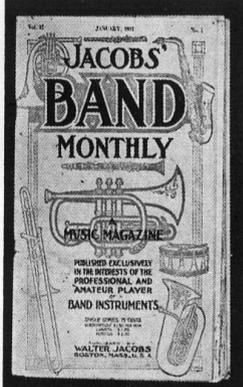
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